

## A BULGARIAN WEDDING.

### A ST. LOUIS LADY DESCRIBES ONE WHICH SHE ATTENDED.

#### How a Party of Tourists Attended the Ceremony—Jottings of Travel in the Region of the Balkans—Guides Who Frightened and Intimidated the Travelers.

We were feeling pretty blue when we arrived here at 10:30 o'clock last night in a most furious storm of thunder and lightning and the rain pouring in torrents, sky black as Egypt's night.

The crowd of ruffians at the depot added anything but a secure feeling, and they took us in as if we were so many savages taken around for exhibition. Our trunks had to be gone through, likewise our hand baggage, and they actually insisted upon opening every small box and package inside our trunks. They held a long discussion over a shawl in one of our trunks, but finally decided to stamp our trunks through. While our courier was attending to this the natives were taking us in, and I never saw such awful looking men. They looked as if they wanted to kill us.

#### A ROMAN WELL.

We spent the day very agreeably, first driving up to the barracks, where we had a good view of the surroundings and saw quantities of soldiers, two of which lovely specimens of men insisted upon our visiting an old well built by the Romans, and we started down the steps by the light of a candle, the Serbian leading the way and "Gusin" and I following, not keeping very close to our courier. We perspired. The other member of our party not to attempt to come down, as it was so very damp and dark and so many steps, so left her up top with another individual, who kept talking to her in his own language all the time and pointing to the steps, and finally assisting her down. So, to our surprise, when half way down the winding stairs we heard her calling to us, and as she was very much frightened and excited we turned back without reaching the bottom of the 450 steps. These poor people are so wild to make a penny that they insist upon making you do things in order to reward them for their services. From the barracks we drove to the museum, and then visited the palace of King Milan's son; then drove to the park.

We left Belgrade at 10:50 p. m., and as there are no sleepers en route we made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night, but I cannot say I rested much. The scenery along the road was very pretty. The Balkan mountains looked quite bare after Switzerland and the train seemed to crawl. When we reached some little station a dozen soldiers jumped in and entered the car, and began talking among themselves and to us, and as we could not understand we took it for granted that we had reached a new country, and opened our satchels for them to inspect. They opened every box, more from curiosity, I suspect, than for any other reason, and emptied our fruit basket of all the grapes, which they divided among themselves, and then stamped us through.

#### THE BULGARIAN WEDDING.

We are to-night in Bulgaria, in a comfortable hotel and where we do not feel as if our lives were in peril. When we first landed our courier put us in a carriage and started us off by ourselves with a coachman dressed in a sheepskin coat, white shirt and loose white trousers, with a broad belt. His costume might have been pretty when new, but was exceedingly soiled, and he was very dark, with small, jet black eyes. As it was noon (Sunday), all the country people were in for the day, and I never saw such a variety of costumes in my life. Some very fancy, with lots of coins, etc., worked stockings, with skin sandals laced up the legs. In fact, it reminded me of pictures I have seen of the Holy Land.

We inquired if we could be permitted to enter, and we soon found ourselves escorted into the country villa of the governor of Sophia, where the house was filled with guests, assembled at the marriage of his sister.

The bride came forward to meet us in her wedding gown, veil and orange blossoms. We also were presented to the groom, the bride's maid and their beaux, the landlord and his wife and to the mother of the bride, who spoke to us in French. One of the relatives of the bride spoke to Cousin — in German. They insisted upon our remaining to the ceremony, and we were presented seats of honor on beautiful blue satin furniture. The ceremony was not in Bulgarian, but Greek, with seven priests, candles, incense and high mass. We were kept standing just one hour.

In the middle of the service their photographs were taken. They were crowned with orange blossoms and the men all embraced afterwards; also the ladies. One of the bride's maids was very pretty and spoke English. She made herself very pleasant and wanted to know if I had ever met a friend of hers, a Miss B., who was attending school in America. Now that I have described the wedding party, let me give you an idea of our appearance in such distinguished company.

After spending all night in the smoky, dirty train and with no accommodation for toilet, we reached here at 12 noon, hurried through some luncheon, brushed our head, and, fortunately, put on clean gloves. So we appeared amidst silks and satins, in traveling hats, dresses and the largest shoes we possessed, and feeling like tramps—I think we attracted as much attention as the bride.

Afterwards we drove through the park and then walked through the trading part of the city.

Our courier is a native of Constantinople, and says the Turks are a very dirty people and never kill any living thing, it being part of their belief that God created everything for a purpose, except the Christians. He says fleas are a natural production of the country and that we must not mind them.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

## THE PAMPERO.

A strange natural phenomenon is the pampero, a South American storm wind, which is described by the author of "Hearts of Oak," who first made its acquaintance during a stay at Montevideo. A light breeze had been blowing from the northeast, but had steadily increased in force, and brought with it the heated air of the tropics, which, passing over a treeless prairie country, exposed to the burning sun rays of a clear sky, so warms up the atmosphere on the shores of the Rio de la Plata that its effect upon human beings is exceedingly bad.

This state of things generally lasts for a week, or longer, until the stifling heat becomes unbearable and the inhabitants are seen resting in grass hammocks or lying on bare floors, incapable of exertion. However, relief is close at hand. A little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" is first seen to rise above the water, then the heavens grow black with clouds, and the battle of opposing winds begins.

The pampero advances with its artillery well in front, forned flashes of vivid lightning, followed by peals of thunder, bear down upon the foe, who, quite up to the moment of attack, is fiercely discharging its fiery breath on the surrounding regions. The inhabitants now climb on the azoteas, or flat roofs, to watch the struggle and to be the first to participate in the delicious relief brought by the pampero to their fevered bodies.

Far out on the river a curious sight may be seen, the opposing waves, raised by the rival winds, meet like a rush of cavalry in wild career; their white horses with foaming crests dash themselves against each other and send clouds of dazzling spray high in the air; this being backed by an inky sky renders the scene most imposing.

Gradually the northeaster gives way followed closely by its enemy, the pampero, which throws out skirmishing currents of ice cold wind in advance of its final onslaught. Then comes the roar of the elements, and a deluge such as no one would willingly encounter, and cooler weather is established for the time being.

#### Heathen Gods in Her Ears.

A physician of my acquaintance was called in recently to see an old lady who resides in her own house in the Third ward. It was his first call, and he had never seen the lady before. She lay on a couch, neatly attired, with her gray hair in a cluster of small curls at each side of her head.

"Doctor," she said, "I have vent to consult you on a very serious matter. I have for a long time suffered from pains in the head, and have consulted many physicians without receiving any benefit. Yesterday I accidentally swallowed a fishbone, and while coughing it up felt a singular sensation in my left ear. I put up my hand and drew this from my ear."

She extended toward the doctor a small leaden statue of Napoleon, such as used to be sold on the streets years ago in a little glass bottle.

"You drew this from your ear?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, doctor, I did," was the reply, "and I have been much easier ever since."

The doctor examined her ear and found it perfectly natural. He didn't know what to say, but he thought a good deal.

"I want you to do something for me," she continued, "for I am satisfied there is another heathen god like this in the other ear; for it is a heathen god, I have no doubt."

"How do you suppose it got there?" the doctor asked.

"I think Ezekiel or one of the minor prophets must have put two of these heathen gods in my ears when I was a child. Now, doctor, I want you to prescribe something to bring out the heathen god from the right ear."

"Swallow another fishbone," said the doctor, as he left the room in high dudgeon.—Brooklyn Citizen.

#### Fortitude Born of Love.

It was in the year 1880, in a third rate city called Neuchateau, in the department des Vosges, France, about noon, that we were passing, my father and myself, in front of a store where in addition to hardware a supply of ammunition was kept for the use of a regiment there. Suddenly we heard a terrible explosion, and being either thrown or having unconsciously ran, I know not which, we at any rate found ourselves about twenty yards from where the explosion occurred, and could see part of the roof in the street.

We had hardly reached the building when a man came out of it covered with powder, his hair and beard burning, and large pieces of flesh hanging from his face and bare arms. Never will I forget the horror of the sight; his flesh was charred and his clothes partly burned. As he reached the sidewalk he looked around and called a name I did not catch. Receiving no answer he went right back into that burning furnace, and in a few seconds came out bearing in his arms his child, a girl of 6 or 7. Those nearer to him heard him say:

"My darling, are you hurt? Oh, you are hurt!" While the poor little thing kept saying: "No, papa, I am not hurt, not at all; you are burning, think of yourself," and yet the blood was trickling from her forehead where the flying debris made a deep gash. Both recovered, though disfigured for life. At the time I thought there was not only one hero, but two.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

#### One Way to Cook a Rabbit.

A couple of Augusta disciples of Nimrod, while on a recent gunning trip, after a hard day's tramp succeeded in bagging a small rabbit. They knew that the animal was good eating, but as to how to cook him properly they were not as well posted. They pondered long on the subject until the pangs of hunger demanded immediate action of some sort, when they tied bunny up by the hind legs and picked him as the good housewife does a hen. They said he was good eating just the same, with the exception of an occasional tuft of fur which had escaped the picking process.—Kennebec Journal.

## THE BIBLE'S HISTORY.

### WONDERFUL FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE DIVINE BOOK.

#### The Early Compilers—St. Jerome and His Work—The Translators and the Many Bibles They Published—When the Division into Verses Took Place.

Two thousand one hundred and seventy-four years ago, in the year 385 B. C., seventy of the wise men of Alexandria engaged themselves in compiling and collating the Hebrew Scriptures into their present united form and further simplifying the works by translating them into Greek for the benefit of the Jews then in Egypt. The results of their labors have since been known collectively as the Septuagint from the fact that it is the work of the seventy translators.

About 400 years later, in the Second century A. D., the books of the New Testament were added and the whole translated into Latin.

The Latin version, soon became the standard of the primitive Christians and was used to the exclusion of both the Hebrew and Greek versions for two centuries, until the St. Jerome revision of A. D. 405. After St. Jerome had finished his crowning work, a great deal of which he performed in the village of Bethlehem, almost in sight of the birthplace of Jesus, the Dalmatian and Pontianian monks hid away their old versions of the Bible and would use no other except the one which had been given them by their patron, Jerome, himself.

The Jerome revision was as superior to the work of the seventy as their work was to the old semi-barbaric work which existed prior to the translation of 385 B. C.

#### ST. JEROME.

The most carefully written copies of the Bible obtainable were consulted by the scholarly saint and compared with the Arabic, Hebrew and Syriac versions, in all of which he made emendations and corrections which have stood the test of all subsequent time. The herculean task undertaken by St. Jerome will be better understood when the reader has been informed that over 200 versions of the Evangelists, each differing from the other in many of its essential details, were presented for the consideration of the sages at the council of Nice, in 325 A. D. For hundreds of years copyists had added to and taken from the Scriptures to such an extent as to make it extremely difficult for even the most learned to decide what should remain for the edification of future generations or what should be eliminated from the sacred pages as apocryphal.

The word "Bible," meaning book, or as applied by the early writers, "the book," was first used by Chrysostom as early as the fifth century, where he speaks of the sacred writings collectively as the Bible, or "the Books." The infinite variations which occurred in the manuscripts written by the early Christian fathers have caused a great deal of contention among churchmen, some admitting certain books as canonical which are rejected by others as apocryphal. This you can find illustrated by comparing a Douay and a King James Bible of today; the former admits several books which the King James translators would not, as they considered them uncanonical.

The several books as arranged and accepted at present are the results of years of labor and of countless councils and revision assemblies. For 1,200 years after the Saviour of Men ended his brief career on the rugged heights of Calvary, the toiling details of which are known to over 700,000,000 of people and in every land on the globe, each book of the Bible was one continued story, undivided into chapters, paragraphs or verses.

#### DIVISIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Prior to the time of the Spanish rabbi, the Jew had employed a system of dividing the chapters into verses in the Old Testament, a system which had never been adopted by the Christians, and which was discarded for that of the learned Spaniard by the Jews themselves. The New Testament was not divided into verses until after the invention of the art of printing, by the Robert Stephens Greek edition in 1551.

Of the early translations of the Bible the most important, aside from the Septuagint and the St. Jerome versions, are the threefold Egyptian translation of the fourth century. This remarkable work of the copyist was in three languages, and was intended for all parts of Egypt: the Versio Figurata, collated by Jacob of Edessa, in the eighth century; that of Paul, bishop of Tola, in 617, and the eighth, ninth and tenth century translations, made respectively by Bede, Alfred and Ælfrie.

During the dark ages, and on down to the time Luther gave his masterpiece to the world, several translations were made, including that of Nokter-Labeo, 380 A. D.; that prepared under the supervision of Petrus Waldus, 1170; the important work of Louis the Pious, 1227; that of Charles the Wise, 1380; the Guyars version of 1380; the thirteenth century version in Spanish during the reign of Alfonso V, and the two excellent works of Wickliffe and Huss, the latter for the Bohemians and the former for the English speaking people. With the invention of printing every person who had ever laid claim to literary abilities seemed to think that he had been specially commissioned from on high to retranslate the Word of God, as one would naturally infer from the fact that not less than seventeen German translations alone were given the public between the time of Gutenberg and Faust and that of Martin Luther.

The early printed editions of the Bible remind one of what the philosopher said about the human frame—they were "curiously and wonderfully made." Wickliffe (sometimes spelled Wycliffe) version of 1384 was the first English translation. John Wickliffe, the translator, was condemned to be burned for presuming to do such a thing without the consent of the clergy, but was finally allowed to die a natural death. His Bible was never printed; however, there are many manuscript copies of it.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

## Bluffed on a Sure Thing.

There were two of the men in our gang of Pennsylvania oil well drillers and blasters who were constantly fooling with the nitro-glycerine. They would take chances to make your hair stand on end, and the trouble was they imperiled the safety of many others. One of their favorite pastimes was to get out after noonday lunch and toss a two pound can of stuff as far as they could heave it. I more than once saw them stand fifty feet apart, and on three or four occasions saw the can miss their clutch and fall to the earth. Our foreman and all the other men did a great deal of swearing over this foolishness, and once the men were discharged for it, but they were taken back after a time, and as we grew more used to the stuff we took more chances.

One day the men got out with their can, and as the fun was about to begin our foreman said:

"Boys, that nonsense will be the death of you yet."

"Bet you ten to five it won't," replied one of them.

"Yes, and I'll bet ten to one it won't," bluffed the other, as he shook his wallet at the foreman.

The latter failed to cover, and as he sauntered off down the hill I followed him. We had walked about 200 feet when we were suddenly lifted up and thrown flat to the earth, and then followed a crash which seemed to have rocked the continent. As soon as we could get up we ran back to the derrick or where the derrick was. It had disappeared, as well as our shanty, and on the site was a hole into which you could have dumped a cottage. Not the slightest scrap of the two can tossers could be found, and the foreman and I stood for several minutes staring into the cavity. Then he suddenly slapped his leg, waved his hand in disgust and growled:

"What a two story fool I was not to take those bets!"—New York Sun.

#### The French Angler.

During the siege of Paris, in spite of the shells that sang overhead and of the Prussian sentinels on the lookout for a mark, a great many of these bold sportsmen risked their lives outside the city fortifications and went to the goulon on the banks of the Seine. These are the enthusiastic anglers who count the days and nights to the opening day, and who pass the off season in a state of settled melancholy. These are the men who know every inch of the river's banks and the holes in which the quarry lies hid, and who stand motionless hour after hour, holding their breath, heedless of rain, wind and sun, half mesmerized by the gentle bobbing of the float on which their eyes are fixed. They will pass the night under a haystack in order to secure at the first streak of dawn a good place where some legendary bird had occurred and which they have carefully ground-baited over night. Through a careful man, the French fisherman never sells the contents of his basket. He fishes for his family, and the proudest hour of the day, second only to the rapturous moment of capture, is when he sees the "friture" placed upon the table. The gudgeon, the roach, the eel, the tench, the barbel, the carp, the perch and the pike are all welcome to the angler's paste or maggot, for fly fishing he considers frivolous and as requiring a skill that is out of place in so serious a pursuit. But although the net has almost swept the French rivers clear of fish, it is against the modest angler that the law has formulated its edicts. The fisherman may not make use of more than one line, and may only have one hook at the end of that line; he may not put his rod on the ground, but must hold it in his hand; he is bound to leave the river at sunset and may not begin to fish till sunrise.—All the Year Round.

#### Dyeing Hair.

Hair dyeing is not entirely a feminine fad or vice, whichever you like to call it. It is exceptional for men to take the trouble and suffer the annoyance and even pain which continual bleaching and dyeing entail. But some men are guilty of the weakness, and they are not all actors or men who live by their wits and personal appearance. Ladies generally prefer gold, but men who are dissatisfied with the natural color of their hair almost invariably go in for black. To keep up the deception, two or three applications a week are necessary, and one customer of mine had me visit him every alternate day for over three years. Dyeing the hair kills it in time and makes it brittle and thin during the process, while the number of scalp diseases sacrificed at the shrine of vanity is legion. Several barbers now decline all dyeing business, and I am one of the number. But in Venice gone by I did my share, and admit having made a quantity of money at it. The acids used are so strong that they positively make the fingers sore, and as the scalp is much more sensitive than the fingers, the tortures endured by those who subject their heads to constant irritation in this manner can be more easily imagined than described.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### The Printer Did It.

A well known Australian writer—a very bad penman—in mentioning the name of a certain lady in an article, said she was "renowned for her graciousness and charity." For "charity" the compositor read "chastity." The author, on seeing a proof, recognized at once that there was an error; but, unable to remember the word he had used in place of "chastity," marked the proof with what is called a "query"—?—to refer the printer to his MS. When the article appeared, the writer—who had intended to pay a pretty compliment to the lady—was surprised to read that she was "renowned for her graciousness and chastity (?)." Verdict for plaintiff, £2,500 sterling, with costs.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The housekeepers who in former years were wont to put up whole ranks of jars of preserves are contenting themselves with a very moderate store of sweets this season, and their remarks about the sugar trust would pain the trustees to hear.

## SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

### ODD AND BEAUTIFUL OBJECTS FOUND IN THE FAR EAST.

#### The Forest Dweller's Method of Starting Fires—Cumbrous "Coins" of the Dyak Peoples—Many and Interesting Kinds of Beads.

The forest dwelling peoples of the further east have an odd instrument for making fire. Very seldom, so far as we observed, do they employ the proverbial method of "rubbing" two sticks—which is not rubbing at all. Near the coast every man carries a bit of pitcher in the siri box or bamboo waist, at his waist, a chip of a plate, English or Dutch, and a handful of dry fungus. Holding this tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the siri box sharply, and it takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have such communication with the foreigner as supplies them with European goods. The inland peoples use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to a cuplike form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly, and the tinder is alight. Observers who take a narrow view have declared that the earliest art practiced by human beings after they escape from mere barbarism is pottery. These races have long passed that stage, but we do not recall any evidence that they use the art. The fact is that, in countries which produce the bamboo, earthenware is hardly needed except for luxury. They make charms and fetiches of dried clay.

#### MEASURING VALUES.

But in Borneo the Dyak peoples have a class of foreign earthenware singularly interesting. As Malays employ brass guns for their currency, so the Dyaks employ antique vases. In neither instance do the actual "coins" pass from hand to hand, since by brass gun a Malay signifies a cannon, twenty feet long, perhaps, and a Dyak signifies a vessel eighteen inches high or more. These things are measures of value, divided into imaginary fractions. There are three varieties of this earthenware—the gusi, which represents about £200 sterling, the naga and rusa, much less valuable. The first is certainly Chinese, and the last probably, but perhaps they never came from the continent. At some date unknown the north of Borneo was occupied by a Chinese colony which must have numbered millions. This great time, when a third part of the island was cultivated and densely peopled, may have been 800 years ago. But the first paragraph in the "Annals of Bruni" recognizes a powerful Chinese kingdom of Batangan in the Fifteenth century—we are not to digress into that fascinating theme, however. The Celestials were exterminated about two generations ago; an old friend of ours, the great Chief Gasing, still carried ten pig-tails attached to his sword of state-trophies of his father's valor, probably, Chinese merchants have tried again and again to counterfeit the old jars, as have the Dutch, but they never succeeded in passing off their imitations. The Naga may be Hindoo or Japanese, of very remote antiquity; both peoples had great settlements in the island at some time beyond human memory. They have left Buddhist remains of importance here and there.

We secured no samples of these curious things, for reasons that have been suggested. But the recollection calls to mind some extraordinary objects of the same class, in a sense, which are treasured on the other side of the world.

#### WONDERFUL BEADS.

The Aggy and the Popo beads, which serve for jewels in West Africa, are glass resembling earthenware of unknown manufacture, of immemorial antiquity, and beyond modern skill to counterfeit. Most European nations, probably, have tried their hand at imitating the Aggy bead. The shrewdest chemists and the cleverest artificers of Venice and Birmingham have done their best; the potters of England, France and Germany have exhausted their resources, but in vain. It does not seem such a difficult enterprise, however. The beads are irregular in shape and size; many have been seen in two. They have an opaque ground—ochre yellow in the most valuable species—but so various that this point gives no trouble. A rough ornament of circles in another hue runs through the material from side to side or end to end. Here, again, imitation seems easy, to the craftsmen of Venice in particular; but appearances are deceptive, evidently. The Popo bead, less valuable, but valuable enough, is blue glass, transparent, but so manufactured that it shows a dull yellow against the light. These things are all found in the earth; but, so far as can be ascertained, they never turn up in company with bones or other signs of burial, which, to our mind, is the most curious fact of all. That they are ancient Egyptian is a certainty.

Many hundreds, if not thousands, were taken in the sack of the palace at Coomassie, strong, in general, upon that very pretty cord which we mentioned, with gold nuggets beaten flat, and cubes of coral and tufts of colored silk interspersed. Very handsome they looked, no doubt, upon the smooth brown skin of the royal dames. A pretty bracelet from Coomassie is made of triangular pieces cut from the rib of a shell, snow white, strung in groups alternately with these small flattened nuggets. But the curiosities saved in that loot bear only a miserable proportion to those which men of taste admired in the palace and the big houses of the nobles. But one stool was carried away—as a memorial for the Princess of Wales—among the hundreds adorned with silver which lay in all directions. Very charming were many of these—the Ashantee artist seemed to devote his best attention to the stools. Seven were piled, as if for removal, in the courtyard of a great house, each plated with repousse work, showing much taste and ingenuity of design. These people have "gifts."—Saturday Review.

## "LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

### They drive home the cows from the pasture Up through the long shady lanes. Where the quail whistles loud in the grass, All follow with rippling grain.

They find, in the thick waving grass,  
Where the scarlet lipped straw-birds grow,  
They gather the earliest snowdrops,  
And the first crimson bulb of the rose.

They toss the hay to the meadow,  
They gather the elder blossoms white,  
They find where the dusky grapes grow,  
In the soft tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang sweet,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wine,  
They know where the fruit is the richest,  
On the long, thorny blackberry vine.

They gather the delicate sea weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand,  
They pick up the beautiful sea shells,  
Fairy parks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking rocks,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest is,  
And at night time are foiled in slumber,  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,  
The humble and poor become great,  
And from those brown handed children,  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land,  
The sword and chisel and palette,  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—New York News.

#### Victoria's Crown.

Queen Victoria's crown, which is one of the other royal regalia under strict guard at the old tower, and worn only on special occasions, is one of the most valuable and significant now in existence. The crown itself is set with twenty diamonds around the circle or headband, each worth \$2,500, or \$150,000 for the set. Besides these twenty there are two extra large diamonds each valued at \$100,000, and \$200,000 more, fifty-four small diamonds, placed at the angles of the crown, each valued at \$500; four other diamonds worth \$80,000, and composed of two large five diamonds; four large diamonds of top of crosses, each having a value of \$5,000; twelve diamonds of the fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eight diamonds of diamonds contained in the crown, pearls, diamonds and rubies of various sizes and circles not mentioned in the \$200,000; also 141 small diamonds, set in roses and monograms, \$25,000; six diamonds in upper cross, \$25,000; two circles of pearls about the crown of the headpiece, \$15,000 each; the total money value of this relic in the market in the world would be about \$1,600,000, metal and all included.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Mr. Blenkins' Remark.

Farmer Blenkins, whose wife, Mary Jane, is noted for never saying a word with anything that she sees or hears, has a chance to admit a word of her disagreeably critical and snooty day his opportunity came and he did not miss it.

They had been to Boston, and returned on their return home one of their neighbors dropped in and began a conversation.

"Ben to Boston, hev ye, Blenkins?"

"Yes."

"Miss Blenkins go 'long'?"

"Um—hum."

"How'd ye like it, Mis' Blenkins?"

"Laws sake!" snapped out Mrs. Blenkins, "Everythin' I see there was just frightful!"

"I believe ye, Mary Jane," spoke up Farmer Blenkins. "Ye want us to nothin' the whole day but to see the front of lookin' glasses!"—Boston Case-panion.

#### He Recovered.

One of Chicago's old residents, who was sick the other day, and was very seriously ill, too. He was in a very bad way, and he asked that a leading physician be summoned. When this physician came in the old settler told him that he was going to die. After a few minutes' conversation the physician smiled and simply and tried to dissipate his patient's morbid thoughts. "Why," he said, "you are all right. You think you are going to die, but your feet are warm. You ought to know that a man whose feet are not going to die." The old settler regarded his physician as a quack, and for a few moments, and then he said, "disgust in his voice: "Want to see the doctor that got to do with it? I'll show you. Roger! He died with what you call a fever. He was burned at the stake, and I was with me on the question of his temperature." The physician said that he had the old settler recovered.—Chicago Case-panion.

#### A New Way to Earn One's Living.

Scholl tells a good story of a street singer who called the attention of the manager's office of one of the theatres to the cafe chantants in Paris to see how they got an engagement. "Let me see," said the manager, "how do you do your face. "Did you not see the Venetian theatre last season?" "Yes," said my poor fellow, you were a perfect frost." "Yes, on purpose, that was my purpose?" "You see, the manager didn't pay us. If I had sung with I should have got nothing but applause. As I sang as wretchedly as I could, the people bombarded me with apples, and I got something to eat at least."—Fall Mountain Gazette.

#### Not a Matter of Color.

Auntie—I cannot understand how girls act the way they do now. I was awfully awful. You spent some time at Newport last summer, and during that time you were engaged to five or six different men.

Sweet Girl—But, auntie, what could I do? I'd hardly ever met a young man before him, and he would be over, and he'd have to go to the city, and that's the way it was. It was horrid.—New York Weekly.

#### Pomposity.

"I see some men in the world who make themselves mighty high, and I can't tell. They are only people who made us all. And we're all of us creatures when it comes to the individuals. Individually we're not worth much in the world. No man is able to a great deal by himself. He depends on the others. Therefore, the man who is able to feel better than any other man."—Detroit Free Press.