

## "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

AN IDYLL LOUIS-QUINZE.

"Réveillez-vous, belle endormie."—DUFRESNY.

SCENE.—A Corridor in a Château.

THE MARQUIS

on tip-toe, and carrying a rose).

This is the place, Lisette said here,  
 "Through the Diana room, and near  
 The fifth Venetian chandelier—"  
 The jade! There are but four.

(Humming.)

Tra-la, tra-la. If Bijou wake,  
 So much the worse—she'll spoil my shake.  
 I'll tap, I think. One can't mistake,  
 This surely is the door.

(Sings softly.)

"From the dark reign of Sleep and Night  
 Return, Marquise, to bless our sight—  
 Return—redawn, Aurore!"

"Like Cytherea from the sea,  
 From your white couch arise and be  
 Our Queen of hearts, Aurore!"

(Aside.)

No sound? I'll tap once more.

(Sings again.)

"Love brings you here a gift—a Rose,  
 Dewed as your eyes that now uncloze—  
 Pink as your lips, Aurore!"

(A rustling within.)

Coquette! she heard before.

(Sings.)

"Like you, more sweet from sleep reborn,  
 Its breathing beauty flits the morn—  
 So fill our hearts, Aurore!"

(Aside.)

That merits an Encore.

AN ENERGETIC VOICE.

"Tis thou, Antoine? Ah Thief—ah Bête—  
 Ah Scoundrel valet, always late—  
 Have I not told thee half-past eight,  
 A thousand times! But wait—but wait—  
 Rogue—Pig—"

THE MARQUIS (recoiling stupefied.)

What hideous roar,  
 Just skies! The infamous moubrette!  
 Here is a turn I shan't forget—  
 To make me sing my chansonnette  
 Before old Jourdain's door!

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## A New Mitrailleuse.

A new mitrailleuse has just been tried at Coire, in the Grisons. The barrels instead of clustering around a centre are placed horizontally, thus delivering the balls like a platoon of infantry instead of in a cluster. Twenty rounds were fired in a minute, but the inventor, Colonel Albertini, of the Austrian army, maintains that forty-five rounds can be fired each minute and that his mitrailleuse will cost one-sixth less than the one actually in use.

## Caution To Critics.

Recently in the river Clyde was found the body of a young man who is supposed to have committed suicide in consequence of having seen in the "Answers to Correspondents" the following cruel notice of a poetic effusion which he had sent to a local journal:—"We are afraid, or rather we have no hesitation in saying, that the gods have not made you poetical. But what of that? You say you 'seldom go out at night.' Therein you make a mistake; you ought to go out regularly—to an evening school."

## "Prison Editor" Wanted.

The post of editor in Switzerland is by no means an enviable one if we are to judge by the following advertisement quoted by the *Continental Herald* from the *Confidéré de Fribourg*, which is annoyed by the new Press laws:—"In the critical situation in which we are placed, that of being condemned to imprisonment at any moment, we find ourselves under the necessity of opening to competition the post of responsible editor of the journal.—Occupation: to pass a part of the year in prison, and the remainder in doing nothing."

## Points Of Cats.

A few words in regard to the points of a cat, for this animal has points as well as a horse or a dog. Of all colours, says an English writer, we infinitely prefer the tortoiseshell, with white feet and breast. Cats of this colour are always docile, affectionate, tidy, and good mousers. They are always long-lived. Grey cats are quickest tempered. Black cats are slowest. Maltese cats are not so cleanly in their habits as those of other species. Large ears denote sagacity. A long tail is a sign of a hunter. Yellow eyes with very small sights are not so desirable as greyish eyes, half covered by the black pupils.

## The Rival Managers.

A Rowland-and-Oliver conflict took place between two Scotch managers, whose establishments were both in the same building—one having a theatre on the basement. The basement manager got up the "Battle of Waterloo" as a spectacle, with plenty of gunpowder, and very nearly blew up, whilst he all but suffocated the audience overhead. Nothing daunted, the manager on the first floor produced the grand historico-aquatic drama of the "Battle of Trafalgar," with real water, with a view, as he candidly confessed, of "drowning the auld deevil underneath."

## Duelling Authorized In High Places.

The German Emperor has issued a strange edict to his officers, enjoining their implicit obedience to a code of honour which he has drawn up for the regulation of duelling. He draws a line between duels in which German officers are to be compelled or permitted to fight à outrance and others in which they are to be drawn off after their honour (!) has been avenged by flesh wounds. And yet the Sovereign who draws up this code of military honour does so in open defiance of the civil law, which prohibits duelling. The Emperor authorizes—nay, insists that his officers shall fight duels, which the law strictly inhibits.

## A Vindictive Queen.

Henry Carey, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget the answer. Some time after he solicited a peerage, and reminded the Queen that she had promised it to him. "True," she said, "but that was a woman's promise."

## Outwitting An Audience.

A conjuror at Novara having announced his intention of eating a living being during his performance, a tremendous audience assembled to witness the act. As soon as he appeared and asked if any one was ready to be eaten, three young men jumped on to the stage. Thereupon he said although he had promised to eat a living person he had not promised to eat him with his clothes on. Two of the volunteers disappeared forthwith, but the third remained and proceeded to undress himself. When this operation was completed the conjuror remarked that it would be remembered if he promised to eat a man alive he had not undertaken to eat him raw. The third volunteer now made off, but the house was indignant, and the unlucky trickster had to escape by a side door with the assistance of the police.

## A Novel Plaster.

In the Paris flower markets may now be seen country-women offering bunches of white lily flowers for sale. A great number of these are purchased—the reader may think as political emblems—not so, they are to preserve in brandy. The petals are pulled off one by one and put into wide-mouthed pickle bottles containing ordinary eau-de-vie. They are kept in this way from year to year. When any one receives a cut or wound a brandied lily-petal is produced, applied to the place, and fastened there with a bandage. Very powerful healing virtue is attributed to this floral plaster; and so general is the belief, that many grocers' shops keep in stock a glass jar of lily petals, which they retail at a sou a piece. But it is more probable the benefit proceeds rather from the stimulating action of the brandy than from any virtue extracted from the flower.

## Practising What He Preached.

This story is told of Rev. Mr. Herrick, once settled at Worthington, Mass.: He collected his own salary, for which every voter in the town was assessed, and calling on Mr. D., the blacksmith, one day, he said: "I have a small bill against you." "And for what?" "For preaching." "For preaching?" said Mr. D. "I have heard none of your preaching." "The fault is your own," said Mr. H. "The doors have been open, and you might have come in." Not long after, as Mr. H. was one day passing the blacksmith shop, Mr. D., hailing him, said, "I have a small bill against you." "And for what?" said Mr. H. "For shoeing your horse," replied Mr. D. "For shoeing my horse? I have had no horse shod here," said Mr. H. "The fault is your own," replied Mr. D. "The doors have been open, and you might have come in." Mr. H. paid the bill and passed on.

## Photographing Sea-Depths.

Dr. Newmayer recently exhibited before the Berlin Geographical Society an apparatus designed by the aid of photography to determine the temperature and set of the currents at the bottom of the sea. The apparatus consists of a copper box, containing a rudder to be acted on by the current, a compass, and a thermometer. Sensitized paper is put in the box, in such a position that when light is introduced into the box shadows of the rudder, compass, needle, and mercury column will be thrown on the paper. When the box reaches the bottom of the sea an electric current is sent down to the box to produce sufficient light to act upon the sensitized paper and fix the shadows of the indicators. The shadows of the compass, needle, and rudder, when compared, will show the set of the current, and the shadow of the mercury column its position at the time light was introduced.

## An Ornithological Babbage.

The *Baltimore American* says: "A wonderful performance is done by a parrot in a street exhibition of trained birds now being given here. This bird walks to the centre of the table, and after bowing to the crowd, seats himself in a small chair near a bell. To the clapper of the bell there is attached a small cord, and anyone in the crowd is allowed to ask the bird to strike any number of times upon the bell. If asked to strike ten times, he leaves the chair, seizes the bell rope, and pulls it ten times, after which he bows and returns to his seat. This was repeated a great many times, and with one exception the bird made no mistake. The bird will strike twenty-seven times, but after that he refuses, and his owner states that he has worked nearly a year to get this bird to strike up to thirty but it appears that his memory gives out at that point, and he is unable to count further."

## An Erring Pastor.

It is a common practice among the people in the country parts of Scotland to have something special to set before the minister when they know he is to come visiting. Mrs. O'Connell was therefore not a little put about when his reverence made an unprepared-for visit. "Well, Mrs. O'Connell, how

do matters stand with you to-day?" said the minister. "Well, sir," she replied, "I have just red herring." "Oh! you have read 'Erring'; I am so delighted at that!" exclaimed the minister, a newly published religious book of his bearing the title *Erring: Its Cause and Cure*. Seeing the minister delighted at what she had said, she forthwith proceeded to put a couple of the herrings upon the fire. The sight, the sound, the smell, soon made his reverence take to his heels; while the astonished housewife ran after him, exclaiming, "Parson! parson! parson! Hypocrite! hypocrite! Say one way, act another!"

## The Locomotive Music Of The Future.

The performances of the locomotive whistle, we are told, have been systematized on a Western railway. Seven whistles are to indicate "down breaks," 32 whistles, "up breaks," 40 whistles and two snorts, a "back up." The instructions add: "In case of doubt, whistle like the d—l;" at street crossings whistle "considerably." Again: "Always whistle before dinner. Require the fireman to keep the whistle valve open during dinner. After dinner, whistle and squirt water; then back up. Then go ahead with a whistle, a squirt, and a ring." "This sibilant method being achieved, may we not hope," says a writer in the *New York Tribune*, "that the scream of the engine may in time be modified into something melodious? Then, indeed, we might have such instructions to the driver as these: For 'down breaks,' play the chromatic scale; for 'up breaks,' the scale in C; for a 'back up,' the first six bars of the Overture to Zampa; in case of doubt, a double trill; and at street crossings, a series of significant runs. This, with some wild adagio to be performed after accidents, should the locomotive be well enough to appear, would render the signal system very complete."

## The Income Of The Royal Family.

The Prince of Wales has £40,000 a year, plus the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which now amount to over £100,000 per annum. The Duke of Edinburgh had £15,000 yearly granted him on reaching his majority, which was made up last year to £25,000 on his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, has £15,000 a year, Prince Leopold now has the same allowance. The Princess Victoria was granted an annuity of £8,000 a year on her marriage with the Crown Prince of Prussia, plus a dower of £40,000 cash down. The Princess Alice, the Princess Helena, and the Princess Louise, had each a grant of £8,000 a year and dowers of £30,000 on their marriages. There remains the Princess Beatrice, now 17 and unmarried, the expense of whose support is borne by her mother. Taking no account of the Cornwall revenues, but including only the sums actually disbursed yearly to the Queen's children out of the public Treasury, the total is £121,000, which is the interest on £3,630,000. The dowries the girls have had amount in all to £130,000, which is a mere trifle to add to such a total. The Queen has £360,000—or it may be only £340,000—a year, or the interest on over £10,000,000.

## The Quaker And The Hackmen.

The *Boston Bulletin* gives the following ludicrous account of the experience of a Quaker with New York hackmen: "A tall, portly, dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion, well known in Philadelphia, arrived in New York the other day, and, having no baggage but a light travelling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railway station.

"Fee—thavannoo Hotel! Fifth Avenue—goin' ritup! Fifth Avenue!"

"Broadbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.

"Say Nicholas Hotel! Say Nicholas Hotel coach? This way for the S' Nicholas!"

"No response from the passenger, and not a muscle moved at his appeal. Then there was a rush of half a dozen.

"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride up?"

"Winsur House! Whose going up to the Winsur?"

"Astor House, sir?"

"Brevoort House? Brevoort?" "Metropolitan Hotel?" "Right down Broadway!" "Are you are; kerridge, sir?"

"The traveller loomed up like a ten pin among vinegar cruets and, with face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarrives, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his travelling bag—

"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir! Going right up!"

"This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a downtown hotel."

## A Disconsolate Brahmin.

A curious tale of a pious Brahmin is told by the *Sumsher Bahadoor*:—"One day a Brahmin accidentally touched some unclean object with his little finger. The Brahmin thought that now his little finger having become unclean any substance which it would touch would be also rendered unclean, and thus make him an unclean man. Seeing no other way to get out of the scrape he resolved to get the offending member amputated. Forthwith he went to a carpenter's and explained to him that unless the finger was cut off he (the Brahmin) was unable to take food. The carpenter tried to dissuade the devotee, and urged that an application of a little cowdung and some drops of water from the sacred river Gunga would make the finger once more holy, but the Brahmin persisted. He said that the finger was of no use to him any longer, and that he would not rest until it was severed. As a final resource the carpenter resolved to play his awkward customer a trick. He told the Brahmin to put his finger on an anvil and to look to the sky while the wound was inflicted. The Brahmin did so. The carpenter took up a hatchet, and gave the finger a smart blow with the back of it. This elicited a cry of pain from the patient, who at once put the finger into his mouth to allay the agony. The carpenter laughing explained to the Brahmin that the blow had missed and the little finger was still entire; and, worst of all, that the Brahmin had defiled himself by putting the finger into his mouth. The obliging operator, moreover, offered to perform the operation once more but the Brahmin had had enough pain for the nonce, and declined with thanks.