MEMORIAL ON H. W. GRADY

DR. TALMAGE EULOGIZES THE DECEASED JOURNALIST.

Isaiah Wrote with the Pen of a Man an Appeal for Righteousness, and So Should the Modern Editor—Grady's Noble Life and Great Work for the Nation.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 23.—The great Academy of Music, its main floors and its two galleries and platform and all approaches to the building were, as usual, thronged at the preaching service of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., today. Many hundreds of persons did not gain admittance. After an exposition by Dr. Talmage of passages of Scripture descriptive of the influence of the pen, James Montgomery's hymn was sung:

Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning one triumphant song?

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was, "The Life and Death of Henry W. Grady, the Editor and Orator." He took for his text Isaiah viii, 1: "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen." The preacher said:

To Isaiah, with royal blood in his veins and a habitant of palaces, does this divine order come. He is to take a roll, a large roll, and write on it with a pen, not an angel's pen, but a man's pen. So God honored the pen and so he honored manuscript. In our day the mightiest roll is the religious and secular newspaper and the mightiest pen is the editor's pen, whether for good or evil. And God says now to every literary man and especially to every journalist: "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen."

Within a few weeks one of the strongest, most vivid and most brilliant of those pens was laid down on the editorial desk in Atlanta, never again to be resumed. I was far away at the time. We had been sailing up from the Mediterranean sea, through the Dardanelles, which region is unlike anything I ever saw for beauty. There is not any other water scenery on earth where God has done so many picturesque things with islands. They are somewhat like the Thousand Islands of our American St. Lawrence, but more like heaven. Indeed, we had just passed Patmos, the place from which John had his apocalyptic vision. Constantinople had seemed to come out to greet us, for your approach to that city is different from any other city. Other cities as you approach them seem to retire, but this city, with its glittering minarets and pinnacles, seems almost to step into the water to greet you. But my landing there, that would have been to me an exhilaration, was suddenly stunned with the tidings of the death of my intimate friend, Henry W. Grady. I could hardly believe the tidings, for I had left on my study table at home letters and telegrams from him, these letters and telegrams having a warmth and geniality and a wit such as he only could express. The departure of no public man for many years has so affected me. For days I walked about as in a dream, and I resolved that, getting home, I would, for the sake of his bereaved household and for the sake of his bereaved profession and for the sake of what he had been to me and shall continue to be as long as memory lasts, I would speak a word in appreciation of him, the most promising of Americans, and learn some of the salient lessons of his departure.

SPEAK WELL OF THE LIVING ALSO.

I have no doubt that he had enemies, for no man can live such an active life as he lived or be so far in advance of his time without making enemies—some because he defeated their projects and some because he outshone them. Owls and bats never did like the rising sun. But I shall tell you how he appeared to me, and I am glad that I told him while he was in full health what I thought of him. Memorial orations and gravestone epitaphs are often mean enough, for they say of a man after he is dead that which ought to have been said of him while living. One garland for a living brow is worth more than a mountain of japonicas and calla lilies heaped on a funeral casket. By a little black volume of fifty pages, containing the eulogiums and poems uttered and written at the demise of Clay and Webster and Calhoun and Lincoln and Sumner, the world tried to pay for the forty years of obloquy it heaped upon those living giants. If I say nothing in praise of a man while he lives I will keep silent when he is dead. Myrtle and weeping willow can never do what ought to have been done by amaranth and palm branch. No amount of "Dead March in Saul" rumbling from big organs at the obsequies can atone for non-appreciation of the man before he fell on sleep. The hearse cannot do what ought to have been done by chariot. But there are important things that need to be said about our friend, who was a prophet in American journalism and who only a few years ago heard the command of my text: "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen."

His father dead, Henry W. Grady, a boy fourteen years of age, took up the battle of life. It would require a long chapter to record the names of orphans who have come to the top. When God takes away the head of the household he very often gives to some lad in that household a special qualification. Christ remembers how that his own father died early, leaving him to support himself and his mother and his brothers in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and he is in sympathy with all boys and all young men in the struggle. You say: "Oh, if my father had only lived I would have had a better education, and I would have had a more promising start, and there are some wrinkles on my brow that would not have been there." But I have noticed that God makes a special way for orphans. You would not have been half the man you are if you had not been obliged from your early days to fight your own battles. What other boys got out of Yale or Harvard you got in the University of Hard Knocks. Go among successful merchants, lawyers, physicians and men of all occupations and professions, and there are many of them who will tell you, "At ten, or twelve, or fifteen years of age, I started for myself; father was sick, or father was dead." But somehow they got through and got up. I account for it by the fact that there is a special dispensation of God for orphans. All hail, the fatherless and the motherless! The Lord Almighty will see you through. Early obstacles for Mr. Grady were only the means for development of his intellect and heart. And lo! when at thirty-nine years of age he put down his pen and closed his lips for the perpetual silence, he had done a work which many a man who lives on to sixty and seventy and eighty years never accomplishes.

GREAT WORK OF SHORT LIVED MEN.

There is a great deal of senseless praise of longevity, as though it were a wonderful achievement to live a good while. Ah, my friends, it is not how long we live, but how well we live and how useful we live. A man who lives to eighty years and accomplishes nothing for God or humanity might better have never lived at all. Methusaleh lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and what did it amount to? In all those more than nine centuries he did not accomplish anything which seemed worth record. Paul lived only a little more than sixty, but how many Methusalehs would it take to make one Paul? Who would not rather have Paul's sixty years than Methusaleh's nine hundred and sixty-nine? Robert McCheyne died at thirty years of age and John Summerfield at twenty-seven years of age, but neither earth nor heaven will ever hear the end of their usefulness. Longevity! Why, an elephant can beat you at that, for it lives a hundred and fifty and two hundred years. Gray hairs are the blossoms of the tree of life if found in the way of righteousness, but the frosts of the second death if found in the way of sin.

One of our able New York journals last spring printed a question and sent it to many people, and among others to myself: "Can the the editor of a secular journal be a Christian?" Some of the newspapers answered, No. I answered, Yes; and lest you may not understand me I say, Yes, again. Summer before last, riding with Mr. Grady from a religious meeting in Georgia on Sunday night, he said to me some things which I now reveal for the first time because it is appropriate now that I reveal them. He expressed his complete faith in the Gospel and expressed his astonishment and his grief that in our day so many young men were rejecting Christianity. From the earnestness and the tenderness and the confidence with which he spoke on these things I concluded that when Henry W. Grady made public profession of his faith in Christ and took his place at the holy communion in the Methodist church, he was honest and truly Christian. That conversation that Sunday night, first in the carriage and then resumed in the hotel, impressed me in such a way that when I simply heard of his departure, without any of the particulars, I concluded that he was ready to go. I warrant there was no fright in the last exigency, but that he found what is commonly called "the last enemy" a good friend, and from his home on earth he went to a home in heaven. Yes, Mr. Grady not only demonstrated that an editor may be a Christian, but that a very great intellect may be gospelized. His mental capacity was so wonderful it was almost startling. I have been with him in active conversation, while at the same time he was dictating to a stenographer editorials for The Atlanta Constitution. But that intellect was not ashamed to bow to Christ. Among his last dying utterances was a request for the prayers of the churches in his behalf.

GLADSTONE'S WONDERFUL TESTIMONY.

There was that particular quality in him that you do not find in more than one person out of hundreds of thousands, namely, personal magnetism. People have tried to define that quality and always failed, yet we have all felt its power. There are some persons who have only to enter a room or step upon a platform or into a pulpit, and you are thrilled by their presence, and when they speak your nature responds and you cannot help it. What is the peculiar influence with which such a magnetic person takes hold of social groups and audiences? Without attempting to define this which is indefinable I will say it seems to correspond to the waves of air set in motion by the voice or the movements of the body. Just like that atmospheric vibration is the moral or spiritual vibration which rolls out from the soul of what we call a magnetic person. As there may be a cord or rope binding bodies together there may be an invisible cord binding souls. A magnetic man throws it over others as a hunter throws a lasso. Mr. Grady was surcharged with this influence, and it was employed for patriotism and Christianity and elevated purposes.

You may not know why, in the conversation which I had with Mr. Gladstone a few weeks ago, he uttered these memorable words about Christianity, some of which were cabled to America. He was speaking in reply to this remark: I said, "Mr. Gladstone, we are told in America by some people that Christianity does very well for weak minded men and children in the infant class, but is not fit for stronger minded men; but when we mention you, of such large intellectuality, as being a pronounced friend of religion, we silence their batteries." Then Mr. Gladstone stopped on the hillside, where we were exercising, and said: "The older I grow the more confirmed I am in my faith in religion. "Sir," said he, with flashing eye and uplifted hand, "talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. That can and will correct everything. Do you have any of that dreadful agnosticism in America?" Having told him we had, he went on to say: "I am profoundly thankful that none of my children or kindred have been blasted by it. I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. Why, sir," he said, "I have been in public position fifty-eight years and forty-seven years in the cabinet of the British government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the century, and all but five of the sixty were Christians." He then named the four leading physicians and surgeons of his country, calling them by name and remarking upon the high qualities of each of them, and added: "They are all thoroughly Christian." My friends, I think it will be quite respectable for a little longer to be the friends of religion. William E. Gladstone, a Christian; Henry W. Grady, a Christian. What the greatest of Englishmen said of England is true of America and of all Christendom. The men at the top are the friends of God and believers in the sanctities of religion, the most eminent of the lawyers, the most eminent of the doctors, the most eminent of the merchants, and there are no better men in all our land than some of those who sit in editorial chairs. And if that does not correspond with your acquaintanceship, I am sorry that you have fallen into bad company. In answer to the question put last spring: "Can a secular journalist be a Christian?" I not only answer in the affirmative, but I assert that so great are the responsibilities of that profession, so infinite and eternal the consequences of their obedience or disobedience of the words of my text: "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen," and so many are the surrounding temptations, that the men of no other profession more deeply need the defenses and the re-enforcements of the grace of God.

HOW THE JOURNAL AIDS THE PREACHER.

And then look at the opportunities of journalism. I praise the pulpit and magnify my office, but I state a fact which you all know when I say that where the pulpit touches one person the press touches five hundred. The vast majority of people do not go to church, but all intelligent people read the newspapers. While, therefore, the responsibility of the ministers is great, the responsibility of editors and reporters is greater. Come, brother journalists, and get your ordination not by the laying on of human hands, but by the laying on of the hands of the Almighty. To you is committed the precious reputation of men and the more precious reputation of women. Spread before our children an elevated literature. Make sin appear disgusting and virtue admirable. Believe good rather than evil. While you show up the hypocrisies of the church, show up the stupendous hypocrisies outside of the church. Be not, as some of you are, the mere echoes of public opinion; make public opinion. Let the great roll on which you write with a man's pen be a message of light and liberty and kindness and an awakening of moral power. But who is sufficient for these things? Not one of you without divine help. But get that influence and the editors and reporters can go up and take this world for God and the truth. The mightiest opportunity in all the world for usefulness today is open before editors and reporters and publishers, whether of knowledge on foot as in the book, or knowledge on the wing as in the newspaper. I pray God, men of the newspaper press, whether you hear or read this sermon, that you may rise up to your full opportunity, and that you may be divinely helped and rescued and blessed. Some one might say to me: "How can you talk thus of the newspaper press, when you yourself have sometimes been unfairly treated and misrepresented?" I answer that in the opportunity the newspaper press of this country and other countries have given me week by week to preach the Gospel to the nations, I am put under so much obligation that I defy all editors and reporters, the world over, to write anything that shall call forth from me one word of bitter retort from now till the day of my death. My opinion is, that all reformers and religious teachers, instead of spending so much time and energy in denouncing the press, had better spend more time in thanking them for what they have done for the world's intelligence and declaring their magnificent opportunity, and urging their employment of it all for beneficent and righteous purposes.

EXAMPLE OF THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

Again, I remark that Henry W. Grady stood for Christian patriotism irrespective of political spoils. He declined all official reward. He could have been governor of Georgia, but refused it. He could have been senator of the United States, but declined it. He remained plain Mr. Grady. Nearly all the other orators of the political arena, as soon as the elections are over, go to Washington, or Albany, or Harrisburg, or Atlanta, to get in city or state or national office reward for their services, and, not getting what they want, spend the rest of the time of that administration in pouting about the management of public affairs or cursing Harrison or Cleveland. When the great political campaigns were over, Mr. Grady went home to his newspaper. He demonstrated that it is possible to toil for principles which he thought to be right, simply because they were right. Christian patriotism is too rare a commodity in this country. Surely the joy of living under such free institutions as those established here ought to be enough reward for political fidelity. Among all the great writers that stood at the last presidential election on Democratic and Republican platforms you cannot recall in your mind ten who were not themselves looking for remunerative appointments. Aye, you can count them all on the fingers of one hand. The most illustrious specimen of that style of man for the last ten years was Henry W. Grady.

Again, Mr. Grady stood for the new south and was just what we want to meet three other men, one to speak for the new north, another for the new east and another for the new west. The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was that made by Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. I sat with him that evening and know something of his anxieties, for he was to tread on dangerous grounds and might by one misspoken word have antagonized forever both sections. His speech was a victory that thrilled all of us who heard him and all who read him. That speech, great for wisdom, great for kindness, great for pacification, great for bravery, will go down to the generations with Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, William Wirt's speech at the arraignment of Aaron Burr, Edmund Burke's speech on Warren Hastings, Robert Emmet's speech for his own vindication. Who will in conspicuous action represent the new north as he did the new south? Who shall come forth for the new east and who for the new west? Let old political issues be buried, let old grudges die. Let new theories be launched.

TRANSCENDENT NEED OF NATIONAL HARMONY.

With the coming in of a new nation at the gates at Castle Garden every year, and the wheat bin and corn crib of our land enlarged with every harvest, and a vast multitude of our population still plunged in illiteracy to be educated, and moral questions abroad involving the very existence of our republic, let the old political platforms that are worm eaten be dropped, and platforms that shall be made of two planks—the one the Ten Commandments and the other the Sermon on the Mount—lifted for all of us to stand on. But there is a lot of old politicians grumbling all around the sky who don't want a new south, a new north, a new east or a new west. They have some old war speeches that they prepared in 1861 that in all our autumnal elections they feel called upon to inflict upon the country. They growl louder and louder in proportion as they are pushed back further and further and the Henry W. Gradys come to the front. But the mandate, I think, has gone forth from the throne of God that a new American nation shall take the place of the old, and the new has been baptized for God, and liberty, and justice, and peace, and morality, and religion.

And now our much lamented friend has gone to give account. Suddenly the facile and potent pen is laid down and the eloquent tongue is silent. What! Is there no safeguard against fatal disease? The impersonation of stout health was Mr. Grady. What compactness of muscle! What ruddy complexion! What flashing eye! Standing with him in a group of twenty or thirty persons at Piedmont, he looked the healthiest as his spirits were the blithest. Shall we never feel again the hearty grasp of his hand or be magnetized with his eloquence? Men of the great roll, men of the pen, men of wit, men of power, if our friend had to go when the call came, so must you when your call comes. When God asks you what you have done with your pen or your eloquence or your wealth or your social position, will you be able to give satisfactory answer? What have we been writing all these years? If mirth, has it been innocent mirth or that which tears and stings and lacerates? From our pen have there come forth productions healthy or poisonous? In the last great day when the warrior must give account of what he has done with his sword, and the merchant what he has done with his yard stick, and the mason what he has done with his trowel, and the artist what he has done with his pencil, we shall have to give account of what we have done with our pen. There are gold pens and diamond pens and pens of exquisite manufacture, and every few weeks I see some new kind of pen, each said to be better than the other, but in the great day of our arraignment before the Judge of quick and dead that will be the most beautiful pen, whether gold or steel or quill, which never wrote a profane or unclean or cruel word, or which, from the day it was carved or split at the nib, dropped from its point kindness and encouragement and help and gratitude to God and benediction for man.

SYMPATHY WITH GRADY'S FRIENDS.

May God comfort that torn up southern home and all the homes of this country and of all the world which have been swept by this plague of influenza, which has deepened sometimes into pneumonia and sometimes into typhus and the victims of which are counted by the ten thousand! Satan, who is the "Prince of the Power of the Air," has been poisoning the atmosphere in all nations. Though it is the first time in our remembrance, he has done the same thing before in 1536 the unwholesome air of Cairo, Egypt, destroyed the life of ten thousand in one day, and in Constantinople in 1714 three hundred thousand people died of it. I am glad that by the better sanitation of our cities and wider understanding of hygienic laws and the greater skill of physicians these Apollyonic assaults upon the human race are being resisted, but pestilential atmosphere is still abroad. Hardly a family here but has felt its lighter or heavier touch. Some of the best of my flock fell under its power and many homes here represented have been crushed. The fact is the biggest failure in the universe is this world if there be no heaven beyond. But there is, and the friends who have gone there are many and very dear. O tearful eyes, look up to the hills crimsoning with eternal morn! That reunion kiss will more than make up for the parting kiss, and the welcome will obliterate the good-by. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Till then, O departed loved ones, promise us that you will remember us, as we promise to remember you. And some of you gone up from this city by the sea and others from under southern skies and others from the homes of the more rigorous north and some from the cabins on great western farms, we shall meet again when our pen has written its last word and our arm has done its last day's work and our lips have spoken the last adieu.

And now, thou great and magnificent soul of editor and orator! under brighter skies we shall meet again. From God thou camest, and to God thou hast returned. Not broken down, but ascended. Not collapsed, but irradiated. Enthroned one! Coroneted one! Sceptered one! Emparadised one! Hail and farewell!

The Lion Tamer's Secret.

The boldest individuals, who put their heads two or three times a day into the lion's mouth, have told me that the best way to withdraw it from the gulf is, first of all, not to open the acquaintanceship with this experiment; and, secondly, to perform it with great nerve. Nerve, that is the great secret of the lion tamer, the sole cause of his authority over his beasts. When he has studied a subject for some time, endeavoring to master its character—and among the higher animals the character is very individual, very accentuated—one morning the man quietly walks into the cage. He must astonish the beast and overawe him at once. As to the training, it consists—and here I quote the words of an expert in such matters—in commanding the lion to perform the exercises which please him; that is to say, to make him execute from fear of the whip those leaps which he would naturally take in his wild state.

There is one fact which no one would suspect—that it is easier to train an adult lion taken in a snare than an animal born in a menagerie. The lion of the booth is in the same position as sporting dogs which play much with children; they are soon spoiled for work. Pezon possesses five or six lions which he has brought up by hand. As a rule they live with the staff of the menagerie on terms of perfect familiarity, but this frequently leads to tragic accidents. Lions, even lions in a fair, will devour a man in fine style. Can I say that the fear of such an accident is ever sufficiently strong to make me pause on the threshold of a menagerie? No. I cherish, and like me, you also cherish, the hope that some day perhaps we may see a lion tamer eaten. This contingency sometimes occurs, in fact more often than is usually supposed. For instance, without leaving the Pezon menagerie, it is not a year since the proprietor narrowly escaped being devoured by his bear Groom, at Chalons-sur-Marne. He would have perished if his son Adrian Pezon had not thrown himself, sabre in hand, between the two combatants and killed the bear on the spot.—Acrobats and Mountebanks.

Grandmother's Valentine.

Bessie Day was up in the attic of her grandmother's house in the country. Mrs. Day was looking among some boxes for bits of velvet for the sofa cushion that Bessie was making, and her bright eyed little granddaughter was busy with her in the search. Presently Bessie opened a box that stood in a corner of the attic.

"O grandmamma," she exclaimed, "this one is full of pictures!"

"Let me see," said the old lady. She came and looked into the box; then she sighed a little, though her smile was sweet as she said:

"They are pictures your grandpapa gave me when we were children together. I think his first valentine to me is there. You may look if you like."

Bessie sat down on the floor beside the box, and took out the pictures one by one till she came to the very last.

"There it is," said Grandmamma Day, with a lovely pink tinge in her cheeks.

It was a faded, childish drawing of a little boy and girl. The boy was offering the little girl a four leaved clover, and she was standing, shyly looking down at her clasped hands.

"Isn't it funny?" laughed Bessie.

"Does it seem so to you, my dear?" said her grandmamma, taking the picture and looking at it with much tenderness.

Bessie's laugh died away, and her own eyes filled as she saw the tears shining in the old lady's eyes. Her grandfather had died before she was born, and this was her first realization of the love and grief that were still alive in his wife's heart. She jumped up and threw her arms around her grandmamma's neck and kissed her.

"It's so sweet," she said, "to think that dear little boy is grandpapa, and that little girl is you!"

Grandmamma Day wiped her eyes.

It's the first thing he ever gave me, and it's his own drawing," she said. "I think I'll take my valentine down to my own room. It's sixty years, Bessie. Come now, dearie, we'll find your velvet scraps."—Youth's Companion.

An Anxious Moment.

A few years ago a party went up on West Mountain, in Byron, to pick blueberries. They found good picking and filled their dishes before noon. After eating their lunch they started down. For some reason one of them did not start for some time after the rest did. He finally started and got to a place where the path was very narrow, running by high ledges. There was a gully from the top of the mountain to the path, and when he got to that a small cub that seemed to be lame came into the path in front of him. He had a cookie in his pocket and he broke off a piece and threw it to the bear. The latter ate it and looked around for more. He gave him the rest of the cookie and started along, pushing the cub out of the way with his foot. The cub whined, and he heard the old bear come down through the bushes. He ran back a few rods and felt for his knife to cut a club; then he remembered he had lent his knife to one of the party. There he was, face to face with a large bear, and not so much as a knife to defend himself with. The bear rose on her haunches and growled at him, and he expected she would attack him at any moment. But she did not. She looked at him a few minutes and then called the cub and went back up the gully. He lost no time in getting off the mountain.—Lewiston Journal.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The British iron clad Vulcan, which is being built now, is having put in a rudder weighing twenty-two tons, the largest ever put on a British vessel.

Two young New York women are earning their living, and a good one it is said, by teaching other women to play scientific whist.

In 1887, it is estimated that there was paid for advertisements in the United States over $10,000,000; the present yearly expenditure is estimated at $30,000,000.

An English woman who had written a history of Wales and dedicated it to the Prince of Wales has sent him a presentation copy which is bound in solid gold extracted from the recently developed mines in that country.

A mail bag was recently found in the old law courts of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and on being opened it was found to contain 176 undelivered letters, dating back to 1585.

The feat of lowering a large house intact from an undesirable location on a hill fifty feet high to the street was accomplished in San Francisco, the cost being $700.

An entirely new rose, called the rainbow rose, was exhibited at a recent flower show in San Francisco and received the first prize. It is small, of a delicate shade of rose pink, with darker bars running lengthwise of the petals.

Bears and wolves have become such a nuisance this winter in the Department of Oreld, in Russia, that the military have been asked to turn in and help hunt them. They have invaded the farms almost nightly and carried off cattle from the barns.

A native movement to break up certain Hindoo customs has been started in Bombay. By it no sons are permitted to marry under 16, and no daughters under 10. No man is to marry after 50 or marry a second wife during the lifetime of the first.

The British museum has among its treasures an almanac three thousand years old. The days are written in red ink on papyrus, in columns, and under each is a figure followed by three characters signifying the probable state of the weather for that day.

The English chancery division has recently decided that it is a perfectly valid trust to leave money for the support and maintenance of horses and hounds. The will gave £750 to trustees to use the income for fifty years in maintaining the said stables and in providing a home for the faithful horses and dogs.

Professor Haddon, the English naturalist, who has spent some months on the islands south of New Guinea, says there will never again be so good a time as now to study the natives and make anthropological collections, as the Papuans there are dying out fast, and still more rapidly discarding their native arts, preferring to buy the merchandise that the whites bring among them.

Buddhism is spreading to a considerable extent among the female graduates of the universities and other young people of culture in Europe, and the fact is being laid at the door of Max Muller, who is charged with having first brought that religion to the attention of the Christian world. His defenders say that the converts are made chiefly by Hindoos who come from India to attend the universities.

In the neighborhood of Mainz a large quantity of coins was dug up a short time ago which are believed to have been buried about the beginning of the thirty years' war, as they range from 1350 to 1620. Among them is a gold gulden piece of Frankfurt of the year 1522, of which only one other specimen is known to be existence.

A searcher among old deeds and records in London recently came across a statement that Mr. Samuel Wilson bequeathed a sum of £20,000—which has considerably increased—"to be lent to men who have been set up one year, and not more than two years, in some trade or manufacture in the city of London, or within three miles thereof, and who can give satisfactory security for the repayment of same." It has not been claimed for many years.

The other day there came to Salem, Ore., a box car that left Detroit sixteen days before. It contained P. Harwood, wife and two babies, seven cows, two horses, two sheep and an endless assortment of household and kitchen furniture and farm appliances. A stovepipe had been pushed through a ventilator hole in the car, and the smoke that wreathed the opening gave evidence that those inside the car were not suffering from the cold. Mr. Harwood said the trip was made easily and quite pleasantly, considering the crowded condition of the car.

French engineers are planning for an attack upon that hitherto virgin peak of the Alps, the Jungfrau. They propose to continue the present line of railroad from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen as far as Stockelberg, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and thence to mount up by a succession of slanting cable roads, forming a zigzag, to a height of some twelve thousand feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain, where there will be a hotel for the excursionists who are expected to make the trip by thousands daily. There will have to be five steps to the great staircase, and a separate railroad for each step, making five changes of cars necessary to reach the summit.

T. B. Smythes, who has made important geological discoveries in Indiana, says there is a great lake under part of that state. He says: "I was sinking a well on my place in Orange county when suddenly the drill knocked a piece out of the bottom and disappeared. Through the opening cold, clear water rushed, filling the well to the depth of twenty feet. At this level it stands. I have pumped water for hours, using a steam engine once, and the water does not lower an inch. One day I drew up a fish in a bucket of water." The section where the lake exists is hilly, full of gulches and caves. It is there that Lost river, a considerable stream, sinks away and finally disappears altogether.

Gallantry in Saving Life.

As the result of the reports which have been collated from all parts of the United Kingdom, India, the Colonies, and abroad, the Royal Humane society announce that the number of persons saved last year by personal gallantry, and in most instances at great risk, numbered 553, while in 49 other cases the persons when taken out of the water were beyond recovery. In England and Wales there were 386 cases, 85 in Scotland, 45 in Ireland, and 47 in India, the colonies and abroad. In all 538 persons were rewarded; 15 with silver medals, 165 with bronze medals, 2 with bronze clasps (the recipients having previously received medals), and there were also bestowed on 336 persons testimonials and other rewards. In the army and other branches of her majesty's land forces there were 33 recipients of the society's honors, medals being by queen's regulations to be worn as other distinctions gained in active service are. The Royal navy and coast guard obtained 30 recognitions of gallantry, and the police and Royal Irish constabulary 36. Other rewards, with reference to saving life from drowning, and to encourage swimming exercise at public schools and training ships, will be announced early next year.—Montreal Star.

Gains in 1889

The Union Central Life Insurance Co., of Cincinnati, O., makes the following gains in 1889:

A Gain in Surplus of -	$126,081.57
A Gain in Income of -	620,557.28
A Gain in Assets of -	1,088,362.11
Gross Assets, Dec. 31, 1889,	$5,665,855.70
New Business, 1889, - -	19,623,686.00
Insurance in Force in Neb.,	1,200,000.00

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