AMERICAN DRINKS IN ENGLAND.

Experience of the "American Bar" Propristor-The Mint Julep Story.

"When I opened the American bar in Liverpool, such a thing as a cocktail, a sour, a julep, a cobbier, a fizz, or even plain rye or bourbon whiskey was something that had been heard of but by few, and tasted by none, among those who were to become my immediate and regular customers. Brandy and soda, 'alf and 'alf, gin, hot toddy, porter, and ale, were the favorite and only tipples, as they had been for untold generations. My bar, backed by a true New York display of glittering glassware, plate glass mirrors, and bottles of many colored liquids, with white coated handsome young men ready to serve the customers, in place of the traditional barmaid, was flocked to as if it had been a museum of rare curiosities.

"But my American drinks went begging. The old time English beverages were still good enough for the loyal Britons, and when the persistent tips they tendered the bartenders were as persistently refused, it seemed to appear to them as if the very bulwarks of the nation were being assailed, and that the throne itself was tottering. But by degrees, as exigencies occurred which enabled me to demonstrate to customers the efficacy of Yankee decoctions in cases of expanded head, stomachic derangement superinduced by a too much prolonged dalliance with merciless English tipples, and other physical and mental disturbances which, I am frank to say, would ever have remained unknown had there never been either American or other bar, they came to recognize the fact that if there could be any excuse for patronizing a bar at all, it could only be found in patronizing one where Yankee beverages could be, had. One practical customer, in referring to the coming around of the British public fo this stage, said that it was as if they first depised, then pitied, then embraced.

"I had one customer who developed a great fondness for the mint julep. No matter whether the weather was hot or cold, he wanted his mint julep, and he wanted it with amazing frequency. He was a man of con-sequence, and I thought he would certainly be able to appreciate an American joke as well as an American drink, so one day I related to him that bold but respectable anecdote about the man who went to Virginia, before the war, and became acquainted with a hospitable resident. The resident had plenty of good material for conviviality, and the visitor, having a recipe for the concocting of mint julep, thought that his host was wasting both stuff and opportunity in being ignorant of the existence of the julep. The visitor found that there was a fine bed of mint on the plantation, and he led his host, accompanied by a jug and other ingredients, to the spot. There he brewed the julep and captured the planter's heart. The visitor taught the Virginian how to distil this beretofore to him unknown nectar, and in time took his departure. A year later he had business again in Virginia, and he lost no time in hunting up his old host. He went to the plantation. His knock being answered by an old negro, he asked the servant for his master.

"'Ol mars's dead, sah,' replied the old 'Dah was white man come 'long h'yah 'bout a yea' 'go an' teach ol' mars' to drink grass in he lickah, an' ol' mars' done gwan drink hisse'f to deff, sah.'

"I told that to my julep loving customer, expecting to be rewarded with an appre ciative laugh. He was imbibing one of his beverages at the time. He quit drinking, looked solemn, cast a regretful look at the mint in his glass, and went out and never came back. He had taken the story literally, and drew a moral from it at once."-New York Sun.

Painting Still Life.

I used to know a Frenchman who boasted that he could make money go further than any one alive. He was a dexterous painter of still life, and one of his favorite subjects was a sack of guineas and a package of bank

THE COLDEST COUNTRY. CATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.

WHAT LIEUT. SCHEUTZE SAYS OF THE LENA DELTA COUNTRY.

How the Yakuts Manage to Keep Warm in Northwestern Siberia .-- Huts and Their Filthiness-Food and Clothing. Eating Butter.

Lieut. W. H. Scheutze, of the navy, who was sent to the Lena delta in northwestern Siberia to deliver to the natives gifts from the government of the United States to repay them for the aid they rendered him in his search for the missing members of the Jeannette party, says in his report that the town of Verovusk, Siberia, is the coldest inhabited spot in the world. The thermometer stood at eighty-six below zero when he was there, and he says it seldom goes above fifty below. asked him the other day what the people did who lived at this blissful spot; what they had to eat and how they liked it.

"Why," he replied, "they think it is a protty good sort of climate. 'Home, Sweet Home,' is the song all the world over, and if the Verovuskers should come here they would wonder what people did where it is so infernally

hot. They would smother in this climate, and pine for a stiff northwesterly arctic gale. It is wonderful the amount of cold human flesh can endure. The natives of Terra del Fuego go stark naked the year round, and in their country it freezes every night. It is much colder in the Lena delta, yet the peo-ple manage to keep comfortable, and more die of smallpox and scurvy than from the effects of the intense cold. You seldom hear of any one freezing to death, and then it is those only who expose themselves impra-dently who die in that way. More people are frozen to death in the United States than in Siberia.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

"But how do they manage to keep warm?" "Well, in the first place the Yakuts are an

enduring race and are born in that climate. Then they dress in furs, and have learned from their ancestors, or from their own experience, how to keep warm. Their houses are built of logs, smeared over on the outside and inside with manure and mud. In each cabin is a large fireplace, which is used for both heating and cooking. There is seldom more than one room in these cabins, and usually the owner's cattle, if he has any, occupy one end of the room in which he lives, being tied, or prevented from trampling on the babies by a bar. The houses are com-monly very comfortable, but are awfully dirty, and smell-there is no word to describe it. Often, until I got used to it, I would rather lie down in the snow outside, with the thermometer fifty below zero, than sleep in one of these huts. But you've no idea what a man can stand when he has to."

"Have they windows in their houses?"

"Yes; ice windows. They use ice as we use glass. A clear piece is selected, about five or six inches thick, morticed in the window opening in blocks two feet, and sometimes as large as four feet square, and with water is made solid. The water is as good as putty. When the window becomes dirty they scrape it off with a knife, and when it has been scraped thin they substitute a new pane."

"Doesn't the window ever melt?" "Bless you, no; it is freezing cold that far

from the fire. If the room ever got warm enough to melt the ice the Yakut couldn't live in it, and would have to go out doors to cool off. At night the fire is allowed to go out, as they have to economize in fuel. All they have is drift wood, gathered on the banks of the Lena river in the summer time."

"How do they sleep? Do they undress when they go to bed?"

"Always. They strip to their shirts, which are made of a thick sort of Russian cloth as heavy as our canvas. The men and women wear the same kind of garments, and never have more than one at a time. I took up a lot of thick flannel for them, enough to last the rest of their lives, and it will be a great deal more comfortable than the native stuff, although they don't like it at first. When they undress they get into bunks built in the side of the house-sometimes a man, his wife and all his children in the same bunk. They have reindeer skins under and over them, and curtains of the same hanging before the bunks. The last man or woman to undress hangs all the clothing of the rest out doors over a pole that is kept for the purpose."

A Desperate and Gallant Charge Made by Gen. Frank Blair's Brigade.

A charge made by Gen. Frank Blair on Monday, the last and bloodiest day of the battle, was one of the most desperate and gallant feats recorded in history. Separating him from the steep bluffs occupied by the enemy was a cottonwood grove, which had been felled by the Confederates, and which was an entanglement through which an unarmed, unincumbered man could pass with only the greatest difficulty. On the side of the cottonwood maze, next to the enemy's position, was a deep bayou, whose opposite bank was some ten feet in height. On this bank was a series of abattis, whose pointed limbs barred the approach of a hostile force. Just beyond the abattis was the first line of rifle pits. Gen. Blair, with four regiments, was assigned to carry the position in front of him. He must make his way through the dense fallen cottonwoods, he must then descend into, cross the deep and muddy bayou, climb its steep bank beyond and then break through the deep abattis that crowned its top, where he would find himself on a level. uncovered space swept by rifle pits, scores of guns and other lines of defenses which covered the foot of the sloping bluff beyond.

One would fancy that the feat of charging across this space, every inch of which was swept by riflemen and artillery, would be an utter impossibility. Mounted and in full uniform, the gallant Missourian led the charge. How he ever forced his way through th fallen timber, descended into and climbed out of the bayou, gained a passage through the abattis, and all the time covered with a tempest of shell and bullet, and escaped annihilation cannot be told. But he did it all, and accompanied by a single man, also mounted, he rode into the first line of rifle pits. His regiments struggled after him, and secured lodgment in the first line of works, and held them for a time, but, being unsup ported they had to return to their original sition.

Blair was a most interesting man in every respect. Tall, well formed, with a "sandy" complexion, light gray eyes, heavy mustache, clean shaved face, and a fine forehead covered with a mass of reddish hair, distingue in style and bearing, he was handsome and commanding. He was slow and deliberate in speech, like one accustomed to addressing large audiences; he was versatile, doing everything well, from leading a charge to uncorking a bottle, and in all instances characterized by a calm, dispassionate manner and a manner full of dignity. He never seemed to have the slightest knowledge of the composition of fear-if he did, he concealed the fact so completely that on no occasion was its existence discovered. In conneath all his outward calmness he had a tre-

The Baby King of Spain.

To interview an adult emperor, king or full fledged president is not very extraordinary, but to look up a majesty only 6 months old implies that the force of interviewing can no further go. Alphonse XIII of Spain and his nurse Raymunda have been subjected to that Nineteenth centary inquisition. The baby king is well and is engaged cutting his first teeth. All his entourage when alluding to him say "His Majesty." His mamma and wet nurse adopts t is familiar title of "baby." Indeed Raymunda-a name of Madagas origin-occasionally alludes to him as her There was once a Bourbon princess mioche. interred at St. Denis at the age of 2 days. She was alluded to in the court circulars as "The high and mighty princess," with a string of et ceteras that would crack the brain of even a Spanish lord chamberlain to remember.

Alphonse cats, sloeps and laughs and plays well. Raymunda's sole duty is to give him

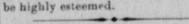


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notes lying on a desk with an account book and the trappings of a cashier's desk. He painted this picture over and over again, and got high prices for every replica he made. The original money had been loaned to him by the picture dealer for whom he had painted the first picture. Now he has enough of his own to make studies from.

We have in New York a very similar genius. He is also a painter of still life, and his microscopically accurate transcription of a \$5 greenback, supposed to be mucilaged to an ebony panel, has been decided by the government to come under the head of a dangerous counterfeit. He makes his money go farther than my Gallic friend, I fancy, for he can sell one of his \$5 bills for \$500, while it took some thousands of pounds of the Frenchman's manufacture to command as much

The painting of still life takes some curious turns, by the way. Portraits of men and beasts are common enough. Last week a musical enthusiast brought to a painter of my acquaintance a commission to paint him a picture which should include a portrait of his pet Stradivarius. The fine old fiddle is now in progress of pictorial immortalization, as the center of a composition which includes a music book, a rose in a glass and a tankard of Rhine wine, -Alfred Trumble in New York News. "

How Heaven Interfered.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle put the follow-ing good story into his lately published book of reminiscences: "James Allan Park was a worthy old judge, a believer in special providences and extremely eccentric. He was in the habit of talking aloud to himself without knowing it. In one case that came before him the prisoner was accused of stealing some fagots, and Park, on the bench, was heard to mutter something to this effectthat he did not quite see his way to a verdict, one fagot being as like another fagot as one egg is like another egg. The quick-cared barrister retained for the defense caught these murmurings from above, and instantly made use of them. 'Now, witness,' he cried out, 'you swear to those fagots; how dare you do such a thing. Is not one fagot as like another fagot as one egg is like another egg?

Immediately the judge, who though a good man, had certainly no claim to be an angel, rushed in without any proper apprehensions. "stop the case,' he shouted, 'stop it at once: the coincidence is quite miraculous. I vow to God the very same thought in the very same words passed through my mind only a few seconds ago. Heaven has interfered to shield an innocent man. Gentlemen of the jury, you will acquit the prisoner.'"-Chicago Herald.

Absolution Granted.

The Accident News tells of two well known newspaper men of this city who met the other morning with contrite hearts and big heads, and swore off for six months. At 8 o'clock that evening one was sipping a glass of seltzer when the door opened and No. 2 entered very Intoxicated. He paused to recover his balance, perceived his friend, straightened up, and, advancing to the latter, said with great dignity: "I absholve you from your plesh. Drink (hic) all you pleash."-New York Sun.

So far has the competition mania gone in England that prizes have been given for the best three epitaphs on the late Fred A^{-1} erone of them "for raciness."

GETTING RID OF VERMIN.

"What is that for?" "To freeze the lice. They couldn't live if they didn't do it, and it has become a national custom. The lice get into the fur and that is the only way to get them out. By hanging their clothes over the pole every night they can keep reasonably free from them, but the fur fills up again the next day."

"Do they ever bathe?"

"Never in their lives; they haven't any word for bathing in their language, and the impossibility of keeping clean is one of the greatest hardships of Arctic life."

"What do they eat?"

"Reindeer meat, beet-they have cows, queer looking animals, about half as large as ours, with a hummock on their backs like a camel-fish, bread made of black rye flour, tea, and imported food made of chopped beef rolled into balls about the size of a marble, and covered with a dough. These they pound up and make into soup. Then there is a wood that is very nutritions when it is ground up and boiled. Mixed with reindeer meat it makes a good soup. They often eat their fish raw. Of course they freeze solid as soon as they are taken out of the water, and the native, particularly if he is on the road, cuts them off in shavings as thin as our chipped beef and eats them raw. They are atable, and I have lived for days at a time on them, with a cup of tea made over an alcohol lamp by way of variety. The greatest luxury they have is butter, and they will eat it by the pound as our people eat confection ery. A poor sort of butter is made from the milk of the native cow, that looks and tastes

more like cheese, and they prize it above all other classes of food." "The amount of butter a native will eat

when he can get it," continued Lieut. Scheutze, "is astonishing. A friend of mine in Siberia told me of a man who ate thirtyin Siberia told me of a man who ate thirty-six pounds in one day, and then didn't get all he wanted. They have a way of pounding up a rad berry aud mixing it with batter, which gives it a beautiful pink tint and im-proves the flavor. Their drink is the Rassian voka, almost pure alcohol, and they will trade their shirts for it. The liquor is scarce and expensive, so they are necessarily a tem-perate people."—Percy Drummond in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Too Young to Tell the Time.

A young man recently returned home to his faithful and wakeful spouse so near day-break that you might call it early in the

"My dear, how late fou are to-night!

"Aly dear, now life you are to-night! Where in the world have you been?" was the greeting he received from his benight-gowned wife as he shuffed upstairs. "Late? (hic) 'Tishn't late, What maksh you (hic) shink 'clate?" "Why, the chickens are crowing. Don't son hear?"

you hear?" "Shick'ns? Shpring (hic) shicks. They don't (hic) know what time 'time."-Colum-bus Dispatch.

the breast. The couple are visited twice a day by the doctors, the baby is weighed every ten days and the nurse's milk analyzed weekly. There may be death in the breast as well as in the pot. His majesty has his own household; quite an army of major domos is told off to attend to his slightest wants. A special guard of beefeaters watch the nursery, which is close to the queen regent's chamber, and for sixteen years still the same precantions will be taken. On that depends the stability of a throne and the happiness of 16,000,000 people. When her majesty wishes to pay a compliment to a friend or a dig-nitary she takes baby into her own arms and makes a double presentation. Whenever Alphonse looks supremely happy she has his photo at once taken. Quite a picture gallery could be furnished of portraits of the queen embracing her son-in-heir. All her husband's family are as true to the widowed queen as the needle to the pole, and she finds in the routine of her state business the best antidote for her bereavement .-- Foreign Cor. Chicago Journal.

An Irish Horse Trade. The following story was told to a The following story was count to a clerical friend in the west by a country-man named Dinny Cooley: "Good mor-row, Dinny; where did you get the horse!" "Well, I'll tell your reverence. Some time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse but with another horse. Well, sorra a man said to me: 'Dinny, do you come from the aist or do you come from the wesht!" and when I left the fair there washtn't wan to say: 'Dinny, are you going to the aist or are you going to the weath?' Well, your reverence, I rode home and was near "finagross ence, I role home and was near "filinagross when I met a man riding along the road fornins me. 'Good evening, friend,' said he. 'Good evening, friend,' said I. 'Were you at the fair of Ross?' sez he. 'I was,' sez I. 'Did you sell?' sez he. 'No,' sez I. 'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' sez I. 'Would you make a clean swop?' sez he. 'horse, bridle and saddle and all?' sez he. 'Done?' sez I. 'Well, your, rayserence, I got down off ar

"Well, your reverence, I got down off av me horse, not this horse but the other horse, and the man got down off av his horse, that's and the man got down of av his horse, that so this horse, not the other horse, and we ewapped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards he turned round and called after me. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' set he, 'but could put his for the two are a man from Kilnarowa'. finger in the eye av a man from Kilnagross,' sez he; 'and that horse,' sez he, 'is blind av em eye,' sez he. Well then, your reverence, I turned upon him and I called out to him: "There diver was a man from Kilnagros," "Enere hiver was a man from Kilnagros," see I, 'but could put his two fingers in both the eyes av a man from Ross,' see I; 'and that horse that I swopped with you,' see I, 'is blind in both his eyes,' see I."—The Spec-

Once egain it is necessary to remind the grumblers that every age develops all the heroes it needs. — Philadelphia Times.

One of Cincinnati's chief industries is the manufacturing of lead, 15,000,000 pounds of which are made every year.

The English government has purchased a large number of Mexican saddles for use in the English cavalry service.

The state of Chihuahua, Mexico, pays 200 for every Apache Indian scalp brought in. Address, THE STAR.

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