Ruth's Composition.

In a shabby little house, in a shabby little street. I call it a street simply out of compliment—it being in reality only an alley that had started out to be a street and finding itself too narrow by half had stopped at the end of two blocks and never gone any further—lived a shabby old man, called by his neighbors "Mr. Waste Paper," and by rude boys and girls of the neighborhood "Old Miser" and "Queer Eyes."

He bought and sold waste paper, and all the four rooms in his house—he was the only one in the street that occupied a whole house and was looked upon with great respect on that account—in fact, I think if he had only rented a room or two like the rest of the inhabitants he would have been "Waste Paper John," instead of "Mr. Waste Paper"—were almost filled with it.

One, indeed, the largest, was filled to the very ceiling, only a narrow pathway being left in the center like a small valley between two steep mountains.

A deep drift like snow lay upon the floors of the two other rooms, and hundreds of books from which the covers had departed forever, old magazines, used up ledgers, torn hand-bills and circulars, were stacked along the walls, and in the fourth room, where the old man ate and slept, all the furniture, with the exception of a tiny stove, a gridiron, a saucepan, and a tea-kettle; was made of paper. Ottomans formed out of newspapers laid neatly one upon the other, a bed built of some twenty large bundles of coarse brown paper with an old "Webster's Unabridged" for a pillow; a table made by placing six big account books on the floor, six more on the top of them, and so on until enough had been used. All legless, of course, but serving Mr. Waste Paper as well as though they had any number of legs.

You never saw such a queer place in your life, and never heard such continual rustling and crackling as the furniture kept up, and very likely you never met such a very odd old man."

One shoulder was a little higher and one leg a little shorter than the other, and he had one black eye and one blue one. And when he was good natured he looked at you with the blue one, and when he is cross he looked at you with the black one, and I don't think there could ever have been two more expressive eyes in the world—one could look so cross and the other so kind.

Well, nobody in Sam street—that is what they called the ambitions alley, after old Sam Junkman, who built the first house there fifty years ago—knew anything about Mr. Waste Paper, except that he had lived in the four roomed house for the last ten years, and that the only person he was at all friendly with was Mrs. Dolf, the kid-glove cleaner, who lived next door, and who boiled the water for his tea on summer evenings, when he had no fire at home.

Mrs Dolf's children, Amos and Cherry, liked the old man very well, for he used often to give them pretty pictures which he cut from the picture papers which fell in his possession, and, more rarely, a penny or two; but the other Sam street children called him "old miser," because he gave them nothing, and because they heard their fathers and mothers say, "Waste Paper has a good sum of money in some bank or other, you may bet, for he's been buying and selling for ten years and never had a day's sickness, and wearing the same old clothes, summer and winter, and not a chick or a child, or a dog, or a cat to look after, and never asking anybody to have a drop of beer or a pipe of 'baccy. He's a reg'lar old miser, that's what he is."

But the old man paid no attention to the rude boys and girls, except to turn his black eye on them once in a while when they became too annoying, but passed his time when at home reading something from his stock in trade, or, with eyes half closed in deep thought about what no one but himself ever knew, when one bright, warm May day, he came slowly into his living-room from the street, carrying a heavy bag on his shoulder.

He placed the bag upon a paper ottoman, sat down on the paper bed beside he paper table, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then opened the bag and tumbled the contents out upon the paper carpet. He had bought them that morning of a school teacher who lived at the other end of the town, four miles away, and they consisted of soiled copy-books, old grammars, geographies, arithmetics, histories, readers, with as many dog's ears as would have supplied several large dog families, old reports and old compositions from the pile before him, he began to talk to himself, as people who live a lonely life are sometimes in the habit of doing. "All these long years," he said, "and I have never found anything of value. No wills, no bank notes, no trace of my lost family—nothing that people in my business are always finding in stories," and as he said this his black eye fell upon a name written in a child's straggling hand on the back of one of the papers he had—"Ruth Sands Morris," and underneath, in the teacher's writing, "Very good, indeed, for a little girl of ten."

The old man hastily untied the ribbon with trembling hands, and with a strange light breaking over his wrinkled face, unrolled the paper, turning his blue eye upon it, began to read. And this is what he read:

A STORY.

Some girls—most girls—well, anyhow a good many girls—do not like to write a composition. I do.

When I grow up I hope to be an arthur and write stories and perhaps pomes for all the great maggiezines and papers, and some day may be a whole book.

My mamma says my grandfather, the one I have never seen, was very fond of literaychure.

Literaychure means things that are made up in people's heads, and then printed. I do not mean all people's heads, for hundreds and hundreds have not that kind of heads, but smart people's heads.

He used to be always talking rimes and it is about him my story is to be. He was a very good man, but very funny. Not the funny to make folks laugh, but the other funny. He had one black eye and one blue one, and he was always falling into a referee. Referees are when you think so hard you do not know anything at all. Well when my mamma was a little littler than me, her father—that is my grandfather, of course, went one day to see an old friend of his off to a foreign country, and after he said good-by to his friend in the cabin, he went on deck and fell into a awful referee and the ship carried him off too.

There was a dreadful time when he did not come home, and grandma shut up the bookstore—for three whole days and nights, and then she could not get along that way, so she opened it again. In a long time they got a letter from Grand father Sands, and it begun: Oh! do not be distressed for me, against my will borne off to sea, for I think good luck will come of it" and the rest was that he was in Ostrayler and was going to stay there a year or so untill he made a lot of money, 'cause there was lots of money there and monkeys and parrots—I wish I had one—and savages.

Grandma sent an answer, but she never got a letter from him again. And then after five years some one came back from there and said the savages had killed him. Savages do not care for rimes and literayture. And grandmother sold all her books and furniture 'cept some feather beds and went to America—we lived in England first—no I did not for I was not on earth yet till a good while after, but the other members of the family did. And my mamma grew up to be a lovely maiden and got married, but she was not very happy, for somebody drank. It is a awful thing to drink. I do not mean tea, or coffee, or lemonade, or milk or likeris water, or plain water but other things and I often wished the savges had let grandfather alone and then he would have come home and mamma would have married some other person and would not have been a desolate widow with two girls and one boy.

[the end of finis.]

The moment the old man had finished reading this story he seized his hat, flung it upon his head and rushed into Mrs. Dolf's—the kid-glove cleaner—without even stopping to knock at the door, which was such an unusual thing for him to do that Mrs. Dolf started up from her work in the greatest astonishment, dropping the bottle she was holding in her hand on the floor, where it broke and made the room smell like—well like two hundred pairs of cleaned kid gloves.

"Where does—if you please, ma'am—Mr. Dolf buy his clothes!" asked he.

"Great grief! what has happened? Can it be possible that the old fellow is going to buy some new clothes for himself?" said Mrs. Dolf to herself, and then she answered out loud, "He hasn't bought any for a year or so, Mr. Waste Paper, but when he does buy 'em he goes to Mr. Lucky's, right around the corner two blocks down. Lucky's dead now and 'Cuttler & Son' have the place."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Waste Paper, throwing two bright silver quarters in the lap of little Cherry, who was sitting on the door-sill, with her kitten in her arms, and hurrying away.

And the old man, dressed in a new gray suit and a nice straw hat, who called that afternoon, first on Miss Abeecy, the school mistress, where he obtained the address of Ruth Sands Morris, who had left school about a year before to live in the Village of Mildrose, not very far away, and the "Safeandsure Savings Bank," where he drew out a thousand dollars in brand new bank-notes didn't look much like Mr. Waste Paper, but it was he all the same.

The next morning Mrs. Morris, the pretty widow who lived in the one-and-a-half story cottage by the woods, in the village of Wildrose, was hanging up the clothes she had just finished washing, in the back garden, when the train from the big city over the river came dashing along, stopped at Wildrose Station, and left one passenger, an odd-looking, but nice-looking old man behind it, when it dashed away again.

Grandmother Sands stood behind her holding the clothes-pin bag, and a young girl, as pretty as her mother, was scattering some corn among the chickens and singing "Up in the Morning Early."

"Dear me," said the young widow, taking a clothes-pin from her mouth to say it, "it almost breaks my heart to leave this place. We've been so happy here for the last year."

"They may not find a purchaser for the house," said grandmother.

"Oh! yes they will. They are sure to find one. I wish I had eight hundred dollars, I'd bought it in a moment, then we could have a home forever; but there's no use wishing. I never have more than eight hundred cents at a time nowadays," and she stopped her mouth again with another clothes-pin.

"My dear," said a voice directly behind them, and they all turned to see the old man, who had come out of the woods so silently they had never heard his footsteps, leaning over the fence, and gazing upon them with a mild, blue eye, "Wouldn't it be funny if I gave you the money?"

Grandmother Sands dropped the clothes-pin-bag, the pretty widow nearly choked herself with the clothes-pin she had between her teeth, and her pretty daughter, her song suddenly ended, stood with one hand held out toward the chickens and her mouth wide open.

"Don't you know me, Sallie?" said the old man, "I should have known you anywhere, though I haven't seen you for many long, long years," and he slowly turned his black eye and then both eyes upon her and opened the gate and came in.

"Husband!" shrieked the grandmother.

"Father!" cried the daughter.

"Grandfather! Hurrah!" shouted Ruth.

To what base uses do we come at last. Hostess (whispering to amateur)—"I want you to sing next." Amateur (whose voice is not quite what it used to be)—"I thought I wasn't to sing till quite at the end." Hostess—"Yes; but there are not ices enough, and I want some of the people to go."

A gentleman observing a servant-girl, who was left handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed.

"Oh, indade!" said she, "so I have. Be pleased, sir, to help me turn the table round!"

A Florida negro mistook a mule for a ghost and poked it with a stick. The verdict recites that he came to his death by using too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidence of a future existence.

Ode For the Fourth of July, 1814.

By William Cullen Bryant in the Hampshire Gazette, July 6, 1814.

Amidst the storms that shake the land,
The din of party fray,
And woes of guilty war, we meet
To hymn this sacred day,
For all that breathes of ancient worth
Our lingering hope reveres;
Each print of freedom's sacred steps,
Each trace of happier years.

Our skies have glowed with burning towns,
Our snows have blushed with gore,
And fresh is many a nameless grave,
By Erie's weeping shore.
In sadness let the anthem flow,—
But tell the men of strife,
On their own heads shall rest the guilt
Of all this waste of life.

But raise, to swell the general song,
Our notes of holiest sound;
And bless the hands which rent the chain
The struggling world that bound.
Lo! Europe wakes the sleep of death—
Her pristine glories warm!
The soul of ancient freedom comes
And fills her mighty form!

Well have ye fought, ye friends of man,
Well was your valor shown;
The grateful nations breathe from war,—
The tyrant lies o'erthrown.
Well might ye tempt the dangerous fray,
Well dare the desperate deed;
Ye knew how just your cause—Ye knew
The voice that bade ye bleed.

To thee the mighty plan we owe
To bid the world be free;
The thanks of nations, Queen of Isles!
Are poured to heaven and thee.
Yes!—hadst not thou, with fearless arm,
Stayed the descending scourge;
These strains, that chant a nation's birth,
Had haply hymned its dirge.

But where was raised *our country's* hand
Amidst that dreadful strife?
Where was her voice when hopes grew faint,
And freedom fought for life?
Oh! bitter are the tears we shed,
Columbia! o'er thy shame!
A stain the deluge could not cleanse
Forever blots thy fame.

Nor to avenge a nation's wrongs
Does power demand our aid;
The sword is bared—but angry Heaven
Frowns on the accursed blade.
The men who snatched it from the sheath,
A fearful curse withstands;
The blood of innocent is red
Upon their guilty hands.

Still, to defend our country's shores,
We hasten to the field;
And should the foe invade—our ranks
May fall, but never yield.
The day that sees the victory theirs,
Shall look on many a grave;
Our veteran fathers taught their sons
To guard the soil they gave.

Come to thine ancient haunts, and bring
Thy train of happy years,
Oh, PEACE! the sunshine of thy smile
Shall dry a nation's tears!
From hill, and plain, and ocean's verge,
While with the unwonted sail,
Shall burst a boundless shout of joy,
Thy rain renewed, to hail!

Stories of a King.

A little book entitled the "Private Life of King Victor Emmanuel" is having great sale n Italy. It is written by a man of ability, who hides himself under the pseudonyme of Fausto. He seems to have been an intimate friend of the king, and tells many a funny story about him.

Victor Emmanuel was accustomed to rise at 4 o'clock A. M., and his life was as regular as a clock. He had fixed hours for receptions, walking, private audiences, for theatres, which he often visited, though he did not like music, and for reading, which he delighted in. Books containing hunting and horses were his favorites. He dined at midnight before going to bed, and it was often his only meal. He wore the same clothes winter and summer. When he was seen with an overcoat on, he was sick. He detested a dress coat, and looked upon it as a Democratic invention. He despised gloves, and if he wore them at all it was only upon his left hand. He was never seen with an umbrella, and rode in an open carriage, whethered it snowed or rained. He was accustomed to go to the theatres in a loose coat, and preferred the popular theatres, where he could smoke, for he was only comfortable when with a cigar in his mouth.

One evening, when he entered his private box, he was told that the empress of Russia was in the theatre. "What can I do?" said the king; "I am not dressed, and I cannot go back to the palace; but I must visit the empress." All at once an idea struck him. He pulled off his sack coat and put on the dress coat of the marquis de Bagnasco, who was in the box. But he still needed a white cravat. He looked about, and perceiving that the cravat of the valet who guarded the royal box was the least mussed, he went up to him, and pulling off the desired object, tied it around his own neck, remarking at the same time, "I think I look enough like a king of Italy."

Another time, at the same theatre, the king suddenly saw behind the glass door in his box the shadow of Col. Galletti, one of his intimate friends. "Don't move, Galletti," said the king of Pledmontese, "I want to make your portrait." With this the king pulled out of his pocket a lead pencil (he carried them in all his pockets) and outlined the face of the colonel on the glass. The next evening, between acts, the king, on leaving his box for a moment, noticed a servant trying to rub out this portrait with a cloth. "What are you doing there?" asked the king. "Your majesty, I am trying to clean this glass which some fellow has dirtied," replied the servant. "Don't take the trouble, I am the fellow," answered the king, convulsed with laughter.

He was familiar with his domestics, and never called them with a bell, but with his voice, which could be heard a long way off. He would whistle for them when they did not come immediately. It was a common thing in the palace to hear the valet of the king running about looking for a domestic, exclaiming that "his majesty is whistling."

He loved to talk with the people, especially at Naples, where the people speak out hat they think. As in Spain, there exists in that city the peculiar custom of offering a visitor anything he may express his liking for. If you express admiration for anything whatsoever belonging to a Neapolitan, he immediately answers, "It is yours." If you say to a lady or to a common woman. "That's a nice ring you have," she will take it from her finger and say. "The ring is yours." As in Spain, too, politeness requires that you reply, "No, I thank you." But if you take the ring, it is given to you. The king hunting one day stopped at a farm and expressed admiration for the farmer's two little boys, who were looking at him with astonished eyes, "Are those your sons?" "Sire, they are yours," responded the farmer. "But," replied the king with a smile, "I don't remember of ever having been here before."

Victor Emmanuel was always ready to give decorations. He looked upon it as a means of separating the high born from the people, both of whom were placed upon the same level by the Democratic dress suit. He only hesitated once. This was when Baron Nicoteza brought him on one occasion seventy parchments to sign. "This is a great many at one time," said the king. "Sire," responded the minister, "these are all eminent men, profoundly attached to your person." "I didn't know I was loved so much," answered the king, as he commenced to sign the papers. He had the courage to decorate a comedian, Antonio Petito, who died tragically a few years ago on the stage, amid the laughs of the audience. Somebody questioned the propriety of making a comedian a knight, one day, in the presence of the king. "Ah, he is not the first clown who has been decorated," said the monarch. He remarked one day that neither a cigar nor a cross should ever be refused. The cigars he gave were very expensive. Once he opened his cigar-case—an enormous one made of Russian leather—to the mayor of a neighboring town, who had come to pay his respects. "Sire, this cigar will be the glory of the town and of its magistrates; I shall smoke it all my life," replied the mayor, as he put a massive cigar in his pocket.

In the spring of 1870 Victor Emmanuel went frequently to one of the popular theatres at Florence. The employes would await his arrival in a crowd at the door of the theatre. The flower-girls were also there in force, and Beppa, the oldest in the business, never failed to offer the king a bouquet. In accepting it he always said, "Thanks, Beppa." and from time to time he sent her a bank-bill. One day, instead of a bouquet, a heavy embroidered cushion was thrown into the royal carriage, striking the king's head and knocking his hat off. The young girl who made it, a singer in the chorus of the theatre, was discharged forthwith, for it was noticed that the king was vexed at her action. When Victor Emmaneul heard of her misfortune, he sent her a large sum of money and this message: "Tell her not to aim at my head next time, and to be kind enough to let me know beforehand when she is going to throw something at me."

The king's liberality was continually opposed by the ministry, especially by the household minister, Commander Visone, who was tyrannical in his economy. The king did not dare to ask him for money. In order to propitiate him in case of need, he was accustomed to send him game. First one pheasant, then two, then three, and when the minister was gotten in a good mood, the king would ask him for a small advance of eight or ten thousand dollars. The minister soon became habituated to this kind of solicitation, and, when he saw a pheasant coming from the palace, he was in the habit of remarking to his friends, "Ah, apparently the king wants some money." One evening at the theatre, the scene represented, among other things, an equestrian statue. The king believed that both the man and the horse were of pasteboard. One of the party differed with him, and the manager of this theatre was sent for to decide the question. It was found that the king was in the wrong, the horse was pasteboard but the rider a live ing man. The king was loud in his praises of the wonderful ingenuity with which the horse was made. "Sire," said the manager; "if it please your majesty, I will send the horse to your palace." Everybody began to laugh, and when the manager had left the box the king remarked, "How unfortunate it is that my steward is not here. He would have accepted that offer. A pasteboard horse would fill a sall, and it would cost nothing to feed him!"

In 1865 Victor Emmanuel visited one day the cholera patients in the Naples hospital. The king took the hand of one of the sick, saying: "Have courage, my good friend; try to get well." The man began forthwith to improve, and did actually get well. The people began to say that it was a miracle, which greatly amused the king, who naively said: "A miracle, if you please, provided you don't break me in pieces for relics." Notwithstanding this remark Victor Emmanuel was a believer and a church-goer. He went to mass even during his hunting expeditions. When up among the Alps he had a priest from a town near by come to his tent and say mass. He always took off his hat before a cross or a funeral procession. He carried about his neck a little gold chain, to which was fastened the medallions of saints and the Virgin Mary. He held this chain and the medallions in high esteem. He was sincere when he swore to support the constitution, of which the first article is couched in these words: "The Catholic religion, apostolic and Roman, is the religion of this state."

What the Phonograph Said.

A rainy afternoon kept six young ladies in the house, and for three hours their tongues ran at a rate that a successful Keeley motor, could it have heard them, would have committed suicide out of sheer envy. A phonograph was loafing in the room during the conversation, and the next day when its crank was turned it spoke verbatimically as follows:

A lovely Swiss organdie, trimmed with—Charley Edwards' mustache looks like—a perfect fright in that belted basque and six yards of fly-fringe on the—Sunday night George was here he—wore a handsome crip bonnet and—I was awfully ashamed, with my old wrapper on—such a stuck-up thing as she is, and her—Princess overskirts with sixteen—beaus go there every night in the week, and—on Sunday I'm going to wear my new—Tom and Jerry are coming over to see—my new suit of garnet linen lawn—for—the horrid thing, I wouldn't speak—and he promises to take us to see—Mary Bronts's bourette dress! did you ever—see a more lovely shade of silk than—Grace Laman's brother Joe said—good gracious girls, I've sewn this on the wrong side—Jack Fenton's carriage cost—as much as fifty cents a yard for new passementeries, and—I can't see what Carrie means by having that awkward booby running—her nose is no more Grecian than I'm—an old piano not worth—

And so on, *et cætera, ad infinitum*, to the extent of the columns—all about the beaus and dress; and the phonograph was sick two days after being relieved of the stuff. When a young lady reads this she will indignantly observe that if a phonograph were to sneak into a room and absorb the conversation of a half dozen young men, it would swear worse than a Bret Harte poem when the the handle was turned and would smell of sulphur and brimstone for two weeks afterwards. And perhaps she would tell the truth.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Missouri Horror.

[Missouri Republican.]

Lowell has a first-class horror. Yesterday afternoon the frightfully mutilated body of a white woman or a girl was found on the river bank, at the foot of O'Fallon avenue, a couple of hundred yards east of where the Hanson bone-yard was. The spot is one seldom visited by any one, and a body might lie there a month without being discovered. This one had evidently been there for several days—possibly a week, as it was very much decomposed. It was naked, and there is no probability that it will ever be identified, for the head was missing. Deceased was, according to the judgment of several who saw the remains, a young girl, but even this could not be positively determined. The trunk and limbs were intact, save that a terrible slash, evidently made with a razor or very sharp knife had opened the abdomen all the way across. Just where the neck joined the head another slash on the right side had made a very deep cut, running upward toward the front, so as to cut off some fleshy part of the chin. This was evident from the smooth edge on the flesh there. The balance of the neck was all ragged, and seemed to indicate that the head had been torn off, or eaten off by hogs, after the deep cut had been made on the neck. There were no other evidences of violence. If it be true that the head was torn by hogs, there should be a skull remaining, but there is none. The body is not the refuse of a dissecting room, and there is no room for any other supposition than that a most atrocious murder has been committed, the head and clothes being removed to prevent identification. No female is missing in that part of town, and the probability that

THE MURDERED GIRL

was taken from the city up there, or was caught in that neighborhood, outraged and murdered. The police are at a loss for some clue to work upon, and the worse reflection is, that the impossibility of identification carries with it the impossibility of a conviction even should the right party be caught. It is simply a sickening mystery, and the exhibition of the frightful remains at the morgue can do nothing to solve it.

Conjugal Discords.

The weaknesses and follies of women are a theme on which men, from the sage to the clown, have at all times been eloquent. Her natural coquetry in dress, her maternal vanity, her devotion to the little elegancies of the home, to clean windows and fresh curtains, are inexhaustible sources of masculine merriment or abuse. What housekeeper ever complained of an aching back or of nervous irritation without being scolded by her "lord" for some extra work she had done in beautifying the home? Men never seem to learn that woman, as a rule, cannot find life endurable in the atmosphere of dust and disorder which characterizes bachelor housekeeping, and which seldom disturbs the equanimity of the masculine mind in the least. Men and women are so different in their tastes and ways that there must always be discord and unhappiness in the household until the sexes give over trying to change or remodel those tastes and ways, and learn to respect them. Men must accept as the fact that women to be happy must have artistic, or at lenst dainty and cozy environments, and women must learn to preserve their souls in quiet when men spill their tobacco and ashes over the carpets and tables, for probably no man ever lived who could fill a pipe, even from a wash tub, without scattering the tobacco over the premises.

That the sexes will give over trying to reform each other does not seem likely to happen very soon. Indeed, one might be pardoned for believing that matrimoney is specially adapted to develop all the imperfections and manners of human character, and that even if those matchthat are made in heaven, the devil arranges all the subsequent conditions. There is hardly a pure and innocent delight that unmarried women enjoy which they can carry into that blissful world bounded by the marriage-ring. One of those delights is that of squandering a little money, which is merely the equivalent of man spending it as he likes, without according to any one. Few wives can do this and be subjected to the humiliation of hearing the hunsband say, "My dear, are you not a little extravagant? Is all that money gone that I gave you last week?"

Men and women seem incapacitated, in the very nature of things, from understanding each other. While mutually enamored they meet as upon a bridge—a Bridge of Sighs perhaps; break this and they are for ever separated as by any impassible gulf. Leaving aside entirely the enamored state, do men as a rule seek the society of women and prefer it to that of men? The thriving clubs, the billiard and drinking saloons, and the other resorts of men common all over the civilized world, seem very like a negative answer to the question.

In savage life we know that the sexes do not hunt or fish or do any work together. In our modern drawing-rooms most men confess themselves "bored." They long to get away to their clubs or some other resort of their fellows. When husbands spend their evenings at home, if no one happens to call, it is not common for them to enter into long an exhilerating conversations with their wives. To be sure, wives are too often ignorant of the subjects that interest intelligent men; still, not more ignorant than before marriage, when the one bridge upon which the could meet was unbroken. *Then* conversation never flagged; it was ever new and entrancing. Both talked pure nonsense, while having the art of "kissing full sense into empty words." On the other hand, it is, I think, quite a defensible proposition, despite the inferences to the contrary drawn from the the failure of the Women's Hotel, that women enjoy conversation with women more than with men when there is no possible question of gallantry or flirtation; and, finally, that the recognition of the fact that men and women are not by nature in sympathetic accord, but only attracted through the law of compensation or opposites, will do more than all other things combined to make them study each other's nature and to respect sexual blases and characteristics, the motive for that study being, of course, the consummation of the ideal marriage, where man and woman set themselves together "like perfect music unto noble words.—*Lippencott's for July.*

According to the statistics of Secretary Porter, of the International Sunday-school convention, there are 6,504,054 scholars in the Sunday schools of the United States and 339,943 in those of Canada. The whole number of schools is 83,441, and of teachers and officers, 894,793.

She asked the clerk if he was positive—thoroughly convinced the eggs were feesh. "O, yes, said the young philosopher. "I know they are; why, the farmer said none of the hens were more than a year old." She bought a basketful on the spot.

The Prayer Gauge.

In a recent lecture at Chicago Rev. George Mueller, of Bristol, England, gave an account of the methods by which he proceeded and now supports a number of orphan asylums. What had led to the idea he said, was his visits in pastoral work, when he felt there was nothing so wanting as faith in Christian people and care for the fatherless children. There did not seem much chance to do anything, as he had no money or influence; but having weighed the matter well he determined to trust in the living God, and begin an orphan asylum, leaving the care of it to God. He was not a hasty person, and it took long consideration for him to reach that decision. One evening he was reading through the word of god, and came to the eighty first Psalm, and read:

"I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt; open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

He fell on his knees and prayed to God to give him a suitable house for the orphan asylum and a thousand pounds, or $5,000 in American money. That seemed like an immense sum, and he trusted in God to get it. The first day he received two shillings from a poor German missionary, and another little donation from another missionary, but little by little the money came in, and shortly after he received $500 from a poor woman, who earned $1 a day from sewing. He at first refused the money, but the woman compelled him to keep it. In about three or four months he was in a position to rent a house capable of receiving thirty orphans, and appointed a time for receiving applications. He went to the house and waited three hours, but there was not an application. He went home discouraged, and cast himself on the floor, almost in despair. He prayed to God. The next morning the first application was received, and in a month forty two applications were received, and in six months he opened another house for very little boys and girls, below 8 years.

In nine months he opened a third house for boys over 8 years, and during six months the prosperity of these institutions was unabated. Then all the money was gone. People would think that he should then be discouraged; but on the contrary, he gloried in the fact, for it would show the world what could be done in the nineteenth century in answer to prayer. Thousands of these orphans had been brought up and educated in the fear of the Lord, and in his trip to this country he had met many of his former pupils well-to-do and Christians. This was what had been accomplished simply in answer to prayer in this century. When it came to being without money he felt that the time had come to prove the Lord. He called the help of the asylums together and told them not to buy a single article except for cash. During the forty-four years that the asylums had lived they had never contracted a cent of debt. He reasoned that it was the work of God, and that they should not be conducted according to worldly institutions. He knew that there could be no loss in doing God's work in God's way. According to these principles he had acted all these years, and he had never had to retrace any steps. It soon came to this, that they would have a breakfast and there would be nothing for dinner. Then he would call the help together for a prayer-meeting, when the dinner would always come.

Often it was necessary to have a second prayer meeting to get a supper, and sometimes still another prayer meeting to get something for breakfast. The plan was invariably successful. This happened not once, nor ten times, nor a hundred times, nor a thousand times, but many thousand times, and never was there a single failure. Sometime the letter carrier would bring a remitance from friends at a distance, sometimes friends happened to call and look through the institutions, and would contribute, but always there came relief at the right time. A few years later a donation of $25,000 was received, and he opened another institution the same street. Then another era came. They were overcrowded; there were 125 orphans and more wanting to come in. They decided to build. About $75,000 were necessary, though they did not have $7 in the treasury. He determined to go ahead with the building, and therefore began to pray. He prayed one day, two days, five days, and still no money came in. He prayed still trustfully—fifteen days, thirty days, and not a single penny came.

On the thirty-fourth day the first donation of $5,000 came in, and he wasn't at all excited. [laughter.] He had great faith, which had been strengthened by exercise. At first he could trust God for $5, afterwards for $10, afterwards for $100, afterwards for $1,000, and now he could trust God for $1,000,000. He repeated that he wouldn't have been excited at receiving $50,000 instead of $5,000 at that time. The money came in rapidly, and in a few months he had enough money to commence building, but he did not put his signature to the contract until there was enough to pay for the whole building. Yet a strange circumstance was that while there was $40,000 or $50,000 in the bank to the credit of the building fund, the orphans were often suffering for breakfast, yet he never touched a cent of the fund. If he had done so the first time his spiritual thermometer would have gone down ten degrees, and ten degrees every time afterwards.

The house was opened soon afterwards and filled, and there were still applications and he did not know what to do. Then he prayed, and finally started in to build another asylum for 700 orphans. In four or five years two more houses were completed, and there was room for 1,000 orphans, and that too, though the first house had cost $75,000. Then there were more orphans waiting and he six years later had built two more houses, costing $300,000. These asylums were near together and were like a little town. These five houses had 1,700 windows larger then those of Faneuil Hall. There were generally from 500 to 600 on hand. The children were only those who had been bereft of both parents, and another condition was that they must have been lawfully begotten; and still another condition was that they must be destitute. When these conditions were fullfilled no child was refused from any part of the world.