

For Everybody.

A Parisian's Revenge.

Sir Richard Wallace has endowed Paris with drinking fountains. All Parisians are not grateful to him, however. A gentleman of enterprising character went to him and asked for a loan of 50,000 francs for no particular cause. Sir Richard laughingly said, "No, thank you;" upon which the injured individual rose, took up his chapeau, and revenged himself with the remark, "After all, your fountains are very poor affairs."

Twins Under Queer Circumstances.

On the first night of the present year a poor woman, the wife of a labourer in the village of Aber, near Bangor, Wales, was delivered of twins. The first was born during the closing hour of the old year, and the second an hour or so after the opening of the new year. The peculiarity of this little interesting and double event, therefore, is, that the twins were not born in the same year, the same month, nor the same day—an enigma which would pose a good many acute people to satisfactorily solve.

Gastronomic Weaknesses of Great Men.

Celebrities have a weakness for favourite dishes, thus: Thiers is as fond of coffee as Voltaire; Rossini had a partiality for macaroni when prepared by his own hands, as he often did to surprise his guests; Schiller loved hams, and Napoleon I. roast chicken; Napoleon III. delighted in a mutton stew, and Lessing was as happy as a king over a dish of lentils; Charles XII. doted on bread and butter, and Tasso on preserved fruits and jam. Marshal McMahon's gastronomic leaning is for the "birds of Venus," less poetically known as pigeons.

A Singular Source of Inajudition.

Goethe called on Schiller one day, and not finding him at home, seated himself at his friend's writing table to note down various matters. He was soon seized with a strange indisposition, from which he nearly fainted, but finding it proceeded from a dreadful odor, he traced it to a drawer, which he found full of decayed apples. He stepped out of the room to inhale the fresh air, when he met the wife of Schiller, who said her husband kept the drawer always filled with rotten apples because the scent was so beneficial to him that he could not think or work without it.

A New Cutting.

Of late a new field has been opened to the gentlemen of the brush, the said field consisting of the dead walls and scaffolding of London. In other words, artists are invited to design attractive advertisements. A gentleman who hit upon a happy idea received as much as £100. What would poor Benjamin Haydon have said if he could have foreseen that? An additional pang would have been added to the despair which drove him to suicide. Another artist, the originator of the blank space with "Watch this Frame," received £50. It is not often that nothing commands that price.

Anecdote of a Singer.

When Miss Lajeunesse (Mlle. Albani, who has made so great a success in Europe) came to Albany she was very poor. She sang in the cathedral, and being invited to sing at a public concert could not accept because "she had nothing to wear." Her modest wardrobe contained no dress suitable to such an occasion. She went to Bishop McCloskey (now Archbishop of New York), and related her troubles to him. The good Bishop was puzzled at first, but he finally started out, found a dressmaker, and requested her to secure a good, serviceable silk and make it up for the young lady. This was her first silk dress. She has paid for it many times over in munificent contributions to church charities.

The Pope's Household.

According to the *Official Annual* of the Vatican, the household of Pius IX. is composed of 20 majordomos, chamberlains, &c., 180 domestic prelates, 170 supernumerary private attendants, 8 armed ditto, 30 officers, constituting the staff of the Noble Guard, and 60 privates; about 130 supernumerary armed private followers, 20 attendants of honour in violet uniforms, about 70 others for out-ride the city, 14 officers of the Swiss and Palatine Guards, 7 private chaplains, 50 honorary ditto, 7 ditto for outside the city, 20 private priests, and ordinary and supernumerary chaplains; 20 intendants, equerries, &c.; 50 ushers and others. The whole gives 1,160 persons, to which must be added the Sacred College.

Protestant Ministers in Germany.

The following advertisement, which appeared in a Hessian journal, shows the condition of Protestant ministers in some parts of Germany: "A minister's wife, aged forty-two years, the daughter of one of the superior clergy, desires, having previously obtained her husband's permission, to obtain employment as a cook, in consequence of the pressure of circumstances. She has so far brought up five sons and two daughters that they are independent of her, and believes her greater experience will command better wages than those of which either of her daughters could obtain. The name of this unfortunate person is known to the editor."

"The Coming French War of Revenge."

The *Religieuse Militaire* contends once more that in the coming French war of revenge Belgium will necessarily be invaded by the French, and that unless Belgium can oppose 150,000 good troops to the invasion, France could in less than a week throw four army corps into the country to pass into Germany, and menace the lines of the Rhine from Hanover and Westphalia. Under the present condition of mobilisation of the army the *Religieuse Militaire* believes that only 60,000 combatants could be got together in three weeks, which, after deducting a garrison of 20,000 men for Antwerp, and of 5,000 men for Termonde and Diest, would leave only 35,000 combatants to attack the communications of the French.

"No Name."

At the beginning of the French Revolution a marquis, about to quit Paris, was required to give up his name at the barriers. "I am a Monsieur le Marquis de Saint Cyr," he said. "Oh, oh, we have no Monsieurs now!" objected the official of "the sovereign people." "Put me down as the Marquis de Saint Cyr, then." "All titles of nobility are abolished," opposed the stolid Republican. "Call me De Saint Cyr, only," suggested the nobleman. "No person is allowed to have 'De' before his name in these days of equality," explained the servant of the "one and indivisible." "Write Saint Cyr." "That won't do either—all the saints are struck out of the calendar." "Then let my name be Cyr," cried the marquis, in desperation. "Sire!" exclaimed the Republican ("Cyr" is so pronounced)—"that is worse than all. Sires, thank goodness, are quite done away with!"

An Instance of Singular Longevity.

The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* claims the acquaintance of a living Brazilian who was born on the 20th May, 1695, and who is consequently in his 178th year. Don José Martiño Coutinho is, we are assured, still in possession of his mental faculties, and the only bodily ailment he complains of is "stiffness in the leg joints," which, in a gentleman of his years, is hardly to be wondered at. In his youth Coutinho fought as a soldier in Pernambuco against the Dutch, and remembers the most notable facts in the reigns of Don John V., Don José, and Donna Maria

I. It is added that he can count 123 grandchildren, 86 great grandchildren, 23 great great grandchildren, and 20 great, great, great grandchildren, which is, perhaps, the least astonishing part of the story.

A Ritualist Petition.

A petition, already signed by about 1,000 of the Ritualistic clergy, is about to be presented to both Houses of Convocation during the present month. One of its principal objects is to restore the service for Holy Communion contained in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. It appears from some observations on the subject that the Ritualist party derive much encouragement and support from the following quaint prophecy:—

"For full three hundred years and more
Sixth Edward's mass shall be laid low;
When Seventh Edward him doth rayne,
Sixth Edward's mass shall be said agayne."

The New Cable.

A new Atlantic Telegraph Cable is to be commenced during the present year on the principles established by the experiments of Mr. Highton, the eminent electrician, on whom the Society of Arts has conferred a special medal for discoveries in telegraphy. Leading men in telegraphic science advocate the use of light submarine cables, and the present one will weigh only one and a quarter cwt. per nautical mile in water, will sustain twenty miles of its own length, and will be covered only with prepared manilla, which is practically indestructible in salt water. It can be laid by ordinary ships and without machinery. The electric current will be so concentrated by magnetic batteries at the points of indication that distinct powerful and rapid signals can be secured by one-tenth part of the electric force now in use; and the cost of construction and maintenance will be so diminished that messages will be despatched between England and America for one shilling.

Barbarous Nomenclature.

Charles Nordhoff writes in *Harper's Magazine*: "When at Kalama, you enter Washington Territory your ears begin to be assailed by the most barbarous names imaginable. On your way to Olympia by rail, you cross a river called the Shookum-Chuck; your train stops at places named Newakum, Tumwater, and Toutle; and if you seek further you will hear of whole counties labelled Wahklakum, or Shohomish, or Klair, or Klitkatat; and Cowitz, Hookum, and Nenoleops greet and offend you. They complain in Olympia that Washington Territory gets but little immigration; but what wonder? What man, having the whole American continent to choose from, would willingly date his letters from the county of Nenoleops? The village of Tumwater is, as I am ready to bear witness, very pretty indeed; but surely an emigrant would think twice before he established himself either there or at Toutle. Seattle is sufficiently barbarous; Stellooom is no better; and I suspect that the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus has been fixed at Tacoma because it is one of the few places on Puget Sound whose name does not inspire horror and disgust."

Grand Duke Alexis.

In the advance sheets of the Grand Duke Alexis' new book giving an account of his voyage around the world, he says that "American manners are a little awkward and angular, but decidedly pleasant on account of everybody's frankness." He tells a number of curious anecdotes on his experiences with the aborigines. In Washington he was told that the Irish servant-girls at the residence of M. Catacazy were dying to see him. He put on a cap and an old travelling coat, and went unheralded down in the kitchen among them. He was not recognized by the Biddles, and chatted with them for half an hour. He found out that not one of them had an idea where Russia was situated, and one of the girls even asked him if the Czar always wore a crown on his head, adding that she knew the Queen of England always did. Equally amusing is the account of his reception at Omaha, Nebraska, where a member of the Legislature congratulated him on the success of his father in the war with France. Another legislator of that state wanted to know if it was always cold in Russia.

The Spirit of the Rose.

Attar, or ottar, of roses is the uttermost virtue of her—the intense, transcendent spirit of perfume which survives as an immortal essence when the fair flower itself is dead. What, then, is this essence? Even Professor Tyndall, the magician of science, with his tubes of glass and electric beam, has never seen that spirit of the rose. There must, nevertheless, be something which exists and exhales. How else could a little touch of musk spread its keen odor for years and years undiminished? And how else is it that, as good Moslems believe, the scent wafted by the angels' wing-beat still lingers in the pace of the visions of the Prophet? True attar of roses is all but indelible, ineffaceable, immortal. Enthusiasts for the noblest pleasures of the nose must not deem that they inhale this celestial fragrance when they buy those deceitful little bottles of glass and gold cunningly wrapped in Oriental-looking paper and boxes. Veritable attar is not liquid at all, or only liquefies at summer heat, when it appears as a golden-tinted oil or mucilage, too precious to use in a flask or vessel. The erudite Eastern perfumer touches that golden globe with a tuft of pure, snow-clean cotton wool, and it is that impregnated tuft which he sells as the vehicle of fragrance to his delighted customer.

He Would Sing.

A rather singular lawsuit has taken place in North Carolina. It grew out of an effort to stop a good man who couldn't sing from making the attempt in church. The name of the unfortunate lover of song is William Linkins, indicted for misdemeanor, and tried before Russell, Judge at Robeson Superior Court. Defendant was indicted for disturbing a religious congregation. The evidence, as detailed by several witnesses, was substantially this: Defendant is a member of the Methodist Church. He sings in such a way as to disturb the congregation. At the end of each verse his voice is heard after the other singers have ceased. One of the witnesses being requested to describe defendant's singing testified it by singing a verse in the voice and manner of defendant, which "produced a burst of prolonged and irresistible laughter convulsing alike the spectators, the bar, the jury, and the Court." The defendant is reported to be a strict member of the church (Methodist), and a man of the most exemplary deportment. It was not contended by the State upon the evidence that he had any intention or purpose to disturb the congregation, but on the contrary, it was admitted that he was conscientiously taking part in the religious services. There was a verdict of guilty, judgment, and an appeal by the defendant.

Good Living at Low Prices.

The Club des Bons Vivants, in Paris, has just been dissolved. It differed from most institutions of the kind in that ladies were admitted as members, and that it was strictly supported by voluntary contributions. This latter peculiarity was the rock on which the association split. Its members were accustomed to provide for the sumptuous dinners given at the establishment in the following manner: A, giving himself out to be the waiter at a neighbouring eating-house, would look in at a railway station and obtain a fine fowl *à la Marengo*—of course on credit. B, stating that he was sent in all haste from the Diners Européens;

would on the same terms be supplied by a pork butcher with a few pigs' feet *à la Ste. Menchoud*; while C, dressed in a cook's apron and paper cap, separated a truffled turkey from a hotel where a grand dinner was in preparation. So things went on, till one evening as a member of the club was dexterously unhooking a York ham from a shop-front, in company with a colleague who merely secured a sausage, a detective overheard them expressing the satisfaction with which they found themselves thus enabled to fulfil their obligations to the club. The consequence was that the dinner so provided was interrupted by the police, who were not even considerate enough, as a lady, one of the members of the club, remarked, to wait till dessert was over.

Merimee's "Unknown."

Referring to Merimee's "Lettres à une Inconnue," an editorial in the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "The Parisians are interested to learn the name of Merimee's correspondent. Who is the 'Inconnue' to whom he writes, sometimes as a lover, sometimes as a Platonic friend, sometimes like a teacher or an elderly relation, but always with the deep affection which often dwells in reserved natures? He was known to have had several devoted female friends, and romantic stories are told of his attachments; but the gossip of Paris is baffled to find out the name of the lady to whom he wrote for more than twenty years. It is clear that she is an English woman, but that is all we know about her. M. Taine, who has written a fine preliminary essay on Merimee himself, and who may be called the editor of the book, knows as little of the clue to the mystery as the readers. M. About, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, says that on his death-bed Merimee gave his executor four mourning rings, with instructions that they should be sent to four ladies, and one of those ladies is the heroine of the epistle; but the sanctity of his office forbids the executor to say more. The publishers, it was said, were so eager to learn the name that, finding it written on one of the manuscripts, and carefully defaced with ink, they had employed chemical means to reach the hidden words, and an English lady was mentioned as the result of the discovery. But the publishers indignantly deny that they have been guilty of such dishonourable conduct, and it is said that they intend to prosecute the libeller. So the dinner-tables and the literary gatherings of Paris are baffled. M. About tells us, indeed, that M. Alexander Dumas fils, who resents mysteries which he himself cannot fathom, half suspects this 'Inconnue' to have no existence, and Merimee to have written the letters for the deliberate purpose of mystifying posterity."

An Easy Lesson for Woman's Rights.

Dorcas Acres, of Turner, Me., a tailoress by trade, had, by long and patient labour, accumulated money enough to purchase a small house and lot, when she took to herself a husband—Lazarus Lucas—to rule over her. The home was purchased after the marriage with the money Dorcas had earned with her needle. The husband was in feeble health and could earn nothing for their support, so Dorcas worked on at her trade, and supported herself and her husband also. She nursed him when sick, paid his bills, and buried him respectfully when he died, asking no help from his relatives. He left no children and made no will, and Dorcas, being ignorant of law as it affects married women and widows, supposed that the home was hers because she had paid for it with her own earnings. So she kept right on making coats and garments like Dorcas of old; happy, no doubt, in the good work and "aims-deeds" which she did. But this state of things could not last. The two brothers of her dead husband soon began to exercise their control over her, as in duty bound. The woman must be protected (?), if not by her husband then by his nearest male relative. So Dorcas received notice that she could only have her "right of dower" in the little home. "The use of one-third"—the widow's encumbrance. Now Dorcas was only an ignorant woman, and could not understand the justice of a law which could take two-thirds of her earnings from her and give them to relatives of her husband. So she refused to take any legal action in the matter, but as time passed on the brothers made it so uncomfortable for her that she dared not live in the house. But still disinclined to recognize the law which men had made to suit themselves, she set fire to her home and burned it down. She said, "If I cannot have it they shall not." For which crime she was sentenced to the State Prison, and served out the time of her sentence, which I believe was two years.—*Woman's Journal*.

Brazilian Women.

A Rio Janeiro correspondent of the *Providence Journal* declares that handsome women are rare in Brazil, and adds: "The face is generally very plain, and often ugly, and I really believe that because the lack of comeliness is so frequent it is not truly apprehended. The complexion is generally sallow, never clear and fresh, and by no means improved by the abundant use made of cosmetics. If any single feature deserves notice it is the eyes, and yet these do not possess that quality which makes even the plainest eye brilliant; there is no soul looking at you or speaking to you through them. Childhood seems to cover the whole period of physical beauty, and some of the children are most interesting; yet even then the habits and tastes of ignorant and commonly negro nurses are fixed, in place of the impressions of a mother's careful training, and the example of a mother's devoted life. The excessive vanity of girlhood, which seems to be encouraged by the parents rather than restrained; the gratification of the palate with all manner of sweets and condiments; the entire absence of any physical exercise; and, what is more, nothing but weakness inherited, cannot assure any perfect womanhood. Foreign ladies who teach in the schools (private and select schools) have told me that school-girl life in Brazil is in a most lamentable moral condition. A knowledge of French, music, and dancing is all that is considered worth obtaining, and then until marriage—which doesn't come at all to many of them, or if it does come is an arrangement of the parents, and simply changes the place of idleness—they wait, doing nothing, week, month, and year, nothing; they neither study, nor read, nor sew, they do nothing. In the forenoon, in a state of slothful *dishabille*, they dawdle and lounge around the house; in the afternoon they look out of the windows; and this is a national custom, most striking to a stranger, to see them, white and black, high and low, educated and illiterate, hanging out of the windows through the afternoon; indeed, the window seats are filled with cushions that the arms may not become bruised by the continual leaning upon them. In the evening, dressed—and I really believe the taste displayed would give madame Demorest convulsions if not paralysis—they sit and sit, and do nothing else again. Sometimes they speak, and it's wonderful what commonplaces can be uttered and how little can be said when the Brazilian mouth does open. So far as female employment is concerned, does a Brazilian girl labor for her support? No, indeed! She would rather have but one dress and turn it on holidays. Her father would sell his shirt first, and then button up his seely coat. Her mother would die of mortification. And so they live poor and vain, aping an aristocracy by mock attempt at show, the cheap and tawdry emptiness of what is ridiculous. The wealthier, and not less vain, are surrounded with an atmosphere of frigid *hauteur*, through which only members of the clique have the courage to attempt to penetrate. The Brazilian woman develops and matures young, and becomes old while still young. Her moral sensibilities become obscured by the life which exists about her, and into which she may possibly at times get a glance through the customs of her father or her brothers."