

MY MOTHER.

Of all the names to memory dear,
And many names there be,
That claim affection's fondest seat,
There's one most dear to me.
The graven deep's on my heart,
Burmounting every other,
Nor shall it ever be erased,
The honored name of Mother.

When first my infant tongue began
To lip that sacred name,
Maternal teaching was the source
From whence those accents came.
And when in years of thoughtless youth,
So prone to go astray,
It was her prayer to Heaven that I
Might find the better way.

Through every period of my life,
From childhood up to man,
A mother's care was still the same
As when it first began.
And all the light that grace inspires
To me was freely given,
That I might tread the narrow path
That leads from earth to Heaven.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

Toward sunset of a summer's evening,
In the year '59, a bronzed, athletic man,
whose age did not exceed thirty-eight years
drew rein in the shadow of a wooded slope,
some five and-a-half miles from the town
of Columbe, in Southern California.

The scene around him was wonderful
in its exquisite harmony of color. Over
the adjacent mountains hung soft, purple
shadows—dreamy and mystic; in the western
sky was beauty indescribable as it was
evanescent; the azure blue melted in the
rose and glowed into flame, while the rich
purple and fleecy white masses piled
themselves in gorgeous confusion against
a background of gold, a myriad of tints
and shades quivered into light and dissolved,
ere the eye could determine or thought give
them color. From the pale blue and scarlet
flowers which literally carpeted the earth,
arose a richness of perfume almost
oppressive. Here and there at the base
of some solemn pine, rested a huge boulder,
draped in Spanish moss, whose sombre
gray formed a pleasing contrast to the
vivid crimson blossoms. Far in the distance
gleamed the blue waters of the Pacific
enveloped in hazy light.

"Nature knew how to wield her
brush when she made these California
forests and wonderful sunsets! There is
nothing of the kind in the East in
comparison with them!" exclaimed the
bolder, gazing around him in admiration
expressed in face and voice. Then,
forgetful of Nature, he continued: "But
my unknown friend, who is so solicitous
of my welfare as to send me such a
message, to meet her here, is apparently
forgetful of her trust. Perhaps after
all it is a hoax or trap of some sort,
I'm not so thoroughly popular in these
regions as some men." Here he
laughed, a low pleased laugh, and drew
from an inner pocket a small note,
written in a lady's hand, the contents of
which were:

"I hear that to-morrow you leave
Columbe for the East—your money,
perhaps your life is in danger. It is in
my power to save you or at least put
you on your guard, and I desire you to
meet me, at sunset, on the summit, a
mile from the old Mission. Do not dis-
regard this warning of A FRIEND."

He glanced at the note, folded, and
returned it to his pocket. As he did so,
the sound of iron-shod hoofs resounded
on the hard path and in another
moment a rider, habited in velvet and
mounted on a steed as black as night,
galloped into view and brought her
fiery courser to a stand-still beside the
horseman under the plane tree.

The new-comer was little more than a
child—her age could not have exceeded
sixteen, but her form was lithe and
rounded and the ease with which she
managed her meddlesome Arab, showed
she possessed nerve and capability. Her
face was charming in contour and ex-
pression, while her lips and cheeks wore
the carmine of health.

"You are here!" she exclaimed in a
tone of relief, as her eyes rested on the
horseman, "I feared you might not
heed my warning."

"Curiosity, if nothing else, would
have compelled me to meet you," was
the reply. "May I ask from what great
danger you propose to save me?"

"A few questions first," she responded
imperatively. "Tell me your name."

"Philip Burmeson."

"You were sent West two years ago
by the Government to aid in breaking
up an organized band of outlaws, whose
degradation on out-going and in-coming
stages, had become unbearable; while
here you have amassed in the mines a
large sum of gold, which you intend to
take with you on your return East; and,
furthermore, you are to start for the
East in the stage that leaves Columbe
to-morrow at four o'clock—am I not
right?"

"You certainly display a wonderful
knowledge of my affairs, for so young a
lady and a stranger; but I believe all
you have stated is correct. Will you
now deign to enlighten me as to the
cause of all these queries?"

"Yes, I wished to assure myself you
were really the person I sought, and
now I tell you you must not leave
Columbe to-morrow, nor, if possible,
permit the stage to go."

"You speak positively," said Burmeson,
"what reason can you give for so
materially changing my plans?"

"The very best of reasons," responded
the girl, her tone growing more cau-
tious and her magnetic brown eyes
holding fixedly the steel-blue ones op-
posite. "It is known to a band of the
most daring outlaws in the West, that
a stage, laden with booty, leaves Colum-
be to-morrow and that you are to be
among the passengers. A plan has been
made to surprise and rob the coach.
You are especially singled out, and they
have determined to kill you if you make
any resistance, which they feel sure you
will. They hate you because you have
frustrated so many of their plans during
the past two years, and as an enemy to
their cause they decided to show you no
mercy. This, at least, is the plot of
part of the band—but the leader, I am
sure, is not so blood-thirsty, however
much he may desire your gold."

"And who is the leader of this party?"
queried Burmeson.

"At this the young girl hesitated, and
seemed to be debating her reply, at last
he said:

"He is known as 'Captain Dick.' I
think you have heard of him ere now."
"Yes, indeed, I have!" exclaimed
Burmeson, his eyes lighting with re-
newed interest at the name. "That
man is no common robber, he has
brains, and uses them, 'tis a pity they
are wasted in such a cause. So his
party is to make the attack? Well, I
shall be prepared for them, they may
have a little more trouble with Burmeson
yet, before he says adieu to the vale
of the setting sun and the bold Red
Robins. At what time and place is this
attack to be?"

"You are bent on leaving Columbe
to-morrow then?" she evaded, "will
nothing induce you to remain?"

"Nothing," was the response. "I'm
just as eager to capture Captain Dick as
he is to capture my gold."

"I feared you would answer thus,"
said the girl, in a tone of disappoint-
ment, and a troubled expression filled
her face, while her voice took a hard,
defiant ring, as she continued:

"Unless you promise to see that no
harm comes to Captain Dick I will not
tell you anything further—will you
promise me this?"

"How can I promise you such a ridicu-
lous thing?" cried Burmeson in amaze-
ment. "I have not just said nothing
worth delighting me more than his capture,
and now you virtually ask me to set
him at liberty, in case he is taken—why
'tis absurd!"

"Still it is what you must do," per-
sisted the girl; "without the time, man-
ner and place of attack, all I have told
you goes for naught; you can accom-
plish nothing without a knowledge of
these points; no one can give them to
you but me, and I found them out quite
accidentally. Al! I ask for them is
'Captain Dick's' liberty. I know he is
a bad, reckless man, and deserves jus-
tice, but mine must not be the hand to
administer it." Her voice had lost its
ardness, and was pleading and sorrow-
ful. Burmeson saw she was deeply
agitated.

"What is this outlaw to you, that you
plead so for him?" he inquired, gazing
searchingly in her troubled brown eyes.

"You are 'oure young'—but yet—'is he
your lover?"

"I have no lover," she replied simply.

"Then tell me what he is," repeated
her interlocutor.

A wave of crimson surged over the
lovely face, and the proud young head
drooped, till the sun god, catching sight
of the loose, falling tresses of chestnut
kissed them into burnt gold—drooped
till Burmeson could scarce hear the low
reply:

"He is my father."

"Your father—impossible he cried in
dismay, "why you are a lady—you can-
not be an outlaw's daughter!"

The girl's quick ear caught the scorn
in his voice, and raising her head
proudly she responded:

"The 'outlaw's daughter' heard that
Philip Burmeson was a brave man and
she erroneously formed the idea that he
was also a generous gentleman, she now
begs pardon for such a mistake."

"I am sorry if I wounded you—I did
not intend it," said Burmeson apologeti-
cally, a flush rising in his bronzed
cheek at her rebuke. "And I am glad
he is your father rather than your lover.
Fate provides a girl her father and
mother, but gives her liberty to choose
her lover. But, tell me, you are not
compelled to follow your father's for-
tunes. Do you live with him?"

"Not exactly," she answered. He
provides a pretty home for me, a few
mules from Columbe, and supplies me
with whatever I fancy. An old Mexi-
can woman keeps me company, but
often I grow lonely. Sometimes he visits
me, and is very kind, I have often urged
him to give up this wild life and return
to the East, where he has relatives, but
he refuses to listen to me."

"The East is 'too tame' he declares,
and the excitement of his present exist-
ence suits him too well to allow him to
forsake it."

"Mr. Burmeson," she continued,
"the property, and I am very much
afraid, the lives of your fellow-passen-
gers are in your hands, will you need-
lessly peril them by allowing me to
depart without the information I can
give you? I repeat that without it you
will lose your life, and that with it you
can capture three outlaws with little or
no violence. Surely if I put so much
in your power you can grant me the
equivalent I demand—the liberty of
'Captain Dick.'"

In her eagerness the girl laid her
hand on his arm and bent her face so
close to his, that the long plume of her
cap swept his swarthy cheek.

Burmeson was humane, and the sweet
face and pleading eyes touched his
heart.

"Very well," he said reluctantly, "I
promise for your sake; but it is sorely
against my will and better judgment.
Now tell me all."

A look of relief crept over the fair
face at his words and her voice and eyes
were full of gratitude, as she said:

"Oh, thank you, I know you will
keep your promise—and I am so glad!"

Then, hurriedly, she detailed the
time, place and manner of attack, and
the plan by which she thought they
might be easily taken.

The outlaws' attack was skillfully
planned, and Burmeson was forced to
acknowledge that without the informa-
tion this young girl had given him, the
Columbe stage-coach would have been
at fearful odds. Her plan, too, was
excellent, and, if rightly carried out,
would insure success to Burmeson.

She could not boast of many noble
qualities transmitted to her through her
father, but she might at least, thank
him for her clear, cool head.

The sun had dipped its golden wings
into the blue waters, and the sky had
exchanged its brilliancy of color, for
tender opaline tints, ere the young girl
had finished and turned to depart.

"You will not forget your promise?"
she said, by way of a parting admoni-
tion.

"Have no fear—you may trust me,"
said Burmeson, quietly. "I have never
yet broken one."

"You will let me accompany you
home, for it is not safe for a lady to
ride unattended in these lawless re-
gions?"

The girl laughed a merry little laugh
of youth and innocence, she had gained
her object and could afford to be
happy.

"Thank you," she said, "I am per-

fectly at home in these 'lawless regions,'
you know, and besides, what have I to
fear when with Abdallah? There is not
a fletcher steed on the Pacific slope,"
and she stroked affectionately the glossy
neck and flowing mane of her favorite.
"Besides, every true western girl un-
derstands how to use this," and she
touched lightly the silver mounted Der-
ringer in her belt. "Believe me, I am
not in the least timorous, and it might
arouse suspicion were we seen together.
I prefer to go alone."

"You are a brave girl," said Burmeson,
and he removed the broad sombrero
from his head and stood uncovered,
while the moist breath of the Pacific
lifted the loose locks of his hair. "I
should be proud of just such a daughter.
I hope this may not be our last meet-
ing, and if you ever need a friend, do
not hesitate to send or come to this
address." As he spoke he drew a card
from his pocket, hastily penciled a few
lines and handed it to her. She took it,
gave him a grateful look and extended
her hand.

"Good-bye! God bless you little girl!"
said Burmeson, pressing her hand
warmly in his.

"Good-bye," she responded, simply
and a little sorrowfully, then wheeled
her horse, and was soon lost to his view
in the shrubby forest of thorny mesquit
and yellow pine.

The stage-coach left Columbe the fol-
lowing day at the appointed time, but
it was not until they were several miles
from the town that Burmeson informed
the driver and passengers that they
might expect an attack from robbers,
at a point known as Redwood Gulch.
This was a deep mountain pass, and in
it the outlaws were stationed. Burmeson
had provided each of the passengers
with a pair of bracelets and a loaded
revolver, with instructions when to use
them, and just as the moon rose over
the tall crags a stage entered the pass,
but unoccupied by anyone save the driver.
Scarcely had it done so, when,
"Halt!" rang through the narrow de-
file, and simultaneously, six athletic
men surrounded the coach, clamoring
lustily for the surrender of its occu-
pants. While thus engaged Burmeson,
at the head of the passengers, entered
the pass, and before the astonished out-
laws had recovered from their surprise,
at finding the stage deserted, they were
facing the suggestive cavities of a half
a dozen revolvers, in the hands of cool,
steady men, while the click, click, of
the armlets, on six pairs of wrists, re-
sounded in succession.

It was all so sudden and unexpected
to the outlaws, that they could scarcely
realize that their golden dreams had
vanished and that they were captives in
their own web.

"The game is yours, this time gentle-
men," said one of the outlaws, in a cool
tone, then turning to his men, he con-
tinued: "Never mind, boys! this is a
blunder, but 'there is a tide in the
affairs of all men,' and our turn will
come again—never fear."

"We've been betrayed, Captain!"
cried the other robbers, and curses deep
and loud resounded on the night air.

The captives were taken to the near-
est town and there left to western jus-
tice—with the exception of one—'Cap-
tain Dick.' Burmeson, mindful of his
promise, watched his opportunity to
slip the bracelets from the outlaw's
wrists and assist his escape. As he
bent over him in the act, Burmeson
whispered:

"I do this for the sake of your daugh-
ter, whom I honor as much as I despise
you."

No further adventures were encoun-
tered during the remainder of the
stage's journey, and it is safe to suppose
that the passengers and their treasures
reached their various eastern homes un-
molested.

Often Burmeson wondered if "Cap-
tain Dick" had reached his home in
safety. He had every reason to sup-
pose so, but an accident might have
befallen him, and in that case, would
the outlaw's daughter ever know he
had kept his promise. The thought
troubled him not a little, but he had no
means of ascertaining the truth. Often
in imagination he pictured that sunset
on the summit. The blue waters of the
Pacific, the glowing sky, the flowers
and mossy rocks, the evening breeze,
moist and salt from the ocean, and last
but not least the young girl on her
black charger. The sweet face and
pleading voice, were often in his mem-
ory, and he would have given much to
see the one, and hear the other again.

But it was no time for idle dreaming,
stirring events were transpiring through-
out the country and men of brains were
awakening to the fact that a crisis, in
the affairs of the nation, was near at
hand. At last it came, "The Civil
War." Four long years of carnage,
Burmeson enlisted as a volunteer at the
very beginning, and served his country
faithfully. He knew what long marches,
hunger and thirst, a blanket bed by
the roadside, and fierce charges meant.
His country knew also and testified her
appreciation of his participation in the
carnage by making him a Major-Gen-
eral.

It was during the war he made the
acquaintance of a fellow-officer, Cap-
tain Darrel, a fine soldier and an honor-
able gentleman. The friendship between
the two was strengthened by many lit-
tle acts of kindness on both sides, and
when peace was declared, Captain Darrel
insisted that Major Burmeson
should accompany him home. The
Major not finding it convenient at the
time was obliged to refuse, but prom-
ised to visit him when times became a
little more settled.

The following summer he received a
letter from the Captain, reminding him
of his promise, and a postscript, to the
effect, that his would-be-husband had a
very charming niece to whom he would
be proud to introduce the Major.

A desire to see his veteran friend,
and not the niece, induced the Major to
accept the kind invitation, and, accord-
ingly, he went down to Captain Darrel's
residence, a fine country mansion,
surrounded with elegant grounds,
which, at that season of the year, were
exceedingly lovely.

The Captain was delighted to wel-
come his friend, introduced his wife and
children, and added: "My niece is out-
riding at present, but I expect her home
soon. She is passionately fond of horse-
back exercise, and rarely a day passes
that she is not out."

Even as he spoke, a magnificent horse

of black galloped up to the front en-
trance, and a young lad sprang lightly
from the saddle. A small colored boy
led away the horse, and the young lady
came up the steps, her habit held up
under arm, a dainty little whip in her
hand, and the loveliest tinge of rose in
her cheeks. She crossed the wide ver-
anda to where her uncle stood beside
Major Burmeson, who was partly hid-
den from her view by a flowering shrub.

"My niece, Miss Clista Stratton,"
said the Captain, "Clista this is Major
Burmeson, an old army friend of mine—
why what is the matter? Have you
two met before?" he inquired, in
amazement, for the Major was holding
both Clista's gantleted hands in his
and looking radiant, while she was
smiling up in his face with the freedom
and ease of one who knew him.

"Miss Clista and I are quite old
friends," said the Major, "and I am
both delighted and surprised to meet
her again. Then in a tone intended
only for her ear he added: "I kept my
promise."

"Yes, I know," she said, a shadow
falling over her bright face. "He died
honorably at Gettysburg; and I have
come East to live with Uncle Darrel—
I am very happy, and, oh, so glad, to
see you again."

Her magnetic brown eyes were raised
to his, her rose-red lips were smiling,
her face was radiant, and as he gazed at
her, something awoke in Philip Burmeson's
heart, that had its birth one
sunset evening long ago, on the flower
strewn summit, over-looking the blue
sea, and that would never sleep again
while life and he were one.

The Major was not a young man, but
he was handsome and well-preserved.
He was very much in love with Clista
Stratton, and determined to win her;
and to that purpose he bent all his ener-
gies while at Captain Darrel's. Nor
could the task have been a very difficult
one, for when at last he was forced to
bring his visit to a close, it was with the
promise of a speedy return, and he left
on a pair of crimson lips a fond kiss,
and on the slim finger of the outlaw's
daughter's hand a sparkling gem.

Blind Sign Painter.

I was running a weekly paper in a
small northern Indiana town at the
time I first met him. You know how
the inhabitants of small places go wild
over anything of a freakish nature, and
the reigning sensation just then was
the work of a blind sign painter. A party
of advertising fakirs had just struck the
village, who decorated the dead walls
and fences in the most gaudy way imag-
inable, the finishing and artistic touch-
es being done by a member of the party
who was known as the "Only Blind
Sign Painter on Earth." Business with
them was rushing, every merchant
in town coming around and wanting
work done, for when the blind sign
painter, who was none other than Riley,
felt his way up a ladder and dashed off
an artistic sign, half the inhabitants of
the place turned out to witness the feat.

The scheme of the fakirs which was
an original one and calculated to catch
the multitude, all depended on the his-
trionic ability of the Hoosier poet. He
had large, frank gray eyes, and the
vision of an eagle. When the surface
was selected he was brought out and
led to the foot of the ladder. A part
of the business was to go up a step,
carefully feeling his way, then turning,
stare into vacancy in an aimless, moony
sort of style, and bring to bear on the
crowd a face full of pain and pathos.

This rarely failed to draw expressions
of sympathy, and what was more to the
point, additional advertising contracts.
Slowing climbing the ladder he fingered
the surface, measuring with hands the
dimensions of the letters, and then, sud-
denly seizing the brush, the sign was
reeled off, much more rapidly than the
average painter could do it.

Another in catching bit of "business"
was to stumble on coming down, when
one of the party gave him a shoving
block, with an imprecation and a brutal
order to be more careful.

"Shame, shame! Some one ought to
take the poor man away from those
riffians," were sample remarks from
the crowd on such occasions. One day,
when he was up the ladder, I caught
his eye. My suspicions had been aroused,
and he saw it in my face. Slowly
and deliberately, with awful solemnity,
he winked that gray eye of his in a way
which spoke whole libraries. After
that I was taken in his confidence, and
finding that he was a gold mine of tal-
ent induced him to leave the painters
and go to work in my office, a task which
was not difficult, for he only regarded
the "Blind Painter," dodge as a boyish
lark, and was getting tired of the fun.
That was the beginning of his news-
paper career.

The Prophet in Soudan.

The spread of the doctrines of the
prophet of Mecca in Africa during the
past twenty-five years has been most
remarkable. It has extended south
and west from Upper Egypt till it has
almost reached the English possessions
in the distant south. All the more su-
perior tribes and nations have embraced
it. The negroes take kindly to the re-
ligion of the Arabs. The latter gener-
ally come among them as traders, but
they preach and pray while they buy
and sell. They make converts in every
village, where a mosque and religious
school are soon founded.

The Arab missionary among the ne-
groes of Africa pursues the same course
that the French Jesuit did among the
Indians of North America. He puts
himself on terms of equality with the
persons among whom he comes. He
learns their language and ways. He
then initiates them into the mysteries
of the religion he believes in. Each
convert is presented with a white robe
which he takes a great pride in wearing.
He soon becomes an enthusiastic ex-
horter. He learns about a sacred book,
and becomes anxious to become ac-
quainted with its contents. He acquires
a new language and becomes the com-
panion of a superior race. He exchanges
his negro habits for the manners of the
Arabs. He has made a great advance
in civilization, and is fully conscious of
it. He is no sooner confirmed in the
new faith than he commences to make
proselytes.

Known to Romanos.

Another Queen's private existence is
not without its characteristic features.
The name of the Queen of Naples
evokes a figure out of some romance of
chivalry and legends. She appears to
our fancy as a heroine in sensational
adventures of love and warfare, some-
times heading fantastic masquerades
and med reverly in the palace of the
Bourbons at Naples, at others defending
the last bulwarks of threatened royalty
on the bastions of Gaeta; visiting the
dying in the casemates under the bombs
of the Garibaldians, or kneeling at the
feet of the Pope to receive his blessing
on "his dearly beloved daughter." This
is the portrait lingering in our
imagination. In reality the Duchess
de Castro, as she is called now, is a
quiet, subdued silent woman, leading a
life almost monastic in its monoton-
ous repose, in an ordinary hotel of the
Rue Boissy d'Anglais, in Paris, a street
near the Champs Elysees and adjoining
the Place de la Concorde, where
another Mary lost her life and her
throne. She had lived there through
the long years of her exile, after the
cottage of St. Monde was abandoned,
in 1874, for the Hotel Vullmont,
where the King and Queen occupy two
large apartments on the first and sec-
ond floors. The King has one secretary
and the Queen one lady in waiting. A
butler and four men and four maids
compose the whole of their private
staff of servants. For the rest they
avail themselves of the general resour-
ces of public establishments. The royal
couple have renounced the pomp of
palaces. Even when visiting Munich,
the Queen's native city, they put
unconsciously at the Hotel Bellevue,
the quaint old hostelry, with its
highly colored, almost historical de-
corations.

During eight months of the year the
Duchess de Castro resides in Paris.
The remainder of the time she spends
at the seaside and in Bavaria. She
seems to eschew all splendors, all rep-
resentation, even the social advantages
she might enjoy in a city where she
would be welcomed by so many illu-
strous families more or less related to
her. Almost her only amusement is
riding, either in the open air in a rid-
ing school. She owns large stables in
the Champs Elysees, which she super-
tends herself, and in which she has
the warmest interest. She never en-
tertains. Hotel life is a sufficient ex-
cuse for the non-giving of balls or re-
ceptions. Her only visitors are a few
old and tried friends, some travelers
from Naples, men and women whose
names are written on the same pages of
past happiness and past sorrow. On
Saturday only a few more are admitted,
but their number is always limited.
She is intimate only with the Duchess
d'Alencon. The Queen subscribes
widely, almost prodigally, to any chari-
table undertaking set on foot by the
rich, noble and fashionable women of
the best world in Paris. The early
worshippers at the Madeleine know that
the quiet, familiar figure kneeling every
morning at the same hour, before the
same altar at low mass, is the wife of
the man who accompanies her—a man
with a black moustache, a Bourbonian
nose, and the slight Italian swagging
gait—and that they are the Royal ex-
iles known as the Duke and Duchess
de Castro.

Europeans in Pekin.

A French writer gives this picture of
the life of Europeans in Pekin: There
are sixty of them at the largest com-
putation, and Chinese society is absolutely
shut to them. Communication with
the mandarin class is limited to official
visits, and news from Europe comes so
slowly to the capital of the Son of
Heaven that they seem distant echoes
from another world whose existence is
of very little account. Life would be
flat indeed did not the Pekins offer one
great resource against the blues—cu-
riosity of all kinds, old books, old pots,
old ivories, old enamels, and even old
clothes. From morning to night, in the
small circles which the Europeans form,
there is no other talk but of
famille verte, famille rose, painted and
cloissoene enamels. After breakfast
the clerks of the larger brie-a-
brae shops enter with a load of
things, hoping that a good state of di-
gestion will dispose you to more opti-
mism—and to "put your foot in it," a
trick quite as well known to the Pekin
tradesmen as to their colleagues in the
west.

The shops open to Europeans are in-
numerable with a great mass of things
useless and ugly to our eyes; a visit is
hardly worth while. But there are
many practically closed to them because
the proprietor is afraid of the "red-
furred devils." Should you enter one
the merchant will not rise. He puts
ridiculous prices on everything you ad-
mire, and should you not leave soon he
will insult you with some such epithet
as "tribute-bearer," that being the
only reason which a patriotic Chinaman
can allow for the presence in Pekin of
such dangerous savages as are the Eu-
ropeans.

They Were Dandies.

Washington, who died in 1799, wore
ruffles on his sleeves, and half of the
men who signed the Declaration of In-
dependence wore powdered wigs. Jef-
ferson sported knee breeches, and Ma-
dison was proud of having worn a suit
of clothes of American make at his in-
auguration. Daniel Webster usually
wore a suit of snuff-brown color, with a
large soft necktie. Martin Van Buren
was very fastidious about his clothes,
and always appeared during the sum-
mer in the whitest of white duck linen.
His clothes were cut in the latest styles
and he wore very high stock neckties
out of which peeped his standing collar,
making his head look like that of John
the Baptist on a charger. Andrew
Jackson also dressed well, though he
did not make his clothes a great mat-
ter. Henry Clay wore a swallow-tail,
and a standing collar extravagantly
high. James Buchanan was always
very precise in his clothes.

Steam at ordinary pressure, when
sent into saline solutions, raises their
temperature considerably above its
own.

What It Costs Patti to Live.

Patti makes a great deal of money
and she spends a great deal. At that
rate she lives it must cost her some-
thing like \$1,000,000 a year. She has
a retinue of people and a large suite
of apartments at the Windsor Hotel—
private table, of course—and her own
chief, whom she brings with her. Then
she has a castle in Wales to keep up,
and that is an enormous tax upon her
income. Even when she does not live
there she has ten or a dozen people tak-
ing care of the house, and as many
more on the place. The castle itself is
as large as a small hotel. It has forty-
five furnished rooms, besides other
rooms that are not furnished. It is a
whim of Patti's to keep up this place,
and she has enough money to indulge
herself in expensive whims. Besides
the money that Patti earns, she has
\$200,000 that can never be touched;
at least the principal can not be touch-
ed; she has the use of the income, of course.
But this does not lay much stress
upon. The income of \$200,000 is a
small item to a person who makes as
much money as she does. Christine
Nilsson is really wealthier than Patti,
because she has more money laid up
and better invested than is Patti's
money. The castle in Wales, which
represents a little fortune, is an expense
rather than an income. All the money
that Christine Nilsson has in real estate
brings her in a good round interest.
Then Nilsson is thrifty, she spends
very little money compared with Patti.
It is hard to say which is the wis-
er—the one who spends as she goes or the
one who lays up her money. Patti will
always have \$200,000 to fall back on;
so she saves very little of her earnings.
There is no one to come after her except
Nicola's children, and to these she is
very liberal now.

The English Soldier.

R. C. Drum, the Adjutant General
of the army, spent two months in Eng-
land last summer. He is an enthu-
siastic admirer of English troops, and
believes that England and Russia will
get to fighting before long. He says
that Russia has been quietly working
down towards the East India possessions
of England, and that a conflict in the
future is inevitable. "The English sol-
dier," said General Drum, "is the finest
in the world. I make no exception. A
regiment of Englishmen is the finest
body of soldiers ever gotten together."

"You will not even except our vol-<