

English Jottings.

Colonel Eaton, in command of the Guards in Bermuda, has just written a letter to the chairman of the Coventry Conservative Association, resigning his position as the candidate of the party. Mr. H. C. Richards, who contested Northampton in 1884 and 1885 against Mr. Bradlaugh, is spoken of as a likely candidate against Mr. W. H. Ballantine, M. P.

A lying spirit seems to be prompting the work of some of the agencies for circulating news. A leading sporting paper was "sold" last week by a telegram received announcing the death of Lady de Ros, and that dear old lady has since had the uncommon privilege of reading numberless obituary notices of herself in the daily papers. Similar has been the experience of Bowden, the Surrey cricketer, and Miss Annie Oakley, the famous shot of Buffalo Bill's show. The latter, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Graphic*, died at Buenos Ayres, but unfortunately for the veracity of the correspondent, Miss Oakley was a few days ago living, hale and strong, at Ashford, in Kent. Some ills have compensating pleasures. The crack female shot of the world has by now read many of the nice things that have been said over the grave which the newspapers had dug for her.

THE 1st Border Regiment is back again in England after an absence of fifteen years. They came from India, and are now to be quartered at Dover. The regiment is 700 strong, but out of this number only nine men remain in it who belonged to it when the regiment left England. By a stupid official blunder, the men on landing were still wearing the Indian Service helmet. The natural result was that they suffered severely from the cold. Surely it is someone's business to look after these matters!

An English Society paper told its readers *all* about tobogganing the other day. We extract the last paragraphs.

You can flirt on the ice, certainly; but how can Phyllis chide you for the soft nothings you whisper in her ear as you speed through the air on a toboggan together, when she knows that with a tilt of the body you can plant her heels uppermost in a snowdrift?

And then how exhilarating. Take one of those light toboggans they use in the Engadine; take a pair of sparkling eyes to share the danger—you have to sit curled up like a Chinese puzzle—and start at the top of a slope. You go faster and faster till she gets a bit nervous, and seizes you round the neck. Then your thoughts wander from steering to something else, and your toboggan runs into the stump of a tree. It stops with a jerk and you do not. Splendid!

This paragraph is for ladies only. Gentlemen will please take the next turning and pass on. Do not put on your best things when you go tobogganing, or you will regret it. Put on the jacket of the year before last that you are keeping for the poor. But be very particular about your *lingerie*, and play your best trump in the way of stockings. You know what we mean. Tree-stumps and snowdrifts turn up in the most unexpected places; and—one never knows who may be looking. You are not angry, are you?

Poor old Senora de Tacon, the governess of the little King of Spain and tried friend of the Regent, has come to a sad end. That restive little mortal, Alphonso XIII., was amusing himself after his usual lively fashion, and the aged Countess was taking care of him, one day lately, when the impetuous young Monarch skipped up upon a table, intending to jump down therefrom upon the floor. Senora de Tacon sprang forward to catch him, when, unluckily, the table overbalanced, and the old lady and the little boy both fell.

Of course, the first anxieties were for His Little Majesty, who, sobered by his downfall, lay so quiet under the voluminous skirts of his governess, that everyone fancied he must be injured. It was found that he was unhurt by the disaster, whereas Madame de Tacon was injured internally and terribly the worse for, the

shock. She was eighty-one years of age, and it speedily became evident that she could not rally from the effects of this unhappy accident. The event has thrown a sad gloom over Madras Society, where the winter season had just opened rather brilliantly, the Queen having given a State concert and commenced her usual winter receptions.

Better alone than in bad company. So thought a French Mayor the other day, who for many years has enjoyed the felicities of matrimony. He invited last week all his and his wife's relatives to a family dinner, the guests were punctual and numerous, and a very good dinner was served them. At the dessert the Mayor made a speech, declaring that he lived on bad terms with his wife, in consequence, by mutual consent, they had decided to separate; but in quite a friendly way. The lady then rose and made the same marvellous declaration, when the Mayor with the greatest *sang-froid*, gave his wife an envelope in which was enclosed her dot (the fortune which she had brought him). After this solemn restitution the husband and wife both went their way, leaving their guests dumb with astonishment at the unexpected "dessert" they had received. The above is a fact and the only remark we may be allowed to make is that certainly a monument ought to be raised to these phenomena of good sense and phlegm.

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