

VARIETIES.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.—A fair dame of Ureka, Nevada, threatened to sue a wealthy gentleman for breach of promise. Rather than have his fellowmen suspect that he was not a man who lived up to his word, he offered to marry her, and procured a license from the county clerk. At the hour appointed for the ceremony the bride and groom were upon the floor of an hotel, before the magistrate, with their hand joined. The bridegroom promptly made his responses and promised to protect and cherish her. The magistrate turned to the bride with the question: Will you take this man to be your wedded husband? The response came quickly and angrily, "No, I won't," and tearing herself away from the bridegroom, she sailed out of the room under full head of steam, with her mother in tow. The bridegroom was stunned for a moment, and then recovering his self-possession accepted the congratulations of the wedding guest on his unexpected deliverance and ordered up two baskets of champagne.

CARLYLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.—On the 4 of December next Thomas Carlyle will complete his eighty-third year, and, although he has aged visibly during the last eighteen months, it may be hoped that he will yet survive long enough to witness the fulfilment of his famous prediction respecting "the unspeakable Turk." That a man who was born when Napoleon was still a young republican general, and who corresponded familiarly with Goethe in 1825, should still be living and working among us, after all his manifold labors, is a sufficiently noteworthy fact, and double so inasmuch as the majority of his most famous contemporaries were cut off in their prime. Byron died in 1824, at the age of 36. Shelley, whose health had already begun to fail, before his life was cut short by drowning, compressed his whole career into the brief space between 1792 and 1822. Henry Kirke White succumbed to the pressure of overwork in 1806, at the age of 21. Keats died in his twenty-fifth year, early in 1821. Edward Irving, Carlyle's famous fellow-townsmen, barely reached 42. It is true that this fatal list has several striking exceptions. Scott, despite his superhuman labors, saw his sixty-first year. Moore died just before the outbreak of the Crimean war, at the age of 73. Coleridge lived to 62, Southey to 69, Wordsworth to 80; but on the other hand, Mackworth Praed died at 37, and Lord Castlereagh, when barely turned, of 50, and in the zenith of his renown, put an end to his own life.

WHO WAS IT.—When the streets are as muddy as yesterday the cars full of ladies coming and going and the trick played by a man yesterday on the fourteen ladies in a Woodward avenue car should be frowned upon by every true citizen. If again attempted he may get himself into trouble. He boarded the car with a rubber shoe in his pocket big enough to fit over a No. 8 cowhide boot, and at a proper moment, when all eyes were turned upon the car switching past, he dropped the rubber on the floor and then suddenly, pretending to see it. Bending over and picking it up he called out:

"Which of you ladies lost this rubber?" Every face turned pale at the size of it, and each lady gave the other a sly glance.

"Some one in this car lost this rubber?" continued the human hyena as he waived it around.

Not a lady moved. Each one wondered if one of her rubbers had dropped off, but her mind was made to wade in mud two feet deep before claiming that one.

"The owner can have it—I charge nothing for my services," calmly observed the fiend, as he looked down one side of the car and up the other.

Not a hand was raised, but all feet were drawn under the seat, as if by machinery.

"Very well," said the man, as he rose to leave the car, "I'm a rubber shoe ahead. It won't do the loser any good to call at my office, or to send a boy and a basket after this shoe, for I won't give it up."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.—It is in his dialogue that Dumas' real secret consists, and it is this which is the reason that none of his imitators have ever succeeded in stealing, however confident they may be that they have got the fiddle. Its extraordinary volume would be the most remarkable point about it, if its goodness, considering its volume, were not equally remarkable. The rapidity of it deprives it necessarily of much literary grace, and prevents it from supplying any jewels five words long. Indeed, Dumas is one of the least quotable of writers. But still, if not quotable, his dialogue is extraordinarily readable, and carries the reader along with it in a manner hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Dumas possesses fully the secret of making dialogue express action, and this is where he is supreme. His gift, however, in this respect is of the kind which is always necessarily a snare. He abuses his dialogic facility constantly, and the result is the exorbitant length of some of his books. It is absolutely impossible for him to be concise. He will make a single interview extend over half a dozen chapters, and give a volume to the talk of a single day. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. That vast book contains two of his best, if not his very best, pieces of work—the kidnapping, namely, of Monk, and the death of Porthos in the grotto of Locmaria. But the *longueurs* of its middle, of the endless court conversations and the conspiracies that come to nothing, are almost incredible. It is undeniable, again, that his situations

have a tendency to repeat themselves, though, as in the case of his characters, the repetition is often very skillfully masked and colored. But on the whole he succeeds not merely in riveting the attention of the reader, but also in securing his affection and interest in his characters. No one has ever managed the process called "working up" better than he has. In such scenes as that where the four princes wait at Marguerite's door ready to assassinate La Mole, where the powder is found in the wine-casks, where D'Artagnan extracts the queen and Mazarin from the clutches of the Parisians, and scores of others, it is impossible to avert the attention when once fairly engaged, and impossible to avoid identifying one's self with the characters. That is the triumph of this sort of novel-writing.

A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The division proper is a curiously-managed ceremony—very roundabout in the estimate of many persons. After the Speaker has cried "Order, order!" the Sergeant-at-Arms, with his doorkeepers and messengers, close and lock all the doors leading into the lobbies, corridors, passages, &c. No member outside can enter, nor can any within make their exit; the number within the chamber is thus strictly definite, and all must vote. Until 1836 it was the custom for one party or section to go into a lobby, while the other remained in the house; but since that year the eyes have been directed to pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right hand, while the nays walk into the lobby at his left. The Speaker names members to act as tellers, selected impartially from among the supporters and opponents of the motion, two each; and the members named are not allowed to shirk the duty. They place themselves at the lobby doors, two and two, each to check the counting of the other. Two clerks, as well as two tellers, are placed at each door, holding alphabetical lists of all the members of the house printed on large sheets of stiff pasteboard or cardboard. As the members return into the house from the lobbies the clerks mark off the names, while at the same time the tellers count the total number without noting names. (If anyone is disabled by infirmity from entering and quitting the lobbies, he is counted at his seat in the house.) When all have re-entered from the lobbies the four tellers approach the table; one of them, belonging to the majority on this particular question, announces the numbers, and when the Speaker has indorsed or sanctioned this announcement, the important but slowly-managed ceremony ends—often amid loud cheers from those members who constitute the majority on that particular occasion. A member sometimes goes into the wrong lobby through inadvertence; then there is no escape for him; *nolens volens* his vote is recorded according to the lobby in which he finds himself. During the past sessions, instances of such misadventure were not unfrequent. Instances have been known in which even a cabinet minister's vote is recorded on the side which he really intended to oppose—much to his own mortification. A member thus awkwardly placed usually takes some mode of making the facts known to his constituents and the public; but the official record remains unalterable. It has occasionally happened that only one member approves of a particular question or motion; he is the only aye; and as he is not allowed to count himself, the house at once decides that "the nays have it." Many sessions ago a stranger was described in one of the lobbies after the door had been closed, and was counted by two of the tellers; but the clerks found him out and reported the case to the Speaker, who duly admonished the intruder.

The marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with the Princess Thyra will be celebrated on the 21st or 22nd of December.

It is stated that Mr. Kinglake has decided not to continue his narrative of the Crimean War, as he is unable to do so satisfactorily.

A WEEKLY newspaper is to be published simultaneously in five languages, under the direct inspiration of the Pope.

It is said that the late Mr. A. T. Stewart's only recreation from the toils of his enormous business was the occasional reading of an ode of Horace.

A SYNDICATE is actually in process of consolidation which has for its sole object the purchase of Palestine from the Turkish Government, and its restoration to the Jews in some form.

GUSTAVE DORE'S new work, Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," with 550 illustrations by Gustave Doré, is nearly ready. It has been in progress for more than eight years.

A COMPLETE collection of the published engravings of the works of the late President of the Royal Academy has been made by Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, his son, and will be exhibited.

"Imperial India."—Mr. Val Prinsep's account of his travels in Hindostan, and of the Rajahs whose portraits he painted for the forthcoming picture of the Durbar at Delhi, will be out in a very few days. It is copiously illustrated with sketches of Indian princes and places.

A SOCIALIST almanac is largely circulated among the German Democrats, according to the Paris *Figaro*. In this calendar the usual Saint's Days and Festivities are replaced by notices of prominent enemies of the revolutionary cause. This almanac is specially intended for workmen; 50,000 copies were distributed last year.

It is said that when Lord Dufferin went to Balmoral he had offered to him a Marquisate, if he cared for a "step in the Peerage." It will be seen in the course of a few days whether his lordship cares or not to accept a Marquis's coronet. If he takes it, nobody will grudge it to him on whichever side of the House of Lords or Commons he may sit.

A GOOD story is related of an amateur pianist: He some time ago wrote a grand symphony, with three parts. Now a grand symphony has four parts, and this fundamental principle of composition the composer seems to have forgotten. The grave mistake was discovered by several of his friends, and was the occasion of some merriment. "But," says one of them, "for goodness sake don't tell him, or he may write the fourth part."

A YOUNG lady, after passing the Cambridge local examination, suddenly broke off her engagement with her sweetheart. A friend expostulated with her, but she replied, "I must merely say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness on such a person."

It is rumoured that the sum of money which the Government will ask on the meeting of Parliament is to be three millions. The intention is to divide the cost of the war between India and England, and if only three millions are required for the country, it would seem to show that the estimated cost of the war would be about six millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will not propose any fresh taxation to meet the sum which is required. He intends to raise it by loan.

At a meeting of London cabmen the other day some curious facts were stated. In London there are 13,900 cabmen, and among them there are men who have been lawyers, clergymen, and doctors, and there is one who has a right to the title of "lord." What custom he would get if he were known! It would be touching hats to him, and "Oblige me, my lord, by condescending, my lord, to take five shillings, my lord, instead of a shilling, my lord, which is your lordship's legal fare."

VARIOUS have been the speculations as to what extent Miss Hannah Rothschild abjured the faith of Judaism on uniting her destinies with her Christian husband, the Earl of Rosebery. The matter is now, however, set at rest. It seems that on the last anniversary of her mother's death the Countess sent her usual donation of £20 to the synagogue which she was in the custom of attending before her marriage, and that Dr. Aldis, the chief rabbi, stated that it could not be received as from the Countess, inasmuch as she had left the faith. These donations are sent by the Jews that their deceased relatives may be remembered in the prayers of the congregation, and the money is devoted to charitable purposes. A present of flowers sent by the Countess for the decoration of the synagogue was returned.

CURIOUS THINGS.—A pair of ladies' shoes that aren't "a mile too big."

A newspaper communication that wasn't "struck off in a hurry."

A clown's joke less than forty years old.

A country residence for sale that isn't "within five minutes walk of the railway station."

A newspaper that isn't "the best advertising medium in the country."

An impartial base ball umpire.

An infant that isn't "just the sweetest baby in the world."

Anything advertised three weeks before Christmas that isn't "suitable for holiday presents."

A paragraphist that never made a pun on turkey, in connection with Thanksgiving day.

A didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun that never killed anybody.

A political stump speaker who never abused the opposition candidates.

A young lady who can pass a plate-glass window on the Sabbath without turning her head.

LITERARY.

MR. R. H. SHEPHERD has produced a curious bit of bibliography. It is a list, in chronological order, of the published writings in prose and verse of John Ruskin, M.A., from 1834 to the present time. It is intended, of course, only for the Ruskinites—those who collect every scrap of the master's writings, and are never happy if any is missing. The chief interest of the bibliography lies in its discovery of early pieces.

THE first of Clarence Cook's promised papers on the Old Masters, is on "Leonardo da Vinci," and appears in SCRIBNER for January. Among the masterpieces reproduced are the "Last Supper," and the "Head of Christ," engraved by Cole, and the "Mona Lisa," by Henry Marsh—all blocks of remarkable beauty. Raphael's Last Supper, and detail drawings of that and of Leonardo's are given for purposes of comparison, and much space is also given to reproductions of his work as a mechanical inventor. In many cases, the machinery invented by him is now in general use.

ST. NICHOLAS, which has of late been mingling with its lighter elements a good many realistic articles conveying wholesome teaching or practical information, in its Christmas issue, aims at giving the young folk a full store of fun and amusement fitted to the merry holiday time. To this end, the editor has secured an unusual number of fairy stories. Mrs. Fanny Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Little Lord," will contribute a long fairy-tale, "Behind the White Brick," written originally for some little friends of hers, but never before printed. Julian Hawthorne, too, enters for the first time the field of children's literature, with the opening installment of a long fairy story entitled, "Rumpty-Dudger's Tower." In addition to these, some shorter fairy tales are announced for the number, and several of the other contributions contain touches of the fairy element, as in Mrs. Dodge's story of "Wondering Tom."

ARTISTIC.

AN engraving after a fine portrait-group by William Page, painted when Page was recognized by many as the Titian of America, and before he fell into the series of experiments that have bewildered his greatest admirers forms the frontispiece of the holiday issue of ST. NICHOLAS. It represents three little girls, children of the late Professor Mapes, one of whom, as is well known, is now editor of the magazine.

At a meeting recently of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, referring to the opening address of the Chairman, spoke of the obelisk and its site in the following terms:—"You alluded to that ancient obelisk which has been laid—I had almost said mislaid—by the parapet of the Thames Embankment. I rejoice at this opportunity of expressing my hearty concurrence with your views concerning the latest vicissitudes of that venerable monolith. It is an old friend of mine. I have had the pleasure of seeing it slumbering in the sands of Egypt, by the margin of waters bluer even than those of Father Thames. I saw it again raised in the *Cleopatra*, ploughing the blue waters over against the coast of Morocco."

An effort is being made among "Old Carthusians" to purchase for the library of the Charterhouse School a large collection of the original sketches of John Leech, who was himself a Carthusian. His family have offered to his old school for purchase at a fair and reasonable price a considerable number of his original sketches, including those of the "Comic History of Rome," the "Comic History of England," &c., which would find an appropriate home in the library of the school in which John Leech received the first lessons in history. The managing committee of the library have given £50 towards the purchase, and about £100 more has been raised already among the masters and former scholars of the Charterhouse.

THE *Golos*, in a series of articles on Art at the Paris Exhibition, warmly eulogises the English school of painting for its "marvellous originality and national character." "The English have a way of looking at things," the *Golos* says, "which is essentially their own, and this gives a distinctive character to their canvas which we found in no other schools. In other countries the painters seem to have a habit of looking through other nation's spectacles, and the result is a sort of cosmopolitanism which is destructive to development of character. The English painters, on the other hand, express the spirit of their country in every stroke of the brush, and the result is a display of freshness and original thought marvellous to artists on the Continent."

HUMOROUS.

WHEN printers grow old their marble brows are marked with display head-lines.

THERE is no mistaking a real gentleman. When he approaches a free-lunch table he always wants a napkin and a chair.

A FLORIDA preacher closed an unsuccessful revival meeting recently with the remark, "I tell you, my hearers, it don't pay for the gas."

THE best anti-fat remedy we know of is trying to carve up a chunk of hard wood with a hatchet that was originally cut out for a hammer.

THE repartee of a mule is said to be unequalled, and the way to draw him out is by pulling out one little hair from the tip-end of his stumpy tail.

"I HAVE a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they were killed by being studied too hard."

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath," but a tough answer turneth away the carving-fork, slides all over the dish, and covers the head of the family with gravy and confusion.

ONE of the mysteries connected with Oriental life that we fear will never be explained, is why the people of that hot region go barefoot, while they muffle their heads in voluminous folds of cloth.

OUR Wheeling inventor is getting up a new patent chair for dentists. A concealed spring in it runs a tack up through the seat, and while the patient is howling, and his attention is diverted by the attack below, the tooth is yanked out.

RESUMPTION will certainly take place in January, says the *Pittsburg Telegraph*. Certainly of course it will. Men will swear off their bad habits, on the first, and then resumption of them will take place a few days after.

A LITTLE boy, weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his snuffle, "what was I crying about just now?"

WE do not ask any dead aunt to leave us \$50,000, but we should like to have some of the dead men about town drop in with a little advertising. When a dead man begins to advertise it is a sure sign he is approaching the resurrection.

"GET right out of this," shouted an irritated merchant to a mendacious clerk, "this is the third lie I have caught you in since 10 o'clock this morning." "Oh, well," said the new man, "don't be too hard on me. Give a fellow time to learn the rules of the house."

THE English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room—that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd call upon a poor minister and eat him out of house and home—that's called a donation party.

A CATERPILLAR, attired in his winter ulster, was overtaken by a gentleman on Franklin street, the other afternoon. Other caterpillars have been seen, recently, by other gentlemen about the city. Mosquitoes are also plentiful, and if we could only call back the flies we should be enjoying most of the luxuries of summer.

A BRIDGEPORT man stopped his paper because it didn't contain a sure cure for dyspepsia, as usual. The infallible cure for consumption was there all right, but by some accident the dyspepsia cure was left out. He was awfully indignant, and said he was 75 years old, and had never known a paper to fail like that before.

IT is a little singular, but the average citizen, who will fly around, get red in the face, and work like a steam engine for a half hour at a runaway accident, will spend five minutes debating whether it is best to have a "scene" or comply when his wife asks him to get a hod of coal for the kitchen stove. A public spirit is a beautiful thing, but somehow it's not at home in domestic affairs.

"Do you think," writes a young student of human economy, "do you think the human race is decaying?" Not at all, not at all. Part of it isn't decaying because it is yet alive, and the portion of it that is dead doesn't decay because the medical student don't give it a chance. Oh no, the human race was never, in all its history, so well protected against decay as at present. Be thankful that you live in an age when the grave has been so shorn of its power that it can't hold a man so long as a sieve would hold a spoonful of quick silver.