

"A TOUGH TOWN."

That Was Joaquin Miller's Description of New York in 1870.

When Joaquin Miller visited New York in 1870 he wrote: "New York at last. And, oh, but this is a tough town! And the time I had in jangling on this island! I have fought many battles with Indians. I have seen rough men in the mines, but such ruffians as assailed me on landing from the Jersey ferry I have never encountered before. Two of these literally hauled me into a coach. I cried out, 'They shouted to the crowd and police that I was drunk. And another 'tough' who said he was my friend, helped them hustle me in and held the door until they dashed away. By and by they stopped and one got down and, holding the door, meekly asked me to tell him again what hotel I wanted to go to."

"At the door of the hotel, the Astor House, the only name I could think of or was familiar with, they detoured. But what made me mad—and at myself as well as them—they gave me a Confederate five dollar bill in change. How could they tell that I came from a land where they use only gold, and are can't tell one kind of green paper from another? Ah, well, I am going to cut off my hair the first thing and get me a new hat."

The next day he writes in his Journal: "Shaved and shorn! Now let them come after me!"

VENUS DE MILO.

The Mystery of the Missing Arms of the Famous Statue.

Through the publication of some quaint manuscripts which have never before been printed Jean Alcard, the

French academician and man of letters, produces evidence that the arms of the Venus de Milo were broken off in a fight between French and Turkish forces for possession of the figure. Both arms, according to the manuscripts, were in place when the statue was first discovered in 1820. The right arm descended a little below the hips, where it held up the draperies, while the left arm was raised above the head and grasped in the hand a small object.

The documents published by M. Alcard claim that French naval officers, who were the first Europeans to see the Venus and who were authorized by their government to buy it at any cost, obtained the prize only at the cost of a sharp scuffle with the crew of a Turkish brig, the commander of which had been instructed by a Greek prince at Constantinople to bring the statue to him. In the struggle, in which fifty sailors took part on each side and in which shots and saber cuts were freely exchanged, the goddess was thrown to the ground, and her arms were broken in pieces.—London Graphic.

To the King's Taste.

King Leopold of Belgium frequented a certain cafe in Paris when he was in the city. He had private apartments on the second floor, where he had his meals served for him.

One night he went to his cafe, but was met by the manager, who told him in great trepidation that he could not have his private dining room that night.

Leopold raised a frightful rumpus. He was king of the Belgians, and he demanded to know who could keep him out of the room. Presently a voice came from behind the door. "Who is that making such a row out there?"

The manager explained. "Oh," said the voice, "let him come in if he likes." King Leopold went in and found the person who had his favorite dining room was the king of England, Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, who knew a good thing himself.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

First Use of the Monocle.

The monocle, usually associated with the sterner although perhaps not less vain sex, has been worn for a hundred years. The first person to screw a glass in his eye was, according to Sir Horace Rumbold, a Dutch exquisite, Jonkheer Breele, whose monocle startled the diplomats assembled for the congress of Vienna. The fashion spread rapidly. In Dr. Kitchiner's "Economy of the Eyes," published nine years after the congress, he deplores the fact that a "single glass set in a smart ring is often used by foppish fashions merely for fashion's sake. These folk have not the least defect in their sight and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such irritation."—New York Sun.

A Minor Operation.

Mr. Toogood—I went under an operation yesterday. Mr. Markwell You surprise me. Was it very serious? Mr. Toogood—I had a growth removed from my head. Mr. Markwell—Oh goodness! And here you are about and looking well. Mr. Toogood—Oh, don't fret, old sport. I only had my hair cut.—London Telegraph.

His Diagnosis.

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishioner's health. "Well, sir," said the parishioner, "sometimes I feels anyhow, sometimes I feels nohow, and there be times when I feels as stiff as a humbugge."

Baffled the Camera.

He-I've never been able to get a good photograph of my face. She—Allow me to congratulate you.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.

Piece For Little Brother.

The family had been composed of just Raymond, his mother and his father. One evening when Raymond came home from school he was taken into the room where a little mite of humanity lay and was told that it was his baby brother.

Raymond stood silent for a moment and then said, "Well, pop, we'll have to cut the pie in more than three pieces now, won't we?"—Indianapolis News.

She Knows It.

One day a teacher was having a first grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'm. When it is a cold day I can see the smoke."—National Monthly.

An Instance.

"How can you cite a case where two opposites agree?"

"Take the case where a girl gives a positive answer in a decided negative."—Baltimore American.

Art Tamed the Tigers.

A privileged few may have seen the interesting sight of a sculptor making his studies and models from life for the statues of the two tigers which guard the entrance to Muesu hall at Princeton. The studies were made for the most part in the animal houses near the Arsenal in Central park. At first considerable prodding by the keepers was necessary to induce the zoological samples to come forward when the sculptor wanted them. After a time, however—this is upon the sculptor's solemn word—the beasts got so that when they saw him set up his stand they came forward of their own accord and lay crunched, as he wished. The tigers had learned to pose.—New York Post.

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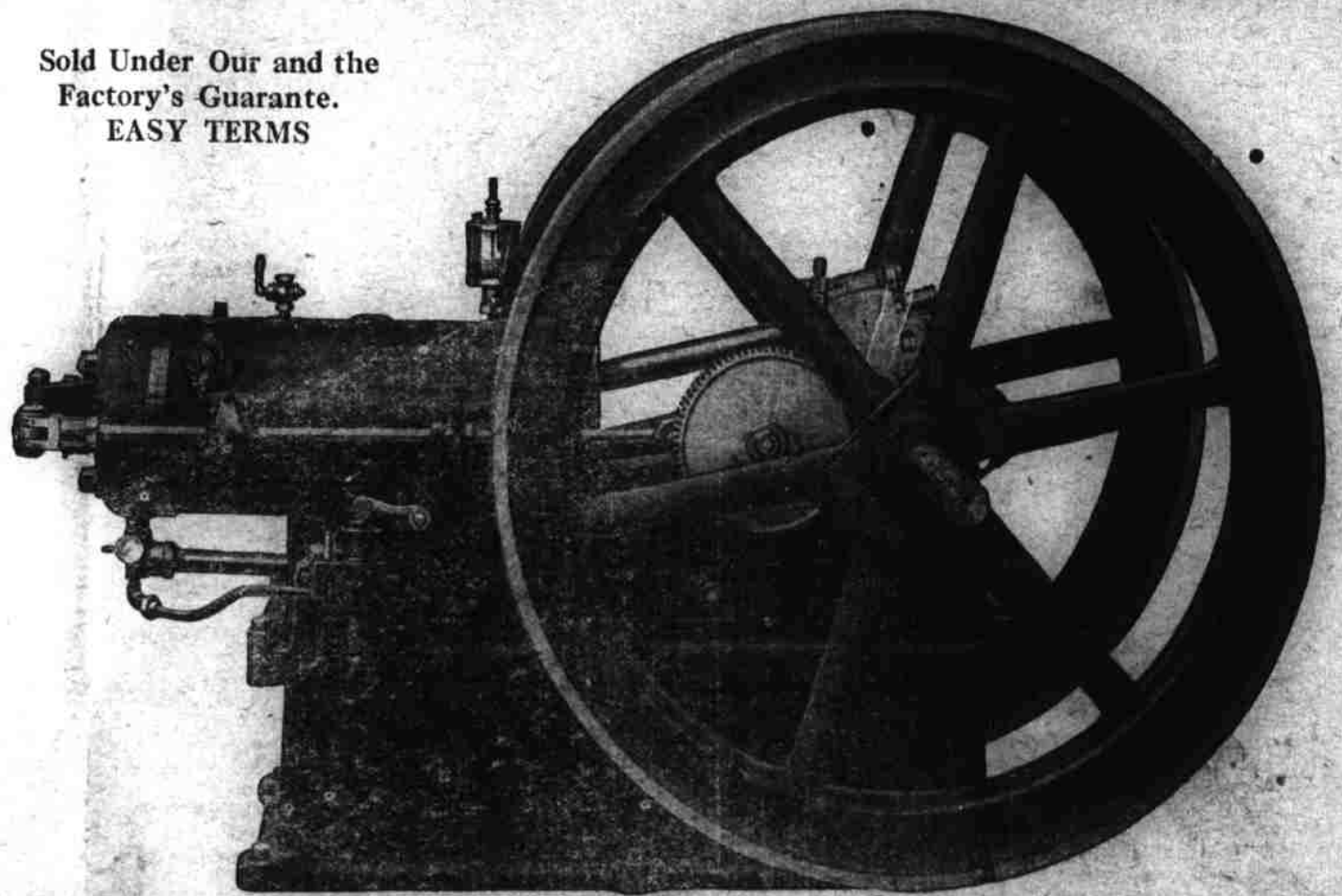
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