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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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'Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
Dryden.

IN A COAL-PIT.

The old coal-pit of Bottsford had proved a failure, after fifteen thousand dollars had been expended on it. The forsaken shaft, two hundred feet deep, and a long tunnel in the mountains of Bottsford, were the only remaining traces of work having been done.

Newman Highborn, while roving through these mountains, became separated from his companions. He had reached the forsaken shaft, and was precipitated into the fearful abyss. His walking-stick, which struck the rough side walls here and there, broke the swiftness of the fall. But down, down he went to the bottom, which, it is true, he reached very much mangled, but alive.

Although agonizing with pain, he experienced a feeling of thankfulness for the preservation of his life. Still he felt there was no help for him two hundred feet below the surface. He was only saved here to famish. Throughout the whole dreary night he planned how to escape, but nothing occurred to him. He must stay here and perish.

The next morning he consumed the bread which fortunately he found in his pocket. The space he occupied was but a few feet square, and with the help of matches he soon explored it most thoroughly.

Highborn, under ordinary circumstances, was not easily discouraged, but now the terrible situation in which he found himself gradually began to oppress his spirits. The more he reflected on it the more he became discouraged.

He began to be tortured by thirst, and there was no water there, not even a drop, which usually trickles down so abundantly in places of that kind.

The day passed; night came. He cowered down weary and hungry, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed of a woolen stocking.

It was an old story which he had often read in his boyhood of a workman in England, who was left on a high chimney after the scaffold had been removed. He unraveled his stockings and let down the thin yarn to the ground. With it he pulled up a cord, with the cord a string, and with the string a rope strong enough on which to descend. So ended the story, and so, also, ended his dream.

He awoke.

What was the cause of this dream? He had known this narrative for many years. He did not find himself on the top of the chimney, but deep down in the earth. His situation was quite different. As he was thinking over the dream a swallow fluttered down the shaft and fell by his side to the ground. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon the mind of Newman Highborn, and he thrust his hat over the swallow. He took off his shoes and stockings, and carefully unraveled the latter. The threads he laid over each other in a circular manner, so as not to become entangled.

He labored industriously and patiently until the two stockings formed one long string. This he fastened securely to the tail of the bird, and again placed it under the hat. Then he took a lead pencil and aided by the light of a match, he wrote on a piece of paper:

"I am at the bottom of the shaft of Bottsford mountains—I beg you to send help! "NEWMAN HIGHBORN."

After he had folded this and tied it securely to the other end of the thread, he set the bird free. It fluttered for a moment around Highborn's head, then slowly ascended.

Now arose a glad, though only a weak hope in his breast; it grew the higher the bird ascended. Bravo! little swallow. The thread at every glance became shorter! A life depended upon it. The bird at last disappeared at the entrance of the pit.

But what prospects had he after all? He shuddered at the thought of the slight hope. Should the bird after reaching the open air, turn to the right or left, how easily might the thread by rubbing against the edge of the shaft break.

But the bird discovered upon reaching the top, that it was more difficult to turn to one side, and, consequently, flew right up in the air.

The three companions that had started out with Highborn missed him for a long time, and sought diligently and carefully for him. They repeatedly came upon the shaft without for a moment thinking that he might have fallen in. Once they glanced down out of mere curiosity and found nothing but darkness. They consulted with each other as to what first was to be done, when one of them said:

"What is that near you, Potts?"

"Where?"

"There, not three steps from you, to your right, is a piece of thread or something similar. Why, it stretches quite a distance over the weeds?"

"Pull it," said Sam Highborn, Newman's brother.

Pott's pulled, and about thirty steps from them fluttered a bird to and fro.

"Why this poor creature is fastened to it; what heartless scoundrel could have done such thing?"

"It is a swallow," said Potts. "Let us see where it is fastened."

"Perhaps it belongs to some one."

"Whether it belongs to any one or not, I am going to give this poor thing its freedom," said Sam, cutting the thread.

The little bird understood this and arose in a moment and ascended toward the skies. Sam followed this thread; suddenly he called to his companion:

"Come here, Potts; at the end of this thread there is a piece of paper!" he unfolded it and read the following:

"I am at the bottom of the shaft in the hills of Bottsford—I beg you to send help. "NEWMAN HIGHBORN."

"Great God, Potts! Down in the pit alive? Not fifty steps from here! It cannot be, and yet he says so."

Both hastened to the shaft.

The bird had flown away an hour ago. Newman Highborn waited with trembling anxiety. His eye watched the mouth of the pit till he sank down exhausted, resting his head on his hands.

It was not long till he was aroused by the falling of bits of wood around him. At the same time indistinct voices sounded down from above.

He looked up and recognized two persons bending over the edge.

Oh, how he exulted when, after several anxious seconds, there fell a note at his feet. He again struck a match and read:

"We are here and will bring help as soon as possible.

"SAM HIGHBORN AND POTTS."

He returned an exulting "hurrah!" but before reaching the open air the sound died away to a low, hollow murmur.

One long anxious hour passed, two, three. Night broke in. Then something came down. He noticed a light at the top. Then a heavy rope touched his head.

Oh! how eagerly he grasped it and made a strong loop and put it around him. Then he gave the rope a powerful jerk and exclaimed, "Pull!"

Up, slowly, cautiously, ever higher, now stopping, now gliding back several feet. His heart throbbed loudly. He sees the stars overhead. Another moment and he is on the surface—exhausted but living—saved.

Newman Highborn owes the preservation of his life to a little bird, and this had flown.

GEORGE ELIOT'S DOMESTIC RELATIONS.—Some of the newspapers mention as a very remarkable circumstance that George Eliot, the distinguished novelist, since the death of her 'husband,' has determined to resume her 'maiden name,' Marion Evans, so far as her social relations are concerned. It ought to be well known to persons at all acquainted with or interested in the eminent novelist that she was never Mrs. Lewes except by courtesy. Her friends preferred to call her so because it was more convenient, insomuch as it saved inquiry or comment. The unhappy history of George Henry Lewes' marriage has been repeatedly told. His wife ran away with another man, and her husband, with a lofty and chivalrous spirit, forgave her when she returned and expressed the deepest contrition. But she ran away a second time, and then he could not obtain a divorce in the courts, because he had condoned her offense. After that Marian Evans and he formed their close intellectual friendship, which was more like Platonic love than any relation between man and woman having no tie of blood can ordinarily be. For their own mental and spiritual needs, and, after consultation with their nearest friends, some of the best and most gifted people in England, they decided to live under the same roof and brave conventionality. They would have been legally married had Mrs. Lewes had the goodness to die. But she lived, and still lives. Consequently, Marian Evans could not have been George Henry Lewes' wife without becoming responsible for bigamy. She has always been rightly Marian Evans, spinster.

A WAR INCIDENT.—A short distance in front of the Confederate position at Cold Harbor were rifle-pits, occupied by men sent into them by night, since by day no one dared show his head above the works unless he wished to get a shot in it. One of these pits was occupied by a lieutenant of Edgar's battalion at the time of the charge. When the enemy returned repulsed, one of their lieutenants jumped into the pit occupied by the Confederate. 'You are my prisoner!' cried the latter. 'I don't know about that,' replied the Yankee; 'I guess you are mine.' 'Hardly, said the Confederate. 'Well, how shall we settle it?' Well,' replied Edgar's lieutenant, 'we can wait till night, and see who holds the line then. In the meanwhile, have you got a pack of cards?'

And so the two suspended hostilities over euchre and 'seven up,' till at night the Confederates charged the rifle-pits and re-captured the whole line. Edgar's lieutenant brought in his man in triumph.

Christine Nillson, the famous opera singer, was running about as the barefooted daughter of a Swedish peasant, when her sweet voice attracted the attention of her father's mistress, who recognized the talent of the child, and sent her to Paris to be educated.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

AUSTRALIAN HORRORS.

Cannbialism Still Practiced by Some of the Native Tribes—Ferocity of the Blacks.

The San Francisco *Chronicle's* Australian correspondent gives a terrible description of some of the inhabitants of Queensland. He says that the colony of Queensland, though one of the most recently established, possesses one of the largest territories in Australia, over the unsettled part of which roam the aborigines. They are among the lowest of mankind in mental capacity and in physical formation. Very little effort had been made to civilize them, because experience has shown that they are almost incapable of living a civilized life. They wander in small tribes, subsisting on roots. Their weapons are the spear, the boomerang, and the nullah-nullah. The wealthy squatter (the term squatter in Australia is a title of honor and distinction), moving into the interior of the country, pastures his sheep and cattle upon the land, and now and then some wandering blacks take what they want. In the northern parts of the colony the blacks capture, kill, and eat human beings. Gold mining is carried on there extensively, and there are thousands of Chinese engaged in the work. These go out in small parties to work or travel to and from the alluvial diggings, and are often speared and eaten by the natives, who prefer a Chinaman to the white man.

Whites occasionally perpetrate serious offenses, and, to escape punishment, fly to the vast unexplored tracts that lie beyond the settled districts. To capture offending blacks or escaping whites the Queensland government established the native police force, or Black Trackers, as they are more generally termed. They are selected from tribes as far away as possible from the region in which they are designed for work, taken to a police station in some small town, and taught to ride and to handle a revolver. When there is any need for their services they are drafted to the place at once. They are employed to track white men who have lost their way, or who are attempting to escape from justice. Many a horse thief and murderer has been brought to the bar of justice by their efforts, and hundreds of lives have been saved by their efforts, and hundreds of lives have been saved by their persevering search; for "lost in the bush" is an Australian phrase, almost synonymous with a horrible death by thirst and starvation.

There is another work performed by the Black Tracker, and one in which he is constantly engaged. Australian journals frequently contain items to the effect that some officer went out with a party of native police and dispersed a mob of blacks. To one who does not understand the peculiarities of the Queensland police, this item is unintelligible; it simply means that the black butchers murdered every man, woman and child they could find. To "disperse" means to massacre. Not long since some cattle were stolen from a station about two hundred miles from Bewen, and about sixty aboriginals, men, women and children, were all butchered by these black fiends, because they were in the neighborhood. Three Chinese, on their way from Cooktown to the Palmer River Diggings, were speared and eaten by the blacks, and several days afterward about twenty natives were slaughtered by the black troopers. When a little girl was killed and eaten near Townsvilles, the natives fell like leaves in autumn.

It may be asked if these people do not resort to firearms. Strange to say, they do not. Nor do they seem to understand the use of them until it is proved by the death of many of their men. When first brought in contact with the Trackers they had no fear of the revolvers and carbines, but rushed wildly to certain death. On one occasion, after a number of them had been killed, some of the remainder took refuge in the trees, imagining that they were as safe among the branches as the birds from their own boomerang. They have never adopted the weapons, however, though they could easily do so, for the same class who have furnished the Indians with firearms could supply them. There are many small towns into which they are not allowed to enter, partly because they dress as nature dressed them, but principally on account of their treachery.

The black trooper detests his less fortunate brothers of the wilderness, and shows no mercy. He pursues them day after day, for hundreds of miles, and shoots them down, one and all. Their aim is to punish the perpetrators of the crime, but they combine the powers of judge, jury and executioner. The white men who lead them are frequently as bloodthirsty as themselves, and often excel them in acts of wanton cruelty.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—The other evening, at a little dinner-party up town, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason, because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well you know," replied the Englishman. "Well—oh gentry are those who never do any work themselves and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah," exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry, we call them tramps." A laugh went around the table and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

The defects of the mind increase in old age, like those of the face.

HOW SAMUEL CRANSTON CAME TO BE TWICE MARRIED.

A very romantic story is told of Samuel Cranston, afterward Governor of Rhode Island. While on a voyage to Jamaica he fell into the hands of pirates, who killled all the passengers and crew except Mr. Cranston, who was spared and sold as a slave. He remained in captivity seven years, at the end of which time, having an opportunity to secure a boat, he secreted some provisions and committed himself to the winds and waves. After tossing about for several days, he fell in with an English ship bound for Halifax, whence a passage was given him for Boston.

Arriving at Boston, he learned that his wife, granddaughter of J[illegible] Williams, supposing herself a wid[illegible] was about to be married to a Mr. Russell. Overwhelmed by this gloomy intelligence, Mr. Cranston proceeded on foot to Newport, and, not being an Enoch Arden, went straight to his own residence. He knocked at the back door, and asked for food, which was given him. He next asked for Mrs. Cranston, but was told that he could not see her, as she was making preparations for her marriage, which was to take place that evening. Rather appalled at the nearness of the event, he requested the servant to say that the late lamented Cranston had been seen crossing Howland's ferry at noon that day. This extraordinary intelligence brought out Mrs. Cranston, to whom her unrecognized husband related the tale of his sufferings, and finally asked Mrs. Cranston if she had ever seen him before. She thought not, but the stranger, raising his hat, pointed to a scar upon his forehead, and, "giving her a significant look," asked her if she ever saw that scar before.

The lady at once flung herself upon his bosom, and in transports of joy made the usual appropriate remarks. Mr. Cranston at once arrayed himself in "a manner befitting his rank and station," and, with the lady leaning on his arm, entered the room where Mr. Russell and a clergymen were awaiting the bride and the ceremony.

Mr. Russell was surprised and possibly annoyed at the turn affairs had taken, but with what has been called "suspicious alacrity," he insisted that the marriage ceremony should be repeated, he giving the bride to her former husband, and endowing her with the amount which he intended to settle on her as his wife.

"The scene," quoth the enraptured chronicler, in whose mind things were naturally a little mixed, "the scene was worthy the chisel of an artist, and produced emotions of delight in the minds of the guests."

GAMBLING IN WASHINGTON.—A veteran gambler of Washington has been complaining to a newspaper reporter, who has, of course, published his complaints, of the degeneracy of these days, meaning that public men no longer fight the tiger with the energy of old. Senators, Representatives, foreign diplomats, and all the rest, used to risk their money liberally; but now, if they lose a few dollars at the table, they leave the game in a very despondent frame of mind; and, if they win a small amount, they imagine themselves favorites of fortune. The late Humphrey Marshall played with coolness, but always heavily, and was generally lucky. Tom Marshall played irregularly, and was apt to lose unless very drunk, when he was often successful. All the Russian diplomats gambled habitually, according to this authority, Bodisco setting so much aside for the purpose, and, when it was gone, he withdrew, saying the appropriation had been exhausted. Thad. Stevens was a scientific player, and always with blue chips. He sent for the reciting gambler the day he died, wishing to see him before he "had passed in his chips," and saying his disease, which the doctors were trying to explain, was 78 years of hard work. The faro bankers formerly cleared $100,000 a season. Then it paid to give free suppers and pop unreckoned champagne. Now they get very little; patrons of the table eat and drink more than they leave behind. Even in the South, at such places as the White Sulphur, during the season ancient spirit has departed. There is no longer any fun; the people have grown poor and virtuous. The venerable faro banker has well-nigh despaired of the republic; but the respectable part of the community will wish that his despondency may increase with the increase of its cause. The government may prosper, even if faro doesn't.

Horace Vernet, the artist, was one day sketching on the Lake of Geneva, when one of two young English ladies, who had also been drawing not far away, came up to him, and in an encouraging tone offered him some advice as to his art. The courteous old painter listened respectfully, and when his instructress concluded thanked her very politely. Next day, on the Lausanne boat, the same young lady ran up to him, saying: "Oh, sir! You are a Frenchman; you ought to know Horace Vernet, and they say he is on board this very boat; be good enough, please, to point him out to me." "You would like to see him very much?" "Oh, yes!" "Very well, madamoiselle; it was he who had the honor of reciving a lesson from you yesterday morning," responded the smiling Vernet.

It is officially announced that the mate to Cleopatra's needle, the wonderful Egyptian obelisk, is to be brought to this country, and erected in a suitable position in New York city, the Khedive of Egypt assenting and a wealthy American providing the necessary funds.

Time will do much for sorrow—pride, perhaps, much more.

A PRINCELY MERCHANT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Among the great merchants at Newport (R. I.) in the middle of the last century were Godfrey and John Malbone. The elder, Godfrey, was a character. The tradition is that he ran away from school, absconded from his friends, and spent a number of years at sea. About the year 1700 he settled at Newport, and presently became a successful merchant. The French and Spanish war gave [illegible] an opportunity which he did not in th[illegible] neglect. His ships made many capt[illegible] whence he acquired great wealth.

When privateering ceased to be a business, he was just the man to trade in slaves or rum, and it would not be strange if he did a little smugg[illegible] now and then. Years after his death there was found on the premises which he had owned, a trap door opening into a narrow passage leading to the sea.

When one of his ships came in from a successful voyage, Colonel Malbone used to set the tables in his great dining-hall with common crockery, and prepare a magnificent feast, to which were bidden all the sailors of the ship. After they had eaten sufficiently, and after the flowing bowl had gone round a good many times, Colonel Malbone would set the fashion by hurling a dish at the head of the man at the other end of the table. This was the signal for the wildest kind of a time, and it was the rule to leave upon the table not a dish unbroken.

Toward the close of the proceedings, the shipping book would be brought out, and the seamen, charmed with the delightful character of Colonel Malbone, would be only too ready to put down their names at his request for another voyage.

Mr. Malbone was very generous in his public acts, and once remarked in connection with something he had done: "What will not money buy?" Somebody overhearing the remark, posted conspicuously the doggerel couplet:

"All the money in the place
Won't buy old Malbone a handsome face."

Colonel Malbone was fearfully exasperated, and straightway offered ten guineas to become acquainted with the amateur poet. The writer of the lines thought he could earn ten guineas in no easier way, and came forward and acknowledged his production. Colonel Malbone saw the fun of the thing then, and not only paid the reward, but treated the crowd. As a grave commentator has said, touching this performance: "Commerce expands the mind and liberalizes the heart."

A CHORUS SINGER BECOMES A PRIMA DONNA.—A Paris scribe tells this story about the new popular French singer, Mlle. Granier: Theo, the famous prima donna, had just created the 'Jolie parfumense.' One evening she fell sick just as the performance was about to commence. What was to be done? Return the money? This is always a hard alternative for a manager, and he only resorts to it at the last moment. In this case the director was about to resign himself to it when a young girl tapped at the door of his room. 'I know Theo's role from having seen her play it so often, and I would sing it well,' she said. The manager was astonished at so much audacity. He scarcely even knew the young person. 'But you sing in the chorus, I believe,' was his reply to the courageous girl. 'Certainly, but what does that prove?' 'Nothing, in fact; and you would venture to play this part?' 'I would.' 'You know to what you would expose yourself?' 'To be either hissed or applauded. I believe that I will be applauded.' 'What is your name?' 'Jennie Granier.' 'Well, Mlle. Granier, go and dress yourself.' The success of the little chorus girl was so great that Theo was cured, as if by enchantment, of her serious malady, and hastened to resume her role. The chorus girl relapsed into her original obscurity. Fortunately for her, a young author had witnessed her debut. Without mentioning it to any one, he wrote for her a part in conjunction with Lecocq, and when the year following, she made her debut in 'Girofle-Girofla' the astonishment was general and the applause unanimous. Since then Granier has had as many successes as the lady whose place she supplied so fortunately.

WHAT IS PUT INTO LETTER BOXES.—The carriers who collect the mail from street boxes sometimes find queer deposits therein. Loose silver coins and loose postage stamps are among the principal discoveries, while a carrier the other day brought in a bank-book containing $85 in bills which he had taken from a lamp-post box. The most remarkable instance of absent-mindedness in this direction was the case not long since, of a young man who daily carries two leathern bags—one for mail and the other for money, &c. He deliberately, in a fit of abstraction, walked up to a box in the Boston postoffice, and emptied the contents of one bag, containing several bank-books and bills and checks amounting to thousands of dollars, into the mail-box, and did not discover his blunder until he went into the bank and handed the receiving teller a bunch of letters. The young man's face, it is said, grew so pale as to frighten every one who saw him rushing through the streets, eyes distended, and heart thumping loudly in his wretched bosom. He was made a happier and wiser man on receiving at the business office the bank-books and money, in place of which he gladly tendered his bundle of mail matter.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

We would do many more things if we believed less in impossibilities.

HOW LONGFELLOW WRITES HIS POEMS.

Longfellow's poems are as familiar to all instructors as the language of the schoolroom. Every schoolboy reads and declaims them; every teacher, like every preacher, quotes them.

The "Psalm of Life" is probably the best known of these numerous poems. It was written on a summer morning in 1838. He was a young man then, full of aspiration and hope, and the poem was merely an expression of his own feelings. He regarded it as a personal matter—like an entry in one's journal—and for a long time refrained from publishing it. Mr. Longfellow related that on r[illegible] from his visit to the Queen an E[illegible] laborer stepped up to the carriag[illegible] ked to shake hands with the [illegible] the "Psalm of Life." [illegible] compliments I ever received," said the democratic poet.

Longfellow's study is a repository of the beautiful things of the past; souvenirs, busts of noble friends, mementoes of departed poets—Tom Moore's waste-paper basket, Coleridge's inkstand, a piece of Dante's coffin. In this study stood an old clock, with the coloring of age, rising from floor to ceiling. It numbered the hours in which his best poems were written. It was the old clock on the stairs.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written in 1839, at midnight. A violent storm had occurred the night before; the distress and disasters at sea had been great, especially along the capes of the New England coast. The papers of the day were full of the news of the disaster. The poet was sitting alone in his study late at night, when the vision of the wrecked *Hesperus* came drifting upon the disturbed tides of thought into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep. He arose and wrote the poem, which came into his mind by whole stanzas, finishing them just as the clock—the old clock on the stairs—was striking three.

AN EPISODE IN JOHN BUNYAN'S LIFE. A curious episode in John Bunyan's life has been unearthed by a London magazine. It is a valuable contribution to our too scanty knowledge of the Glorious Dreamer. Mrs. Agnes Beaumont, a Bedfordshire contemporary of Bunyan, relates in her journal how she rode from her native village of Edworth to a church meeting at Gamlingay on Mr. Bunyan's horse. "I had not ridden far," she says, "before my heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thought of riding behind the servant of the Lord, and was pleased if any looked after us as we rode along. Indeed, I thought myself very happy that day, first, that it pleased God to make a way for my going; and then that I should have the honor to ride behind Mr. Bunyan, who would sometimes be speaking to me about things of God. My pride soon had a fall, for in entering Gamlingay we were met by one Mr. Lane, a clergyman, who lived at Bedford, and knew us both, and spoke to us as we rode along, and soon after raised a vile scandal upon us, though blessed be God, it was false." When she returned home, her father, who was an irreligious man, turned her out of the house, and would not let her in for several days. He called her "hussey," and even threatened to throw her into the pond. Some evil-minded men of the village, especially one Mr. Farry, a great enemy of the Dissenters, had set him against Bunyan; but eventually the old man saw his mistake and relented. The quaint narrative throws a flood of light on the social and religious life of the time to which it relates, and furnishes a striking testimony at once to the great influence exercised by the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in the regions where he labored as a preacher, and to the malice of his enemies in the Established Church.

A PAIR OF NOBLE HORSES.—The two Arabian horses of purest breed presented by the sultan of Turkey to General Grant are quite worthy of a 'personal.' One is a dappled gray of fair size, and having all the traits of the pure Arabian—small, well-set, restless ears, waving mane, and long tail reaching almost to the ground, and a skin of such delicacy that the stroke of a lady's whip is sufficient to draw blood. The other horse has all these points. He is a glossy black, with a white star on his forehead, and white hind feet. When the long fore-lock falls over his forehead, the large black eyes have all the expression of a Bedouin woman's. Their gait is perfect, be it either the rapid walk, the long swinging trot, or the tireless, stretching gallop, while a rein of one thread of silk is enough to guide their delicate mouths. Let one of these Arabs, in the mad rush of a charge or a flight, lose his rider, and in an instant the docile steed will stop as though turned into stone. These two horses are of the famous Saktan race, the purest Arabian blood, only found in and near Bagdad.

PETER THE GREAT AND THE HOLLANDER'S WIG.—On his second visit to a town in Holland, he and his burgomaster of the place attended divine service, when an unconscious action of the Czar almost upset the gravity of the occasion. Peter, feeling his head growing cold, turned to the heavily-wigged chief magistrate at his side and transferred the wig, the hair of which flowed down over the great little man's shoulders, to his head, and sat so till the end of the service, when he returned it to the insulted burgomaster, bowing his thanks. The great man's fury was not appeased till one of Peter's suite assured him that it was no practical joke at all that his Majesty had played; that his usual custom, when at church, if his head was cold, was to seize the nearest he could clutch.

SOME CURIOUS AVERSIONS.

The Secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding of the nose. A Polish King had an antipathy to both smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish damsel was sadly troubled by an uncomfortable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheese, mutton, musk and ambergris have been so repugnant to some nasal organs as to send their owners into convulsions.

Gretry, the composer, could not endure the scent of the rose; neither could Anne of Austria. The mere sight of flowers was too much for Lady Heneage, bedchamber woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheek became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her wearing an artificial rose in his button-hole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Lamballe; tansy was abominable to an earl of Barrymore; Scaliger grew pale before the water cress; and a soldier, who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe, fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

A poor Neapolitan was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsel of fresh meat of any kind, and Nature thus condemned him to vegetarianism—a sorer affliction than that suffered by Guianerius, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner, or by the lady who could not taste of beer without her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who declared honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the doctor administered the obnoxious meat under various disguises, but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting fit.

Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish; and a Count d'Armstadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of a dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attached to lobster salad in the case of a lady, for if she attempted to taste it at a dancing party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

According to Burton, a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he looked upon a woman; and another authority was seized with a cold palsy under a similar provocation. Weinrichur tells of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which did not prevent him from losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for, being called from the supper table by some mischievous friends, to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly he beheld her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this old hater, an eclipse did for Charles d'Escaro, Bishop of Landre. It was his inconvenient custom to faint at the beginning of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm an eclipse took place. The good Bishop went off as usual, and never came to again. Old John Langley, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinately, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts of *aqua vitæ* were to be provided. "In the hope that, getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something toward lessening the breed."

CUT AND RUN.—Henry Clay came out of the Capitol at Washington, one day, saw a frightened woman in the street, vainly striving to ward off the attacks of a sportive goat, and gallantly, in spite of his years and office, seized the goat by the horns. The woman thanked him warmly and sped hurriedly on. Mr. Clay would have liked to have moved on also—but the goat had its own views about the interference with his innocent amusement. As soon as the woman's deliverer loosed his hold on the two horns, the animal rose majestically on his hind legs and prepared for a charge. In his own defence Mr. Clay now took the animal as before by the horns, and thus for a time they stood while a crowd of street boys gathered around, immensely amused at the unusual spectacle of a Senator and a goat pitted the one against the other on a public street. As long as Mr. Clay held the goat by the horns, all was well enough. But the moment the quadruped was free came a fresh preparation for a charge. Not a boy offered assistance, but after a while one ventured to suggest. "Throw the billy down, sir." Mr. Clay at once accepted and adopted the report of the committee, and tripping the goat up essayed to pass on. Before he could fairly turn away, however, the goat was up in lofty preparation for a new charge. Mr. Clay gave his enemy the floor or the pavement once more, and keeping him there, turned to his new adviser with the question, "And what shall I do now?" "Cut and run, sir," replied the lad.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS' DISLIKE OF BISMARCK.—Prince Bismarck was severely snubbed by Empress Augusta in Berlin during the reception ceremonies. The Emperor greeted his distinguished chancellor with much warmth, but his better half seemed as if she wished to show her dislike of the prince by not only answering his obeisance in a very slighting fashion, but by not even extending her hand to him, as she did immediately afterward, with gracious mien, to the veteran Von Moltke. The incident caused quite a sensation in Berlin.