

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A telegram from Reading, Penna., says the recent heavy rains have washed a large amount of refuse into a spring from which the employees of the Glasgow Iron Company, at Pottstown, get drinking water. In consequence, over forty men are suffering with typhoid fever, and many of them are in a critical condition. The works are so depopulated that the company is unable to man two furnaces.

Texas fever has broken out among a lot of graded cattle taken to Roseman, Montana, from Kansas City. Twenty-one have already died, and the rest have been quarantined. Stockmen fear the disease will spread, as a drove of 35,000 head of cattle, from which this lot caught the fever at Missouri Valley, Iowa, are now being driven into the Territories.

The ruin of the hop crop in Central New York was completed during a heavy rain on the 26th. A telegram from Canajoharie says the growers thought the rain would have a good effect, but, instead, yards which the day before appeared green and healthy, are now black and utterly ruined. Many growers destroyed their yards a week ago, and their example will now be followed generally. Where one week ago it was thought a quarter of the average yield would be harvested, now it is believed that not a pound will be picked. The growers are very much disheartened and their predicament is only equalled by that of the hop pickers. Good 1885 hops now bring 30 to 32 cents against 6 and 10 cents six weeks ago.

Nathaniel Taylor, aged 12 years, was accidentally shot dead by his fourteen-year-old brother Benjamin, while on a dove shooting expedition near Columbia, South Carolina on the 27th.

An archer erected on Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal, in honor of Cardinal Taschereau, fell on the 27th, killing an old lady and mortally wounding her granddaughter.

A two-story brick building in St. Louis, occupied on the first floor by a manufacturer of musical instruments, and on the second by John Gamble and family, collapsed at half-past 10 o'clock on the 26th. The wife and three children of Gamble were badly bruised. The building was old, and had been notoriously unsafe for some time.

A freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad broke in two near Mount Airy, Baltimore, on the 27th, and the rear part ran down a steep grade colliding with another freight train. The engine of the rear train and several loaded cars were badly wrecked and the tracks blocked.

Charles Engel, alias Warner, alias George Engel, a dangerous professional burglar, whose operations have extended all over the country, was arrested in Chicago on the 26th.

Frederick Rentschler, Vice President and manager of the Indianapolis Manufacturing Company, committed suicide in San Francisco on the 24th by shooting himself in the head.

The grain destroyed by the hail storm in Minnesota, on the 24th is estimated at 150,000 bushels in the country tributary to Argyl, and 100,000 bushels in the country about Warren, together with as much oats and barley. A St. Thomas despatch says 10,000 acres of wheat in that section was destroyed in the same storm. A storm at Fort Assiniboine, Dakota, on the 26th blew down the quartermaster's store, causing a loss of \$50,000. "The buildings all rocked as if in an earthquake."

Amanudis Diefenderfer was killed by lightning near Macungie, Lehigh county, Penna., on the 27th.

Three boys and a woman were struck by lightning at Tyrone, Penna., on the 27th. William Connolly, one of the boys, was killed. James Connolly and the woman, Mrs. Skyles, were fatally injured, and Thomas McLoughlin escaped with a severe shock.

Two boilers at Henning's ore mines at Topton, Berks county, Penna., exploded on the 26th. Josiah Black, the superintendent, was killed; Jerome Trexler was probably fatally scalded, and Moses Haupt was seriously injured by falling timbers. Several other men employed in the mine were slightly injured. The building was burned down and the machinery entirely wrecked.

A boiler exploded on the 26th, on Honey Island, Mississippi, killing five men and injuring four other persons.

A fire in Chenoa, Illinois, on the 27th, destroyed two blocks, one wooden, the other brick, containing five stores, a band and a hall. Loss \$75,000.

The Democratic State Convention of Georgia, met on the 25th, in Atlanta, and nominated General Gordon for Governor on the first ballot by 322 votes out of 392 cast. The rest of the present State officers were renominated. The Convention adjourned after adopting a resolution declaring its fealty to Democratic principles and approving President Cleveland's administration.

The Prohibition State Convention of Connecticut met on the 25th in Hartford, and nominated a ticket headed by Rev. Samuel H. Forbes for Governor.

John Pierson, a wealthy farmer, who lived near Lawrence, Kansas, on the 27th, shot and severely wounded his wife and then committed suicide. A paper was found in his pocket saying, "The bad temper of my wife makes living together impossible, and has driven me crazy."

At Cincinnati on the 26th, John Tomney, election judge of Precinct A, in the Fourth Ward, was convicted of fraudulent conduct at the election in October last. John Minor and Patrick Kelly, Judges in Precinct E, Nineteenth Ward, at the same election, were also found guilty of adjourning the count from the day of election to the next day, with fraudulent intent.

While S. Henry Harrison, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, was about to hand a package containing \$140 in greenbacks to the cashier of the Prairie State Loan and Trust Company, in Chicago, for deposit on the 26th, an unknown man who had quietly followed Mr. Harrison

snatched the money and, dashing out the main entrance, escaped with his plunder.

The total deficit so far discovered in the accounts of Colonel Bolton, of the Chicago Post-office, is \$915,10.

Two young men, giving the names of William Taylor and Cole Colocan, were arrested in Pana, Illinois, on the 27th, having in their possession over \$100 in counterfeit coins of the issue of 1884. The denomination was \$1 pieces, that have the silver ring, but are plainly spurious by weight and general appearance. Receipts and crude tools were also found among the effects of the prisoners, who also admit their guilt.

The trial of the boy, William Sells, for the murder of his father, mother, brother and sister, at Erie, Kansas, resulted on the 27th in a verdict of guilty in the first degree.

At Brownsville, Texas, on the 29th ult., Emanuel Chiarez, aged 16 years, killed his stepmother with an axe while she was sleeping. The boy was found by her corpse weeping. He said "he had become enraged because she would not let him go to the circus, and that when he awoke this morning the devil told him to cut her head off." A man giving the name of John King was arrested in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th ult., for stealing a trunk. It was found on the 29th ult., he was Frank Bergh, who is wanted at Detroit for the murder, near that place some months ago, of Frank Knoch, his wife Susan and their four children, whose charred bodies were found in the ruins of their house, which had been burned after the murder, evidently to destroy the evidence of the crime.

About 200 cases of a disease with malignant typhoid symptoms have appeared at West Elizabeth, in Allegheny county, Penna. About twelve deaths have occurred. The disease is attributed to impure water. The epidemic of fever near Pottstown, Penna., continues, and the number of cases is increasing, while an additional death has been reported. The sickness is confined to those using the water of a certain spring.

Damaging hailstorms passed over portions of Mercer and Locoming counties, Penna., on the 29th ult., ruining the crops in their paths. A destructive thunder storm also visited the country around Meadville on the same evening.

No rain has fallen at Lawrence, Kansas, for six weeks.

A refined looking, well-dressed woman, who registered as "Mrs. Hawley, of Philadelphia," committed suicide in the Barrett House, New York, on the 29th ult., by shooting herself in the breast and head. The body of a man, supposed to be S. S. Conant, the long-time missing editor of Harper's Weekly, was washed up on the 29th ult. at Coney Island. The underclothing was marked with the initials "S. S. C."

On the 23d ult., F. G. Whiten, paymaster of the Knickerbocker Ice Works, at North Boothbay, Maine, went to Wiscasset to draw funds with which to pay the help. "He drew no money, but sent his wife a note saying that both she and the world were dead to him, and disappeared. His reputation was excellent."

A man calling himself F. W. Morgan, of White Plains, New York, but believed to be Orrin Sperry, the defaulting Treasurer of Chautauque county, New York, was arrested in Allegheny City, Penna., on the 29th ult., while begging. On him was found over \$5000 in bonds, considerable cash, letters from prominent men and addresses of all the large banks and bankers in the country. B. F. Rynd, a former lumber merchant of Chautauque county, who was well acquainted with Sperry, is quite certain he is the much-wanted Treasurer, who absconded in May, 1884, with \$80,000 of the county's funds.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS, SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 24th, Mr. Miller asked leave to call up a bill to amend the act prohibiting the importation of contract labor. Mr. Edmunds objected, on the ground that the bill proposed to give the execution of the law to State officials. The resolution offered on the 23d by Mr. Edmunds instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the violation of rights of American fishing and merchant vessels in Canadian waters, was adopted. The consideration of the Sundry Civil bill was resumed, and continued at a night session, when the bill was passed. The silver clause in the bill authorizes the issue of silver certificates of the denominations of one, two and five dollars, in lieu of silver certificates of larger denominations in the Treasury, "and to that extent said certificates of larger denominations shall be cancelled and destroyed." After taking up the Deficiency bill the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 26th, Mr. Blair reported the House bill directing the Commissioners of Labor to make investigations in regard to convict labor. The bill was passed. He also reported the Senate joint resolution proposing a prohibitory liquor amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It was placed on the calendar. The Fortifications bill was reported and the House Naval Increase bill was received and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The Deficiency bill was considered and passed, with amendments. After an executive session, a recess was taken until evening. In the evening session several local bills were passed, among them the House bill increasing to \$180,000 the limit of cost of the public building at Reading, Penna. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 27th Mr. Allison from the Finance Committee, reported back the House Surplus resolution, with an amendment making the bond calls under the resolution discretionary. Mr. Beck said that "this was the report of a majority of the committee, but that the minority adhered to the House resolution." The resolution was placed on the calendar. After an

executive session lasting nearly six hours the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 28th, the Fortifications bill was considered and passed with amendments. A conference report on the Legislative Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Surplus resolution was taken up, and the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 29th ult., Mr. Beck, from the Committee on Finance, reported back the House bill for the inspection of tobacco, cigars and snuff. Mr. Palmer from the Committee on Fisheries, reported back (with an amendment) the House bill relating to the importing and landing of mackerel caught during spawning season. The above bills were placed on the calendar. The Surplus resolution was discussed by Messrs. Allison, Beck, McPherson, Plumb, West, Sherman, Teller and Jones. Pending debate, the Senate went into executive session, and, when the doors were opened, adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 26th, a number of bills and resolutions were introduced under the call of States. Mr. Henley, of California, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the Senate bill forfeiting certain of the lands granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The committee recommends that in lieu of the Senate bill there be substituted the provisions of the House bill on the same subject. Mr. Henley stated that the distinctive difference between the two bills was that while the Senate bill forfeited the grant from Wallula Junction to Portland, the House bill included also the forfeiture of the grant from Bismarck to the Pacific Ocean. The House bill forfeited 33,000,000 acres more than the Senate bill. Pending discussion of the resolution the House adjourned.

In the House on the 27th, the Senate amendments to the Sundry Civil bill were referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Willis, of Kentucky, from the Conference Committee on the River and Harbor Appropriation bill, reported a continued disagreement. He then offered a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the House that the item making appropriation for the Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ship Canal should be stricken from the Senate amendment and instructing the conferees accordingly. The resolution was agreed to—yeas 100, nays 63. Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, offered a resolution instructing the conferees to insist on striking out of the Senate amendment the item appropriating \$375,000 for the improvement of the Potomac river. Agreed to—107 to 75. Adjourned.

In the House on the 28th, after a personal passage between Messrs. O'Neill, of Penna., and Reagan, of Texas, a conference committee was appointed on the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill. The Senate amendments to the Sundry Civil bill was considered, and Mr. Blank of Missouri, demanded a separate vote upon concurring in the Senate amendment to the river certificate clause. It was concurred in—113 to 35. A conference was then ordered on the bill. A conference report on the Legislative Appropriation bill was agreed to. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 29th, a conference was ordered on the General Deficiency bill. Mr. Thomas, of Wisconsin, called up the veto message on the Mary Anderson Pension bill. Mr. Reagan, of Texas, with the intention of calling up the Inter-State Commerce bill, raised the question of consideration, and the House—yeas 112, nays 117—refused to consider the veto message. Three other vetoed pension bills were called up, but the House refused to consider them. The Republican then resorted to "filibustering," and, after a struggle of several hours, the House took up for consideration the veto message on the bill granting a pension to Andrew J. Wilson, and refused—yeas 105, nays 86—to pass the bill over the veto, the constitutional two-thirds not voting in the affirmative. A recess was then taken until evening, when private bills were considered.

It was at one of the picnic parks. The leader of the band arrived and went to survey the place and the music. He came with two or three of his musicians to the piano. They got their instruments out and were tuning them when the proprietor came along. Just as he came up to them the leader was sounding his note on the piano. "Too low," he said to the cornet, "too low." "What's that?" said the proprietor. "The piano—too low—that's all." "Here, Jake," yelled the proprietor to a carpenter across the place. "Here, Jake; this piano wants raising." "Just tell him how high you want it. That's what he's paid for. He'll raise it three feet if you need it. I don't want no slouchin' of this music."

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for Philadelphia and New York, listing various commodities like Beef, Pork, Lard, etc., with their respective prices.

Worth Thinking Of.

If we sit down at set of sun And count the things that we have done, And counting find One self-denying act, one word One glance most kind, That fell like sunshine where it went, Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day We've chased no heart by yea or nay; If through it all We've done no thing that we can trace That brought the sunshine to a face, No act most small That helped some soul and nothing cost, Then count that day as worse than lost.

AN ASYLUM FOR FOOLS.

The mournful drip of the August rain rounded like a knell of departing Summer among the leaves of the ancient elms that overhung the old Mardingham homestead; the twilight was gathering darkly over the desolate scene, while the roar of the swollen river in the ravines that stretched northward rose up in the silence like some threatening voice.

Within the house the scene was no less gloomy. Geoffrey Mardingham, stricken down by the hand of relentless disease, lay on the old-fashioned bed in the big front chamber, surrounded by a host of sympathetic relatives—for old Geoffrey Mardingham had somehow contrived to accumulate a goodly store of this world's wealth, and gold makes an aureate glow around those who possess it.

Mrs. Foxley, his eldest sister, a plump and gorgeously dressed matron, sat at the head of the bed, her eyes full of tender concern.

"Dear Geoffrey," she murmured, "I hope you are better now. Please allow George to bathe your forehead with that bay water."

"I won't," growled the interesting invalid, quite tartly.

"My dear and venerable cousin," snuffed a tall and cadaverous looking young man in a white neckcloth, "if a chapter out of Noyes's sermons"—

"Noyes be hanged!" sharply uttered old Squire Mardingham, with an emphasis which proved that there was yet some vitality about him. "Clear out, the whole tribe and generation of you! If I am to go into the other world I won't be badgered out of this!"

"If there should be any aid I could give you in your legal affairs, my dear cousin," began a fat man, with sleek, black hair and keen, ferret-like eyes, "I am sure at my little knowledge I possess will be at your service."

"I don't doubt it," said Squire Mardingham, with a flash of lambent scorn glittering from under his grizzled eyelashes. "Did ye ever chance to hear of the swarm of hungry vultures that settle down around the dying stag?"

"Vultures!" echoed Mrs. Foxley, elevating her jeweled hand. "My dearest Geoffrey, what a hideous idea!"

The cadaverous young man looked perplexed—there was no allusion to "vultures" in Nehemiah Noyes's sermons. The legal gentleman turned over the leaves of his note-book, and a starched maiden lady, who was stirring some sort of nauseous drink, smiled grimly at their obtuseness. Of course, they were the vultures he meant—all but herself. She was mercy's dove.

"Get out of my room, every one of you," sharply ejaculated Geoffrey Mardingham, "Let me have a minute's peace and try to sleep. I tell you your chatter makes me mad."

"And leave you all alone, brother?" remonstrated Mr. Foxley, sweetly.

"Naomi Bruce shall stay with me," said the Squire, a little impatiently. "She understands my ways—she don't fill my ears with senseless clack! Come here, Naomi, and sit by my bedside; you, at least, can keep still."

The assembled relatives glanced with no friendly eyes at Naomi Bruce, a slender, soft-eyed girl, in a much-worn suit of some coarse material, as she advanced to fulfil the old man's bidding.

"A perfect upstart—and only his third cousin at that," said Mrs. Foxley, venomously.

"Presuming mix!" muttered the starched maiden lady; "with no more experience than a gosling!"

"Ah!" sighed Lawyer Lennox, rolling up his eyes, "it's much to be feared that some undue influence!"

Then the door shut off further comment.

All that night the vulture brood sat up in the adjoining room waiting to hear of their rich relative's death, but old Squire Mardingham had more endurance than they had any idea of. He rallied, and for this time they went home outwardly rejoicing, but in reality sorely discomfited. Naomi Bruce alone remained by the old man's side. But even this arrangement was not long. Geoffrey Mardingham had always led a lonely life—he preferred it.

"Go back to your factory, my dear," he said, dryly. "You've been a good, attentive girl, and you will not lose anything by it; but I shall do very well by myself now."

So Geoffrey Mardingham was left alone. And one day they shut the old sun-warped shutters and hung somber

streamers of black crape on the door, and when the relatives arrived the funeral was over and a little old lawyer with a grizzled beard was sitting at the farther end of the parlor with a japanned box labelled "G. Mardingham" on his knee.

"I suppose you are all ready to hear the will read, ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a cracked voice. "Please excuse the bandage on my face—its neuralgia; and I find of late that with rheumatism and ague I don't grow any younger—he, he!"

Mrs. Foxley put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Poor dear Geoffrey!" she sighed. "Oh, go on, Mr. —"

"Mr. Peckham, of the firm of Peckham & Marble."

"I thought Mr. Peckham was a young man," said the disciple of Rev. Nehemiah Noyes.

"So he was ten years ago," said the crack-voiced lawyer. "Ahem! shall I proceed?"

"By all means," said Mrs. Foxley's husband, "unless," with a severe glance toward the corner where poor Naomi Bruce sat, "that young woman would prefer to defer the proceedings a little while longer while she cries it out. I do despise such affectation."

Naomi shrank back. Poor child, she had but few friends, and stern old Squire Mardingham had been good to her in his bluff way.

Lawyer Lennox cleared his throat resoundingly and sat ready to pounce upon Mr. Peckham in case of the slightest inaccuracy; the pious young man rolled his eyes toward the ceiling, and the old maid sat with her shabby gloves crossed one over the other, while Mrs. Foxley wondered if "those people expect anything," and her husband looked with eyes of pitying complacency upon the other relatives who stood or sat around.

Mr. Peckham read out the preamble of the will in his sharp, high-pitched voice, Lawyer Lennox nodded approval while the room was filled with an atmosphere of breathless silence as he neared the important words for which all listened intently.

"I, Geoffrey Mardingham, do give and bequeath the whole of my fortune and estate, real or personal, for the founding, erection and endowment of an asylum for fools, idiots and insane, that my name may be remembered and honored after my bones have turned to dust," the lawyer read out, slowly and impressively.

Mrs. Foxley fell back in her chair, uttering a hysterical, gasping sound; there was a sudden babel of voices, bursting into discord.

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Mrs. Foxley. "Not to remember me, that always did so much for him!"

"Fools and idiots, indeed! He was one himself," cried Mr. Foxley, growing purple in the face.

"I always knew he was an old block-head," cried Mr. Lennox, jumping around the room as if he had St. Vitus dance.

"An unregenerate sinner," groaned the pious young man. "Think how the sweet utterances of Nehemiah Noyes have been completely thrown away on him."

"Old fool!" cried Mrs. Foxley, suddenly emerging from the tide of her hysterics. "Oh, Foxley, Foxley, you always told me he hadn't any brains, but I never gave any credence to you."

The maiden lady tossed her head in the air.

"I wish now I hadn't worked the slippers for him," said she. "An ungrateful, unprincipled, hoary reprobate, who!"

But Naomi Bruce rose up among them, slender and pale, yet instinct with womanly dignity.

"Hush!" she ejaculated, uplifting her slender finger. "How dare you speak so of the dead? Uncle Geoffrey was good and generous to all of you, as he was to me. What right have you to expect aught else? His money was his own, to do as he pleased with, and I, for one, shall not sit mutely by and hear his name derided."

There was an instant of astonished silence, and then Mr. Peckham, "of the firm of Peckham & Marble," jumped briskly up, tore the bandage away from his mouth and chin, pulled off the red wig, false beard and goggles, and rising to his full height confronted the astonished audience—old Geoffrey Mardingham's self, alive and well!

"Well met, ye hypocrites and whited sepulchres!" he enunciated, slowly and distinctly. "I can scarcely express my gratitude for this opportunity which gives me such a clear insight into the characters of every one of you. I am not dead and buried—no, nor likely to be at present, but I have learned a lesson for the future. Come here to me, Naomi," he said, his iron face softening as he held out his hand.

"You, who were the one to defend the dead old man, should be his adopted child for the present, his heir for the future. As for the rest of you, I only want my house cleared of your odious presence!"

There was no gainsaying his stern words and sneering lips. One by one the expectant relatives, now, alas so woefully disappointed, sneaked out of the room and house—Mr. and Mrs. Foxley, the lawyer, the old maid and

the "regenerate" youth, together with the lesser satellites. For they had no more hopes from Geoffrey Mardingham's will, and little Naomi Bruce was now an heiress!

Ascending Mount Earnslaw.

In relation to the ascent of the Mount Earnslaw Glacier, New Zealand, the Rev. Mr. Green says a thousand feet on an incline of about one in two is no joke, and were it not for the fern with which the mountain side is covered I doubt whether we would have been able to get up at all. The mountain vegetation stood us in good stead, and clutching the silvery tussocks known as snowgrass we made our way up. For about 500 feet we passed through a belt of large birch trees. Beneath our feet lay the leaves of centuries, the uppermost stratum being composed of leaves recently blown from trees and not yet withered, the whole forming a beautiful springy carpet, quite a treat to walk on after about a couple of hours' toiling over the rough surface through fern and snowgrass. Such a path was, however, too good to last long, and our shady belt of birch trees came to an abrupt termination right under a high ledge of rock, which appeared more difficult to climb than the one we had previously encountered. We traversed a dried-up water-bed for some 800 feet, avoiding the prickly speargrass—which proved a great source of annoyance—as much as possible. Here we got our first view of the beautiful mountain lily, with its saucer-shaped leaves, which made very suitable drinking vessels. The mountain at this part was thickly covered with the lilies. A glance at the barometer showed us to be 3500 feet above the level of the lake. Climbing round a steep ledge of rock we reached a comparatively easy slope, thickly covered with the ever-present snowgrass; then over two gullies, the sides of which were plentifully strewn with slaty rock, which, rolling down the declivities at every step, made it particularly lively for the man below. Then we scaled a grassy saddle and fondly hoped we were near our destination. Such, however, was not the case, though a glimpse of the snow 500 or 600 feet above urged us to redoubled efforts up an almost perpendicular incline. After half an hour's really hard climbing we reached the snow. It was plentifully covered with the red lichen, which at the distance made it appear as if besmeared with blood. Right ahead towered the white dazzling peak of Earnslaw. No man's foot had ever trodden his snow-capped summit, and to all appearance no man is ever likely to do so unless he reach it in a balloon. But we have not much time to muse on the beauties of the scene, so we plodded along, and at length reached the saddle right under the huge glacier itself. And what a sight! Miles and miles of solid ice towering hundreds and hundreds of feet above us, while every few minutes masses of detached ice many tons in weight went thundering and crashing down the mountain slopes into the valley below. It was indeed a grand and awful scene, and its impressiveness came home to our minds with full force. We had reached a point 6700 feet high, and the cold was intense, so we began to have serious thoughts of starting for lower and more congenial climes. Two thousand feet below us the guide pointed to the spot where the Rev. Mr. Green, the Swiss guides and himself were overtaken in a snowstorm last year and forced to return. Then, content with having reached the highest point scaled by any tourist, we commenced the descent.

Heavy Whist Stakes.

Count Phalen, who died recently at Cannes at the age of 96, was formerly well known in English society, and was a constant guest at Devonshire house, the Royal cottage, and at Lady Jersey's, for nearly twenty years after he first came to England with the Emperor Alexander in 1814. He afterward went to Paris, where his brother was ambassador for many years, and thence to Italy; and while residing at Venice in 1838 he was summoned back to Russia by the Emperor Nicholas. But he did not long remain in his native country; and on his second visit to England he was again a persona grata at Stafford house, Devonshire house and other "Mount Blancs" of the social struggle. The Count was at one time a renowned whist player, and once, when passing through Berlin on his way to Russia, he won £20,000 from Prince John Lichtenstein at a single sitting. He was on intimate terms with Talleyrand, Forzodi Borgo and Montrond.

Careful Gradations in England.

The occupants of the softest cushions are treated with the softest manners—the occupants of the hardest with an appropriate asperity. "Tickets, gentlemen, if you please," is the form in which first class passengers are addressed; this becomes, in the case of the second-class passengers, "Tickets, please;" and when the collector puts his head into the third-class compartments his manner is shorn of all civility, and he brusquely cries, "Tickets." I despise theology and botany but I love religion and flowers.