

A Benevolent "Old Salt."

On a certain winter's day, not many years since, an uncommonly cold northwestern blast battered the Atlantic coast. Over toward the sand-dunes which protect a particular bay from the sea a man is fighting his way across the frozen surface in the face of the bitter gale. His objective is a house on the midland near the shore. The contrast between the luxurious warmth and coziness of the interior of this house, and the cold desolation which prevails without would furnish ample material for the modern artistic "symphony" in color. After a hard struggle the man reaches the shore; under his arm flutters a paper parcel.

He enters the kitchen of this particular house, and with merely a nod to the cook seats himself in silence by the fire. He is perhaps sixty years of age—an ancient mariner whom many battles with the elements have rendered uncommonly reticent and uncommunicative. His head is bald, but an enormous tuft upon the chin makes amends for this deficiency, and adds to the grim solemnity of his appearance. At a recent revival, after fifty years' practical contemplation of life in various portions of the globe, he experienced religion. Friends and his dead wife's mother had hoped that under this soothing influence he might develop more genial methods of expression; but he was a man, as we have said, in whom experience had confirmed a natural reticence. When the moment arrived in which by some sign or word of mouth he was, before the assembled multitude, to show his ripeness for grace, a great silence fell on the congregation. With no change of countenance he arose in his place, faced to the northeast, the point from which he had always encountered the hardest gales, and roared out, as if addressing a man at the mast-head, "Look a here! I want religion, and I'm bound to have it!" This said, he dropped back into seat, silent, and grim. No change was observed in his deportment; he had satisfied the exigencies of the conventional village life. Under no influence could he be induced to alter or soften the angles of his brief but emphatic vocabulary. On the particularly cold day which I have mentioned he was moved by another sentiment, for snugly tucked in blankets on the upper floor of the house in which he was then seated, a newly born infant lay sleeping. From the mother, surrounded by every attainable luxury and comfort, this ancient mariner had once accepted a signal service, for which, up to this time, he had never given any sign of appreciative recognition. On this occasion for twenty minutes or more he sat by the fire grimly ruminating. Finally he started up, and taking from under his arm the package which he had thus jealously guarded during the entire session, he advanced and placed it on the table.

"Look a here," he said to the cook, "I understand Y—'s woman (Angie's wife) 'as how to with a baby—here he paused, and nodded assent to his own statement, in the direction of the northeast. "Look a here" (confidentially), "wimmin is mighty onertain at them times, so I fetched this 'ere off the beach, a-thinkin' she might like suthin' sorter tasty." This said, he rescated himself in solemn silence by the fire. An examination of the "suthin' sorter tasty," which was enveloped in a thoroughly thumb-ed copy of the county paper, revealed a well-sanded salt mackerel—a waif washed on the beach from a recent wreck off the coast.

A Gambler's Method of Winning

A German baron, who had been playing heavily at "makao," at the Peath National Casino, and had, during a few months, won \$40,000, was discovered cheating recently in a very curious way. He always appeared anxious to "take the bank," by which means he of course always dealt. He kept down the pile of bank notes in front of him with a polished silver tobacco-box. He dealt over this, and could thus see the cards he dealt his players reflected in the lid of the box. A certain general of the staff observed this, and begged for the loan of the box to roll a cigarette. This request he frequently repeated, and observed that when the box was away the baron had variable luck like the others. The lucky gambler, a well-known racing man and of excellent family, is to be prosecuted as a common swindler.

LAST week a professional man addressed an Irish artisan, who was waiting in his boat, rather brusquely. "Halloo, you fellow—do you want me?" The answer was neat: "No, your honor, I am waiting for a gentleman."

ABOUT EMINENT PEOPLE.

NINA BOUCICAULT, the youngest daughter of Agnes Robertson, is said to be predestined for an irresistible soubrette actress. She is receiving her education to that end in France and Germany, is small in stature, small-featured, has a *nez retroussé*, and fine hazel eyes.

THE present voyage of the Prince of Wales's sons includes Madeira, Brazil, the Falklands, San Francisco, Vancouver's Island, the Sandwich Islands, China, and Japan. Their great-great-grandfather, George III., never even saw the sea until he was 50.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria, who in council sits and makes his ministers stand, often wakes his old chamberlain at three o'clock in the morning to play billiards, and if he dares to yawn he is soon made to feel the weight of the royal displeasure.

MISS MINNIE HARR has been spending her vacation in the south of France, Switzerland, and the Black Forest. She is now to sing through the principal Continental cities, after which she contemplates a season of concerts in London and the Provinces, as other English towns are styled.

MR. LONGMAN, the well known publisher of London has sold his estate at Farnborough Hill to the ex-Empress EUGENIE for \$250,000. It consists of 257 acres and a picturesque mansion. The ex-Empress intends to build on the property a memorial chapel to receive the bodies of the ex-Emperor and the late Prince Imperial.

It is related as characterizing the parties given by Lady Borthwick that at one of them there were present the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Mary and the Duke of Fock, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Crown Prince of Austria, Prince Ibrahim of Egypt, Midhat Pasha, Stanley and Cameron, the African travellers, and that at the same one Lady Waldegrave became acquainted with the Prince Imperial and Count Schouvaloff.

MR. CHILDERS, First Lord of the Admiralty in England, has been making his holiday tour in Ireland, accompanied by his family. There have been spontaneous demonstrations in all the towns through which he has passed in the west and south of Ireland, and innumerable addresses have been presented. Personally unknown in Ireland, Mr. Childers has received these compliments as the representative of Mr. Gladstone's Government.

LORD VERNON, the father of Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, and great grandfather of Sir William Harcourt, was walking one day with a little boy, the son of his parkkeeper, in his park at Sudbury in Derbyshire, when a stag ran out from a herd of red deer, and desperately attacked him. Lord Vernon caught his assailant by the horns, and held him with great difficulty while the little boy, aged seven years, groped in his master's pocket for a penknife, with which, following Lord Vernon's instructions, he cut the stag's throat, dividing the jugular vein.

MR. RUSKIN will soon find himself unable to visit Venice, as well as America, for aesthetic reasons, as they propose to put steam-launches on the canals there. But he may be well content to stay at his beautiful home; it is called Brantwood, and is situated among the waters and mountains of the English lake country. His house is full of treasures, valuable manuscripts, among them that of Scott's *Peutis of the Peak*, ancient missals exquisitely ornamented, paintings by Titian and by Meissonier, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Portrait of Angelica Kauffman, and a unique collection of Turners.

OFFENBACH had a taste for magnificence, and liked truth in the material order of things. It was his cherished ambition to found a theatre in which there would be no shams. After the war he realized his wish, and was runned by it. La Gaito was his Abbot'sford Stage accessories in Gounod's "Jeanne d'Arc," "La Haine" of Sardou, and "Giovio de Brabant" were what they professed to be. In a short time the manager had to liquidate and to sell his stage accessories at a loss of 87 per cent. He with difficulty met the demands of his creditors, and he would have been obliged to pass through the Bankruptcy Court if his wife had not placed in his hands a treasure she had hoarded unknown to any one. A very large number of persons believed he had the evil eye, the terrible *Jettatura* of the south of Italy. The well known poet and critic, Theodore de Banville, is said to have always carefully avoided mentioning the name of Offenbach in any of his articles for fear of evil consequences.

Pecuniary Independence.

We talk a great deal about our political, intellectual, moral, and social independence: all the world has heard us talk about them. We do not enjoy them as much, perhaps as we think. How much independence of thought has the journalist, for instance, who must bid for an audience, the author whose first thought must be to please or to offend the orator who must repeat the stock notions of his hearers, the professor who has to reconcile evolution with theology; how much liberty of action has the voter who depends upon a government salary, or who is in a politician's employ? We can not very seriously blame these people, to whom independence often means starvation. What I want to set in clear light is this: that independence in life and thought depends, more than we like to believe, upon pecuniary independence; it is not to be had by wishing merely. Individuals there are, and always will be, who will suffer for their moral or intellectual independence; but communities will be what circumstances make them. Thus again, I want to set in clear light: that we are as a community, deficient, in spite of all our national wealth, and unnecessarily deficient, in the best part of independence—the power to enjoy our lives. In this respect we are behind our friends in France, with their two millions of people living upon their incomes.

These two millions of people are not, for the most part, either idle, or frivolous, or wealthy people. Many of them live in the cities, but more of them are quiet people living on their modest properties in the country, and enjoying their competence in a rational way—enjoying friendships, social pleasures, family affections, and all the kindly observances of home life in a way that we have little idea of—in a way that the tourist of Paris sees nothing of. We have much to learn from the French, and among the things that we have to learn are some that may surprise us. One of these things is the comfort, the unity, and the permanence of French homes. The French home and family, their happiness, their unity, their permanence, these have been developed by the combined industry, thrift, and domestic sentiment of the most intelligent people in Europe, and especially by its great middle class. We have the significant testimony of Prince Bismark "that the French nation has a solidity such as no other nation of Europe enjoys," and Mr. Matthew Arnold, from whose *Mixed Essays* I quote, adds: "This can only come from the broad basis of well-being, and of cause for satisfaction with life, which in France, more than in other countries, exists." If we had two millions of people, or one million, who were enjoying a competence, earned or inherited, can it be doubted that we should be a happier people, and a better one, than we are? France and the United States have this important feature in common—in each country nearly one-half of the people live directly by agriculture; but our country homes and families have not attained the comfort or the permanence of these—T. M. COAN, in *Harper's Magazine for November*.

Milk Poisoned by Sewage Water.

(From the Liverpool Post.)

What appears to be a terrible case of milk poisoning is reported from Rochdale. There has been an alarming outbreak of typhoid fever in the town lately, upward of twenty persons being infected, of whom eight are known to have died. From investigations made it seems that the families in which the deaths occurred were all supplied with milk from a particular farm. An examination of the farm premises in question led to the discovery that there was a well under the kitchen in which sewage water was found, while in front of the farm buildings was a cesspool in a filthy state. The borough medical officer of health, at an inquest of one of the victims of the poisoned milk, said no doubt the milk from the farm in question, polluted by the sewage water, had caused the outbreak of typhoid fever which proved so fatal.

THE apparent cause of the downfall of John A. Woodward, who has absconded with \$82,000 from the Boston city treasury, was an actress known as Imogene. Her maiden name was Amy Louise Knowlton. He fell in love with her, married her, maintained her in a costly home when she stayed in Boston, and paid the heavy losses of her unsuccessful tour as a star. The Boston *Herald* says that some of the bills which Woodward had to meet were for breakage in hotels when his wife got drunk.

GENERAL.

"I AM satisfied with my lot," said a real estate owner who held a piece of city ground worth \$5,000 a foot.

THE Earl of Cawdor and party, numbering six guns, recently succeeded in bagging the extraordinary number of 566 hares in one day. Gamekeepers and gillies were, of course, unable to carry them, and they were conveyed to the castle in carts.

DEAD Lake, in California, is peculiar in having no visible outlet, though a large stream runs into it. The Indians believe that it is bottomless and marks the spot where a wicked tribe once sank into the ground. No Indian can be induced to go near it.

AN important piece of patronage is likely to fall this year into the hands of the Emperor of China. The Grand Lama of Thibet, the personified god of the country, is dangerously ill, and the priests have addressed a memorial to the Emperor of China praying him to elect a successor to whom the dying Lama can impart his divine attributes, or rather his soul, which is supposed to be that of Tzon Jappas, the founder of this branch of Buddhism. The nomination of a successor remains with the Emperor of China as suzerain of Thibet, and the appointment, if it may be so called, is a valuable one, the income of the Lama been over \$2,000,000. The Lama lives in a magnificent palace, the roof of which is covered with gold, and in it there are several hundred idols of the same metal.

LONDON has a police force of 10,911 men, and furnish a large field for their work. During the past ten years 190 persons have been killed by light wagons, and 7,902 wounded; 474 killed and 4,144 injured by heavy carts; and omnibuses and street cars have killed 151 and injured 1,655. Each year there are nearly 10,000 children and more than 3,000 adults reported to the police as lost or missing. Last year about two-thirds of the children and one-fifth of the adults were found and restored to their friends by the police; the remainder returned home, or were found, dead or alive, with the exception of 141 adults and 25 children, of whose whereabouts no intelligence has ever been received. Last year 259 persons committed suicide, and 404 others attempted self-destruction, but were prevented from so doing.

THE last survivor of the Medusa has just died at Bordeaux. Cesar Alphonse Henry was born at Paris in 1813, and three years afterward his father embarked in the Medusa with his whole family of eight persons. Every one knows the fate of the Medusa. Of its living freight of 450 souls, 175 were put on the raft which Geracault has rendered memorable in his picture, 16 remained on board, and 260 took to the boats and gained the African coast, nearly 100 miles from the French settlement at St. Louis. The Henry family were among these last. The three-year-old child walked part of the way across the burning, waterless sands; part of the way he was carried by the sailors. The little caravan strewed its route with corpses, but the survivors arrived safely at St. Louis, and among them was the Henry family, safe and well from the eldest to the youngest—a result mainly due to the remarkable energy of the father.

A LION tamer in a menagerie at San Francisco gave a *Chronicle* reporter some cruel facts about the training of beasts. He said there was real danger in the business. He had seen two men killed, and was badly bitten once himself; but he charged these mishaps to carelessness, and too much mercy. "You learn to tell," he explained, "what kind of a temper the beasts are in, and conduct yourself accordingly. It ain't hard to dodge them. If they spring straight at you all you've got to do is to jump a little on one side, and if they dive high for your throat you dive under 'em. There's never more than one goes for you at a time, and that don't occur often. The wild ones are better and safer. This is because a lion used to a cage and to being poked and teased is less afraid of you. I'd sooner handle ten lions just from the jungles than one that's used to the public. When I first got into a cage of untamed ones I'd have a fire near by, with three or four iron rods in it, red hot. If the beasts go for me, the men stand ready to jab the iron into their mouths and make 'em let go." He scouted the idea that lions could be governed except by fear, excited by inhuman treatment. He tried never to err on the side of gentleness, and had recently killed a lion by striking it a little too hard on the head.