

VARIETIES.

MISS HOSEMER.—Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, is below the medium size, but is active and graceful. She has a broad forehead, clear gray eyes, very cheerful, winning features, and short hair. Whatever her age, she doesn't look it. When interested and a little excited, she might pass for thirty years of age, though usually she might seem nearer forty. Distinguished people—particularly artists—are apt to excite strong likes and dislikes. As with powerful magnets, they have opposite poles, which attract and repel with equal force. Miss Hosmer, however, seems to have no "negative" characteristics. She is so earnest, straightforward, and unaffected that it would seem almost unaccountable that any one should fail to be strongly attracted toward her. And then she is so blythe and merry, so entertaining and kindly, that even the veriest misogynist would be charmed out of his crustiness in her presence.

DEAN STANLEY AND THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.—A warm friendship existed between these two distinguished men, a *propos* of which may be related an interesting incident which occurred at the farewell reception of the Dean at the house of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. When Mr. George H. Peabody, of this city, a nephew of the philanthropist, was presented to the Dean, the latter, throwing his arm around his neck, said:—"I was in Naples when your dear uncle died in London, at the residence of Sir Curtis M. Lampson. I deeply regretted not being present at the deathbed of one whom I loved so much. I immediately telegraphed to London, requesting that Mr. Peabody be buried in Westminster Abbey, which was done. I never made that request for any other man. The desire of the Queen and the people of England was that the remains of the great humanitarian should forever rest in the Abbey." The Dean added:—"I have a picture of him, which was presented to me by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop and others, in Massachusetts, which I shall present to the Queen of England, as her love and respect for Mr. Peabody were great."

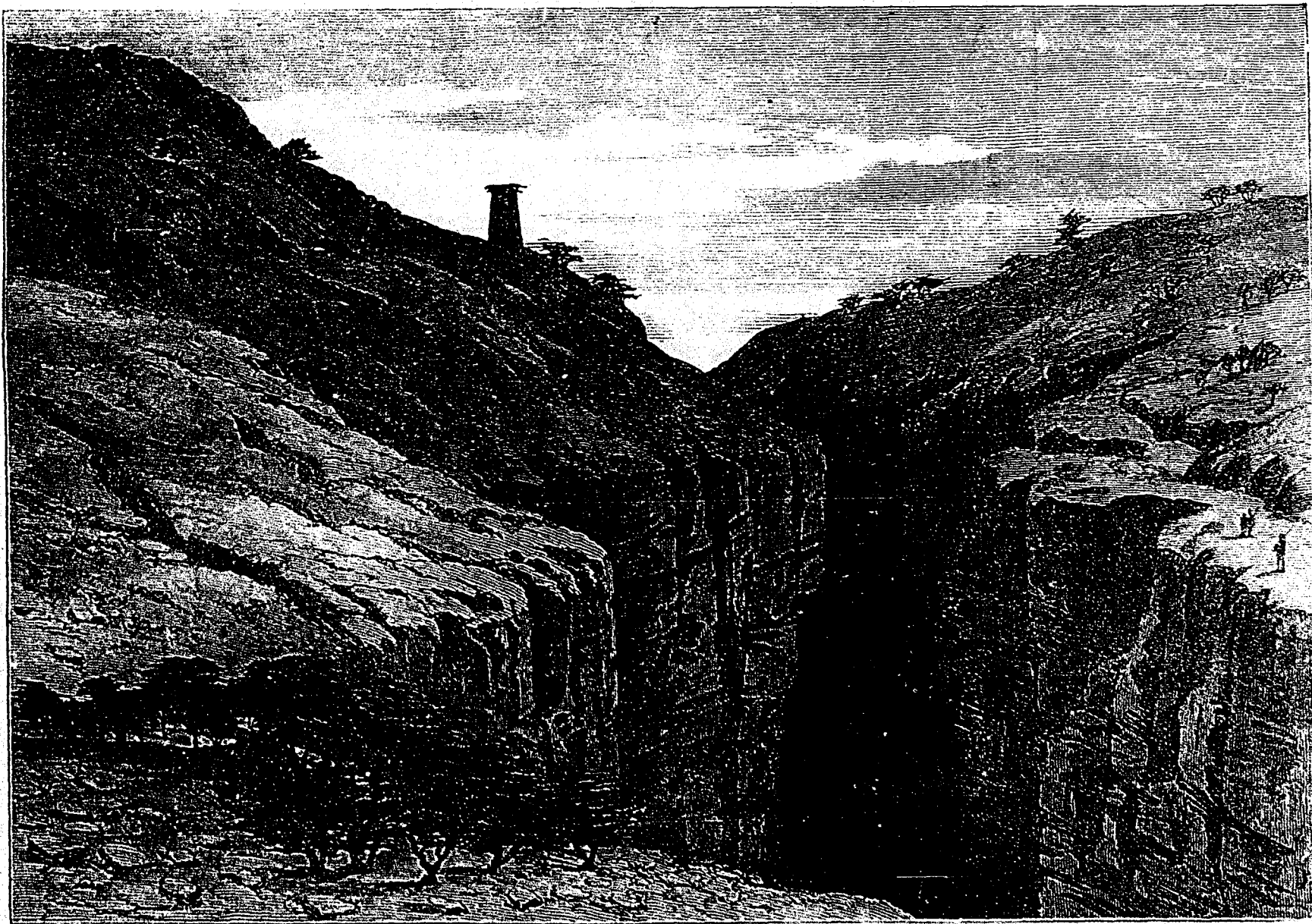
HOW THEY TREAT THEM. They have different methods of treating stupidly drunken persons in different places. In Detroit, according to the *Free Press* of that city, they take him to the police station. Over in Windsor they carry him home on a shutter. In Denver they pour kerosene on his clothes and set it on fire. In Wilkesbarre they take him down in a coal mine, and fancy his feelings when he wakes up.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

In New York the policeman beats him to pieces with a club. In Boston they bathe his head and read him a psychological essay on the evils that accrue to the mental organization by a too great indulgence in intoxicating beverages. In Toronto he is sent up for thirty days. In San Francisco they let him lie there. In Omaha they shave one side of his head. In Vanceburg, Ky., they build a big cage of railroad ties over him, from which he cannot escape when he comes to his senses. In Toledo they douse him in the swamp. In Cincinnati they make him attend a concert. In Chicago it is such a common thing they don't mind it. In London, Ont., he is jolted home on a wheel-barrow. In Belleville he is taken to the Police Station on a carter's vehicle and next morning is made to pay for the rattling of his bones over the stones. The returns from other cities are not yet in.

GEORGE ELIOT (Mrs. Marion Lewis) is thus described by a correspondent:—"My hand was held for a moment by a lady in the plainest possible attire. Somewhat to my surprise I found her intensely feminine. Her slight figure—it might almost be called diminutive—her gentle, persuasive air, her constrained gesticulation, the low, sweet voice—all were as far removed from the repulsive phenomenon, the "man-woman," as it is possible to conceive. The brow alone seemed to betray her intellectual superiority; her face reminded me somewhat of the portrait of Charlotte Brontë, that every one is familiar with. Yet there was no striking similarity; I should rather say the types of head and face are the same. When she crossed the room to call attention to a volume under discussion, she seemed almost like an invalid, and evinced also an invalid's indifference to fashion and frivolity in dress. Perhaps it is half true, the strange story that I heard in all its variations, for there were those present who sat transfixed and gazed rapturously upon the creator of "Romola" and "Adam Bede." Every syllable she uttered sank deep into fertile hearts. I can speak for the homely home that seemed almost bare, and for the homely hospitality, than which nothing can be less pretentious. I shall never forget the absolute repose of Mrs. Lewis, the deliberation with which she discussed the affairs of life, speaking always as if she were revealing only about a tenth part of her knowledge upon the subject in question. With her it seemed as if the tides had all come in; as if she had weathered the ultimate storm; as if circumstance and not desire had swept her apart from her kind, and left her isolated, the unrivalled mistress of a passionless experience."



WATCH-TOWER IN THE KHYBER PASS.