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The Sunday Journal has double the circulation of any Sunday paper in Indiana. Price five cents.

THE interest manifested in the so-called national game in this city the past week is one of revenue only.

THE reports of the improvement in the iron industry as the year closes indicate that the coming season will be one of industrial activity and enterprise.

THE Christmas of this week will be a gladsome one for all those who rejoice in the general prosperity, but the most doleful one that ever dawned upon the professional calamityite.

EVERY one who knows where to find the best bargains during Christmas season is a careful reader of the advertising columns of the Journal, which were never so full and varied as this season.

THE homicide the past week at the Malleable iron-works was due to the wholly unnecessary practice of carrying deadly weapons by those who seem to have no judgment in using them. There seems to be an irrepressible tendency on the part of many persons who carry pistols to be pointing them at people.

THE Milwaukee people, in addition to other inducements, will send a car-load of beer to the Democratic national committee, it is said, to win it to the opinion that that city is the proper place for the Democratic national convention. In view of this statement the decision of the committee will be watched with some curiosity.

THERE is reason to believe that one cause of the frequency of murderous assaults is the mild treatment of those who are under charge of murder. It is not unusual that persons under charge of murder in the first degree are permitted to leave prison on bail. Just now Dr. Graves, who is on trial for a dastardly murder, is permitted full freedom and lives at a hotel.

THE last volume of the war records contains all the dispatches regarding the Washington scare of July, 1864. Among them are many estimates of intelligent persons in the country about the capital as to the number of the enemy. Several most reliable persons put it at from 50,000 to 100,000, when the number did not exceed 10,000. Those who made these estimates must have become Washington correspondents.

THE American navy contains 7,516 enlisted men, of whom only 3,519 were born in other countries than the United States, and of these foreign-born only 791 have been naturalized. Of the Baltimore's crew of 335, some of whom were killed in the Chilian riot, 187 were of foreign birth. The fact is, the native-born American of the present day does not take to the sea as a business, even when that business is the sailing of merchant vessels.

A CABLEGRAM from St. Petersburg says a decree has been issued stating that from Jan. 1 next the Lutheran clergy will be deprived of the right to appoint or discharge the masters of Lutheran schools in Russia. This order savors of religious intolerance, and goes to prove what has been suspected—that the Russian persecution of the Jews is part of a general system of religious fanaticism which embraces gentiles and Jews, Protestants and Catholics. The Greek Church, which is the established church in Russia, is fanatical and intolerant to a degree, and has no use for any other church or sect, except to persecute them. When all the facts become known it will doubtless be found that the Greek Church is at the bottom of the persecution of the Jews, as it is of all other acts of religious proscription in Russia. The order against the Lutherans above referred to is in the same spirit.

WHILE it is probable that the grip will have a run this season, there is every reason to believe that its ravages will be much less severe than two years ago, if for no other reason than that the physicians have learned how to treat it. It is the opinion of many physicians that it is an infectious fever, and that the seeds of the infection left by the two past epidemics only await suitable atmospheric and unsanitary conditions for developing their fatal tendency. The great epidemic of the two past years has been traced in a recent work by Dr. Sisley, of London, to an Asiatic outbreak in Bokhara after an unusually wet spring, large tracts of country having turned into marshes. After this very wet spring a severe epidemic of influenza suddenly sprung up and raged during the summer. The Russian traders who were in that region returned to their homes after suffering from the disease and carried the germs with them to Russia; thence it spread over Europe and reached this country. It is believed that damp weather, with sudden changes, is most favorable for the spread of the disease, and that an old-fashioned below-zero winter would destroy all the germs.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

One of the subjects which is very certain to attract much attention within a brief period is the construction of the Nicaragua canal. There is every reason that it should, since it would complete the influence of this Nation on the American continent, revolutionize the commerce of the new world, and change the current of the trade of Japan and China. Our government at the present time is under the necessity of sending war ships to the west coast of South America around the stormy and dangerous Cape Horn. If the Nicaragua canal were constructed these ships could be transferred thither in a short time. The distance by sea from New York to Valparaiso now is 9,750 miles. If the canal were constructed it would be 4,688 miles. Vessels going from New York to San Francisco now must sail 14,840 miles, but if the canal were built the sailing distance would 4,946 miles. The vast trade of California and the Pacific coast, and that of Japan and China, would come to the East by water or at low rail rates, and all of the trade of the west coast of South and Central America would turn to that country through the canal.

There are doubtless those who believe that the scheme of uniting the two oceans is a visionary one, either because the cost will be so great or the work is so formidable. The Suez canal was built, it may be said, by Lesseps, who failed in the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama to connect the two oceans. True, but the Nicaragua canal is regarded by competent engineers as much more feasible than that which Lesseps made such a lamentable failure in trying to construct. The Suez canal is ninety-two miles long, and there were twenty-two miles of heavy digging. The proposed Nicaragua canal is 169¼ miles in length, but the solid digging is only twenty-six miles. On the San Juan river there are sixty-four and one-half miles of free navigation, fifty-six and one-half miles on Lake Nicaragua, and twenty-two and one-half miles in several basins and streams and in Lake Managua. Lake Nicaragua is 110 miles long, from 30 to 60 wide, and deep enough to float the navies of the world.

It has been urged against the enterprise that it cannot be made to pay reasonable interest on the investment and the cost of maintenance. That depends very much upon the cost. If it is built with ready funds, upon business principles, there can be no doubt about its being self-sustaining. Year by year, more and more of the business of the world would pass through the canal if its construction were cheap enough to make the tolls reasonable. In 1879, 1,477 vessels of 2,263,332 tons and 82,000 passengers passed through the Suez canal, while in 1888 the traffic had increased to 3,440 ships of 6,640,834 tons, with 183,895 passengers, and the revenues increased from $5,595,247 to $12,975,315.

The most experienced engineers in the world estimate the cost of the canal at $100,000,000. This is a large amount of money, but if the Suez canal has proved so profitable an investment, why should not this canal, which will revolutionize the coast and international commerce of the new world and turn the tide of a large European commerce in another direction, prove remunerative? The enterprise will, doubtless, be opposed by the continental railway corporations and by the reactionary element which fights all progress, but the intelligent person who gives the matter any considerable attention must see that such a canal, controlled by the United States, will give the Nation a greater influence in the commercial and political world than any event since the discovery of gold in California.

ALL ABOUT A NEWSPAPER MAN.

The strained condition of affairs in Europe gives exaggerated importance to trivial incidents, if any incident can be called trivial that involves the possibilities of war. Not a week passes that something does not occur that threatens to disturb the delicately adjusted machinery of peace and plunge the whole continent in war, for in the present situation no matter where war begins, or what its ostensible cause may be, it is sure to be a general war.

The latest disturbing incident, and one that has set diplomatic circles of Europe in a ferment, is the expulsion of a French journalist from Bulgaria. M. Chadonine is his name, and just now it is a very familiar one in Europe, where the press is vigorously discussing "The Chadonine incident." Very few newspaper men achieve the distinction of having their names connected with an "incident" that may figure in history as a cause of war.

M. Chadonine seems to be an aggressive, irrepressible sort of person, with an inclination to personal journalism. His alleged offense consists in attacks on the Bulgarian government, or rather on M. Stambouleff, the Prime Minister. In March last the world was startled by the announcement that M. Constantine Baltcheff, the Bulgarian Minister of Finance, had been shot and killed while out walking with M. Stambouleff, the Prime Minister. The affair caused a sensation and gave M. Stambouleff a great shock. The general impression was that the bullet was intended for him, and that Russian agents had plotted his murder. The minister seems to have been partly of the same opinion, for he has been untiring in his efforts to ferret out the perpetrators of the crime. Numerous arrests have been made in Bulgaria, the extradition of several persons has been demanded from other countries, and a system of rigid espionage has been established over persons whom there was no reason to suspect of complicity in the crime. The course of the minister became the subject of press comment, and a French paper, called the Intransigeant, published a violent attack upon him, headed "Stambouleff the Executioner." After reviewing the oppressive and arbitrary acts done by the Bulgarian minister under the pretense of discovering the assassins of M. Baltcheff, the article said:

It is impossible in the interests of honor and humanity that such a situation of affairs should be allowed to last much longer. Under the pretext of respecting the rights of nationalities Europe could not without lowering its dignity tolerate such atrocities or allow that one of its countries should be a bandits' stronghold, or that a nation should be so crushed and tortured by Stambouleff.

M. Chadonine was suspected of having written this article, and the result was an order expelling him from Bulgaria. He appealed to the French government for redress, claiming that he had written no more than the truth, but at the same time he had to go. The French charge d'affaires at Sofia protested and made a diplomatic demand for an explanation, but was informed that Bulgaria could not undertake to give France satisfaction in the matter, as the offending journalist had been too persistent in his abuse of the government. And so the matter stands.

The incident receives added significance from the fact that Russia is notoriously unfriendly to the present government in Bulgaria, and that close relations exist between Russia and France. There has been a great deal of telegraphing in cipher, and numerous diplomatic notes have been exchanged. The demand of France for satisfaction is still pending and unsatisfied. A cablegram printed yesterday says the Bulgarian government has taken steps to raise a large sum of money and is mobilizing her army, while the Russian press is quite violent in denouncing Bulgaria and upholding France. Meanwhile M. Chadonine, the cause of the incident, is the best-advertised newspaper man in Europe.

REMINDERS OF SLAVERY.

Pathetic reminders of slavery days are the advertisements for "lost relatives" found in the papers published by colored men for circulation among colored people. In the days "before the war" nothing so enraged the advocates of slavery as the assertion that it was a cruel institution—that not only were the human chattels subject to personal abuse and indignities from their owners, but that families were likely to be torn apart at a sacrifice of the tenderest affections. No one could deny, of course, that the system involved the commission of such outrages, but it was vehemently declared that such occurrences were rare, that the humane slave-owner showed discrimination in the traffic and did not separate husbands from wives or mothers from children when sales of this species of property became necessary. In short, all the evils were glossed over and the happy, irresponsible and care-free existence of the negroes made much of. Similar assertions are made at this late day by those who only know of slavery through childhood memories or through the reminiscences of those relics of a by-gone time who are never done lamenting the lost delights of the years before the war. These say that while, for their own sakes, they could not wish to undertake the cares and responsibilities of slaveholding again, there is no doubt that the negroes led a contented, sheltered life, and were better off than in a condition of freedom. Distance lends a glamour to life on the old plantations—at least to those who owned them and the "live stock" thereto appertaining. It is doubtful, however, if the ex-slaves see the same charm in the scenes of their early days. Judging from the advertisements referred to, the "humane" master must have been off his guard a considerable portion of his time. Perhaps he had wicked partners who, when his back was turned, sold the men, women and children as suited them best without regard to family ties. At all events, there was a scattering of parents and children in that slaveholders' paradise that took some of them to the ends of the earth and some beyond before they were reunited. Hearts were broken then that were never healed until they ceased to throb. The war has been ended for over twenty-five years, and the people who once were slaves have been free to come and go, free to love and marry, and to cherish their dear ones for all that time; but the new ties have not made them forget the old. Their hearts turn back in longing for the mother, the brother, the sister who was sold away from them in that far-off time. In the hope that the lost ones are also on the look-out the advertisement is inserted. They read like this:

I desire to find brothers and sisters, whom I have not seen before the war. We belonged to a man at Camden, Ala.

I would like to know the whereabouts of my mother. She was taken from Dade county, Georgia, to Louisiana, in 1845, leaving two children—myself and a sister.

I would like to know the whereabouts of my brother, who was last seen in Dallas county, Missouri. He was sold to a trader.

In each case are given names of the missing ones and their owners, and such account of family as is known.

It is but the merest chance that the advertisements will bring about the hoped-for result. In most cases the yearnings of these ageing people for the loved ones of their youth will remain unsatisfied until the hereafter. The years go fast, and many of the lost ones must be already in their graves, but the fact that such information is still sought serves to bring the slavery period close. It must give to those who have been born and grown to maturity since that time a realizing sense of the sorrows of a race whose trials and struggles they are too little inclined to sympathize with.

DEPRECIATION OF LAND IN ENGLAND.

A few weeks ago there was a meeting of land-surveyors in London, in which some remarkable statistics were given regarding the shrinkage of land values in England, which have been printed in the London Times. The information upon which the statistics were based came from eight hundred provincial committees, which were instructed to furnish only averages and to avoid startling reductions of values. From the tables printed in these returns it appears that in the Chiltern Hills district of Oxfordshire the average decline in the value of farms has been 75 per cent. during the past fourteen years. In Southeast Essex the decline has been 70 per cent., in Cambridgeshire 60 per cent., in North Essex 55 per cent., with 60 per cent. of the farms unlet. In the rest of Essex and the larger part of Berks the depreciation has been 46 per cent. For the most part the depreciation seems to be not less than 40 per cent., and in no part of England, except near the large cities, has the loss on land values been less than 26 per cent. The falling off in the values of heavy wheat lands is greatest, and rather less than has heretofore been estimated on pasture and dairy lands. One of the most interesting facts developed is that the depreciation has been far less for comparatively small holdings, ranging from fifty to two hundred acres, than on the large farms.

Bad seasons have had something to do with this great loss in the values of lands, but the chief cause is the cheap imports of foods. England is buying her food abroad more and more under her policy of buying in the cheapest market. The abolition of the corn laws, which was to be of such advantage to Great Britain, has largely destroyed her agriculture, and now the protective laws of other nations are shutting her manufacturers out of their markets. If the free-trade policy could be beneficial to any country it could be to England, but here it appears that the abolition of the corn laws, which afforded the British farmer a little protection, has been followed by a depreciation of land values such as is without parallel in any other country which retains its population.

THE suggestion of President Langsdale, of the State Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Commission, relative to the improvement of Circle street should not be lost sight of. As the structural work on the monument is expected to be completed by July 1, 1892, the Board of Public Works ought to be ready to commence the improvement of Circle street early next season. As this will include the grading and asphalting of that portion of the Circle not occupied by the monument and its approaches, as well as the street itself, it will involve considerable work. It is to be hoped the improvement will be planned and executed on a liberal scale. The monument will be a noble structure, and will deserve the best setting the city can give it. To this end the entire plat and street surrounding it should be improved in a manner commensurate with the requirements of the case. If possible the street-railroad track on Circle street should be removed and the Circle and its immediate approaches dedicated exclusively to the sentiment symbolized by the monument.

EVERY year Boston, with all the cities and towns in Massachusetts, votes upon the question of license or no license. Usually Boston votes about two to one for license, but this year, when the Democratic majority for Mayor was 15,000, the majority for license was only 4,300, and the anti-license vote was considerably more than the Republican vote for Mayor, which shows that thousands of Democrats must have voted against license. From this fact no one should jump to the conclusion that any considerable number of Democrats are in favor of closing all the Boston saloons. Such is not the case. Under the present law not half the saloons are licensed which were a few years ago, and those people who have been compelled to go out of the business are voting against license, in the hope of securing a majority against license, in which event the traffic could not be prohibited, and they would stand as good a chance as other violators.

A LETTER of General Grant's appears in the official records to President Lincoln in which he suggested the making of Washington, Baltimore, the Shenandoah and upper Potomac valleys into a division, over which General Meade should be placed. In the next sentence he recommended General Hancock for the command of the Army of the Potomac. This would seem to indicate that General Grant would have liked a change in the commander of the Army of the Potomac about the middle of July, 1864.

THE fact that Door-keeper Turner, of the House, has had 1,500 applications for the 150 places under him, and that the applicants have been with him from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, and from its setting through the otherwise lonely hours of the night until its rising, should remove any doubt that may have existed lest there should be a lack of patriots ready to devote their services to the country in time of peace.

A CINCINNATI paper describes a canine funeral which took place in that city recently. The dog, a family favorite and pet, died in St. Louis, and was brought to Cincinnati for burial. During his sickness he was attended by three physicians, and all that science and affection could suggest was done to save his life, but in vain. After death the remains were embalmed and placed in a handsome coffin, trimmed in white. The gentleman and lady who owned the dog accompanied the remains from St. Louis to Cincinnati, and the body was deposited in a grave dug in the gentleman's back yard. The funeral arrangements were decorous and complete, and a marble slab with an appropriate epitaph was placed at the head of the grave. The total expense of the dog's sickness and funeral amounted to $318. People may laugh at that sort of thing, but nobody can say the owners of the dog were heartless.

THE invention, by an Indiana man, of a machine for husking corn will have a tendency to spoil the sentiment of corn-husking time as it is found in husking-bee poetry and Hamlin Garland prose; but the farmer who freezes and wears the cuticle off his fingers doing the actual husking will be ready to say a glad good-bye to the poetry.

ABOUT this time of year is when the father of the family sits down to enjoy his Sunday paper, while his wife gets herself and the children ready for church, and incidentally looks after the big Sunday dinner, makes a few beds, and picks up generally. That is to say, he does this at all times of the year, but it is about this time that he happens across pleasing bits of holiday literature, and, his heart being attuned to the sentiment of the season, he reads them. Little things of this sort catch his eye: "'Christmas is coming.' Three little words, and yet how mighty they are in their conjuring power. Like a chime of joy bells, they ring for those who give and for those who receive. It is blessed to give. Amid your own joyous expectations do not forget your washerwoman—husband, do not forget your wife. Think of the gladness a box of Jenkins's soap would bring to their hearts." And then the father of the family whispers something that is not a prayer, and wonders why newspaper publishers will trifle with the feelings of their readers in this heartless way. But the publisher smiles to himself and sayeth not, while the advertiser sits up nights to devise new ways wherewith to beguile again the wary newspaper reader who "can't be fooled on an ad, and never reads 'em."

A GENTLEMAN connected with mission work in New York city deprecates the system of Chinese Sunday-schools which is growing up in that city. He has particular reference to the practice of placing classes of grown-up Chinamen in charge of young lady teachers. He regards this as demoralizing and dangerous. He says the average unconverted Chinaman is thoroughly corrupt at heart, and cunning and deceitful to the last degree. He has satisfied himself that most of them go to Sunday-school simply to be near the pretty girls who teach them, and in some instances he has found that, instead of getting any moral impressions themselves, they produce a demoralizing impression on the teacher. On the same line a Christianized Chinaman says:

It takes a born Chinaman to understand how unchristianized Chinamen regard women. Women are so much merchandise in our country. When a man gets hard up he sells his daughters or wife, and thinks nothing of it. Well, when Chinamen come here they have the same ideas about American women. Even those very few who become real Christians only acquire an exalted idea of women after a long residence, and then I doubt if they hold them in as much esteem as American men do. I know personally and positively that most Chinese Sunday-school scholars in this city go to Sunday-school with no idea whatever of embracing Christianity, or even of learning English, but simply because they like to sit beside pretty girls and be petted by them.

The inference seems to be that this kind of mission work should not be intrusted to young ladies.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Sorry She Spoke.

Yabsley—And do I once more meet the fairest flower of her sex?

Miss Flyppe—Don't be silly, Mr. Yabsley.

Yabsley—You surely cannot expect me to call you a bud!

Spring-Like.

Such days as these do fill the woman's heart
With such unrest as comes in balmy spring;
She feels a deep desire to use her art
In scrubbing floors, turning carpets, scouring paint, raking leaves, trading old overcoats for flowers and all that sort of thing.

A Joyous Surprise.

Wickwire—I have an idea the Christmas present I'm going to make my wife will be quite a pleasant surprise to her.

Yabsley—And what might it be?

Wickwire—Oh, she is always complaining that I do not pay enough attention to my appearance, so I have ordered a new seventy-five-dollar suit.

Time's Revenges.

I remember distinctly, some twelve years ago,
When I asked Angeline if "I might be her beau,"
She snubbed me most rudely and informed me she did
Not have any use for a "mere gawky kid."
But time works its changes with all of us. Now,
When clear to the top of my head runs my brow,
I'm treated with reverence by Miss Angeline,
"For I'm so much her elder," as can plainly be seen.

A Good Man to Cultivate.

Mudge—Say! Do you know Billiger, who was voted the cane at the church fair? I'd like to make his acquaintance. A man of such popularity must be worth knowing.

Yabsley—But a church fair vote does not show that a man has so many friends. It merely shows that his friends are willing to spend their money on him.

Mudge—Well, does not that show that he must have a pretty good sum of money himself?

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

MARGARET FULLER'S pincushion is exhibited and regarded reverently at the woman suffragists' fair in Boston.

MISS MABEL DUNLAP, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Design, has been appointed one of five ladies to decorate palace-car interiors at Wilmington, Del.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, of London, offers $500 for the proof of any one case, either in the church or out of it, where drunkenness has been cured without total abstinence.

THE Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, is the best educated member of the British royal family. He speaks five languages fluently, plays several musical instruments well and the violin expertly, and has some talent for painting.

ROSSITER JOHNSON, the well-known Century editor, is a tall, fine looking man, with flowing chestnut beard and a keen gray eye. Very few have done more than he toward the passing of the international copyright law. His friends are numerous, and he has a few literary enemies, too.

A WRITER in Belgravia recalls what seems like a mockery of fate. Before the poet Philip Bourke Marston became blind, in fact, while he was yet an infant, Dinah Muloch, his godmother, apostrophized his beauty in lines beginning, "Look at me with thy large brown eyes, Philip, my king."

CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, who has been selected for the command of the new armored cruiser New York, had to his credit at the beginning of the present year a total of seventeen years and nine months' sea service. Out of the total number of forty-five captains only five officers have had more sea service.

ONE of the men who helped save the life of the Czarevitch of Russia last year has become so demoralized by good fortune that he has been summoned several times into court. The brave but weak Japanese receives an annual pension of $1,000 from the Russian government and a small sum yearly from the Mikado.

THERE are five Taylors in the House of Representatives, all Republicans, so this family controls about one-seventeenth of the votes in a Republican caucus. The seven households of Taylor, Wilson, Henderson, Johnson, Stone, Hopkins and Russell will together make up one-fifth of the Republican delegation.

IN Reykjavik, the capital of remote Iceland, a charitable lady has erected on her own land a high school for Iceland girls. Needing more funds for teachers, salaries, books, etc., than her private income would cover, she sold her family jewels, many of them heirlooms seven hundred years old, in order to obtain the money for her enterprise.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Dresden, who had caught a glimpse of Rubinstein, says: "Mme. Rubinstein and the great artist are, they say, well—like other artists, not simpatica, so he lives on a pension here in Dresden, while she dwells in St. Petersburg, where she gives the most magnificent entertainments. But it is hard to believe that the fault is with the great musician; for I have it of a friend who has a way of telling astonishing things that he gives her money for her extravagances in bushel baskets, saying: 'Take it, spend it as you please—only leave me in peace to my art.'"

CHARLES R. UNCLES, a carefully educated young man, will be ordained by Cardinal Gibbons, this week, to the Catholic priesthood. The attendant ceremonies will be celebrated in Boston, and the occasion will, it is declared, gain special moment from the fact that this will be the first ordination in this country of a colored man to orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

AT a recent christening in a London cathedral the baby, the daughter of a nobleman, was attended by thirty little maidens between the ages of three and eight. They were dressed in white, and formed a circle around the font. The baby itself had its breast covered with a mass of stephanotis and other white blossoms, but it resented the ceremony just as if it had been an ordinary infant.

COL. THOMAS W. KNOX, the author of "Boy Travelers," is said to have been presented by the King of Siam with the decoration of the Siamese Order of the White Elephant, in recognition of the fairness with which his kingdom was treated in the account given by the "Boy Travelers" of their visit there. J. A. Haldeman, of Kansas, Queen Victoria and Sir Edwin Arnold are the only other English-speaking persons who have ever received the order.

HON. JOHN C. HOUK, who was recently elected to succeed his father, the late Judge L. C. Houk, in Congress from the Second Tennessee district, is about thirty-one years old. He is said to possess a good deal of his father's ability, and his popularity is demonstrated by the large majority given him over one of the ablest Democrats in his district. Mr. Houk was assistant door-keeper of the House in the Fifty-first Congress. He has a national reputation as a political organizer. It is predicted that he will succeed himself after serving the unexpired term to which he has just been elected.

A PEN-PORTRAIT of John W. Mackay drawn by John Russell Young exhibits the famous bonanza king as "a tallish, slender, well-knit, active man, with a nimble, rapid gait; finely cut, compact head, lines strong in the regions assigned to energy and perception; hair somewhat of the Saxon, flaxen, uncertain color; a gentle, measured voice and a prompt, hearty address." He would be pointed out in any assemblage as a man of distinction, but he is of a retiring and modest demeanor. He is noted for his simple way of life, eating plain food and holding wine in aversion.

PHILANTHROPISTS IN CONVENTION.

Debate as to Which Profession Performs the Largest Amount of Gratuitous Work.

Some gentlemen were discussing the question which profession rendered the public the most gratuitous service—in other words, which did the most work for nothing. A preacher thought the clergy did. He said: "In addition to our regular preaching and Sunday work, for which we are generally inadequately paid, we are expected to officiate at all funerals for nothing. This is a continual draft on our time and strength. Then we have to make pastoral calls, visit the sick, take an active part in charity work, speak at public meetings, and so on and so forth. Undoubtedly, gentlemen, you must admit that we ministers do more work for nothing than anybody else."

A doctor said he thought not. "You would be surprised," he said, "at the amount of gratuitous work we do. In the first place, we lose a great deal by bad debts. It is a sort of unwritten law with many people to beat the doctor if they can. Men who pay all other debts promptly and cheerfully hate to pay a doctor's bill, and a great many will not if they can help it. A doctor hates to beg for what is his due, so the result is that he loses a good deal in this way. Then he has to do a great deal of charity work, visiting and treating poor people who he knows cannot pay anything, often not only prescribing but furnishing the medicines. I think the money value of the gratuitous work we doctors do is much greater than that done by the preachers."

A lawyer in the party stroked his chin with an air of judicial impartiality, and said: "Undoubtedly, gentlemen, your honorable professions render a considerable amount of gratuitous service to the public, but in point of money value it cannot compare with that rendered by lawyers. It is well that the spiritual welfare and physical health of people should be looked after, but we deal with their property affairs, which to most men are more important than either of the others. From time immemorial men have regarded lawyers' fees as exorbitant, forgetting how much time and money we have to expend in becoming lawyers. But human nature is selfish and unreasonable, and men cannot be made to see this. The result is that we often do not charge as much for our services as we ought to, on account of this universal prejudice. A good lawyer often puts his fee at a figure which he knows is too low, and even then the client, if he pays it at all, does so grudgingly. We also lose by bad debts, and by having to give gratuitous advice. You would be astonished at the number of people who expect to get legal advice for nothing, on the score of personal acquaintance."

The discussion continued at some length, and seemed to leave each one still of the opinion that the members of his own profession did more gratuitous work than those of any other, when a philanthropic looking individual who had heretofore maintained a solemn silence proceeded to break it. He said: "Gentlemen, you have all made a good showing for your respective professions, and undoubtedly you all deserve the credit of rendering the public a good deal of gratuitous service, but the profession which I represent renders more than all of yours combined. I am a newspaper man, and I undertake to say that, taking one consideration with another, the press serves more people in more ways and does more work for nothing than the ministry, the medical profession and the bar combined. We work for the public while you are sleeping, and we do it 365 days in the year. You all come to us for favors. The preacher expects his sermons to be reported gratuitously, and if he is neglected too long he sometimes comes around with a report or sends it by the hand of a friend who 'thinks, perhaps, we would like to print what the Rev. Mr. So-and-so said this morning.' If the doctor sets a sprained ankle, performs a surgical operation on an in-growing toe-nail, or administers an emetic to a school-boy who is suffering from an overdose of green apples, he expects it to be exploited in the press, with an incidental mention of the street and number of his office. If the lawyer argues a demurrer in the case of Smith vs. Jones, or gets a divorce for Mrs. Wienerwurst from her drunken husband, he expects the fact to be mentioned, and if he makes a jury speech he expects it to be reported in full. Now, some of these things we like to do, because they are in the line of our business, especially if they are in the nature of news, but we have to fight from one year's end to another to keep things out of the paper that are of no public interest, and we do not always succeed, either. Every single type that is set costs money, so do ink, and paper, and press-work, but people never stop to think of this. They argue that we must put something in the paper, and it might as well be their matter as something else. The paper has to be filled up. So we go on, advertising everybody, exploiting everybody, serving everybody, not only without pay, but generally without thanks. Then, see what we do in the way of writing up public movements and enterprises. Everywhere the press is expected to lead the march of progress, devising, suggesting, originating, formulating and encouraging public enterprises, appealing to State pride and city pride for this, that and the other thing, starting subscriptions and heading the list, advertising the advantages of the city, its central location, its railroad facilities, etc.; giving statistics of its business and trade, full accounts of its manufacturing industries and in all its achievements, past, present and future. The press is no more interested in the progress of the city and the promotion of local enterprises than other people are, but it is expected to do this sort of work, and do it for nothing. Then see how much political work we do for nothing, laboring in season and out of season for good government, honest politics and party success. Look at the amount of political matter we print during a campaign, every line of which costs money, and then, if the other side wins, we are held responsible for the defeat. In the way of private business we are expected to do a great deal of free advertising, and in spite of our best efforts it will creep in. Many persons who never patronize a paper beyond subscribing for it and getting their full money's worth, expect an occasional complimentary mention of themselves or their business. Some who borrow the paper or read it in public places do not hesitate to ask advertising favors because they are 'regular readers.' Some persons who pay for $50 worth of advertising space expect a ten-dollar reading notice thrown in, and think the newspaper is very mean if it declines to accommodate them. Yet there is hardly a day in the year that we do not say a good word for somebody for nothing. Church fairs, missionary societies, charitable movements of all kinds, complimentary benefits, etc., all expect free notices. If a person dies who happens to have a considerable family connection the friends think we should print a half column obituary notice, or perhaps fifteen or twenty verses of elegiac poetry out of deference to the feelings of the family. Generally, out of deference to the feelings of the public we decline, but in spite of everything we do, have to print a good deal of obituary matter for nothing. Of course, a paper has its friends, patrons and advertisers, or it could not live, but I assure you we do an immense amount of gratuitous work, both for the dear public and for the individuals."

While the newspaper man was talking a fourth person had joined the circle, and became interested in the discussion. At the first opportunity he cleared his throat and said: "Gentlemen, I understand you each claim to represent a profession which does more gratuitous and philanthropic work than any other. When it comes to that, I think my vocation leads all the rest. Gentlemen, I am a plumber. Now, we plumbers——"

At this point the other members of the party each remembered that he had an engagement, and they all incontinently fled, leaving the plumber master of the field.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

They Have a Charm for Which a Christmas Tree Offers a Poor Substitute.

New York Ledger.

The Christmas tree is all very well; it is "splendid," in fact, and how beautiful it looks with the candles lighted and the bright-tinted balls, and bells, and eggs and hearts, and stars shining all over it, but it is nothing to the stocking in the chimney-place on Christmas eve. Have the tree by all means. But if you want to make the children happy don't omit the stockings. It is English and fashionable to have the tree, with all the aunts, and uncles, and cousins asked, and gifts for everybody, and music, and dancing, and games, and cakes, and oranges, and candies, and lemonade, and funny recitations, and all sorts of things. But oh, the stockings! When every one has brought a pair of the longest and biggest, and papa has taken pains to hang them so that they are strong, and all is quite still in the street and it is bed-time, what wonderful ideas come into the little minds, and what pleasant memories into those of the grown-ups. What mother would like to miss the little exhibition of hope and faith? The child who trusts most ardently in the benevolent Santa Claus will be most likely to put faith in heaven's mercies in his after life; for Santa Claus always comes when he is expected, and when mother and father hang the stockings up he is sure to put something in them.

How swiftly the little feet fly upstairs when mamma calls: "Bed-time, darlings." How little frocks and aprons slip from the pretty shoulders; and when the prayers are said the heads are ready for the white pillows, and every little eye shuts up at once. The children are going to sleep "right off" to bring morning nearer. But when the lights are out it is not so easy. Surely, that was the tinkle of sleigh-bells. Surely that is a sound in the chimney. "Suppose poor Santa Claus should get stuck there some night and be smothered before he was gotten out." Bessie suggests that. But Daisy says: "He couldn't. He isn't like folks." And they are glad to think it.

Tom, with a troubled conscience—he did nip that piece out of the mince pie on the pantry shelf—asks Willie if he believes that Santa Claus ever puts rods in bad boys' stockings to whip them with. And Willie replies, with a thrill in his voice, for he feels that the very idea is an insult to his old saint:

"No, of course not. He is too nice. He is like grandpa."

Then Tom says that he has a mind to go down-stairs and take a peep, and how jolly it would be to see Santa Claus's legs coming down! He says this every Christmas eve; but he never does it, and he never will.

"Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!" Certainly that is on the roof. Some one is moving in the dining-room. Tom covers his head with the quilt, and he does not say what he was going to say about asking Santa Claus to take him out with him some night, as the milkman did one morning in his sleigh. Tom feels that this is a solemn moment, and that he had better go to sleep.

And suddenly it is morning. They have all been sound asleep. How funny all those hours have gone! It seems such a waste of time to wash, and dress, and have curls brushed, but it must be done! Then down clatter the little feet, and there sit mamma and papa, and their opinion is that the stockings are very full, as indeed they are. The old saint has had to put some of his gifts on the mantel-piece or on chairs. And oh, the dolls! Oh, the tea-set! Oh, the carts and horses and steam-engines! Oh, the wonderful beautiful gifts!

"How did Santa Claus know that I wanted my doll to have a parasol?" cries Bessie.

And there is nothing but joy in Tom's heart, for he has a little photographic outfit.

"Santa Claus," he says, "is the kindest person I ever heard of."

Oh, it is out of the stockings that the great Christmas fun comes for the children. Let us have them always by our firesides while there are children in our homes.

The Capitol's Malaprop.

Letter in Philadelphia Record.

Washington, like every other large city, has her Mrs. Malaprop, whose twisted sayings, together with many which she never said, but which she gets the credit for, go the rounds of society. Our Mrs. Malaprop is a rich woman, or, at least, a rich man's wife, and if her early education was neglected, as it was not, could have all the educational advantages she needed now. But she is above and beyond all educational advantages. Not to speak of all the old chestnuts put off on her as on every Mrs. Malaprop, as that she was going to take her daughter abroad to have her portrait painted by one of the old masters she has said some very funny things, as when she remarked the other day coming down in her wrapper in the morning to see a friend: "You really must excuse me for coming down in my nom de plume." Perhaps her most celebrated speech was one to a departing guest, who said he had enjoyed her party very much: "Yes; but I'm so sorry none of our best people are here tonight." I always liked best myself her naive remark to General Sheridan, who had taken up the wrong fork from the lavish pile beside his plate: "No; General; that little fork is your fish fork. I know you won't mind my telling you. I'm sure I would be glad to have anyone tell Mr. Threestars if he was making a faux pas like that."

Utilizing the Fat Man.

New York Press.

Going up in the train the other day a girl was overheard to say: "The first thing to do is to pick out a good, fat man——" It sounded cannibalistic, and some listened. "Then stay close to him," she continued; "he will make his way through the crowd, and you slip along before they can close in behind him, and you can always get out safely, even at Fifty-ninth street." After a pause she continued: "And nice, fat men always take me across the street; they don't always know it, but that does not matter. I follow them as close as possible and never get run over. The truck drivers pull up and swear at them, and in the meantime I reach the side walk."