

THE DEPARTED EDITOR.

BY ROBERT WELBURN.

The editor's sanctum is silent and bare.
A sadness hangs over his quill oaken chair:
His old leaden inkstand is empty and dry,
And his porcupine quill slumbers idly by.
His porcupine quill! Ah, what language
would slip
From the long slender tube with its ivory tip!
What a leader the old fellow used to turn out,
With the aid of the Times and a pint of brown stout!
He would write his own Letters from London—the rogue!
And would pad them with scandal—a plan much in vogue;
Like a charger, the battle he'd scent from afar,
By writing a "special" direct from the war.
When matter was short and he wanted a "hit,"
He would take up his pen and a murder commit!
He was good at a burglary, smart at a ball,
But at writing up "ads" he'd no rival at all!

He was ne'er at a loss, with all branches he'd cope;
And could handle the tar brush or wield the soft soap;
But now he's departed this valley of woe,
And has gone to the land where good editors go.

Well, then, peace to his soul! It is under the eye
Of the spirit's Great Editor, up in the sky:
Let's hope it will join the cherubical ranks,
And not be "declined," but "accepted with thanks."

And we'll speak of him kindly; no longer
Will this rubicund countenance flavor our mirth;
He has gone far away from the world's busy hum,
And we'll write as his epitaph, "Scissors and Gum!"

THE LEGENDARY SHIP.

A Tale of the Early Days of New Haven Colony.

An unexpected and very profitable growth of business made the immediate purchase of a piece of land necessary. My partners requested me to negotiate for a few acres in the vicinity of New Haven, and I at once began to do so. An annoying delay occurred owing to the illegibility of a record making it impossible to obtain a perfect title. I was about to abandon the attempt to buy the property, when I was reminded that a gentleman well known to me might be able to give the information that could not be deciphered from the record. This person was a professor in the college, a man of wide repute as a scholar, and an ardent student of the colonial epoch of the town.

I found him in his library and he, without any hesitation, gave me the information which I sought, and led me where I should find such legal proofs of clear titles as I desired. I was impressed with the accuracy of his learning and the readiness with which he responded to his demands, and I ventured to say to him that the acquisition of such a mass of names and dates must have cost him great labor. To my surprise he replied that I was mistaken, the truth being that he mastered such incidents with ease. His great mental efforts, he said, were required by the processes of analysis and comparison which were necessary to separate truth from the rubbish and chaff of tradition and record, and by the reasoning necessary accurately to trace causes to those results which, when grouped constituted trustworthy history.

"For instance," said he, "I have here a document which will cost me the most severe application before I am through with it."

I had observed that there lay upon the table a roll of manuscript. The table was littered with pamphlets, documents, aged and worn-out books, and I do not know why my attention was specially fixed upon this particular roll of paper. It was plainly an aged manuscript. The paper was ribbed and mottled, like that in use a century or more ago; and if it once was white, the years had faded it to a dull, buff, leathery hue, while the care with which he afterward handled it indicated that it had little tenacity of fibre. I knew that he referred to this old roll of manuscript, and, as I expected, he took it up.

"I have here," he continued, "a remarkable historical narrative, which I found among some refuse in a garret, where it has lain for more than a hundred years. It is an account of a strange, unnatural occurrence, of which I have heard by tradition, and which is even casually mentioned in 'Mather's Magnalia.' I have, however, always regarded it as unworthy of serious consideration, believing that there was either no foundation for the tradition or else that it could be traced to the hallucinations of a disordered brain. I now, however, have an account of it which I cannot ignore. It was written by a clergyman of the most godly character, a man who could not, even in jest, speak falsehoods, and he asserts that he was himself an eyewitness of what he describes. How, then, can I refuse to accept this record? It gives all that a historian requires to satisfy him of the authenticity of any alleged occurrence. It is the genuine manuscript of a man whom I know to have lived, and it is not a hearsay account. If we are to put faith in any of the records of the past, we must accept this one. I do not know of an established fact of history that has any better basis than this document gives to substantiate the wonderful phenomenon which it records."

"I confess," continued the Professor with some animation of speech, "that such a problem as is presented by this manuscript has never before been given to me to solve. As a historian, I am compelled to accept as true what I here read, while as a physicist I must regard the record as the wildest and most improbable of romances. Were it based on the testimony of one person it could easily be rejected as a vision or alienation

of mind, to which the austerity of the Puritans seems to have rendered some of them peculiarly liable. I am confronted, however, by the assertion of this writer, as well as with the inherent proof of the assertion, that he was one of many witnesses. It is, indeed, an interesting problem, and the difficulty of reconciling an account that must be accepted as truthful history with the fact that it must be denied as a physical possibility makes the task fascinating."

Doubtless Prof. M.—observed that he had awakened a pleasing interest in me. Indeed, I took no pains to conceal it, and told him that I would gladly hear the story that had so puzzled him. He at once unrolled the manuscript. "This appears," said he, "to have been written by the Rev. Dr. Prentice, and in the year 1680. I judge it was a letter to a friend, although the ravages of time have made the first few sentences illegible. I have other manuscripts of this clergyman, a few sermons, and having thus been enabled to make comparisons, I find the handwriting of all to be identical. I will not read it in full, and will paraphrase some of the text, for it is written in the still, formal manner of that day, many of the words found in it being now obsolete."

"There had come," began the Professor, upon the tradesman and those engaged in commerce a season of adversity in the year 1646, such as they had not known even in the earliest days of the settlement of the New Haven colony. The vessels lay idle in the harbor, trade with the other colonies languished, and as and the New Haven colonists were familiar with commerce rather than agriculture, they were embarrassed even for the necessities of life. But for the energy and determination of some of the men of character, the colony must have found its existence imperilled, some even making arrangements to emigrate to Ireland. A less courageous and tenacious race must have succumbed. It was determined as a last resort to build a ship large enough to cross the ocean, freight her, and send her to England in the hope that the disheartening losses would be retrieved by the development of commerce with the mother country. Overcoming great obstacles they built a ship in Rhode Island colony.

The frost had closed the smaller streams, and the ground was whitened with snow when the ship entered New Haven harbor. There was great rejoicing at the sight of her, and her size, being fully 150 tons measurement, was a cause for wonder, for such a monster had never been seen before in that harbor. With her sails all set and her colors abroad, she came up to her anchoring place with such grace and speed as greatly delighted the people who had assembled at the water's edge to greet her. Courage was revived by the sight of her, and the people said, "Now we shall again have plenty and add to our possessions, if God be willing."

"The master of the ship, Mr. Lamberton, was found to be somewhat gloomy, and Dr. Prentice records that though the ship was of fine model and a fast sailer, yet she was so wily—meaning thereby of such disposition—to roll in rough water—that she feared she would prove the grave of all who sailed in her. However, he breathed his suspicions to no one else. The ship was laden and ready for departure early January, 1647.

"The cold that prevailed for five days and nights before the time fixed for clearing for London was such as the people had never before known. It must have remained many degrees below zero, for the salt water was frozen far down the harbor, and the ship was riveted by the ice as firmly as though by many anchors. There was no lazy bones among the people, and with prodigious industry the men cut a canal through the ice forty feet wide and five miles long to the never-freezing waters of the Sound. The vessel was frozen in with her bow pointing toward the shore, and it was necessary to propel her to clear water stern foremost."

"This was an unlucky event. Capt. Lamberton avowed that the sea and the conflict of powers that struggled for its mastery were controlled by whims and freaks, which would be sure to be excited by such an insult as that of a ship entering the water stern first. An old sailor, too, informed them all that a ship that sailed stern first always returned stern first, meaning by that she never came back to the harbor from which she thus departed.

"You will observe," said the Professor putting down the manuscript for a moment, "that in these gloomy forebodings are to be detected traces of the mythological conception of the mystery of the sea, with which all sailors, even to the present time, are more or less tinged. I am especially impressed with the manner in which these colonists acted. Believing in predestination in spiritual matters, their lives in worldly affairs conformed more or less thereto. So, in spite of these omens, there was no thought of delay. They had fixed the time for sailing, and they meant to sail. So godly a man as the Rev. Mr. Davenport expressed this feeling in his prayer, as reported by this writer: Mr. Davenport, as the ship began slowly to move, used these words: Lord, if it be Thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are Thine. Save them!"

"Men less completely under the domination of their religious belief would never have gone to sea without exercising in some way the evil influences which these omens seemed to indicate would prevail. There had gathered on the ice all the people of the colony except the sick and feeble, perhaps 500 or 1,000 souls. On the departing vessel were some of their friends, and kin. The farewells were said with the expressions neither of grief nor of joy. Restraint, the subjugation, even the quenching of all emotions, was the rule of life with these people, and I gather from one or two expressions in this account that never was there more formal, less demonstrative leave taking. When the vessel reached deep water, and just as one of the great sails was beginning to belly with the wind, the people with one accord fell on their knees on the ice and prayed. The ship was five miles away. The air was clarified by the cold, and the vessel could be

distinctly seen, and as the people prayed with open eyes that were fixed upon the distant and receding ship, she suddenly disappeared, vanished as quickly as though her bottom had fallen out and she had sunk on the instant. 'Yes,' says this writer, 'more suddenly, for where as at one moment the eyes of all of us were fixed upon her, at the next we rose gazed fixedly into the vacant space where we last saw her, and then with wonder turned to each other. Yet in another moment she was disclosed to us as she was before, and we watched her until she disappeared behind the neck of land that bound the harbor to the east. So we dispersed, wondering at this strange manifestation, whose meaning was hidden from us. Some there were who were convinced that it betokened that even as she had disappeared only to be seen again so we would again behold her after her voyage. But there were many who were impressed that though we should again see her the sight would be but a partial one. With reverent submission to the will of God, The people repaired to their homes.'

"You see," said the Professor, again putting down the manuscript, "in all this that inexplicable commingling of hope and fatalism which was, I imagine one of the inevitable conditions of mind of this austere and intensely religious people. The mere fact of the sudden disappearance and renewed sight of the ship may perhaps be explained by natural and simple causes, but not so the phenomena afterward described."

"In the natural order of events the colonists would have had some tidings of their ship after three months had passed. None came, however. Ships that sailed from England in March, April, May, and even June, brought no word of her arrival. Their suspense could be relieved only in one way. I should have asserted, even had I no evidence of it, that the colonists sought the relief they always thought they found in prayer. I should also have unhesitatingly said that they did not, in their prayers, ask that the inevitable be averted, but simply prayed that they might be prepared to receive with submission whatever was in store for them to know. I should have been justified in so asserting, as I find by reference to their manuscript. The account has it"—here the Professor again read from the manuscript—"The failure to learn what was the fate of their ship did put the godly people in much prayer, both public and private, and they prayed that the Lord would, if it was His pleasure, let them hear what He had done with their dear friends, and prepare them for a suitable submission to His holy will."

"In all the accounts that we have of prayer," said the Professor, "I know of nothing equal to that. It contains volumes of history. With that simple text the ethnologist and historian might construct the history of a people. Observe the human nature of it, that is the intolerable burden of suspense, and see the religious faith of it, both of submission and the trust that the prayer would be answered:

"These people seem to have rested with the conviction that this remarkable supplication would be effective. Dr. Prentice continues his narrative, after quoting the prayer, with an account of what happened, as though it were the expected answer. He writes, too, with the vividness and accuracy of detail to be expected of the truth of his narration. I infer that within a day or two after the prayer the manifestation was received. There arose a great thunder storm from the northwest, such a tempest of fury as sometimes follows elemental disturbances from that quarter. It seems to have been accepted as the presage of the manifestation that followed. After it passed away it left the atmosphere unusually clear, but it affected the people with a solemn spirit. An hour before sunset the reward of their faith came. Far off, where the shores of Long Island are just dimly visible, a ship was discovered by a man who made haste to tell all the colonists. They gathered on the shore, and saw a vessel, full rigged, every sail puffed out by the wind, and the hull listed to one side by reason of the strain upon the masts and the speed with which the breeze carried her.

"It is our vessel," they cried. God be praised, for He has heard and answered our prayer."
"Yet while they saw her straining with the wind, and seemingly speeding with such rapidity as should bring her to them in an hour, they also observed that she made no progress. Thus she continued to appear to them for half an hour, while they were still astounded by the mystery, they saw that she had of a sudden approached, and was coming with what seemed most reckless and foolhardy speed, for she was in the channel, which is far row and of sufficient depth only to permit the passage of a vessel of her size with skillful handling. The children cried, 'There's a brave ship,' but the older people were filled with apprehension lest she should go upon the shoals or be dashed upon the shore. They thereupon made warning gestures, although they could see no one upon the deck."

"At last they observed something of which in their excitement they had taken no heed. The harbor lies in a southerly direction, and the channel itself runs due north and south. The vessel was making toward them with great speed, every sail curved stiff with the force of the wind that seemed to come in a gale from the south, and yet the wind was actually blowing with great power directly from the north. Thus holding her course due north, they saw her sailing directly against the wind. Then they knew that they were witnessing a mysterious manifestation. As she approached so near that some imagined they could see the smaller details, the rivets which she carried, the chains, the flapping of the smaller ropes, and the rhythmic quivering of the ribbon-like pennant that was flying in the face of the wind. Yet they saw no man aboard of her."

"The people awaited with sober resignation such further manifestations as were to be given them. Suddenly, and when she seemed right upon them, her maintop was blown over, noiselessly as the parting of a cloud, and was left hanging in the shrouds. Then the mizzen-top went over, making great destruction, and next, as though struck by the fiercest hurricane, all the masts went by the board, being twisted as by the wrenchings of a wind that blew in restless circles. The sails were torn in narrow ribbons, whirling round and round in the air, while the ropes snapped and were unraveled into shreds, and beat with noiseless force upon the decks. Soon after her hull began to careen, and at last, being lifted by a mighty wave, it dived into the water. Then a smoky cloud fell in that particular place, as though a curtain had dropped down from heaven, and when, in a moment, it vanished, the sea was smooth, and nothing was to be seen there. The people believed that thus the Almighty had told them of the tragic end of their ship, and they renewed their thanks to Him that He had answered their prayer. The Rev. Mr. Davenport, in public, declared 'that God had condescended for the quieting of their afflicted spirits this extraordinary account of His sovereign disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were continually made.'

"You will see," said the Professor, as he carefully laid the manuscript away, "what an extraordinary problem is here presented to me. If I accept any record evidence, I must accept this; yet science teaches me that the laws of nature are inexorable, as much so now as ever. What is the truth?"

"Reading Everything." "He has read everything," is a remark frequently made when a scholarly man is under discussion. How absurd such a statement is will appear when the fact is mentioned that in the Congressional library at Washington there are over 600,000 volumes. If they were placed side by side they would fill a shelf fifty miles long. If a man started to read this collection at the rate of one volume a day it would take him 1,650 years to get through. And while the man would be at work on this vast library the printers would be turning out more than 5,000 new books a year. From these figures it will be seen that it is idle to think of reading everything, or even to read all the best books. The greatest readers among our distinguished men have had their favorite books, which they read and reread. Certain books in our language are styled classics. They are models of style and full of ideas and illustrations. Modern writers go to these old authors and get lumps of solid gold which they proceed to beat out very thin.

Why should we take the gold leaf article when we can go to the original mines and get solid nuggets? The old novels are the best. The old poets have not been equaled. Too many of our new books are written hastily to sell. They are of an inferior quality and cannot profit us in any way. A man therefore need not be ashamed to say that he has not read the last new book. When forty new books appear every day it is impossible to read them all.—Atlantic Constitution.

Strange Bodies in Timber. Cornelius Smith has the contract for sawing into lumber a large number of logs cut from trees standing on the fields of Antietam at the time of the battle fight. He says that all sorts of missiles, from cannon balls to buckshot, are almost daily met with in the timber, and that it is really dangerous to stand near the saws in his mill when such lumber is being cut, a number of saws having been snapped into fragments, when running at a high rate of speed by striking iron shot embedded in the logs.

A large, angular fragment of a shell was struck by a saw a few days ago, and a perfect shower of sparks rained about the mill from the contact of the metals, the saw being finally snapped in several pieces. In another instance a grape shot was cut through by a saw, leaving a bright, polished surface on each hemisphere of the missile. Mr. Gray leaden bullets, which offer little or no resistance to the saws, are revealed in boards and planks.—[Cumberland Cro. Philadelphia Press.]

Astronomer Procter's Ideas on Tight Lacing.

No one can reasonably hope that those women who are foolish enough to compress their waists by tight lacing (I am not here speaking merely of corset wearing) will ever be persuaded to change their waists, if they can help it. A woman of this sort will not give up tight lacing until she has given up all idea of attracting the attention of men, and few women of this sort give up their idea until long after they have passed the time when it can make the least difference whether their waists look large or small. So far as I can judge, the only real advantage which this world is likely to derive from tight lacing resides in the circumstances that tight lacing is killing; even when it fails to kill the woman it tends to kill her offspring, and as the woman who laces tightly is of necessity foolish, and her offspring is likely to inherit her folly, there is a cause here steadily at work to remove the more foolish sort, and so relatively to increase the wisdom of the world. There is always a germ of comfort even in things evil—they tend by their very evilness to cause their own elimination.

The Conceit of Cooks.

The most precious sauce, for a young cook is impudence. Boast away and never be tired of it. A modest cook must be looked on as a contradiction in nature. If he be quiet and modest, he will be held as a pitiful cook.

It is related of a famous cook that he prepared fish so exquisitely that they returned him admiring and grateful looks from the frying pan. It was doubtless the same cook who declared that he had discovered the principle of immortality, and that the odor of his dishes would recall life into the nostrils of the very dead.

It was Bechamel who said that, with the sauce he had invented, a man would experience nothing but delight in eating his own grandfather.

WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME.

There's light upon the sea to-day
And gladness on the strand;
Ah! well ye know that hearts are gay
When sails draw nigh the land.
We followed them with thoughts and tears
Far, far across the foam!
Dear Lord, it seems a thousand years
Until the boats come home.

We tend the children, live our life,
And toil and mend the nets;
But is there ever maid or wife
Whose faithful heart forgets!
We know what cruel dangers lie
Beneath that shining foam
And watch the changes in the sky
Until the boats come home.

There's glory on the sea to-day.
The sunset gold is bright;
We thought I heard a grandshire say,
"At eve it shall be light."
O'er waves of crystal touched with fire
And flakes of pearl foam
We gaze—and see our hearts' desire—
The boats are coming home.
—Sarah Doudney

PHANTOMS OF THE MIND.

The Imagery and Foreshadowings of Death.

What is psychology? A science as yet unknown, save that it is connected intimately with the human soul, the half-awakened latent consciousness of a dual existence which we have all experienced in those brief and momentary flashes of abnormal intelligence, which are extinguished by the investigation of reason, leaving us in greater darkness than before. By what cohesion of occult forces are we compelled to think of a long-forgotten friend, to wonder and speculate as to the possibility that he is yet alive, to recall accurately his features, tone of voice and other distinguishing characteristics, to dwell upon the fact of this mental resurrection, as something strange and foreboding, a presentiment that, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, and then to learn, a few days later, that at that particular date the friend in question had died hundreds of miles distant. This has occurred to

so many people of intelligence and veracity that it has almost ceased to be a matter of surprise. Sometimes the memory thrust upon us does not mean death but life. We meet the person face to face, and, after a hearty handshake, recount our promotion as a strange coincidence. But it is not possible that the friend coming to us had sent out a messenger dove—a thought, a wish, an intangible, unseen grappling-iron of memory that in some way touched a kindred chord in us—a vibration of the mental atmosphere in which the soul dwells? There must be certain conditions to evolve the phenomena, a keenness of psychic intelligence, an abnormally acute state of the senses as if all the windows of the soul were opened and the key-note of celestial telegraphy sounded. It is not given unto all men to see or hear the supernatural. There must be a psychophysical relation established in the individual before any indications of that sensitive message can reach the consciousness. We can believe with the poet that isolated souls can tell us:

"I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay."

The realm of fiction has set science aside and given us, realistic detail, the strange circumstance of vocal and visual clairvoyance. When, in "Jane Eyre," the blind Rochester calls in despair, "Jane! Jane! where are you?" the wind wafts him back an answer: "Wait for me. I am coming."

How many readers of this paper have heard a voice—far distant—perhaps silent in the grave—ring in its old cheery tones in the ears that had long since ceased to listen for its tones. The majority of people are not willing to talk about these things. They put the experience aside as something unaccountable, or credit it to the imagination. It may therefore be of some value to the reader to read a statement of facts, which are supported by living witnesses well known, who stand far above the dogmas of superstition, and whose education gives them the right to instruct others by their experience. The first of these is related by Dr. T. A. McGraw, one of the most distinguished surgeon-physicians in the state of Michigan.

MIND-READING.

"Of all abnormal nervous manifestations," says the Doctor, in his paper on mind-reading, "the most curious are those rare cases of intense perceptive power of the brain which is called second sight. They are indeed so rare as to be rejected by most physicians as unreal; and yet there are cases so well authenticated as to make it impossible to deny its possibility. I have myself met with one instance which seemed to be indisputable. A young lady was seized with inflammation of the spinal cord, in the course of which she became sensitive to an extraordinary degree. As she lay in a room in the second story, with every door and window closed, she could hear distinctly what passed in the rooms below, even to a whispered communication. One day about noon she said to her father that she saw her uncle and aunt getting off the cars. These relatives were not expected, and did not know that she was ill, and the remark therefore passed as one of delirium. Half an hour afterward, however, they were driven up to the house in a carriage, and on inquiry it was found that they had actually got off the cars at the time named."

"There were, in the course of her illness, one or two other such manifestations of unusual, and by our ordinary experience, inexplicable perceptive power. When questioned in relation to the matter she could only say that she actually saw what she described. "This unnatural exaltation of nervous sensibility and clairvoyant power, if such it was, disappeared completely as the patient grew better. I do not pretend to account for the phenomena, but have to remark that they were morbid in an intense degree, nor do I believe that such phenomena can occur in perfectly healthy persons." It will be seen from this that Dr. McGraw

does not allow his appreciation of the marvelous to run away with his reason; but I had it from his own lips that the manifestation is unaccountable, since, even though it were the result of a diseased and disorganized brain, it was also an actual revelation of clairvoyance or second sight.

Almost a similar instance occurred to ex-Postmaster-General Jewell on his death-bed. He awakened from a sleep and told his family that something had happened in "Henry's family," relatives who lived at a distance. The kinsman he named was dead, but he had not been informed. By what subtle, mysterious intelligence was the sense of misfortune conveyed to the dying man? Who can answer?

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

A circumstance of recent origin, which is vouched for by men of Christian character and high social standing, confirms this strange theory of biological conditions. A couple of years ago Willie Lord, a young man well known and well liked in Pontiac and Detroit, lost his life in Washington. There was no preliminary sickness as his death was caused by drowning. At the time he died, a lady, the member of a family who were all intimate friends of the young man, was living in New Mexico. She was formerly Miss Virginia Palmer, of Pontiac, and is now, I think, Mrs. Anderson. This lady who, in common with her family, regarded Willie as a dear friend, was sitting in her room in New Mexico with open windows, when she heard a well known whistle—a snatch from a bar of music with which young Lord always announced his coming. Her first thought was one of mingled pleasure and surprise pleasure at seeing her friend and surprise that he should be in that far distant part of the country. But there was no mistaking the repeated strain of the signal whistle. She ran to the windows; he was not there. To the doors. No one had seen any person. The event so impressed her that she sat down and wrote to Mrs. Lord, and the bereaved mother answered that at that time her son was dead. Was it then the music of the spheres that had been conveying an unintelligible message to earth-bound ears?

A MOTHER'S FOREKNOWLEDGE.

Among those who have been visited by this rare intelligence is a saintly woman in our midst who was the lifelong friend of such men as Bryant and Longfellow and such women as Lucretia Mott. I allude to Mrs. Eliza Leggett, who is ever ready, out of her own sources or experience to give that which may benefit humanity. When that beloved son, Percy, whose picture hangs in his boyhood's home draped with the uniform he wore and the flag he died to defend, went into the army it needed no advance courier to tell his mother of his death. When the soldier who had been detailed to bear her the news approached, cap in hand, his face immobile, as if he simply brought an ordinary message, the mother said calmly:

"These need not tell me—"
"They said he was dying," stammered the soldier, whose discipline was not proof against a mother's grief. And Aunt Eliza said with that faint, sweet smile of hers, and the tears welling to her fond eyes:

"Not dying, good soldier, but dead!"

Rising from her sleep one day she remarked to her family, "Something has happened to our boys." These boys were friends and comrades of Percy, Dick Whitehead and Phil. Mothersill, and in a few hours the word came, that one had gone "into the silent land."

These illustrations I have given in this paper are not the dreams of the romanticist. They are not the vague manifestations of the spiritualist; nor are they used to found a hope or a religion upon. As actual realities they have been received almost in the spirit of agnosticism. We do not know, we cannot explain the untranslatable language of a mystic literature. A finer, rarer, more subtle brain-power may yet give us some direct clue to that missing link of intelligence, which we now conceive to be will-power, or mind-reading, or in its best and highest sense, that which we call clairvoyance. M. L. U.

Memento of Garfield.

Some time ago Mrs. Garfield gave E. B. Hayes a memento of her dead husband, which is kept with zealous care in Hayes, Fremont house. It is a small brass calendar, with the months, days, and years on little cylinders, to be turned as time goes on. This was always on Garfield's desk, and he used it for years in his Washington library. He took it to the White House, and made it a rule to turn it each morning, thus reminding himself of the right date before beginning the day's work. On the morning of July 3 he turned the cylinders and finished some business, before going to his death at the depot. The little calendar was never regulated from that day, and remains now as he left it on that fatal morning, marking "Saturday, July 3, 1881."—Chicago Times.

The First Chinese School in America.

The first Chinese separate school in America was opened in San Francisco the other day. The attendance at the opening was small, consisting only of Mamie Tape and her little 6-year-old brother, but in the afternoon four Chinese boys appeared, two of whom could read well and were sufficiently advanced to enter the grammar grade. It is thought that if the Chinese merchants can get over their repugnance to vaccination, they will send their children to the school. As it is, they patronize the mission schools, where the vaccination requirement is not in force. The new departure in education will be watched with much interest by the small number who, in the face of popular prejudice, believe that it is their duty to train up the young Chinese in Christian ways and give them the advantages of a good education.

"What is this man whistled with?" asked the judge. "With whistled, yer honor," replied the sententious policeman.