

to find anywhere in the wide world fairer, sweeter, lovelier maidens than they. Whenever I read of the 'dark-skinned Creole' a smile crosses my face, and I wish the reader's eyes could rest upon my 'rosebud garden of girls.'

As I write these lines a dainty Creole maiden enters my presence. She has come like a gleam of sunshine athwart a murky sky, to chase away the clouds which sometimes surround me; and truly she is a fair vision to gaze upon, sitting where the sun shines full upon her, revealing the glint of gold in her wavy brown hair, which ripples above a broad, fair brow. Her pearly cheeks are slightly tinged by the sun's kisses, and her eyes, of 'passionless, peaceful blue,' are gazing tenderly upon me, utterly unconscious of her own picturesque loveliness. The mind of this gentle girl is as pure and bright as her face. Altogether she is one of earth's fairest flowers.

"I have lived among the Creoles nearly all my life, but I am not one of them. I am what they call 'an American.' Why that term should not be applied to them is a mystery which I cannot solve. I have a penchant for Creole girls. They are usually dainty and refined, sensitive and sympathetic, light-hearted and sunny-tempered. Then the marks of deference they pay to old age is truly something to be admired, and might well be imitated by many of my American sisters. A Creole girl rarely ever sullies her lips with that slang which is so generally used nowadays. She is usually reared in seclusion, and her days glide by peacefully and tranquilly. This tranquility is seldom disturbed by a storm cloud. She is content to remain at home, where there is always a wide field of action, and 'do her duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call her.'

"There are many other fine characteristics which the Creole girl possesses, and I regret that I have not time to mention them. I have had to steal the moments to write even these few lines. But before closing this article I must admit that the majority of Creoles are dark; there are many nutbrown maidens, but some of them are 'fair, very fair.'"

THE VATICAN.

The Vatican at Rome is a collection of buildings, erected at various times and for different purposes, consisting of a Papal residence, a library and a museum. The first residence of the Popes was built by St. Symmachus (498-514). This ancient palace was rebuilt in the thirteenth century by Innocent III., and greatly enlarged by Nicholas III. (1277-1231); but the Lateran continued to be the Papal residence, and the Vatican palace was used only on state occasions, and for the reception of any foreign sovereigns visiting Rome. While the Popes resided in Avignon, France, (1309-1377), the Lateran palace fell into decay; and, for the sake of greater security afforded by the vicinity of the fortress of St. Angelo, it was determined to make the Pontifical residence at the Vatican, and the first conclave was held there in 1378. The length of the Vatican palace is 1,151 English feet, its breadth 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and is said to contain 11,000 apartments of different sizes. The small portion of the Vatican inhabited by the Pope is never seen except by those who are admitted to a special audience. Two hundred and fifty-five Popes are reckoned from St. Peter to Pius IX., inclusive. The library of the Vatican was founded by the early Popes, but greatly augmented in modern times. It is the oldest and most celebrated library in Europe. The noble hall is of splendid architectural proportions, surrounded by an immense double gallery, the whole adorned with frescoes, busts, statues and columns, but no books or manuscripts are to be seen; they are all inclosed in cabinets of painted wood. The number of printed books does not exceed 40,000; but the collection of manuscripts is the finest in Europe, and is said to amount to upward of 25,000. The Museum of Art is the finest in the world. Among its paintings are several of the most famous of the old masters. It contains also 10,000 pieces of statuary, yet so ample is the space that it nowhere appears crowded.

HERE AND THERE.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and the venerable Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, once had an appointment to see a statue of Eurydice. Dr. Holmes arrived first, and, when a few moments later his friend drove up in a buggy, he greeted him with the obvious pun, "Ah, you rid I see!" Dr. Peabody was much pleased with this sally, and, on his return home, attempted to repeat it to his family. "Dr. Holmes was extremely witty this afternoon," he said. "We went to see the Eurydice, and, when I drove up, he said, quick as a flash, 'Ah, doctor, I see you came in a buggy.'"

WHAT THE CZAR AND CZARINA READ.—The Emperor of Russia has decorated several French authors, and has thereby offended the Germans, some of whose principal writers would also have been decorated, no doubt, but for the fact that neither the Emperor nor the Empress ever reads German. His Majesty's favourite authors are Dumas père, Balzac, Paul de Kock, and Edmond About; while the Empress likes Prosper Mérimée, Victor Hugo, and Octave Feuillet; and she also reads many English works, preferring those of Dickens, Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins. They are both particularly fond of Lever's novels, and "Ten Thousand a Year" and "Valentine Vox" are constantly taken up by them, and "Vivian Gray" and "Henrietta Temple" are also favourites.

OF THE HOME OF THOMAS A-KEMPIS, a writer says: "Situated in a flat expanse of the Rhine province, close to the frontier of Holland, and about two hours' railroad ride to the northwest of Cologne, is the little town of Kempen, with about 5,000 inhabitants, and much given up to the iron industry, which has flourished there from some time out of mind. Kempen is a name Germanized from the ancient Latin designation of the place *Campi*—"the fields"—for this region along the Rhine was brought under Roman dominion almost with the beginning of our era, and was one of the first to accept the Christian religion. As early as the period of the Pepins it was a centre of Christian zeal, and Cologne, which is the seat of the diocese to which Kempen belongs, is still called 'the Northern Rome.'"

SAN PIETRINI.—The men employed about the dome and roof of St. Peter's are called San Pietrini. They dwell upon the roof. Most of them were born there, as were generations of their kind gone before. There are forty-one of them—twenty regular employés, seventeen supernumeraries, two aspirants to the place of supernumerary, and two who do only sweeping and cleaning. The illumination of the dome and cupola used to take over 300 men. Extra hands were hired for the occasion from trades and occupations in which labour is done at dizzy heights, and they were set to work under the direction of the San Pietrini. Every precaution was taken against accidents. The writer's informant, a San Pietrino, grown old and grey in the service, said that though oftentimes some of the men employed were careless, yet during the forty-four years preceding 1870 only three men, all of them San Pietrini, had lost their lives by falling.

THE LATE SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.—The death is announced of Sir (William) Frederick Pollock, late Queen's Remembrancer. Sir Frederick has been gradually sinking for the last month. The illness, which seems to have been more of a gradual collapse than any specific disease, dates from last spring. The eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Chief Baron Pollock, he was born in 1815, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree in 1838, and M.A. in 1840. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1838, and was appointed a Master of the Court of Exchequer in 1846, Queen's Remembrancer in 1874, and Senior Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature when the Judicature Act came into operation. These offices he resigned in 1886. He was well known in the world of letters. In 1854 he published a translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" in blank verse, line for line; and in 1875 he edited "Macready's Reminiscences."



Large stockings are not as fashionable as they were before Christmas.

"My dear wife," murmured paterfamilias as he looked at the dressmaker's bill.

No one has ever yet been able to explain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing, but the subject is being constantly investigated.

If there is anything which will make a young man query whether evolution is not a failure, it is to see a pretty girl kiss a pug dog.

Many a man who thinks he is marrying the lady finds out, in the course of three or four years afterward, that he has got the tiger instead.

From Froebel, the widow of the pioneer kindergartner, receives a pension of \$3,000 marks. This was one of the last acts of Emperor Frederick.

Miss Parantalstem (aged 35): So you are going to get married at last, Pauline? Pauline: Yes, dear; I should think it was about time; you know I'm twenty-four.

Something in a name. Madge: "So you've named the mare after me, Jack, you dear, silly boy!" Jack: "Rather; she's the fastest little thing in the county."

"I—aw—wahnt a tie, doncherknow, to match my eyes." "Let me see. Blue eyes and—er—sorry, sir, but our blue ties with red edges are all sold. Have some in next week."

There is no doubt that an active politician can be an honest man if he tries, but there is a serious question whether he can be an honest man and still keep on being an active politician.

Customer: Here's something in my chicken salad, waiter, that looks a good deal like feathers. Waiter: Dat cahn't be poss'ble, sah. Customer: Why not? Waiter: Kase calves don' hab no feathers.

A petition is being circulated among the business men of New York who patronize the elevated road, requesting the guards not to kill more than one member of a family, except in cases of absolute necessity.

The Wife was not Incredible, But— Blotterwick: I see that the bustle is no longer worn. His Wife: Where did you see that, my dear? Blotterwick (meekly): When you see it in the street just let me know.

Unusually High: "Hubbard, how's the colonel to-day?" "W'y, de doctah say, sah, he temp'atuah a hun'ered and eight, and he fevah—" "Temperature a hundred and eight!" "Yes, sah, a hun'erd an' eight in de shade."

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me anything you have been thankful for in the past year? Johnny (without hesitation): Yessur. Teacher: Well, Johnny, what is it? Johnny: Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't lick us for two months.

Mr. Staylate: Y-a-as. I hate those—an—simple-minded country people that show everything they feel. Miss West-end: It is a mere matter of training. One of the first things I taught was the art of appearing interested when bored half to death.

Bobby: Ma, did pa spend a good deal of time at the dentist's when he was in New York? Mother: I didn't know that he was at the dentist's at all, Bobby. Why? Bobby: I heard him tell Mr. Smith that it cost him over a hundred dollars to get his eye-teeth out.

First benedict: "Yes, it is mighty quiet at home. When wife and I are alone in the evening you could hear the clock tick." Second benedict (unhappily wedded to a temper): "The silence is still more oppressive at my house. When wife and I are alone you can only hear the broomstick."

New Chicago Pastor: "Of what State is your husband a native, Mrs. Veneer?" Mrs. Veneer, of Chicago: "Connecticut, I believe, sir." "Do you know in what part of the State he was born?" "I don't think he was ever born, sir—I so often hear him speak of himself to others as a self-made man."

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher in the class of definitions. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up and the owner of it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

They were packing Mr. Billus's trunks for a journey. "There's just room in that corner for this Bible, John," said Mrs. Billus. "I'd like to take it," he replied, as he put the book regretfully aside, "but I can't conscientiously do it, and leave that box of cigars, Maria. They would be a temptation to Tommy."

A Statesman's Trials.—Stranger (to eminent statesman): "Will you promise me—" Eminent Statesman: "Really, sir, I can promise nothing. So many applications are made—" "But I only wanted you to promise that you will meet a party of friends of mine at nine o'clock to eat some oysters, you know." "Certainly, my dear sir, certainly."