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THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

NELLIE B. WARD DISCOURSES ON THE CAUSES OF DIVORCE.

She Is, No Doubt, a "Desirable Girl," but She Does Not Incline to Matrimony, Judging From Her Letter.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION]

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read or dreamed it—ah, well, it matters not:
It is said in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and harken at the wondrous music that rings,
If he put from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and to me.
Let us look in our hearts and question: Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So then let us ponder a little, let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

THE DIVORCE LAWS.

There is a class of people that is badly worried about the operation of the divorce laws; and there has been a society organized to make it more difficult to obtain divorces and to make the laws upon the subject the same in all the States. Underlying the movement is the belief that divorce, except for one cause, is unscriptural, and hence with many the movement partakes of a religious nature. With such people of course the object is that our laws shall not conflict with divine laws. But, more generally, perhaps the purpose it to put a stop to what is considered a great social evil. The rather indefinite aim is to make marriage more happy and thus throw protection about the home. All who have the welfare of the home and society at heart must lament the activity of the Divorce Courts. But the Courts are not the cause. They are the effect. We might shut them up and thus, by bringing men and women face to face with the fact that when they promise each other to stick for life it is a promise that is binding, we might lead them to be a great deal more careful about their intercourse with each other, but we could not insure happy marriages. Beginning at the Divorce Court is not the place to begin the reform of the evil we are trying to reform. There is no objection at all to smashing the Court. Upon the whole I believe that society would be better off if divorce were impossible, though there may be two sides to the question. But until we can

GET SOME MORE SENSE

Into the heads of men and women who fall in love we shall fail in our real purpose. A young man and young woman fall in love—and so do old men and old women for that matter—and the last ray of good common sense falls into nothingness. In the majority of cases they at once become irresponsible idiots. They are utterly unapproachable with reason. Evidence as clear as noonday against their fitness for each other only makes them love the harder and talk the softer. They are each perfect in the other's sight, and the only thing outside of the burning, all-consuming sentiment in their hearts that ever engrosses their thoughts for a moment is the improbability that human nature will ever again reach such marvelous perfection as each exhibits to the other. In time the wedding day comes and goes, and with its going comes the stern reality of things. Gradually, as the faults inseparable from human nature begin to creep out, a rude change comes to their dreams, and it may continue to work until there is only about one thing upon which they agree, and that is that both have made unmitigated fools of themselves. Divorce Court or no Divorce Court, that agreement will be made, and the future amity of the family depends altogether upon whether or not they

CONTINUE TO BE FOOLS,

Or turn about and exercise good judgment. Now, I confess that I do not clearly see how the difficulty is to be avoided as long as human nature remains as it is. What is needed is to impress men and women with the solemn fact that there is a great deal about courtship and marriage besides sentiment. Matrimony is one of the most important business matters with which people have anything to do. We can better afford to make a mistake in almost any other direction, and before the important step is taken the heart ought to be kept down and the mind awake until the most scrutinizing investigation is made of character, disposition, habits, etc., and it would be well for each party to investigate himself or herself before giving much attention to the other party. The worst fraud ever practiced in this world is for a man or woman who is utterly unfit for husband or wife, to palm themselves off on somebody with all their defects. It is a clear swindle. There ought to be no difficulty for people to find out what their own fitness for matrimony is, for people do not fall in love with themselves to an extent that utterly blinds them to their imperfections.

A man of position and wealth is not always a pleasant fellow about the house. I have a friend, a lovely, intelligent woman, who has an elegant home and wearing apparel, but I happen to know that she dare not invest 50 cents without consulting the lord of the mansion. Another,

THE WIFE OF A MILLIONAIRE,

As she has no purse of her own, gets what she wants and sends the bill to her husband to storm over at his leisure. And, do you know, I believe that Eve ate the apple because she wanted it, and she liked it just as well as Adam did, only she had too much honor to slip around and throw the blame on some one else. It is the lover's place to manage to get the girl he loves for a wife, and if both are what they should be there will be no more effort in that line needed to live happily together as long as life shall last.

No, we did not promise to manage our husbands; neither do many of the present generation promise to obey. I have a friend whose lover spoke to the minister himself, saying he wished that word left out, as he was marrying a woman, not a child, and I assure you it has always been my delight to notice that she always does everything in her power to please. Besides, I believe that there are very few women nowadays, if they find themselves bound to a stake by a log-chain, would not be glad to liberate themselves by a sly fib if they could. Then I don't believe that husbands have more care than wives do. I think these things are very fairly balanced, and if trials must come they must be borne by both unflinchingly. Yes, let us make home bright as possible, and with happy, sunshiny tempers, keep the gray hairs out of both heads; that is, if we don't like gray hairs, but I for one do and gladly say let them come. There is one thing Solomon can say—nearly every man who is worthy of a crown gets it. How is it that at the end of that stirring appeal should come in the just and natural but bitter cry against the laws that man has made? Does that husband you reverence so much believe that a woman who must obey the laws should have a voice in making them? If he does not he needs a little managing.

DESIRABLE GIRLS.

Nearly every "desirable girl" is a good cook. She is taught the art thoroughly, so that she may intelligently instruct her servants, and, if circumstances require it, so that she could go into the kitchen herself and do the cooking. The race of old cooks who flourished "before the war" is fast dying out, and, as the young colored women have not inherited their mother's skill, the mistress of the house has been called upon to perfect herself in the duties of the kitchen, so that she may give her servants a practical training.

Even when required to act as her own cook, the "desirable girl" finds time for other work, and for enjoying herself and making others happy. She is expert with the needle, a fair musician, and a bright talker. Some are dashing horseback riders, graceful skaters and daring swimmers. They can manage the sails of a small boat and pull a strong oar, and many of them can handle a pistol. The outdoor exercise gives lightness and symmetry to the lithe figure, which is usually surmounted by a beautiful neck and face, and there are but few places in the world where lovlier women can be found. She is fond of reading and can converse with sprightliness and originality upon the best works in English literature, and criticise with judgment the styles and methods of different authors. She will go into the kitchen as fresh as a flower, prepare a breakfast of fruits, eggpone or other kinds of corn bread, hot rolls, clear coffee, sliced tomatoes, or fried tailors, or rock cod, perch or crab, and return to the table as neat as when she entered the kitchen, and so pleasing and cherry in manner that each and every article of

FOOD WILL TASTE THE SWEETER

For having been in her presence. At dinner you will have fried chicken delicately browned, ham baked with wine or sugar, roast duck, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, Lima beans, beets, egg plants, apple sauce, sweet and sour pickles, currant jelly, ice cream and peaches, or peaches and genuine cream, puddings, custards, cakes and fruits. For supper there will be soft crabs, crocus, Maryland biscuits, Sally Lunn, honey, and various preserves, with peaches and cream. The preserves are wonderfully fine specimens of the art preservative, for in this respect the "desirable girl" is without an equal the world over. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, crab apples, apricots, quinces, peaches, pears, damsons, watermelon rind, rock melon and cantaloupe are all subjected to her skill, and when placed upon the table they not only retain their flavor, but will convince any man that nature herself has been improved upon. In winter terrapins and wild geese, and ducks, and birds, and oysters take the place of chicken and the soft and hard crabs.

To appreciate the "desirable girl" you must go into her home. If, having done this, you say she is not beautiful or hospitable; that she is not charming or cultivated, your opinion will be a reflection upon yourself.

Rich folks are an exception among the "desirable girls;" contented folks are the rule. Small but comfortable incomes, pleasant homes, hours for work and hours for pleasure, sincere sociability, and widespread and earnest sympathy are the causes of this contentment.

NELLIE B. WARD.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

General Sherman spent a day or two with ex-Secretary Endicott in Salem after the Grand Army gathering.

The Rev. Joseph Parker of London now preaches one minute sermons after his more elaborate efforts. He directs these brief discourses to some particular class.

Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln and her daughters, who reached their home in Chicago from Europe recently, will spend the rest of the summer in her old home in Iowa.

Mrs. Dr. Emma E. Chase, of St. Louis, who was recently elected a full member of the American Dental Association, is the first lady on whom the honor has been conferred.

Dr. August Le Plongeon, the antiquarian whose researches have thrown much light upon prehistoric times in America, has started on a European trip to seek rest and recreation.

George Meredith, the novelist, looks younger than his years, which number sixty-two. In addition to his novel-writing he is a "reader" for a big firm of publishers in London.

It is said that Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, has adopted the children of the late Major Panitza, who was shot a short time since for conspiracy against the existing Bulgarian regime.

The Rev. George Schwarts, of Jeffersonville, Ind., who died a few years ago, was probably the oldest minister in that State. He remembered seeing the first steamboat on the Ohio river in 1825.

John Burns, who led the great London dock-strike, has gone back to work. He thinks the good results of a strike, when there are good results, do not compensate for the loss to the strikers.

Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is described as a "tall, thin, sharp-faced, shrill-voiced Senator, noted as the most excitable man in the Senate, and a superb type of the old-fashioned controversialist."

The distinction of being the first soldier who enlisted for three years in the late Civil War, is claimed by Stephen Decatur Phelps, of Cambridge, Mass. He is a nephew of Rear Admiral Phelps.

The author of "Metzeroth, Shoemaker," is now known to be Miss Katherine Pearson Wood, of Baltimore, a believer in Bellamy. She has written a new novel, entitled "The Mark of the Beast."

The Archduchess Valeries received a dower of 3,000,000 florins from her parents on her marriage, and she is entitled to an income from the State of about 80,000 florins a year as a daughter of the Emperor.

James Robinson, a man 40 years of age, is attending a primary school in Kansas City. He went to Phœnix, A. T., in his youth and accumulated a large fortune, a portion of which he is now spending on an education.

Ward McAllister has a farm near Newport, R. I., where he raises cattle, sheep and poultry. In summer he sells his cream, milk, chickens and mutton in Newport, and in winter New York furnishes a market for them.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon has landed at Tunis. He is said to be traveling under an assumed name and to be provided with an Italian passport. His pretext for going to Tunis was that he wished to inspect an estate.

Miss Helen Grazer, of Cincinnati, is a customs broker and is doing a large business. It is a difficult work, that takes a long head and extensive knowledge of the tariffs and monetary systems of all the countries of the world.

Justice Lamar during a recent trip to Georgia, visited his first home and slept in the room in which he was born. He found everything just as he left it, except that they didn't have to walk the floor with him all night.

Senator Edmunds has a very lucrative law practice, and is constantly obliged to decline business that is brought to him. It is alleged that the Senator is not so old as he looks, and that he may be good for a decade more of Senatorial life.

John Tinsley, a colored man, who remembers Washington and knew Hancock and Hopkins, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lives in Toronto, Ontario, at the age of one hundred and seven years. He formerly lived in Richmond, Va.

John Brown, son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, lives quietly at Put-in-Bay, O., where he cultivates a small vineyard and fruit farm. He is an old man now, having been one of the prominent persons in the stirring period in which his father figured.

BOHEMIAN LONDON.

HOW IT DINES IN TOWN AND OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

Delightful Dinners on the Thames, Where Good Cheer and Fine Scenery Make Life Worth Living.

To apply the term restaurant to many of the places in London where people dine would be singularly inaccurate. In dictionary form, restaurant is called an eating-house, but, as applied to certain places in the English capital where dinners are eaten, in the good or bad old-fashioned style, it is inadmissible.

Such is the Albion, close to Drury Lane Theater, and others of its class.

In the first place, it is very old, and as well known to literary men and theatrical people as any house in London. It has been repainted and furbished up scores of times, but it always retains an antique flavor. On entering the roomy passage the first thing that strikes the visitor is the office of semi-circular form, glazed and inclosed somewhat after the manner of the pay place at a theater. Within that odd-looking inclosure there used to be, quite recently, and probably is at the present moment, a lady superintendent, coupling the duties of a cellarer, and aided by a barmaid, for within that space are the usual appendages of a liquor establishment.

Some rare old wines are lying in the cellars of the house, to which access is had by means of the keys hanging, duly labeled, close to the principal's hand. Upon the shelves are bottles containing curious liquors and cordials, and, in season, a haunch of venison or a few saddles of mutton hang outside the office in tempting proximity to any predaceous person who would risk their abstraction. The entrance to the main room lies straight before the outer door, leaving the glazed partition on the right, but no habitual visitor to the house neglects to say a word or two of pleasant greeting to the smiling little woman who peers at him through the raised window sash. Nay, it is more than likely that the glass of dry sherry, the Englishman's invariable appetizer, will be sipped while passing the usual remarks about the weather. That preliminary custom being fulfilled, the dining-room is entered.

If it is any time after 7 P. M. the place will be crammed. A babel of voices salutes the ear, the aroma of good, substantial food assails the nostrils, and the eyes have much work before them in order to pierce the smoke. The room is divided, after old English coffee-room fashion, into boxes—that is to say, two benches and a table placed between partitions. The benches are cushioned, the tables are narrow, and so are the boxes. As all, or nearly all, within the room at the evening meal are acquainted, the small boxes in no way interfere with extended sociability. Little visits are exchanged, remarks flung across the room, and noisy salutations given and taken without regard to distance. The talk is generally of the shop, shoppy, and it is in such places that many good jobs are picked up by writers, many desirable engagements secured by actors, and a few more successful plays introduced to the notice of managers.

It is Bohemia regaling, and very Bohemian some of the regalers appear. The cut or fashion of a man's coat has no influence in these semi-artistic eating places. His wit and brilliancy are of more value and command due respect in a community where brains are very often the only capital. Let a really gifted man become frightfully impecunious—and they will sometimes perversely insist on doing it—and let him go or be taken to a place of the Albion type, and he will soon forget his poverty and remember only to do his best to shine among such powerful lights as he is sure to meet there.

The material comforts are, in their way, capital. The fish, meat and vegetables are of the best, the beer undoubted, the cheese and pulled bread splendid and the post-prandial grog magnificent. The spoons are of silver, but battered; the forks, also silver, are crooked, but the knives are as scrupulously clean as the table linen, and are as sharp as razors. The old head waiter, for there always is an old head waiter in such places, knows every one in the room, not only by name and occupation, but is acquainted with his very peculiarity, down to the exact modicum of fat he likes, the particular cut he prefers, and also the extent of his appetite.

There is no stint of quantity, however, for the wheeled truck, with the day's joint, will be placed at the table's side as often as the guest requires, and the good-humored carver will cut and come again as often as he may be called. The usual price for a dinner is half a crown and threepence for attendance, with generally threepence added for the waiter, as a free offering; in all 75 cents for two courses—fish and meat, and pudding or pie, and bread and cheese. A very moderate reckoning, when quantity and quality are considered. Of course, the wines, beer and grog are extras, and so, too, are the cigars.

In giving this sketch of the attributes of the Albion and its patrons, almost the whole of the purely London dining places are covered, with this difference only, that some of the West End establishments are more elaborate in their table appointments and more expensive in their charges. Whenever a really good dinner of plain, well-cooked food is desired, the traveler is recommended to patronize a large, widely known, but old-fashioned place. The great popularity of the house generally stimulates the proprietor to keep pace with the times without deviating from the sound policy which created popularity.

Let all very small establishments be carefully eschewed. They are generally remarkable for dirt, poor food, bad cooking and exorbitant charges, and as for their wines and liquors, they may be generically labeled "slow poisons." I have already touched upon foreign dining places in London, but there are many that are well worth visiting, but more especially for such travelers as affect the foreign fashion and put off their breakfast until past noon. Then the "dejeuner a la tourchette" is eminently proper, and London is filled with places where such a meal can be had in perfection. The claret will be sound vin ordinaire, the cutlets well cooked and the potato-chips done to a turn. It is not at all probable that the omelet can be eaten in perfection, and the chasse with the coffee enjoyed in a sybaritish fashion. Some of the company will probably be a little shady, but that need not disturb the traveler who "dines and rides away."

Of all enjoyable dinners, however, commend me to some of the riverside repasts. I mean those eaten in quaint honeysuckle-covered old taverns, with all modern appliances, upon the borders of that beautiful river, the Thames—above Chelsea, away up stream above Richmond, beyond Kingston, through Henley, Sonning, and so on as far as inclination may lead. No "Star and Garter" wax-candle, white-choker-waiter, imposition of poor food and terrific prices, surrounded with noodles spending, or rather wasting, money, but a quiet, modest, retiring little riverside town where boatingmen and those lovely stretches, canoers, only habitually visit.

In the recess of a roomy bay window on the first floor, commanding a view of the river, up and down, with good table appointments, a silent, attentive waiter serving a simple menu, true happiness for the moment may be felt and enjoyed. At such spots there are no splashing steamboats, no boatloads of 'Arrys and their Elizas, but only a few lazy rowers in outriggers, an occasional four or eight-oared club, not too many spooning couples gazing at each other in light wherries, and sundry old gentlemen in as many punts, placidly fishing, and catching nothing, with now and again one or two stately swans lazily, and with disdainful heads, propelling themselves, or merely floating outside the reeds and rushes in the eddies near the shores.

To this well-arranged table, in this pleasant bay window, the waiter, who looks like a butler gone into business on his account, brings in, after the oysters, a pair of soles exquisitely cooked and without a break in their browned skins. These, with lemon juice and a very little anchovy sauce, are excellent, and go well with the chablis. Then this silent treasure of a servant tables some lamb chops and a dish of green peas, deliciously sweet and tender. The chops are en papillote, and are enhanced in flavor by a dish of tomato catsup.

They are small, of course, and just whet the appetite for the capon, done to a turn, which follows them, and to which the cos lettuce—all heart—is excellent company. Then a jam tart, such as only English people know how to make, acts as a prelude to the Stilton cheese, the crisp biscuit and the fresh butter. A claret—say Saint Emilion—is the only wine added to the chablis, and in that case the little portion of cognac poured into the coffee suffices to maintain the glow engendered by the excellent but simple meal. A really good cigar can be puffed with delight while looking up or down, or up and then down, or vice versa, that lovely river, for no matter how or where you look at it, when once well above that dirty old London, it is a thing of beauty and therefore a joy forever.

This simple yet magnificent feed has probably not cost $5 all told, but nowhere on the globe can it be duplicated at the price, when the feast of the eyes is added to that of the palate. Of course, a grander, more imposing and really more beautifully colossal view can be had on our own Hudson above the Palisades, but then the browned soles, the well-mannered butler-waiter, would have to be dispensed with, and there would be no old gentlemen fishing from punts and not a swan within sight. Moreover, a fifty-dollar bill would look remarkably small when all expenses were paid.

An excellent little dinner can be enjoyed at a small place, half cabaret, half restaurant, at the end of the long walk in the Versailles grounds, and, as it is not far from that toy palace, the Little Trianon, it is worth a visit. The special features of French out-of-town and out-of-the-way dining places are the common wine and the strawberries. The latter, although small, are delicious.

Of course in these imaginative repasts much depends upon who is your opposite neighbor in the window commanding the lovely view I have spoken of. If the diner is young enough, or old enough to make love, then it is easy to know the sex, and almost the appearance of his opposite neighbor. If he has gone beyond "spooning," most likely his dear wife sits facing him, and if he is a bachelor without being misanthropical, he will have a trusty and intelligent fellow into whose eyes he can look with kindness, and from whose lips he will hear words worth listening to.

In the world of Bohemia and London there is not much "chumming," but there is a certain amount of close friendships, for so long as the Bohemian, common, restless life will permit and two stray men are generally to be found in those old riverside tavern-hotels, thrown together into affinity, for the time, by the purest accident, their friendship lasts just long enough to be interesting and genuine—then they part with good feeling and most probably never meet again.

JAMES SCHONBURG.

ART AND ARTISTS.

"The Dairy Farm," by Paulus Potter, which belonged to the late Duke of Somerset, was bought by Agnew of London for $30,450.

The Scottish National Gallery has received from a member of Parliament named McEwan the sum of $20,000, for the purchase of old masters.

Forgeries of sketches and paintings of the late Cecil Lawson, the English landscapist, have been offered of late in London. They are said to represent quite fairly the touch of Lawson.

Frederick Layton has given to the Layton Art Gallery of Milwaukee a large painting by Erskine Nicol, R. A., called "Interviewing the Member." There is an interior of twenty-five figures.

A prize of $1,000 will be offered this year by the Directors of the Detroit Museum to pupils in the art school who have been in it one year at work. It will permit the winner to pass two years in Europe studying his profession.

The bust of Hannibal Hamlin, heroic in size, has been placed in the gallery of the Senate at Washington. This is said to be the first occasion on which a statue has been erected at Washington during the lifetime of the original.

A marble medallion has recently been placed in the abbey at Tewksbury, England, as a memorial to Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik). The town was a favorite resort of Mrs. Craik, and she wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman," there.

The pretty sketches in black and white and water colors by Madeleine Lemaire, which were shown by Boussod, Valadon & Co. last winter, may be found, shorn of a good deal of their spirit, in the English translation of the novel by Hervieu, just published by Worthington. It is called "Flirt," but the running title has the correct translation "flirtation," the French author having, as usual, taken liberties with his English loan word.

Concerning the report of danger to the eyesight of E. A. Abbey, a London journal says: "No man living has done more brilliant work than Abbey. His name will in future be coupled with that of Menzel as one of the greatest pen-and-ink draughtsmen of the nineteenth, or indeed any other century—a man who formed a new style, original beyond dispute, graceful and quaint beyond compare, with an artistic perception and instinctive knowledge of æsthetic fitness that cannot be surpassed."

The August *Portfolio* has no less than seven illustrations by Joseph Pennell; one of them is an etching of the Strand; three are bits between Charing Cross and St. Paul's, London. These illustrate Justin McCarthy's pleasant chatter about the people one sees on London highways—the poor and the well-to-do, the known and the ignored. Two more illustrations after washed drawings by Pennell belong to the sixth installment of "The British Seas," contributed by Alfred J. Church. Mr. Hamerton discourses knowingly about the sketches of Constable, some of which are in his collection, and the number is handsomely illustrated by an etching from H. Manesse, after "A Dutch Interior," by Pieter de Hooghe. The original is in the Peel Collection at the National Gallery.

The statue of Henry Bergh, which will surmount the fountain at Milwaukee, is to be modeled by J. H. Mahoney, of Indianapolis. It will be of bronze, heroic in size, and stand 30 feet above the level of the street. Mr. Mahoney is a native of Indiana, 36 years old; he began life as a stonecutter, like Thomas Crawford. In 1879 he went to Rome, and in 1881 settled in Dayton, O. He has made a heroic-sized statue of Morton McMichael, of Philadelphia, the Chisholm monument in Cleveland, the Pierre Maynard statue at Chicago, and a marble statue of Charles C. West in Cincinnati. Mahoney contributed to the Pilgrim Monument in Plymouth the statue called "Law" and "Freedom," and is the maker of several memorials to soldiers.

MEN HATE A LIAR.

PLEASURE OF STANDING ON THE VANTAGE GROUND OF TRUTH.

Why Clerks Do Not Enjoy Stating the Facts About the Goods They Have to Sell—Love of Truth.

Some men cannot tell the truth without the fear of lockjaw. It is as difficult for them to make a veracious statement as it was for the father of his country to make one of the contrary kind. One of the best jokes Mark Twain has made was that the difference between him and Washington was that while the latter could not tell a lie he (Twain) could, but wouldn't; and the moral credit was rather greater in the case of the humorist than in that of the "first in war," etc. Something like a working majority of the people of this town seem to be imbued with the idea that they are not smart if they tell the truth, and they go about answering all inquiries with a fabrication, and then trusting to luck for some way out of the difficulty, if any one catches them in the deception. This does not seem to be so much with the intention to injure the questioner, as to simply refrain on principle from informing him. He is a creature entirely distinct from "The Liar," in Henry James' novel of that name. "The Liar" was simply a romancer. He told of things which never had happened, but he told of them in a most charming manner, and with a fashion so amiable that he corrupted the most veracious of wives, while he was entertaining a crowd of listeners; and won his way to many a dinner to which he could never have hoped to go had he depended on his qualities aside from this one.

But the man under discussion is not a romancer. He is a liar, pure and simple. Ask him if he carried his point with his Alderman last night and he will tell you he did, when at the same time he is wishing with all his heart he was able to do the very thing he is ready to claim he has done. He does not wish to further the Alderman's reputation for corruptibility, nor to lead you to lose any money on the strength of his having scored a point. He simply does not care to put you in possession of the facts with which he is armed. Ask him if he intends to appeal his case to the Supreme Court, and he will tell you that he does and that he will file his bond and perfect the appeal to-day; yet at the same time he knows he has already paid off the fine against him and was glad to have the thing settled without any further trouble. Ask him if he got out even on his deal in suburban lots, and he will tell you that he is already out, and that with a large margin of profit; that lots there are going to be worth money and plenty of it in another year. Now, he would make just as much to confine himself to facts, and you would think just as much of him, and you would run no kind of risk in shaping your acts by his reported conditions; but he cannot do it. He avoids the truth as instinctively as a hydrophobia patient avoids a cup of pure water. He knows something, and if he told you, you would know it too; and that he does not mean you shall by any act of his.

But this habit of purposely misstating things is most pernicious when it settles like a blanket on the clerk or salesman. There are a myriad of things the average buyer cannot know about the things he wishes to buy, and all of them are well known to the seller. He can tell you, and you feel like depending on him to do so. But you ask, and he tells you just the thing he ought not to, and as a consequence you are injured. It is no good to go back and complain, for he will laugh at you or at least cover that untruth quite out of sight in a mountain of others. So you pocket your chagrin at having trusted too much in the statement of some other man—and that is all the good you get out of the whole affair.

About nine clerks out of ten know a good deal more about the things they sell than they care to reveal. When a prospective buyer appeals to them they feel their importance and would lose all of it, they think, if they put you in possession of what they have learned. It is the one place where they are superior to you, and they do not care to resign the only point of superiority. If a clerk sees you looking at a thing, he wants you to buy it. If you ask him about it he is afraid to tell you the truth for fear it will spoil a sale, and so he lies about it and traps a customer. But he never traps that customer again. So long as reason maintains her sway in that distracted brow, that particular man will go a long way before he will put it into the power of that clerk to gouge him again.

How many of us know a salesman who will tell the truth all the time? Those of us who do will go out of our way at any time to buy of him. We know we can depend on him. We know that he will prefer to lose a sale and keep our confidence, to cheating us once and losing all sight of our patronage. That last clause may not embrace a very exalted motive, but any motive which will keep a man from robbing his fellow is exalted enough to do business with. Now and then even a clerk may be mistaken, and may say a thing is different from what he afterward find it to be; but any one with charity enough to cover his sins can excuse that, and will willingly do it. The men who can be depended on to tell the truth at all times so far as his information goes, and to tell it for the love of truth because of what his information, is a crown jewel, and he can do business as long as there is a customer in the country. "No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth."

It may be that the common run of mortals cannot understand the rare beauty and matchless courage of the man who always tells the truth. Let it be understood that few men living are able at all times to face the world without the shadow of deception, and that there is something of a latitude allowed even in the closest of circles; but the fact remains that the man who is to be relied on at all times, whose word is a confessed verity—he is the man we all love to grapple to our souls with hooks of steel. He is the man who makes oaths superfluous and bondsmen useless. He is the man who makes all laws dead letters, for he drinks at the fountain of justice and right. He is the man who knits the bonds of land and home and family, and whose movements are fearless and free in the sight of all men.

It is stronger than falsehood. It is more potent than deception. It is surer than fraud. It is better than that silence which speaks a lie. Not all men will choose, for all men cannot see its beauty. All men will not attempt it, for all are not noble enough. Not all men want it, for the fountain of right is dried up within them, and they sink to a level where truth cannot come.

For truth is precious and divine;
Too rich a pearl for common swine.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

The man who goes to a seashore resort for change frequently comes back without any.—*Boston Courier.*

Bobby—"How did you manage to get the bowl of cream?" Tommy—"Told ma I saw the cat put her nose in it."

A good tailor should make a successful wooer, for he always presses his suit with the utmost adroitness.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Slowpay (to collector)—"I can't pay you to-day. Please call again." Collector—"That is very annoying. I don't want to do that." Slowpay—"Then stay away, but don't say I didn't invite you."—*West Shore.*

It is a foul slander to say that the angler's favorite dance is the reel and his favorite musical instrument the lyre.—*Boston Gazette.*

People who have always been wealthy are simple enough in their manners. The suddenly rich put on a million airs.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Carlyle says there is a personal nobleness and even sacredness in work. He might have added, there is money in it, too.—*Boston Courier.*

The farmer who exhibits the big carrot at the county fair has every reason to expect a prize. He knows his carrot can't be beet.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The man who says he is going to get there, and don't you forget it, makes more noise about it than the man who is actually there.—*Atchison Globe.*

A good way to save your family the expense of a large and costly funeral after your death is to be a mean man while you live.—*El Dorado, Kan., Republican.*

"I tell you that fellow is bound to shine." "Is that so? He looks a very ordinary, dirty sort of fellow." "Of course he does. He's a bootblack."—*Monterey Wave.*

"Dem clodings, mine vriendt, maag you look like President Harrison." "Then I don't want them." "Vy nod?" "Because the President doesn't dress as well as I want to."

"I don't believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I make my servant keep her place." "You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."—*American Grocer.*

It is a singular fact that when anything is too horrid to relate, everybody is dying to hear it. No, that isn't exactly right, either. Everybody wants to relate it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sweet girl—"If it is just the same, Mr. Mashuer, you needn't trouble yourself to call any more." Mashuer (earnestly)—"Oh, thanks, it's no trouble at all—I like to call."—*West Shore.*

"A fine day, your honor," said the still maudlin prisoner to the Judge, as he was brought to the bar. "Yes; a very fine day," said the Judge; "your fine is $10."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Mike—"Whist, Pat, I've got a new gcat." Pat (misunderstanding)—"That kind of a coat, Mike—swallow-tail?" Mike—"Oh, he's got no tail at all—but he'll swallow anything."

"There is small consolation," said the bald-headed man, "to know that the hairs of our head are numbered, so long as you haven't any check and can't redeem them."—*Washington Post.*

Stout Lady—"I want to get some cloth for a dress." Floor Walker—"For yourself, madam?" Stout Lady—"Yes, sir." Floor Walker—"You will find our wholesale department in the rear."

Dashaway (at the table)—"I think I shall marry a rich girl and settle down." Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—"It would be a much better plan, Mr. Dashaway, if you would stay single and settle up."

Winks (looking into a jeweler's window)—"How rich he must be!" Jinks—"Very rich. Those are unusually fine diamonds." Winks—"Are they diamonds! I thought they were lumps of ice."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Rev. Longnecker—"Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon." Little Tommy—"Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit."—*The Epoch.*

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Pricem, "I never did see such a set of creatures these shop-girls are! They seem to take it as a personal affront if I ask one of them to show me anything, and they know well enough that I never buy anything."—*Boston Transcript.*

Razzle—"Didn't you say you can tell a story that will take away one's breath?" Dazzle—"That's what I can. It's a terrible lie." Razzle—"Tell it to me, won't you? I want to go home, and I wouldn't have my wife know I've been drinking for the world."—*Chicago Post.*

Johnny—"Uncle Charlie, won't you take the wagon down to McGonigle's and get it painted?" Uncle Charlie—"Why, Johnny, that's a saloon. They don't do painting there." Johnny—"Then what made mamma say that was where you got your nose painted?"—*West Shore.*

Pastor—"Brudder Acker, I'se sorry to see yo' ersleep durin' de sermon, dis mo'n." Brother Acker—"Deed I wasn't asleep. My eyes was closed, an' I was drinkin' in de words ob de sermin, an' I was so affected dat I had ter shut my eyes ter keep back der tears."—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Tailor—"I really do hope you will settle this little account to-day, sir. I have a heavy bill to pay my cloth merchant." Captain (calmly)—"Confound your impudence! You go and contract debts, and come dunning me to pay them. Get out, or I'll send for the police."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A fellow, thinking to appear smart, entered a notion store on Sixth avenue the other day, and said to one of the lady clerks: "Ever have any calls for husbands here?" "Oh, yes, occasionally. Are you looking for a market?" "Yes," said Smarty. "All right. Step right up to the 10-cent counter."

Judge Peterby—"Where is your son now?" Colonel Yerger—"He is with Silverstone." Judge Peterby—"Is that the merchant who has failed several times and been burned out a time or two?" Colonel Yerger—"Yes, that's the man. I want my son to get a practical business education."—*Texas Siftings.*

"That's queer," mused Mr. Fangle as he sat reading his newspaper. "Here Smith, Smith & Smith say in their advertisement that they are having a great run on colored ginghams, and a little further down they warrant the ginghams not to run. I shall tell my wife to be careful when she trades there."—*The Bostonian.*

Daughter (at the seaside)—"Papa, I'm going to marry Algernon, who has waited on us at the table since we have been here." Papa (with a glad light in his eye)—"Thank heaven, my child, for that. The fortune I have given him in tips may remain in the family. Bless you, bless you, daughter."—*Washington Star.*

"Maria, don't you think there is some truth in the old belief that a husband and wife grow in time to look like each other?" "Not much, John; I can't see that you have grown any handsomer since I married you." "Why, my dear, I don't see how you could expect that. Just look how handsome you've got since then, Maria."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Irate Patron—"You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?" Dr. Quack—"Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed." Irate Patron—"My son took your medicine for a year, and died an hour after the last dose." Dr. Quack—"My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years."—*New York Weekly.*

A body servant, newly engaged, presented to his master a pair of boots the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, Patrick, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I realy don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down-stairs are in the same fix."—*White Mountain Echo.*

Who Wouldn't?

"Birdie kissed me last evening."
"Did you kiss her back?"
"Of course not."
"You foolish boy! Why didn't you?"
"I preferred to kiss her lips."—*The Epoch.*

Who avoids small sins does not fall into great ones.—*German.*

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The *Jewish Voice* says: "Religious indifference is the bane, not only in Jewish circle, but also and still more so among the various Christian denominations. But that is a poor comfort to us. Jews have had the personal experience of the effect of a steadfast religious life, and hence religious indifference with them has invariably a direct bearing on their mode and manner of living. 'It is thy life and the length of thy days' has been said of the Jewish faith in its bearing on the life of the Jew."

The *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) says: "The sale of the pirated edition of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' has occasioned a great controversy. A wholesale fear of the law has caused some to desist from, and others, with a fuller understanding of the rights of property, to abandon, its sale. It is rather surprising, therefore, that the 'Baptist Book Concern' at Louisville, Ky., should be found advertising this 'monarch of encyclopedias,' and offering a 'phenomenal opportunity' to those who will subscribe for it. It rightly calls this the 'book sensation of the year,' and probably before long Messrs. Black & Co. will give this book concern such a 'sensation' as will greatly enlarge its conception of the term 'sensational.'"

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "The *Tribune* of last Friday announced at length the plans of Mr. John D. Rockefeller for founding a university in New York city, with an endowment of $20,000,000, to be 'under Baptist control.' This announcement was at once commented upon by the journals of leading cities, and it is safe to say that half the reading people of the Eastern States believe that the *Tribune's* report was trustworthy. We expect that the religious papers this week will swell the chorus of congratulatory comment. But Mr. Rockefeller stated last Saturday that there was nothing in the report, and declared that the announcement was news to him. No good and much harm is done by the publication of such 'news.' If Mr. Rockefeller should be devising liberal things in the way of fostering education, it cannot be helpful to his plans to have such statements made. Some one has evidently blundered pretty seriously in giving this 'news' to the *Tribune*. It is a very good way to discourage a man in benevolence to forestall the announcement of his plans, or to attribute to him purposes of which he is ignorant."

Of the same matter the *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "The spirit of many papers in this city is to publish anything without regard to the effects upon the subject, and everything that is talked about is hurried into the paper, and frequently the very best plans are made impossible of execution because of this premature publicity. We know of instances in which good causes have lost many thousands, even hundreds of thousands of dollars, engagements have been made impossible, ministers have lost positions, churches failed to obtain pastors whom they might otherwise have obtained, because of premature publicity. The word 'editor' should have a new meaning to make it agree with prevalent ideas. 'Editor,' formerly a person who carefully sifted rumor, gossip, supposed fact, projects, and fancies, publishing what proved authentic, and likely to promote the public welfare. Now, a man who competes with all others in the same profession to get before the people the most startling matter, true or false, in advance of his contemporaries."

The *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "The 'tramp preacher' is apt to see what others miss. It may be hard to find arguments which warrant the minister in occupying a strange pulpit on every Sunday of his vacation, and yet, is it not well to change about occasionally? Every one admits that the old voyager calls 'the strange glory to which travel lifts us.' At all events, the comet has been truer to duty than the fixed star, and it is certain John Gilpin never ceased to talk about the one famous occasion when he did 'ride abroad.' Every preacher who comes back from his vacation should bring his notes with him. He does well now and then in the course of his rambles to sit in the pew and see how things appear to be from the big end of the telescope. He may get hints as to the order or conduct of the service; he may learn to look at gesture and attitude from the point of view of the congregation, and if he be very wise, he will perhaps be inclined to believe that it is quite as hard to listen well as it is to preach well."

The *Congregationalist* says: "The Episcopalian and Presbyterian bodies in New York city have both taken a step in the recent years; but the latest figures show that the latter denomination is not gaining so rapidly as the former, its present membership being 22,526 to 36,173 in the Episcopal churches, which have gained 11,000 members in three years to the Presbyterians' 3,000. Dr. A. F. Schauffler explains this relative growth by the fact that the Episcopalians man their churches better and more amply, having 117 ordained men in charge of seventy-nine churches and chapels, while the Presbyterians have only fifty-four ministers to just that number of churches. It must be admitted that the man-factor counts powerfully in church work everywhere. Not only are better men called for in modern methods of Christian activity, but a larger supply, as well, in many a parish. With the multiplication of duties which fall to the lot of every city pastor, as well as to many in smaller communities, it often becomes the plain duty of the church to give him assistance. No business, not even the Lord's, can be carried on successfully, and in the long run economically, unless there are a sufficient number of hands to do the necessary work."

Here is a bit of professional criticism from "Farmton" of the *Advance*: "I like a sermon which begins somewhere and by a straight road goes somewhere. I do not like a sermon which begins anywhere, and after going everywhere, ends nowhere. Most of the sermons which I hear have an order of thought. Yet sermons which are a disorder of thought do good. Most people regard the immediate impression of a sermon more than upon the logical arrangement. But to be permanently effective the sermon must, and, to most, the immediate impression does not depend on the logical arrangement. I know a doctor down in Maine who has two medicines, one the 'heart regulator,' the other, the 'liver hoister.' I asked him once what each was made of. 'The heart regulator,' said he, 'is made of everything upon the upper shelf of Smith's drug store, and the liver hoister of everything on the lower shelf.' These medicines have a local reputation as excellent remedial agents. So a sermon which has a bit of politics, a dash of mythology, a hint of the last railroad accident, an allusion to the patriarchs, quotations from Emerson, may be regarded as a good sermon. I should not recommend 'the heart regulator' or 'liver hoister.' Please I should not recommend this method of making a sermon."

The *Independent* says: "The learned Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., writes us: 'In the issue of the 31st July, the Rev. Dr. Schaff has an interesting paper on the "Calvinistic System." In one part of it, he says: "which Calvin himself significantly calls a *decretum horribile*." Twice afterwards he uses in quotation marks the word *horrible*, and mentions the "horrible decree," thus clearly indicating his opinion that this is a correct translation of the Latin phrase. I respectfully ask if this is possible. Can any sane man maintain and defend a doctrine which he believes and confesses to be horrible? Many an accusation has been brought against John Calvin, but never has any one charged him with a lack of brains. I insist, therefore, that he could not really have said what he is charged with saying. The word *horrible* both in classic and in ecclesiastical Latin has two senses, one being *horrible*, the other *awful*. It seems only reasonable to hold that the great Reformer used the word in the latter. Reprobation is, indeed, awful, but if it be a doctrine of God's Word, it is not horrible, and the same may be said of it as the endlessness of future punishment. Moreover, Calvin was a pious man, as I think everybody admits. Could a devout man attribute to the Most Holy God a decree which he believes to be deserving of abhorrence? Surely this question admits of but one answer. As to Dr. Schaff's repeated coupling of reprobation and preterition as if they were one and the same thing, this only shows that a man can be an extremely clever Church historian without being either a theologian or a logician. But his translation of *horrible* seems to me senseless and impossible, although the blunder has been perpetrated for generations by the *ignobile pecus* of Arminian sectaries. 'The *ignobile pecus* of Arminian sectaries' is hardly flattering language."

This sketch of a young preacher is from the *Methodist Review*: "Getting a hint somewhere, the young preacher resolved to give up the 'getting up' of sermons. He resolved to master subjects and let sermons grow. It is wonderful how the idea took hold of him. He began to work on one great doctrine or department of theology as if he had suddenly become a specialist on it and must prepare a course of lectures or write a book on it. He took up, for example, 'The Incarnation.' What idea does the word convey? What do I think when that word is spoken or my eyes see it? What is the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation? The history of it; the Biblical statements concerning it; the real relation of it to the mission of Christ; the views of the various schools of theological thought concerning it; how did Augustine speak of it? And Luther? And Calvin? And Hodge and Whedon? What ideas do my people have when the word 'Incarnation' is pronounced? Can it be that they have no definite conception of it? Let me find out. Thus he goes on, day after day, using all the books to which he has access; conversing with all the thinkers he meets; the old Presbyterian theological professor who is 'laid on the shelf'; his young, scholarly and traveled fellow-pastor; that thoughtful old Swedenborgian, Dr. ——, who is laughed at as a 'transcendentalist;' Mr. ——, the public school teacher, who is an agnostic—a man who is sure that nobody can know this, that or the other, thus assuming his own omniscience to start with; Miss ——, who is a sort of amateur philosopher, and so on. He reads and thinks, and converses and discusses, and gets all on fire with the one subject. But where are 'the sermons for next Sunday?' He asked himself that a score of times, and kept working away on his 'subject.' Before Saturday morning came he had incidentally found ten or fifteen texts on which he intends 'some time to preach.' On a slip of paper he had put down eight distinct topics that he hopes 'some day to take up.' He had a list of twenty questions bearing on his 'subject' which he is sure somebody will ask. Here are five serious objections which must be answered. These texts, topics, questions and objections are not all immediately connected with the ruling subject of his week's study, but they are collateral or are suggested by this study. He could not in five hours discuss all the lines opened up by his researches of the week. He is embarrassed by the wealth of thought that comes to him. And out of this radical work there grew two vigorous, practical, earnest 'talks' for the Sunday. And they are so full of vigor and dash, and come out so like the stream of the faucet, that people involuntarily think of the great reservoir among the distant hills—all the water of which they cannot drink, but the pressure of which fills full with sparkle and freshness the goblet which they draw. On this plan our young minister will study with some degree of carefulness about six or eight 'great subjects' a year. And he will 'grow' sermons by the score and hundred. In fact, he is full of sermons. And his sermons are full. And such fullness gives force. Happy the people whose pastor, having common sense, tact, sympathy and the abundant grace of God, is a regular student of 'stupendous themes,' and who, out of what he is and knows, grows sermons for the comfort and edification of the people!"

G. A. R. Commander Veazey.

Judge Veazey, of Vermont, the newly-elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, is as fine a specimen of New England manhood as one will meet in a long day's travel. He is of good hight, tall, in fact; but his massive figure has the effect of making him appear shorter than he really is. His face is a remarkable one. In profile it has the same striking outline as the late President Garfield's, and in the great procession of Tuesday his portrait, carried at the head of the Vermont column, was mistaken by many spectators for that of Garfield. He is a fine scholar, able jurist, and graceful orator, and a member of the Governing Board of Dartmouth College. At the bar and on the bench of his State, in law and in politics alike, Judge Veazey has won many public honors, but none undoubtedly which has made him feel so justly proud as that which places him at the head of the Grand Army organization. And the best thing about the high compliment that has been paid him is that everybody says, "It serves him right."—*Boston Globe.*

An Odd Conceit.

Last season a party of twenty ladies and as many gentlemen dined together prior to attending a ball masque. From the chandelier in the center of the dining-room depended twenty scarfs of gros grained ribbon, each three and a half yards long and nine inches wide, heavily fringed and richly adorned at both ends with paintings of flowers and foliage. These flowers were so arranged in canopy fashion that an end of each came down to the place one of the ladies was to occupy at the table, and care was taken in their selection to have colors harmonizing with the complexion of the ladies for whom they were severally intended, as shown by the names printed in gold upon the flowers. The gentlemen were supplied with *menus* painted in water colors, upon which the floral decorations corresponded with those upon the ladies' scarfs. After the dinner the scarfs were worn to the ball and retained by the ladies as souvenirs. The entire cost was between $600 and $700.

Origin of the Horseshoe.

All sorts of questions are asked of newspaper men, and why, no one knows. An individual who is a patron of the *Herald* sees fit to state through our columns the origin of the horseshoe. We have puzzled over the matter somewhat, and find that the feet of horses were protected by leather boots as early as the days of Aristotle and Pliny. The boots were sometimes shod with metal. There is one writer who claims that the mules of Nero were shod with silver. The claim is probably as true as many other things handed down by tradition. Homer speaks of "brazen-footed steeds." Iron shoes were first nailed to the hoofs of horses in the ninth century, at any rate the works of Emperor Leo so state. Iron horseshoes were first introduced into England by William I. about 1688. This is the best information we can get upon the subject. If any one else can give any better, we would like to hear it.—*Albion (N. Y.) Herald.*