

ANDREW CARNEGIE says John Swinton started the story of his sympathy with socialism out of a remark he made at the Nineteenth Century Club that the brotherhood of man was a very fine ideal, and the world would be better if it could be put in practice.

"BILL" NYK invites the Prince of Wales's son, who has just come of age, to be his guest when he visits this country. "I tender you," he writes "the freedom of my double-barreled shot-gun during the prairie-chicken holocaust. I know where the angle-worm grows rank and the wild hen hatches her young."

PITTSBURGH Chronicle: "Yesselt Dudley" called the court. "Jesselt Dudley" shouted the clerk. "Result Dudley!" yelled the tipstaff. "Yazzoo Dudley!" cried the gatekeeper. "Insult Dudley!" howled the deputy. "Assault Dudley!" shrieked the prison matron; and a soft voice was heard saying: "Did any one call Yirselt Dudley?"

SENATOR BAYARD is famous among the epicures of the national capital for his skill in preparing terrapin for the table. The Senator always goes into the kitchen and prepares the terrapin with his own hands for his invited guests. He has a knack of imparting a peculiar delicacy and flavor to the dish which none of the professional cooks can imitate. He flavors it so as to render the dish more than usually entrancing to the palate.

THE latest sensation in Georgia is over the discovery of a tree each limb of which, according to the Jackson Herald, has cotton bolls thickly stuck on it, in which is hidden away the finest kind of cotton, equal in quality to any ever raised in the South. The tree was discovered by a number of negroes who were clearing up a field in Clarke's-boro District, Jackson County. It is about fifteen feet high and eight inches in diameter, the limbs commencing at a distance of five feet from the ground.

SQUIRE CRISTLER, of Banks County, Georgia, was called upon the other night to join a couple together in the holy bands of matrimony. Getting to the river, he found it impossible to cross. Determined not to be disappointed, he summoned the people to the water's edge on the other side of the stream, and the license, tied to a stone, having been pitched over to him, a distance of some sixty yards, he proceeded to tie the knot at the top of his voice.

A RECENT letter from Lima says: The most popular subject in Peru is trade with the United States, numerous New York commercial travelers keeping the country alive to the idea. The extent to which our newspapers and magazines are circulated here is extraordinary. They can always be found at the stands, and by reading them the people find that they can not get along without such things as our agricultural implements, machinery, tools, safes, clocks, canned goods, and cottons, and, of course, they buy them.

IN personal appearance Senator Lamar is not at all commanding. He is about the medium height. He has stooped shoulders, and in his walk keeps his eyes either on the ground or looks straight ahead at space. He has a goodly growth of lightish brown hair, well sprinkled with gray. His head is large and his forehead prominent. His eyes recede well back in the sockets. His complexion is a sickly sallow. His nose is straight and rather large. His eyes, which are of a blue tint, are set well apart, showing good perceptive faculties.

AN Atlanta (Ga.) paper, giving an account of Carl Schurz's recent lecture in that city, says: "He advocated good housekeeping, and said soda biscuit and bad pie would ruin any man's stomach, and, when the stomach is ruined, the man is done for. He related some interesting stories illustrating the high esteem in which a good housewife is held. One of these was Bismarck's wife, who 'carried the keys' dangling by her side, and he said that to a man of sense there is an attraction about a bunch of keys which a bunch of diamonds never possessed."

UVALDE (Texas) Hesperian: While Col. John Watkins was plodding his weary way on the road from Laredo to Uvalde, in company with some friends, they were caught in a thunder shower and thoroughly drenched. Arriving at camp, they spread their covering out to dry, and, Col. Watkins' pocketbook having been saturated with water, he emptied it and laid its greenbacks on a blanket to dry. While busily engaged in preparing their food, a jenny, on which they carried their packs, very innocently protruded her tongue, and took in her throat \$785 of Uncle Sam's currency. The Colonel, by mere

chance, happening to look that way just as the jenny was swallowing her valuable rations, ran to her, put his hand in her mouth and down her throat, seized the greenbacks, and, to his great joy, brought them forth intact.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN tells that when he was Speaker of the lower house of the Maine Legislature there was among the members a very dandified old fellow whose chief weakness was in trying to conceal the baldness which was rapidly stealing over his head. He came into the House each morning with his hair so carefully combed that it looked as though each particular hair had been pasted in its place. Even as it was, there were scarcely enough to cover the bald spot. One morning Speaker Hamlin, thinking to have some fun, called this gentleman to him and said: "My dear Blank, I beg your pardon, but one of your hairs is crossed over the others." The member grew angry at once and replied: "You insult me, sir! you insult me!" and walked stiffly back to his seat. He refused to be reconciled, and he became Hamlin's life-long enemy. A few years later, when Hamlin was a candidate for the United States Senate, this man was again in the Legislature, and his vote decided the contest in favor of Hamlin's opponent.

A STORY has just come to light in Georgia which affords much amusement to natives at the expense of three Boston duds, whose connection with a Georgia marble quarry took them there. They have had much amusement with mountain hoosiers, and delighted in showing off their superior accomplishments. While on their way to Tate's they met two harmless-looking country boys, who, barefooted and with but one suspender over their shoulders, were trudging to town. The Bostonians stepped in front of them and ordered them to dance to a Massachusetts juba. When the mountaineers became satisfied that the Bostonians were in earnest, they pulled out two ugly-looking revolvers and changed the programme by ordering the duds to dance. Thinking to humor the joke and thus escape easily, they danced awhile, but the boys would not let them halt. For two hours, under cover of mountain revolvers, the Boston boys danced such a jig as had never before been seen. When the time was up one of the mountaineers exclaimed: "Now run!" The Bostonians were only too glad to do so, and reached town footsore and weary, and are now seeking legal redress.

CLARA BELLE writes from New York to the Cincinnati Enquirer: Mrs. Astor's supper to twenty of her intimate friends was given Monday night. On this occasion the famous service of solid gold was used. These yellow dishes are seldom brought out from the Astor vault. They cost \$100,000, it is said, though I have heard the figures exaggerated to \$250,000. Anyhow, there is no great extravagance in them, for the metal can at any time be melted into good bullion and only the workmanship lost. I have attended many of the Astor entertainments, but never one when the gold utensils were displayed. A friend who has had that inestimable privilege declared that she didn't enjoy the experience very much, after all. "In the first place," she said, "the eatables were completely overcome and dominated by the plates on which they were served. The daintiest morsels seemed to have no flavor at all, and, after awhile I fancied that they became impregnated with a peculiar metallic taste. And then I got it into my head that the man sitting opposite me was a detective in disguise, placed there to see that I didn't slip a plate into my bodice. He was afterward introduced to me, and I had reason to believe that his covert glances had been purely sentimental, but they spoiled my supper all the same. No, thank you, fine china-ware is good enough for me."

Improved the People's Tastes. No reform was ever yet worked in which the leaders did not rush to extremes—extremes denounced alike by the enemies and the moderate upholders of the movement. Look, for example, at the aesthetic rage which has possessed in greater or less degree the souls of half the people of England. The promoters of aestheticism have made themselves supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the majority. We have all laughed at their sunflowers, and their cracked china teapots, and dingy green gowns; while the languid youth, with his lilies and his long hair, has become a household jest. But results show a reform in the tastes of the people. There is an improvement in almost every department in which popular fancy shows itself, in building, furniture, dress, and decorative art.—American Queen.

He Didn't Want to Preach. At an examination of theology, conducted by four grinding professors, the unlucky candidate, whose parents had determined to force him into holy orders, was thus apostrophized: "Unfortunate young man, you are, then, incapable of citing to us a single text of the sacred gospels?" "Yes, indeed," said the patient young man. "I remember one—that of the Apocalypse: 'And I looked, and behold before me four great beasts.'"—Paris paper.

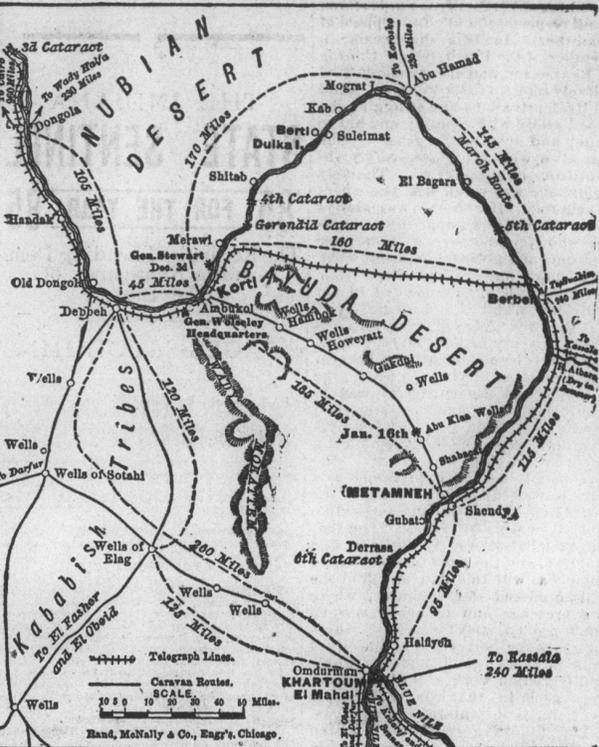
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

A Comprehensive Map, Showing at a Glance the Scene of Military Operations.

Another Garrison in Danger of Sharing the Fate of Khartoum—A Sketch of El Mahdi.

A MILITARY MAP. Exhibiting the Scene of Operations in Egypt.

We print to-day a clear and well-defined map of the seat of war in the Soudan. It shows the position of the British forces and the routes and distances between different strategic points. The fall of Khartoum not only released the main army of the Mahdi for active operations in other parts of the field, but gave courage to the Arabs, and caused tribes which had been vacillating and affecting neutrality to openly take sides against the British and their scattered forces. That Gen. Waiseley should have thus scattered his forces can be accounted for on no other supposition



than that he depended upon Gen. Gordon's repeated assurances that he could hold Khartoum indefinitely, and thus keep the principal force of the Mahdi fully employed in that direction. The failure to do this, through unexpected treachery of a portion of the Egyptian garrison, disconnected all his plans, and a retrograde movement became inevitable in order to concentrate all his forces.

FIGHTING IN THE DESERT. A Garrison in Peril of Sharing the Fate of Khartoum.

A dispatch from Suakin confirms the report of a brilliant victory won by the Mudir of Jaka and the Shukria tribe of friendly Arabs against the Hadendawa tribe in an attack made by the latter upon some friendly tribes for supporting the garrison at Kassala with grain. It is now stated that during the battle no less than 3,000 of the Hadendawas were killed and among the slain was Sheikh al Moosa. The Kassala garrison is short of food and ammunition, and as the place is hard pressed by the enemy despite the recent report, succor must soon result unless the garrison is relieved. The difficulty encompassing the garrison of Kassala has been recognized by the British authorities at Massowah, which interferes with the authority of Col. Chemsidine, who was preparing an immense convoy, with provisions, munitions and money for the relief of these beleaguered places are now suspended. Kassala is the second city in importance in the Soudan. It has 20,000 inhabitants. The garrison numbers 3,000. It is the key-stone to the line of frontier strongholds of Senhelt, Amidi, Ghira and Galulab, all of which are resisting the Mahdi. Kassala has been besieged for a year, and Chemsidine has offered re-inforcements, but the commandant refused them, as he was unable to feed them. Unless the British send him a speedy relief, Kassala will share the fate of Khartoum.

Gen. Brackenbury's Advance Toward Ab-Hamed.

A dispatch from Korti says: Gen. Brackenbury, commander of the late Gen. Earl's forces, reports that he has captured Katrit Island, that the 21st February he and his force, including 780 animals, guns, and equipment complete, crossed over to the right bank of the Nile, ready to attack the Mahdi's camp at Ab-Hamed, forty miles distant. Brackenbury had visited the scene of Col. Stewart's murder and found some of Stewart's visitors' baggage, and a year and a half ago, Power, and a shirt-sleeve stained with blood. The steamer which conveyed Stewart from Khartoum to the place where he was murdered is now sixteen feet above the present level of water. She is gutted and filled with sand. The houses and all property belonging to the blind man, Gen. Elmahdi, were completely destroyed.

THE MAHDI. Biographical Sketch of the Man Who is Conquering England So Much Troule.

The following account of the Mahdi was drawn up by the late Lieut. Col. Stewart, who was killed at Merawi on his way down the Nile from Gen. Gordon at Khartoum: Mahomet Achmet, the Mahdi, is a Dongolawi, or native of the Province of Dongola. His grandfather was called Fahil, and lived on the banks of the Nile. He was a descendant of the "Island." This island lies east of Dongolawi (Ord), the native name for the capital of Dongola. His father was Abdullahi, by trade a carpenter. In 1820 this father and his wife, Shindi, a town on the Nile south of Berber. At that time his family consisted of three children, one daughter called respectively Mahomet, Fahil, Mahomet Achmet (the Mahdi), and Nur-el-Sham (Light of Syria). A Shindi brother son was born called Abdullahi. As a boy Mahomet Achmet was apprenticed to Sherif-en-deen, his uncle, residing at Shakabeh, an island opposite Senaar. Having one day received a beating from his uncle, he then left the island and joined the free school of "Madress" of a faki (learned man, head of a sect of dervishes) called Abulghal, a village east of and close to Khartoum. This school is attached to the tomb of Sheikh Hozhal, the patron saint of Khartoum, and who is greatly revered by the dervishes in that town and in the Nile. The Sheikh of this tomb or shrine, although he keeps a free school and feeds the poor, derives a very handsome revenue from the gifts of the pious. He claims to be a descendant of the original Hozhal, and through him of Mahomet. Here he remained for some time studying religion, the tenets of his sect, etc., but did not make much progress in the worldly accomplishments of reading and writing. After a time he left and went to Berber, where he joined another free school kept by a Sheikh Ghubshah at a village of that name situated nearly opposite to Mekherref (Berber). This school is also attached to a shrine greatly venerated by the natives. Here Mahomet Achmet remained six months, completing his religious education. Thence he went to Aradup (Tamarind Tree) village, south of Kana. Here in 1870 he became a disciple of another faki, Nur-el-Daim (Continuous Light). Nur-el-Daim subsequently ordained him a Sheikh of the sect of another faki, take up his home in the Island of Abba, near Kana, on the White Nile. Here he began by making a subterranean excavation (khalva) into which he deposited a number of letters referring to repeat for hours one of the names of the Deity, and this accompanied by fasting, in-

cess-burning, and prayers. His fame and sanctity by degrees spread far and wide, and Mahomet Achmet became wealthy, collected disciples, and married several wives, all of whom he was careful to select from among the daughters of the most influential Baggara Sheikhs (Baggara—tribes owning cattle and horses) and other notables. To keep within the legal number (four) he was in the habit of divorcing the surplus and taking them on again according to his fancy. About the end of May, 1881, he began to write to the brother fakis (religious chiefs), and to teach that he was the Mahdi foretold by Mahomet, and that he had a divine mission to reform Islam, to establish a universal equality, a universal law, a universal religion, and a community of goods ("bey-ul-mal"); also that all who did not believe in him should be destroyed, be they Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan. Among others he wrote to Mahomet Saleh, a very learned and influential faki of Bonzola, directing him to collect his dervishes (followers) and friends and to join him at Abba. This Sheikh, instead of complying with his request, informed the Government, declaring the man a madman. This information, along with that collected from other quarters, alarmed his Excellency Bouff Fasha, and the result was the expedition of Aug. 31st. In person the Mahdi is tall, slim, with a black beard and light brown complexion. Like most Dongolawis, he reads and writes with difficulty. He is local head of the Gheselan or Kadrize order of dervishes, a school originated by Abdul Kader-el-Ghauam, whose tomb is, I believe, at Saged. Judging from his conduct of affairs and policy, I should say that he had

considerable natural ability. The manner in which he has managed to merge the usually discordant tribes together denotes great tact. He is probably now preparing the movement for some time back. KHARTOUM. Gen. Colston's Description of the Chief Arabian City. Khartoum is a city numbering between 60,000 and 65,000 people. Several European consuls reside there. The American consul was Azar Abdul-Melik, Christian Gopt from Esneh, and one of the principal merchants. The population colony is small and continually changing; for Khartoum is a perfect graveyard for Europeans, and in the rainy season for natives also, the mortality averaging then from thirty to forty per day, which implies 3,000 to 4,000 for the season. Khartoum is the commercial center of the Soudan trade, amounting altogether to \$65,000,000 a year, and carried on by about 1,000 European and 3,000 Egyptian mercantile houses. Drafts and bills of exchange upon Khartoum are as good as gold in Cairo and Alexandria, and vice versa. From official sources I learned that the city contains 3,000 houses, many of them two-story, each having from ten to 150 occupants. Stone and lime are found in abundance, and the buildings are, after a fashion, substantial, the houses belonging to rich merchants being very spacious and comfortable. There are large bazaars, in which is found a much greater variety of European and Asiatic goods than would be expected in such distant regions. In the spacious market-places a brisk trade is carried on in cattle, horses, camels, asses, and sheep, as well as grain, fruit, and other agricultural produce. Many years ago an Austrian Roman Catholic mission was established and liberally supported by the Emperor of Austria, and by contributions from the entire Catholic world. It occupies a large parallelogram surrounded by a solid wall. Within this inclosure, in a beautiful garden of palm, fig, orange, orange, and banana, stand a massive cathedral, a hospital, and other substantial buildings, where the people of Egypt and the Soudan are instructed by foreign missionaries, such as their perfect toleration and good temper that the priests and nuns, in their distinctive costumes, were always safe from molestation, not only at Khartoum, but even at El Obeid and the neighborhood, where the majority are Mussulmans and the rest heathens. It was stated some months ago that Gordon had abandoned the Governor's palace and transformed the Catholic mission into a fortress, its surrounding wall and massive buildings rendering it capable of strong resistance.

KORTI. The Present British Base of Operations in Egypt.

Korti, the headquarters of Lord Wolseley, on which point all the different branches of his expedition are ordered to concentrate, is at the sharp bend of the Nile where its course for a distance of some miles is toward the westward. About thirty miles below Korti is Debbeh, where it is probable that the whole force will be established after it has been brought together at Korti. At Debbeh the Nile takes rather a sharp turn, and assumes its northern course. This place is just on the border of the territory ruled by the Mudir of Dongola, a Sheikh who has remained steadfast in his friendship for and co-operation with the British. In peaceful times Debbeh is a place of some importance, because there is a large caravan route to El Obeid and the Darfour region leaves the Nile and strikes off to the southwest across the Bayuda Desert. Korosko, the other point mentioned as the location of a portion of the British force, is some 600 miles farther down the Nile, and from here starts the caravan route across the Nubian Desert to Abu-Hamed, at the sharp bend in the course of the river, 180 miles above Korti. Korosko is not far above the First Cataract, and below that point the navigation of the Nile is impossible. When Lord Wolseley's whole force is mustered at Korti, it will probably be about 85,000 men strong, as Wolseley kept about 3,000 men with him at Korti. Gen. Buller has about 2,000. Gen. Buller about 1,900, and there are about 1,400 at Gakdul Wells.

GUBAT. A Sacred Village.

Gubat, the present center of British military operations in the Soudan, is a village of 150 houses and about 700 inhabitants. It is surrounded with vegetable gardens, which supply the markets of Shendi, of which town Gubat is virtually a suburb, although situated on the other side of the Nile. It contains, also, a cemetery where were buried some of the most famous saints and chieftains of Shendi, a fact which makes the village sacred in the estimation of the entire Mohammedan world, and will render its occupation by the British peculiarly irritating to El Mahdi.

A MARBLE DUST OF COL. FRED BURBARY.

There is a great difference between a dude and a man, but at a distance they look very much alike.

DORSEY DISCUSSES BLAINE.

The Plumed Knight a Liar and Generally Bad Man—The Campaign. Mr. Dorsey was in his room chatting with friends, when the reporter heard him say: "I am supposed to have stolen millions. I never was in the star-route business, except a side matter to secure a debt, and my entire profit was the half of \$11,000. My trial cost me a fine, destroyed business, and money, \$2,000,000." The conversation became general, and at one time the former manager of the famous Garfield campaign of 1880 was asked: "What do you think of the management of the Republican campaign of 1884?" Setting his glasses down upon his nose, Dorsey looked up over them with a humorous twinkle in his dark eye as he said: "You refer to a political campaign. I do not know that there was any. You also speak of Chaffee and Ellins. They are nice boys, but it seems to me they ought to tend to their ranches. I have always had great respect for baby farming, but the babies ought not to have charge of the farm."

"What did you think of Blaine as a candidate?" "What do you think? Do you believe that a man who puts a needless stain upon his family is a person that should have been supported? Now, my boy, we will never win a matter of record that has never won—that pretenders never have a front seat." In another part of the same conversation the ex-Senator turned to one of his visitors and said: "Where do you live? What do you do?" He replied: "I live in New York, and follow the sea."

"Mr. Dorsey smiled as he said this: 'Did you ever know a ship that didn't sink after awhile, and did you ever know a captain of a ship who did not go down with her? Is it worth while to discuss Mr. Blaine any further?'" "Do you attribute the defeat of the Republican party to its management, its candidate, or to both?" Dorsey was silent for some moments. He shrugged his shoulders as if not inclined to talk upon such a subject further, but said: "I did not know there was any management. The first thing I heard about the management was your suggestion. When it comes to me, I don't know how to manage. I am thought to be dangerous to the success of the Republican party, it is time for all Republicans to lie down."

"Do you think Mr. Blaine could have been elected with good management?" "The management must have been very good to have elected Mr. Blaine. While I have never had that silly idea that many Republicans hold in respect to public men, as to his character and status, I hold it to be a fact that men who are draped in wrongdoing, who are painted with crime, can never be elected to any place. A candidate is not genius; pretension is not truth; assumption is not manliness. The people of this country want an honest man, a man of courage and of trust. It is of little consequence to them whether he be a Democrat or a Republican, so he is a manly man."

"Do you think he was defeated on his merits or by the accident of circumstances?" "I never heard he had any merits. I will venture to say that Blaine has promised every office in his power as President a thousand times for each place. It is so easy to get a man elected while for any respectable man to discuss Blaine or his respectability was understood by his managers that he was going through the country as the 'plumed knight.' The man who gave him the decoration, and who is the great orator of the world, never opened his mouth in Blaine's behalf. There is a deep-seated conviction among all honorable men that no man can afford to be a liar, and that none can assume to be what he is not. Now, young man, you take this man Blaine—would you believe him on oath?"—Washington Cor. New York World.

The Democratic Country Press. In the political campaigns in which the Democracy sustained defeat after defeat, previous to the victory last November, the men who to a large extent bore the burden and the heat of the day—who, in spite of discouragements of all kinds, were never dismayed—who always held aloft the flag of their party, and cheered and led the Democratic hosts on to further conquest—were the editors of the Democratic country papers. In many counties in Republican States especially they with great difficulty maintained a foothold for their papers, and in numerous instances only by great self-denial and persistence. Everything was against them, yet they struggled bravely on, until at last one great object for which they fought and worked—the election of a Democratic administration—has been accomplished.

The Republican party, after its accession to power, was quick to recognize the value of an able and vigorous rural press in its interest. It took measures, by associating an office with a party paper, to plant papers in many villages which otherwise could not support them. Tax-sale printing and the like were also used as efficient sustaining instrumentalities. There is no doubt that the difficulty of dislodging the Republican party was largely increased by the zeal with which the well-sustained country papers were conducted. The Republican papers considerably outnumbered the Democratic papers, for the reason that the supplies were much larger.

The policy which the Republican party pursued toward its country press is one which the incoming administration may well adopt. As before intimated, no class of men are more entitled to consideration at the hands of a Democratic administration than the editors of Democratic country papers. We include in this class editors of papers in the smaller cities, for similar truths will hold good in regard to them. The editors of larger papers, who they have been equally hard-working for the party, have not had as great obstacles to contend with, have had a wider clientele, and have neither the disposition nor the need to ask anything of the administration for themselves. In the nature of things, there will be many changes in office-holders shortly after March 4 next. There will be a great many, if no more are effected than has been the case with every new Republican administration since President Lincoln's time. But whatever the changes, we bespeak for the hard-working, faithful, and in many cases poorly recompensed class—the Democratic country editors—the full consideration they their abundant merit demands.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SECOND OFFICE.

Our Vice Presidents in History. Since the beginning of the Government the Vice President has had the least to do with the administration to which he belongs. Many of our Vice Presidents have been able men, but few of them have made any stir while in office, while a number have been diametrically opposed to their chiefs. Thomas Jefferson, as Vice President under Adams, was the leader of the opposition, and after the first few days of his term Adams counseled with him in nothing. Aaron Burr and Jefferson during the next term were at loggerheads, and it was due to Jefferson that Burr was finally prosecuted for treason. It is hardly possible that John Quincy Adams and Calhoun had much in common, and we all know how the latter fell out with Andrew Jackson as Vice President during the next administration. Van Buren and Jackson got along very well, but it was only because President Jackson was king and Van Buren merely factotum. It was another case of "me, too," only more so, and Van Buren, as a reward for his submission, was made Jackson's successor.

Van Buren's Vice President was Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, the first Vice President selected west of the Alleghenies, and, though he was the man who killed Tecumseh, his name is now almost forgotten. John Tyler, the next Vice President, was a cipher as long as Harrison lived, and Harrison's Cabinet tried to control him after Harrison's death. Fillmore had little influence while Zach Taylor was alive, and the troubles of Andrew Johnson after the death of Lincoln show that his influence was small during the life of Old Abe. So far as I can learn we have never had a Vice President who has never had the President or directed the administration. Even the ablest of them have made no reputation while filling the office, and John C. Breckenridge, Buchanan's second; George M. Dallas, who reigned with Polk; and William R. King, Vice President with Pierce, go down to history through other acts than those done during their Vice Presidency. Mr. King, by the way, died in office. He was the third Vice President who did so. The first was George Clinton, who had been Vice President under Jefferson, and was then serving under Madison. The second who died was Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the author of the system of changing legislative districts for Congressional purposes, called after his name "gerrymandering." The sixth Vice President was Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York. He is one of our four Vice Presidents who were twice elected, and he held the place through the whole of Monroe's administration. Now every one remembers Monroe, but how many can tell anything about Tompkins? Still, in the decade between 1810 and 1820, he was far more of a man than Tom Hendricks is now. He made a great reputation as a war Governor of New York, and at one time, when the State put out \$400,000 of bonds and there were no takers, he personally indorsed them and thus made them good, for he was wealthy. The other Vice Presidents who have had two elections are John Adams, George Clinton, and John C. Calhoun. Of the last Vice Presidents, Colfax, Wilson and Wheeler, the world knows how little prominence they had while Grant was President, and under the pacific reign of Rutherford B. Hayes, Chester A. Arthur was little talked of until Garfield's death, and his relations with the great Ohioan were not more friendly than those at present said to exist between Hendricks and Cleveland. There have been, altogether, twenty-one Vice Presidents elected by the people. Of these, four have died in office, three have risen to the Presidency by election, four have become Presidents by the death of the President, and none of them have made reputations which will outlast their century.—Washington letter.

Maxims from Max O'Reil. An umbrella is the inseparable companion of every well-born Englishman. A conversation is so called because at one you converse very little and you talk a great deal. Every English servant girl who is 20 years old, and not hump-backed, has her young man. John Bull is a past master in the art of boredom; but he has never invented any bore equal to a conversation. The Englishman who shows his feelings loses his self-control. That is bad form, and his countrymen will not have anything to do with him. If you make a call in London during the months of May and June the lady of the house will always ask: "Have you been to the Royal Academy?" An Englishman who would not for anything say "My God," will make no scruple about "Mon Dieu" or "Mien Gott," as though God only understood English. English women are much more easily shocked by words than by things. To speak of pantaloons is unpardonable, but it is quite proper to appear at Lillie Bridge or Lord's almost without any. You do not see in Hyde Park young men being driven round and round for hours together. Though it would be too much to say that all men in England work, all occupy themselves. Offer to give an Englishman French lessons at his own house at 2 shillings a piece, and he will tell you it is too dear. Demand a guinea with an arrogant air, and he will agree in an even, respectful manner. Englishmen of the Low Church persuasion and the Nonconforming sects always make their prayers while looking into their hats. N. B.—This is an evident reference to the custom of praising one's Maker's name on entering a church. There is evidently a drop in the value of wives in England. During the present year there have been two cases of sale. In one case a sixpence was realized, in the other a pint of beer. From the cradle to the tomb Frenchwomen lead Frenchmen by the nose. The best way to guarantee yourself against burglars in London is to have a pretty cook. The police will keep your house in view.