THE CLARION.

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Special Agent.

Mr. R. K. Jayne is the duly authorized Agent of The Clarion, and we commend him to our friends in his travels through the State. He will transact any business for this office, and his contracts will have careful attention.

For the Clarion.]

AN OLD BUNCH OF KEYS.

Most reverently and affectionately dedicated to Col. J. F. H. Claiborne.*—Maggie A. Downing.

An old bunch of keys that hangs on the wall,
In the garret away from the light;
All tarnished, old fashioned,—their shape e'en recalls
The age they've been hidden from sight.
What use is the relic, begrimmed with the dust,
Why keep the old moldering mass?
How can the old skeletons, eaten with rust,
For a moment be treasures amassed?

Ah! Martha, away down the vista of life,
Have you carried my old heart to-night,
And I hear in the din of the passed away strife
The jingle of those keys in the light.
Those old rusty keys my darling unlock
The fairest, the loveliest for me,
And my soul is by rest and happiness rocked
When these relics I once again see.

I left the old homestead rosy and bright,
My heart full of love and of joy,
To glean the rich grain in the golden sunlight
Unmindful of snares to decoy;
On the threshold I knelt father's blessing to take,
Mother gave me her kiss at the step,
Each sister and brother, farewell at the gate,
Fondly bade me as sadly they wept.

But I was impatient to stem the wild waves,
To try my stout oars in the stream,
And I heard not the voice that told of the graves
To be made 'ere I finished my dream.
I had but a thought then of what I should be,
Coming back crowned with glory and fame,
Never doubting but what all should wait there for me
To welcome me home, when I came.

But alas for my dream, my beautiful dream;
My struggles severe were in vain;
The harder I fought farther down the wide stream
Did I find my light barque on the main;
The shores of childhood had vanished from sight,
Its flowers, its perfume, its rest,
And the grim towering banks of manhood by height
O'er shadowed my poor aching breast.

I never saw home, or dear ones again;—
All have gone and left me alone;
Cold, stranger hands possession have ta'en,
Of all my dearest have owned;
This old bunch of keys was given to me,
As I left that evening forever,
Strung on the wire as yonder you see,
That time not even can sever.

Emblems they were of keys to each heart,
Given to me as I left them;
Locking each heart e're I should depart,
Cast at my feet as I left them;
Though a heap of grim dust is all that remains
Of the dearest, the loveliest, the fair,
Still this old bunch of keys though rusty and stained,
Will unlock my treasures up there.

*Written before his death.

Recollections of the Battle of Mumfordsville.

Editors Clarion: Reminiscences of the Tenth Regiment, and its members, excites in me emotions that are deep and pleasant to brood over. For this reason I am constrained to write what I do, believing that some one should do so, in consideration of what has transpired in other quarters in past twelve months relative to this same battle.

Our last Legislature passed an act providing an appropriation for the removal of those of Chalmers' Brigade who were killed in the battle of Mumfordsville, Ky., on the 14th September, 1862. This most worthy act was mainly encouraged because of its exceptional features. It was originated by, championed and pushed to success, through the efforts, energy and devotion of our worthy comrade, Capt. E. T. Sykes, who is in his proper place as a member of our State Senate from Lowndes county. Now that so graceful and generous an act has been done for our dead comrades, I feel it to be the duty of those of us living to manifest in some way our earnest and heartfelt appreciation to our representatives. We are also due our sincere gratitude to Mr. James Smith, of Scotland, for manifest philanthropy, for his unswerving exhibit of patriotism, and for his crowning act of generosity in thus coming from across the broad waters to purchase the land and erect a monument on this our most sacred battlefield of all the war; also for his kindness in granting permission that our dead friends might be gathered from their unmarked graves and placed near this monument. This purchase of his is a private one, and the monument he erects near the railroad opposite Mumfordsville will be a massive and appropriate one.

On the part of Mr. James Smith this example of patriotism, generosity and love, is something too pure and grand not to command our respect and acknowledgement in these selfish times.

The battle of Mumfordsville was particularly disastrous to the Tenth Mississippi Regiment. Quite a number of our noble comrades were killed and wounded. The exact number I cannot now recall, nor can I remember many of their names. The dead are all in one long, wide grave, placed according to rank. Lt.-Col. Bullard is the first; Lt. Graham, of Co. "G." is next to him, and so on with the rest. Each wrapped in his grey blanket, with no other covering than mother earth. This battle was our hardest of all the war, because we had no chances to strike back, and by many is considered one of the most uncalled for. I am prone to charge some blame, but exactly where to place it I am not certain. We were all fresh, buoyant and eager for a fight. This spirit pervaded the file as well as the rank, and knowing this to be so, I am disposed to judge leniently. I think the nature of the ground should have been better understood by those in authority.

The facts, as near as I can now remember them, are these: In Gen. Bragg's famous Kentucky Campaign our brigade (Chalmers') headed the column on the route approaching the Louisville and Nashville railroad at Cave City. In the night of September 12th, we were directed by a forced march to reach this point, where we expected to intercept a train coming north. In the latter part of the night we quietly marched into the town and in a few moments had sentinels at every house and on every road leading away from the town. Our mission as to the train was a disappointment, but we soon found something else. Our officers got intelligence of another prospect not far away and began arranging for its capture. This was a little Fort and Camp of Instruction of the enemy on the south bank of Green river, immediately opposite Mumfordsville, and at the intersection of the river and railroad. Our information, as near as I remember, was that there were about 1500 recruits and some regulars in the fort. The whole thing would make our brigade a good, nice little breakfast, and we could dispose of it before the balance of the army would come up. On the 13th we moved forward to Horse Cave, where we cooked rations and waited for night before advancing further. That night we proceeded on the way to our prize, distant some four or five miles. On the morning of the 14th, dawn found us in the edge of an old field. Our brigade was here divided into two—the right and left wings, respectively under command of Col. Walthall, of the 29th, and Col. Smith of the 10th Regiments. The right wing was composed of Maj. Richards' battalion of sharp Shooters. Then the 29th under Lt.-Col. Brantley, the 7th under Col. Bishop, and then the 9th under Col. White. This line was placed above and parallel with the railroad, its right resting on the river. The left wing, under Col. Smith, was composed of the 44th (or Blythe's) under Lt.-Col. Moore, and the 10th, commanded by Lt.-Col. Bullard.

The 10th Regiment was on the extreme left, and with the 44th began the attack. Col. Bullard told me that as we neared the Fort, the right wing would then be thrown forward and the whole go in together. The distance we had to go was the greater, and was more difficult than theirs. As soon as it was light enough, our line of battle being all ready, our officers took their respective places. Capt. Walker, of the 10th Regiment, with his Company "A." as skirmishers, drove in the enemy's outposts and the order for us to forward was given. Our direction was, as we supposed, the whole way through an open field. Our starting point was from one hill, and the Fort was on another, with a hollow intervening. Over this hollow hung a dense fog of smoke, which in a great measure obscured our way, but under cover of which we could better make the assault. This smoke concealed the sequel to our terrible disaster. In the middle of this hollow was a ravine which had on its banks some large beech and other thick-limbed trees. These trees the enemy had cut down and felled with their tops in our direction, forming an almost impenetrable abattis, which was unknown to us till we came immediately upon it. Up to this point we had charged with a yell and an unbroken line, and up to this time, too, the enemy had reserved their fire, when all at once they unlimbered their guns, and the carnage began, raining a perfect hail-storm of shot and shell into our confused and disordered ranks. Our brave boys, with their characteristic and desperate heroism, threw themselves forward upon this brush and struggled to the front, only to become more and more entangled. Some of them succeeded in getting through, but the great majority, realizing their precarious situation, found protection behind the logs and limbs of this timber. The fates had turned against us, and a band of as noble fellows as ever made war for country or honor seemed a doomed sacrifice in the midst of this impenetrable jungle.

The enemy knew better than we did, our position. As the smoke cleared away, their aim became more accurate, and the slaughter from then on was murderous. We wanted them to come out from behind thir works, but in this we were not gratified. In our rear, as in front of us, their artillery from behind the walls of their Fort swept the face of the earth, rendering it utterly out of the question for us to either go forward or retreat. We were like worms in hot embers. The time we were kept in this position seemed an age, but was really some two hours. We were a grateful people when the battle had spent its fury and we saw coming in our direction a flag of truce. As the parties bearing it came in our direction from the Fort, Capt. Walker at the moment not seeing the flag, thought the enemy was coming out after us, and ordered some of his men to fire upon them, but this mistake was soon corrected and no harm done. It was very soon agreed among us that our killed and wounded could be removed from the field. While Capt. Walker and others of our boys met the flag on our right, the Regiment was being collected by Capt. Finlay on the left and the caring for our killed and wounded was begun. The spectacle before us was an awful one. Col. Smith had penetrated the timber, and was shot down within a few feet of the enemy's ditches. Col. Bullard and his noble old horse, sank in a lifeless mass without a struggle, literally shot to pieces. I was near him, and am satisfied that he was shot several times after being killed; the bodies of himself and horse were penetrated with some fifteen different missiles. In his vicinity were most of the other unfortunates, that having been the most exposed part of our line. Capt. Walker, our senior officer present, assumed command of the regiment and began directing its movements, when Maj. Barr, who was on Gen. Chalmers' staff, came to us at the request of Capt. Walker, took command and retained it for some days.

Back in the woods, the point from which we began the assault is where we buried our dead and in the order before mentioned. This duty performed, we moved with sad and disappointed feelings to the tasks that came before us, such as re-organizing and otherwise getting ready to go forward with the balance of the army then coming up. I was Adjutant of the Regiment, and for that reason could not go back over the field, but was told the logs and limbs behind which we sought protection, were on their surface shot to pieces. On some of them, there was not bark enough on any one place but that could be covered with the palm of your hand.

I never saw Col. Smith after he was carried off the field; my hands were full in the camp with making reports, etc. All my papers were back with the wagons, and Sergt.-Maj. French was ordered, with Capt. Dobson, to care for their mutual friend and kinsman, Col. Smith.

This left me without the usual assistance, with all the details to make, besides my reports, and such help as I could render in righting up the confusion. In the midst of all these things, the mock-honor was conferred upon our regiment as being the proper one to receive the fort's formal surrender.

Some three or four days after the battle, but while we were still on the field, Capt. J. M. Walker was recommended by a board of examiners, composed of Cols. Walthall, White and Bishop, for promotion, and was immediately appointed our Lt.-Colonel and assigned to command. Major Barr from then on continued with us. Col. Smith sent me a request that I would make him a list of the casualties. I was unable to get it ready at once, and when I did he had fallen into the enemy's hand. He was fond of his men, and this was a most natural request for him to make. He wanted to know who suffered with him. I have always regretted my inability to reach him with this report.

Under the circumstances, the conception of this battle on the part of Gen. Chalmers was a most natural one. He was of human nature, and like the rest of us, chafed under his disappointment at Cave City. I believe the successful capture of the enemy's position there, was possible. We were quite strong enough, and but for the obstruction would have gone over the walls, with but little if any loss. Gen. Chalmers may be to blame for not knowing the nature of the ground better, but I blame him most and think him justly censurable, for not forcing his right wing to a vigorous attack as soon as he saw we were caught in a trap. I believe just at this time was his dilemma; he was paralyzed to find us in such a predicament and held the balance back for fear of further slaughter.

No nobler body of men ever moved forward to battle than were the 10th and 44th Mississippi Regiments on this occasion. "Our plumed Knight," Col. R. A. Smith, whose rich voice could be distinctly heard in the din of battle, proudly led to the charge, followed in their respective places by Lt.-Cols. Bullard and Moore with their regiments. This was the order in which they began, and was the order in which they fell. Col. Smith was mortally wounded, while Colonels Bullard and Moore were killed outright. Cols. Smith and Bullard were held in the strongest and highest esteem (and so was Col. Moore by his regiment) by all their men, and in their death the 10th Mississippi regiment sustained an irreparable loss; indeed we never afterward felt the same pride and hope. They were both by nature of a high order of manhood; they were patriots and gentlemen in the purest sense, and were most excellent officers. In some particulars, they were quite different, but in generalities there was analogy enough in their natures, to make them the most congenial and confiding friends. Col. Smith was about thirty years of age, a thorough Scotchman—was a native, I believe, of that grand old country. He was certainly a true prototype of its chivalrous character. He was of commanding appearance, and his presence always inspired an assuring influence. With us he was without a peer.

Lt.-Col. Bullard was another grand old Roman. More than sixty summers had been made the brighter because he had outlived them. He was too bent with years to be a prepossessing soldier in appearance, but God never made a braver, purer or a truer one, nor one who gave his life more willingly for the cause he honestly believed was just and right.

We should honor and always venerate the graves of our dead comrades.

Respectfully,
D. A. Campbell, Jr.

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"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

A SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

Text—Lamentations iii:39: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

If we leave to evolutionists, said Dr. Talmage, to guess where we came from, and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we have still left for consideration the fact that we are here. There may be doubts about where the river rises and about where it empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I wonder not that everybody is asking the question, "Is life worth living?" Solomon, in his unhappier moments, says it is not. Vanity, vexation, no good, are his estimate. He was a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife will make a man happy, more than one will make him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last line of his last book leaves him on the mountain of spices. But Jeremiah, in my text, says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be dirgeful and sepulchral, called "Lamentations," he sets forth the fact that the blessing of merely living is so grand and exalted a blessing that, though all misfortunes and disasters were piled on a man, he has no right to complain. The author of our text breaks out in startling intonation to ask all the centuries and ages of time,

"WHY SHOULD A LIVING MAN COMPLAIN?"

There is a great diversity of opinion now as well as in olden times. Here is a young man, light hair, blue eyes, sound digestion, generous salary, popular in society, affianced happily, on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is now an important clerk. Ask him the question, "Is life worth living?" and he will laugh in your face at the question, saying, "Yes, yes; yes!" But here is a man who, somewhere in the forties, has come to the top of the hill and every step has been a stumble and a bruise. He has been cheated out of what money he made. Those whom he trusted have proved deserters. His nervous system is out of tune and his appetite is poor, and what he does eat is not assimilated. Forty miles to the top of the hill of life have been like ascending the Matterhorn, and he has yet to travel forty miles down again to the foot of the hill. Descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he drawls out a shivering, lugubrious and appalling, "No, no; no!" Indeed, sometimes you will find a man oscillating between opinions on this subject. As his circumstances change his theories change. If of a very mercurial temperament his opinion about the worth or worthlessness of life may depend upon the direction of the wind. If the wind blow from the northwest he will say "yes," if the wind blow from the northeast he will say "no." How, then, are we to decide? Suppose we gather the human race in a great convention in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere and put the question to a vote, requiring that all who believe in the affirmative say "aye," and all who believe in the negative say "no." While hundreds of thousands will vote in the affirmative, more millions would vote in the negative, and, because of the fact that more people are in annoyance and trouble than in unalloyed prosperity, the noes would have it.

The answer I give to-day is different from either answers, and I think it will commend itself to all who hear me as the right answer. If you ask me whether life is worth living, I answer with all the emphasis of body, mind and soul: It all depends upon

THE KIND OF LIFE YOU LIVE.

First, a life that sets out with the one idea of money-getting never pays, for the reason that you will never get enough to satisfy you. The poorest men are those who have a million dollars and the next poorest are those who have a half million. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn that is so absorbingly anxious to make money as those men who have for many years piled it up in stocks or government securities, or tenement houses or city blocks. You ought to see them jump when the fire-bell rings. You ought to see their excitement when the Marine Bank explodes. You ought to scrutinize their feelings when reformation in the tariff is proposed. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but without any music in the vibration. They read the morning report of Wall street doings with concernment that threatens paralysis or appoplexy. More probably they have a private telegraph in their house or telephone, through which they catch every breath of change in the money market. They are eaten up with the disease of accumulation. It gets into their heart, into their liver, into their spleen, into their brain, into their bones. Chemists have analyzed the human body and found it to be made up of so much lime and so much magnesia and so much chloride of pottassium. If these financial behemoths were analyzed by some moral chemist they would be found to be made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That style of life

IS NOT WORTH LIVING.

There are so many earthquakes in it. There are so many agonies in it. There are so many shipwrecks in it. There are so many perditions in it. They build their castles and open their picture galleries and summon the prima donnas and make every inducement for happiness to come, but she will not. They send footmaned and postillioned equipages to fetch her, but she will not ride to their doors. They send a person to escort her thither, but she will not take their arm. They call to her from the upholstered balcony, but she looks the other way. They make their gateways triumphal arches to tempt her, but she will not pass under. They set for her a golden throne before a golden plate, but she turns away from the banquet. However, this is the failure of those who have the largest accumulation. The most of those who make the one idea of life money-making die far short of affluence. It is estimated in all parts of this land that only two out of a hundred business men are successful. A life with the idea of money-making dominant is not worth living.

So also a life that chiefly strives for worldly approval is a failure. The two most unfortunate men for the next six months will be the two men who secure the nominations for the Presidency. The two reservoirs of malediction are gradually filling up, gallon above gallon, hogshead full after hogshead full, and about mid-summer the two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each of these two reservoirs and they will begin to play on the two nominees, and they will have to stand and take it, the falsehood, the sarcasm, the caricature, the venom, the caterwauling, the anathema, the filth, and they will be thrown down into it, and rolled over and choked, and submerged and strangled, and at every sign of returning animation barked at by all the hounds of political party, from the St. Lawrence to Mobile Bay. To win that great privilege a hundred candidates to-day, with their thousands of friends, are struggling.

But the misery of a life aiming for political preferment is seen on a smaller scale in

THE STRIFE FOR SOCIAL POSITION.

In every community, to win it, men and women by the thousands are striving with attention terrific. What is social position? It is not easily defined, but all know what it is. Good morals and education are not necessary for it, but wealth or show of wealth is indispensable. A man may be as notorious for his libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness, but he moves in it. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in high social position in America to-day. Their names appear in the list of important personages at the great levees. They have annexed for themselves all the known vices and are looking for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary for what is called high social position. Nor is intelligence necessary. There are in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they should meet it a hundred times a day, and could not write a note of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They bought their libraries by the square foot, only anxious to have the books in Russian binding. Impersonations of ignorance so sublime they make the English grammar disreputable, and yet they find the finest parlors open to them. But while good morals or intelligence are not necessary wealth is everything, or the appearance of it. It makes no difference how he got his money, if he only got it. He may have gained it by failing four or five times, that being in this country the most rapid mode of accumulation. The quickest way of getting into high social position is to buy all you can on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, make provision for some special friends and then make an assignment and then go, no one knows where, until you turn up in time to start again. Don't you see how beautifully you have put your neighbors in the same kind of business in bad predicament, and so much sooner you can get

IN HIGH SOCIAL POSITION.

But really get out of money and how soon you will drop out, and the higher you are up the harder you will drop. Tens of thousands of people, anxious to reach that social realm, and thousands in it fear they will lose their grip, and every year and month and day there are changes that involve heartbreaks never reported. Social life is in a perpetual flutter with the delicate question as to who shall be let in and who shall be pushed out, and the battle goes on, pier mirror against pier mirror, upholstery against upholstery, Chickering grand against Chickering grand, wine cellar against wine cellar, drawing-room against drawing-room, equipage against equipage. Insecurity and uncertainty rampant, and it is wretchedness enthroned and torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

Thus I put before you the lifetime mistakes of a great multitude. But now I sketch for you a life worth living. A young man says: I am here. For my ancestry I am not responsible. Others decided that. For my temperament I am not responsible. God gave me that. Here I am in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, and I am twenty years of age. Let me take an account of stock: A body which is a divinely constructed engine, and I must put it to the best uses, and allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Feet, and they mean locomotion. Eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out the best way. Ears, and they mean telephones of connection with all the world, and capacity to take in music and the voices of friendship, the best music. A tongue, and with it an almost infinity of accentuation. Yea, hands to welcome, to resist, to lift, to strike, to wave, to bless, to help myself and help others. Surrounding galleries of a world which, after 6000 years of battling with tempest and accident, is, even in its dilapidation, better than any architect, human or angelic, could have draughted. Two lamps for me, a golden lamp and a silver lamp; the one set on the saphire mantle of the sky; the other on the jet mantle of the night. More than that, at twenty years of age I have something that defies all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to love and hate and choose and reject and rejoice and suffer. Plato says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. An old book found in our family relics, of worn-out cover, some of its pages almost obliterated by much perusal, joins in with the other books, and says I am immortal.

Now I must

LAY OUT MY PLANS

for sixty years in this world, and that will make me eighty. I may not live an hour, but I must have plans, and so I take in calculation sixty more years, added to my past twenty, and I must keep in mind that these sixty years are a short preface to the 500,000 quintillions of years that make up the volume of my existence. These, then, are my resources and my opportunities. If there be an all-wise and all-beneficent Being anywhere in the universe to help me, I want him at this tremendous juncture. The old leather-covered book among the family relics says there is a God, and that for the sake of His son, one Lord Jesus, He will help. To Him I apply, now I start for it. Sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. This body I shall develop by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all fresh air and sunshine, and this soul, it shall be swept and garnished and glorified by all that I can do for it, and all that I can get God to do for it. I am going to have it a Luxemburg of all grand pictures, an ochestra of all grand harmonies, a palace in which God and righteousness shall hold dominon. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the remaining sixty years that will bring me to eighty. I will try. I wonder how many kind deeds I can do in these six coming decades. I will try, Lord God, help me in this consecration!

Well, busy life opens for that young man. Disappointments chase him. Graves open all around him. He makes mistakes and falls, but never surrenders his faith, and his life is one of blessing to himself and blessing to others. God forgives his errors and makes everlasting account of his holy endeavors and greets him at last with "Well done, good and faithful servant." You can chisel on that man's tomb the words:

"HIS WAS A LIFE WORTH LIVING."

In the olden time, among the mountains of New Hampshire, there sits a mother. There are six children in the house, four sons and two daughters. The farm is small and very rough, and it requires very hard work to coax out of it a living. It is a mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys are sent to school in winter and work on the farm in summer. The mother with her own hands knits all the stockings for the little feet, is the mantua-maker for the boys and milliner for the girls, and the presiding spirit of the whole household. The only musical instrument in the place is the spinning wheel. The food, though plain, is always well prepared. The winters, though very cold, are kept out by blankets she quilted. On Sabbath day when she appears in the house of God with her family the minister looks down at them and thinks of the description of a good housewife in Proverbs: "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Years pass on and two of the older boys ask for a college education, and then the economics of the New England farmhouse become severer and the calculations closer, and until the boys are educated it is a battle to get bread. One of the boys entered the Gospel ministry, and in a pulpit of wide influence preaches righteousness, temperance and judgment of God. The other son enters the law and passes on into legislative halls and commands the attention of listening Senates, while he pleads for the oppressed and the down-trodden.

One of the younger sons enters commercial life at the foot of the ladder and climbs up till his successor and his philanthropies are known all over the land. The other son stays on the farm, because that style of life the better pleases him, and because that he wishes to take care of father and mother when they get old. Of the two daughters one of them, when the war broke out, went through the hospitals at Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering the dying and homesick, and took the last messages for kindred far away, and when Christ thought of her, he said as of old: "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, from which in the afternoon, after devoting the forenoon of each day to her own family, she goes forth to look after the sick and encourage the disheartened, leaving smiles and benefaction everywhere. After awhile there are five telegrams sent from the New England village, telling the three sons and two daughters to come home, for mother is dangerously ill, and before they can get ready to come five more telegrams are started, saying: "Mother is dead." The neighbors come in and stay around the old farm-house to do the last offices of respect. And as the farm son, and the Senator, and the clergyman, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand at the casket of their mother, taking the last look, or lift up their little children to see the wrinkled face of old grandma, I would like to ask them this question, Don't you think that her life was worth living? Oh, yes! A life for others is always worth living. A life for God was always worth living. An honest life, a pure life, a consecrated life, a Christian life is worth living.

It would be no difficult thing to make you believe that

OLD PETER COOPER,

making glue, then amassing a fortune, then building a great specimen of philanthropy that has found its echo in a thousand other educational philanthropies, had a life worth living. It would be no difficult thing to make you believe that she had a life worth living. Susanna Wesley, starting out one son to organize Methodism, and the other son to make all ages echo with hymnology. Or that she had a life worth living, Florence Lee, organizing institutions for the scientific nursing of the sick in England, and then when war broke out between France and Germany going to the front, and with her own hands scraping the mud off the bodies of soldiers dying in the trenches, and wetting the heads nights to keep down delirium, and pushing back to his couch a German frenzied with his wounds as he persisted in dashing out and going home to "*liebe mutter*," and major generals stood back to let pass this angel of mercy. You can understand that Grace Darling, the heroine of the life-boat, had a life worth living, and do not wonder that the proprietors of Adelphi Theatre in London offered her $100 a night to sit in a life-boat in a shipwreck scene being enacted.

Ah, my friends, all your lives are worth living, whether conspicuous or inconspicuous, if you are trying to live right. Let this remark sink deep into your souls: You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the use you make of the talents you possess. And then remember that this life is the vestibule of another life, and who despises the entrance of a palace? It is the first bar of endless oratorio, and who despises the first strain of Haydn's symphonies? The life here is worth living, more particularly because it is introductory to the life that never ends.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

STYLES OF ADDRESS.

How the President and Other Public Men Should Be Addressed.

A Washington letter to the New York Evening Post says: "I have been considerably amused in glancing over the addresses on letters to public men, to notice the different styles which are used by people living at a distence. For instance, some communications are addressed to the "Hon. Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States." The simplest and best form is to write, "To the President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C." In addressing the President personally you should always say, "Mr. President." "Your Honor," or "Your Excellency" is never used, and it is considered in bad taste, yet it is no uncommon thing to hear public men from the different parts of the country in open conversation with the President in these terms. The official title of the Governor of Massachusetts is "His Excellency," and that of Lieutenant-Governor, "His Honor," but the President has no official title, and is called simply, "Mr. President." In addressing communications to the cabinet officers you should, however, write "The Hon. Chas. T. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; the Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy," etc.; but in personal intercourse you would always say "Mr. Secretary," "Mr. Attorney-General," or "Mr. Postmaster General." Should you write to a Senator, you should direct to "The Hon. Geo F. Hoar, M. C., Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.," and if a formal communication, commence the epistle, "Mr. Senator," which title you should always use in private conversation with him. Of course if you are an intimate friend you could take greater liberties, and perhaps call him "Dear George," or something of that sort; but I am talking now upon formal communications. A member of the House is not so particular, however. You should address him after this style: "The Hon. John D. Long, M. C., House of Representatives, Washington, D. C." In speaking to a member you would ordinarily address him by his last name, but if he had ever been a speaker, governor, or senator, invariably give him that title, for it is not only customary, but it gives him the impression that you have made a particular study of his record. Many a man has wrecked his chances by calling an ex senator simply "Mr. Black."

You must have some knowledge of the war in order to steer skilfully around among these statesmen. If a member has been a general, call him that, and you can safely go down as far as major, but I would advise you to draw the line in the last-named title, for a man who has served during the war, and risen no higher than a captain, does not like to have it thrown up in his face after he has been elected to Congress. I do not know how the custom was originated to limit the title to the grade of major, but I do know it to be a fact nevertheless. In addressing the speaker of the House, you should always say "Mr. Speaker," and never Mr. Carlisle, and the justices of the United States supreme court, the court of claims and other judicial bodies of final resort, as "Mr. Chief Justice," and "Mr. Justice." This is a Republican form of government, where every man is supposed to be as good as every other man, and a little better if he can make himself so, and these titles which I have mentioned are as immovable as the long line in the court of "Victoria R."

Pearls of Thought.

It is vanity to desire to live long, and not to care to live well.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother—luxury.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life comforteth the mind.

Who hath a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself?

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Affect not to be otherwise, but rather acknowledge thine own ignorance.

Learned men are never anxious to seem learned to others, and to be called wise.

Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.—Bishop Middleton.

Woman's Fitness for Office Work.

A writer in the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Constitutionalist, says: I desire a few words with the readers of the Chronicle on a subject, the mention of which will doubtless excite in their minds a greater or less degree of nterest. To the multitude daily absorbed in the great battle of life, the suggestion will be measureably new; to the few, a necessity thought of between time in a way more or less vague, but a question, once entertained, that will not down; to all, this question, whether it shall have arrested the reader's attention for the first time or have been considered as just intimate, will command itself as worthy of serious consideration: "Shall new avenues of honorable employment be opened up to women?"

I do not pretend to be the *avant courier* in the presentation of this vital inquiry to our people, although I confess, with pardonable gladness of heart, that it has been pressing itself upon my thoughts for several years past. At intervals, responding to my convictions, I have endeavored to throw out a seasonable word, here and yonder, in advocacy of the affirmative of the interrogatory propounded.

The proposed departure is in the nature of a revolution and time has been recognized as necessary to, and depended on for, a juncture at which to inaugurate a public and general discussion of the question.

It is new to us of the South. Our civilization and circumstances prior to 1865 rendered it unnecessary that any such question should be for a moment considered. In those days, as in these, woman was set upon a pedestal to be admired and loved—praise-worthyily regarded as the embodiment of ail that was and is virtuous, true and beautiful. Hat in hand, I bow low in honor of that trait in the fathers; I would have that trait assiduously cultivated and developed. But, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, we must recognize the situation as it is and adjust ourselves to the urgent demands of the occasion. The day is passed, if indeed, it ever existed, when the limit of a woman's ambition should be marriage; or that every woman, regardless of her intellectual make up, should be restricted to what are denominated "domestic duties"; or that every woman, regardless of her qualifications for more remunerative and healthful employment, should be limited to the needle as the means whereby to earn her daily bread.

The writer yields to no man in a sinsere and pure-minded admiration of every true woman, whether clad in calico or in satin, hence he would be as slow as the slowest to thrust women unnecessarily forward into the business world; never, never into the world of politics.

More than ever before in the history of our beloved section, hundreds of women are dependent for support on their own exertions. Very, very many, running a sewing machine all the day long and oft-times far into the night, find it diffiult to do more than keep a dust of meal in the barrel and a little oil in the cruse. Pray what shall they do but sew or teach? Are not both these professions, if you please, overcrowded? What other avenues are open? You answer that sales ladies are employed by some merchants and that girls find work in our book binderies and paper box factories. Yes, a few are thus employed, and they make faithful and pains taking employees. They may stand anxiously waiting for employment. There are, however, scores of ladies, middle aged and young, whose education is of a character to qualify them for responsible positions in insurance and factory offices; in banks and in lawyers' offices; as book-keepers, confidential clerks and private secretaries.

The writer believed this to be true. Three years ago, he determined to test his belief. A young lady entered his office, the work of which latter requires application, judgment, and executive ability. She did well, but retired after a time because she did not like the work. I then invited an honor graduate of one of our best female colleges to take the position. She accepted and for one year kept the books, aided me with the correspondence, received and disposited all moneys, drew checks and attended to all bank busines. She quickly mastered the business in all its details, and proved herself equal to every emergency that rose in the perplexing duties of the office. On a certain occasion, whilst I was en route North, advice was received at my office that a powerful effort was being made to annul a five year old contract which I had made with a corporation in a neighboring State, and which involved large interests to my house. The young lady grasped the situation, instantly wired me "on the wing," forwarded the documents by mail, and from Philadelphia I was enabled to defeat the scheme of my opponent. But for the judgement and promptness of my clerk, the work of weeks would have gone for naught. On another occasion, while I was in Atlanta, I wired parties North on an important matter of business. By mistake they answered me by telegraph at Augusta. My clerk instantly repeated the telegram to me at Atlanta, and thus saved time and business. That young lady was in charge of my office one year, when she withdrew for the purpose of devoting months to special study North. I have yet to trace an error she committed or discover a mistake she made. She was succeeded by another bright young lady, who faithfully and acceptably discharged the duties of the office until elected to a position in one of our leading schools. She in turn, was succeeded by the young lady in charge at this writing. The latter has kept the books and attended to all bank matters. She has proved herself apt, full of resources, and most efficient. My experience has confirmed me in the opinion entertained that women are quick to apprehend the duties of any position to which they are assigned, and for which, by education, they may be qualified. They have application, honesty, persistency, judgment—in a word all the requisites. They are not "eye servants." Young ladies rapidly master the type-writer and can, as rapidly become proficient in stenography. Thus equipped, they are in position to deserve and command good salaries.

Some one inquires: "Should a young lady take position in an office as indicated?" I answer: "Why not!" Her presence will have a purifying, elevating effect upon the office atmosphere and surroundings, and she will discharge the duties of the position, to which she may be called, with fidelity and accuracy.

There are, moreover, those who are prompted, in their desire for positions of the kind mentioned, less by stern necessity than by a spirit of independence and a laudable ambition to improve to the highest point possible, the talents God gave them. Rich in their moral and intellectual womanhood, they feel they cannot afford to stand all the day idle. Why should they be denied the opportunities they seek—opportunities by which they would exalt the virtues and capabilities of their sex? It is because society might be disposed to debar and exclude them from a circle in which they may be accustomed to move? "Society that would resort to that course is lightly to be regarded; it is society so-called.

Let the departure be taken, and a new avenue to honorable living will be opened to a large number of thoroughly qualified ladies, in this city and State, and throughout the South, each of whom is extremely anxious for such an opening and simply besides her time to demonstrate that her abilities are limited only by her opportunities.

As to the young ladies of the future I have now nothing to say further than this: When Georgia resolves to establish a school of technology wherein the hands and eyes, as well as the brains of her boys shall be trained, there will be those who will see to it that ample provision is made for the technical education of her girls. The importance of technical instruction is growing upon the people, and the opinion is rapidly crystallising that it is the duty of the State at the earliest day practicable, to found and put into operation a firstclass technical institute.

A "PRINCELY" PRESIDENT.

How the "Dignity of His Office" is Maintained at the Expense of the People.

Washington Cor. New York World.]

"No occupant of the White House ever entertained so brilliantly, nor with such a princely liberality, as President Arthur," remarked an old resident of Washington to the World correspondent this morning. "He is certainly a model President in that respect, and though I differ with him politically, I admire him for that. The number of White House officials and attendants is greater than that ever employed by any of his predecessors, and he entertains the distinguished guests of his own and other countries with a generosity that is simply princely in its character. I tell you, sir, he maintains the dignity of his high office in a most agreable and becoming manner, and his receptions and dinners are models of taste and elegance. He's a big-hearted man, is Chester A. Arthur," remarked the gentleman, in conclusion, "and he not only possesses the courtly grace of a Chesterfield, but is as lavish in his expenditures as was Sam Ward in his halcyon days when, as king of the lobby, he entertained and made merry with his friends in Congress and out of it. The Presidential establishment, for the first time in my knowledge, has the proper appointments. And all this, mind you, is at Mr. Arthur's personal expense. The money that goes to pay the small army which comprises his retinue comes out of his own pocket. Grant, with all his wealth, wouldn't do it, neither would Garfield, and as for Hayes—well, nobody expected it from him and they were not disappointed."

With all due respect to this enthusiastic admirer of President Arthur's accomplishments, who really believed he was speaking the truth, President Arthur does nothing of the kind. The money that goes to keep up this princely establishment comes from the pockets of the people. The flowers that adorn the tables glittering with silver and cut glass on the breakfast and dining-rooms of the White House are cultivated and culled at the Government expense; the supplies that are consumed at the table by the guests are drawn by President Arthur from the United States army commissary, and even the drugs and medicines used for the members of his family are obtained on requisitions from the army dispensary. At his brilliant entertainments Mr. Arthur employs colored clerks, messengers and laborers, who are on the pay roll in the various departments, as waiters, without extra pay.

IS $50,000 A YEAR EMOUGH?

To the minds of most people it would appear that a salary of $50,000 a year ought to enable a man to pay at least for his domestic servants, as the Government makes provision for everything else, and the fact that Congress failed to make provision for Presidential cooks and lackeys indicates pretty clearly that the representatives of the people proposed that the incumbent of the White House should defray the cost of such attendants, regulating their number and cost to suit his pleasure and his purse. But it remains for Mr. Arthur to venture on a strictly new departure in this connection, and while receiving high credit for his royal generosity to saddle the whole cost of it upon the people who never authorized it.

Congress provides that the rent of the Presidential mansion shall be free to the occupant during his incumbancy of the office of President; it also provides fuel, gas and table supplies, but it does not, as already stated, make provision for domestic attendance. Mr. Arthur, however, manages to saddle this cost also on the government, and the means he employs to accomplish it are such that their legality might be a question worthy of consideration at the hands of Mr. Springer's investigating committee, which will find itself materially aided by the light which the World now sheds on the matter.

PRIVATE SERVANTS ON PUBLIC PAY.

An examination of the official Register of the Employees of the Government for 1884 will corroborate the statement that many of the White House attendants—which should look to Mr. Arthur solely for their pay—are on the regular pay-rolls of the Government and are specially "assigned" for duty at the Presidential mansion. Let us look at the list:

Howard Williams fills the role of steward, and receives the handsome salary of $1,800 a year. For twelve years Williams was the body servant of ex-Senator Conkling.

Alexander Powell, a mulatto, is designated as "usher." For this he receives $1,400. Powell renders no service to the Government, unless the carrying of verbal messages to Mr. Arthur's lady admirers and looking after his magnificent wardrobe constitutes Government service. He is also known as "the President's private messenger."

In the Blue Book, under the title "Office of the President, U. S. A.," the names of Williams and Powell will be found.

Under the title "Engineer at Large in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds in Washington and the District of Columbia," Colonel Rockwell in charge, on page 370 Blue Book, the inquirer will find: Miss Bridget Smith, housekeeper, salary $30 a month. Bridget renders no service whatever to the Government. She was chambermaid and waitress in his house on Lexington avenue, New York, and now acts as chambermaid at the White House. Let us follow the list:

"Miss Henrietta Gimpert, laborer"(?), receives $25 a month. She was the French maid to Mr. Arthur's daughter Nellie in New York, and fills a similar place at the White House. Although she renders no service to the Government she receives her pay from the people all the same.

"Miss Kate Tully, laborer (?), pay $30 a month. She is Mr. Arthur's cook, brought from his New York home, and is now employed at the White House, but renders no service to the Government.

"Miss Mary White, laundress," pay $30 a month. She puts the exquisite gloss on the Presidential linen, but renders no public service.

"Miss Ella White, laundress," assists her namesake in this delightful occupation, and also receives $25 a month from the public treasury.

"Isaiah Lancaster, laborer," pay $50 a month. Isaiah is dining-room servant at the Executive Mansion and renders no Government service.

"Jerry Smith, laborer," pay $50 a month. Jerry is also a dining room servant in the White House.

"Beverly Amos, laborer," pay $50 a month. He is employed in the dual role of dining-room servant at the Executive Mansion and footman on Arthur's carriage, his livery even being paid for at Government expense.

"Anderson, laborer," pay $50 a month. He is in charge of the White House gas and fires, but does no duty for the Government.

"Daniel Spriggs, laborer," pay $50 a month. Daniel fill the responsible post of valet to Chester A. Arthur, jr., the President's hopeful son. He requires assistance, however, in this laborious occupation, and is provided in the person of "Edwin Thomas, laborer," whose second title is "assistant valet" to young Chester. For this work Edwin receives $37,50 a month.

Alex. Fortin, French cook at the White House, employed during the session of Congress, is on the pay-roll of the depot quarter-master in Washington at a salary of $100 a month, and his name consequently does not appear in the Blue Book. He renders no Government service.

A darky by the name of "Lemos," on the rolls of the Treasury as clerk, pay $1,400 a year, does no duty for the Government, save shave the President, secretaries and clerks at the White House.

IN THE STABLES, TOO.

The White House stables are divided into two parts, one for the use of the President's horses, the other the horses supposed to be used for office work connected with the Executive Mansion. This part of the stable contains at present eight horses, seven of which belong to the Government and are drawn from the depot quartermaster stationed in Washington, and one horse the private property of William H. Crook, clerk in the office of the President to sign land patents. This horse of Crook's is kept at Government expense. Crook buys no feed for the horse. Further, he has a man on the pay-rolls of the depot quartermaster by the name of John Cobb, who takes care of the horse and wagon. Crook airs himself en the road every afternoon, behind his fleet-footed mare.

Two other very speedy and fine-looking horses, belonging to the Government and at Government expense, are kept there for the use. of the "dude's" private secretary, Fred J. Phillips, to drive befoie a very stylish light side-bar road wagon, bought out of the contingent fund of the office. Phillips drives out every fine day. William Willis is the man on the pay-rolls of the depot quartermaster to take care of this turn-out; pay $60 a month.

Two other fine horses are kept there to be used for the office coupe which carries the secretary who conveys the messages of the President to the Senate and Congress and to carry Phillips to his home and make social calls nights. Willis also takes care of this turn-out.

Two other horses are kept there (one has gone blind and was sent away last week), to be used before a vehicle called an office carriage, used by the President and his family for private use nights to save wear and tear of his own stock; used also to take the President's daughter's playmates out afternoons; also, for use of the Secretary's clerks in the office of the President to convey their families out for a drive.

One horse belonging to the Government and kept at Government expense, kept there to drive to a "carry-all" for use of the messengers, servants and their friends when they need an airing. Man on the rolls of the depot quartermaster by the name of Sims, or Semmes, paid $50 a month to look out for the same.

Albert Hawkins, coachman for Chester A. Arthur, jr., is on the pay-roll of the deputy quartermaster at a salary of $39 a month.

The above list, which is not believed to include the full army of White House attendants which are drawing their pay from the Government for private services rendered to Mr. Arthur and his family, will convey a pretty clear idea of how the "big-hearted" President manages to maintain the "dignity of his office" and to win for himself the reputation of being a prince of good fellows and a right royal entertainer of distinguished guests.

Belhaven.

Hazlehurst Signal.]

On the outskirts of Jackson, just far enough away to be free from the dust, bustle and activity of the city, is the palatial residence of Col. Jones S. Hamilton, State Senator from Hinds county. It is an elegant, two-story building, supplied with all the modes, appliances and conveniences, and situated on a prominence overlooking a large grove of majestic oaks. It is a typical Southern home, and a generous hospitality is extended by the Colonel and his worthy lady that was characteristic of the open hearted Southern people in ante-bellum days. We found it as its name implies, a "Sweet Rest," and a place where domestic felicity and contentment reigned—where the friend and visitor were made to realize that the hospitality was sincere. It was our good fortune to be assigned to the tender care of the Colonel and his lady, and we have no hesitancy in saying that none of the press members were more royally entertained than we, and none took their leave of Jackson so well satisfied with their treatment. The Colonel has around him all kinds of fine stock, which it was our pleasure to inspect. He has the Jersey cattle, Berkshire hogs, and the finest blooded horses and mules, and is engaged in stockraising on an extensive scale. Lying in the valley of Pearl river he has a large body of find land, level as a floor, which is covered with a fine growth of Bermuda grass, and devoted to pasturage. Standing on the front porch you have a picturesque view of the entire valley, dotted here with horses and colts, there with the docile and favorite Jerseys, and yonder with gamboling sheep of a choice breed. We also visited the poultry yards of Mrs. Hamilton. In one we found the popular Plymouth Rocks, in another the Buff Cochins, in another the Red Cochins, and in still another Pekin and Rouen ducks, the first being as large as geese and snowy white. Mrs. Hamilton seems to pay the most attention to the Buff Cochins, though she believes the Plymouth Rocks are her favorites. Just down at the foot of the hill is a large pond of clear limpid water, in which has been placed quite a number of carp, and in this pond sport the ducks and geese in almost countless numbers. We had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Mr. Will Hamilton and his lady. The latter we found to be fascinating in manners, who by her grace and winning ways added greatly to the pleasantness of our visit. We hope that when the next Association meets every member may be so fortunate as we were at Jackson. We trust that Belhaven may survive the rocks of ages, and that its inmates may always be surrounded by the blessings of this life and reap the final reward vouchsafed to the faithful.

Progressive Journalism.

Under ordinary circumstances pity for the New York Sun would restrain us, to-day at least from comments upon its unpatriotic opposition to the Navy Appropriation bill. A more signal snubbing than the Sun's friend Randall got in the House of Representatives yesterday for acting on its bad advice concerning that bill seldom happens to a chairman of the Committe on Appropriations.

But the Sun's exploit yesterday, of patching together two colums of excerpts from the Herald in order to hide within our skirts from public reprobation, raises a question in the ethics of journalism which deserves to be discussed even though the debate trenches on the period which ordinarily would be allowed to the Sun for solitary mourning. While we do not grudge our little neighbor the shelter it seeks, and while we are glad to see that it feels the need of a hiding place yet we must drag it out from the Herald's skirt long enough to chastise its assertion that incessant consistency is a requisite in journalism.

Such a theory of the conduct of a journal is fatal to progress. We are proud that the Herald never sacrifices the public welfare to the conceit of consistency. The Herald lives and learns, and whenever it learns anything good it never hesitates to advocate it, however inconsistent that may be with previous expressions of opinion. We regret that so interesting a journal as the Sun—one capable of so much usefulness—should advance the contrary theory. But we are consoled by the fact that, whatever the Sun's theory is, inconsistentcy is its usual practice. It is needless to mention more instances of this than will occur to every reader of our sprightly little neighbors sheet by the suggestion of its various opinions at various times concerning General Grant, Boss Kelly and William S. Holman.

Whenver the Sun makes exceptions to this practice—as, for instances, in its obstinate incessant resistence to the strengthening of the army and navy of the United States—it is apt to go wrong, and thereby to suffer such mortifications as happened to it and its friend Randall yesterday at Washington.—N. Y. Herald.

Then we were forced to turn our unwilling faces homeward, and let our visit to Jackson subside into a delightfully delicious memory. We returned home bringing with us pleasant remembrances of our visit to Jackson.—Misses Norment, in Starkville Citizen.

One of the prettiest ornaments on the table at the press supper at Jackson, was an immense cake made by our friend John Martz. It represented a monument to Ben Franklin, being over two feet in height and surmounted with a statue of the old printer-philosopher. It was a fine piece of work; appropriate to the occasion, and showed the good taste of the maker.—Seacoast Beacon.

A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative "remember." In the hurry of daily life there are hundreds of things left undone which ought to be done, and in the majority of cases it is not wilful neglect, but forgetful neglect, which is to blame.

THE NEW JERSEY JACKET.

I.

How dear to my heart is the new jersey jacket!
A well-molded figure 'twas made to adorn,
I'm sure, as an elegant, close-fitting sacque it
Lays over all garments I ever have worn.
Oh, my! with delight it is driving me crazy;
The feelings that thrill me no language can tell.
Just look at its color. Oh, ain't it a daisy?
The new jersey jacket that fits me so well!
The close-fitting jacket, the crimson-hued jacket,
The new jersey jacket that fits me so well.

II.

It clings to my shoulders so tightly and neatly;
Its fair, rounded slopes show no wrinkle or fold;
It fits this plump form of mine as completely
As if I'd been melted and poured in its mold.
How fertile the mind that was moved to design it;
Such rythm pervades each depression and swell!
The waist would entice a strong arm to entwine it—
The waist of that jersey that fits me so well!
The crimson-hued jersey, the close-fitting jersey,
The new jersey jacket that fits me so well.

III.

Of course I will wear it to parties and dances,
And gentlemen there will my figure admire;
The ladies will throw at me envious glances,
And that's just the state of affairs I desire
For feminine envy and male admiration
Proclaim that their object's considered a belle,
Oh, thou art of beauty the fair consummation;
My new jersey jacket that fits me so well!
The black-braided jacket, the close-fitting jacket,
The new jersey jacket that fits me so well.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A Portland (Me.) paper reports that a few days ago a party of about a dozen boys, ranging from nine to fifteen years of age, while playing on the Portland and Ogdensburg road, near the city, bound one of their number and tied him on the track just before the train was due. A man discovered the boy and released him.

A great innovation in the education of Eastern women is to be introduced at Constantinople, where a day school is to be established for instructing girls in the useful arts and trades, under the Sultan's especial patronage. The charges will be merely nominal.

When a Piute doctor loses three successive cases, the Indians kill him and elect another medicine man in his stead. This accounts for the fact that all the Indian doctors have deserted their tribes and gone to doctoring the white race. in doesn't make any difference among civilized people whether the doctor kills or cures.

A poet sends a contribution entitled "Why do I Live?" This is easy to answer. It is because he sends his contributions to this office instead of bringing them in person.—Evansville Argus.

An Irishman put up the following notice: "Whoever is caught trespassing upon these grounds will be given forty lashes on the bare back. Half the penalty will be paid to the informer."

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper wants to know if there is more than one religious denomination that believes in feet-washing. It is sincerely to be hoped that there is.

A. B. Norton, editor of a paper in Texas, when a young man made a vow that he would never shave or have his hair cut until Henry Clay was elected President, and he has kept his vow. His beard lies away down on his breast and his hair reaches below his belt, and he carries his mustache behind his ears. He is said to resemble an ape in the face.

Nine-tenths of the quarrels in this life would be averted if we would never take the doubt against charity. Never accept an insult. Men who go about looking for men to kick them are seldom disappointed. Men who accept only the best interpretations of every act are sure to have always the best acts to interpret.

A newspaper in Berlin tells its readers that a hotel is to be built in St. Augustine, Fla., this summer that will be three miles long, six miles deep and seventy-five stories high. Guests will be taken to their rooms by 500 baloons; the tables in the dining-room will be four miles in length, and the waiters who serve the meals will be on horseback. There will be a cuspidor in the office 100 feet in circumference. The German doesn't often try to be funny, but when he does, he means business.

The destination of every piece of baggage which is carried on an American railway is recorded in a book, and every time it changes cars a receipt is taken by the train baggage-master and sent back to the terminus. A trunk, which left, say, Broad street, Philadelphia, a year ago, can be traced by the receipts there through all the routes and through whose hands it passed to its destination. Of the three hundred thousand sent out from there last year, not a single trunk was lost.

It is told that on the day Princess Beatrice was born, the Prince Consort went into the nursery, where the royal children were having a royal good time, "Mamma sends you a message," began Prince Albert, "She is going to make you a beautiful present, and wants to know which you would prefer—a little brother or a little sister." This was a domestic conundrum, and the pros and cons were getting exciting, when the young Duke of Edinburg's face suddenly lit up with the joy of satisfactory solution. "Oh, papa," he exclaimed, "do tell mamma if she had just as soon we would rather have a pony."

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can neither be contented nor happy without occupation. We are born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field for usefulness almost anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our worldly trials and sorrows. It keeps us from brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

The Language of Umbrellas.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that. To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, rather saying "Oh! do take it; I had much you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means "it will clear off."—Donahue's Magazine.