

AN INCIDENT OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

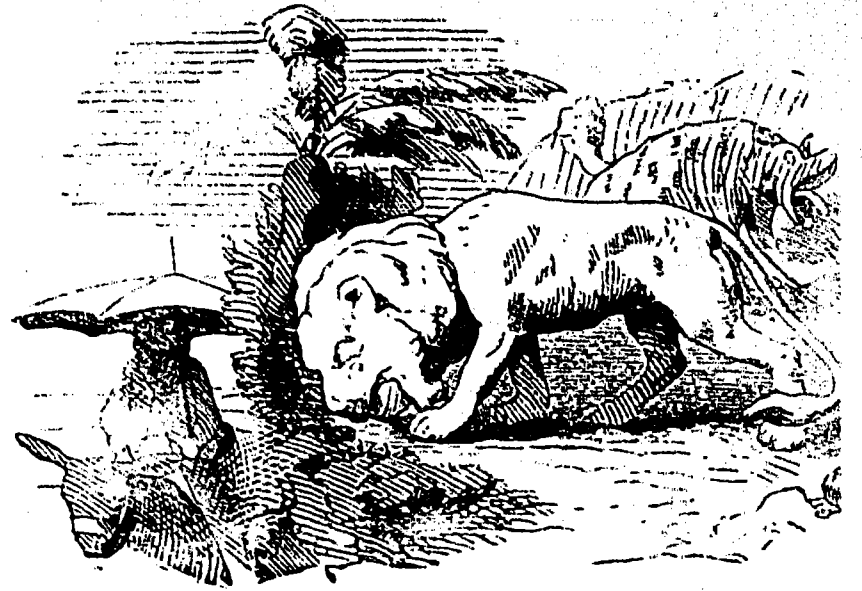


Jenkins sets off in search of the picturesque.

In its reminiscences of the old inn, the Star and Garter, which was recently burned, the London *Telegraph* tells the following strange story about Macaulay:—

"To that same coffee-room, so the legends tell—and the oldest inhabitant, in the shape of a waiter, was ready to testify to the truth of the tradition—there was wont to come on Sunday afternoons a gentleman of rather broad and squat stature, with gray hair, and a very large shirt collar. He would dine, always alone, at a particular corner table; he would take his wine as a gentleman should; and, after dinner, it was his humour to build up before him a lofty pyramid of tumblers and wine glasses, which he capped with a decanter. This ponderous 'crowning of the edifice' usually resulted in the toppling of the entire structure over in a tremendous smash. Then the gray-haired gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the broken glass, and depart, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies in the shape of a toothpick. The waiters knew him very well: He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay."

At a crowded concert, a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance: "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."



Comes across the path of the monarch of the forest.

"A STRIKING-LOOKING YOUTH."—Mrs. Byron sadly spoiled her son. One day Mrs. Abercromby, who was constantly with her, said to her:—"Now, Mrs. Byron, if you don't punish your son, not for the fault he committed, but for telling a lie to screen himself, I declare I will do it myself." On this, Mrs. Byron got up and seized her son, and after a struggle, she administered a sort of chastisement. When she let him down he marched deliberately to where Mrs. Abercromby was sitting, and, when he got near her, he struck her a blow on the face with his fist, exclaiming, "There, that's for you; if it had not been for you my mother would never have dared to beat me." Years afterwards, when Sir Robert Abercromby was in Parliament for Banffshire, he was one day behind the throne, when a striking-looking youth came up and asked after Mrs. Abercromby. The "striking-looking youth" had not forgotten the old lady.

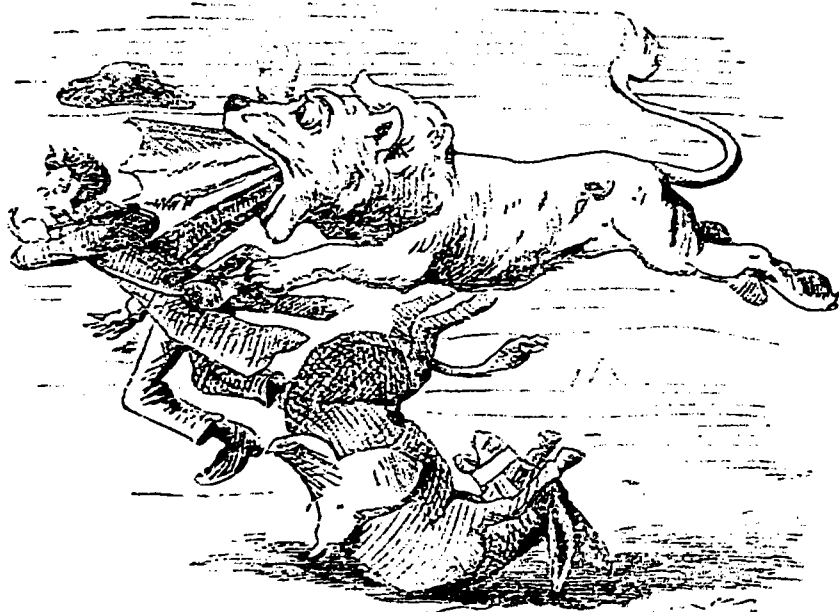
Horace Greeley says the darkest day in any man's career is that when he fancies there is some other way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.



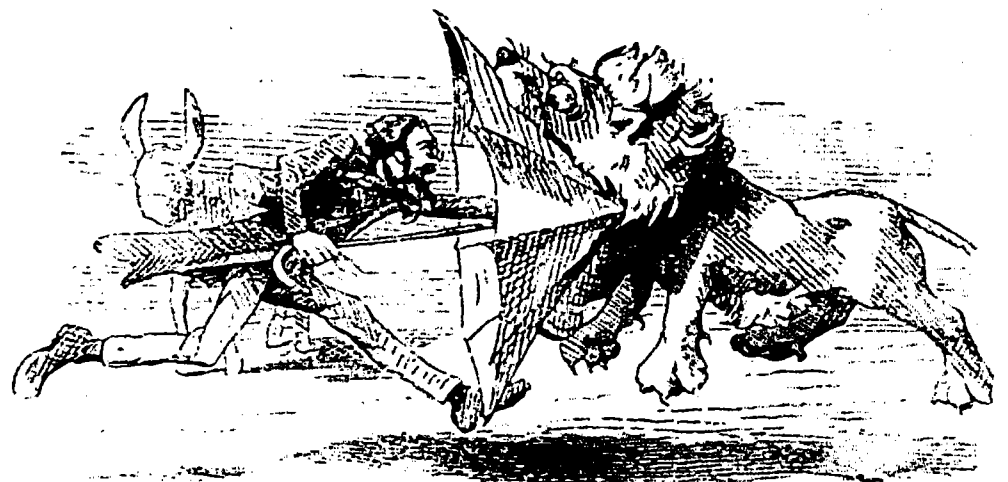
The monarch resents the intrusion.

A curious anecdote is being related of a very distinguished literary lady. The lady in question has written some of the most admirable novels in the English language. She is married to a gentleman of considerable intellectual attainments, who has moreover achieved distinction in a certain branch of mechanics. Not long ago she called upon a friend with a beaming countenance, and announced that she had just achieved a success which she had never before reached in the path of literature. What was it? asked her friend. To the friend's great surprise the "unexampled success" consisted in the fact that the husband had read one of his wife's stories, after being married to her for many years, and knowing her as one of the first novelists of the day. The report leaves off at an interesting moment, for the wife seems to have forgotten to say how the husband liked the novel.

A subscriber writes to an editor in the West:—"I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replies, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."



But it is more than he bargained for.



Jenkins seizes the opportunity.

The manager of a Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth. On the table was a basin, and an actor concealed under the cloth poked up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious. The audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily, a wag, who had been strolling about the stage, sprinkled a spoonful of snuff on the basin, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, and changed the audience from "grave to gay" with remarkable expedition.

A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir." "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "the alum to draw the parts together, and the rosin to sodder um." The patient eventually recovered.



And returns home in triumph.

Common sense is valuable in all kinds of business except love-making.

A new Democratic club has been organized in New York, called the "Blossoms." The badge of the club is worn on the nose.

A Chinese thus describes a trial in the English law courts:—"One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

A minister at Winterset, Iowa, stated the other day in his sermon that "the Bible was the most important work that had yet been published in the United States."

A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, the old gentleman exclaimed, "You are right; she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

In an English Court of Law lately a witness was called to attest to a person's insanity. "I know he's mad," said the witness, "because the poor fellow imagines himself to be the prophet Jeremiah." "Do you consider that to be a proof of mental derangement?" asked the examining counsel. "I should rather think so," confidently replied the witness, "seeing that I myself am the prophet Jeremiah."