

MASTER AND MAN.

Relations of the Two in England—A Demonstrative Butler.

General Badeau, writing on the relation of master and man in England, says: I was staying once with a young nobleman who had a crowd of peers for guests. We had been dining some miles away and drove back late at night in what is called an omnibus. The valet of one of the visitors, a lad of 19 or 20, stood on the steps outside. By a jolt of the carriage this youth was thrown off into the road while we were still some distance from the house, and the whole party alighted to look after him. He was unable to walk or to endure the motion of the carriage, and a couple of Viscounts, an officer of the army and a Baronet carried the valet a quarter of a mile up a steep hill, then bore him into the room of the master of the house, and one tore open his shirt to look for his wound. There was no surgeon, so they bathed his breast and his forehead themselves, and the youth lay on the nobleman's bed till it was certain he was not seriously injured. Not till then did the gay young rollickers assemble for their late carouse.

I know of another nobleman whose eldest son was standing for Parliament. The contest was keen, and the excitement in the family extended to the servants. Finally, the heir was elected, and the news was brought to the Earl and the Countess as they stood on the steps of the house in a crowd of friends and followers. The butler, a very respectable man of 50 or more, who had been in the family all his life was unable to contain his delight. He rushed up to his mistress, threw his arms around her and kissed her, and the salute was forgiven by the lady as well as the Lord. I did not witness this demonstration of fidelity, but I was told by an Englishman who was present and pronounced it unusual, but not inexcusable.

The Queen, it is well known, sets the pattern in this consideration for personal retainers. She not only visits her gillies in the Highlands, but the servants on all her estates; she attends their balls and their christenings and funerals; she invites them at times to entertainments at which she is present in person; an honor she never pays the nobility; and her affection for her devoted John Brown she has been anxious to make known to the world.

Twice I was present at country houses where the servants joined in a dance with the family. Once it was after a servant's wedding, which was, of course an event. On the other occasion, at a well-known lodge in the Grampians, a highland reel was proposed, but there were not enough ladies to go round, so the best looking of the housemaids were brought in and placed in the line with Marchionesses and the daughters of Earls. One was by far the prettiest of her sex in the room, and the heir of the house didn't like it at all if any of his guests danced too often with his maid. But none of these young spinsters presumed on the favor that was shown them; the distance in rank was too great to be bridged by any transient familiarity. It was the very consciousness of the gulf that made the condescension possible.

At a house of a nobleman who had a crowd of sons, and these always a crowd of boyish visitors, the whole frolicsome party was sent off nightly, after the ladies had retired to a distant tower of the castle where they might make as much noise as they pleased. They drank and they smoked, and they played cards, and had two or three of the footmen told off to them who stayed up half the night with their young masters, to wait on them and amuse them. The young men were all of the same age, and the gentlemen often invited their servants to a cigar or a glass and not unseldom to a turn at the gloves, for most young Irishmen box. They played fair; the lords and the lackeys wrestling together on an equality. The servant might get his own master down if he could, and if the valet struck out from his shoulder the gentleman took his punishment like a man.

A Walk in Atlantic City.

As they walked back to the hotel through a sandy avenue lined with jagged architecture, Miss Benson pointed out to them some things that she said had touched her a good deal. In the patches of sand before each house there was generally an oblong little mound set about with a rim of stones, or, when something more artistic could be afforded, with shells. On each of these little graves was a flower, a sickly geranium, or a humble marigold, or some other floral token of affection.

Mr. Forbes said he never was at a watering-place before where they buried the summer boarders in the front yard. Mrs. Benson didn't like joking on such subjects, and Mr. King turned the direction of the conversation by remarking that these seeming trifles were really of much account in these days, and he took from his pocket a copy of the city newspaper, *The Summer Sea-Song*, and read some of the leading items: "S. our eye is on you." "The Slopers have come to their cottage on Q Street, and come to stay." "Mr. E. P. Borum has painted his front steps." "Mr. Diffendorfer's marigold is on the blow." And so on, and so on. This was probably the marigold mentioned that they were looking at.

The most vivid impression, however, made upon the visitor in this walk was that of paint. It seemed unreal that there could be so much paint in the world and so many swearing colors. But it ceased to be a dream, and they were taken back into the hard practical world, when as they turned the corner, she pointed out her favorite sign:

Branch Office.
deley Warner, in Harper's April.

A Millionaire and a Bogus Lord.

Mr. Carnegie, the Pittsburg millionaire, is best known in England as the director-general of the Carnegie half-penny press. Here is a story from one of the papers which shows the great little man in another capacity:

A few years ago, in 1877, Mr. Carnegie was on his way home from one of his flying visits across the big pond to "his ain countrie," Dumfriesline, where he was born, and which place he has endowed with a \$200,000 library, when he met in London or on the steamer westward a versatile and accomplished young man who played the "bunko" game on him in a way that was peculiar and bland, and has a history in the present relation. The young man, who was accompanied by his wife, a bright and not unhandsome woman, in a quiet and semi-confidential way let Mr. Carnegie gradually understand he was "Lord Ogilvy, you know." "Eldest son of the Earl of Anlie." "Sent abroad, you know, having earned the displeasure of the old Earl for marrying without his consent." The ironmaster, though an expert on all the Bessemer and basic processes and a decillionaire through his Scotch shrewdness in building the Edgar Thomson, was not a very good judge of Lords, and took the bait. Young Lord Ogilvy was invited to spend a few weeks at Mr. Carnegie's summer home on the summit of the Appalachians, at Cresson. There, although urging on his host his desire to be "in-cognito, you know, until the old Earl relented a little," Mr. Carnegie introduced him to the proud Pittsburgers, to whom it was gradually imparted that there was a real live Lord among them. No high teas were too elaborate nor whist-parties too recherche after this for the young couple, one of whom at least could trace his blood back to the reign of the King from whom Jamestown was named, while the oldest Pittsburger could not carry his pedigree beyond the time when Forbes flew the red cross above the fleur-de-lis at the forks of the Ohio.

Lord Ogilvy and his spouse visited Pittsburg, and the former was given the entree of the Duquesne Club, while the latter enjoyed the hospitalities of the Carnegie mansion in the East End. The bogus Lord's exchequer ran low; the ironmaster "cashed a draft for a few hundred pounds, you know, until letters from the Earl with remittances come." A number of Mr. Carnegie's rich iron acquaintances also cashed drafts for the young lord. It was the old story. An industrious chevalier and a quick-witted and rather pretty mate striking golden notes on the harp of credulity; for after a little they disappeared in the direction of the star of empire, and Mr. Carnegie was out several thousand dollars—as he lifted his noble friend's paper in the hands of those to whom he had introduced him—and the affair, although attempted to be quietly hushed up, was long a standing joke in the smoky city.

Children's Feet and Small Shoes.

Too much cannot be said against the cruelty of forcing children's feet into short and narrow-toed shoes. A man in a large and fashionable shoe store said that he sometimes used all his strength, that of a developed man, to force large feet into small shoes, for grown folks, but when he was requested by mothers to put shoes too small on children, he objected. Many children, before they are ten years old, have incipient corns, bunions and callouses, caused by the foolish pride or carelessness on the part of the mothers. Many do not know that if a child's foot is allowed to develop naturally, that when fully developed, it can wear with ease a much smaller shoe than when crowded back and forced out of shape while growing so fast. The foot is one of the parts of the body that completes its growth early. The size of the feet of a growing boy are sometimes noticeably large; when the rest of the body has finished its growth the feet are proportionate. If a growing foot is crowded into short shoes, the toes are pushed back and become thick at the ends. They are pressed up against the top of the shoe and corns are made. They are enlarged at the great and little toe joints, causing bunions, which are more painful than corns. Narrow-toed shoes cause lapping of the toes, callouses, and corns, especially on the side of the large toe and under the widest part of the foot; ingrowing toe-nails are also produced. Corns cannot be cured so long as pressure is on them. This must first be removed. A man who suffered terribly with corns, said he would do anything to cure them. His friend said, "you are going up into the mountains; go barefooted this summer." He did so, and his feet were entirely cured. Another cut the tops of the shoes away, leaving the soles and the leather back of the toe-joints and toes.—*Pauline Adeline Hardy, in Good Housekeeping.*

Intelligent Mules.

Hartwell is noted for intelligent mules, as well as for intelligent people. A team of the former was sent to the city Tuesday for a heavy load of merchandise. On the way up from the bottoms they held a meeting and unanimously decided that the load was too big, and that they would go on a strike. They tried it at Fifth and Vine, but the driver was too vigorous with his whip. At Sixth and Vine they adopted other tactics, and Mr. Near Mule fell down. For a long time he resisted all efforts to get up, but finally, after the persuasive influences of a crowbar had been used, regained his feet. As soon as he was up Miss Off Mule took her turn, and down she went. This game of see-saw was played for half an hour, until the driver was thoroughly exasperated, and his knowing team was sufficiently rested to go on.—*Cincinnati Sun.*

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repaired, and all other work usually done in that line.

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Rensselaer, Ind., May 21, 1886

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Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 4

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