

TOMMY TWIGGS AND NANNIE RICE.

I little thought that Tommy Twiggs Would marry Nannie Rice; Or Nannie marry Tommy Twiggs, And vice versa vice.

European Correspondence.

I left Rome at 10.30 on the evening of Friday, the 11th inst., and arrived here at 6.30 the next morning.

After breakfast on Saturday I went immediately to the Museum, the only building in Naples over which strangers spend much time.

But the part of the Museum where one likes to linger longest and return most often is that containing the thousands of frescoes which were removed, for preservation, from Pompeii.

On Sunday I ascended the multitudinous steps of St. Elmo, bound for the quondam Convent of St. Martin.

I have been to the Cathedral, which is the second Italian Gothic building I have seen, and yesterday to Santa Chiara, where are richly ornamented and well-wrought tombs of kings, queens, dukes and nobles of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Dress in a Hot Country.

It is, of course, superfluous to say that the better classes of Brazilians are always decently or even elegantly dressed from boyhood, yet the children of the most wealthy are sometimes introduced to visitors without any clothing but a string of beads around the neck, or a pair of elegant slippers on their tiny feet, while in the photographic galleries one can find few pictures of any but nude children.

The Washington Monument is a little over 350 feet high, and progressively.

Old Children.

One can no more help loving children that he can help liking rose-buds. But I meet with some children whom I cannot love without considerable effort.

These poor, little, old children, withered and hard and dry before their time, are the legitimate fruits of certain forms of the child-culture of to-day.

They were not used to have them. In days not remote children were children in tastes, feelings, manners and occupations; the spring of life lasted twenty-one years and longer.

Our girls are clamoring for "higher education," and we think we give it to them when we extend the range of their school studies.

The premature placing of our children in mercantile relations, or the inculcation of what has been termed "shop-keeper's philosophy," is another of our expedients for abolishing youth.

In a great measure, to the premature entrance of boys into commercial relations. Ignorant of poetry, nature and history, they base their theories of human nature upon what they see of Dick, Tom and Harry.

Another aging influence is to be found, as I have already intimated, in the high and fast living in which we indulge our little ones.

Another aging influence is to be found, as I have already intimated, in the high and fast living in which we indulge our little ones.

before going out; who would as lief be kissed by the north wind as by any lass in christendom; who would willingly exchange all the overcoats in the world for a pair of skates or a sled; who takes to the water like a duck, to the mud like an eel, and to the sun like an "American citizen of African descent."

That Good Young Man.

The young man who never knows when to go home is not peculiar to any town or village. He is generally a serious and silent person, who has but little to say for himself, and does not make that little interesting.

He comes very early, almost before the tea-tray has been cleared, and he gets through with his remarks about the weather and his inquiries as to each member of the family very speedily.

Augustus is a good young man, and his father owns property of value. Miss Pamela might do worse.

He is wondering why he cannot be brilliant and amusing like some young men. Pamela is wondering so, too.

Why does dot Pamela's father rise and say, "You desire to pay attention to my daughter; I approve; take my blessing," and go away up-stairs, or to the kitchen, or anywhere?

The head of the family ostentatiously takes out his watch, and compares it with the clock. The young man moves his feet nervously, and kicks under the sofa the hat which bashfulness has prompted him to put on the floor.

The Japanese Horror of Fire.

As the hour approaches for the lighting of lamps in the evening at Yokohama the sound of the fire patrol is heard and all the night long the streets are permeated by these warning guardians, who beat two hand-sticks or clappers together with the regularity of clockwork, giving forth a sharp ringing sound that there is no mistaking, and they also have a regular note of warning which they cry out at regular intervals of time, so that the necessity for precaution is present to the mind of all the dwellers in the city throughout the hours of darkness, whether they will or no.

A Story by Turgeneff.

Diamond dust has all the properties of the diamond, and the essence of a great writer's genius may be traced in the slightest of his productions.

In Gardner's Music of Nature, we are told of what notes the buzz of bees and the hum of other insects is pitched. He says, "The Gnat hums in A; the Death-watch calls in B flat; the Cricket chirps in B natural; the buzz of a Bee-hive is F; a House-fly hums in F first space; the Humble-bee an octave lower; and a Cockchater in D below the line.

In classical mythology Alastor is used as a surname of Zeus or Jupiter. It is also used to signify a deity who punishes—the never-forgetting, revengeful house demon or spirit who, in consequence of some crime perpetrated, persecutes a family for generations.

On a train going into Detroit the other day was a newly married couple, the bride appearing to be about twenty-five years, and the groom being a dapper little chap a year or two younger.

Two Negatives.

I gave him his first rejection At Newport, a year ago; At Christmas, with proper reflection, Again, in New York, I said "No."

Clips.

The fashion of carrying fans was brought from Italy in the time of Henry VIII., and young men used them in the 16th and 17th century.

Abdalla, the father of Mahomet, was a poor camel driver, but so handsome that when he married, two hundred despairing maidens died broken-hearted.

Runrig is a term applied to a kind of cultivation once common throughout Scotland, in which two alternate patches or ridges of a field belonged to different proprietors or tenants.

The leaves of the sunflower are employed by the Chinese as substitute for, or for mixing with, tobacco. Its fibre they use to adulterate and dye their silken fabrics.

An old law in Holland, condemned criminals to be wholly deprived of salt as the severest punishment in that moist country. The effect was that they were a prey to internal parasites.

Among the notes to the third chapter of his History of England, Lord Macaulay alludes to the vulgar proverb that "the gray mare is the better horse," attributing its rise to the preference given in the seventeenth century to the gray mares of Flanders over the coach-horses of England.

A New York lady had a pet dog and cat that were very fond of each other and never quarrelled. When the dog wished to go into the kitchen he would jump up, catch one paw on the latch and press the other on the thumb piece,

and, as the door swung open, she would drop down on the dog's back and ride in in triumph.

Ladies of rank in the last century did not know how to spell very well. Lady Strafford wrote of the death-struggles of her favorite dog, "poor charming Fubs" as follows: "As it leaved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at anybody in its horrid torter but nussle its head to us and look earnestly upon me and Sue, whose cryed for three days as if it had been for a childe or husband."

In Gardner's Music of Nature, we are told of what notes the buzz of bees and the hum of other insects is pitched. He says, "The Gnat hums in A; the Death-watch calls in B flat; the Cricket chirps in B natural; the buzz of a Bee-hive is F; a House-fly hums in F first space; the Humble-bee an octave lower; and a Cockchater in D below the line.

In classical mythology Alastor is used as a surname of Zeus or Jupiter. It is also used to signify a deity who punishes—the never-forgetting, revengeful house demon or spirit who, in consequence of some crime perpetrated, persecutes a family for generations.

On a train going into Detroit the other day was a newly married couple, the bride appearing to be about twenty-five years, and the groom being a dapper little chap a year or two younger.

The Gossip of Paris.

The Way People talk at the Theatre in the French Capital.

Overheard last night at the Cirque: Do you know Lady Lonsdale? I have seen her at the Opera and in the Bois. She is elegant.

They say she is to be married shortly to the Duke of Portland. Ah! tired of widowhood: ca se comprend.

It appears that her father, Sir Sassoon, is a veritable nabob. What do you say her name is? Madame Gubbay.

Ah, yes, Boulevard Maiesherbes. She gave a grand ball on Wednesday. The top of the basket of the diplomatic corps and the haute banque—nothing but ambassadors and Israelites.

Naturally, the invitations were indorsed by the Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild and Madame Louis Caben. Then we may look upon Madame Gubbay henceforward as a Parisienne, category grand juive?

Yes, they say she is going to make Paris her home. So you were at the reception of Monseigneur Perraud at the Academy on Thursday?

It was not brilliant at all. Nothing but priests and provincials. No tolets; and the good bishop's speech so dull. He quoted Polybius, . . .

Really we must agitate the question, so that at the next Concours Hippique we may have prizes for ambulators, and not give everything to jumpers and trotters. In America they always have special prizes for ambulators.

Do you think there is anything in the theory of the American breeders about trotting aptitude depending as much on the formation of the brain of a horse as on his legs?

Mon cher ami, why on earth do you wear gloves? What do you mean? Don't you know that is no longer correct to wear gloves except when one is dancing or riding or accompanying a lady?

But the prince of Wales. . . Mon cher, in the matter of gloves we ought to imitate Louis XIV. The Grande Monarch never wore gloves except in the hunting-field or on the field of battle. . .

Femininities.

"No," said a belle—"no electric light for me; it can't be turned down low enough."

The modest young woman who "turned all colors" has given up the business owing to the multiplicity of new shades.

A lady who spent \$100,000 of her own money during the war in aiding wounded soldiers, is now living in great poverty in Asheville, N. C.

"Oh, pa," said a young lady, "why not get a fir tree? It would be so economical to raise our own furs, and then we could raise whatever kind we wanted."

"How much older should a husband be than his wife?"—Edith. Three to five years is usually sufficient; but, if he is very rich, fifty or sixty years is allowable.

The census proves that the number of persons in a family in the United States is a small fraction over five. In some families the husband is the small fraction over.

"Is it true that when a wild goose's mate dies it never takes another?" asks a young widow. Yes, but don't worry about that. The reason it acts that way is because it is a goose.

"The True Lord Beaconsfield."

There was a quality in Lord Beaconsfield which exercised a kind of Circean spell upon his most impassioned votaries. The unique position which he achieved in this country arose not more from the extraordinary fibre of his intellect than from his skill in making all about him his instruments. In these respects Lord Beaconsfield was the greatest leader of men probably ever known, in this country.

When a newspaper was beginning to occasion him some annoyance by its persistent attacks on the Berlin Treaty, he sent for the journalist, and in the space of a minute changed him, by a dexterous compliment, from a censor to a satellite. In the same way, after he had denounced his colleague, Lord Salisbury, as a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers, he propitiated him by a letter in which he quaintly said that he had undertaken a humorous defense of him in the House of Commons, which, upon reflection, he was afraid would have a somewhat clumsy appearance in print. And this was the method upon which only a man of his unparalleled power could proceed, all round. He knew every note in the gamut of human sentiment; he knew that men are controlled, for the most part, not by what is strong in them, but by what is weak and vain.