THE CLARION.

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THE CLARION.

WHY IS IT SO?

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best—
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the weary night hours go,
Some hearts beat where some hearts break,
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, when others shun the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name above a grave.

Mr. Gambrell's Rejoinder to Doctor Hunter.

No. 2.

We congratulate the Christian public on the progress already made. Let us note:

1. Sprinkling and pouring, as meanings of *baptidzo* are openly abandoned. Dr. Hunter quotes some writers, who hold that view, but they were mistaken, says he; Liddell and Scott, in their great Lexicon, gave, in the first edition, sprinkle, as a remote meaning of the word. It was challenged, and, failing to find a passage to justify it, they struck it out of all subsequent editions. Dr. Hunter says they were right. This is progress. Now let not the lesser lights of rantism ever again reaffirm this old error. We call upon our readers to note this open surrender of the old battle ground. This is worth the discussion.

2. There is progress not only *from error*, but toward truth. Dr. Dale went over the whole ground in four volumes, and toward the close he summed up in these words: "An object within water, without limitation of mode in effecting such condition, or of time in abiding in such condition, has been insisted upon throughout this inquiry as physical baptism." Again, "This word (baptidzo) primarily makes demand for the intusposition of its object within a fluid element by any competent act, moving indifferently the object or the element, without limitation of time as to the continuance in such intusposition." We endorse the statements to a letter. Dr. Hunter comes in now, and says, that our approbation of Dr. Dale's position "is cordially appreciated." It is now agreed between us, that the word does not mean sprinkle or pour, that "physical baptism" requires, that the object be "within water," that the manner of getting it there is not essential, that the time of its remaining there is not of the essence of the matter. Here we might close the case, Dr. Hunter has surrendered. What is this discussion about? "Physical baptism," nothing else. Drs. Dale and Hunter agree with us, and all Baptists, that in "physical baptism," the object must be "within water." What is there more to discuss unless they propose to administer spiritual baptism, or some other sort. Now with such a declaration and concession spread before the world, will the Doctor ever again dip his hand in water, a physical element, and sprinkle a little of it on a physical being, saying, "I baptize you!" If he does, he will deny himself openly and plainly.

Let this fact of the agreement of Drs. Dale and Hunter with all Baptists, as to what "physical baptism" is, what the word baptize makes demand for, (an "intusposition") be noted. Cut out the concession and confront Pedo-baptists with it. Happily, Dr. H., and the writer have a common standing ground. We are agreed as to what "physical baptism" is—the object must be "within water," and yet, for all that, our brother, with amazing inconsistency, remains out of the water. How does he keep out? By violating the principles of sound interpretation and philology. We shall proceed to demolish the bridge of straws over which he would escape from the force of the word of Christ, even as he himself understands its meaning, as it refers to physical baptism, the thing in debate.

He indulges in hypercriticisms on the words bury, immerse, submerge, etc. Let us suppose that the learned Doctor and a few dozen other Pedo-baptists, were to witness Pastor Sproles baptize a person in Pearl river. They fall into a discussion over the matter. One says he was immersed in water, another, he was plunged in water; still another, he was submerged in water; another yet, he was dipped, and yet another, he was imbathed; another, he was buried in water. While the last affirms that he was "*intusposed*" in water. By a vast stretch of imagination, we will suppose that they carry the controversy into the papers, each standing out for his view as against all the rest. Would not the whole country be thrown into a giggle. Every reasonable man would say, "Why, these men, all agree and do not know it." Yet, such a question does our brother wish us to discuss with him in all seriousness. We appeal the case to the common sense of our readers. Show us where one Lexicon ever defined the word to mean bury, says the Doctor. We can do better; we can show you 100 passages where the things baptized were buried. The ships baptized i. e., sunk by a storm in the Tiber, were buried under the water. The rocks submerged by the high tide were buried, were they not? Will you take Dr. Hunter's testimony? An object "within water" is physically baptized, says Dr. Dale, and you endorse him. Now tell us plainly, is an object "within water" buried in water? You should confess it without a word, Doctor. The people will say it is. Who that has ever thought on words, but knows that immerse in water, submerge in water, bury in water, are essentially equivalent expressions.

We regard Dr. Hunter, in many respects, as a very able man, but that he was not born with the soul of a philologist in him, we will show by indubitable proofs. Take what he says of *mode*. We called on him to prove that baptize is generic, and he replies not a word though this is his foundation proposition. We quote from Webster to show that the primary meaning of mode is "manner of existence;" measure, hence form. The Doctor says, "You say, in all its uses the idea of form is carried along," and so we did. He then adds, "that is to say, in every use of the word, it expresses the mode by which the baptism is effected." No, Doctor, we did not say that at all, nor anything equal to it. We said mode, as applied to the word, had respect to its manner of existence, its form. An ax has a form, but how axes are made is another question. We agree with Cox, Fuller, Dale and Carson, that the "intusposition" or withinness is the form, no matter how the object gets in. Thus misusing our language, you have wasted all your criticisms. No Baptist cares how one is baptized, so he is truly baptized. That your sprinkling and pouring does not put one within water you know as well as anyone, and, therefore, according to you and Dr. Dale, it is not physical baptism. It is not Spirit baptism; it is, therefore, no baptism at all. Is the multiplication table plainer?

Our respected brother shows in his treatment of the word bury, to what little purpose he has studied words. He says it means to incinerate; that is "reduce to ashes." Could anything be wilder? And yet it illustrates strikingly that process by which Dr. Hunter, Origen, and others of their order of mind, come to regard sprinkling and pouring as baptism. How could he imagine that to incinerate or reduce a body to ashes is a burial? Evidently by an association of ideas, distinct but kindred. To bury and to incinerate are two ways of disposing of a dead body, and hence our brother says, bury means to incinerate. The fact is, incineration is a substitute for a burial, just as sprinkling and pouring are substitutes for baptism. In the same way the Fathers and Dr. Hunter, associating, purifying with the rantisms of the old economy, and, also, with baptism in the new economy call the former baptisms. All great men are not philologists as this proves. If our brother can slip up so completely on two common, every-day words, what must [illegible] of him, when his religious [illegible] him to confound things which [illegible]? Such philology would completely wreck language, as a vehicle of thought.

There is such a thing as word jugglery. It may be practiced in four ways. 1. By the rapid interchange of words of kindred meaning, until the [illegible] the hearer is lost in the process. 2. By putting cause for effect. 3. By putting effect for cause. 4. By giving to the same thing several names as if they were different.

Now far be it from us to believe, that our worthy brother would wilfully practice this art to obscure truth; but we are compelled to show how he has followed Dr. Dale in this practice. This is Dale's way of escaping his own admission. For such a purpose, what could be better than the word condition, in its present use. It is sufficiently elastic for any purpose. As men are always in a condition wet or dry, good or bad, regenerate or unregenerate, it will fit anywhere. It will take in all the contraries, one side as well as the other. Give a modern juggler a throat of such material, and he can easily swallow all the knives in christendom at one gulp. Now let us see how, under the magic use of this accommodating word, Dr. Hunter disposes of some baptisms. "Ships baptized by a storm are in a wrecked condition," says the Dr. Maybe so; but what wrecked them, was it not the baptism? being submerged? The wrecked condition was the effect of the baptism. What was the baptism itself? A burial under the water, without a doubt. The effect is not the baptism.

Soldiers baptized to their arm-pits by wading in water, are in a "submerged condition." Unquestionably, and clearly the submergence was the baptism. Here the same thing is given two names. Naaman, baptized in Jordan, was in a purified condition. Admit it, but the purification and the baptism are two things. Purification was the result of his dipping himself. The baptism was a real, physical act, and must not be confounded with the effect of it. Thus, too, we cannot, without great violence, confound the effect or symbolism of Christian baptism with the baptism itself. This is Dr. Hunter's capital mistake. "Penitent sinners, baptized into Christ, into his death" etc., are in a regenerate condition. That is true; but the regeneration and the baptism are not the same thing; Baptism is a literal act, which, in symbol, declares our union with Christ in his death; with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, into whom, one Triune God we are commanded to be baptized. Ritualists hold that baptism produces the real union of the soul with the Trinity. Baptists hold that it declares it. Which ever of these views are right, the case with Dr. Hunter is not changed. The effect of the baptism is to put one into the Trinity, either vitally or declaratively.

"Go teach all nations, baptizing them *into* the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Here, clearly those who teach, baptize, but God regenerates, so it is certain that baptism and regeneration are two things? Simon Magus, was baptized, though he was not regenerated. To deny that he was baptized, because he was not regenerated; is to flatly contradict the word of God. This case breaks Dr. H's condition theory down completely, "John *symbolically* baptized *into* a penitent condition." Just so, but John baptized *in* Jordan and the result was to declare that the baptized were penitent. That is what they confessed in baptism. Here again, we see that the baptism and the result are distinct. We reach a certain condition by being baptized. Take a figurative baptism. "Baptized by questions, means a confused condition," says Dr. H. Any one accustomed to study words and sentences, will see that the sense is the same as "flooded with questions" or overwhelmed with question. It is the flooding, overwhelming, or baptizing condition, (which ever word you like) that produces the confusion. The confusion is not the baptism, but the effect. But why try to make plainness itself plainer.

It is a stupendous blunder to confound the symbolism of an act with the act itself.

That Dr. Hunter is totally confused, as to philology, take this passage in evidence? "This sprinkling effected a Judaic baptism, and thus secured a *condition* of cleansing. Now what are the facts? There was a simple, physical sprinkling of water on an unclean person, and he was declared clean. Where is there any room for a baptism between the sprinkling and cleansing? What was the baptism? And why crowd condition in here? The divine narrative is as clear as light; Dr. Hunter's exposition, with baptism and *condition* "intusposed," is as clear as darkness. There was a sprinkling and a cleansing, and that is all. Worse philology, we never met. Throughout his treatment, he confounds rites with results, effects with causes, causes with effects.

This is a good time to say a word about the Fathers. They are Dr. Hunter's witnesses in this case. He brought them into court. He put them on the stand to get them to say that he is right, as to Judaic rites. We cross-questioned them about Christian baptism, and with directness, and clearness, they say it was a burial with Christ in water. They are telling too much, and the Dr. apologizes for them, by saying, they lived in an age when that was the current notion, Did they live twice? We have supposed that they lived once only, and that they testified to what Christian baptism is about the time they told us about Jewish purifications. Then our good Dr. tells us that Tertullian said, baptize meant to sprinkle, but unwilling to assume a position now abandoned by all scholars of note, he says he is mistaken, but I want you to hear him talk. Dr., your witnesses are against themselves and against you. What will you do with them. They are in your hands. His dissertation on the passages in Rom. and Col. whether right or wrong as to the main point, does not help him out of his present trouble. What matters it whether the baptism is ritual or spiritual? The burial remains, and that is the point of issue. In every true baptism there is a burial, no matter what the element, That is what the passages clearly teach. It wou'd be easy, we conceive, to refute the Dr's interpretation, as a whole, but that would be to follow him in a diversion, and we will not to do it.

We cannot forbear to make two remarks however. Simon Magus, he affirms, was not baptized *into* Christ. Then the Apostles did not obey Christ, for they were commanded in the commission to baptize *into* the Trinity. But they did, and Dr. Hunter is wholly mistaken in confounding baptism with regeneration. We are baptized *into* the Trinity just as he says John baptized penitents *into* repentance *symbolically*. It is in evidence, the baptism followed regeneration. Baptism is symbolical, openly declarative of great spiritual truths, just as in the Supper, by literally eating and drinking literal bread and wine, we symbolically declare the death of Christ, and our having part in its benefits. 2. "Baptism is with Christ *into* his death, *and not into water*" we are told. Exactly, but did not John baptize *in* Jordan *into* repentance? Were not the Israelites baptized *into* Moses *in* the cloud and in the sea?

It is so declared. When our brother affirms, that a man cannot be ritually baptized into Christ, he contradicts Christ himself, for this is the very form of expression in the commission. Could a man go further to keep out of water? O, Doctor. You would far better be baptized and cease this struggle, that drives you to, not only refuse to go into water when you say "physical baptism," requires it, but forces you to positively declare that men cannot do what Christ enjoins upon them. We hold over you the commission, and beg you to be baptized *into* the Trinity in obedience to it.

It is in connection with these passages, that the good Doctor animadverts with severity on that large number of Pedo-baptists who declare that immersion is taught in the scriptures. He would have us believe that they have not studied the subject. He has studied the subject, but Dr. Schaff has not, though he has translated the testament, and is known for his scholarly attainments on all continents. Olshausen had not studied it. Chalmer's wrote without study. So did Tillotson, Dean Stanley, McKnight, Dr. Geo. Campbell and a list, not quite as long as the Mississippi River, it is true, long enough however to take in the very glory of Pedo-baptist scholarship, and they had not studied, but spoke at random. This needs no answer from us. But the Doctor is hard on them, even has more respect for the writer, a Baptist, than for them, because we do practice what we preach. That is one good thing in our favor, and from our heart we wish we could say as much for our opponent. He says "physical baptism" requires that the object be within water, but he never puts the person "within water." Again he says, "If you would properly represent the cleansing or renewing of the heart, you ought to sprinkle the waters of baptism." Again, "God enjoined sprinkling, and never enjoined any other mode." Yet the Doctor will pour the water of baptism, and, if somebody else will immerse, he will accept it. How are you better than your brethren? If God never enjoined but one mode, why do you practice two and receive a third? God never enjoined but one mode, and yet our good Doctor, in his first article, tried to prove two from the Scriptures. We ought to sprinkle, says he, but he will pour if any one likes it better; he will even take immersion, if somebody else will perform it. This is the way our brother writes and acts. We are only supposing he allows immersion, as all his brethren do; if we are mistaken, he will correct us. Doctor, you are hardly the man to throw a stone at your Pedo-baptist brethren, who candidly admit the truth on this subject.

We do not deem the Doctor's trouble about getting out of the water worth arguing over. It is not a real trouble with any serious soul and never has been. He admits that "physical baptism" puts a man "within water;" Christ commanded such a baptism, and now shall we undertake to show our trembling brother how to get out? He solves the difficulty by not going in. When he agrees to go in, then we will show him the way out, if he needs any help.

All this writing is to get away from the admitted plain meaning of the command of Christ. Is it not deeply significant that it should require such war on the plain meaning of words such evasive criticism, such confusion of words, to keep from doing the thing admitted to be "physical baptism." When a boy, we had the care of a flock of sheep, and we noticed that some of them were always trying to *keep out* of the plain way. Every possible outlet was sought. Are not some of the Lord's sheep the same way?

The burden of proof is on Dr. Hunter, but he has spent his time mainly in assaulting the Baptist position. His proof is in the Pentecostal baptism and the Jewish purifications. If, therefore, he does not make out his case from these, he fails. We will now re-examine them with him.

If ever there was a piece of evasive criticism, Dr. Hunter displays it in dealing with the Pentecostal baptism. "So you dip the Apostles in Divine influence on the day of Pentecost." He perversely takes dip, (which we did not,) the word of all the list perhaps least suited to the context. Overwhelm suits the movement and general complexion of the passage. It is true dip and overwhelm, both imply an "intusposition," a burial but it is downright perversity or incompetency to select the least suitable word. Does Dr. Hunter have to abuse scholarship in this way to keep out of water? Then he plays on "Divine influence." Here is what the record says: And when the day of Pentecost was now come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and filled all the house where they were sitting." They were sitting in a house. The Divine Spirit came from heaven, as a sound of rushing wind. We do not care what it is called, influence, spirit, anything, it filled all the house with them in it. Now was there here an "intusposition" or not? Notice how he seeks to evade it. "You ought not to say that the divine influence filled the house, the four walls, and the apostles were dipped within those walls." This is not criticism; it is quibbling, and shows the desperate straits to which our opponent is reduced. If a man says a box is filled with water, and an object in it is immersed, he is to be told that he is quite mistaken, though he means well. "You ought not to say, friend, that the water filled the box, four sides, and the object was dipped within those sides." Would not such criticisms be regarded as trifling. We are astonished and grieved that the truth of God should thus be treated.

The passage in Hebrews 9:10, "divers immersions," by McKnight, an eminent Presbyterian scholar, and translator, President of a college in Scotland, is the base and last support of the Doctor's theory. He discards McKnight as one who had not been pricked by Baptists into informing himself. With accustomed perversity of unscholarly treatment, he puts in bury for us, and makes the passage read "divers burials." The old and new versions render it "divers washings." This is perfectly suitable to the context, and the references, and we are willing to let it stand just that way, remarking that McKnight was literally correct in his translation, and that there Baptisms carried with them the idea of a burial, covering. We like washings best of all the allowable words, because it blends in its shading with the context.

Well, what is the Apostle doing? He is contrasting the two economies in general, showing the failures of the one, the success of the other. He speaks of meats drink, and divers washings or baptisms, as belonging to the old economy. Pursuing the arguments, he refers to sprinklings, also, several times. Dr. Hunter affirms that when he says baptisms he refers to sprinklings. If he does, then sprinklings are baptisms; but Dr. Hunter denies this, claiming that they only result in baptism. We have Hunter vs. Hunter. He brings in the fathers to testify, one of whom says, water cannot baptize until it is baptized and a hundred other absurdities which no Christian scholar believes for a moment. Dr. Hunter himself contradicts them, and yet wishes us to receive them. They are his stay in this emergency.

Let it be understood that we do not rest our objections on any translation, but on the established meaning of the word employed. Note these facts. Throughout the old economy *bapto* and *raino* repeatedly occur, often in the same passages. No two words were ever more distinct in their meaning. The priest shall *baptize* his finger in blood and *rantize* the people. It is in proof that there were both *baptisms* and *rantisms* under the old economy, both used for purifying. It is in proof, also, that the bathings required were performed by immersions, as in the case of Naaman, who was commanded to bathe and obeyed by dipping himself. It is further evident, that Paul referring to the rantisms of the law used *raino*. Now, unless Paul used a word entirely out of its true meaning by baptisms he meant the immersions practiced by the Jews. We rest the case on the established meaning of the word. How else can we know what he means?

Dr. Hunter himself condemns Tertullian for saying baptize means to sprinkle. Will he say Paul did what Tertullian says it was wrong to do? We repeat, give an infidel leave to change the meaning of words when he chooses, and he can overthrow Christianity from the Bible. The cases cited by Dr. H., showing purifyings by sprinklings are granted. They are genuine, and they prove our point completely by establishing the meaning of words. He calls them Judaic baptism; with as much truth he might call them circumcisions or sacrifices. The old Testament writers invariably call them rantisms and so does Paul. It is an assumption to call them baptism.

Against the Fathers and Dr. Hunter, with their dreamy and contradictory theories and testimony, we believe that Paul meant what he said. The testimony of all Jewish writers, of note, confirm this view. Dr. Hunter's whole case depends on literally changing the meaning of a word to suit him. And, in conclusion, were these not "physical baptisms"? Certainly: Well, then, Dr. Dale said, "An object within water * * has been insisted upon, throughout this inquiry as "physical baptism." Dr. Hunter appreciates our endorsement of this *dictum*. The case is closed so far as our opponent is concerned. He can never open it again without denying Dr. Dale and himself.

A dog recently brought to Halifax from his home, one hundred and five miles away, suddenly disappeared a few days after its arrival in the latter city, and nothing was heard of it for two days, when a telegram was received from its former master, announcing the dog's safe arrival at his house. This says the Halifax Recorder, is a most remarkable instance of the canine instinct, as the dog was brought by rail from Annapolis here, and must have retraced the distance on foot at the rate of about fifty miles a day.

The city undertaker of [illegible] is a woman.

FAMOUS FEMININE NOSES.

Facial Protuberances Which Distinguish Celebrated Stage Geniuses.

New York World.]

The chapter on masculine noseology in last Sunday's World has led to the suggestion that if the noses of men are indicative of character why are not the noses of women equally valuble as indices. Our artist has been making a study of the profiles of some of the leading stage actresses. He finds them quite interesting, in nearly every instance the nose is the striking feature.

MARY ANDERSON'S NOSE.

Take our own Mary Anderson for instance. Her nose is exactly Grecian, but it is nevertheless classic. It is large, docile and, but for the inclination to be tip-tilted, would really be statuesque. It is a nose that indicates energy and strong will. The phlanges are broad and the exposure of cartilage is such as is found in nearly all noses of character. Miss Anderson's nose is a serious nose. It contemplates all the aspects of life from a standpoint of earnestness. It is barely possible that Miss Anderson would not see the point to the plainest of jokes. She is essentially tragic and this fact is largely due to her nose.

LILY LANGTRY'S NOSE.

There is nothing beautiful about Mrs. Langtry's nose, unless, as Hogarth maintains, the lines of beauty are all confined to the letter S. It is a heavy organ, slightly inclined to the stub, but large enough to indicate intellectuality. The bridge is peculiarly broad. It dominates the upper lip "as fearfully as doth the galled rock o'erhang and jutty its confounded base, swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean." Mrs. Langtry's is not a domestic nose. It is a roamin' nose—the kind that would never be content with the sweet commonplace of life. If her nose had not been just what it is, she would never have gone on the stage that's certain.

CLARA MORRIS'S NOSE.

Clara Morris does not rank among stage beauties. She derives her fame from genius and histrionic intellect, she owes her nose nothing, for it is really a plebian nose. It is not large enough to be striking. It is neither Grecian nor Roman in type, for it seems to lack a bridge. It comes very near being a Malayan nose. It is more regular than Langtry's nose, but the sway-back character makes it anything but attractive. A physiognomist would find great difficulty in adjusting this nose to phenomenal brain characteristics.

ADELINA PATTI'S NOSE.

The nose that belongs to the woman who has made more money by her own exertions than any member of her sex that ever lived in the world ought to be a striking one, but it must be admitted that Patti's nose is not beautiful. It is large, and it has a very graceful sweep downward from the eyebrows, but it can hardly be called classic. However, the nose of Patti is less important than her throat, though if her nose were smaller it is questionable whether her notes would be as clear and resonant as they are. It is to be remarked that the nose of the diva resembles in a striking degree the nose which the artists give the celebrated Mme. de Stael. It is doubtful whether a greater compliment could be paid the charming little singer.

ELLEN TERRY'S NOSE.

Ellen Terry's nose is forceful, but it is not pretty. As a matter of fact it is plain, but it is large, and that denotes character. It is too thick at the end and too much inclined to be *retrousse* to be even passably good looking. It belongs to the dairy maid type of nose common in rural England. A highstrung, nervous, intellectual woman such as Ellen Terry should have a keen, angular nose, but as she has managed to achieve fame without one, the supposition is that in her case a nose doesn't amount to much, save as an organ of respiration.

LOTTA'S NOSE.

The nose of Lotta is in no sense *riant*. A little woman who is always jigging and ambling and laughing should have a nose with a chronic smile on the end of it, but Lotta's nose is as dull and heavy as a camp biscuit. It has body and is full of determination, but it is not the nose of a commedienne. It has a certain snubbishness and pertness, but if it were found in the highway nobody would think of returning it to Lotta. It can hardly be said to be becoming to a woman of her joyous characteristics.

MAGGIE MITCHELL'S NOSE.

Here is a nose that acts a signboard for the mental characteristics behind it. It is a long, peaked nose, with a good symmetrical arch and a shapely termination. Anybody would recognize it as the nose of a bright, incisive, vivacious person. It is a Scottish nose and denotes Scottish instincts. There is an absence of Scotch seriousness about it, but that may have been eliminated by Maggie Mitchell's sunshiny nature. The mental attributes undoubtedly have a great deal to do with toning down and shaping the nose.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S NOSE.

Everybody will recognize the nose of Fanny Davenport. It is a shapely, handsome organ, sufficiently turned up at the end to be piquant. Miss Davenport's nose and upper lip constitute her chief facial beauty. She could better spare her eyes than her youthful nose. It gives her face a sort of pitch-forward contour which at times is most pleasing, but in her intense emotional acting probably detracts from her power. The Davenport nose is essentially a humorous nose. It is not in the slightest degree tragic. Comedy is Fanny Davenport's forte and she violates the tradition of her nose when she essays the wildly picturesque drama.

ROSE COGHLAN'S NOSE.

Here is a nose that passes understanding. It is large enough, but it is most unshapely. Rose Coghlan is a pretty woman. At least she looks well on the stage when she is "made up" and the peculiarities of her nose are toned down by the ever-present, conventional bit of court plaster; but no artist would ever select her nasal organ for a model for a pretty woman. But the intellectual accomplishments which have made Rose Coghlan famous as an actress could not have been associated with a "real love of a nose." The really beautiful noses must be searched for in the insipid ranks of society—not on the stage.—Philadelphia Ledger.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S NOSE.

This is what might be called a really handsome nose. It is well proportioned and not at all too large. It is not a brainy nose. Its lines are well drawn, and if the nostrils were thinner might pass for the nose popular once with Praxiteles. It is the nose of frivolity, however, and the owner of it will never take high rank in intellectual circles. It justly belongs to a handsome woman. It was just such a nose as this that distinguished Mary, Queen of Scotts. It is a nose marked by wilfulness and capriciousness, but it is marvellously feminine, and to that extent lovable and attractive. Miss Russell has a right to be proud of proboscis.

GERSTER'S NOSE.

The nose of Gerster, the prima donna, is not the least bit patrician. Neither is it in any sense classic. It is short and thick and fat. Gerster makes no pretence to beauty, and if she did her nose would enter a most violent protest. Here is a purely domestic nose, and that probably accounts for all her affection for her baby. Yet with all its lack of beauty many women would be pleased to take the Gerster nose, provided they could secure with it that remarkable collection of vocal chords which has made her fame. Some people affect to see a similarity between the bulbous nose of Gerster and the bulbous nose of Lucrezia Borgia.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

The Old Country Circus.

BY PHILIP H. WELCH.

How dear to my heart is the show of my childhood,
The old country circus my infancy knew!
In these days of three rings, hippodromes, railroads,
How fond recollection presents them to view!
For weeks, while the posters on fences and church sheds
Portrayed to my young eyes the scenes that should be,
No soft thrill of love—no throb of ambition
Has since equalled the bliss I gained dreaming of thee.
The old country circus, the shabby old circus,
The wandering old circus my infancy knew.

How faithful I worked in the ways that presented,
To gain the few pennies my ticket should buy!
No toil was so sweetened, no reward so stupendous—
No miser e'er cherished his hoard as I did.
How fair the sun shone on the glad day appointed!
How rife with strange bustle the sleepy old town!
And when o'er the hill came the rumble of wagons,
The bound of my heart said: "The circus has come!"
The old country circus, the faded old circus;
The one-horse old circus my infancy knew.

What pageant of now can that "grand entry" compass?
What wit of to-day like those jokes of the ring?
And those divans of pine boards—such case Oriental,
No reserved cushioned chair of the present can bring.
One elephant only, satisfying, majestic.
Not Jumbo, nor sacred, neither painted nor white—
Take them all, and the whole gilded, fraudulent humbug,
For a single return of that honest delight,
The old country circus, the wandering old circus,
The shabby old circus my infancy knew.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY JOHN B. WLLIAMS, M. D.

What I am about to relate is so extraordinary, so mixed up with mystery, and so fraught with terror, that I feel doubtful as to the propriety of making it public.

Some three or four years ago I was journeying from New York to Baltimore. The train, as is very often the case, missed the connection at Philadelphia, and I was obliged to wait in the latter city for the next train, which left Philadelphia at 10 o'clock at night. Having several hours before me, I resolved to take up my stay at the La Pierre house, satisfied, at all events, that at that hotel I should get a good dinner to console me in some measure for the disappointment of not reaching home as early as I expected.

The dinner hour was 5 o'clock. In the meantime, being much in want of rest, I went to bed, and was awakened by the sounding of the gong, which informed me that the meal was served. Making a hasty toilet, I descended to the dining-room, and was soon engaged in satisfying the inner man.

After dinner I adjourned to the smoking room and while indulging in a fragrant Havana, amused myself by perusing the various newspapers, which were lying on the tables. I might have been engaged in this way two hours, when I suddenly felt a fearful twinge of facial neuralgia. I had been a martyr to this malady many years, although the intervals were much longer between the attacks than at first. The best remedy I had discovered for it was a teaspoonful of a preparation known in the Pharmacopœia as Hoffman's Anodyne. It was harmless and generally very efficacious. I determined at once to apply to the nearest druggist for my usual medicine.

If left the hotel and entered a chemist's shop in Chestnut street and made known my request, at the same time stating for what purpose I used the medicine. The druggist then stated that he had a preparation which I would find much more efficacious than Hoffman's Anodyne, and which would give me instantaneous relief. After he had assured me that this preparation contained no opium (to which I have a great horror), I consented to take it. He then measured a teaspoonful of a dark colored liquid into a wine-glass and filled it with water. When he presented the draught to me I noticed that it was green as grass. I swallowed it and found it warm, pungent and of a bitterish sweet taste. Its effects were almost miraculous, for I had scarcely swallowed it before my pain entirely departed.

I thanked the druggist and left the shop. I looked at my watch and found that it was 8 o'clock. The reader will be pleased to remember this fact, for he will find by and by that it is a very important one. I felt so well that I determined that I would explore the city.

I strolled out into the street and soon became bewildered in a maze of thoroughfares. I knew nothing of Philadelphia, and it was not long before I lost myself. However, I continued to walk up one street and down another, and a sort of pride prevented me from asking my way. At last I found I was in the outskirts of the city. I remember distinctly seeing a river through an opening in the houses. It was a cool, pleasant night, and I rather enjoyed being out of the noise and bustle of the great town, and I strolled on until I had left every house behind me. I have a distinct recollection of examining the country around me. It was very peculiar—such as I had never seen before. There was no moon, and I had nothing but the stars to guide me; these, however, shone very brilliantly."

I found I was standing on a kind of a heath or moor. I had wondered so far that the lights of the city were entirely invisible; and yet, according to my computation of time, it did not appear to have been more than a quarter of an hour since I left the hotel.

A peculiar feeling crept over me; it was not fear or terror, but a kind of superstitious awe, with which I vainly endeavored to combat. I seemed to be under the influences of some invisible power. I felt inclined to return to the city, but something superior to my will made me advance. I continued to press forward. For a short time there was a kind of struggle between my own inclination and the unseen power; my feet were pushed forward, not in a walk, but it appeared as if I were skimming along the surface of the ground. I soon saw that it was useless to contend further, and resigned myself to my fate. Then my progress became more rapid and hedges and trees flitted by me as if they were moving and I was stationary.

I do not know how long this continued, for my mind was so bewildered that I had no means of computing time. Suddenly I found myself in front of a large white house. This mansion was entirely isolated. It was a huge building of a peculiar kind of architecture, such as I had never seen before. It consisted of innumerable gables and many-pointed towers; the windows were very small and the upper ones were barred.

While I was gazing on this dwelling I suddenly heard a loud shriek. One of the lower casements was suddenly opened, a stream of light issued from it, and almost immediately afterwards the head of a beautiful girl appeared in the open window. Her countenance expressed the greatest alarm, and in a voice of almost supernatural anguish she cried out, "Help! help! help"

In a moment I had rushed to the window, and in another moment I was in the apartment by the side of the fair girl. It was a magnificently furnished room, and a large chandelier shed a flood of light through the whole apartment. With the exception of the beautiful creature before me, the room was unoccupied. I had just time to notice the extraordinary beauty of this lady. She could not have been more than twenty summers. Her hair was a glossy auburn and fell in ringlets on neck and shoulders as white as the driven snow. Her form was modeled in the most graceful and charming manner. Her eyes, which in repose I should imagine were a heavenly blue, were lighted up with intense fear.

The moment I entered the room she seized me by the hand, and pointing to a corner of the room, exclaimed, in accents of terror. "Oh, save me! save me from that monster!"

I looked in the direction where she pointed; the space was empty. I thought I was dreaming. I rubbed my eyes, and gazed first at the girl before me, and then at the empty corner. The young lady's fear was too natural to be simulated. Then the idea struck me that this unfortunate girl was a lunatic; and I proceeded to address some consoling words to her.

She appeared to pay no heed to my words, but kept shrinking further back, dragging me with her.

"Save me!" she ejaculated; "he comes! he comes! See! he is creeping along the floor! Oh heavens! he will murder me, and you stand calmly by, and will not help me! He comes! he comes!"

She now retreated to the farthest extremity of the chamber, and pointed with her finger to the floor. There was nothing to be seen, and yet strange to say, I heard a strange rustling, as if some one were dragging himself along the floor.

"I see no one!" I exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper.

"There—there he is! Do you not see his large, bony hands? Look! look! Protect me from him! Save me!"

Her countenance now expressed such mortal agony, that it presented a horrible spectacle. She continued to gaze on the invisible monster as if fascinated. Suddenly I felt her shiver in my grasp; her throat all at once appeared to be constricted, her eyes protruded, and she uttered a fearful groan. I placed my hand on her neck; and, O horror of horrors! I could feel a long, bony hand encircling it; and yet when I gazed there, I could see nothing. I could distinctly trace the fingers of this hand, the knuckles, and even the nails.

I felt that I was losing my senses; the poor girl before me was evidently expiring. A sudden resolution seized me; I threw myself in the empty space where I supposed the fearful thing might be, and although nothing was visible to my sight, my arms were clasped around some material body. It was yielding to the touch, and struggled in my grasp. To my joy I discovered that the attack had caused the monster to release his hold on the poor girl's neck. She uttered a cry of joy, and rushed out of the apartment.

A fearful struggle now ensued between me and my invisible enemy; his long, bony arms encircled me and pressed me with prodigious strength. But I also appeared to be endowed with supernatural power, and by some means I got hold of something which felt like hair—it was crisp and wiry. I pulled it with all my might—an unearthly kind of sound, bearing some resemblance to a groan, issued from the monster's chest. He writhed and struggled with renewed energy in my grasp, and dragged me about the room as if I were a child. It struck me at the time that he wanted to bring me over some particular spot in the floor. He soon accomplished his purpose, when, to my horror, I felt the floor give way, and I began to sink down into an unfathomable abyss. The creature had relaxed his hold, and I knew that I was sinking alone.

I do not know how long this descent continued, for I became unconscious. When I regained my senses, I found myself on the damp ground. I rose to my feet and gazed around me. I found I was in a sort of a stone cavern, which was lighted by a lamp hanging from the ceiling. At one end of this cell was placed a flight of steps which led up to an iron door. I ascended these steps and tried the door; it was fastened, and firm as a rock. The lamp suspended from the ceiling allowed sufficient light to illuminate the cell, so that I could trace the form of the stones of which it was built. They were large and rough, bearing in some places the marks of inscriptions, but too much obliterated to be read. There was one thing particularly struck me, and that was the dampness of the place; it chilled my very blood. Not only was the floor damp, but the walls were reeking with moisture, large drops of unwholesome exhalations coursing each other down the discolored blocks of stone.

I sat down on the only chair the cell contained, and mused upon my condition. What was to become of me? Was I to perish there, or was I to be kept in perpetual confinement? What motive could there be for taking my life? How had I offended? Such was the question I asked myself over and over again as I sat in that solitary, dark, dismal prison. A feeling of some great unknown terror was fast settling in my breast, which surpassed that I had lately undergone. At last I rose up and began to pace up and down the slimy bricks of which the floor was composed.

It was a strange anomaly, that with some unknown fate hanging over my head, I should begin to feel drowsy, but such was the fact. I threw myself in the chair again, leaned back and actually slept. In the black solitude of the dungeon a delightful dream visited my troubled mind. I was with my wife and we were gazing on a beautiful expanse of water together, the waves rippling to our very feet. The rays of the morning sun illuminated the placid surface of the lake, and the air was musical with the songs of birds. I could even feel the pressure of my wife's arm on mine, and I could see her loving face turned towards me, every feature beaming with joy, happiness and affection. I thought we advanced closer to the lake, nay so close that our feet actually touched the water; while the ripples grew more and more distinct. It was no dream—my feet did touch the water; I felt it distinctly and I could hear the rushing sound made by the waves; a chill seized me and I awoke. But, strange to say, the rushing sound still continued. The lamp had gone out and I was in the most complete darkness. I rose from my seat and my feet went splash, splash, into water. I stooped down and found that the floor of the cell was covered to the depth of eight or ten inches with water.

The drip, drip of the water still continued, What could it mean? Even a suspicion of the truth did not enter my mind. It was some water-pike that had burst, and the fact would soon be discovered by the inmates of the house and remedied. Such was my first thought.

The dripping had changed into a rushing sound; the water was evidently pouring in faster. It had already reached above my knees, and I felt it ascending higher and higher. Now it had reached my waist, and I had great difficulty in wading through it. Suddenly the truth burst on my mind, I was to be drowned. Yes, that was to be my fate. I uttered one cry of despair, and struggled to and fro in the mass of fluid.

The water had already reached my chest, when I thought of the steps and endeavored to reach them. I struggled about some time without success, the water all the time gaining upon me. I grew chilled and cold, but at last reached the steps and ascending them, was for the time being removed above the surface of the water. But it was only prolonging my fate, for the rushing sound of the water became so loud as to drown everything else, and I felt the cold fluid again invading my limbs as I stood on the top step. I beat against the door, then cried out at the top of my voice; but still the water rose higher; again it had reached my waist. I renewed my cries; they echoed back to me from my prison house. The water reached my neck. I grew dizzy, strange sounds rushed through my head; I felt that I was suffocating; sparks of fire danced before my eyes. I commended my soul to my Maker, and breathed a last prayer for my wife. The water now beat against my mouth. I fell heavily against the door. This fall saved me from drowning; for, strange to say, my hand came in contact with some secret spring and the door flew open, revealing a short flight of stone steps. I was about ascending them, when I received a blow on the head from some unseen cause, which deprived me of my senses.

How long I remained unconscious I know not, but when I came to myself I felt the cold all blowing on my face and casting my eyes above me I saw the stars shining overhead. What was my extreme surprise to find myself in Walnut street, not a stone's throw from my hotel. I was seated on an empty box, with my feet in a pool of water, and hundreds of persons were passing up and down the street. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. I jumped up from my seat and rushed to the hotel. The omnibus for conveying passengers to the railway station was at the door. I entered the hall of the building.

"Do you want to go to Baltimore by the 10 o'clock train?" asked the clerk the moment he saw me.

"I did want to go, but I am too late," I replied, shuddering when I thought of what had detained me.

"Oh, no, sir," returned the clerk; "the omnibus leaves in ten minutes."

I looked at my watch and found that it was only half past nine. Then I had only left the hotel an hour and a half!

I went to Baltimore and so impressed was I with the fearful adventure I had met with, that I returned the next day to Philadelphia and for a whole week explored the city in every part. But after the most minute search I could discover nothing at all corresponding to the locality I had visited on that fearful night. There was no suburb, or house, or anything like that which I had seen, to be found.

For a long time I kept my adventure to myself. At last I summoned up courage enough to mention the affair. My statement has been received with utter incredulity by all who have heard it. Some of my friends pretend to say that I dreamt it all; others gently hint that I had imbibed too much wine. I have at last determined to make the matter public, and will leave my readers to draw what inference they please. I most distinctly state, however, that the suppositions of my friends are erroneous. I neither dreamt it, nor did I drink too much wine. Can it be possible that beings inhabit the world which are palpable to all the senses excepting sight? It is an interesting question for the philosopher to study; and yet there is one thing I can not understand—how it was that the young lady saw the fearful thing and I did not! I am weary of conjecture over the matter and must leave the enigma for better heads than mine to solve.

* * * * * *

A day or two ago, since the above was written, I was reading a paper before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, on the effects of certain drugs on the imagination. The statement made by the author of the paper (M. Piorri), recalled to my mind a circumstance in connection with the foregoing statement which escaped my notice—namely, that previous to experiencing the fearful adventure I have described, I had taken something for facial neuralgia. I was in Philadelphia yesterday and had the curiosity to inquire at the drug store the name of the drug the apothecary had given me for the neuralgia. He informed that it was tincture of cannabis indicus, or what is more generally known by the name of "Hashheesh." This drug, it is well known, has a most extraordinary effect on the brain. I need only refer the reader of the details given by Bayard Taylor and by the auther of the "Confession of a Hashheesh Eater" as a proof of my statement. I am now inclined to think that the whole experience I went through was simply a hallucination produced by the cannabis indicus.

Embarrassing.

Boston Transcript.]

A friend of mine who spent some time in Berlin ten years ago or so told me today of an incident that occurred in which he and Materna played a conspicuous part. "Two or three of the young fellows," he said, "were in Berlin when Wagner was at work on his 'Valkyrie.' The Emperor expressed a desire to hear some selections from the work, and this was a big advertisement for Wagner, who consented to have some parts sung by Materna and Niemann. The court retained a good portion of the tickets to the hall in which the affair was to take place, and the rest were sent to the various foreign legations in Berlin, and could be obtained by foreigners from their respective Ministers on the payment of a good round sum, which, I suppose, went into Wagner's pockets.

"Well, we went to the American Legation and secured three tickets. On the day of the concert we went on an excursion into the country, and missed the train that we ought to have taken to reach the city in time to dress. The next train took us to Berlin, and there we were confronted by unpleasant alternatives. We were near the hall, and the concert would begin in a few minutes, but we were not dressed for an entertainment of this sort. My companions wore dark clothes, but I had on a suit of light tweed, which being 'bob-tailed' into the bargain, I knew would be too conspicuous, altogether for a 'swell' concert, in which the Emperor and the court and the representatives of foreign Governments would make up the greater part of its audience. On the other hand, we could not go to our rooms at the other side of the city, dress and return inside of an hour and a half. So we decided to go to the concert as we were and take our chances of being refused admittance. We went in all right, however, and were shown to our seats, which were up front, but just around the corner of the stage, so that we couldn't see Wagner and the singers. The space in front of the stage was open so as not to obstruct the view of the Emperor and the court. The audience was, of course, as brilliant a gathering as could be got together in any city in the world. We three fellows were sitting in chairs, and I proposed that we slide our chairs around the corner and in front of the stage, so that we could see the singers. We did this, and I sank as far as I could out of sight, expecting every moment to be thrown out of the hall.

"Well, we heard the 'Valkyrie' music, and the excitement was great. Within four or five feet of where I was sitting were a few rather rickety steps, leading up to the stage. Down these came the singers after the concert was over. The audience had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement by the wonderful music and the impassioned singing of Materna and Niemann. Shouts of applause rang through the hall, loads of flowers thrown on the stage, and Wagner was being crowned with a laurel wreath. When Materna was half way down the steps—you know what a big woman she is—she made a gesture as if she were afraid of falling, or as if the steps were in danger of breaking. Instinctively I stepped forward to aid her, and, taking her hand, helped her safely down. Imagine my sensations when she took my arm, and we walked across the hall in front of the stage, and before the eyes of the court; Materna stopping every step or two to bow in response to the cheers, and I cursing my bob-tailed coat under my breath and wondering whether she took me for a liveried lackey. It was a great experience for me, but Materna was so excited that she didn't know what she was doing."

The Under Dog in the Fight.

"Young Politician" writes: "Why does a State have a Legislature?" and gets the reply: "My dear boy it doesn't. The Legislature has the State every time. Has it by the throat by a large majority. Has it by the pocket-book. Has it on its back.—Ex.

Church Etiquette in Vermont.

White River Junction Landmark.]

No lady or gentleman—no matter how costly or fashionable their raiment—will sit in church and eat peanuts.

Mrs. Brown—"Why, I thought Washington was dead." Mr. B.—"And so he is; he died before the Centennial." Mrs. B.—"Why I see here in the papers a heading: "General Washington Dispatches."

POLITICAL.

About Dark Horses.

Boston Traveler.]

Just now while the country is discussing the probable nominations of the two Chicago Conventions to be held in June and July respectively, and while the merits of prominent candidates are being actively canvassed, it must not be forgotten that there are a large number of "dark horses" being quietly groomed by their keepers, ready to be put on the track at a favorable moment. Since the convention method of making nominations came in vogue in 1832, it is significant that the dark horse has four times successfully made the race. James K. Polk was the first of this class of candidates. The four leading candidates before the Democratic National Convention of 1844 were Martin Van Buren, Lewis Cass, Richard M. Johnson and James Buchanan. The convention met at Baltimore on the 27th of May. The two-thirds rule was adopted and the balloting began on the 28th. On the first ballot Van Buren had a majority of the votes, but not enough to nominate him, he receiving 146 to 83 for Cass, and 40 for other candidates. Seven ballots were taken during the first day, in each of which Cass gained on Van Buren, the seventh standing, Cass 125, Van Buren 99, Johnson 33, Buchanan 6. Up to this time the name of Polk had not been mentioned for the Presidency, though it was understood that his Tennessee friends would urge his name for the second place on the ticket. During the night, at the suggestion of John C. Calhoun, an arrangement was made between the friends of Mr. Polk from Tennessee, and the supporters of Van Buren, that Polk's name should be brought out in the morning for the purpose of defeating Cass, who now seemed almost certain of the nomination. This was done on the first ballot on the 29th of May, and Mr. Polk received 44 votes. On the next, the ninth ballot of the convention, he was in convention parlance nominated with a rush, receiving 232 votes to 29 for Cass, 2 for Van Buren and 1 for Marcus Morton, of Massachusetts. Polk was emphatically a dark horse. Governor Letcher, of Tennessee, wrote to Buchanan soon after the convention: "Polk! Good, Good, what a nomination! The party deserves to be defeated for it, as I have no doubt it will be." Yet Polk made the race neck-and-neck with Henry Clay, and at the finish came in ahead. Franklin Pierce was the next successful dark horse. The Democratic Convention met in Baltimore, June 1, 1852, and the two-thirds rule, fatal to the aspirations of so many Democratic statesmen, was put in operation. Lewis Cass, James Buchanan, Stephen A. Douglas and William L. Marcy were the favorite candidates. On the first ballot Cass received 117 votes, Buchanan 93, Douglass 20, Marcy 27 and Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, was undreamed of. As the ballotings progressed from day to day, it was evident that General Cass, while now and then dropping off in his vote, was steadily gaining. On the thirty-third ballot he received 123 votes, and on this ballot the name of Pierce was first heard, Virginia giving him her 15 votes. On the thirty-fifth General Cass touched his highest vote, 131, Douglass receiving 53 and Pierce 29. General Cass from this point rapidly fell off, and on the forty-ninth ballot the dark horse came in ahead, distancing all competitors, Pierce receiving 232 votes out of the 238 cast. His highest previous vote had been 55. The circumstances attending the two successes of dark horses at Republican National Conventions, the first in 1876, when R. B. Hayes defeated Blaine, Bristow, Conkling and Morton, and the second in 1880, when the long struggle between the friends of Grant, Blaine, Sherman and Edmunds was ended by the nomination of James A. Garfield, are too fresh in the minds of our readers to need dwelling upon. Abraham Lincoln in 1860 was not perhaps a dark horse, and yet his nomination was hardly looked for by the Chicago Convention of that year. In the latter part of 1859, a volume by D. W. Bartlett, a well-known political writer of that period, and the Washington correspondent of the Traveller, entitled "Presidential Candidates, containing sketches, biographical, personal and political, of prominent candidates for the Presidency in 1860," was published by a New York publishing house. It contained sketches of William H. Seward, of New York; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Edward Bates, of Missouri; Daniel B. Dickinson, of New York; John Bell, of Tennessee; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; Alexander H. Stephens and Howell Cobb, of Georgia; Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Joseph Lane, of Oregon; John McLean, of Ohio; Henry A. Wise, John Minor Botts and Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; James L. Orr and James H. Hammond, of South Carolina; John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and John C. Fremont. This list of names was a distinguished one. Two subjects of the sketches—Douglas and Bell—received Presidential nominations. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Seward, Chase, Bates and McLean were prominent candidates before the Republican Convention at Chicago. Hunter and Dickinson were also leading competitors for the Democratic nomination, and John Miner Botts was one of the competitors of John Bell for the "Constitutional Union" nomination—but the name of Abraham Lincoln, who on the third ballot was nominated at Chicago, and who in November was elected President, was not considered in 1859 by Mr. Bartlett of sufficient importance for a place in his book. He hit upon all the other prominent candidates before each of the various conventions except the one who was, both at the convention and at the polls, successful. Lincoln may certainly almost be classed among the successful Presidential dark-horses.

Presidential Figuring.

Now that all the delegates to the Republican National Convention have been chosen, every political expert is busily engaged in figuring out the probabilities of the result. The friends of Blaine and Arthur are submerged head and ears in masses of statistics of States, districts, candidates and figures, and each make out a result flattering to his own side, "the wish" being generally "father to the thought." We have before us three tables of all the delegates, studiously compiled by political statisticians of different ways of thinking. One of them puts Arthur so far in the lead that his nomination by the Convention is an absolute certainty; another puts Blaine far ahead of Arthur, and indicates the former's nomination as a foregone conclusion; and the third, by one who is a friend of neither of those candidates, shows very plainly, to his own satisfaction at least, that both Arthur and Blaine will lack the necessary number of votes, and that the "dark horse" will probably be the winner. We give these three tables, as follows:

BY A BLAINE MAN.

Total number of votes	820
Necessary for a choice	411
Blaine delegates	263
Arthur delegates	273
Edmunds delegates	71
Logan delegates	48
Sherman delegates	26
Hawley	12
Doubtful	15

This man predicts that enough of the Logan and Sherman delegates will ultimately go to Blaine to insure his nomination.

BY AN ARTHUR MAN.

Total number of votes	820
Necessary to a choice	411
Arthur delegates	420
Blaine delegates	253
Edmunds delegates	75
Logan delegates	40
Sherman delegates	22

This sanguine individual calculates that, even if his Arthur figures should prove to be too large, the Edmunds phalanx would swing in, if need be, to secure Arthur's necessary 411.

BY THE DARK-HORSE MAN.

Total number of votes	820
Necessary to a choice	411
Blaine delegates	329
Arthur delegates	295
Edmunds delegates	73
Logan delegates	51
Sherman delegates	23
Hawley delegates	12
Doubtful	37

This man feels very sure that neither Blaine nor Arthur can raise the necessary 411 votes, of which Blaine lacks 82 and Arthur 116; that even if all the Logan and the Sherman men (74) should go to the support of Blaine—a not probable contingency—he would still lack 8 votes of a nomination, and that, even if all the Edmunds and the Hawley men (85) should swing over to Arthur, the latter would still lack 31 votes of having enough. The 37 "doubtful" men have the "balance of power," he thinks, and they will use it for the dark-horse. A careful and intelligent scrutiny of these lists of delegates will, we think, result in the conclusion that that of the dark-horse man is the nearest correct —at all events, vastly more correct than that of the Arthur man, whose figures are ridiculously wild.

In this connection, the opinion of United States Marshal, A. M. Jones, the Chairman of the Illinois Republican State Central Committee, who is enthusiastic for Logan, may be worth something. He declares, after a careful examination of the returns of delegates, that "neither Arthur nor Blaine will have 300 votes on the first ballot," and he says that he is willing to risk his reputation for political judgment on the following statements: "That on the first ballot Logan would lead Edmunds; that the Republican nominee for President would be a soldier and from west of New York; that the Republican nominee for Vice-President would be from New York, and that the Democratic nominee for President would be from New York."—Chicago Journal.

THE United States realizes over $100,000,000 revenue per year more than is necessary to the expenses of the Government. The Democrats propose that this enormous sum shall be taken off the onerous tariff taxes on the necessaries of life, and thus lighten the burthen of the people to that extent. This is opposed by the Republicans, at the dictation of the protection barons, who, if it were done, would be deprived of just that much tribute paid by the labor of the land to their protected wealth. The Republicans, at the dictation of the protection barons, say that it would not be right to relieve the consumers of the country of this $100,000,000 tax per year upon the necessities of life, such as food and clothing, but that the tax should be removed from the luxuries of life, such as tobacco and whisky. This may sound a little strange to honest Republicans who have not given the subject careful study, but it is the present tariff question in a nutshell, and you can take your choice. The Democrats propose legislation for the relief of the people; the Republicans oppose it.—Dayton Enquirer and Democrat.

SHE COULDN'T, YOU KNOW.

DETECTED.

'Twas your arm round her waist,
And you cannot deny it!
You removed it in haste;
'Twas your arm round her waist—
It showed your good taste;
But how did you dare try it?
'Twas your arm round her waist,
And you cannot deny it!

HIS APOLOGY.

I thought no one was near—
And her waist was so slender
That I clasped her, the dear!
I thought no one was near;
I did it in fear;
But it didn't offend her!
I thought no one was near,
And her waist was so slender?

HER APOLOGY.

I couldn't you know—
For I don't know him well—
Hurt his feelings—and so,
I couldn't you know,
Say he musn't;—and oh,
I hope you won't tell!—
I couldn't, you know,
For I dont know him well.

BLUSHING AND LYING.

The Popular Error that the One is an Index of the Other.

"But didn't you see him blush?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Don't you think he was lying?"

"No I don't. I know he was telling me the square truth."

"Do you know the circumstances?"

"Yes, and I know he told them just as they were."

"It sounded like a lie, anyway."

"That is why he blushed," said Mr. Denison, a well-known Chicago lawyer, for this talk was taking place in his office just after the departure of a young man who had been sued and was seeking advice from his attorney.

"I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushes, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion. If a question is put to me quickly, I blush. If I meet a friend slap on the street—unless I see him some time before I reach him I blush. If anybody speaks my name from behind or from some unexpected quarter I blush. As much as I have been before juries, I blush every time an opposing advocate refers to me as the learned counsel for the defence. Hang it! I blush on all sorts of occasions, and yet I don't believe, that anybody would say I am an especially modest or bashful man.

"No, sir," continued the old attorney, "I have blushed and blushed all my life, and the more I blush the more I try not to, and the more I try not to the more I blush. Above all, the meanest blush is just such a one as you saw on that young man's face just now. I know just how he felt. He knew he was telling a pretty hard story, and he could see in your face that you didn't believe him. That's why he blushed. If he had been talking to me alone he would not have bushed because he knows that I am familiar with the circumstances he related; but you looked doubtingly at him, and he felt your mistrust so keenly that it brought the blood to his face."

After a little pause Mr. Denison continued:

"I never pay the least attention to blushes when examining a witness. The blush is not, as is too often believed, the evidence of a lie. Nor is it a true signal of embarrassment. I know that, for I have been told that I was blushing purple when I was as calm and unembarrassed as I am at this moment. There are many causes for my blushes; some of them purely physical, I think; but often when I am telling something—some little personal recollection, perhaps, that amounts to nothing—I get it in my head that somebody doubts some part of it. Then I blush. Then I feel that I am blushing, and I say to myself, "Now he will see me blush and will be sure to think I am lying," and that makes me blush all the more, until finally I can feel my face burn and glow like a coal, and I say to myself, 'Now he is sure I am lying, and he thinks I know he is sure of it' and so I stand and blush because I think he doubts me until, perhaps, I really make him doubt me because of my blushes."

IN LIGHTER VIEN.

Atlanta Constitution.]

Two men were standing at the gate of a country farm-yard whittling sticks and giving each other dots about managing women. "Talk sassy to 'em," the man on the outside of the fence said, "an ye'll see how they'll be fatch down."

Just then the cabin door opened, and a red-headed, long-necked woman yelled:

"Say, 'Zeke, ther flour's out!"

"Out whar?" he yelled back.

"Outen ther bar'l," she answered.

"Wall, put it back an' cover it up tighter," he replied, while the outside man grinned.

"Don't you see how she's hacked a'ready?" he laughed, when the fiery top-knot disappeared.

"I does," spoke the elated victor. Presently the same shrill voice cried:

"Zeke, I'se gwine over to mar's, an' if ye think ther measles are ketchin', I'll leave ther baby hyar."

"Dunno whether they's ketchin' or not," replied the husband. "I've never seed 'em ketch enything."

Again the head was drawn back, amid applause from the outside. The next time the door opened the muzzle of a shotgun was poked out, and a bead drawn on the saucy man.

"Zeke," came in a solemn voice.

"Melindy," he gasped, looking in vain for some place to dodge.

"Zeke," she continued, "ther flour's out."

"All rite, I'm offter the mill at once," he answered shiveringly.

"Zeke, I'm gwine over ter mar's a spell, d'ye think the measles is ketchin'?"

"No, Melindy, I seed pap ter day, an' he sed the chillunz wuz all well."

"Kerrect," she said, lowering the gun, "I'm off. Ye can sorter clean up the place 'till I git back, but be shore ter stay inside while I'm gone."

"All right," he answered meekly, moving aside to let her pass.

COL. ED. RICHARDSON has ordered work stopped on the railroad he is building from Carolina Landing to Deer Creek. The old gentleman is reported as saying he'll be d—d if he intends to build railroads for other people to control.—Mississippian.

Well, who cares? If he wants to stop work on his little old toy railroad, let him do so. We never heard of his little trick before over in these parts. We didn't know he had a railroad, or ever seriously contemplated getting one. If the premature death of this narrow-guage contrivance of Col. Richardson's clogs up the wheels of progress to any alarming extent, and throws the country back to dependence on ox wagons, please let us know, so we can appreciate the situation and the cause of the lamentation sure to follow, [illegible] which being interpreted, means, "hence these steers." Our very best wishes, though, are with the little pocket railroad.—Meridian Sun.

Women are humane by nature. Who ever heard of one so much as ever stepping on a mouse?