[Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

BY MRS. J. BARRETT.

We often speak of the beautiful west
With its rolling prairies in verdure dressed,
Of its flowing rivers and mountains high,
Whose lofty summits cleave the sky—
But we seldom mention the land beyond,
The land beyond the river.

I mean that dark and turbulent tide,
That rolling river so deep and wide,
That long has stood like a wall of might
To hide from our vision the heavenly sight
That is seen in that land—that beautiful land,
The land beyond the river.

'Tis there the King of Glory reigns,
In that beautiful city, on the heavenly plains,
Its gates are pearl, its streets are gold;
'Tis the New Jerusalem fair to behold—
There in that land—that beautiful land,
The land beyond the river.

There are sparkling lakes and crystal seas,
Ambrosial fruits and beautiful trees;
The river of Life flows sweetly by,
For there the inhabitants never die—
There in that land—that beautiful land,
The land beyond the river.

But they dwell in the mansions bright and fair
That Jesus said was awaiting them there,
For they are the chosen and spotless few,
And the songs they sing are forever new—
There in that land—that beautiful land,
The land beyond the river.

They join in the great redemption song
With myriads of angels—a happy throng;
They sing till the city with music rings;
All glory to Jesus, the King of Kings—
There in that land—that beautiful land,
The land beyond the river.

What more can I say of a country so fair?
How shall I liken it? With what compare?
Its mountains are high and its valleys are broad,
And the beautiful city is the city of God—
There in that land—that beautiful land,
The land beyond the river.

WIT AND PLEASANTRY.

"Yes, sir," said Jinkins, "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to."

An esteemed State exchange says that a young widow of that city, who writes well, is training herself for an editor, but the paper don't state who the editor is.

An Illinois obituary notice referred to a deceased citizen as having "gone to a happier home." The widow is about bringing a libel suit. These Illinois women are too sensitive for anything.

Dr. Richardson of England says that "when the air is dryest the drinker craves alcohol the most." This may be the case in this country it is when the drinker is dryest that he craves alcohol the most.

Mother—Are you quite sure, dear, that young Featherly is not fond of you? He certainly seemed very devoted last night when he buttoned your glove. Daughter—Ah, yes, mother; but his hand never trembled.

Young man (after a long interval of silence): "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Clara." Miss Clara (surpressing a yawn). "I was wondering if that clock isn't slow. It seems later than midnight." He left without giving her the penny.

Irascible old party: "Conductor, why didn't you wake me up when I asked you? I am miles beyond my station." Conductor: "I did try, and all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria. Get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

A bright north side wife whose husband had contracted a club fever hit upon a brilliant scheme recently. She procured a partly-worn gentleman's glove and left it on the parlor sofa when she retired, after sitting up until twelve o'clock for her derelict lord. He does not go out in the evening now.

Doctor—"You see, wifey dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all; a very critical case, I can tell you." His wife—"Yes dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved!"

Mrs. Slimdiet—So your ancestors came over with William Penn. By the way, have some more dressing with your turkey. Well as I was going to remark, I think pride of ancestry very justifiable. Now, I came over in the Mayflower. Thin boarder (struggling with a drumstick)—Did you bring this turkey with you?

She was a book agent. She called in our office. She was very pretty and sweet, and we fell in love on the spot. "Sir, I am engaged——" "Oh, we are so sorry. When is it to be?" She blushed and modestly withdrew. She was new to the business, and would probably have told us what she was engaged in selling only we had to act in self-defense. —Detroit Free Press.

The heathen rageth: One of the Japanese students, while out for a stroll, was accosted by a sophomore with the inquiry, "What's your name?" The gentleman from Japan answered politely, giving his surname. "Oh," replied the questioner, "you heathens don't have but one name, I see." "What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply. —Harvard Lampoon.

Says a correspondent: "I am reminded by seeing an advertisement in this morning's paper of the following incident: While in the office of a White Mountain hotel talking to a group of elegant and wealthy women one of them inquired for a laundress. Just then a villager passed by and the clerk referred to her for the required information. On being questioned she calmly surveyed the group and at length answered: 'I think I know of a lady that will wash for you women.'"

A parrot one day met an owl. "Ah, how do you do, friend owl? I hear bad stories about you." "Is that so? What is the trouble?" "Well, our friend, the ass, tells me that on a certain occasion you made a fool of yourself." "Ah, yes, possible, but our friend, the ass, is more unfortunate still." "How is that, friend owl?" "Well, you see he can not make a fool of himself." "Why not?" "Because nature has done that for him." The moral of this little fable seems to be that those who live in glass houses should get the glass insured.

"You like the paper, don't you?" smirked the editor, as the woman in the striped shawl paid six months in advance. "Very well," replied the woman in the striped shawl, guardedly; "during the summer I have liked it better than usual." "Ah, indeed!" the editor happily chirped; "I suppose you have been interested in my denunciations of our depraved opponents, the opposite political party?" "No-o," said the woman slowly; "It wasn't exactly that." "Then what was it?" the editor asked, still smiling; "let me know what other feature of my paper is so indispensible to my valued lady constituency. What did you like the paper for?" "Because" the woman in the striped shawl explained, as she put her receipt away where she never would find it again—"because it is so strong, is so nice to mash flies with." And the editor's stony stare was equal to those in Bunker Hill Monument.

The Kind of Compression Required.

He didn't know Brooklyn girls very well, being a comparative stranger from Philadelphia, but he timidly remarked one evening that he wished he were a Russia leather belt, that he might clasp her waist.

She turned upon him a warning blue light glance fro a her eloquent eyes. "Young man," she said, "if you couldn't squeeze harder and hold on tighter than any belt that was ever fastened with a buckle, nobody has any use for you in Brooklyn. I can tell you." With a wild, bitter cry he fled out into the black, black night.

Conclusive Evidence.

Wife—Do you think Jeff Davis aimed at despotic power?

Husband (henpecked)—I think so, dear. He was found dressed in women's clothes.

A Friend Indeed.

Visitor, to undertaker—Why are you so sad to-day?

Undertaker—I have just buried Dr. Blank.

Visitor—Ah, indeed? The doctor was a philanthropic gentleman.

Undertaker—He was. He threw many a dollar into my hands.

Didn't Like to Have Her Way.

"I tell you I shall do as I please!" shouted Mrs. Miff.

"Well, well, my dear. I didn't say you couldn't," replied Mr. Miff.

"And you can't stop me!"

"I didn't say I could, my dear."

"You'd better not try!"

"Indeed, indeed, my dear, I won't."

"That's just all such a brute cares about his wife!" and Mrs. Miff prepared to cry her eyes out.

What's Yer Kickin' About.

[Texas Siftings.]

Pete Tillman is a light mulatto, who has been paying marked attention to Lucy Peterson of about the same color. On Sunday afternoon he met her on the arm of a negro who was blacker than the ace of spades.

"Look heah, Lucy, ef you am gwineter promenade wid black mokes, I'se gwineter drap yer," said Pete, indignantly.

"Whaffor, Pete? Am yer done gone crazy? He only wants ter marry me. Dat's all. What's yer kickin' about?"

Another Brute.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mr. De Blank—"There now, John, just read that and maybe you will throw away that horrid cigar!"

Mr. De Blank—"Read what?"

"Why, this in the paper. A member of the recent Woman's Congress says 'it is a nice thing for a man to keep his mouth fit to be kissed.'"

"Humph! That may all be; but it is also a nice thing for a woman to keep her mouth in the right position to be kissed."

"That right position?"

"Yes, shut."

Worse Than Dynamite.

"What's this I hear, Jones? They say your wife has run away and left you."

"Yes, she gave me a terrible scolding yesterday morning as usual, and skipped out last night."

"Mercy on us! Where do you suppose she has gone?"

"To England."

"To England? What has she gone there for?"

"She has gone to England to blow up London bridge. She's worse than dynamite, I tell you: for I've tried both."

Too Much Competition.

[Chicago News.]

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Muchtalk, "that's the kind of brutes you men are," and she read an account of a wife-murder by a Georgia barber, recently.

"You say he was a barber, my dear?"

"Yes, he was, and—"

"Oh, well, it is all for the best. A barber and a woman can't live happily together, anyhow."

"I'd like to know why not. I can't see—"

"Too much competition, my dear. Neither of 'em could get a word in edgewise."

A Vassar Vestal's Verbosity.

"Well, Angeline, are you going to church this morning?" asked a western spinster of a Vassar college girl.

"No, awnt, I cawnt attend," said the girl.

"Why?"

"Because the floral architecture that envelopes my encephalic capillary integument is decidedly disarranged."

"Law sakes!" exclaimed the spinster: "we wouldn't say it that way out west."

"How would they express the ideah in the 'rowdy west,' awnt?"

"Why, we would say my bonnet's out of whack!"

Now that St. John is hopelessly defeated it will do no harm to relate the following story. It came from the West around by the lakes to Buffalo, and thence to this city via the Erie Canal:

A Prohibition speaker was stepping on the platform.

"What will you have to wet your whistle with during your speech?" whispered the Chairman of the occasion.

"O, the regular thing, you know—a little whisky in a tin cup."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the Chairman in a cautious tone of voice, "I forgot all about the tin cup. We haven't anything but a glass, and it won't do to put whisky in that."

"Put gin in it," whispered the speaker; and then he stepped out and made a great speech. —New York Sun.

At The Rink.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"And don't you skate, little girl?" he asked as he sat down beside her.

"Oh, no, sir."

"But you can learn."

"I guess I could, but I don't want to."

"And do you come here to just watch the skaters?"

"Oh, no—I come to watch Mrs. R."

"Who's she?"

"She's papa's second wife. He don't want her to come, but she will do it"

"And why do you watch her?"

"Well, papa wanted her to promise that she wouldn't lean on anybody when she was skating with 'em, and that she wouldn't flirt when she was resting, but she wouldn't promise and so I came to watch her. These short marks are when she leans, and these long ones when she flirts."

"And you show them all to your father?"

"Yes, and he dates them and puts them away and by and by we'll have enough to get a divorce on and marry somebody who can't skate."

The Mysterious Sixth Sense.

Dr. Russell, of Calumet, Michigan, writes this to the New York Evening Post:

In connection with the numerous well-authenticated circumstances which tend to prove that telepathy deserves the serious attention of science, the following incident may not be out of place.

Several winters ago, there lived on the location a woodman and his wife, persons possessed of perhaps rather more than the average intelligence and education of the mining classes. The sympathy between them was such that each seemed to thoroughly understand the thoughts of the other without the use of words, which they scarcely ever used except in the presence of others. When in separate rooms either could immediately tell what the other had written. At greater distances each was subject to the moods of the other, but any deeper understanding was reached at the expense of great mental effort.

In January, 1881, the man, who was chopping in the brush, severed an artery in his leg and, there not being any assistance at hand, he died to death. At about the same time that the wound must have been inflicted, the woman rushed into a neighbor's house, declaring that her husband was dying; and, though ignorant of his whereabouts, led a small party directly to the scene of the accident. The woman has been insane ever since.

If anyone is anxious to learn more of this remarkable case, I shall be most happy to answer their inquiries in detail. Yours.

GEORGE RUSSELL, M. D.

Calumet, Mich., December 17.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Husband Speaking.

"It's the strangest thing that ever I knew.
And the most provoking, 'twixt me and you,
And a woman who's got a man like me,
A good provider, and steady and free
With all her folks, with funds salted down,
And as fine a house as any in town,
To be lamenting 'cause one child in ten
Ain't quite as good as he might have been.

"It's a pretty good showing, it seems to me,
That only a tenth of the lot should be
A little off color, and that's what I say
To their mother twenty times a day.
But I can't make her see it in that light,
And she listens and waits night after night
For the sound of his step, till I grow so wild
That I almost curse both mother and child.

"She ought to live for the others you know,
And let the tormenting vagabond go
And follow his ways and take the pain—
But I turn him out and she calls him again.
This makes a hardness between her and me,
And the worst of it is, the children agree
That I'm in the right. You'd pity her then—
Such times I think I'm the meanest of men.

"I've argued and scolded and coaxed without end;
Her answer is always: 'My boy has one friend
As long as I live and your charge is untrue
That my heart holds no equal love for you
And all the rest. But the one gone astray
Needs me the most, and you'll find 'tis the way
Of all all mothers to hold close to the one
Who hurts her the most. So love's work is done.'

"Now what can I say to such words as those?
I'm not convinced, as the history shows.
But I often wonder which one is right,
Here and there: to the window and door.
As she waits with a heart that is heavy and sore.
I wish the boy dead, while she gives her life
To save him from sin. There's husband and wife."

—Cardiff Mail.

SOCIAL GOSSIP.

Kid waistcoats are revived in Paris.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most, like it least.

It is the enjoying, and not merely the possessing of things, that makes us happy.

It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we fear we may be to-morrow.

Notwithstanding the hard times Washington ladies are dressing more gorgeously than ever this season.

There is an effort to make steel gray kids take the place of the ever popular tan-colored gloves, but the tans retain their hold on fashionable favor as yet.

Ladies just home from Paris say we are not wearing the bonnet here that is the correct style over there. Once more we ask: Is life worth living?—Philadelphia Call.

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth, green grasses are more common still;
The blue of Heaven is larger than the cloud.
—Mrs. Browning.

Consciously or unconsciously, men describe themselves in the characters they draw. One must have the mordant in his own personality, or he will not take the color of his subject.

Mme. Patti wrote in a Boston album the other day: "Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing, and you will always have a supply."

A leeding fashion paper says: "Champagne mixed with a little water is now frequently called for by young ladies at balls and parties. Their idea is to prevent a possible next morning's headache."

A German loves to contemplate himself, a Frenchman to talk about himself, an Englishman to blow about himself, an Italian to mourn about himself, an Irishman to swear about himself, and a Yankee to outlie them all.

The story used to be told that after the Rev. Horace Holley had delivered a prayer on some public occasion. Major Ben Russell, of ruddy face and ruffled shirt memory, editor of the Columbian Sentinel, spoke of it in his paper the next day as "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience."

Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks t toby dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

There is no spectacle more painful than the man who is the victim of unhappiness from every slight misfortune he meets with in his business. He literally makes troubles for himself—he plants thorns and thistles along his pathway through life, and frets out both body and soul by rubbing against them.

Comparisons between men of genius for the sake of aggrandizing the one at the expense of the other are the staple of meaner kinds of criticism. No lover of art will clash a Venetain goblet against a Roman amphora to see which is strongest, no lover of nature undervalues a violet because it is not a rose.

In one of the Year Books of the reign of Edward III. is reported a decision, in which Judge Barnard makes this remark: "There is no man in England who can rightly tell if a woman has reached her majority or not; for many women who are at least thirty years old want to appear as but sixteen." This was in 1377—more than five centuries ago.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a link,
There's not a place in earth or Heaven,
There's not a task of mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

It seems absurd that there should be a fashion in the "flowers of the field," and that the one which is, par excellence, the belle of one season should be pushed to the wall the next. The fickleness of man, however, demands constant change, and thus it is that one blossom after another is elevated to first place in favor. The rose has always held its own pretty well, but this year we are told it must give way to the modest violet, which is the furor of the hour.

Arago, the Frenchman who became so distinguished as a mathematician and astronomer, ascribed his success to the following inscription written on the cover of his book by the celebrated mathematician, D'Alembert, at a time of great discouragement: "Go on, sir, go on! The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn with increased clearness on your path." "That maxim," says Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics."

Mrs. A. T. Stewart was at a large reception in New York a few days ago, and wore a magnificent gown of peacock-blue satin, trimmed with embroidery and finest laces. She also wore a mass of frizzed golden hair on her forehead, and a wonderful display of diamonds on her head and various parts of her dress. Much of the evening she stood engaged in conversation with a beautiful Quakeress, who was attired in a rich drab satin, with kerchief and cap of tulle, the two in such striking contrast making an interesting picture.

There is a story about a doctor who was recently called to a fashionable lady at 2 o'clock in the morning, and astonished his patient by asking her, after a brief examination, whether she had made her will. He then advised her to send for a lawyer and perhaps also her pastor. "Must I die?" asked the lady. "I am afraid so," was the answer. "How much time do you give me?" asked the lady in despair. "Well," said the doctor, "if you treat your family and yourself as you do now there's no telling what will happen. If you sleep when you ought to, and use your judgment, you may be good for thirty years more."

Already Christmas cards are disappearing and valentines are taking their place in the stores, and what works of art these latter are! We look in vain for the winged cupids of our earlier loves or the sly postman with his hand on the knocker. Instead, some charming picture greets the eye, the exquisite design of a well-known artist, treating that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin lightly or humorously as the case may be, but in a style which would fairly have astonished our grandparents. So much at least has education in art achieved, the very boys and girls know whether a design is worthy of presentation or not. And the vulgar element has almost disappeared for want of demand.

Clara Belle, that clever student of woman nature, is of the opinion that going up stairs is a thing that even the prettiest and most graceful of her sex can not afford to do in the presence of an admirer, and adds: "It is clear to my mind that nature never intended that women should go up stairs, for I don't believe an angel, if feminine, could mount the golden stairs other than absurdly."

An English professor writes to the Contemporary Review: "I once traveled by sea from Genoa to Marseilles in the company of a Frenman and a woman, the latter alone and in distress. I witnessed the incessant and almost affectionate politeness of the Frenchman, and regretted that I was not so acute and supple in my courtesies. But when we had all landed at Marseilles I saw that polite Frenchman seize the only cab that could be gotten, and leave the poor lady on the quay for the practical attentions of the less demonstrative Englishmen."

In view of the frightful amount of education bestowed upon some of our unfortunate children who have entirely forgotten how to be children at all, it is quite encouraging to learn, that as a counterpoise there are actually 5,000,000 children in this country who have never been taught anything and 6,239,958 over ten years of age who do not know their letters. They are so unequally devided in the upside down world that while in one part of the country over education is the evil to be preached against, in another nobody knows anything. If they only could be mixed a remarkable improvement in the general condition of the population would result, but it would really be interesting to find out whether the physical standard varies as much in different States as the mental does.

If a child has a real talent for music it is a pleasure to have it cultivated. If not it is time and money wasted and becomes a great trial of patience and temper not only to the child, but to everybody who is near enough to be afflicted with discordant banging that will never reach true melody. Carlyle had the right idea of it when he wrote: The miserable young woman in the next house to me spends all her young bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery, or business that will profit herself or others; not even in amusing herself or skipping on the grass-plots with laughter of her mates; but simply and solely in raging from dawn to dark; to night and midnight, on a hapless piano, which it is evident she will never in this world render more musical than a pair of barn-clappers! The miserable young female!

Seriously speaking, there is really more truth than fancy in the statement. It is seldom that, off the stage, a woman is found who uses her hands and arms to best advantage. They may be made very expressive, graceful and valuable adjuncts to conversation instead of being, as they frequently are, awkward incumbrances which the owner scarcely knows what to do with, when they are not engaged in serious work. There are plenty of women who can dance well, talk well, walk well and ride well, but who can not handle their arms well, and have not mastered the first principle of appropriate and easy gesticulation; while with many the use of the arms runs to extremes; they are either always folded in their laps or are going through a series of wind-mill motions, never realizes the value of the arms until a thoroughly graceful woman is seen to illustrate what charming aids to conversation they may be.

In the abiding place of poverty-stricken people one of the most divine attributes of human nature, the love of the beautiful that is inherent in every human soul, is revealed in a touching manner by the feeble and almost fruitless attempts at decoration often seen on the dingy walls. It is pathetically shown by coarse and highly-colored play-bills cheap chromos and business cards, discarded artificial flowers, or perhaps a few potted plants vainly struggling for life in the dark and unwholesome atmosphere that is fatal to their beauty. These prints and woodcuts, the faded flower, the tawdry vase or piece broken crockery, coarse and unbeautiful as they seem, yet are as strong an expression in their way of that universal soul hunger for beauty and its happy influences, as the costly and aesthetic ornaments that adorn the homes of the rich. Those common objects in destitute households possess a spiritual significance that lifts them into a pathetic beauty, all their own.

Referring to some of the many philosophical debates in favor among modern thinkers, and especially to a pamphlet which has attracted some attention on "The Absence of Design in Nature," a gentleman of culture writes: "Neither the absence nor the presence of design in nature can be scientifically demonstrated." As Job put it long ago: "Can man by searching find out God?" No! What then remains to guide an ordinary life?" The voice of duty that continually speaks to man out of his own heart, the path of duty is all he knows or needs to know. To seek to know more, he adds, is a mere desire for intellectual entertainment. By no means to be condemned on that account, however, for we need all the entertainment we can get in this world. An artist friend of mine once said true "science is all very well as an amusement. This impressed me as a real truth, and I think he might have said the same with regard to discussions on design in nature. They are not of real importance. Intellectual skirmishing that does not affect every-day evils that can be met and finally overcome, 'C'est beau, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.'"

We have known several stout ladies, who greatly exagerated in their minds their amount of avoirdupois, which to them was a defect, have injured themselves both in health and personal appearance by a system of "Banting." Living on nothing but dry bread and meat, with an occasional slice of tomato, their muscles become weak, their skin flabby and their complexion sallow. Wrinkles, creases and a haggard appearance come with the disappearance of the firm and rosy flesh which had hitherto kept them looking fresh and youthful, and leaving no place for wrinkles and hollows. A woman who becomes stouter as she grows older has the consolation of looking fresher and rosier than her thinner companions; and why she should ever bemoan her plumpness is a mystery to to the long and lank woman, who prefers a little more flesh to cover her prominent bones, to conceal wrinkles and other marks of advancing age, and to give her a happy, contented expression. Small waists, pinched feet and hands, are out of style now that so many girls are developing health and storing up a good foundation of strength for coming years, by out-door sports and physical exercise.

It has been asserted that American girls do not know how to use their arms when in the drawing-room, and are awkward and embarrassed in their ways of holding and handling them. It has been proposed, therefore, to start a school of arms for the purpose of training girls in the proper and graceful manner of using their upper limbs when not actually occupied with useful work. There may be some truth in the charge, and it is probably true that while idling or engaged in conversation the average girl does not use her arms to advantage, and does not gesticulate appropriately and gracefully. On most occasions, however, the American woman is an adept in the use of her arms. Furnished with a broom-stick or a rolling-pin the American husband can testify to their effective management, while, reinforced with a slipper, the American small boy's testimony is incontestable to the same point. Again there has never been any serious charge to the effect that in the ball-room, out driving, on the front door-step or taking a walk on a moonlight night the American girl is lacking in a skillful and appropriate use of her arms.

Tennyson says; "Men are God's trees." Some who call up to see us are not. They never leave.

A THOUGHT.

SALLIE NEILL ROACH.

Back and forth across the woof of years
The shuttle of each life the weaver throws:
And here and there small bits, whence no one knows,
Link with the thread the mystic pattern weaving,
Then lose themselves amid the smiles and tears
Which o'er the web are lights and shadows leaving.

We need them not—those fragments interlacing
With ours some life that crossed our path one day,
(So many seems the tangled threads that stray,)
Until amazed we pause, some figure tracing
Thrown up in bold relief, and see and know
The thread whose worth we failed to understand,
But now whose wonderous beauty serves to show
The matchless wisdom of the Master Hand.

—Chicago Current.

VARIETIES.

Roller skating is the craze among the middle classes all over the United States just now.

Twenty-five ex-Confederate officers are in the United States Senate and more than fifty in the House.

Cleveland's silence touching his cabinet is positively nauseating to a great many able-bodied patriots.

A "chin-holder" has been invented. Unfortunately it is not intended for Congressmen. It is designed for violin players.

A man who dropped a lighted cigar on London bridge the other day was arrested and asked to explain why and wherefore.

Nineteen State Legislatures and Congress are now in session yet people wonder why we have so many wind storms at this season.

The "Father of Waters" is peeping over the levees at the New Orleans exposition, but the managers do not encourage his curiosity.

In New York this year a shirt is made for two and one half cents. Next year the poor woman will be require to throw in a collar button.

There is much less danger of contracting disease in a sick-room if the mouth is kept closed; also of contracting a black eye in a bar room.

A Minneapolis man has accomplished the much tried feat of eating thirty quails in thirty days, by using lemons freely. He won $50.

It is said that chewing gum makes the mind more active and bright. That must be why so many men say: "Put a little gum in that, barkeeper."

The Louisville Post says every twentieth person in that city has the itch. We are glad to know that one in twenty of the population of that dead old town has employment.

Vassar girls eat 1,889,000 pancakes in the course of a year, which would make a monument eight miles high. And yet there are people who have no respect for a higher education.

If a woman goes to the theatre dressed handsomely and newly, her criticism of the play is always very flattering; but if the woman next her is dressed still better, the result is different.

It is announced that an English firm has recently begun the manufacture of barrels of steel, and that they are lighter than wood and more durable. Barrels of steel wouldn't last long in this country, if Congress got hold of them.

Two Rochester men were arrested for making and selling "raspberry wine" without Government license. Their plea was that the stuff was not wine, but a combination of water, tartar acid, orris root, alcohol and aniline coloring.

"What shall I give the children? I want to make them a handsome present, you know," said the railway magnate. "Why don't you give them some of the stock in your road?" asked his wife. "What are you thinking of?" cried the r. m. in amazement; "do you want to drown the children?"—Boston Transcript.

The Connecticut savings banks have 256,445 depositors and $80,614,623 in deposits. In 1854 the number of depositors was 54,589, and the deposits were $9,655,746. In 1864 the depositors numbered 121,682 and the deposits were $29,142,288. The number of depositors now is equal to 39 per cent. of the population, and the deposits amount to 28 per cent. of the property assesed for taxes.

It is an interesting psychological fact that stern and inflexible parents often fail to see those shining qualities in the young gentlemen whom their only daughters happen to meet. "Evangela, my dear," said one of these sharp sighted parents, "this young gentleman I saw you with doesn't seem to have a great deal of dynamite force in his brain." "Oh, pa, he is truly elegant. He is—" "Decidedly the most insipid flat I've seen for many a day. He hasn't anything in his head." "No, pa, I know he hasn't, but his heels are a poem, a symphony, a barcarole,—" "His heels?" "Oh, yes, pa, dear. He is the most delightfully lovely fancy skater at the rink."

Die Erste Liebe Die Beste.

The proverb is false, 'tis the last love that's best!
Why, before I loved you—let me see!
There must have been dozens I can not recall,
But I'm sure that at least there were three.

You remember the first? the choir-girl dear,
Whom you courted for me on the sly.
I wrote the long letters about her from school—
You encouraged me there, by the by.

'Twas when you were flirting so fiercely with Reed,
I devoted myself to the next;
She really was pretty, and very good form—
Just confess, now, how much you were vexed!

The third was the winter that you were in France,
And the "buds" of that year were all bores
But one, and by her I was awfully struck—
Well, her eyes, dear, were very like yours!

You're pouting to think you are only the fourth
And so you must come after all the rest?
Never mind! There never will be any fifth,
And the last love, dear heart, is the best.

Malicious Suggestion.

[Chicago Times.]

Why doesn't England give Ireland home rule? If she would make that concession, the excitable patriots of that island might soon be too busily engaged in blowing up each other to find time or dynamite for any further warfare upon England.

Same As His White Brothers.

An Alabama darkey was heard to soliloquize philosophically:

"De sun am so hot, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, dat dis darkey feel called upon to preach.

He got a call as most white preachers do.

Greek Meets Greek.

[Chicago News.]

Plumber—Well, I stopped that leak up at your house.

Coal merchant—All right. What's your bill?

"Oh, I'll let you off light. Call it $94."

"Very well. I sent that ton of coal up to your house this afternoon. Give me $4 and we'll call it square. I don't want to be hard on you."

Questions for Debate.

[Buffalo Express.]

A western debating club recently decided that there is more pleasure in seeing a man thread a needle than a woman drive a nail. The real embarrassment of enjoyment comes when one tries to decide between a woman throwing stones at a hen and a man entertaining the sewing circle while his wife goes to the store.

Dillon, Archbishop of Narbonne, was in his day a mighty hunter before the Lord, and Louis XV., once upon a time, deemed it his duty to call the priest's attention to the unseemly spectacle which he presented. "I am more surprised, my Lord Archbishop," said the King, "for the reason that while you enjoy the pleasure of the chase immoderately, you forbid your priests to hunt." "I will explain that, your majesty," said the witty Archbishop. "Hunting, for my priests, is a fault; for me it is a fault of my ancestors, from whom I inherited the tendency."

MEN OF THE HOUR.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL BURNABY, ENGLAND'S HEROIC SOLDIER, KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

When, after the battle of Abu Klea, the victorious British sought the missing from their ranks, the dead body of Lieutenant Colonel Burnaby was found, his hand grasping the throat of the Arab whose spear had given him his death wound. The news of his death was received in England with great sorrow. Burnaby was a soldier of exceptional physical and mental endowments, and courageous and noble to the height of heroism. His life forms an interesting chapter in the volume of romantic biography.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby was born at Bedford, England, in March, 1842. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England. The family to which the boy belonged was of royal stock. He was the nineteenth in decent from King Edward I. one of the grandest figures in England's history.

Young Burnaby was educated at Harrow, where he got into trouble by sending some literary squabs having the school as their subject, to the editor of Punch, who published them, and the writer hardly escaped expulsion for his performance. While at school, he was remarkable for his linguistic ability. He studied earnestly the Spanish, Italian and Russian languages, in addition to the ancient and modern tongue included in the curriculum of the institution.

At sixteen years of age he was a handsome, scholarly young fellow, as remarkable for feats of athletic strength and skill as for his attainments. He chose to be a soldier, and in 1859 passed the prescribed examination, and was gazetted Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards. In 1861 he was made Lieutenant, and five years afterward Captain. His nomination for Major took place in 1879. In 1880 he attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the next year was made a Lieutenant-Colonel commanding his own regiment.

Colonel Burnaby was known throughout the civilized world as an adventurous traveler. He traveled in 1866 through Spain and France, and became as well known in the highest circles of those countries as of his own. In 1870 he paid a brief visit to Russia. Three years after he was in Naples, where he was struck down with fever. The Duke of Connaught, who happened to be in the city at the time, had the patient removed from a hotel to more comfortable quarters and did much to forward his recovery. In 1874 Colonel Burnaby visited Spain and attached himself to the army of Don Carlos. He assisted at Allo, Dicastillo, Vera and Maneru, as well as at the capture of Estell and the siege of Tolosa

At the close of 1874 Colonel Burnaby was in Central Africa, where he went to visit "Chinese Gordon," who had organized and was in command of an expedition formed under the auspices of the Egyptian Government for the purpose of exploring and, if possible, civilizing the "Unknown Land." The first step in attaining the latter end was the suppression of the slave trade, which was carried on in a barbarous and revolting manner by the Arabs. General Gordon found in Colonel Burnaby one of his most faithful and energetic auxiliaries.

Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" took place in 1875-76. During his performance of this wonderful feat of courage and endurance not only was he exposed to the hardships of an Asiatic-Russian mid-winter, but the government of the Czar had strictly forbidden foreigners to be admitted into the Khivan territory. No difficulties, however, could deter Burnaby from his purpose, which he accomplished without serious injury to his health, though he had a narrow escape from losing both his hands and arms through frost bite. He rode from Scutari to Angora, Siros, Divirki, Arabkir, Ersigan, and thence by the Euphrates to Erzeroum. From Hoy he rode through the Kotoor Pass to Van, the Capital of Armenia. During the greater part of his tour he had to traverse a difficult country, in which very frequently there was no road at all, in thick layers of mud.

In 1877-78 he repaired to the seat of the Russo-Turkish war and rendered eminent service in looking after the sick and wounded, but, though acting only in a purely civil capacity, he was ever found in the midst of danger. An attempt was made to poison him at Gumurdjina by a Bulgarian acolyte in the service of the Greek Archbishop. Baker Pasha had also a narrow escape on the same occasion, but owing to the skill of Dr. Gill both gentlemen recovered.

In 1878 Burnaby became candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, but was defeated. He was married the next year to the only daughter of an Irish baronet.

The lamented soldier made three expeditions to the Soudan. As already stated, the first was in 1874, when he found Gordon, on the Sobad River. One memorial of this meeting still exists in the form of a photograph, in which the famous Colonel appears amid a group of the African heroes of the day, conspicuous among whom are Major Campbell and Gordon's brilliant young Italian Lieutenant, Romolo Gessi. Burnaby's second visit to the Soudan was in the spring of 1884, as an officer attached to the flying column with which General Graham overthrew Osman Digna near Suakim. During that campaign the Colonel was severely wounded in storming an Arab intrenchment, which he was the first man to enter. He recovered from his injuries on that occasion only to die by an Arab spear a year later. At the late battle he was a volunteer.

Colonel Burnaby was a magnificent looking man. He was six feet four inches tall and massively built. His physical strength was enormously great. He could perform extraordinary feats in fencing, boxing and dumb-bell exercise, and could carry a pair of ponies under his arms. Always a hard student he continued his studies of language, without which his surprising achievements in Central Asia could not have been performed. He wrote with remarkable ability for the London Times, from the East and from Spain during the Carlist rebellion. His celebrated book, "Ride to Khiva," was hardly more popular than "On Horseback Through Asia Minor." He took a lively interest in ballooning, made nineteen ascents and was a member of the Council of the Aeronautic Society of Great Britain.

Burnaby was an honor to human nature, and the story of his achievements and adventures will long continue to be a source of inspiration to ardent and generous youth.

With His Horse in Life and Death.

[Reading, Pa., Special, Jan. 28.]

William Houck, of Colebrookdale Township, died to-day, aged seventy-seven. He had foretold his death, although he was never sick. He had an old horse which was in the family for many years. He prized the animal very highly, and his eccentricity ran in the line of his love for the animal. He always said that he and the old horse would die at the same time, and that if the animal would die he wanted to follow. At noon the animal was taken out of the stable to water, slipped on the ice and broke his leg, whereupon the family decided to kill him. The horse was shot, and just as he expired Mr. Houck, who was near by, fell dead.

Stupidity of the Dynamite Outrages.

[New York World.]

The stupidity of the dynamite outrages is apparent from one simple fact. There are at ease in England under which the English people are growing dangerously restive. The attention which Henry George's speeches on the land question have received is one evidence of this. The British Government just now has serious troubles on its hands. The dynamite explosions are a godsend to it at this time. They unite the English people, divert their attention from their own wrongs, awaken their slumbering loyalty, and arouse a patriotic desire to stand by the Government.

A Mexican's Golden Wedding.

[Brownsville (Tex.) Dispatch.]

Victoriano Nievez is one of the luckiest men in the world. He lives at Carmen, in Mexico, and is worth several million dollars. On Saturday he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. It was a great day for Signor Nievez. He gave a banquet and scattered dollars right and left. Five hundred thousand dollars in one lump was sent to the locust-eaten district and $10,000 was given to the Republic to help pay off its debt.

Prickly Ash Bitters is an unfailing specific for all complaints arising from a derangement of the functions of the liver. It purifies the blood and infuses new life into the invalid. Pains in the side, general uneasiness, loss of appetite, headache, bilious attacks, etc., are sure indications that a corrective is needed. Prickly Ash Bitters is especially adapted for these complaints. It arouses a torpid liver to action and restores it to a healthy condition.

They All Have an Option.

[Philadelphia Press.]

There is a good deal of dealing in futures among the Cabinet aspirants. It is a losing speculation.

Asthmalene.

If you have asthma or hay fever the very best remedy is Asthmalene. Call at 40 East Washington street, at Ware Brothers' drug store, and get a bottle

WANTED.

LOST—Any article of value, not exceeding three lines, inserted two times FREE.

Under the head "Situation Wanted," four lines or less, inserted FREE.

WANTED—by a boy of sixteen, a place to do any kind of work. Call or address 347 West Michigan street. 1

WANTED—A situation by a middle-aged lady to do housework by the day. Call at 91 North New Jersey street. 30

WANTED, SITUATION—Any one desiring a clerk, copyist or office lady, please address Bertie Mithoff, care of Sentinel Office. 25

WANTED—For spot cash, 30,000 feet of two and a half and three inch dry white oak to trade first and third. PIPER & HAMILTON, Louisville, Ky. 1-2

WANTED—Orders for laundry work left at 56 Circle street; shirts, 10 cents each; collars, 25 cents per dozen; family washing, 75 cents per dozen. 30-2

WANTED—A situation as book-keeper, bill clerk, entry clerk or salesman on road; experience; references good. Address V. E. H., 188½ East Washington street. 27

WANTED—To lease fourteen lots in George W. Parker's addition to Oak Hill; to lease for five years cheap, would make good garden. JOHN B. RUGER & SONS, Lafayette, Ind. 28 7

WANTED—To Publishers—A first-class printer and pressman, who is a spicy, noisy, energetic writ