

A NOBLE CHURCH.

From Its Belfry Came Paul Revere's Signal.

Fall of Queer Beliefs—It Contains One of the Rare Vinegar Bibles—Strange Books With Stranger Titles—An Underground Cemetery—First Statue in Honor of Washington.

The famous "Old North" Church, in Boston, was the one from whose tower the signal lights were displayed of Paul Revere, to give him information as to the British movements, and it is on account of this that the church is best remembered. It has, however, still other things to distinguish it.

Chandeliers for candles still hang in the church, having been placed there a century and a half ago, after having been captured from a French vessel. In front of the organ are several little cherubs, blowing trumpets, and these were brought to Boston at the same time and in the same way as were the chandeliers.

The church possesses one of the rare "Vinegar Bibles," so called because of the reference to the "Parable of the Vinegar." It has, too, an ancient communion service, some of the pieces having been presented to King George the Second. It possesses, also, some Bibles and prayer books that were given to it by the same monarch.

It is a most notable church, and the fact that it is still regularly used for church services makes it still more interesting. But, after all, these things are what are examined by most of the visitors who go there, and it occurred to us that a church, with such a history and such an aspect, should have more than this to show.

"Now, can you not show us something that most people never see?" He smiled, and selected for a few moments, "Would you like to see some old pictures?"

He took us, then, into a little room in the rear of the building, and there, hanging on the wall, were portraits of ministers who, generations ago, had preached in the church. It was an interesting collection of faces, and especially of the old-time preachers, and the men were of various types of character.

Some were mild of aspect; some were grimly severe; one, that we especially noted, had features that were rugged and stern, and yet there was within such a gentleness apparent as well showed that he was a man to be loved.

"Now let me show you some books," said the sexton; and he forthwith led us to the old library of the church, where books of great value to students or collectors of curious and antique volumes were looking out from the old cases. One needs to be a student of languages to read them all, for they are in a variety of tongues.

We noticed at least one old volume that was in French. Some are in Latin. Some are in the old English black letter. One caught our eye at once, from the extreme modesty of its title. It was "The Works of the Pious and Profoundly Learned Joseph Mede, B. D.," this unassuming volume was printed in 1642.

There were books from the Oxford press, and from Amsterdam. They were dusty and yellow. Some were torn and falling to pieces, and some were still sound and good. One interesting book was an old work by a Jesuit on Christian doctrine, and it was bound in vellum and printed at Valladolid.

A queer title was: "The third age of the church, or the history of the church fading and of anti-Christian rising, containing the space of 400 years, from the year of our Lord 600 until the year 1000."

Another curious one was: "The Mystery and Misery of Scandals, Both Taken and Given, and some other things," by Paul's Churchyard in the Greyhound, 1631.

One old, old work was in manuscript, written with pen and ink, and its pages were yellowed with age. It was "A paraphrase and exposition of the prophecies of St. Peter, concerning the day of Christ's second coming, and contains 'Epistles regarding Gog and Magog and the gothic liturgy and the passage in the Methodus touching the millennium.'" This last mentioned work was doubtless intended for light summer reading.

"And now," said the sexton, "I can show you something that even most Bostonians know nothing of."

He led us to a stair, leading down beneath the church. He went slowly down, and we slowly followed. The air was dark, and he lit a little candle, which spluttered brightly. He opened a door. He went inside. We followed him. Then he closed the door, and by the dim light of the candle we saw a row of coffins.

We were in a burial vault, and some forty coffins were piled round about us. It is a generation since the vaults have been used, and in the two coffins into which we glanced (the tops being loose) there was nothing but ashes. It was a gruesome spot, and after a while the sexton opened the door, and we went out. He then led us through the dark passages beneath the church, and on each side of us, as we passed along, we saw rows of private vaults. Some were old-fashioned long hinges, on the vault doors, and there were rusty padlocks. Now and then we paused to read the inscriptions.

One was for "Shubael Bell," the man who presented the Washington statue to the church. One showed that it was the last resting-place of Mrs. Catherine Hay, sister to Lord John Hay, and a woman noted for her great beauty. A painting of her, by Copely, is in the Boston Athenaeum. Her vault is in a particularly lonely corner, and we were told, and it needs no philosopher to reflect that all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave, will alike the inevitable hour.

One vault is marked: "William Shipyard, Tomb, February 9, 11, 1747." One of the most interesting states that: "Here Lyes Entombed the Body of the Rev. Timothy Cutler, D. D., First Minister of This Church, in 1747, deceased August 17, 1795, aged 87 years."

"We leave the dark vaults and return upstairs. There everything speaks of a long-past time. Washington himself, once attended service here, and thus the church has a direct connection with the leader in the cause of national liberty, as well as with King George III. It has a distant connection, too, with something that was the direct opposite of liberty, for in the gallery are still the old slave pews, where the negro slaves of Boston owners sat and their services, while their owners sat in the pews below. It is difficult now to realize that New England slavery once existed. The slave pews in the old church, it may be added, were so constructed as to allow of locking the slaves in. It was not until 1781 that it was declared that slavery no longer existed in Boston or Massachusetts. The first peal of bells in America were those placed in the steeple of the Old North, and they were cast by Albert Rudhall of Gloucester, England, in 1740. It is an interesting old church, and it is pleasant to know that its name has been linked to that ballad, which, of all American ballads, is perhaps the best and most generally known—the "Ride of Paul Revere." It is not, however, so generally known that another poet besides Lowell, a certain Edwin R. Taylor, tried to make the displaying of the lights in the old church tower forever famous by his verse. There is something diverting, although Russell by no means so intended it, in his way of getting at it: And here the patriot hung his light.

CLIMATIC CHANGES.

North America Is Slowly But Surely Becoming Tropical.

Evidence to Show That Summers Are Longer and Winters Shorter Than Formerly.

It is a matter of knowledge, says the Boston Globe, to many men and women born in New England that the summers are longer—as measured by the heated term—and the winters warmer than they were a half century ago, and that this result has been reached by slowly but surely operating causes, and this slow but sure change in the climate of the country is of momentous interest not only to the naturalist, but to the average citizen as well, for should it continue as changes have been making in the industries and products of the country, as well as in its hygienic conditions. It would not be an unprecedented experience if the northern half of the American Continent was passing through a climatic change of so positive a sort as to become memorable in the history of the globe. For, while scientific observation and records are of too recent a period to supply us with adequate data for intelligent judgment as to the nature of the change, it is evidenced with evidence bearing directly upon the point; and so implicit in its nature and so emphatic in its iteration as to be unimpeachable as to the facts of the case.

LIFE AT THE ELYSEE.

A writer for Harper's Weekly recently gave an account of the life of the President Carnot at the Elysee Palace. The writer states that as President of the Republic M. Carnot received \$240,000 a year, that is, \$120,000 as salary, \$90,000 for keeping up his official residence, and \$30,000 for traveling expenses. This money is paid in monthly installments of \$20,000, and according to M. Carnot's experience, it is insufficient. With \$20,000 a year the President of the Republic cannot travel about the country, because democratic France is still full of monarchic traditions, and the President, where he is expected to make such numerous and generous gifts to hospitals, charities, and other institutions, that a visit to half a dozen towns would exhaust his year's budget. As for going and living for any length of time in one of the numerous chateaux that are scattered over the surface of France, this is out of the question, because it would cost heaps of money to prepare dwellings-rooms in these chateaux, to hire servants, to buy furniture, and so on.

Statistics exist on this matter. A month's stay in the chateau of Saint-Cloud used to cost Napoleon exactly \$100,000, and during the two or three months which he spent every year at Compiègne, where he had hunting parties and series of guests, the same sovereign used to spend not less than \$200,000. The expenses of the Elysee, according to M. Carnot, are enormous. A ball at the Elysee cost \$100,000, and an official dinner from \$20 to \$500. The President needs eight horses, four carriages and the necessary contingent of grooms and coachmen. Besides his own private servants, the President has to pay more than thirty household servants, gardeners, and footmen, and for the wax and polish the parquet floors of the palace, to say nothing of the introducer of St. Gervais, the minister of Ceremonies, M. Mollard, and of the Secretaries of the Elysee. With such heavy expenses as this important establishment implies, the President of the Republic can safely undertake, without risk of upsetting the equilibrium of his budget, a journey to the Opera or the Comedie Francaise, and a ride in the Bois de Boulogne and a visit to the racocourse at Longchamps.

For these reasons M. Carnot limited his hospitality at the Elysee, and gave very few dinners. M. Carnot is, it is reported, intended to give a dinner every Thursday, and to invite not only politicians and diplomats, but also scientists, artists and men of letters, who, after dinner, will be entertained with concerts and select dancing parties, all of which looks far more practical and charming on paper than it is in reality. However, M. Carnot has re-engaged the cook who presided over the kitchens of the Elysee during M. Carnot's Presidency—an artist known in the country as "Hansome Alfred." "Le bel Alfred," Alfred has been re-engaged at his former salary of \$2,500 a year, but with the assurance that his salary will be more active than they were under the Grovy regime, and his perquisites consequently more considerable. M. Carnot never having honored him with an invitation to his table, I have never had an opportunity of testing the skill of "le bel Alfred," but I have been given to understand that, though not to be compared with the eminent Trotter, whom Gambetta enticed with a golden bait from the cooking stove of the Baron de Rothschild to the Presidential kitchen of the Palais Bourbon, Alfred is not wanting in imagination, taste and ambition—very precious qualities in an artist whose privilege it may be to dress food for diplomats, and by his cooking to influence the destiny of nations.

The privileges which the President enjoys besides this palace, which the State places at his disposal as a habitation, are the use of the mobliler national, and the most historic furniture and tapestries preserved in the Garde Meuble—a privilege of which he avails himself for recording the reception rooms of the Elysee on grand occasions—the use of the State boxes at the Opera and the Comedie Francaise, and of the State tribunes at the races courses of Longchamps and Autouil, and the right of shooting and hunting over certain portions of the State domains, namely, the forests of Marly, Rambouillet, Compiègne and Fontainebleau. Marshal McMahon used to shoot almost exclusively at Compiègne. The shooting right of Fontainebleau has been bought by the private individuals, and now M. Carnot's residence in the portions of the forests of Marly and Rambouillet alone have been reserved for the use of the State. M. Carnot, although he had no taste for shooting, has, although he had not handled a gun for twenty years, had decided to shoot once a week alternately at Marly and Rambouillet, and to organize regular grand battues, to which he would invite the diplomatic corps and the high State officials, the Senators and Deputies, by series. The President's regular shooting parties with twelve guns, bagged last December, in four hours, in the Marly woods, six roebucks, 301 pheasants and 108 rabbits.

The President's regular shooting parties with twelve guns, bagged last December, in four hours, in the Marly woods, six roebucks, 301 pheasants and 108 rabbits. Wilson. Whenever the ex-President wished to refuse M. Wilson, he would simply walk into the garden, weather permitting, and feed his pet. The consequence was that M. Wilson reserved his most important demands for wet days, when he knew the elements were in his favor, and his father-in-law consequently in his power.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Travelers in the alkali districts of the West have noticed that a few drops of Horsford's Acid Phosphate render the use of alkali water harmless.

"That's too bad! My wife has gone and put my handkerchief in the wash, and I am positive that I had tied a knot in it to remind me of something."—Fleegend Blotter.

A FEMALE SANDOW.

Her Great Strength is Altogether Natural.

Astonishing the Parisians—Men Who Lift Elephants as if They Were Dogs.

Miss Arniotis is a new celebrity who proves a tremendously strong card at one of the leading variety theaters in Paris. She is a strong woman pure and simple, and has really performed feats which put many of the efforts of the professional strong men in the shade. She does not claim to possess any supernatural or otherwise magnetic power, but says she puts her strength solely in her muscles.

Being born in Orleans, the public has dubbed her the "Fin de Siecle Maid of Orleans." Her strength is the result of a careful attention to hygienic laws. She has a matchless figure, and is the essence of suppleness, and very graceful. She comes from a family of renowned circus riders, and gave evidence of her remarkable strength even while quite young. Her exhibitions of strength differs from the ordinary performances of such nature, inasmuch that she has no special numbers put down on the programme. When she appears on the stage any member or members of the audience is at liberty to put her strength to test in any way that he may choose.

One very amusing incident occurred on this account. An aristocratic "high roller" and a lot of his followers were present at one of Miss Arniotis' performances, and stuck in enough to challenge her to throw the upright piano from the orchestra into the ring. The manager demurred, but the youth put up the price of the piano to a couple of hundred francs to be given to the lady if she succeeded. Nobody dreamt that she was able to do it, but, much to the amusement of the audience, she did it. She lifted the piano, without a word, sprang nimbly upon the music platform, grabbed the piano and lugged it into the ring, where she threw the instrument into atoms. When she landed, she offered to treat the rash bettor and his friends the same way, her kindness was declined with thanks.

Then she was asked to carry two men, seated astride of a barrel, with one hand, a feat which she executed with ease and grace. She is inclined to be roughly mistreated if any of her subjects attempt to "guy her." She took one luckless youth by the nape of the neck and slammed him in an empty barrel, which she then used as a base ball, scaring the life out of the fellow as she tossed him in the air, all this because the man said he thought she was but a trickster.

Ever since the appearance of Sandow and his remarkable financial success in America, strong men of all descriptions have turned up everywhere. The two most noted strong men in Europe today or at least eligible apartments, it's bound to stimulate business in our line, and we'll get our share."

"What of it?" echoed the other. "Can't you see? These eighty-seven marriage licenses mean eighty-seven marriages. The eight-seven marriages will lead to periods of intense inquiry, or houses, flats or at least eligible apartments, it's bound to stimulate business in our line, and we'll get our share."

"Yes," "Probably all adults?" "Nothing," growled the pessimist, "except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy only eighty-seven. Go and soak your head. You give me a pain."—Chicago Tribune.

The universal praise given Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it, should certainly convince you that it is the best blood medicine. It purifies and vitalizes the blood.

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Jack is a handsome Newfoundland dog. Every evening at 9 o'clock he is taken for a walk by his master, who has an orange wood walking-stick which he particularly likes and usually carries. Every evening at the stroke of nine Jack rushes to the haddock in the hall, noses about among the walking-sticks and finally settles upon the orange wood stick, and immediately afterwards appears before his master carrying it in his teeth. He wags his tail and prances delightedly about, and shows as plainly as possible that he will be a broken-hearted dog if his friend and master omits the usual evening stroll.

Evening the family were in the sitting-room with some guests. A show had come on, and it was raining hard when the clock struck nine. The strokes had hardly died away when Jack danced gaily in the room with the orange wood stick in his mouth. "No, Jack," said his master, "we cannot go to-night. It is raining too hard. We should get wet. Just listen to it, Jack. With that the host turned his attention once more to his guests, and presently they heard Jack pulling over the things in the hall, and the orange wood stick in his mouth. He was putting away the walking-stick, like the other dog that he is. A few moments later a beeching little bark was heard. There in the sitting-room door stood Jack, with the orange wood stick in his mouth. He flew for the waterproof and hat of the man of the house, and that gentleman, bearing the umbrella so persuasively offered him, took Jack out for his walk without further delay.

The Point of View. "Look at this, will you," exclaimed the twenty-eight and house-renting optimist. "In this paper there's a record of eighty-seven marriage licenses issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner, the pessimist of the firm who was leaning back in his chair with his feet on the table and his hat pulled down over his eyes.

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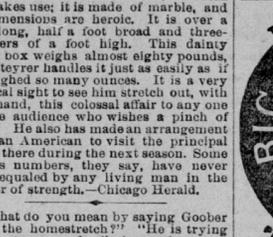
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Maria Parloa is admitted to be a leading American authority on cooking; she says "Use a good stock for the foundation of soups, sauces, and many other things, and the best stock is Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

100 of Miss Parloa's recipes sent gratis by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

What is More Attractive Than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it, use Pozzoni's Powder.



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