

## SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR VERY POPULAR AT WASHINGTON.

Inside the Home of the British Embassy—He is Dean of the Diplomatic Corps—Has a Charming Wit and Four Lovely Daughters Who Entertain Largely—Distinguished Career of the Diplomat.

The British Embassy has never been so popular with society as since the present Ambassador and his family have made their home at Washington, says a Washington correspondent. The lavish hospitality in which it takes such leading part during the Winter season has made it the favorite gathering place of the most ultra set in Washington society. The Ambassador is always ably supplemented in entertaining by Lady Pauncefote and their daughters, three of whom have made their formal debut into society since coming to Washington to reside.

As a hostess Lady Pauncefote is perfect in her manners, and her many charms have happily been inherited by her daughters. This is a truth that cannot often be affirmed by English women, and on that account the British Embassy is all the more deservedly popular. Lady Pauncefote is domestic in her tastes, but has like her husband, lived so long abroad that she can adapt herself to all kinds of circumstances and take an active interest in everything going on wherever she happens to be stationed.

### AN ALL-ROUND CHARMING WOMAN.

She is a very accessible woman; sees every one who calls and makes them feel welcome whatever may be their errand. Lady Pauncefote dresses plainly, but with thoroughly refined and artistic taste. She has been seen, so much in many parts of the world that in social conversation she is a most entertaining woman, being what so few people are—a good listener—interested and sympathetic at all times.

Mrs. Pauncefote is an accomplished woman with a fine talent for sketching and painting. Her specialty in the latter is in miniature, and it is due to this gift that her desk in the second drawing room is decorated with numerous portraits of her friends in society. In the first drawing room, in which the furnishings are all of a rich, vivid red, one corner is given over to the desk which is the especial property of Lady Pauncefote. It is at this desk that she sits every morning and has the accounts of the Embassy in the housekeeping line brought in to her for that careful inspection that marks her with all her social accomplishments, as the careful and methodical housewife.

### MISS PAUNCEFOTE ASSISTS HER MOTHER.

When this portion of the running gear of the Embassy is under inspection, the drawing room—as in most great English houses—is the favorite place with the daughters of the house. Lady Pauncefote's desk in the red drawing room is also used in compiling all the dinner and invitation lists made out during the season. In this portion of the work, Miss Pauncefote is a most invaluable assistant to her mother. No invitations, even for the most informal functions at the Embassy, is ever sent out without first being submitted to Sir Julian for his personal inspection. Both the Ambassador and Lady Pauncefote are most punctilious in all matters affecting the Ambassadorial dignity, and the invitation lists, especially those prepared for dinner parties, are apt to be fraught with far more than ordinary significance.

These lists are carefully preserved, duly marked with the date of their use and are pigeon-holed away in Lady Pauncefote's desk for future reference.

### MISS SYBIL A MUSICIAN.

Miss Sybil Pauncefote, who made her debut the first season Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote came to Washington, has spent the Winter in Dresden pursuing the musical fancy. She inherits from her father the manners and customs other than those of her own country and class. He is immensely popular in both official and social circles, is of distinguished appearance and bearing, an interesting conversationalist, and, like his estimable wife, has a remarkable tact as a listener.

the British Government and is never allowed to be used by any but an Embassy. It was sent to Washington from Spain when the Embassy at Madrid went out of commission as such and became simply a legation. This silver is adorned with the British coat-of-arms and consists of several hundred pieces. It has no duplicate in the world and is well worth seeing. It was used at several of the dinner parties given last season at the Embassy.

It can be said of Sir Julian Pauncefote himself that he is one of the most striking men in Washington. Being dean of the Diplomatic Corps, he naturally takes precedence in that service, and is esteemed for his many excellent personal qualities. He comes from an old Somersetshire family. The original Pauncefote, founder of this family, came over with William the Conqueror at the time of the Norman Conquest. The name itself, being interpreted, means "strong thinker," and in all his official life Sir Julian has proven himself to be a worthy bearer of this family cognomen.

### WAS CROWN SOLICITOR AND JUDGE.

For generations the family has been a solid but not conspicuous one in Southern England. Sir Julian was educated as a lawyer, secured a colonial appointment on account of family interests, and spent the active part of his life as Crown Solicitor and Judge in the various colonies, including the West Indies, Hong Kong, etc.

He returned to England as a retired colonial judge on a pension, about fifteen years ago, and was then made legal secretary to the Colonial Office. In that office his abilities attracted the attention of Lord Salisbury, present Premier of Great Britain, and he transferred him to the Foreign Office as the law officer of that department.

On the death of the late Lord Tenterden, who was secretary of the High Joint Commission sitting in Washington in 1871 for the adjustment of the Alabama Claims, he was appointed Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office.

### APPOINTED TO SACKVILLE VACANCY.

In that capacity he made such a distinguished success that when it was desired to fill the Sackville vacancy Sir Julian was appointed to the place, although he had never been in the Diplomatic Service. The dramatic way in which Lord Sackville-West retired from the United States, on account of his interference in American politics, was well calculated to fill the American mind with prejudice against his successor. But Sir Julian quickly transformed this feeling of prejudice into one of admiration and respect, and there was genuine joy when, under the provisions of an Act of Congress, he was made the first Ambassador to the United States.

Sir Julian Pauncefote is an accomplished man of the world, about sixty-seven years of age. He was knighted while Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office. He is a man of unusual ability in the Diplomatic Service, partly from his natural talents and partly from the advantages he derived as Crown Solicitor and Colonial Judge.

### FRANK AND COMMUNICATIVE.

While he is courteous and has an excellent command of language, he is straightforward in doing business, exceedingly frank and communicative and accessible to the press. His ideas of diplomacy are of the modern type. He recognizes the fact that the newspapers get pretty nearly everything and he never shrinks from publicity. Sir Julian has adapted himself to these changed conditions, and while many other diplomats cling to the old traditions that diplomatic matters are subjects only to be discussed between themselves and the governments, he recognizes that the newspapers should be fairly dealt with in the matter of giving out information. The most important matter in which he has been engaged is the Behring Sea negotiations, and as to that, which at one time presented serious aspects, he has himself said that a free discussion of the question by the press and public materially conduced to the peaceful and honorable settlement of the difficulty.

### COSMOPOLITAN AND SYMPATHETIC.

Owing to his continuous residence abroad, Sir Julian has been unable to exercise those sporting proclivities naturally inherent to the action of an English house. In youth he enjoyed the fascination of the game of cricket, and since coming to Washington he has become quite a devotee of lawn tennis. His stable is filled with magnificent horses, but Sir Julian does not pretend to be much of a horseman. His life abroad has made him cosmopolitan and sympathetic to the manners and customs other than those of his own country and class. He is immensely popular in both official and social circles, is of distinguished appearance and bearing, an interesting conversationalist, and, like his estimable wife, has a remarkable tact as a listener.

### GREAT FRIEND OF SECRETARY BLAINE.

Sir Julian Pauncefote and the late Secretary Blaine had a very high regard for each other and were frequently found together in social converse at the gatherings of Washington society. The English Ambassador is not what might be called a philosophical man. On the contrary, he looks at things from a practical point of view. He studies affairs according to the habit of an analytical lawyer. His intellect is penetrating and he grasps diplomatic subjects at a glance. In the conduct of his office here he has a freer hand than is usually allowed diplomatic representatives nowadays.

Since the telegraph has been extended diplomatic correspondence is usually conducted in the Foreign Office of the home government, but because of the great regard in which he is held by the heads of the Foreign Office Sir Julian has been able to act in many important cases on his own responsibility. He is satisfied with his position at Washington and has retained it in preference to a transfer to other points that might have been considered in the line of promotion. He is the most esteemed and influential representative Great Britain has had here since the days of Lord Lyons, who was in Washington during the civil war, and who had the undoubted esteem of Secretary Seward.

### His Philosophy.

When I was born, I did not have  
Within my mouth, the burglar said  
A silver spoon, and that is why  
I've had to place one there instead.

The school buildings of Portage la Prairie are being enlarged.

## THE FARM.

### All-Round Cattle.

The cry is nowadays, "Give us the good all-round animal." We think there is an element of error in this. Carry out this idea to an extreme, and you blot out the distinctive characteristics of every breed of animals existing. No one animal can do everything best. As in the mechanical, so in the animal world—there must be a division of labor. We owe all the improvement of the present day in all classes of domestic live stock to special breeding for a definite purpose. Let the breeder of the race horse try to combine the strength of the Clydesdale or Shire with the speed of his thoroughbred, and the result is an increase of strength, but a reduction of speed. So let a breeder try to obtain the size of the Leicester with the hardhood of the blackface; does he get it? No; he gets an excellent animal, but utterly unsuitable for enduring the hardship through which the pure blackfaced must live, and, on the other hand, it will not produce so much mutton in a given time as the pure Leicester.

Our remarks are specially intended for cattle. All food is composed of certain well-defined elements or compounds. Milk and flesh—including in the term flesh all that goes to build up the body of an animal—milk and flesh are, roughly, composed of the same elements; and if an animal takes a certain portion of its food to make milk, so much less is available for making flesh. It seems to us that we must take our choice, one or the other. We cannot have both in the highest perfection. The Jersey breeder wanted butter. He got it, but had to give up flesh. The Ayrshire breeder yielded a little, and said, "I want a lot of milk." He got it, but had to give up a little butterfat. The founders of the Shorthorn breed said, "We want flesh." They got it, but in the case of those having the greatest tendency to fatten, they had to sacrifice milk production.

The true solution of the problem is to breed the animal with special qualifications for the purpose for which it is intended. If a cow is wanted for a town dairy, a deep milker with a fair tendency to fatten is the best. If the farmer lives up the country where dairying is not profitable, then an animal with the greatest tendency to fatten is the best. Some may say, "That is all right, but if the heavy milker is not turning her food into milk, will she not turn it into flesh?" We think not to such perfection as one bred distinctly for producing beef. Nature comes to our rescue and teaches us here. If the Jersey is not giving milk, does it produce as much flesh as the wellbred Shorthorn on the same pasture? Emphatically no. Go through any herd of Ayrshires in milk, and if you see one that is carrying considerably more flesh than its neighbors, that cow is not doing her work at the pail. Depend upon it, though the old breeders might be charged with being unscientific, they were shrewd men; and while we gladly welcome any help from any source, we shall be wise to sit at their feet, and, like them, breed our animals with qualifications for distinct purposes, and not aim at the impossible in trying to make them best for everything. —Edinburgh Farming World.

### Lawn Notes.

During the extreme dry weather owners of lawns will be tempted to water, but unless the watering is kept up and administered plentifully, it will prove an injury. An application of coarse litter as a top-dressing should be applied in the fall or else some of the phosphatic manures applied in the spring. These will keep up the luxuriance so desirable in lawns. They should be out with a mower once a week in the growing season. Let the clippings remain where they fall. Later it will be better not to mow so often. A neat kept lawn is a source of pleasure, both to the owner and to the passer-by. The fine old English lawns were a source of pride to their owners, with their trim sward. Their shrubbery was kept in a stately fashion, in keeping with their owners. Generally the evergreens were trimmed to represent some object, the peacock shape being very common, while the living model strutted among the shrubbery unmolested, the admired of all beholders.

### Feeding Milk to Pigs.

There is an immense amount of milk, wasted in feeding it to pigs by itself, as a drink. When so fed a large proportion of it passes through the animal undigested, and hence does no good. Feed milk always in connection with some ground grain, such as bran, shorts, cornmeal, pea meal, or ground millet seed. This method of feeding milk increases its value two, and some feeders say four fold, an item of too much importance to be unconsidered. When skim-milk is taken home from the separator it has cost too much time and trouble to be largely wasted in feeding it unwisely. If the milk and grain slop is made long enough before eating to become slightly acid it is all right, but do not let it reach the very sour or decomposing stage.

### As to Weeds.

We are frequently asked at this season how to rid a field of such weeds as live forever, sorrel, Canada thistle, etc. When these pests are thick in the field, the only way is to plow it up, put in a hoed crop for a year or two, use fertilizer to avoid weed seed in manure, keep clear of weeds by thorough culture, and when putting down to grass be careful to use the best seed free of weed seed. Pull up by the roots any weeds that appear in the new grass, and should they become numerous cut the grass before it is quite headed out, so as to prevent the weeds from reseeding. No half-way measure is so effective, while "quick and easy" methods of permanently getting rid of pestiferous weeds are unknown to us.

## SUMMER SMILES.

He—"The lamp is going out." She—"Yes. It hasn't been filled since you came."

"There goes a man that keeps his word." "He does?" "Yes; no one else will take it."

He—"You can't impose upon me; there are no fools in our family." She—"Sir, you forget yourself."

Candidate—"I can't imagine what caused my defeat." Friend—"The election of your opponent, I should say."

Johnny—"Is it true, pa, that people live longer in the country than in the city?" Pa—"Life seems longer there, my son."

People are having the same trouble they used to have. If their horse got out of wind they had to walk; now it's the same with the bicycle.

Edith—"What! Mr. Worth asked you to be his wife? Everybody says he is a woman hater." Kate—"Yes, but I don't seem to be the woman."

Physician—"And you have felt this way for several days? Hm! Let me see your tongue." Patient—"It's no use; doctor; no tongue can tell what I suffer."

"Yes," papa sighed, "it costs a lot to clothe a summer lass; but when the days are long and hot, I save a heap of gas."

Bertie D'Gote—"When old Gold-bag married Flo, why did she say that she was only twenty-four?" Sylvia—"Well, you see, she made a discount for cash."

The maid who seeks to lead the van, Despite all sundry rumors, Now finds herself beneath the ban— One might as well caress a man As kiss a girl in bloomers.

Bumpus—"Say, McSmith, I am acquainted with the president of this road." McSmith—"Oh, that's nothing; I am acquainted with the porter on this train."

Keep your old heart happy still— Time's a reckless rover; Don't grieve about the milk you spill While there are cows and clover!

Little Dick—"Miss Mamie is awfully shy, isn't she?" Little Dot—"Why?" Little Dick—"She has most of her clothes made just like men's, so men won't get in love with her."

Amateur artist—"I should like to present the last picture I painted to some charitable institution. Now, which would you recommend?" Cruel lady friend—"The blind asylum."

"It seems to me," groaned the sufferer, apostrophizing the reflection of his aching tooth in the looking-glass, "that for as small a customer as you are you have lots of nerve."

This budding craze for bicycles The whole broad country feels; And soon the horse thief way out west Will take to stealing wheels.

Customer—"Bring me some lobster salad and some cucumbers." Waiter (bringing pen, ink and paper)—"Please write your name and address before you tackle that order."

I took a header off my wheel And then was forced to say, "Better fifty years of Europe Than a cycle of to-day."

Kathi (in the museum, viewing the Venus de Milo)—"Sepp, see here; they have knocked both arms off this woman." Sepp—"Come, let's get out, or they'll suspect us of having done it."

The acrobat is a paradox; His life is both high and humble; He may be unable to see a joke, But no one is quicker to tumble.

May—"I'm going to marry Mr. Quick-blood." Old bachelor cousin—"Good heavens!" "Why do you say that; he's well off?" "Yes, he's well off as he is, but he doesn't know it."

"Jamie," sharply called out his mother "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings."

"Well, my dear, what did you do at the sewing circle to-day?" "Oh, nothing much. We tore up a few reputations and sowed a few seeds of discord in the congregation."

Mr. McSwat—"Great Scott, Lobelia! What are you waking me in the middle of the night for?" Mrs. McSwat—"I want to know, dear, if the mosquitoes are biting you as badly as they are me."

"Did your wife say anything when you got home so late?" "Not when I got home," said the other man, sadly. "She waited till I got asleep and then got up about 5 o'clock to practice on the piano."

Wigwag—"I never knew what a narrow escape from death I once had till I read the papers a few days ago." Hobson—"What was it?" "I see that I was in Chicago two years ago while Holmes was there."

She owned that her foot was numbr six, And the grateful clerk did not divine That she was up to the same old tricks, Till he saw that she really wore number nine.

"Dr. Reilly's discovery of the dangers involved in kissing is very alarming, isn't it?" said the young man. "Very," the young woman replied, "but then you know women admire courage in a man above every other quality."

Von Blumer (earnestly)—"Old man, you have no idea how much it costs a man to send his wife away for the summer." Plankington—"I suppose not." Von Blumer—"No, sir! Since my wife has been away I've lost \$25 a night on the average."

Watta—"You won't mind my leaving my wheel here in your office, will you? I know you don't ride one, but—" Potts—"No I don't ride one very well yet, but I began taking lessons yesterday—" "Er—come to think of it, I guess I won't impose on your good nature, old man."

As they passed an open gateway a dog within the enclosure growled and bristled very perceptibly, whereupon Jester remarked: "No doubt about his being a watchdog." "How can you tell?" inquired Jester. "Why," returned Jester, "didn't you see the hair spring?"

Johnny—"But my teacher says so, and I guess he knows." Uncle Reuben—"I don't know about that. A man what's all the time givin' away knowledge to other people can't have much left for himself. I'd rather trust to a man who isn't all the time partin' with what he knows."

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

DISCORD ENTERS WITH A RELIC OF A MASTODON.

Brother Gardner Arrives in Time To Prevent a Casualty—Ignorance as a Power In Promoting a Fight—The Club Is Called Upon to Receive Bad News.

During the past week the club has received at the hands of a prominent South Carolina scientist a part of the vertebra of a mastodon—one of the playful animals which lived, roamed and died about five-hundred years ago. It so happened that Judge Congo and Walk-Around Green were the first two members to arrive at the hall at the usual Saturday night meeting, and the relic at once engaged their attention. Judge Congo squinted up his left eye, puckered his mouth and declared that the mastodon who lost this piece of backbone must have been twenty-four feet long, sixteen feet high, and heavy enough to jar the city hall by rubbing against a corner. Walk-Around Green is heavy on poultry statistics and light on mastodons, and it therefore came about that when Windy White, Samuel Shin and Sir William Tompkins arrived it was to find a terrible struggle going on between the two men and the backbone kicking around under the benches. The combatants were separated, but had not gotten the blood wiped off before Brother Gardner arrived and opened the meeting. When the triangle had sounded and Waydown Bebe had finished his lonesome coughing fit, the president arose and said:

"Gentles, human natur' am a mighty curious thing. De average man will git mad quicker an' fight harder ober what he don't know an' has no chance to fin' out dan fur something he am posted about. What Judge Congo doan' know about mastodons would make a book as big as a one-hoss wagon. What Walk-Around Green doan' know about de same anamile would weigh two tons an' a half. Dar'fore dey were de werry two men to git up a fight wid ignorance fur de basis."

"It has bin so from de beginnin', and it will be so to de end. Men who know de least 'bout de Bible have de most disputes ober it. De biggest ignorammuses on astronomy an' philosophy hold to deir opinyons de strongest and de longest. Prejudice will beat facts nine times out ten, an' bigotry am de club which knocks down sense an' argument. Judge Congo wouldn't take an inch nor an ounce off de weight an size of dat mastodon, though he never saw one nor come within 3,000 y'ars of it. Walk-Around Green wouldn't believe one side of no sich story, because a mastodon wasn't chained up at de doah whar' he could measure him wid a two-foot rule. Neither would accept naterl history an' scientific research. While dar' am some mitigatin' circumstances an' excuses fur dis quarrel, de sentences of dis cha' am to de effect dat both offenders shall pay a fine of \$3.50 an' costs."

"I would further state dat agin becomes my painful dooty to announce de fact dat death has invaded our ranks," said the president as the applause evoked by his very just decision died away. "Word has bin received dat Elder John Spooner, of Winchester, Va., am no mo'. He jined dis club about two y'ars ago, an' his interest in it was unabated up to his dyin' hour. In his death we lost a good man, but we has at de same time gained some valuable experience, in case we feel like acceptin' it. Elder Spooner believed in de motto: 'Honesty am de bes' policy,' an' he died po'. He loved his naybar as himself, an' his naybar had altogether de bes' of it. He had charity fur all, an' dat kept his chill'en widout shoes an' his wife tied down to a kaliker dress fur Sunday. His motto was 'Excelsior,' an' his Sunday dinner was as thin as sheet iron."

"Durin' de summer season, when fuel doan' cost nuffin, folks kin go barfut an' any sort of a man kin sira a dollar a day, it am well 'nuff to hang 'God Bless Our Home' ober de doah an' spank de chill'en wid a boot-jack labeled 'Dar am room at de top,' but arter winter has shet down de man who won't trade proverbs fur 'taters and motto's fur bacon, may make up his mind to feel hungry half de time. Elder Spooner was honest, an' darefore po'. He was conscienshus, an' darefore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity an' sympathy, an' darefore had de reputashun of bein' weak in de second story. I doan' advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to carelessly remark dat de real good man who am obliged to turn his paper collars am shunned by society an' laffed at by de world. Let us now proceed to bizness."

### The Average Man.

The "average man," is, for the most part, a very astonishing person, whom no one has ever seen. He is like the average weather, which is mathematically computed or aimed at, at the end of a month, and which is not like any actual weather that prevailed at any time during the month.

The average man, it should be noted, is razier than one would suppose. A statistician has reckoned up his labours, and finds that at fifty years of age he has toiled six thousand five hundred days of twenty-four hours each.

During the same time the average man has slept six thousand days of twenty-four hours each. He has played four thousand days and been ill five hundred.

He has travelled twelve thousand miles, taken thirty-six thousand meals, eaten fifteen thousand pounds of meat and four thousand pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk eleven thousand gallons of liquids.

Under this account the average man appears to be a greedy person; and yet there have undoubtedly been occasions when he has gone hungry.

### Nothing to Rub it With.

Little Clarence—I heard pa talking last night about a baby being born without any hands.

Little Bob—Well, that's too bad! What will he do when he has the stomachache?

### PROPERTY OF BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

This magnificent plate is the property of