

HENRY CLAY. An Epitomized Account of the Great Statesman's Career.

He was born in Virginia on April 12, 1777. He lived to be 76 years old. He died June 29. His father was a Baptist preacher. He was six feet tall. His features were irregular, his upper lip wide, his mouth large. He sometimes swore. He used tobacco copiously. He was so notorious a gambler that the fact injured his political career. After the quit gambling he became a great whist player, but he never allowed card playing in his home at Ashland. He cared nothing for music. He dined occasionally and badly. He had no special fondness for horses. He was but little given to walking or other exercise. He read but few books of any kind, and those he did read he read superficially. He made speeches alone in cornfields. He had a marvelous musical voice, but could not sing. He frequently went to bed when other people were getting up. He got up at any hour and at every hour. He had three duels and in one of them was wounded. He had altercations with several people. He was very popular with women and liked their society. When he had lived in Lexington, Ky., a year he married Lucretia Hart. He had 11 children. When he was a boy he worked on a farm. He was a clerk in a store in Richmond. He was amanuensis to Chancellor Wythe, with whom Jefferson studied law. He went to Kentucky to practice law when he was 21. His first practice was in criminal law. No murderer he ever defended was sentenced to death. He resigned as public prosecutor because he convicted a negro murderer, who, had he been a white man, would have escaped the gallows. He tried twice to make emancipation of slaves a part of the Kentucky constitution. He defended Aaron Burr, and when he found Burr had lied to him refused to speak to him. He was the leader of the war party against England in 1812. He was one of the commissioners who at Ghent drew up the terms of peace. He advocated the cause of Greece and the cause of the South American republics. He is the man who said he would rather be right than be president. He was four times a candidate for the presidential nomination and three times a candidate for the presidency. His estate at Ashland comprised 600 acres. He was in cramped circumstances in the later years of his life.—N. Y. World.

A ROYAL HORTICULTURIST.

The king of Belgium has many hobbies, but his chief amusement is that of horticulture. It has often been said that were King Leopold obliged to get his living, he would get a first-class oneselandscape gardener. Morning, noon, and night, year in and year out, horticulture has an ever-present charm for him, and if he should hear of a new flower, shrub, or tree, he will take a journey of any length in order to see it and to procure specimens. Quite recently he took a journey to Italy for this purpose. He has splendid gardens and conservatories, which were until recently under the management of Mr. Knight, a Scotchman, now dead, who had been a favorite of the king for many years.

Mr. Knight used to accompany the king on many of his walks, and a funny story is told of one of them. His majesty, being hot and thirsty, stopped at a small farmhouse—where the people were Flemish—and asked for a glass of milk. While waiting for it to be brought he conversed with his companion in the English tongue. As he was in the act of drinking the milk the woman, not knowing the king, or being aware that he understood Flemish, remarked to her husband: "I wonder how much the long-nosed Englishman will pay?" The answer to this was quick. "Allow me," said the king, in Flemish, putting down the glass and handing her a five-franc piece, on which the head is portrayed, "to present you with a portrait of the long-nosed Englishman."—Cassell's Magazine.

Literary Note. "No, I don't send my stories to the Monthly Bugle. I sent them some once, and they returned them without reading." "How do you know the stories were not read?" "Because they were returned."—Indianapolis Journal.

ALIASES ROYALTY ASSUMES.

The Names Kings and Queens Take on Their Travels. President Faure's recent interview with Queen Victoria at a French railroad station was a breach of the strict etiquette of royal incognitos, as the queen on her travels is the countess of Balmoral and can be recognized officially only by that title. French sticklers for etiquette are discussing now whether the queen of England is residing on French soil incognito or only half or a quarter incognito. A similar break with tradition was made last year by King Leopold II. of Belgium while in Paris, in acknowledging the cheers of the crowd for the king of the Belgians and accepting dinner invitations, inasmuch as he had gone to Paris as the count of Ravenstein and returned to Brussels under the same name. The prince of Wales has never been in Paris; it is the earl of Chester who is the hero of all the naughty adventures ascribed to Albert Edward. The aliases assumed by royalty when seeing life in the French metropolis were divulged recently by Le Figaro.

The Empress Frederick, though to the government she was only Countess Lingen, was recognized by the German and British embassies when in Paris in 1891. The empress of Austria calls herself countess of Hohenemburg; the Empress Eugenie, Comtesse de Pierreponts, the medieval stronghold which she had restored. If you meet the countess of Toledo on your travels you will know that she is Isabella II., once queen of Spain; the duchess of Castro is ex-Queen Sophie of the two Sicilies; the count of Barcellos is King Carlos of Portugal, and his wife, Queen Amelia, is Marquesa de Villacosa; Prince Victor Bonaparte calls himself count of Monaco; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Count Muranyi; the Swedish crown prince, Count Carlberg; ex-King Milan of Serbia and his son hardly try any disguise.

One of the first monarchs to use an assumed name on his travels was Emperor Joseph II., who appeared in Paris in 1777 as Count Falkenstein; Paul I. of Russia, while crown prince, visited the city under the style of Comte du Nord. Louis XVIII. in exile called himself Comte de Lille; Charles X., after he was driven out, Comte de Morles, and Louis Philippe, Comte de Neuilly. The Duc de Bordeaux, "Henry V.," lived all his life under the name of Comte de Chambord. Joseph Bonaparte took the name of count of Surville when in America; Hortense Beauharnais, when no longer queen of Holland, called herself Duchess of Saint-Leu.

In spite of their assumed names, persons who come in contact with these royal travelers are expected to treat them as though the incognito did not exist. In Switzerland alone has the disguise been taken seriously. The late King William III. of Holland was once treated like a private person at Geneva, and came near being taken to the police station. One summer evening he undertook to promenade on a hotel piazza without any clothes on; and the subsequent legal proceedings were stopped only on his promising that he would leave Geneva at once. He never returned to the city.—N. Y. Sun.

JOHNNIE SANG "AMERICA."

But His Memory Was Bad, So He Improvised. Going by the school one day, when the weather was warm and the sunshine gracious, one could hear over the tops of the open windows the little one singing "America." The teacher was evidently teaching the words to her young flock, for they stopped often to listen to her explanation and repeating of the words. Over the verse "Land where our fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride," she labored long and earnestly. When they seemed familiar with the words they picked up the tune amazingly quick. A shrill-voiced youngster could be heard way above the others. His thin voice rose high above the chorus, and he was singing with great confidence in himself. When they came to the end of the tune the teacher called upon Johnnie to sing the verse by himself. Johnnie, nothing daunted, lifted up the keen-edged soprano after this fashion:

"Land where our fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride." There wasn't a general laugh in that room, and Johnnie's version may have been a great deal more universal than one would think.—St. Louis Republic.

Women in German Schools. Women are beginning to distinguish themselves at the German universities. Five ladies have up to this time taken the doctor's degree at Heidelberg alone. One of them, an American, made so brilliant a success that she was at once offered an appointment at the German zoological station near Naples.

Men and Weather. Three thousand men will do only 2,700 men's work on a disagreeable day.

OLEVERNESS OF SPARROWS.

How One Was Imprisoned and the Manner of His Release. A careless colored cook of the house adjoining mine had spilled some raw rice, perhaps a quart or more, in the back of my neighbor's premises. In order to hide her carelessness from her mistress, and so save herself the trouble of picking up the rice, the resourceful cook simply turned an empty box over the little pile, thus putting it out of sight, and went her way rejoicing.

Presently a bevy of sparrows chanced that way and took possession of my neighbor's backyard. Ere long an adventurous one of the number discovered a convenient knothole in the overturned box, poked his inquisitive little head therein, and forthwith spread the news of the nice find. Then things were pretty lively thereabouts. First one and then another of the birds would pop down through the hole, to bob up a few moments later with his craw full of rice. They were all mighty gay over the matter, and most of them made two or three trips inside before they were satisfied. By and by something seemed to have gone wrong. The birds fluttered and chirped and chattered in an agitated manner, crowding upon and about the box so thickly that it was some time before I could see that one little brown head kept bobbing up frantically through the knothole from under the side and getting no further. Some greedy little fellow had laid in an oversupply, and so made himself too big for an exit through the hole.

The case really seemed a pitiful one, as nothing but time and the slow process of nature could relieve the poor prisoner of his predicament. At least that is what I thought, and I marvelled that so clever a creature as a sparrow should get himself into a hole. Meantime I had forgotten to reckon upon the ingenuity of the birds on the outside of the hole. They lost no time in bringing this qualification in evidence, however, for pretty soon I discovered that they had set to work to dig the little prisoner out. Having selected the most vulnerable spot of the surrounding ground, first one and then another of the birds would scratch and peck away, each one taking his turn, and working energetically till by and by a hole was made big enough for even the overloaded fellow on the inside to creep through.—Philadelphia Times.

SONGS THAT ARE POPULAR.

Charles K. Harris, the Composer, Talks of His Work. The other day while in Chicago I met young Charles K. Harris, who composed "After the Ball," a song that netted him over \$100,000 in one year's time. Harris is a shrewd young fellow and publishes his own songs and his catalogue shows that he has composed, published and has on the market 51 songs. He is less than 30 years old and has made an independent fortune the past three years. He made a rather funny statement about his business. "Songs of the higher sentimental order," he said, "do not sell any more. If you will take up my list of songs you will find that I have written none on the subject of mother or grandmother. Composing songs at the present day is just like writing a play. I usually hunt up a good title, weave a story around that and have it as descriptive as possible. For the past two years it has been the fad to have songs composed about erring women. It can't be helped, people seem to want that style of songs, and if the composer is smart he will give it to them. Look at the enormous success of "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" and "She May Have Seen Better Days," and also of my "There'll Come a Time," which are all on that subject. I do not know whether the people are getting depraved or not, but that seems to be the style of songs they want. It sometimes makes me tired to compose a song of that kind as I would rather write something on the higher order, as for instance, "Queen of My Heart," one of the prettiest waltz ballads I have ever written, but only goes fairly well, while "I Love Her Just the Same," a song dealing with an erring wife, is beginning to sell very big. Here is confession that's worth a passing notice.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Why of It.

"Perfidious woman!" he hissed, through his clenched teeth. "Oh, why do you speak thus?" she faltered. "Thou well knowest!" Such was probably the fact. Almost anybody could see his teeth did not fit very well and had to be kept clenched if they were to be biased through with any degree of comfort.—Detroit Journal.

No Clocks in Liberia.

Neither clock nor timepiece is to be found in Liberia. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at six a. m., almost to the minute, all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead.

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