

St. Tammany Journal.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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TENNYSON MADE A BARON.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Of me you win no new renown;
You thought to daze the country-folk
And cozen me when you came to town.
See Woodworth, Shelley, Cowper, Burns,
Withdraw in scorn and sit retired;
The last of some six hundred Earls
Is not a place to be desired.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
I see you march, I hear you roar;
Your pride is yet no mate for ours,
Too proud to think a title fame,
We hail the genius—not the lord;
We love the poet's true charms;
A simple singer with his dreams
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

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His enormous size might lead you to think he was even more powerful as a ruler than he really is. He is one million two hundred and sixty thousand times larger than the earth; but he only contains about three hundred and thirty thousand times as much matter. Still even this is enormous, and means enormous power. If the earth had such power, the quantity of matter in a pound would press downwards with as much force as three hundred and thirty thousand pounds weight at present. A man who weighs only one hundred pounds would in that case weigh thirty-three millions of pounds, or would in fact be crushed perfectly flat by his own weight.

It is this tremendous power residing in the sun's mass which enables him to guide the planets in their paths so that they never retreat too far away from him and so receive too little heat, nor draw too close to him so as to receive too much.

LIGHT AND HEAT.
But again, neither size nor power would make the sun a fit ruler of the solar system, without light to illuminate his family of worlds and heat to warm them. Let us see how much light and how much heat the sun gives out all the time.

To get a good idea of the sun's light we must remember his enormous extent of surface. The earth's surface contains two hundred millions of square miles; the sun's is eleven thousand six hundred times greater. Each square mile contains about three millions of square yards, each square yard about one thousand three hundred square inches; whence it follows that there are roughly eleven thousand six hundred times two hundred million times three million times one thousand three hundred square inches in the sun's surface, or in round numbers 9,000,000,000,000,000,000 square inches.

Now each of these gives out about six hundred times as much light as the glowing piece of lime in the oxyhydrogen lantern used to obtain brilliantly illuminated magic-lantern pictures, and more than one hundred times as much light as the small but intensely brilliant electric arc when obtained of the utmost possible splendor. The whole surface of the sun gives out instant by instant at least as much light as a million millions of millions of millions of electric lights.

The heat given out by the sun is as great as we might expect when we see this enormous emission of light. Experiments made by Sir John Herschel at one time and by M. Pouillet at another, show that the heat falling on a single square mile only on the earth's surface—the sun being overhead—would melt twenty-six thousand tons of ice in an hour.

Now the earth receives about fifty million times as much heat as this, the size of a circle just large enough (set squarely to the sun's rays) to shield the earth from the sun being about fifty millions of square miles. But the earth only captures about one two-thousand-millionth part of all the heat which the sun emits. Thus the total heat given out by the sun in an hour would melt two thousand six hundred millions of millions of millions of tons of ice in an hour. This corresponds to what would result from burning eleven thousand eight hundred millions of millions of tons of coal in a second.

We can find (as it chances) a ready aid to the memory—at least if we remember, what has been already shown, that the sun's surface is eleven thousand eight hundred times larger than the earth—by noting that if our earth's surface were as hot as the sun's she would give out every second as much heat as would come from burning a billion (that is a million million) tons of coal.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE SUN.
Of what is the sun, so vast and powerful, so hot and so brilliant, made? It might seem hopeless to ask. Who could traverse, even in imagination, the vast space that separates our world from him and bring back news, across the mighty gulf, of the various substances that form his glowing orb? Yet science has done this, and that so perfectly that we could scarcely be more certain even if our observers had actually visited the sun and had brought back part of his substance for examination under the microscope or in chemical laboratories.

I cannot here fully explain how this has been done. But I may say so much as this: The light of the sun contains rays of all the colors of the rainbow, and a method has been invented for separating the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet rays from each other. When this is done it is found that rays of certain tints are missing from the light of the sun. Now, some of these missing tints are known to be those which certain vapors and gases have the power of absorbing, as, for instance, the vapors of iron, zinc, copper and so forth, the gas hydrogen and other substances in the vaporized or gaseous form. We thus learn that these substances are in the atmosphere of the sun, much as the vapor of water and the gases oxygen and nitrogen are present in the atmosphere of the earth; that is, in the air we breathe.

It has thus been shown that hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, aluminum, manganese, chromium, cobalt, nickel, zinc, copper, titanium and other elements are present in the sun's atmosphere. In another way, by noticing that certain tints are extra strong in the sun's light (instead of being absent or faint) it has been shown that oxygen is present (and probably also nitrogen) in the atmosphere of the sun as in our own.

SUN SPOTS.
The spots on the sun were first discovered by Fabricius, Galileo and

Scheiner in the year 1610. At first the spots were thought to be opaque bodies traveling round the sun; but after awhile it was seen that they were on his surface. Thus it was found that the sun turns round on his axis as the earth does. The period in which he thus turns on his axis is about twenty-five days, though as you will see presently, we cannot be quite certain as to the exact length of this period.

It was presently discovered that the spots appear only in certain parts of the sun's surface. They are never seen near his poles, nor near that circle midway between the poles which corresponds with the equator of our earth. They appear, in fact, in those zones of the sun's surface which correspond in position with the temperate zones of the earth. But a very singular circumstance has been discovered during the present century. The spots farthest from the solar equator take a longer time in going round than those nearest to that circle. Judged from the former, the sun would seem to turn once round on his axis in about four weeks. Judged from the spots nearest his equator, the time of a single rotation would seem to be little more than three and one-half weeks. So that it would actually seem as though parts of the sun near his equator turned round eight times in four weeks, while in the same time the parts of the spot zone nearest to the poles went round only seven times.

APPEARANCE OF SUN SPOTS.
The spots are not uniformly dark, but are darkest at the centre. All around the dark central part is what looks like a sort of fringe, darker than the rest of the sun's surface, but not nearly so dark as the central region.

The spots seem to be depressions below the solar surface, the outer part being the sloping sides of great saucer-shaped hollows.

But there are not always spots on the sun. Sometimes for weeks in succession no spots can be seen. It has been found that spots increase and decrease in number in a somewhat regular manner. From the time when there are none the spots gradually increase in number and in size. Then they begin to get fewer and fewer in number until again the sun is without spots. Then they begin to return, and so they grow alternately more and less numerous. The period in which all the changes are gone through, from a time when spots are most numerous to a time when they are again most numerous, is about eleven years.

THE CAUSE OF SUN SPOTS.
The cause of this periodic change in the state of the sun's surface has not yet been discovered. But the spots themselves are supposed to be regions where that surface has been intensely disturbed. Generally the parts of a surface near a spot are brighter than the rest, forming streaks and patches of intense brilliancy, which the astronomers of Galileo's time called *faculae*, from a Latin word signifying a torch. Much smaller bright patches, mere dots in fact, of similar brightness are strewn over the general surface of the sun. These are called the *rice-grains*.

But though they look very small, they are in reality of enormous size—certainly not less than three hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth. It is believed that ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of the sun's light and heat comes from these immense and intensely luminous clouds.

When the moon comes between the earth and the sun, she sometimes just hides the sun from view, and then we can see all around the dark body of the eclipsing moon ruddy objects looking like rosy mountains, clouds and flames. They were compared by those who first discovered them to garnets round a brooch of jet. These in reality belong to the sun, and are vast masses of glowing gas, reaching twenty, thirty, forty, nay, sometimes even eighty thousand miles above his surface. Outside these again there can be seen during an eclipse a glory of light around the dark body of the moon, called the corona. This belongs to the sun, and is probably caused by tiny bodies traveling in immense numbers (like clouds of dust) around the sun and illuminated by his light.—Richard A. Proctor, in *Youth's Companion*.

Begged Food and Free Lunches.

"Where do these beggars dispose of the surplus food they collect?" asked the reporter.

"They sell it to saloons of the lower class for free lunches. Am I sure of it? Well, I am as sure as any man can be of a thing which he never actually saw. I have had the admission from beggars themselves, and in speaking in our society the other night about this practice. I was interrupted by a lady who said she knew positively of one case in which it was done. In short, there can be no doubt at all that after collecting their baskets full of eatables, the beggars sell enough to enable them to buy whisky and tobacco, and then eat the remainder. One day I had an old woman up in court with an enormous basket full of food which she had just collected from charitable doors, and I asked her what she was going to do with it and she stammered some reply about having a large family, but there was no possible doubt about her habit of selling her collection. She was committed, and took the basket to prison with her. There was enough in it to make her independent of prison fare for many a day."—N. Y. Herald.

—There are six brothers in Carter County, Kentucky, who have never used intoxicating liquors, tobacco, or been guilty of profanity. The oldest is forty-one years old and the youngest twenty-two.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Milwaukee Cowboys.

Milwaukee furnishes the most recent example of the pernicious effects of much of the current boys' literature. The arrest of four boys, sons of respectable parents, on numerous charges of incendiarism, has been the means of laying bare a shocking story of youthful depravity and crime. Fascinated by the criminal and vicious literature which for many years past has been feasting from hundreds of presses, these four boys planned and organized a miniature cowboy society. At first the public library at Milwaukee was the trusting place; and under the pretence of reading the papers there they met daily to read the pernicious books and serials which they brought with them and placed between the pages of the papers.

Later they improvised a "pirate den" out of an old barn, which they decorated with rusty swords, old knives and ancient pistols. In this "den" they were in a habit of meeting nightly with a large stock of flesh literature. They elected as their Captain the boy who had the most "gall"; a part of the initiation consisted in smoking an unlimited number of cigarettes and chewing a brand of the vilest plug tobacco. Cast-iron oaths were taken, binding the members to commit deeds of unheard-of villainy; and an atmosphere of crime soon became natural to these misguided lads, whose average age was no more than fourteen years.

From the conception of crime to its execution is only a step. The members soon began to sally forth in search of plunder, and numerous thrifty households began to bewail the loss of sundry articles which were incautiously left exposed. But the filching of occasional preserve jars soon became uninteresting and something more blood-curdling was demanded. The limitations of urban life rendered impossible most of the diversions of the noble cowboy; and a degenerate civilization stood ready to prevent any too open imitation of that latest development of manly prowess. But setting fire to buildings was always an easy possibility. And it possessed not only the merit of being deeply villainous, but also gloriously exciting. It was easy for these youthful followers of Jesse James to find plenty of precedents for this novel but effective method of committing crime.

Of course the unfortunate lads were eventually caught, and the confession of a number of them has resulted in the conviction of three of the band, and they will be sent to the State Reform School until they are twenty-one years of age. It may well be doubted, however, if seven years' imprisonment among youths more depraved than they is a wise measure of reform. And in view of the fact that those who are morally responsible for their crime will go scot free, their sentence seems unnecessarily severe. They go into the Reform School the victims of their youthful ignorance, but with no criminal instincts. They may come out hardened criminals. The lesson which all this teaches is so time-worn that it seems hardly necessary to repeat it. The evil of pernicious literature for boys and girls is rapidly attaining gigantic proportions. Some one, in speaking of the good literature now provided for the young, has happily called this age the "children's paradise." But we must remember that vast numbers of children not only never read this good literature, but are, on the other hand, daily drinking in stories reeking with filth and redden with every species of crime. That such literature should exist and flourish is a monstrous offence against good morals.

One of these Milwaukee boys, when reprimanded for his bad habits, expressed the wish to "look like a tough." His personal outfit when arrested consisted of a knife, a cowboy story, a plug of tobacco and four cigars. All these boys, it must be remembered, were of respectable parentage, one the son of a Major General, and attended the public schools, standing high in their classes. Practical philanthropists could spend their time to no better advantage than in devising means whereby this form of evil shall be dried up, and the interest of our girls and boys enlisted in the good and healthful literature which is so lavishly provided for them.—N. Y. Tribune.

They Met by Chance.

In a city a man may ride up and down on the cars with another, stand at the polls with him, attend the same church and meet him daily and yet not know his name for years. Such an instance had the finish put to it yesterday. A citizen coming down Clifford Street overtook a gentleman whom he had talked with at various times, and saluted with:

"Good morning, Mr.—ah—Mr.—'hem—good morning!"

"Same to you, Mr.—let's see—see—good morning!"

"Say," said the first, as he halted, "do you want to know my name?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, it's Baker—Christian Baker."

"And mine," replied the other, "is Cooper—George Cooper. Let us consider ourselves introduced and take the car at the next corner."—Detroit Free Press.

—The first living skeleton was Claude Sewrat, born in France in 1799. He was tall, and would have been well-shaped had there been any flesh upon him, but every bone in his body could be seen. His arms were compared to an ivory flute, and his abdomen seemed to cling to the vertebrae. He made a fortune by exhibiting himself and went to his native place to enjoy it, but suddenly expired soon after his retirement.

A Bequest of Bones.

Eli Adams is one of the numerous well-known characters in Louisville, who have seen better times, socially, politically and financially. The old man, now verging upon the seventies, makes periodical visits to the city from the almshouse, where he has been a privileged inmate for two years past, on a mission for books, pamphlets and newspapers to be added to the circulating library of that institution; he having recently been appointed its librarian.

Eli claims to have been a wealthy man in ante-bellum days and was a prosperous publisher according to all accounts. When the war broke out he was sent to England as a commissioner to plead the cause of the Confederacy before the people of England, and has newspaper cuttings in his possession to show that he made a number of addresses in that country in behalf of the cause in which he had embarked. The close of hostilities beggared him with thousands of others, and with his worldly wealth went his ambition and courage to grapple with adversity. He sank lower and lower still in the social scale, after a few futile struggles to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and, drifting to Louisville, he sought a precarious living by selling newspapers. Finally, falling sick, he was taken to the almshouse, and there received pitying care from a number of charitable ladies and a prominent physician of the city, who is now connected with the staff of the Louisville Medical College, who made much of the old man, not only for what he had been, but for the pure character he had maintained, despite his downfall in the world.

Recovering under these kind auspices, he began to peddle stationery and pencils about the streets, always returning at the close of each day to the hospital shelter of the almshouse, where he was permanently assigned to a room. This room he has decorated with prints of all kinds, and it contains all his remaining treasures, consisting of a number of war relics, memoranda, letters, newspaper references, photographs, manuscript addresses, essays and poems—for Eli is a fruitful rhymist, a quaint medley of souvenirs of his long and checkered life.

To add to this selection is the only gentle mania which gives pleasure to his last days, and prevents his mind from literally rusting out through monotony.

A short time after he began this new business he was invited by the physician who had attended him in his former sickness to visit the dissecting-room of the Louisville Medical College. He went out of curiosity, and was so filled with admiration at what he saw of the patient toil and reverent treatment of cadavers by the students that his soul was fired with the idea of contributing his own frame to medical science after death, and expressed a determination to leave it to his medical friend, whose skill had restored him to health.

A few days ago he presented the doctor with a document written in blue ink, duly signed and attested, purporting to be a last will.

The paper reads as follows, and is full of pathetic interest:

"This is to certify that I, Eli Adams, formerly bookseller, latterly peddler, having my memory and faculties all right, but failing gradually in health, and feeling that I am liable to sudden death, make this my last and only request and wish my mortal remains and all that I am possessed of:

—of the city of Louisville, Ky., immediately after death, for him to use as he thinks best; with full permission to take it apart by dissection (preserving my skeleton entire) for the benefit of himself or of any medical college he may be connected with; preferring that my skeleton be preserved in the ground, or to be burned to ashes. I also give him my two books of poetical essays, printed and in manuscript; also my private papers of all kinds, including letters, journals, memoranda, manuscript, poems, essays, memorabilia of the late war, etc., and my photographs and any curiosities I may be possessed of. I do this in the belief that my mortal body, so disposed of, will be of more benefit to the living than to be buried to corrupt in the ground, or to be burned to ashes. I also give him my two books of poetical essays, printed and in manuscript; also my private papers of all kinds, including letters, journals, memoranda, manuscript, poems, essays, memorabilia of the late war, etc., and my photographs and any curiosities I may be possessed of. I request him to send a copy of this, my last will, to my only brother, Charles Adams, of No. 24 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; also to insert once a short notice of my death in the *Commercial* (Sunday issue, of Louisville), and to dispose of them as he pleases.

"If I die in the city almshouse (where I am at present), I respectfully request the superintendent to have my body washed, a clean shirt and socks put on and wrapped in my blue-gray blanket, with red and yellow stripes at the ends; and cause my body, so inclosed, to be delivered to the order of Dr. —, in accordance with the directions given previously at this time, and to be buried in the almshouse, or to be burned to ashes, as he may see fit, including the original manuscript of 'The Beautiful Snow,' and the popular story of 'Cousin Sally Dillard,' whose author I am; all my journals, letters, etc., be put in one of my boxes and sent with my body.

"I also give my clothing to Mrs. —, nurse; to be distributed to some of the blind and crippled inmates of the almshouse, white or colored; and if she should not be a nurse at the time of my death, nor an employe of the almshouse, then said clothing to be distributed by the matron, whoever she may be; always remembering that I want the most neatly to have them. I do not die in the almshouse, Dr. — is to dispose of my clothing, etc. The bins, magazines and newspapers were given to the use and benefit of the paper inmates, and should be given to them. The pictures on the walls of my room are included, excepting the colored engravings, which are my property, and are to be equally distributed by lot to Dr. —, Mrs. —, and Mrs. —.

"Witness: Eli Adams."

—Louisville Commercial.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Kentucky pays her common school teachers \$1.40 for each pupil.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Sitting Bull has become a very good Indian. He is lending himself as a curiosity to Dakota church fairs.—Sioux City Journal.

—A discourse to old bachelors and maids, young men and maidens, on the sin of single blessedness, was the advertised title to one of a recent Sunday's sermons in New York.

—Figures showing the growth of Christianity since its early stages have been compiled and are as follows: Day of Pentecost, 3,000; end of first century, 500,000; reign of Constantine, 10,000,000; eighth century, 30,000,000; Reformation, 100,000,000; in 1883, 450,000,000.—Chicago Tribune.

—Forty professors in American colleges met at Columbia College recently for the purpose of forming a society to promote the study of modern languages. A resolution was discussed that the degree of B. A. should not be conferred on any student who could not read fluently French and German.—N. Y. Times.

—The prayer-book now in the pew President Arthur uses at St. John's Church is the same that has been used by all Presidents who have attended that church. It is a plain, large-sized book, bound in smooth black morocco, with "President's pew" printed in gold on it in plain Roman text.—Washington Post.

—The Baptists in Virginia have established a ministers' relief fund for the aid of aged and disabled ministers. One-third of the funds annually received is invested as a permanent fund, the annual interest on which, with the other two-thirds, is used for the relief of needy ministers and their families. The permanent funds amount to \$6,505. N. Y. Examiner.

—The Calvary Baptist Church, of New York, was opened to the public recently. It is built of Lockport sandstone, English Gothic style, with five front porches and spire 229 feet high. The building cost \$500,000, and the organ \$20,000. At the close of the sermon a collection of \$30,000 was made.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The assertion is made by Rev. E. E. Hale, over his own signature, that public schools in Boston are closed by local school committees to give an opportunity for licensing liquor sellers. By Massachusetts law no saloon can be licensed within a given distance of a public school. By the opportune closing of one of the schools for a few days eleven saloons obtained licenses, and then it was reopened.—Boston Herald.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive—mine; comparative—miner; superlative—minus.

—Women never will be paid as much for lecturing as men, simply because they have done so much of it for nothing.—Chicago Journal.

—A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.—Boston Post.

—It was loaded—
He blew into his gun to see
If loading up it needed;
The jury to a man agreed
The gun blew after he did.
—Chicago Sun.

—The man who gets up in the morning feeling that he would like to die for his country, changes his mind the minute he feels in his pocket and finds he has been "stuck with a trade dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

—A worthy old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about the furniture."—Philadelphia Record.

—In a prayer meeting in Westfield, Mass., a brother arose and said: "I want to hear sung that beautiful hymn, 'Split Doors.'" A ripple of laughter was greeted by a sister who struck up "Gates Ajar." "That's it; that's it!" the brother shouted, as he sat down to enjoy the melody.—Boston Transcript.

—A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on the question of female suffrage?" To him the lady replied, calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."—N. Y. Independent.

—A young woman in Holyoke, Mass., called on the City Clerk, and, after examining the marriage license register, told him to erase her name, as the young man who had taken out a certificate did it without her leave, and she did not propose to marry him. She was accommodated.—Boston Herald.

—A letter was recently received by a Massachusetts newspaper addressed to the "Pargoric editor." It was thought to be intended for the Paragraph editor, but one of the staff, who had just been made the happy father of a beautiful baby, said he guessed it was for him, and it was handed over to him.—Somerville Journal.

—Rev. Mr. Talmage, in a sermon recently, told of a New York merchant who stopped the use of the "vile weed" and saved his tobacco-money, and at the end of thirty-nine years he had \$20,102.03. At that rate he would have to do without tobacco and save his money for more than a thousand years before he would be as rich as Vanderbilt. There are many obstacles in the way of leading an upright and temperate life in this world.—Norristown Herald.