TENNYSON AND WHITTIER.

These Modern Poets Regarded as Liberal Teachers.

Discourse on the Subject by Rev. T. J. Horner at Pythian Castle on Sunday Morning.

In his introduction to the sermon Mr. Horner said that it had necessarily been delayed because he was waiting for the last utterances of these poets, and had to send to Boston for them. He quoted from the text, "God is love." [1 John iv., 16.]

"When from the terrors of Nature a people
have fashioned and worship a Spirit of
Evil,
Blest be the voice of the Teacher who calls to
them, 'Set yourselves free!'"

These words from the little volume of Tennyson's poems published since his death, come ringing back to us as it were from that other world to which he has ascended. They have in them the clear tones of inspiration commanding the attention of humanity to what it has been worshiping and misnaming "God."

These words from Tennyson come like a benediction to us Unitarians, because we have been looked upon as the enemies of religion, as the iconoclasts of faith, when in fact for over fifty years the Unitarians of Europe and America have simply been crying, "Set yourselves free from all those systems of thought inherited from the terrors of earlier ages which have so long haunted the minds of Christians and blackened the dome of the hereafter. Our leaders, from Priestly and Channing down to Dr. Stebbins and Minot Savage, instead of being mere iconoclasts in religion, have held to an idea of God that includes the whole universe in his love, leaving no soul out in utter darkness either here or hereafter. They have asserted that the intellect must never lay claim to an idea that the heart denies.

The cry of both pulpit and pew has been: "Set yourselves free" from the bondage of ignorance, sin and fear, and then you will be able to see "God in everything."

"Set yourself free" from the bondage of ideas in matters religious which darken the character of God, degrade man, and belittle the true spiritual genius of the peasant prophet of Galilee to the level of a spiritual medium.

Stafford Brook, in his "History of English Literature," claims that the rise of Unitarianism in New England gave birth to a race of poets and prophets, whose names are the pride of the American people. It was the Unitarian protest against all narrowness and dogmatism in religion, together with its appeal for a grander conception of God and a nobler idea of man, that inspired that fraternity of poets of whom only Holmes is left.

Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell were ours, while Whittier was with us in all his thoughts of both God and man.

Two weeks before he died, Whittier said to a friend of mine, speaking about religion: "They would call thee and me Unitarians." A Quaker in his strong faith in the "inner light," he was a Unitarian in all his thought concerning the Christ. The historical Jesus and the Christ were not one and the same, but the Christ to him was always a figure of speech, by the use of which he meant "God's divine manifestation in the heart of man."

This idea is clearly brought out in "Trinitas."

And still I prayed, Lord let me see
How Three are One and One is Three.

Then something whispered, "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sea and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways.
Thou saws't the Christ whom angels praise!

"A bodiless divinity,
The still small voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"Oh blind of sight; of faith how small!
Father, and Son, and Holy call;
This day thou hast denied them all.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ, in the good to evil done,
His voice in thy soul—and the Three are One."

Not long since Joseph Cook preached a sermon in Boston, in which he claimed both Whittier and Tennyson as Evangelical Christians. To quote his own words, as reported in the *Globe*, he said: "Both Tennyson and Whittier received the Bible as the supreme rule of life. Both believed in the deity of Jesus. Neither of them ever indorsed any heterodox sentiments."

Now I cannot speak so confidently of Tennyson's belief about Jesus as I can about Whittier's, but if I know what Evangelical doctrine is, it begins in the idea that man is by nature a fallen being, prone to evil, and needing redemption, which he can only receive through the acceptance of the atoning merits of Jesus' blood. An eternity of woe for the unregenerate sinner, and an eternity of happiness for those who are—

Washed in the blood of the Lamb

are necessary articles of evangelical faith, else I was not properly instructed in my youth, and that was the spiritual food my tender years were nourished with.

Mr. Cook, more famous out of Boston than in Boston, has the reputation there of believing that he knows all that is worth knowing, but certainly he did not read these poets as I have read them, or he would not have said what he did; but for fear I read into them my own thoughts I will continue to allow them to speak for themselves.

In his "In Memoriam" Tennyson says:

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill—
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood!

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made His pile complete.

Is that evangelical? Our Presbyterian friends in Cincinnati have just condemned Professor Smyth as a heretic for having just such hope. We all know that Tennyson was in the Church of England, but Howard McQuary was condemned in the Episcopal Church in Ohio for holding views no more radical than Tennyson held.

Again, I say that eternal damnation is one of the cardinal doctrines of the evangelical churches. The American Board makes belief in this doctrine necessary for a missionary to the (enlightened) heathen. Joseph Cook is almost ready to fight for it, revivals are always conducted upon it as a powerful argument to convert and humble the poor sinners, while one Baptist minister in this city last October made the assertion that "a population as great as San Francisco's sweeps into hell every seven days."

(He must have been pretty well acquainted with his majesty to know so accurately the latest emigrant reports from that country.) But when he reported that the average Baptist Church member pays but one cent and a half per week to stem the tide he revealed the fact that the doctrine is a dead doctrine among Baptists to-day.

It may be a necessary article of evangelical faith, but they do not really believe it, nor did Tennyson. In a little poem called "Faith" he says:

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the
wisest and the best.
Let not all that saddens nature flight thy hope
nor break thy rest;
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the ship-
wreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the
famine, or the pest.

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than
the hearts desire.
Through the grates that bar the distance
comes a glimpse of what is higher.
Wait till death has flung them open, when the
man will meet the Maker.
Dark no more with human hatreds in the
glare of deathless fire!

And Whittier, when remonstrated with for writing "The Two Angels" by some of his more orthodox friends, replied by writing "The Eternal Godness," which, though familiar, I hope, to you all, I cannot do better than repeat at this point:

O, friends, with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong;
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds,
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

And let me say right here that one whose heart does not rebel against the ideas contained in the creeds of orthodoxy will never make a good Unitarian, and I would rather all such would stay where they are.

Who fathoms the eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walked with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod.
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice, even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king, I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss—
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your school men teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark, ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge in trembling self-distrust
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the Chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their frouded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

O, brothers, if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me, that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

Show me a grander, and at the same time a more loving, trusting faith than is here expressed and I will renounce my present belief to sit at the feet of him who teaches it. How pathetic the prayer:

Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

Forgive me if I cannot believe that Thou art that awful being that human terror has painted Thee in the past! Forgive me if I cannot believe Thee capable of creating a single atom in vain, let alone a gingle human soul; and surely creation is vain if Hell is to burn forever. His soul revolting at the idea caused Whittier to write the "Two Angels," as follows, for which he was reproved:

God called the nearest angels who dwelt
with Him above;
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one
was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! A wail of woe
and sin
Steals through the gates of Heaven and sad-
dens all within.

"My harps take off the mournful strain that
from a lost world swells;
The smoke of torment clouds the light and
blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to the underworld, and on its
souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and
Pity tears like rain."

Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled
their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the
dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long. At
last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-
wrapped in ragless flame.

Then Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with
faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness, and
smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of pity quenched the flame
whereon it fell;
And with the sunshine of that smile
hope entered into hell.

Two unveiled faces, full of joy, looked upward
to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him
who sat thereon.

And deeper than the sound of seas, more
swift than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice
Eternal spoke:

"Welcome, my angels! you have brought a
holier joy to heaven.
Henceforth the sweetest song shall be the
song of sins forgiven."

Tennyson expresses the recoil of his soul at the doctrine of "eternal punishment" in language much more severe. In his "Despair," a man, reacting from the church, lost all faith and hope, and tried to commit suicide. His wife agreeing with him they attempted to drown themselves together. She was lost, but he was washed ashore to find his minister standing ever him:

What? I should call on that Infinite love
which has served us so well?
Infinite cruelty, rather, that made everlasting
hell!
Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does
what He will with His own?
Better our dead brute mother (the earth), who
never has heard us groan.

And yet I have had some glimmer, at times
in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all, above all, the great God,
for aught that I know.
But the God of love and of hell together, that
cannot be thought;
If there be such a God, may the great God
curse him, and bring him to nought!

Blasphemy! True, I have scared you pale
with my scandalous talk;
But the blasphemy, to my mind, lies all in the
way that you walk.

If Tennyson was expressing his own mind here I do not see how any one could claim him as an evangelical Christian. He detested creeds no less than Whittier. That little snatch—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Has become a common saying.

In "Akbar's Dream," just published, Tennyson makes Akbar say:

There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes of worship; but our Ulama,
Who, "sitting on green sofas, contemplate
The torment of the damned" already, these
Are like wild brutes new-caged—the narrower
The cage, the more their fury. Me they front
With sullen brows. What wonder! I decreed
That even the dog was clean, that men may
taste
Swine-flesh, drink wine: they know, too, that
whene'er
In our free Hall, where each philosophy
And word of faith may hold its own, they
blurt
Their furious formalisms, I but hear
The clash of tides that meet in narrow seas—
Not the Great Voice, not the true Deep.

* * * * *

I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds.
I let men worship as they will. I reap
No revenue from the field of unbelief.
I cull from every faith and race the best
And bravest soul for counselor and friend.

* * * * *

And so do we. Akbar, disgusted with
the ranting of sects, longed—

For power to fuse
My myriads into union under *one;*
To hunt the tiger of oppression out
From office; and to spread the Divine Faith
Like calming oil on all their stormy creeds
And fill the hollows between wave and wave.
To nurse my children on the milk of Truth
And alchemise old hates into the gold
Of Love, and make it current, and beat back
The menacing poison of intolerant priests,
Those cobras ever setting up their hoods.

He would rear—

A temple, neither pagod, mosque, nor church,
But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and
Peace
And Love and Justice.

Exactly the idea I have in mind for Sacramento if we can ever prevail upon discordant sects of liberal thinkers to unite on the one idea of love. But let it be plainly understood that I am the sworn enemy of any thought that would limit that idea either in this world or the next.

Similar to Tennyson's thought as to creeds, is this from Whittier:

That night, with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint, and Calvin said,—
The living speaking to the dead.

In vain I turned in weary quest,
Old pages where—God give them rest—
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

The faith expressed in "In Memoriam," by Tennyson, is found in Whittier like this:

Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and
shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creatures still.

Wilt Thou not make, eternal source and goal,
In Thine one years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul.

Both poets were with the advanced thought of the scientific world and were sure that nothing had been destroyed by science that was worth keeping. It isn't every old man who keeps in touch with the evolving world while descending toward the grave, but listen to this from Whittier:

What matter that it is not May,
That birds have flown and trees are bare,
That darker grows the shortening day,
And colder blows the wintry air!

The wrecks of passion and desire,
The castles I no more rebuild;
May fitly feed my drift-wood fire,
And warm the hands that age has chilled.

Whatever perished with my ships
I only know the best remains;
A song of praise is on my lips
For losses which are now my gains.

Heap high my hearth! No worth is lost;
No wisdom with the folly dies.
Burn on, poor shreds, your holocaust
Shall be my evening sacrifice!

For more than all I dared to dream,
Unsought before my door I see,
On wings of fire and steeds of steam,
The world's great wonders come to me.

And nobler signs, unmarked before,
Of love to seek and power to save—
The righting of the wronged and poor,
The man evolving from the slave.

And life no longer chance or fate,
Safe in the gracious Fatherhood.
I fold o'er weary hands and wait,
In full assurance of the good.

And Tennyson:

Miracles?—
Miracles! No, not I, nor he nor any. I can
but lift the torch
Of reason in the dusky cave of life,
And gaze on this great miracle, the world,
Adoring that who made, and makes, and is,
And is not, what I gaze on—all else form,
Ritual varying with the tribes of men.

Whittier's "Plan of Salvation" was a very simple one. There is not much theology in it:

Earth shall be near to Heaven when all
That severs man from man shall fall,
For here as there, salvation's plan
Alone is love of God and man.

His faith in immortality was based in human affection, and not in the resurrection of Jesus:

The solemn joy that soul communion feels
Immortal life reveals;
And human love, its prophecy and sign
Interprets love divine.

But time passes, and I must hasten to a close. I found so much that I wanted to put in this symposium that I have had to leave much of it for you to hunt up and read for yourselves. Dr. Holmes, writing to Mr. Baldwin of Boston lately, said that Whittier believed substantially as he believed, and Dr. Holmes has been a life-long Unitarian of the radical school. Holmes says: "It is simply impossible to sing the old theology." "Those who tried to sing Calvanism," says he, "are remembered now as literary curiosities."

Whittier writing of Holmes says:

O rarest optimist!
* * * * *
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,
Thank God! for votes more glad.
* * * *
Thy hand, old friend!

It has often been said that the liberal faith is a pleasant one to live by, but not a good one to die by. This from those whose terror of death comes from the teachings of the old theology, but listen to these, among the last words from Tennyson, and with them I must close:

Yet be comforted:
For if this earth be ruled by perfect love,
Then after its brief range of blameless days
The toll of funeral in an angelic ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage
bell.
The face of death is toward the sun of life.
His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
Is Onward; no discord in the roll
And march of that eternal harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly
heard,
Until the great hereafter.
Moura in hope.

BRIEF NOTES.

Charles Wieger was granted his discharge in insolvency in Judge Catlin's court on Friday afternoon last.

Ed Dieterle has suffered the loss of the little finger of his right hand, which was injured some days ago. It was found necessary to amputate the member.

Louise Bertoni was granted a divorce from John Bertoni in Department Two of the Superior Court on Saturday, and the custody of the children was awarded to her.

Fred Steinecke complains that someone entered his saloon the other night and stole some of his whisky. It is to be hoped that the thief did not get hold of Steinecke's private bottle. The latter has caused trouble enough of late.

The White House.

The President's house at Washington completed its first century last year, its corner-stone having been laid on October 13, 1792. The architect was James Hoban, who, it is said, used the mansion of the Duke of Leinster at Dublin as his model. Although the corner-stone was laid in 1792, the White House was not finished until eight years later, when it was first occupied by President Adams. Maryland and Virginia contributed a large share of the money used in erecting the executive mansion—the former giving $72,000 and the latter $120,000. When British troops seized Washington, in August, 1814, and burned the interior of the Capitol, they also set fire to the President's house. The walls, which were of dark freestone, were so discolored by flames and smoke that when Congress in 1815 authorized the restoration of the building it was painted white, and has since been popularly known as the White House.—Harper's Young People.

Too Much Iron.

Harry—The doctor told me to-day that Jessie's freckles were cause by too much iron in the blood.

Jack—That's funny; her mother told me she had to do all the ironing herself.—New York Herald.

A Piano's Merit.

"I'm thinking of giving my fiance a piano."

"That's a singular notion."

"Not at all. It will keep the other fellows from finding out her good qualities."—Detroit Tribune.

ONLY ONE PISTOL.

How a Bloody Duel Was Averted on Saturday Morning.

An Affair of Honor That Eclipsed the Famous Duel Between Clemenceau and Deroulede.

There was blood on the moon on Saturday morning ere the gray dawn penetrated the dense fog that hung over and around and through the city. The blood on the moon could not be seen, of course, but it must have been there all the same.

For two nights hostilities have been brewing between a well-known ex-Colonel of the National Guard and a correspondent for an Oakland paper, who in one of his letters had made unwarrantedly free use of the Colonel's name in connection with the organization of the "Third House" of the Legislature. The Colonel took umbrage thereat, and on Thursday night hot words were passed in an up-town hotel.

Late on Friday night—or, rather, early on Saturday morning—the Colonel and the scribe were in the same hotel, each surrounded by a number of his personal friends, including prominent members of the National Guard, newspaper correspondents and members of official State bodies.

During the day the Colonel had received a written challenge to mortal combat with the scribe's name signed thereto. Meeting the latter gentleman face to face, the Colonel drew forth the document and said (or words to that effect):

"Mr. P——, are you, sir, the author of this communication, purporting to be a challenge to me to meet you, sir, on the field of honor?"

On receiving an affirmative reply the Colonel let go his right and it landed in the newspaper man's face. He then turned and walked away, while five men and the hotel bell-boy had all they could do to hold back the scribe, who tried to get at the Colonel without waiting to go through the formality of a duel.

Matters had quieted down by 2 o'clock A. M., but it was only the calm before the storm. Subsequently the principals and their respective friends met in another public place, seconds were selected, and it was agreed that the matter could be settled only by a duel.

The seconds conferred together and decided that the men should meet in a darkened room; and the scribe, being the challenging party, claiming the right to select the weapons, chose pistols.

The Colonel held that under the rules of the code he was entitled to the selection of weapons, and demanded that broadswords be used, and furthermore he refused to fight in the dark—no brave nor honorable gentleman would make such a farce of a duel.

There being no broadswords available at that hour, pistols were finally agreed upon, and a person was sent away in a hack to procure the weapons. Meanwhile the principals and their friends marched down to Seventh and L streets, taking different sides of the street so as to avoid a possible conflict en route.

On reaching L street the Colonel's party took up their position on one corner and the scribe's party on the other, negotiations between the seconds being conducted in the center of the street, on neutral ground.

The messenger soon returned and informed the seconds that but one weapon of the desired pattern could be found—a Colt's horse-pistol about a foot and a half long. Under these circumstances the seconds agreed that the proper caper would be to toss up for the use of the weapon—the winner to have the first shot, and if his adversary were not rendered *hors du combat* then the latter should have the weapon and take a crack at the other man, and so on, etcetera. (The distance was to be fifty paces, at which neither could possibly see the other because of the fog.

When this arrangement was reported to the Colonel he became highly indignant. He declared that he was a gentleman, and would engage in an affair of honor only on such terms as gentlemen were wont to meet on the field in the days when the code was the recognized medium of settling disputes, as it should be now.

Another parley was held between the shivering seconds in the middle of the street, and it was agreed that the Colonel should apologize to the reporter for having struck him, and thus settle the affair without bloodshed.

To this proposition the Colonel consented only on one condition—that his opponent should meet him more than half-way in the street; and the latter, who was getting tired and sleepy, accepted the terms.

At the word each stepped five paces toward the other and stopped. Then the Oakland gentleman advanced alone and stood before the Colonel, who touched his hat, *a la militaire*, and drawing himself up to his full hight, said with all the dignity of which he was capable:

"Mr. P——, I am very sorry, sir, that your conduct was such, sir, as to compel me to resent the insult by striking you."

Before further remarks could be made the clang of a gong rang out on the cold morning air, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard on the pavement, and all of a sudden the police patrol wagon burst through the bank of fog and a couple of policemen leaped to the ground.

Then there was a scattering of principals, seconds, and friends, even the managers of the affair not having been let into this new and distinct joke. Some climbed over fences into private yards, some ran through the streets and buried themselves in the fog, while a member of the State Board of —— and an ex-State officer ran through mud ankle-deep in their efforts to escape through the neighboring alleys.

There were no arrests, but there were a great many newspaper men and others who sought their beds about 4 o'clock that morning in a badly-scared condition.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The 1,500 weeklies serving subscribers in the People's party are going to have a telegraphic bureau of their own in Washington.

"Tom" Reed was asked the other day whether he had ever been invited to a dinner, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, without being asked to speak. "Never!" was his reply. Still, most if not all his invitations came from Republicans.

Franklin Simmons has been awarded the task of executing the equestrian statue of General Logan, to be erected in Washington. He has submitted only a rough sketch thus far, but will now proceed to work out a model. Iowa Circle will be the site of the statue, and bronze the material.

The interior outfit of the World's Fair cruiser Illinois will eventually be placed in the battleship Massachusetts. The designer of this cabinet work is G. W. Burroughs of Boston, whose furniture designs won a first prize at the Centennial. The fittings are now making at the Charleston Navy Yard. The wood is quartered sycamore.

For $16 25 it will be possible to obtain engravings in miniature of the most celebrated paintings illustrating the voyages and discoveries of Columbus, always worth their face value as postage stamps, and some day to become even more valuable as rareties. This new series, to be known as the Columbian Series, will differ in form and size from the ordinary stamps, and a complete set, unused, will be very interesting a few years hence.

Alaskan Indians positively claim that they have seen living specimens of the supposed extinct mammal, the mastodon. The Juneau *Free Press* says that an Indian hunter, following a trail of enormous footprints, came in full view of his game, but had not the courage to attack the beast, which, said the Indian, was as large as a post-trader's store. Moreover, the Indian believed the animal to be of the species whose bones are frequently found in the section where he lived. A whale for the World's Fair? Why not a mastodon?

WOMEN WHO DRINK.

A Glimpse at Low Life in England's Metropolis.

The London *Telegraph* started a controversy recently regarding the liquor habit among women. One contributor says that Wynne Baxter, the well-known Coroner, whose experience of the London poor from day to day in the East End constitutes him an authority upon the darkest phase of the subject, in the course of conversation said: "Generally speaking, the question of drunkenness, directly or indirectly, enters into half the inquests which I hold. It is treated as a joke as a rule, for my juries, coming as they do from the working classes, do not appear to think anything of it. My usual question is, 'Was the deceased the worse for drink?' and the reply (given in an unconcerned tone) is, 'Oh, he had had a drop,' as if it was the proper thing to do.

"I believe there are a number of hard-working men who would have good homes if only they had good wives, but the women are never at home to meet them, or have anything ready for them after their day's work. In many cases we have the fact stated that the husband quietly goes to bed when his wife is still out of doors drinking with her friends. Monday is essentially a day of drinking. Many men are totally unaware that their wives take their husband's Sunday clothes on Monday morning to the pawnshop, pledge them and spend the money thus obtained in drink. On the Saturday when the man gets his wages the clothes are taken out of pledge, but they are returned to the pawnshop on the Monday."

The Rapid Motion of the Blood.

Medical workers have made many curious experiments, but none more wonderful than that by which they ascertained the exact time required for the blood to make one entire trip through the system, which all students of physiology know means a complete circulation through the lungs, veins, arteries and the general capillary arrangements. Professors Dalton, Hering, Poisenille, Mattucci and Blake have been the chief investigators in this line, the first-named having become more eminent in this particular branch of research from having the experience of others to fortify himself with.

All the old school anatomists believed that a considerable time elapsed, say from three to nine minutes, from the time when the blood left the right side of the heart, traversed the whole system, and then again returned to the starting point. Dalton has shown that the time is much shorter than was formerly generally supposed. The chief agent used in his experiments was a salt known to chemists as ferrocyanide of potassium, which can be readily detected in the blood on account of its chemical reaction. Professor Dalton describes the operation in the following language:

"Blood was drawn from the jugular vein on the opposite side, and the interval which elapsed before the appearance of the foreign salt in blood drawn from the second opening indicated the time required for the blood to pass from the point of injection through the vena cava to the heart, from the right side of the heart through the lungs to the left cavities, from the left ventricle through the carotid arteries and the capillary vessels of the head, and thence downward to the jugular vein on the opposite side. Dozens of carefully tabulated tests of this somewhat extraordinary subject show that the blood of man makes a complete circulation once in every fifteen to twenty-five seconds, according to the physical conditions of the subject experimented upon."

Autograph Recipe Books.

Autograph recipe books are trifles shown at the woman's exchanges. Two covers of Bristol board are tinted and painted with a bunch of flowers or some conventional design of pots and pans, and hold a dozen or more plain leaves between them. The words "autograph recipes" are done in graceful text on the first page with some appropriate verse on food or the art of dinner. A pencil is attached by a ribbon, though the recipes are perfectly written in ink. Provided with such a book, the owner coaxes a pet recipe from a score of friends whose culinary skill is accepted, and secures an autograph from each.

Inducement Offered.

A prematurely bald young man, who is very vain about his personal appearance, asked a New York barber:

"Have you got any stuff that will make the hair grow on my head?"

"I should say so; just you try my magic elixir, and in less than a month you will look like one of the monkeys in Central Park."—Texas Siftings.

The Inconsiderate Woman.

Mrs. Cawker—Haven't you got a headache to-night, Ben?

Mr. Cawker—No, my dear. Why?

Mrs. Cawker—Oh, I am so sorry that you have not! I bought a new headache cure to-day at a bargain, and I wanted you to try it.—Harper's Bazar.

Probably He Would.

"This paper says they electrified a mummy in London some time ago and made it talk."

"What did it say?"

"I don't know, I fancy it was somethink like ''Gad, I'm dry!'"—Brooklyn Life.

The Sin of Smoking.

Robbie—I'd think Mr. Steeple would be ashamed to have a pipe organ in the church.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Robbie—'Cause he's always preaching to us boys about the sin of smoking.

The Paradoxes of Life.

Life is made up of paradoxes. The restaurant-keeper who never purchases anything but the cheapest clothing and seldom has a new suit oftener than once in ten years, has a supreme contempt for the customer who dines off a five-cent sandwich and a glass of water.

The Business Way.

Tug Captain—Boss, the boat's workin' very badly now, an' we ought to do somethin' about it.

Tug owner—She won't work, eh? Well, then, dock her, see?—Philadelphia Record.

The Way of the World.

I wonder why a woman persists in carrying her pocket-book in her hand?

It may be that her hand is more likely to be sought in marriage if there is money in it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Endurance of a Horse.

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

American Lard is Cheaper

American lard is being sold in the City of Mexico as fast as received at a wholesale price of 25 cents a pound, while the native lard is held at 26 cents a pound.

Wagner.

"Did you say this is a Wagner sleeper?"

Porter—Yes, sir.

"Yes, I thought so; it has just the same confounded racket that his music has."

A Great Wonder.

Convalescent (looking at his doctor's bill)—Good gracious! have I been as ill as all this, doctor? I wonder I'm alive!—*Scraps.*

The term "The Grand Old Man" was first used to designate Mr. Gladstone, Henry W. Lucy says, by Sir William Harcourt, and was heard in 1880 upon the return of the Liberals to power. Mr. Lucy adds: "There is still another name for Mr. Gladstone, reserved for the inner circle of his official colleagues. To them he is always 'Mr. G.,' and the amount of expression this initial is capable of can be estimated only by those accustomed to hear it spoken in the varying moods in which Mr. Gladstone leaves his colleagues."

AN IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

That Which is to Consider River Land Reclamation.

The Circular That is Being Mailed to the Supervisors of the Several Counties Interested.

Yesterday David Lubin started on his mission among the river counties for the purpose of visiting the Supervisors and prominent citizens thereof in the interest of the convention which has been called to meet here on the 18th inst. for the purpose of taking action looking to the reclamation and preservation of lands overflowed by the Sacramento and other rivers during flood seasons.

ADDRESS TO SUPERVISORS.

Following is a copy of the address now being mailed by County Clerk Hamilton on behalf of the Supervisors of Sacramento to those of the other counties interested:

SACRAMENTO, January 7, 1893.

To the Board of Supervisors of ——— County, California — GENTLEMEN: In pursuance of the action of the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County, had on Januaay 6, 1893, I am instructed to inform your honorable board that there is to be a convention held in the city of Sacramento on Wednesday, January 18, 1893, at 10 o'clock A. M., the delegates to which are to consist of the members of the Boards of Supervisors of the following counties, to wit: Butte, Colusa, Nevada, Placer, San Joaquin, Solano, Sutter, Yolo, Yuba and Sacramento, who, in conjunction with an equal number of citizens (or alternates or proxies) to be selected by the respective Boards of Supervisors of said counties, and also including the Executive Committee of the River Convention, who will be invited to participate with such body.

And such convention will be held for the purpose of hearing facts, plans and propositions, and for the further purpose of determining practical methods and providing ways and means for the relief or permanent reclamation of the overflowed land of the Sacramento Valley, and for averting the danger threatened by the annual floods of the Sacramento River and its tributaries.

The convention will be in session for a period of not less than ten and not to exceed sixty days. The Supervisors of our county have made an appropriation of $250 to defray its share of the expenses in the matter.

You are most respectfully requested by our Board of Supervisors to be represented in such convention by a delegation of ten, consisting of your board and five other citizens of your county (with their alternates or proxies) to be appointed by your honorable board.

And in order to avoid conflict or immaterial questions, it was resolved that the debris and the mining questions shall not take precedence, nor be the subject matter for debate, or action during the deliberations of the convention, but that the debate and action shall be confined to the purposes for which the convention is called.

Your county is urgently and earnestly requested to be represented at this convention.

The giant of giants and Titan of Titans, as far as sewing machines are concerned, has recently been finished at Leeds, England. It weighs exactly five and a quarter tons, and is specially adapted for general manufacturing purposes of the heavier sort. This particular machine will be used for attaching cotton belting.

The Soul's Language.

In education there should be the purpose of expression. Any soul is limited that does not give expression to the thought that moves it, either through art, music, literature or in conversation. To be dumb, to find the world a prison-house, to feel the life within one throb, and yet to be unable to give expression to that thought, that life—this is to but half live. Child-training, self-training, should be so conducted as to give the soul some medium of expression. By giving that purpose to education it becomes a part of one's life, not a mere tool to earn a living, a varnish to attract, or a selfish enjoyment. Music that is rendered as the expression of the inner life that is lived with God, moves men to a better life, if only for the moment. Art that arrests thought, literature that gives a sense of companionship, conversation that inspires thought in the listeners, are possible only when education gives freedom of expression. It is the mastery that triumphs. No half attainment ever gave complete freedom. No acquirements that are the result of less than a complete love ever sent the song into the heart of a listener, or moved him to bless the speaker as the inspirer of his life's purpose. It is as the soul finds its true medium of expression that it gains freedom and power. Not to find the key that turns its lock is to prove one's self but a careless steward of the jewels intrusted to one's keeping. God never shackled a soul so that it could not make men conscious of its divine fire if it sought to find its true life. It may be one meant only to light the family circle; it may be a beacon for the world's redemption; each fire was caught from the same spark, and its growth depends on the knowledge that feeds it, the purpose that keeps it alive.—Christian Union (Evangelical).

Antics of an Elephant and a Dog.

Elephants are queer and interesting creatures, both in captivity and in their native wilds. Tip, the ugly Forepaugh elephant, in Central Park, who has the discredit of having killed several of his keepers, is extremely and tenderly fond of little dogs, and with equal fervor he hates birds.

Tip's keeper has a small fox terrier, which is to be found almost any day playing about the feet and trunk of the cruel mammoth as he stands chained short to the sunken post in the yard back of the elephant house. The dog is one of the least of its kind, as Tip is one of the largest of his.

The terrier usually has a season of running rapidly around and around his notorious friend, who watches him with something really like a twinkle in his blood-shot eyes. Suddenly the great flexible trunk shoots out and the dog will trip over it, and then goes rolling head over heels on the ground, whereupon Tip blows a lot of dust over his own back—probably his way of laughing at the joke.

He never hurts the dog, who generally proceeds to "get even" in his own way. He sneaks up quietly from behind, and when directly between Tip's fore feet suddenly gives vent to a succession of shrill barks. Of course, elephants have nerves, and Tip gives a start backward, as anybody would, at which the little scamp leaps to one side, out of reach, and barks fit to kill himself—his way of laughing.

Lady—Is that blind woman really so old? Why, she hasn't a wrinkle. Asylum Attendant—No, mum. She's never been able to see what fine clothes other women have.—New York Weekly.

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