

A QUEER PICTURE.

The happy mother sits  
With folded hands, her weary work all done,  
With the last smiling of the harvest sun,  
And lists, her eyes love-lit,  
To the low prattle of her oldest born,  
Whose cheek is dewy as the early morn.

In homespun garb of gray,  
The father sitting by the window wide,  
Unfolds his paper with an honest pride,  
And in his homely way  
Reads of the pomp of state—its wealth and art—  
With scarce one envious longing in his heart.

Upon the lovely steps  
The grandmother watches for the coming moon,  
While murmurs of some half-remembered tune  
Drop from her faded lips;  
She dreams again of olden days more fair,  
Nor marks the shadows flitting o'er her hair.

O baby, glad with play!  
O mother, knowing not the heart's recoil!  
O father, weary only by your toil!  
O grandame, old and gray!  
Would that the quiet of your day's decline  
Might hush the throbbing of this life of mine.

MR. BULSTEAD'S SURPRISE.

Mr. Bulstead's third and last letter bore the Oxford postmark, as he opened it he frowned. His niece, who had long ago noted that particular letter with apprehension, helped him in haste to the hottest and choicest kidney on the dish. Maggie knew well that of late the contents of letters from Oxford were far from welcome.

"Now, I will not stand this any longer!" cried the irritable old gentleman, dashing his fist upon the table and roughly missing the just-arrived and juicy kidney. "Now, Master Tom has tried my patience once too often! Bill after bill have I settled during the last three months, expecting each to be the last; and, forsooth, listen to this, miss! To 500 lawn-tennis, £12 10s.; to rackets, as per former account, £8 10s.; to marking machines, £4; to—good gracious!—to half a ton of whitening, £4; total £29! Good gracious! I say, does the young scapegrace live upon whitening?"

"Oh it must be a mistake uncle!"

"Mistake, indeed! Why, did not I have a bill of £2 10. for dog-collars? Was that a mistake too? And the wine-bill, and Symonds' bill for horse-hire! All mistake, of course! You may thank your stars, young lady," cried the old gentleman, abandoning the indignantly satirical for the savagely personal tone, "that I would not let you tie yourself to this extravagant nephew of mine. Now I've done with him, and so have you."

Maggie rose from the table with a flushed face and looked from the window with eyes that saw little of the square outside through their tears. But, like a wise girl, she kept silence, and the kind-hearted old gentleman after storming once or twice up and down the room began to cast uneasy glances at the graceful figure by the window. If there was one person whom Mr. Bulstead loved beyond and above the cause of his present anger it was his niece, Maggie Lloyd.

"Well, well," said he, sitting down to his new cold kidney. "There, my dear, give me another cup of tea. Half a ton of whitening—the lad must have gone mad!"

"It might have gone in worse things than whitening," she suggested humbly, but with a humorous quaver at the corner of a pretty mouth.

"So it might; that's true," The old gentleman was a little more straight-faced than most Londoners. "I'll tell you what, Maggie, I'll give you one more chance, I'll go down to Oxford by the 11 o'clock train, giving him no notice, and see for myself what a r of life he is living. If he is doing nothing worse than wasting money I'll forgive him; but if I find the young fellow is as vicious as some of those Oxford sparks, why then—and Mr. Bulstead's voice assumed a quite unaccustomed tone of cool determination—"I've done with nephew Tom."

Maggie trifled with the teaspoons, her eyes bent upon the plate. Her uncle's irritability was little to be feared; it was more than neutralized by his kindness of heart. But she knew him to be on rare occasions, and in some matters, a man of great obstinacy; and, loving her cousin with all her heart, she dreaded the result of her uncle's projected trip. Tom would be doing nothing dreadful, but he might be doing something Mr. Bulstead might object to. To move her uncle from his resolve, once expressed in this way, she knew to be beyond even her influence; the more as the old gentleman, who had a few months before forbidden an express engagement between the cousins, was a little inclined to resent any influence she might try to exert in Tom's behalf.

"No, sir; shall not," she said, "thank you, so you may go to your man's lesson if you like. I shall just go to the Athenaeum for an hour, and then to Paddington. I'll leave orders about the carriage and then if you like you can meet the six o'clock train with it."

When Mr. Bulstead reached his club he found to his disgust, that his favorite chair was occupied by a bishop. Had it been any one else, he would not have scrupled at attempting to oust him by one of those forms of strategy so well known in club rooms; but as it was his own, he ran his eye over the Times "all standing," and took his seat in a cab not in the best of temper. "Half a ton of whitening!" he muttered to himself, in tones of frequent speculation, as he passed through Park lane.

He felt a little like a spy as he hurried across Canterbury Quad, and made with all speed for the bottom of Tom's staircase. The scout, old "Dot and go one," as he was called from his wooden leg, in vain essayed to detain him. Up went Mr. Bulstead two steps at a time to the second floor, where, above the left-hand door, appeared, in white letters upon a black ground, his own name. He knocked sharply, and hardly waiting for some one within to utter what might or might not be "Come in," threw it open and entered. Lounging upon one of the window seats, in flannels and a cigarette in his mouth, was a young fellow whose good looking face was rather manly and straight-forward

than handsome. He was alone and got up without much appearance of flurry. "How do you appear, uncle? I thought it was you crossing the quad. Take a seat. Why did you not let me know that you were coming?"

Mr. Bulstead took the proffered seat and panted as he looked round. The stairs were steep and his wind was not so good as it had been.

"I thought I would come upon you a bit by surprise, Tom," he said, without any circumlocution. "The fact is, it is that whitening that has brought me."

"Whiting, uncle!" ejaculated Tom, with his first show of surprise.

"Half a ton of whitening!" murmured his uncle, irresistibly impelled to dwell upon the mystery. "Half a ton of whitening! Ay, here it is." And he flourished the bill under the other's nose.

Tom took it gingerly, and opened it with a serious face. It seemed to Mr. Bulstead that he was not quite so much at his ease as he would have his uncle believe, and the old gentleman glanced suspiciously round the room. It certainly was not the room of a hard-working, hard-reading student; but still there was nothing objectionable in it. He turned his glance again upon Tom: the latter was contemplating the bill with a broad smile genuine enough.

"Well," said Mr. Bulstead, "what have you to say about? Half a ton of whitening, you know, Tom?"

The young man laughed loudly.

"I am not at fault this time, sir; it is the Lawn-Tennis Club's account sent in to me as secretary. I gave the ground-man the check to pay it last week, and why they should have had the impudence to send it in to you I can't imagine."

"Umph! but how about the whitening, Tom! What is that for?"

"Of course it is, Tom! Very stupid of me. Well, I'm very glad of it, my boy," said Mr. Bulstead pleasantly. The mystery of the whitening was cleared up; but somehow it had made him suspicious.

"Now, said Tom, 'will you come with me to a shop I want to call at in the High—not a hundred yards off, sir?' and by the time we come back lunch will be ready."

Was the dust of that whitening still in Mr. Bulstead's eyes? At any rate, it seem to him that his nephew was peculiarly and restlessly anxious to get him out of the room. However, he rose.

"Yes, Tom, certainly. Where did I put my umbrella? Ah, here it is, thank you. Why—what the—deuce—is—that!"

If it had been another half ton of whitening piled upon the sofa, the old gentleman's face could not have grown darker. The thing lying half hidden by the sofa cushion was a lady's parasol—a dainty, tiny, wicked-looking sun-shade of gray silk; and by it was a glove too, too "apparent" French kid. Mr. Bulstead's worst fears were confirmed with a vengeance; all along he had felt that there was something wrong; this was the haunt of wicked dissipation he had half feared he should find it. Half a ton of whitening indeed! In a moment, and before he had glanced at the young fellow's confused face, he thought the worst of him.

"Well, sir," he said—and there was real sorrow as well as anger in the tone—"can you explain this with equal ease?"

"No, I cannot, sir; but—"

"You can't? Cannot say whose they are, or how they came to be in your room? Fie, sir, fie! Or where their owner is now, I suppose?" he added, suddenly receding to the foot of the stairs, and marking the doors that led to two inner rooms.

"I cannot account for them."

"And will not, I suppose?"

"You can put it that way if you like, sir. All I can say is that I am innocent of what you are thinking of me. I give you my word of honor, I am; and I can't say more."

The old man was a little impressed by the younger's earnestness. The obnoxious articles might have been left there innocently, of course.

"Then let me have a look into your other rooms, young man, if you wish me to believe you."

"No, I can't do that!" cried Tom, springing, as the other advanced, towards the nearer door and setting his back against it. He was cooler now, and not a bit confused. The old gentleman, even in his anger, noticed that he looked more handsome than ever before.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" he cried imperatively. Then suddenly changing his tone to an appealing one; "Make a clean breast of it and I'll try to forgive you."

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Then open that door. You won't?"

"No."

"As I live, if you don't before I count three, I'll cut you off without a shirt! Now, sir; one, two—its your last chance—three! There, sir, I've done with you now, sir—I've done with you—I've done with you!" And, clapping on his hat, with ferocious haste and shaking steps the old gentleman ran down the stairs, and his heart full of sorrow and anger, made for the station.

"Ah, Tom, Tom! A minute later he opened the inner door and looked rather anxiously at the half frightened, wholly pretty face that appeared at it."

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"No, but do let me get away. I am so nervous. He was very angry, wasn't he? Yes. What was it about, Tom? Bills?"

"Yes." Was the somewhat halting reply; bills and other things. I dare say he'll cool down. If you hear anything against me, you won't believe it, will you?"

"O Tom, how can you ask!"

"Then there is no harm done," answered Tom, bravely and gallantly. And after reconnoitering from the window, the two left the rooms.

To return to Mr. Bulstead, senior. It was a great trouble to him. Looking back upon that half-ton of whitening, he wondered how that could have made him angry with the lad. If he would only have kept to that, he could have forgiven him a ship-load of whitening. But this was a different matter, and the more the old gentleman thought of it, the worse it appeared to him. Still

he was a just and fair man; he had no real intention of cutting off the young prodigal, as he termed him in his thoughts, with a shilling. He would make him a sufficient but small allowance, but near his house or near Maggie he would not last him.

He made this last determination known to Maggie, merely adding that her cousin had behaved so ill that he had forbidden him the house. The announcement was received with a woman's strongest remonstrances—silent tears. Altogether things were rather gloomy that June in Fitzroy Square.

One morning Mr. Bulstead, made up his mind to see his lawyer about Tom. "I'll get it over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought for his umbrella in the stand. It took him some time to find it.

"Bless the umbrella!" he cried at length, tumbling among the heap. "Is this it? No! Nor this. Why, what's this? Well, I am dashed!"

Only the word which he used was a stronger one, and one which seldom, even in moments of irritability, escaped him. But now, at the sight of a sun-shade in the umbrella stand, he solemnly repeated it twice: "Well, I am dashed!"

Then he stood in the hall for some minutes whistling softly to himself. This done, he went rather slowly and thoughtfully up to the drawing-room, and stood on the hearth-rug.

"Were you at Oxford when I was there on the 23rd of last month?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, horribly frightened, and yet relieved at getting the matter off her mind. She had not confessed simply because she was afraid of increasing her uncle's anger against Tom. "Yes, I was, uncle. You said you were going to put Tom to the test, and I was afraid he might be doing something to displease you. I went to warn him."

"And you were in his rooms while I was there?"

"Yes. It was foolish of me; you followed me so closely and I was afraid to face you. Tom put me in the Scout's hole, as he called it."

"So you deceived me between you?" said he harshly.

"No, sir; I did. Tom knew nothing of my coming. He was afraid for me, not for himself."

"Did he tell you what I was angry about?"

"After you were gone?"

"Of course!" snapped Mr. Bulstead, poking the fire vigorously.

"I think," said Maggie timidly, for now it was Tom's favor that was at stake, "he said it was about bills. He had nothing to do with my journey to Oxford."

"And a nice ladylike thing you consider it, I suppose, gadding about to young men's rooms. Very well. Since you seem inclined to mix yourself up with his affairs, you will write to him at once and tell him when you are both together I'll tell you what I think of it. A pretty pair of fools!"

And Mr. Bulstead fumed his way out of the room without much outward heat and an angry expression of countenance. But the butler, who watched his exit with awe, and opined that there had been stormy weather upstairs, was amazed to hear him utter with an audible chuckle as he reached the darkest angle of the staircase, "Good lad! Good lad!"

Tom, of course, came up as fast as the Great Western would bring him; and when they were both together Mr. Bulstead told the culprit what he thought of it. No happier trip sat down to dinner that day in London than the party presided over by our friend's butler. Somewhere in the old gentleman's nature was a large lump of the chivalrous, and for the sake of Tom's gallantry, Maggie's deception was forgiven. In no long time he did visit his lawyer, but it was upon business more pleasant both to himself and to that professional gentleman. "For a really paying piece of work," the latter has often been heard to say in confidence, "give me a marriage settlement."

Washington Shop-Keepers.

The older shop-keepers of Washington are usually very interesting men. They have lived through a great deal of interesting history, in the place where history is made, and have caught some of it now and then, as it passes by. For years they have furnished the great men of the country with necessities and luxuries—oftentimes at great personal expense. But their unusual class of customers has given them unusual experiences, and as a result, unusual culture of a certain sort. They are reservoirs of reminiscence.

One could not spend an afternoon more pleasantly than in chatting with the gray-haired proprietor of a certain book-store on Pennsylvania avenue, not far from the Capitol, made famous by the great men who have whiled away their idle hours within its walls. No private building in Washington has ever held more distinguished men than this little shop. Few have such a store of memories as is to be found there. But the young men in these shops are not so well informed as the old shop-keepers, and their comments upon their famous old customers, when they affect any personal knowledge about them at all are apt to be very funny.

Several blocks west of the historic book store, is a hat store, more ambitious and less distinguished than it used to be. Two other hat stores, further west, attract more fashionable people, now that all the people in Washington do not live in the central or eastern parts. But it is still a successful establishment, and while "viewing with alarm" the encroachments of its rivals, "points with pride" to its past achievements and to its dead customers. In its window is a hat—an old-fashioned beaver—labeled "Henry Clay's last hat," which is eyed with reverent interest by all the Kentuckians who come to town. Recently two rather distinguished Kentuckians went to look at it.

They were allowed to do so by the courteous young clerk, who also treated them to choice tidbits of information about the past glories of the store. He told them that all the great men of the be-um and ante-bellum period brought their hats at this old and reliable establishment.

"This was the hat that Clay ordered just before his death. He had not really worn it. He died," continued the clerk, glibly, "right across the way, in that old double house."

"Oh, I guess not," put in one of the Kentuckians. "Clay died at the National Hotel, down here a bit."

"Yes," said the clerk, "that's so. It was Daniel Webster who died in that house across the street."

"Oh, no," said the other Kentuckian. "Daniel Webster died at his home in Massachusetts."

"Well," said the cornered clerk, fairly desperate at this rude treatment of his treasured recollections; "somebody died in that old house across the street, anyhow."

"Very likely," said both Kentuckians. "Good morning."

Cynthia Parker's Life.

Not long ago there appeared in a Fort Worth paper an advertisement saying that a Comanche chief living near Fort Sill wanted to obtain a photograph of his mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, and asking as a special favor that anyone knowing where such a portrait could be had would communicate with him. A. F. Corning, of McLennan County, saw the advertisement, and at once wrote to the newspaper in question that he could furnish the picture. He happened to know that an old daguerrotype of the woman was in existence in Waco, and taking this to an artist, he had several copies made, one of which was sent to the chief.

Cynthia Ann Parker was the heroine of one of the most touching romances of the Texas border. Her parents and grand-parents were among the pioneers of the State. Her grandfather, Colonel Parker, after whom Parker County was named, was a noted man in his day. The Parkers lived on an exposed frontier, and though formidable in Indian warfare, they were sufferers from raids by savages.

About the year 1840, when the Comanches swept over that part of the state the Parkers lost nearly all their property, and eventually some of them were killed, and Cynthia, then 9 years of age, was taken prisoner. Many efforts were made to rescue her, but all without avail. Several times parties of brave men invaded the camp of the redskins and searched for the child; and on at least two occasions, lives were lost in the effort to return her to her family. Every device was resorted to to gain information of her. Sometimes for months it would be believed that she had been killed, but finally a vague story would gain circulation to the effect that a white girl had been seen with a roving band, and search would be renewed.

When Cynthia was taken captive the savages placed her in charge of their women, and the child, finding she was to be well treated, soon came to enjoy the wild life which she led, and to look upon the Indians as her natural friends. When her clothing was worn out she adopted the savage costume. She learned their language, took part in their games, and eventually, having become a sturdy woman, she joined them on some of their raids. Ten years after her capture found her the wife of the war chief of the tribe, apparently as contented with her lot as any of the other women who were her constant associates.

Some years after her marriage, when the Comanches were at peace with the settlers, a party of white men entered their camp one day and found the missing girl, now grown out of their recollection almost. Two or three children played about her knee, looking very much like the other youthful aborigines, save that they were nearer in appearance and much more carefully watched by their mother. When they questioned her they found that she had almost forgotten her native tongue, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could make them understand. She inquired after her relatives, and asked many questions about the white people generally; but in reply to a suggestion that she should accompany them to her former home she said she was happily

married, had a good husband and nice children, and could not leave them. She had made their home her home, and no other place on earth would be other than a prison to her. They left her very much cast down, and on returning to the settlements spread the story far and wide.

For a time the interest in her case was revived, and many old settlers who knew her father and grandfather threatened to make war on the Comanches and take her away from them. Nothing could convince these old settlers that Cynthia would stay with the Indians of her own free will, and it was only after the most emphatic protests by the men who had seen her in her savage home that her would-be deliverers abandoned the idea of taking her by force. She was finally recaptured most unexpectedly. Being out with a war party of the Comanches in the fall of 1858, she was cut off from the braves in some manner by Gen. L. S. Rose, of Waco, and taken prisoner in company with several other women. At first she was not recognized, but after being taken to Canton, Van Zandt county, some close observers expressed the opinion that she was a white woman. Then the story was circulated, that she was Cynthia Parker, traditions of whose fate still existed, and her brothers and venerable grandfather were sent for. The brothers looked after her long and earnestly, but could not remember her. The old man, however, identified her as the stolen girl, and she finally admitted that he was right. There was great joy over her recovery on the part of her relatives and her friends, but not so with her. She vainly tried to escape, and passed many hours in tears. She had with her at the time of her capture her youngest child, 2 years of age, the two eldest having been left at home. The little one had a smattering of Spanish, as well as the Indian tongue, fluently, but neither knew anything of English. After a while, Cynthia and her child accompanied her brothers to their home, in Parker county, where she and the babe soon pined away and died.

Her two boys who had been left with the tribe grew to be stalwart warriors, handsome in form and feature, and more than ordinarily intelligent. One of them is now the chief of the Comanches in the Indian Territory, a man of great influence with both the Indians and the whites, and under whose guidance his tribe has made decided progress in civilization. He remembers his mother affectionately, and his advertisement in the Fort Worth paper was the result of his having heard that just before she died she had her picture taken. He did not know where to look for the likeness, but, determining to find it, or a copy of it, if possible, advertised in the Texas papers until he found it. He expressed great joy when the picture was placed in his hands.

Santa Anna's Captured Coat.

The Mexican Minister has addressed the following letter to the Secretary of War of Mexico, to which as yet he has received no answer.

"I noticed a short time ago that there was at the Patent Office, Interior Department, an exhibition, a coat bearing an inscription which read verbatim as follows: Coat worn by General Santa Anna. This coat was captured by Captain Roberdeau Wheat, commanding General Winfield Scott's body-guard during the Mexican war. The coat, together with several objects that used to belong to George Washington, and other articles not properly pertaining to the Patent Office, where they were on exhibition, were moved to the National Museum, established in 1879. The coat is of common dark blue cloth. It has a red collar with two grenades embroidered in gold, one on each side; brass buttons, also with grenades, and a very narrow strap on the left shoulder. There are three buttons of the same metal, but smaller, in the lower part of the sleeves. It does not seem by its size that it could have been worn by General Santa Anna.

"Fearing that some person had imposed on the good faith of the United States Government in presenting to it, as the spoils of a hostile general, a coat which seems to have belonged to a lieutenant of artillery, I thought it would be proper to denounce the fraud; but I have decided not to do so without laying this information before the department and receiving their instructions on the subject. Should it appear, after consulting the regulations in force at that time, concerning military uniforms that said coat could never have belonged to a General-in-Chief, it seems to me that we ought to state so officially to the United States Government, and confer thereby a favor on them."

Hungry Men.

Twenty hungry men were recently set down to a meal composed of a single egg. It was an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg lay upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. It had the white and bluish tinge of duck eggs, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense. As it takes twenty-eight hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare.

The Native Tongue.

Count Herbert Bismarck (on a tour in the Baltic provinces), following the Russophilic policy now in vogue at Berlin, snubbed at Bevel his entertainers, who are given to affecting German speech and habits and deprecating Russian. His health having been proposed in German, he expressed his regret that he had been too short a time in Russia to be able to reply in the native tongue of his hosts. This has been much commented upon at St. Petersburg.

The passions are the voice of the body.

Victor Hugo.

This eminent French writer is very abstemious both in eating and drinking. He drinks Bordeaux as a rule, but never undiluted. Even on the most ceremonious occasions he will not depart from his *cau rouge*. He was once dining at the Tuilleries under Louis Philippe. The Duc de Nemours, who was opposite him, ordered a certain bottle of wine to be placed by the poet's side; it is an old Chateau Lafitte, worth its weight in gold. His Royal Highness gazed at Victor Hugo, curious to see what the effect of the taste of such nectar would have on him. Judge of his horror and surprise on seeing the bard pollute it with the contents of the water decanter!

It is this sobriety and regularity which enables Victor Hugo to get through so much work. The first attempt of the poet was written at the age of 14. It was a piece of poetry called "Le Jour." He sent it to the Academy hoping to win a prize, but it was not "crowned." Nothing daunted, young Hugo persevered, and soon convinced the Forty Immortals that he possessed the sacred fire. He composes with wonderful rapidity. For example, he wrote his "Cromwell" in three months, and his "Notre Dame de Paris" in four months, and a half. But even these have been his longest periods of labor, and as he grew older he wrote faster. "Marion Delorme" was finished in 24 days, "Hernani" in 23 and "Le Roi's Amuse" in 20. To-day, in his 82d year, he is more rapid than ever; and verily, indeed, it may be said that "parting time toils after him in vain."

But to return to the poet in his daily life. During dinner he amuses his guests with lively anecdotes, which he has a talent for telling as well as writing. In this respect he is unlike many authors who are all pen and no tongue. Ladies will be flattered to learn that their sex has an important position at the poet's table. Victor Hugo the older he grows appears to like ladies' society the more. He is very gallant, and kisses the hands of his lady visitors in good old courtly style. He is no posier, as men of genius sometimes are, but adopts a simplicity which puts his guests at their ease. He never monopolizes the conversation and has a knack of not allowing other people to do so.

Victor Hugo is at present engaged on a work which he believes will eclipse all his previous productions. He has already several completed manuscripts which have not yet seen the light, and which are carefully stored in a strong box. Whether the work which he is now writing will be added to them and kept secret till after his death time alone can tell.

Gladstone in Private Life.

I saw Mr. Gladstone first when he was about 60 years of age. Happening to sit very near him at a dinner party, I had a good opportunity of examining his appearance closely and of making mental notes of his conversation. I had heard him called "a sloven," but it struck me that he was even scrupulously neat, from the arrangement of his already thinned locks to that of the small bouquet in his button-hole; and during the years that I had the good fortune of seeing him from time to time the same care was always apparent. The most noticeable point about Mr. Gladstone's physique is his immense head, the extreme development of the superciliary ridge giving his dark eyes doubly the appearance of being deeply set. I had seen many photographs of the statesman, in all of which the likeness was striking, but all of which more or less exaggerated peculiarities, and gave the impression of a remarkably plain, almost a repulsive person; whereas at the period to which I refer he was really a handsome man; the women all thought so, and with their hero worship there mingled a good deal of personal admiration.

Mr. Gladstone told me that he approved of everyone doing a portion of manual labor—a practice which he has always observed himself and encouraged in those about him. To this habit a good deal of the vigor of his old age is doubtless due.

Speaking of his physical powers, he once said to me:

"I think I preserve my strength by husbanding it; if I am obliged to sit up late at night, I always rise proportionately late the following morning; and I never do, and never have done a stroke of work on Sunday."

"When I am at mental work I require and take a certain portion of wine but I can, and do, work hard with my hands while taking only water."

It was generally at dinner parties that I met the prime minister, and I noticed that he was a very moderate eater and drinker, yet without the least affectation of abstemiousness.

The topic of discussion at one dinner party which I remember was Bismarck. For a time Mr. Gladstone was silent, then suddenly turned to me, saying:

"If Cavour had had the same theater as Bismarck he would have been a more distinguished man."

Hints to Gentlemen.

Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

Don't wear apparel with decided colors or with pronounced patterns. Don't—address here the male reader, for whom this brochure is mainly designed—wear anything that is pretty. What have men to do with pretty things? Select quiet colors and unobtrusive patterns, and adopt no style of cutting that beattles the figure. It is right enough that men's apparel should be becoming, that it should be graceful, and that it should lend dignity to the figure; but it should never be ornamental, fanciful, grotesque, odd, capricious nor pretty.

Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, nor thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyism, the other rustic.

Don't wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger-rings, or anything that is solely ornamental. One may wear shirt-studs, a scarf pin, a watch chain and a seal, because these articles are useful; but the plianter they are the better.

The wise man avenges injuries by benefits.