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what I am about to mention shall never go beyond ourselves."
Mr. Doublebass inclined his head in silence. His daughter did the same.
"You are aware," said Mr. Smart, "that

it is my privilege to be on somewhat inti-mate terms, professionally speaking, with a certain exalted personage who honors

our art with his patronage. The concert I mentioned just now is in aid of the funds of a well-known educational institution.

In order to give eclat to the entertainment

mit that the task was not at all in my line

mit that the task was not at all in my line.
I don't profess to go in for high art, you know. I was at my wits' end, when I luckily thought of you and the symphony you had mentioned to me, and here I am. Now, I think you will see how the land lies."

"Really," said Mr. Doublebass, who had

listened to the foregoing narrative with a grim smile, "that is a very great honor you

have planned for me. Now, when do you want the symphony?"
"At once; we ought to be practicing it

"Precisely-the very thing!" said Mr.

to Mr. Smart.

cal circles. It was to be conducted by Sir

to sing one of her own songs, and two

had a line to herself. Lastly came the announcement of the trombone solo by H. R. H. Prince Albert of Gotten-

Penschen, and the new and original symphony by the same gifted personage. The prince of Gotten-Penschen's devotion to art dated from the days when, as an in-

ant he had first delighted the homely

applied with his musical talents, had at

once demonstrated his fitness for an im-portant command in the British navy. This post H. R. H. (he had been elevated

a rank of a royal highness by royal arrant) had now held for some years, ad during that time had shown a zeal in

ringing the refining influence of music to

bear on the British sailor, which had greatly raised him in the public estima-

ion. With such an artistic feast as the cogramme promised, it is not surprising that the tickets went off most satisfactor-

ily. The prevailing curiosity about the

prince's symphony was artfully stimulated by occasional paragraphs in the columns of the papers which supplied fashionable intelligence. Many of these were written by Mr. Soapley Smart, who did a good deal of light literary work, and was, more-over the musical critic of that highly-

over the musical critic of that highly-fashionable journal, The St. James Ad-vertiser. By this means an impression was widely diffused that H. R. H. the prince of Gotten-Penschen had produced a work which would at once elevate him to a position beside the great classical com-position beside the great classical com-position beside the great classical com-

The night of the concert duly arrived.
The hall was densely packed with an audisuce representing the elite of London society, as well as of the world of art and
letters. The entertainment fully justified

all the expectations which had been formed conterning it, and provoked the greatest enthusiasm. The prince of Gotten-Pen-schen was reserved for the second part; and

when his royal highness appeared after the interval with his trombone, he was re-

reived with a perfect ovation. Sir Boyler Potts had composed a tasteful little mor-ceau for the occasion, and the prince, though a little nervous, got through it

very creditably, with the exception of a triffing hitch when the august performer had to stop and perform an operation

sometimes necessary with the instrument in question. The symphony came almost immediately afterward. The opening movement (allegro) was listened to with rapt attention and followed by a volley of applanse. The next movement (andante con motor and the third (scherzo) created

on moto) and the third (scherzo) created

a still more favorable impression. But the climax was reached with the fourth movement, which, opening with a quaint

moderate in a miner key, wound up with a rattling presto which completely brought down the house, and roused the more

demonstrative portion of the audience to

the utmost pitch of eathusiasm. Amid deafening applause the royal composer came forward and bowed right and left,

with a modesty which, under the circum-stances, did him great credit, and the ap-plause continued until Sir Boyler Potts

took up his baton and gave the last move-

ment over again.

Early the following morning Mr

Doublebass, who rad resisted all the en-treaties of his daughter and Mr. Smart to be present at the concert, sat in his arm-chair while Magyie read to him an elo-

quent critique of the previous night's performance from The St. James Adver-tiser. There was a grim smile on the old

man's face as his daughter read the fol-lowing passage: "I i a word his royal high-ness has given proof of the musical genins

of the very highest order. In the wealth of thematic ideas, no less than in the mastery displayed in the musical treat-

ment, the opening allegro recalls Beeths ven in his moments of loftlest inspiration. The second movement is characterized by a scholarly tunefulness distinctly sugges-

tive of Mendelssohn. The humor of the scherzo was irresistible, and the brilliancy and verve of the finale could have been

surpassed by no other master than "Papa"

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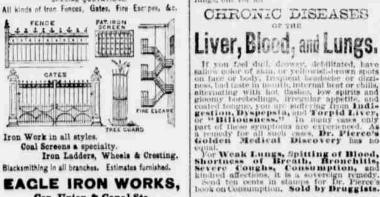




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SELECT STORY. A ROYAL SYMPHONY.

Everybody who knew Mr. Doublebass agreed that it was entirely his own fault that he had not achieved a distinguished position in the musical world. His musical gifts were beyond question. He was a perfect master of several instruments, had a profound knowledge of the theoretical branch of his art, and was in addition to this a man of wide reading and some literary power. But at the age of 50, he was engaged in a desperate struggle for existence. The reason was not difficult to discover. Mr. Doublebass had sundry views about the nature of art and the dulies of about the nature of art and the dulies of an artist, which, however subline in themselves, are conducive neither to per-sonal popularity nor pecuniary profit. He had a constitutional horror of humbug in every shape, and an unfortunate facility in blurting out his opinions in defiance of conventionality and presides. By these conventionality and prejudice. By these means he had ruined one after another of the chances life had brought him. He had falled as a professor at a well-known musical institution by a remorseless severity with which he kept his pu-pils at the groundwork of their studies before allowing them to pro-ceed to higher things. He had made himself impossible as a conductor by his resolute refusal to have anything to do with works which did not satisfy his high with works which did not satisfy his high stundard of artist excellence. He had lost his post as musical critic on one of the London dailies by his ferocious onslaught upon one or two distinguished amateurs. In the natural course of things, therefore, Mr. Doublebass sank lower and lower in the world until, meeting with bad health in addition to his other reverses, he was at last compelled to take a second hiddle in a well-known London orchestra, while his daughter Maggie—for by this time Mr. Doublebass was a widower—extracted what addition could be made to their scanty means out of a maiden lady lodger One wet December evening the little gentleman came home rather later than usual to his modest mansion in the neigh borhood of Park street, Camden Town. Maggie was, as usual, waiting up for him, and took from him his fiddle-case and dripping overcoat—owing to circum-stances beyond his control, Mr. Double-bass had been out without an umbreila. The old man turned into the little front parlor, and, without many remarks, fell to work upon the fragment of Dutch cheese, the household loaf and the half-

pint of beer spread out for his refresh-"Any news, Maggie?" he inquired presently.
"Yes, great news, father," said the girl, looking up from her work; "I have had a

"Friendly or hostile?" asked Mr. Doublebass, who had a vivid recollection that the "water-rates" had called a few days previously, and promised a repetition of his visit shortly. "A friend," in a gay tone. "He said he had good news for you, and left this note, with the message that you must be at home to-morrow without fail." Mr.

Doublebass opened the note which his daughter handed to him, and read as fol-"DEAR D .- Have you still got the symphony by you, about which you spoke to me some weeks ago? If you have, I think I can find an opening for it, provided you will be satisfied with a 10-pound note. But I must see you about it at once. Will call

at 10 a. m. to-morrow. Yours, "SOAPLEY SMART." "Bless the man, what does he scent him-self like that for? Why, the very paper he touches smells like a barber's shop. Give me the tobacco, Mag," cried the old man, "Hadn't I better get the symphony, too,

father?" asked Maggie.
"Bah! what does he know about the symphony? It's not the sort of stuff he wants," said Mr. Doublebass," contemptuwants, said Mr. Bounceass, contemput-ously. "However, I suppose he must see it. Just get it down, Maggie, and I'll see that it is all in order before I go to bed." Maggie had no difficulty in laying her hands upon the precious MS. In question, which had been the companion of their troubles for many years, and Mr. Double-bass' solace under many trials. The girl was, indeed, scarcely less interested in the symphony than the old man himself, and knew enough of her father to guess that, in spite of his petulant tone, the prospect of his work being given to the world at

last elated him not a little.

Punctually at 10 o'clock the next morn ing Mr. Scapley Smart drove up to the door. He was by no means a gentleman of that type with which eminence in the musical profession is commonly asso-ciated. His clothes were of a highly fash-ionable cut and material; he had an eyeglass in one eye; his hair, which was yel-low and scanty, was cut short and parted in the middle, and he wore a heavy mus-tache and two little tufts of whisker. At an early age of his musical career he had achieved fame by the publication of a se-ductive waltz of a simple character, called "Econtez-mol." and two or three intensely pathetic ballads, the best known of which is "The Angel and the Kiss." Having an extensive connection in fashionable cles, he had rapidly advanced into the higher walks of art. He was the habitual associate of aristocratic amateurs, per formed at smoking concerts, where even royalty smoked cigars and played the violin, conducted an orchestral society for membership of which a title was the onindispensable qualification. During the last twelve months this talented gentleman had on more than one occassion shown a friendly interest in Mr. Double-bass, and it was to him that the elder musician owed his seat in the orchestra where he now played. Mr. Doublebass, who, to tell the truth, entertained a pro-found contempt for Scapley Smart and all his works, was quite at a loss to account for these acts of friendship, though possi-bly if Miss Doublebass had chosen she might have enlightened her father on that

Mr. Smart in his airy manner, as he took a seat. "Don't run away, Miss Double-bass. I may have to talk secrets, but nothing, I am sure, but what I may trust you with. Now, then, where is the mag-

Mr. Doublebass handed the MS, to his "Rather bulky, isn't it?" observed Mr. "Rather bulky, isn't H?" observed Mr.
Smart, poising the work in his hands. "I
hope it isn't too long, though that's a
defect soon remedied. What's this?" (the
critic had rapidly turned over a page or
two). "Allegro," 'Andante con moto,
'Scherzo.' This looks like Philharmonic
form, doesn't it, Doublebass? We den't
want anything too serious, you know.
But perhaps I had better talk business
first. I have told you I can find an opening for this symphony, Doublebass, and ing for this symphony, Doublebass, and that you will be well paid for it. But there are certain conditions. I don't want it for publication in the ordinary way. It is to be prepared in public, but are you prepared not only to part with the property in it—of course for good considera-tion—but to give up all claim to the authorship;" Mr. Doublebass, who had been looking at his visitor with a comical expression, took of his spectacles, wiped them, and put them on again, as if to

assist his comprehension.
"I beg your pardon," he said.
"It is in this way," resumed Mr. Smart.
"A new symphony is to be performed at a certain concert to be given shortly in London. I want your symphony for that purpose. Will it suit you to take a sum down, give up all claims to the music, and never say another word about the transac-"Oh!" said Mr. Doublebass! and his

daughter saw the effort it cost his to pre-serve his composure. "Might I inquire, in the first place, to whom I am to sell the "Really, I don't see that that is material," said Mr. Smart.
"Then I presume Mr. Scapley Smart is about to make his debut as a classical composer?" Mr. Doublebass' lip curied

Haydn, while, beyond and above these there runs through the whole work a con ception of musical possibilities of which perceptibly as he spoke.

"Upon my word, Doublebass, you are too hard on me," said Smart. "You force hardly capable."

Before Maggie had finished, there was a me to speak more plainly than I intended but first I must have your promise that sharp knock at the door, and

Smart hurried in. "Ah, Miss Doublebass," he said, "you have The Advertiser, I see. I hope your father is satisfied with that. I think I laid

father is satisfied with that. I think I laid it on well. But look here, Doublebass, this will amuse you. Here's old Boston, of The Morning Cablegraph, been having a fligh at H. R. H., and sold himself prettilly. That shows you what musical criticism is worth." As he spoke, Mr. Smart pointed with his finger to a passage in the newspaper which he handed to Mr. Doublebass. The latter read as follows: "We are not aware whether the 'symphony' by H. R. H., the prince of Gotten-Penschen was intended as a musical joke, but, if so, the point appeared to be missed by the majority of the sandience. The work is apparently founded on a series of music-hall and street melodies, though the subjects are worked up with an amount of skill and technical resource for which my exalted friend not only promised to perform a sole on the trombone, his favor-ite instrument, but has offered to compose an orchestral symphony specially for the occasion. Of course, the offer was ac-cepted. As you are aware, my exalted friend dabbles a little in composition. He of skill and technical resource for which we should have hardly have given his royal highness credit."
"Well)" said Mr. Doublebass, handing

friend dabbles a little in composition. He had, however, never attempted anything on so ambitious a scale as a symphony, and the task proved more arduous than he had anticipated. He himself, with his usual modesty, was the first to acknowledge this. 'Hang the symphony,' he said to me at last,—even exalted personages use strong language occasionally, Miss Doublebass—'Hang the symphony. I'm sick of it. They'll have to do without it,' I ventured respectfully to suggest that this back the paper.
"Don't you think that a pretty piece of impertinence?" asked Smart.
"On the contrary, I am glad to find that there is one musical critic in London who knows what he if talking about."

They'll have to do without it.' I ventured respectfully to suggest that this would cause grievous disappointment, tickets having been already sold. 'Well, look here, Soapy,' he said—that is a pieasant way in which the great one is pleased to address your humble servant occasionally—'you must write the confounded thing.' I demurred as far as I could, but he was firm, and in the end I had to undertake the job. Now, I can be candid with you, Doublebass, and I frankly admit that the task was not at all in my line. "How so?" asked Smart. "Well, I can tell you how," said Mr. Doublebass. "Look here, Mr. Soapley Smart, you made me one of the most insulting proposals that was ever made to an artist or a gentleman. You took me for a knave as well as a fool. It so happened that I wanted money very badly, and I thought I saw a way of being even with you. See, here is the rough scheme of the prince of Gotten-Penschen's preclous symphony. The principal subject of the allegro, which reminds you so of Beethoven, is 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' thinly disguised in modern orchestration. The theme of the Mendelssohnian adagio, stripped of certain variations and the em-bellishments, may be known to you under bellishments, may be known to you under the title 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.' The scherzo and presto are founded re-spectively upon these inspired melodies ' 'Tiddy-fol-lol.' and 'The Masher King,' worked up with new matter and entirely original orchestral effects. Now, who has been made a fool of, Mr. Smart?"

now."
"I asked because, as you intimated, a few alterations will no doubt be necessary, and they can not be made in a minute." Luckily for Mr.Doublebass Sir Boyler "You relieve me of a difficulty, Double-Potts had been one of the few who had discovered the real nature of the prince's symphony. Having a keen appreciation bass. That is the very thing I wanted to say. I can give you till Saturday, but not say. I can give you till Saturday, but not later. It must be made shorter, you know, of a joke, and being struck by the musical merits of the composition, he had inquired and learned from Soapley Smart the real facts as to the authorship. Very shortly after the concert. Sir Boyler found an op-portunity of making Mr. Doublebass' ac-quaintasce, with the result that the little centleman's original symphony was soon and lighter, my dear sir, lighter."
"I understand," said Mr. Doublebass.
"Something between Beethoven and Offen-Smart, and after a few more words as to terms he hurried off to the cab which was gentleman's original symphony was soon after performed in public and achieved a waiting for him.

"You are not really going to do this father?" inquired Maggie, when the visitor was gone. She had listened to the interview in some bewilderment and was quite taken aback at the result.

"Why not, my dear?" Better be out of the weekly than behind the times." and the success nearly as great and quite as genu-ine as that of the prince of Gotten-Penschen.—London Truth.

Habit of Disregarding Proper Sieep. In persons of vigorous constitution the habit of disregarding proper sleep, and the insomnia which springs from it, may go on the world than behind the times," said the old gentleman, evasively. Accordingly, he set to work, with very little delay, and for several years without any apparent bad effect. In time, however, it is certain kept hard at it for the next three or four days, working far into the night. By Sat-urday, the revised edition of the sym-phony was completed and duly forwarded to produce its natural consequences. The first indications of danger are irritability of mind and feverish excitement, followed by depression, pallor, and deficiency of ap-petite. These are succeeded by fits of unconsciousness, in which the affected per-son positively sleeps, and, it may be, sleeps soundly, without nunself knowing the fact. In this way he gets rest, which, for Within a week or two advertisements of the approaching concert to which Mr. Smart had alluded were appearing in newspapers and on boardings, and excited no little interest in fashionable and musia little while may give a certain measure of relief; but soon the nervous failure increases, and one of two results succeeds Boyler Potts, who had the general super-intendence of all the arrangements, and who, besides being a musician of some tal-He either falls into a sleep which becomes a coma, and terminates in death, or no continues sleepless, unless artificially ent, had made more money by his operas and oratories than all the great masters put together. The Lady Anne Dante was made to sleep by narcotics, and with pro-gressing failing powers sinks into paralysis, to succumb from that affection. In exceptional cases the insomniac makes a fair prima donnas of world-wide reputation were also announed, though in much smaller type than Lady Anne, who had a line to herself. Lastly came scovery.-Field of Diseases.

Women in the Danish Banks. The National bank in Denmark has for a long time employed women as clerks (tellers). The Landsmand Bank has now followed this good example, and at the capital and 'n three of its branches four ladies are now employed. When thoroughly trained they will be taken as assistants.-Demorests Monthly.

erman court in which he was born by its astonishing rendering of nursery songs Over 10,000 olive trees have been set out this year in the Santa Ynez valley, Santa pon a mouth-organ. He was distantly connected by birth with the English royal family, and had greatly improved the con-nection by marriage—which last fact, Barbara county, California. In sunstroke, try artificial respiration.

A Digression at an Auction Sale. I was idling away half an hour at an auction of bankrupt stock in the dry goods district the other morning when an excited individual from the crowd of bidders went up and said something in confidence to the

auctioneer. The latter rapped on his desk and announced:

"Gentlemen: Mr. X. here has just dis-covered that he has lost his pocket-book. It contains money and valuable papers, and he offers a reward of \$100 for it."

A fat your with a soleman face realized A fat man with a solemn face replied

promply:
"A hundred and five." "One ten," called a voice.
"Fifteen."

"Twenty." "Twenty." They had run it up to \$500 when owner of the pocket-book yelled:
"Hold on! hold on! There's no profit in
that. There's only \$400 in the pocket-book and the papers aren't negotiable."

Then the business of the sale was resumed.—New York Sun.

Malaria Exists at Great Altitudes. While malaria has its ordinary habitat in low-lying regions, it may under favorable conditions exist at great elevations On the Tuscan Appenines it is found at a height of 1,100 feet above the sea; on the Pyrenees and Mexican Cordilleras, 5,000 ryrenecs and Mexican Cordilleras, 5,000 feet; on the Himalayas, 6,400; on the island of Ceylon, 6,500 feet; and on the Andes, 11,000 feet. At present, the elevation of entire security has been thus approximated for various places: In Italy, 400 to 500 feet; in California, 1,000; along the Appalachian chain of the United States, 300 feet; in the West Indies, 1,400 to 1,800 feet In any of these regions however. 1,530 feet. In any of these regions, however, malaria may drift up ravines to an indefinite height. - Arkansaw Traveler When She Feels Real Glad.

"I tell you how it is with me, Mrs. Blod-gett," said the dressy naighbor. "When I go to church and get all stirred up and agitated over what a desperate wicked set we are, I feel vexed and put out to think what a shame it was that Eve didn't mind her own business and not bring such heaps of trouble upon us; but when I put on a new dress that fits me so nice I can't find a particle of fault with it, and a hat that makes every women I meet feel as though she hadn't a friend in the world, then I own up that I do feel downright glad she was fond of fruit, and I can' help it."—Chicago Ledger.

In an extensive series of experiments by Professor Graber, insects and many other invertebrates perceived odors much more mickly and acutely than the vertebrate tested (birds and reptiles.) The antennae proved to be not the only organs of smell in insects, although these seem to be essential to the perception of some fine odors. In some cases the paipi of the mouth organs are more sensitive than the antennæ, but perception of smell through the stigmata or respiratory organs is not rapid nor important.— Arkansaw Trav-

I receive a good many anonymous let ers, some complimentary, most, however the reverse. Amongst the latter, the fol-lowing is amusing and not wanting in

eleverness:
"You call yourself a Radical Does your definition of the term agree with mine? Radical, take away the letters 'liar' and you are left with 'cad." A Radical, there fore, is composed of a liar and a cad."—Labouchere in Truth.

The Paintings in the Paris Salon. It is estimated that the pictures sent to the Paris Salop this year would, if placed in a line, extend for seven kilometres. A minute's examination bustowed on each would take 116 hours.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before in seried except where parties have accounts. Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for hree insertions, and at that rate for additional exertions without reference to length.

Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates. Cards in the "Business Directory" column, on tollar a year for each line.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

Only a woman's heart, whereon You have trod in your careless haste; A thing at best that was easy won; What matter how drear a waste Her life may be in the future years? What matters it? Do not start— It is only the sound of dropping tears

As wrung from a woman's heart. Tis of little worth, for it cost you naught But a hopeyed word and a smile. Was the fault not hers, if she blindly

thought
You were truer than truth the while? What if the seeds of a life long woe From its broken shrine upstart? What does it matter to you? You know

It is only a woman's heart. Only a woman's heart, ah, well!

"Tis little, I trow, to you
Whether that heart was as false as hell,
Or as heaven itself as true.
You may hug the thought to your selfish

That you're skilled in deception's art; But I brand you thief, for the peace and

That you stole from a woman's heart.

—Helen A. Manville.

A Plucky Little Aztec Lad. A Placky Little Astec Lad.

One day, at the American legation, a bright little lad of a dozen years came in with some letters while I sat talking with the charge, in the absence of Minister Jackson. The boy was so polite, so prompt, so spirited that he attracted my attention, for I saw he was an Indian and was in this resistion outle emanciated. was, in this position, quite emancipated from the awful frown and sense of superi-ority of the dark-brown Spaniard—a new

ority of the dark-brown Spaniard—a new order of being.

"Yes," said the charge, "that boy was barefooted, or at least wearing sandals a little time ago, and almost naked. He was employed to feed a furnace in a machine shop, but one day he was found sitting behind a wood pile with a pencil and an old envelope in his hands. The master demanded to know what he was doing. The lad answered that the furnace was full of wood, and he was trying to learn to write with what spare time he learn to write with what spare time he

To make a long story short, this little Mexican lad had picked up a pencil, and then by copying the names of his employer and others which he found about the shop on old envelopes, he had already learned to write a good hand. He was promoted to be gate-keeper, and is now the little man who takes the letters of the American minister to and from the postoffice; and even takes money to and from the bank.

even get the boy to lie for all the gold in

ing solid good. It has lifted at least one human being up to the high level of soul equality. And this is much more than I ever knew any other American legation to achieve, or even undertake.—Joaquin Miller's Mexico Letter. Transfixed by a Zulu Javelin.

Mr. H. H. Pitt, the Lieut. Smallett in the "Minute Men." is so often mistaken for an Englishman that he now is fully convinced that he is one. He certainly possesses the voice and mannerisms of a well-bred London man. His drawling speech is about the same expression of voice that you will hear in the courtyard of the palace of St. James when the officer of the Coldstreams is relieving guard. Among the volunteers to Zululand were many English guardsmen. Two of these spoilt darlings of English seciety were leading a body of Capetown militia against an overwhelming swarm of blacks, and the air was thick with spears. Charley Frayler a Hengman of Sects grands. Frazier, a lieutenant of Scots guards noted for his slowness of speech and his variety of methods in c punches, was transfixed by a Zulu javelin and fell dying to the ground. The other officer raised him in his arms: "Aw, old chap-pie, the—ah—black person—has— lost—his—aw— what—the—deuce—aw d'ye-call-it-aw-assegai-aw-a-slice -of-lemon would have-aw-vastly-improved—the beer cup—at—aw—luncheon.
Take—aw—this—out—of—my—body—old
fellow—ah—have—it—mounted—aw—for
—a—billiard—cue—aw." And he died with the last "aw" on his lips.-Cor. Phil-

The South During the War. It will be surmised that the south was almost stripped of the luxuries of life toward the close of the struggle. This is a mistake. Adventurers were all the time running the blockade. There was nothing that our society ladies could not buy if they were willing to pay the price. We had no dudes in those days, but young men who wanted a stylish rig had no trouble in getting it. No doubt many of the articles smuggled through came from Yankeedom instead of from England and France. Some of the wide-awake brethren on the other side of the line operated a double schedule. They took federal con-tracts, and on the siy supplied the Confed-erates for a heavy cash consideration. We wan had the time and inclination to even had the time and inclination to smug even and the time and incunation to smug-gle books through the lines. Les Miser-ables, for instance, came through and Vice President Stephens and other leading men read the New York or Philadelphia edition long before the Richmond publish-ers issued it in five little brown paper cov-ered volumes. If therefore could run the ered volumes. If literature could run the blockade, it goes without saying that any-thing could.—Atlanta Constitution.

While in the White House. If Clevland is married he will be the first President married while in the White House. I mean the first president elected as such by the people. John Tyler was vice president, and became president only by the death of Harrison. Millard Fillmore married again, but it was after he left the White House. Cleveland and Buchanan are the only bachelor presidents we have had, though the widowers have been numerous. As yet no president has had a child born in the White House, and it may be that this honor is reserved for the present administration .- "Carp" in Cleveland To Diminish the Noise of Anvils.

To Diminish the Noise of Anvils.

If it is desirable to set up an anvil so that its use will make the least possible noise, set the anvil on a block of lead, or make a putty ledge around the anvil upon the wooden block, one-half inch clear sill round, one inch high. Raise the anvil clear of the block one-half inch, by any means available, paper in the lead putti if. means available, pour in the lead until it rises above the bottom of the anvil: or set the anvil on a good bed of sand held in a box.-Scientific American.

The Archduke in Pasteur's Laboratory. The Archduke Charles Theodore of Ba varia, brother of the empress of Austria, will study the inocculation system of M. Pasteur in the latter's laboratory at Paris. In his researches he will be assisted by his wife, who also bestows much personal at-tention upon his patients in his home practice.-Paris Letter.

An illustration how great issues may depend upon insignificant incidents is fur-nished by a passage in the career of Prince Bismarck. About the year 1850 the regent of the duchy of Anheit-Bernbourg re-quested the Prussian government to name several men from whom one might be chosen for high state office in the duchy The request was complied with,

among the names was that of "Otto von Bismarck zu Schonhausen." Bismarck and another were ordered to resent themselves on a certain day before present themselves on a certain day before the regent for demonstration of their fit-ness for the position to be filled. Both traveled accordingly to the center of the duchy, but as ill-luck or luck would have it, the axie of the carriage in which His-marck journeyed broke on the way, and he was compelled to stay a wight with the he was compelled to stay a night with the rest of the passengers at the nearest town. Next day he resumed his journey, but he arrived twenty-four hours after the time appointed for the interview. In the mean time his rival had the post. So Birnarch returned home and it time heart was the second

The singular phenomenon of a rain-storm in mid winter secured at Massilan, Mexico, recently. This is the first instance of the kind