



"ENGLISH."

COSTER—"Might I condescend to arst you for a light!"—*Pick-me-up.*

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

ITEMS WHICH ARE PROBABLY ABOUT AS ACCURATE AS THE AVERAGE NEWSPAPER PERSONAL.

IBSEN, the Norwegian dramatist, is inordinately fond of buckwheat pancakes which he eats with pepper and vinegar, and always wears a light blue necktie.

The Czar of Russia amuses himself with amateur photography and insists on taking the likeness of almost everybody with whom he comes in contact. He has translated several of Zola's novels into Russian.

The Duke of Argyle habitually wears lavender pants, a velvet shooting coat and yellow kid gloves. He is nor infrequently mistaken for Mr. Cunningham Graham, to whom he bears a striking resemblance.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is an inveterate punster and given to interlarding her conversation with quotations from her favorite author Euripides.

The poet Swinburne wears a long gray beard and has grown remarkably corpulent. His favorite amusement is standing on Blackfriars bridge and dropping stones down into vessels passing below for which he has been several times fined in the London police courts.

The Prince of Wales is very fond of peanuts, and always carries a pocketful, which he eats on the street. Eating peanuts in public is consequently now regarded as good form in the highest social circles.

Mrs. Annie Besant has large ears, and is always attended in her promenades by two bull-dogs, which were presented to her respectively by Cardinal Manning and Sims Reeves.

The Pope finds recreation in hoeing cabbages, and has few equals as a violinist.

Oscar Wilde celebrated his sixty-first birthday on the 4th ult. He has a strange fancy for the music of the and-organ, and on that occasion retained about a dozen Italian organ-grinders, who played simultaneously for three hours on the lawn in front of his residence at Twickenham.

Edward Bellamy is six feet two inches in height and wears a heavy black moustache. He is an inveterate

poker-player, and lost the entire amount he realized from "Looking Backwards" at a single sitting.

Sir Charles Tupper is a rigid temperance man and vegetarian, and invariably walks three or four miles before breakfast.

John Charlton devotes all his spare time to the study of hypnotism, and will shortly publish a book disclosing some remarkable psychological discoveries.

Sara Bernhardt is thirty-five years of age. She intends passing the summer in a secluded village in South-eastern Roumania, where she can indulge her passion for fishing.

Baron Tennyson devotes most of his spare time to attending baseball matches.

MAUD TO NELL.

A LETTER.

DEAR NELL—I know you are just dying to hear from me. It's funny, isn't it, that you like to hear from me so much more than I like to hear from you? And yet it must be so, dear, for you are not the only one who has noticed the difference. All the boys say the same thing. By the way, I am delighted to hear that you are engaged at last. For a long time, dear, I was really fearful that all your misgivings about your dying an old maid would come true. It's really better to be born lucky than good looking. Look at me. Here I am almost nineteen and not married yet. Of course I have had any number of chances. Your husband that is to be was the poorest offer I ever had. He thinks I accepted him, and he mortified me dreadfully by telling people so. Now don't upbraid him on my account, for he might get angry, and then you would loose the only real chance you ever had. I tell you this, dear, because I am, and always have been, your best friend. I did all I could when he was making love to me to get him to switch off to you, and now that he has done so I want him to marry you just to complete my undertaking. Charlie is a good boy, but such a fool! However, he will make you a good husband. I don't suppose he wants me to return the presents he gave me. You don't, do you? It certainly wouldn't be fair, considering the amount of trouble I have taken to marry you off. The only one of real value is a diamond ring. You have seen it. It is the one worked "Mizpah." I showed it to you and pretended at the time that I thought a great deal of it. Of course I didn't. Perhaps I ought to give it back to him. Then he could give it to you and it would save his buying another. That would be so much towards starting housekeeping. How poor you will have to be for a time! Still, it's better than being an old maid.

By the way, papa wants me to sue Charley for breach of promise. I won't do it, of course. I couldn't sue for less than \$10,000, and if I got half of that it would leave you almost nothing to begin life on. I am too much a friend of yours to do any such thing. There is one thing I wish you would do, though. And you ought to do it just to please me. Make Charley come to see me and have a talk with me. I think he misunderstood me. I misunderstood him. I know I did. Do make him come. You know I would do anything for you.—MAUD.

—Tom Hall in Munsey's.

WATER STATE O' THINGS.

ARE those the slips that I gave you the other day, that are still in water? Why don't you plant them?"
"They are planted! That's city water!"