All the Year Round.]

TRUE.

True to the promise of thy far-off youth,
When all who loved thee, for thee prophesied
A grand, full life, devoted to the truth,
A noble cause by suffering sanctified.
True to all beauties of the poet-thought
Which made thy youth so eloquent and sweet;
True to all duties which thy manhood brought
To take the room of fancies light and fleet.
True to the steadfast walk and narrow way,
Which thy forefathers of the covenant trod!
True to thy friend in foul or sunny day,
True to thy home, thy country and thy God!
True to the world, which still is false to thee,
And true to all, as thou art true to me.
True to the vow that bound us in the lane,
That summer evening when the brown bird sang
Piercing the silence with sweet notes of pain,
While echoes over all the woodland rang.
True to the troth we plighted on that day,
Each to forsake all other for the one;
Cleaving together through the unknown way,
Till death made void the union then begun.
True to the love brought by a little hand;
True—though the patter of the childish feet
Has passed from earth into the silent land;
Loss hallows love, and love is still complete:
I can lift up mine eyes from tear-drops free,
For thou art true to all these things—and me.

Picturesque East Tennessee.

Washington *Republican*: "Mr. F. J. Fisher, of Vernon row, has returned from a four months sojourn in East Tennessee. He brings with him a varied and interesting collection of sketches as evidence of a hard summer's campaign amid the mountainous and rich autumn scenery of that locality. They comprise a variety of subjects in landscape and figure that afforded a wide scope for his fertile pencil, and his many friends will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to view them at his studio. The productions of art embrace the widest range. Commencing in the latter part of June, moving on through the warmer season, the artist at last mingled with the richer, mellow autumn."

The Richest Jockey in America.

New York *Sun*: "In a walk through the stables in the afternoon, Mr. Pierre Lorillard asked for Barrett, one of his jockeys. The answer was that Barrett had grown too heavy to ride, his weight being one hundred and fifteen pounds. This surprised not only Mr. Lorillard, but all who heard it, as Barrett weighed only ninety-seven pounds in Baltimore. It was further ascertained that Barrett had been starving himself all the season to keep down to the required weight, and that this was the custom of all jockeys. When they quit riding they become heavy very rapidly. Barrett is the richest jockey in America, being worth at least twenty thousand dollars, and there is but one other richer jockey in the world, Archer, of England.

Where Peanuts Come From and Go To.

Cincincinnati *Price Current*: "The Tennessee crop for the year ending September 30, 1878, was 305,000 bushels, against 500,000 bushels for the year previous; in Virginia the crop was 405,000 bushels, against 780,000 bushels last year, and in North Carolina it was only 85,000 bushels, against 125,000 bushels in 1877. The growing crop (for '78—'79) is estimated at 400,000 bushels for Tennessee, 800,000 bushels for Virginia, and 90,000 bushels for North Carolina. The North Carolina crop promises to be about the same as to quality as last year. A new feature with this crop is the largely-increased amount shelled, one estimate being that one-fifth of the crop was taken in this way. The North Carolina crop finds its way into other markets through this port, there now being three different firms in Wilmington engaged in buying, shelling and shipping them."

A New Polar Island.

London *Times*: "The discovery of a new island in the polar sea is announced by the following telegram from Tromso: 'E. Johannessen, who has just returned there, reports that he penetrated a considerable distance to the east, beyond Novaja Zemlja. On September 3d, in longitude sixty-six degrees east, and latitude seventy-seven degrees thirty-five minutes north, he discovered an island, which he has named Ensomheden (loneliness). It is about ten miles long and level, the highest point not exceeding one hundred feet. It was free from snow, with poor vegetation, but an immense quantity of birds. The sea was free from ice toward the west, north and south, but drift ice was seen toward the southeast. There was evidence that the gulf stream touched the west coast of the island; the stream runs in a strong current round the north coast toward the southeast. Everything about the ice was favorable for navigation so long as the vessel did not go too near the mainland of Siberia.' The newly discovered island lies, therefore, somewhat to the southeast of the region visited by the Austrian expedition of 1873-74."

How she Was Cured.

The claim of Pope Pius IX to beatification has been materially strengthened by the latest reported miracle said to have been performed in answer to prayers addressed to his departed spirit, and has been, with due formality, laid before the commission specially appointed by Leo XIII, to inquire into this claim. Fortunata Rotel, an old woman, had been a sufferer for ten years from a chronic disease of the leg. So great was her poverty that she had been unable during the whole of the period to get even medical advice. She was advised by Count Soderini to address her prayers to the deceased pontiff, in the hope that he might perhaps take pity on her misery. The unfortunate woman took the hint, and every day might be seen prostrate before the tomb of the departed pontiff, which she bathed with her tears. The reward of her devotion came at last, according to her own story. "On the thirteenth of May," she says, "I retired to rest as usual. During the night I felt the bandage which covered my sore fall off; judge my surprise, however, when, the next morning, I found my leg completely cured and every trace of pain gone. In fact," concludes the old woman, "I never felt so well in my life."

The Secrets of the North Pole.

San Francisco *Chronicle*: "Captain Tripp, a well-known whaling captain, who has made several voyages to the Arctic ocean, is a disbeliever in an open Polar sea. His trip to the world of ice has but confirmed his experiences in the past. In a conversation with him a *Chronicle* reporter procured some interesting facts on this somewhat mystified subject. No vessels have been able to get farther than sixty-three degrees north this year, and all captains report heavy ice in the Arctic. In one of his voyages, while Captain Tripp was master of the bark Arctic, he reached as high as latitude seventy-three degrees. In 1870 Wrangel's Land was clear of ice, and in 1871 his ship was within one mile of the shore of that land, which no human being has ever stepped upon, so far as history tells us. With the aid of a splendid glass, he got a good view of the entire lay of the land, but he was unable to see any human habitations, or evidence thereof. No animal life was visible save seabirds that flitted in mid-air along the shore. The earth was green, no snow being visible anywhere. A coast range is visible from the ocean which resembles coast regions farther south, extending as far as California. Shrubs were plainly visible, but Captain Tripp was unable to discover any large trees or forests. Wrangel's Land runs northwest, and, so far as known, extends indefinitely into regions never penetrated by the white man. The Indians inhabiting that portion of Alaska bordering on the North Pole have no traditions that any people have ever been seen on Wrangel's Land, though they state that deer of a variety unknown to Alaska have been found on Herald island, in the heart of the Arctic, and from which the land named can be distinctly seen. It is supposed that the animals made their way across the ice from the mainland of Wrangel to the island. No canoes, clothing, or relics of any kind have drifted from Wrangel's Land to Alaska, as an indication that a new race of human beings existed in the unexplored regions of the Arctic. Still, it is believed by those sea captains who have taken close observations that the mysterious country alluded to is habitable. The fact that no snow was to be seen, that vegetation looked green and vigorous, and that mountains loomed up in the distance, as sheltering fortresses for the valleys, are so many proofs that humanity could find a foothold there. It seems that no whaling captains have ever attempted to land on Wrangel's Land, but it must be remembered that they visit the Arctic regions as business men, and not as explorers. Captain Tripp says that if the Polar sea exists and it is ever to be discovered, the discovery will be made from the Pacific side, as navigators can reach many degrees further north on the Pacific without suffering the least inconvenience from climatic rigors, than on the Atlantic. At Kotzebue sound, at the mouth of the Buckland river, Captain Tripp saw land seven hundred feet high, beneath which a stream of ice was distinctly visible. At Point Barren the land is only six feet above the ice, all beneath being a stratum of congealed water. How deep this stratum is remains unknown, but it is certain that the earth has gradually formed itself on the ice. There is no reason to believe that Wrangel's Land is of like formation, at least along the shore. There is no telling how far the ice body extends inland as a substratum. If a body of earth seven hundred feet high can rest on a mass of ice along the shore, there is no reason why a mountain seven thousand feet high may not have ice as a basis in the interior."

DEAN STANLEY'S

Last Two Sermons in New York—"The Real Destiny of Man Depends Not on the Advance of His Material or Intellectual Grandeur,

But in His Moral Nature"—"It is the Fool Who Hath Said in His Heart, There is no God"—"God Exists More Truly than He Can Be Thought of."

New York *World*, 2d: By ten o'clock yesterday morning the aisles of Grace church had become impassable by reason of the throng that was waiting to hear Dean Stanley's sermon, and the pewholders had difficulty in reaching their seats. Sexton Brown for once had too much to do. When not a child could have found room to stand in the church the services opened. Bishop Potter and the dean were in the chancel and the other clergy of the parish in the stalls. The sermon was on the dual character of man, as follows:

"WHAT IS THY NAME?"

In the twenty-second chapter of Genesis and the twenty-seventh verse are these words: "What is thy name?" This is the last day on which I shall have the opportunity of speaking from the pulpit in this country on the great question which concerns all. I have chosen for my subject that mysterious conflict between the patriarch Jacob and the unknown traveler on the hights of Penuel. It has often been used, and may fairly be used, as a figure by which we may describe the capability of the human soul for progress and the perplexities of the human soul in its search after divine truth in perplexed days like these. Divested of its outward imagery it represents the twofold problem which lies at the basis of all religion: What is man? and what is God? There is an unconquerable desire in man for some knowledge of the origin of the divine nature. My object will be to state in broad outline the general spirit of the teaching of the bible on this subject. First, in regard to the outward frame of man, let us ask what the bible tells us, whether in the dim vision of the book of Genesis or the more direct teaching of the New Testament. We are not to expect in the bible systems of anatomy and physiology, but there are elements of suggestion and imagery which the philosopher need not despise, and which the religious man may hail, if for no other purpose yet at least as stepping-stones in passing from one sphere to another. However far back, to however low an origin we trace the framework of man, we cannot go further down than Genesis and St. Paul lead us. "The Lord God made man out of the dust of the earth." "The first man is of the earth earthy." No theory, no tradition concerning the origin of our race can affect our knowledge, our certainty of what man is now. There is nothing more surprising in being told that man came from the dust than in being told that Newton or Shakespeare came from the babe. One would not say that because we were once savage we could not become civilized; because we were of the earth we should never rise to the spiritual. This would be against the bible, against reason, and make us of all creatures miserable. This is not required either by philosophy or by religion. When, therefore, we are asked what is man all may reply fearlessly that we are not ashamed of our lineage or hopeless of our destiny. Man looks upward, not downward; forward, not backward, and it is the direction in which he looks far more than it is the actual look itself that gives us to understand what he is. It is not the descent but the ascent of man that reveals his true nature. As the christian poet, George Herbert, says with an insight beyond to-day:

All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being—to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

"Do what you like with my body," said the ancient philosopher, "my body is not me. Of myself a much higher reckoning must be made." And this brings us to the second part of the biblical account of man which we find in the New Testament and which has a response in all human language. What is it that lies behind the outward frame of man? It is that which the bible calls in the largest sense of the word his soul, the seat of all those intellectual and moral faculties which makes him feel what he is, which even when we look into the face of the living we do not see, yet when we look into the face of a dead friend we miss. This the bible calls his soul or self. In our outward frame we bear the image of the most degraded of men, while in the spiritual, innermost being we share with God himself. It is the spiritual man which is constantly going forward. While the bodily part of man remains the same, the intellectual part has advanced immensely. Our happiness hinges not on what our ancestors were one thousand years ago. The real destiny of man depends not on the advance of his material or intellectual grandeur, but on his moral nature, on what we are, on what we do, on what we admire, on what we love, on what we hate. There is something greater than the resurrection of the body, and that is the immortality of the soul. There is something greater than the immortality of the soul, and that is the ever-living, quickening, vivifying power of the spirit. It is this doctrine of the superiority of the spiritual nature which, as it is one safeguard against the materialism of the scientific lecture-room, is also our first and best safeguard against the materialism of the altar and the sacristy. When for a thousand years the christian church believed that the eternal weal or woe of the soul depended upon the immersion of the human body in a bath or basin, when the regeneration of nations in the middle ages depended on the preservation of dead bones or a fragment of wood, these were all so many attempts to sink the spiritual in the material. It was the story of the reformation to tell that the signification of the sacred rites consisted not in the material but in the moral essences, not in outward tokens, but in the soul and spirit that work them. This is declared in the bible from first to last. Wherever the mind of the worshiper, whether in Catholic or Protestant churches, is fixed on the outward instead of the essential, the accidental instead of the inward, the temporary instead of the eternal, in that proportion the original spirit of the gospel is exchanged for the Judaic custom. Wherever, whether in Catholic or Protestant churches, whether in heathen or in christian lands, the magical gives place to the reasonable, the holy and living sacrifice of human being to God, there, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the true incense of moral principle is offered by which alone man can hope to prevail with his Maker. If there be any place on the earth where the triumph of mind and the thoughts of such a conflict of mind and matter, where the hope of the triumph of the spiritual over the material, and the grosser part is brought forward, it may be in this great city. When we look back at the very small beginnings, at the Dutch settlements gathered about its humble church and fortress on the green point of land between the two inclosing rivers, its humble palisades defending the little flock within from the incursions of the Indian tribes, and then look at the illimitable extension of this Babylon of the west, its endless traffic and thoroughfares, its tramways over which a more than Babylonian whirl and stir roll its wheels above our heads, we may well feel how the human intellect has wrought out of these mean conditions the destiny which one hundred years ago could never have been conceived. We see how the new creation has been formed within the lifetime almost of a single generation. Accident no doubt has had her share in this, but the mind and will of man have done much more. There arises with increasing strength the question, whether that higher spirit of man of which we have been speaking has also borne its part; whether in the midst of this great Babylon there are signs of the Jerusalem which is above? The traveler who has come from over the sea and returns to his home in the small island where his duty lies, feels his own conception of the endless capacity of his race increased, but he also asks himself whether there has been and will be in his own country or in this kindred people a corresponding growth of faith in comparison with which wealth and fame and vast extent of territory are but as the fine dust of the balance. Extent of business is not of necessity greatness, nor is the vast, indomitable will and inexhaustible perseverance of this progress. Sometimes as we think of the long and checkered history of vicissitudes of my native land, sometimes also as we think of the checkered history of this nation, there comes to our mind a recollection of these lines of the cynical poet:

New climes, new times, new art, new men,
But still the same old earth, old crimes.

But there is the better voice of the christian poet, which, thinking only of the duties and acts of daily life, sees only the fair side of the christian life and the generous thoughts and impulses of the church:

New peril past, new sins forgiven;
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven;
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

When we think of the generosity of individuals; when we think of the kindness and purity of the domestic hearth; when we think of the higher virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether on this side the ocean or the other, our hearts refuse to be disquieted. We remember the proud motto of the State of New York, to which the American poet has given a yet loftier meaning—"Excelsior." Higher and yet higher, must and shall the spiritual and moral effort be made if it is to keep pace with material splendors and not be led captive at their chariot wheels. More strenuous and yet more strenuous must be the struggle if it is to reach to the summit of the material destiny of this new world. Human courage must rise to the needs of human adversity. That was a noble saying of an American general, whom both sides in your late civil conflict delighted to honor: "Human virtue, we may add, must rise to the need of human temptation and of human corruption." Let it always be remembered that such words as I have spoken are futile unless they reach individuals. He who speaks here is speaking almost his last words in this country. To every man and to every young man especially of that rising generation on whom its future depends, he would say, with all the seriousness of which he is capable, Thou hast this double nature. Thou hast what one of the purest of your poets calls the dual mind. Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, the prince of God. If thou wilt have power with God to preserve, choose, choose. Whosoever thou be to whom these words come with any force, choose between the worse and the better that is within thee. It is the tragic interest of thy life that the evil may predominate, while it is the sweet and sublime hope of thy life that the good may predominate and become thyself. Thou hast it in thy power to become the slave of passion, the slave of luxury and the slave of sensual power, of senseless party watchwords, the slave of corruption. Thou hast it in thy power to become the free master of thyself, to become the everlasting benefactor of thy country, and the unfailing champion of thy God.

Evening Sermon.

Dean Stanley preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity in the evening. Before the doors were opened the street before the church was packed. The deacons, aided by police, attempted to winnow out the pewholders, and the question, "Are you a seatholder?" was put to every applicant for admission. When the doors were finally thrown open without hindrance three thousand people filled the aisles and passages in a moment, showing on all sides an unbroken sea of faces. Then the police were called in and the aisles cleared, and the people were driven out, many of them into the street to mingle with the stream of late-comers, who were unable to get within many yards of the gates. The crowd so pressed upon the chancel that when the clergy came out from the vestry they were compelled to pick their way through. Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, jr., conducted the regular evening service, and the dean in a black gown, but with his red ribbon of the Order of the Bath about his neck, pursued further his morning's theme, saying:

THE NATURE OF GOD.

I propose this evening to speak of the nature of God. It will be my endeavor to set before you what the bible teaches on this great subject. You must not think it is too well known or too familiar. Most familiar truths escape us because our attention is devoted to something else. There may be some of you in this vast assemblage who have been perplexed on this great question. There may be others, perhaps, who think they know all about it. For both classes it may be well to devote a short time to see what the bible says of it. On the one hand the bible describes that Infinite Being above, which the most savage feels, as something around, beneath, above us that we cannot see, or touch or understand—a traveler unknown in the watches of the night, whose course we cannot cross, whose embrace we cannot evade. No less surely than the dumb animals, so far as they feel at all, must be conscious of another agency besides themselves, namely, the human race, so the human race is aware of the space it does not fill, of a law it does not create. Feelings which shape our destiny come to us from within. There is something about us that we know nothing better of as we ask ourselves of it. This influence who can adequately grasp it? It is one of the peculiarities of the bible and a most striking instance of what may be called the prophetic character of the Hebrew scriptures that they recognized to the full all that has been said in modern times concerning the creative nature in this vast influence which directs and continues to keep in motion the universe. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" cries the psalmist, in awe at the problem before him. "His ways are past finding out," and it is this definition of God and his attributes which makes all specific speculation on this subject so unprofitable and so unlike the bible. It is the fool who has said in his heart that there is no God. It is the fool who says that God is such a man as himself. It was St. Augustine who said: "God exists more truly than he can be thought of, and he can be thought of more truly than he can be spoken of." There is, and some of you may have seen it, in one of the great museums of Rome, a torso of some noble statue, the memorial of some heroic struggle. It is said of Michael Angelo, that in the blindness of his old age he used to feel round and round this marble block, gaining by touch from the fragments the inspiration of the unknown whole. The block, he said, was his master, and he was the obedient pupil. That is the likeness of the human race feeling of the God. Theodore Parker, who, whatever else he had, was full of a profound belief in God, was, he tells us, first inspired with this inscrutable power when it unnerved his arm as he was about to throw a stone at a tortoise. Something similar might be quoted of the old Savonarola, one of the few christians who is equally revered by Protestants and Roman Catholics. His prayer some may call deism, some pantheism, some atheism, but it is a prayer that we may all use. Thus far, then, we are all with Jacob wrestling with the problem of the ages. Who art thou? What art thou? What is thy name? That is the question to which every system of religion, every mythology, every theology is intended to be an answer more or less exact, more or less obscure, more or less true. The nations of antiquity tried for a time to reduce God to some external likeness of men. Do not despise them. They are buried away and linger only in the names of the stars, or by which we call the days of the week, and they have given way to a system of cant names which modern theology has invented—"Essence," "Heaven," "Substance," "Personality," "Impersonality," "The First Cause," "The Universal," and "The Absolute Being." These may have been useful as clues to the labyrinth of metaphysical inquiry, but properly speaking they cannot pass for religion. When Sir Roger Williams, that eccentric but noble enthusiast who in this country first conceived the idea of religious toleration, reached the shore he called it Providence, and called it so in reference to this very text of the bible, because he had there seen the face of God shining before him. That idea of Providence remains in the little State so called. Do not part with it. The whole question must ultimately turn upon and will resolve itself into a moral character, and the divine nature assumes a moral aspect. It was Lord Bacon who said, "It is better to have no opinion of God than to have a bad opinion of Him." It was that made John Wesley say that God, as He was usually represented, was more of a devil than a God. The first mention of God in the book of Genesis is the Hebrew El-o-him, "The Strong One," the Almighty One, one who comes to be almighty champion, as the deliverer of the people, and the safe and inaccessible rock. Another word for this Providence is Jehovah, which is best translated "The Eternal One," without form, but everlasting. The next name given the divine spirit was as to His strength and power in battle, and He was called Jehovah Sabaoth, the God of battle, henceforth to lead the hosts of heaven and the hosts of earth. There are in the New Testament a few forms of direct definition of the divine nature, and they all occur in the articles ascribed to the Apostle John, who has alone told us that God was love and that He was of a frame like ourselves. He said that God is love and Christ corroborated him, and said that no man had seen God at any time. There is a story that was told me by an American Presbyterian minister in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster Abbey. He said that in the assemblage of the Westminster divines they came to the consideration of making a definition of the Supreme Being, and the difficulty seemed so overwhelming that they paused to seek the power of prayer, and the youngest minister present was called to offer it. Gillespie, the Scotchman, say he was. He rose and began his prayer by an invocation, which invocation he had hardly uttered when the whole assemblage broke out in exclamation and in the the third article of the Westminster Presbyterian confession of faith is to be seen this splendid union of the language of devotion with the spirit. The Puritans excelled all others in this sweet union of godliness and grace. The only prayer which Christ has left us is the first of all prayers, and in the first words of this is combined the union of all the other names of God. He is not the Eternal solely, nor the Lord of Hosts, nor the conqueror, but "Our Father." It is glanced at once or twice in the Old Testament. It was not unknown in the old Gentile world, but it was consecrated by Jesus Christ, and has become the name superior to all others. And now let me say a few parting words to those who hear me for the first and last time. I have done my best to explain to you the name of God, but neither this explanation nor any will be of any avail unless it makes you feel the sorrowful fact of unbelief and sin. It is said by one of him that "nothing is so good as goodness to him and nothing is so hateful as sin." Religious feeling, religious doctrine, religious ordination are of no value unless they produce in our daily lives justice, integrity, honesty, purity, gentleness, modesty. So all the names by which the name of God is known among men are reminders to be steadfast to yourselves and your God, knowing that your best motive is in serving and being like Jesus in goodness of heart and purpose. May he strengthen you and may you strengthen yourselves in those endeavors. May he guard you and may you guard yourselves against the manifold temptations to sin in this great city. May he give you the grace to know and love, whether in man, woman or child, whatsoever things are true and honest and just and pure and of good report.

GENERAL SHERMAN

Answers the Libel upon Himself and his Family, and Sets at Rest the Rumors and Silly Gossip set Afloat by an Irresponsible Scribbler.

Chicago *Tribune*: "An article has been going the rounds of the newspapers which appeared originally in the Toledo *Sunday Journal* as a letter from Columbus, Ohio. It purported to give the 'true story' in regard to General Sherman's domestic life, which had been brought into publicity by the announcement of his son's determination to enter the priesthood of the Catholic church. The letter alleged that Mrs. Sherman had always encouraged her son in this direction, and that General Sherman 'charges his wife with systematic Jesuitism' in concealing the fact from him; that General Sherman has long been at variance with his wife, 'skipping at every soiree and reception at Washington' while she was making war on round dances, 'tearing down the avenues behind the lightest-stepping horses in the city,' while she was at the confessional, and otherwise neglecting his family; that General Sherman rented the St. Louis residence while the family had gone to Lancaster on a short visit, and that General Sherman and his wife are now living apart and in estrangement. Every man of family can understand how mortifying and offensive such public statements of private domestic affairs are to those who are chiefly concerned; it is almost equally humiliating to allow them to stand unchallenged and to rush into print denying them. We have, however, direct information from General Sherman denying and denouncing the material statements of the article in question. It is true that Tom Sherman's action in entering the priesthood was a serious disappointment to his father, not because the general objects now or ever did object to the religious profession of any member of his family, but because an excellent opportunity was opened to the young man in St. Louis, and because his help was likely to be needed in the future maintenance of the family: at the same time, General Sherman did not reproach his wife for the occurrence, because, as he distinctly says, 'She had only notice of it two days before it was communicated to me.' The leasing of the St. Louis residence, so far from being contrary from Mrs. Sherman's wishes, was suggested by that lady herself; the family went to Lancaster, their old home, to remain there during the summer while the general was on a tour to New Mexico and Arizona, and have since joined him in Washington, where they now are, and where General Sherman's duties require him to pass most of his time. Mrs. Sherman has chosen schools for the two youngest children at Baltimore, and spends much of her own time in that city to escape the demands of society and the torture of incessant applications from office-seekers and charity-beggars. General Sherman and his wife are now on their way together to visit their married daughter, Mrs. Fitch, at St. Louis, the general himself merely stopping over a couple of days at Indianapolis to take part in an army reunion. They will soon be back in Washington, 'at home' to their friends as usual. General Sherman further says that, while he is averse to dispelling popular illusions, he has not, as a matter of fact, danced a 'round dance' for thirty years, never venturing more than the common 'cotillion;' but he encourages young people to dance on all suitable occasions, because he believes the dance 'fulfills a natural impulse, promotes health and virtue, and is far more salutary than idle moping and gossiping.' For the same reason he has always encouraged the theater, opera and concert, 'as pleasurable diversions needed by all mankind.' As to the insinuation that he has neglected his family, he pronounced it an 'absolute falsehood—the invention of one of the greatest scoundrels who ever inflicted his presence on a worthy community.' In conclusion, the general says characteristically: 'Mrs. Sherman and I profess to be able to manage our own affairs, and beg the public to take no concern on our account; we have a host of good friends all over this continent, and hope they will not be distressed by the idle and silly gossip which will find its way into the best of newspapers.' Everybody will admit that this is a sensible way of disposing of an offensive intrusion upon private domestic affairs."

Virtues of the Cactus.

Letter in Salt Lake *Tribune*: "No one who has traveled in the northern States of Mexico, where grass for long distances is sometimes unknown, can have failed to observe that but for the cactus, freighting through those sterile counties would be impossible, as it furnishes the best of nourishment to the famished cattle, who find neither water nor grass in those wilds. The cactus on being cut off and roasted on a long stick over a fire, so that the thorns become softened and do not hurt the mouth of the cattle, is eaten voraciously by them. Men who have spent their lives in those regions told me that with only occasionally a little grass, cattle could not only subsist on them, but also draw heavy loads, feeding only at night, doing without water for four and five days. I myself have proved the truth of this assertion, as on a trip a couple of years ago, in the State of Coahuila, we were three days without water or grass for our stock, and the oxen as well as the mules ate the roasted cactus with great relish. The Mexican name for this plant is noysal. In the central State of Mexico, a large variety exists, which bears a big, purple-colored, pear-shaped, fruit, which is very much esteemed by the people of that country. In the State of Oxaca and all the southern highland Mexican States, the cochineal insect is raised on it, and no other vegetable product has yet been found that grows with less care in any place, provided it be dry, as it never flourishes in the lowlands, that would answer the purpose. There exist, I believe, over fifty varities of the plant that will not grow at an altitude over eight thousand feet in the central or northern latitudes of Mexico, nor will it flourish in timbered land."

Beauties of Nature in Arizona.

Correspondence of the San Francisco *Bulletin*: "Notwithstanding the entire absence of timber or vendure of any kind upon the mountains along the Colorado river, they are ever changing objects of beauty and interest, and the longer and more studiously you gaze upom them, the more completely are you lost in admiration of them. In the evening, in the interval just before and immediately after the decline of the great orb of day, these earth-giants point up their ragged edges and grotesque columns against a canopy that is a marvel of celestial coloring. At this time of the year no clouds sail majestically over the mountain tops. From sunrise until within an hour of sunset the imperial dome seems like a great sapphire suspended over the world. Then the eastern mountains and the horizon above assume a most exquisite tint of something between purple and marroon, while the elevations on the west and the horizon above color up in lilac and gold. A few moments after sunset the whole heavens and mountains upon either side assume a lavender hue. So perfect and so delicate are the tracings of these mountain outlines against the sky at this period of the evening, that the entranced vision follows them as readily as if they were just so many artistic pencilings upon map or parchment. Yet, all this pales in comparison with the mirage on a clear morning, which cuts up these same mountains into castles, cathedrals, fortresses, esplanades, gardens, forests, and every other imaginable thing, or topples them over, or suspends them in the air at will. One can watch the beautiful effects of mirage in this country with more delightful avidity than any other one thing that can be presented."

A JEW'S

Belief as to the Millenium—He is Surprised to Find Christians so Interested in it, and Wonders Why they did Not

Invite the Hebrews to Council with them Upon it—Striking Passages from the Old Testament in Reference to the Messiah's Coming.

"An Inquiring Jew," in the New York *Sun*: "A somewhat notable assemblage of Evangelical christians, who believe in the personal pre-millennial advent of the Messiah, has been in session this week in a church in this city, listening to the reading of a series of papers on the subject and taking part in the discussions on the topics suggested by these essays. There is a large, ancient and respectable body of believers in the doctrine of the millennium which has not been invited to attend the conference—I mean the Jews. Their opinion on the subject may be entitled to some consideration, if only by reason of the pertinacity with which they have clung to them ever since the death of of their illustrious fellow Israelite, the founder of christianity, nearly two thousand years ago. They base their belief on the same Old Testament which christians revere, and they are in every way as desirous of salvation as are their christian brethren. Of course it was not expected that they would be invited to the present conference; but it may not be deemed presumptuous if one of them should set forth the Jewish views as to the Messiah's advent. Some of the learned gentlemen whose scholary essays show how much study they have given to the subject may find it worth while to prove the unsoundness of these views if wrong. Surely to do this and 'bring to the fold of Christ the last sheep of Israel,' would be an achievement not unworthy of the important occasion. According to christian belief, two distinct comings of Messiah are promised by the Hebrew scriptures. The Jews hold that there is no authority for the idea of a second coming; but that the hope was only made necessary by the failure of Jesus to fulfill the conditions required by the prophecies as to the first and only advent foretold. On this point all Jews—Orthodox and Reformers—are agreed. As to the Messiah, who is to come, there are differences of opinion—not as to the claims of Jesus to be considered by as Messiah, which are in no way entertained by any sect of Jews, but as to the question of a temporal or spiritual millenium. The Reformers, for the most part, hold to the latter interpretation of the prophecies. They are, however, but a very inconsiderable proportion of the Jews of the world. All Orthodox Jews believe in a temporal millenium, and religiously pray for it in their homes and synagogues. On what they base this belief I shall show after briefly setting forth the grounds upon which all Jews are united in denying the doctrine that Messiah has appeared, or that he ever could appear in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. The Jews, in the time of Jesus, in their unhappy condition under the Roman yoke, were anxiously awaiting the advent of Messiah to end their troubles, and would gladly have believed if they could that Jesus was he. Some, we know, did believe in him to the last, but, with a notable exception, they were ignorant and needy, and perhaps were attracted by his communistic teachings, which discouraged manual labor and promised a redistribution of wealth. The spiritual descendants of one of them, a poor, unlettered fisherman, for centuries have been found to stand at the head of His church. The Pharisees, however, the learned Jews of those times, representing the highest intelligence—for they were the lawyers, physicians, scribes and magistrates—refused to receive him, because they failed to see fulfilled in his advent the conditions which were to attend the coming of the promised Messiah. And the Jews of to-day stand in precisely the same attitude in this matter as that in which their forefathers stood nearly two thousand years ago. The promised Messiah, according to the prophecies, is to be descended from the royal house of David. Jesus of Nazareth is not claimed to have been more than affiliated to David through Joseph. The gospel does not claim that Mary was descended from David. The scriptures promised that Messiah 'shall speak unto the heathen.' Jesus says: 'Think not I am come to make peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but the sword, and to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against the mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.' How ill does this accord with the promise of Isaiah that the advent of Messiah shall be the occasion of universal peace, when the nations 'shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' Instead of His coming being the occasion of family strife, the prophet Malachi says: 'Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.' 'With the advent of Messiah all present empires and rulers are to be abolished; there is to be but one kingdom, and Messiah is to be king; and in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdoms shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall last forever.' Daniel also says of the promised Messiah: 'And all rulers shall serve and obey him.' In the Psalms we read: 'Yea, all kings shall prostrate themselves before him; all nations shall serve him.' The prophet Zachariah says: 'His dominion shall be from sea even unto sea, and from river even unto the end of the earth.' Jesus says of himself that he 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.' Certainly he has never ruled the earth in either a temporal or a spiritual sense. The prophecies distinctly set forth that at the advent of Messiah there is to be only one religion, and that the religion of Israel. Supposing even that, as christians claim, a second coming is foretold by the scriptures, the fact remains that it is distinctly declared that Judaism is to be the creed of the millennium. Zachariah says: 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, In those days it shall come to pass that ten men of nations of diverse languages shall take hold of the skirt of a Jew, saying: "We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."' And again he says: 'And it shall come to pass that every one that is left of the nations which came against Jerusalem shall even go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the feast of Tabernacles.' The feast of tabernacle is a Jewish festival unknown in the christian calendar. With all the other Jewish holidays it was observed by Jesus, who was never anything but a Jew. Paul, even after his own 'conversion,' circumcised Timothy, showing that he considered the Mosaic dispensation to be in full force. He said to the Galatians: 'For I testify to every man that is circumcised that he is 'a debtor to do the whole law.' The prophecies relating to the so-called second coming of Christ declare distinctly that Judaism is to be recognized as the true religion; and, inasmuch as Jesus never authorized the abrogation of Judaism, but himself observed its rites and ceremonies, it is difficult to understand how christendom can arrogate to itself the instrumentality of fulfilling the conditions of the millennium. Jeremiah says: 'Behold the days come, saith the Lord, when I shall raise up unto David a righteous branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and he shall execute judgment and justice on the earth. In his time Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell in security.' It is easy to see why the Jews look forward with anxiety for these days to come. It is not so easy for them to understand what satisfaction the fulfillment of the prophecy will be to christendom, which has systematically persecuted the race of its founder and his apostles, and repudiated the ancient religion they practiced, preached and revered. In showing why the Jews refuse to believe that the promised Messiah has appeared, I have, in quoting from the prophecies, shown incidentally some of the premises upon which they base their belief in the ultimate advent of a temporal Messiah. The passages quoted are but a small proportion of those which might be adduced; but as it is not possible, within the limits of the present article, to exhaust the evidences of the scriptures in support of the Jewish view of the millennium, I will, in conclusion, content myself by making reference, in addition, only to a few of the more striking passages bearing on the subject. The last words of the Old Testament contain a distinct promise that Elijah, the prophet, shall come on earth to prepare the way for Messiah. After insisting on the immutibility of the law of Moses, the inspired Malachi says: 'Behold I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.'"

The ten tribes of Israel, which were carried away from Samaria by Shalmanessar of Assyria, and have ever since been lost, are to be restored and united with Judah and Benjamin, under the dominition of one king of the house of Judah. See Ezekiel, xxxvii, 16.

The Gentiles are to be converted to Judaism. See Zachariah, viii., 23; also xiv., 9.

The Gentiles are to celebrate the Jewish Sabbath and the new moons. See Isaiah, lxvi,, 23.

The remnant of all the nations are to make an annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem "to bow down to the king, the Lord of Hosts." See Zachariah, xiv., 17.

The kingdom of Israel shall be the dominant one throughout the world. Isaiah says: * "And the children of strangers shall build thy walls, and their kings shall serve thee, * * For the nation and the kingdom which shall not be willing to serve thee shall perish, and the people shall be utterly destroyed."

The temple shall be rebuilt. See Ezekiel, xl. to xlv.

The resurrection shall take place. Isaiah says: "Thy dead shall live again, together with my dead body shall rise again. Awake and sing, ye that live in the dust." Certainly none of these things were accomplished at the first coming of Jesus, and consequently they must all, according to christian exegesis, be reserved for the second; for the scriptures, which both christian and Jew believe in, tell us: "God is not a man that He should lie, or the Son of Man that He should repent; but what He says He will do, and what He speaks He will confirm." If the Jews are wrong, will not some good christian set them right?

Joe Jefferson.

One wonders that the man is not entirely subservient to the actor, writes a correspondent about Jefferson. Indeed, in private life the same tones, and even at times the broken accent is noticeable. That he has good reason to be attached to his part, even *A Man of Success* would admit, for it has brought him, so I am told by an intimate friend, over one million dollars. In private life he is very jolly, always in good spirits and in manners, while inclining to the brusque, those of a gentleman. I had never seen him off the stage until last week, and it must be confessed that no woman was ever so completely metamorphosed by "make up" as our venerated Jefferson. A little over the medium hight, with a well-knit frame and a tendency to stoutness, regular and rather small features, smooth face, and, in spite of his fifty years, thick, dark hair, without a thread of silver. In dress very plain, and wearing no jewelry, and, as I remarked before, in voice and accent, "Rip," and, indeed, that was the only recognizable point. While in Chicago he makes his home at his father-in-law's, who resides in comfortable style on Michigan avenue. It will be remembered that eleven years ago the great actor married a Miss Warren, of Buffalo, a lady who, though not a member of the profession, comes of an old and highly respectable theatrical family, and is a niece of Ex-Mayor Price, of this city. A blonde and very graceful, she is intelligent and accomplished, and has won many friends through her charming and generous heart. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson have two bright little children, a son and daughter, and had the misfortune to lose a little boy some time ago. The son living was christened "Willie Winter" Jefferson, in compliment to the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, who is the warm friend and has the sincere affection and respect of one of the greatest living actors. An interesting circumstance connected with this same christening was its taking place in the little church of Stratford-on-Avon, the tiny oyster-shell of a town which gave the world its greatest pearl of all poets and dramatists. Surely small Willie Winter Jefferson ought to make his mark in the world with such a combination of names and circumstances. Mr. Jefferson is said to be a devoted husband and father, and the most liberal and conscientious of friends. He is fond of solid enjoyment, and also devotes much time to painting, a number of his works being on exhibition in art galleries abroad, and one or two in this country. I was anxious to "interview" him, but he laughingly declined the honor with "No, no. I do not think it is dignified in our profession to so thrust themselves upon the public. Artists of little fame or very young seek it, I know, as a sort of advertisement, but it does not seem to me the thing."

From the St. Louis Journal.]

POEM OF THE STATES.

A gentle Miss, once seized with chill,
Was feeling most infernal Ill.,
When came in Md. for to know
If N. Y. service he could do.

"Oh," cried the maid (for scared was she)
"Do you Ind. Tenn. to murder Me.?"

"La.," said the doctor, "I Kans. save
You from a most untimely grave,
If you will let me Conn. your case
And hang this liver pad in place."

"Am I a fool?" the patient cried.
"I cannot Del.," the brute replied,
"But no one can be long time Ill.
Who Tex. a patient blue Mass. pill."

"Ark!" shrieked the girl, "I'll hear no Mo.
Your nostrums are N. J.—now go!"

Autumn Leaves and Ferns.

For bouquets in baskets and vases, ferns, leaves and grasses mixed together are most effective. Window transparencies look well of delicate ferns with a few bright-colored leaves. Ferns are best simply pressed and dried between sheets of blotting-paper or newspaper. The London *Queen* recommends the use of linseed oil, rubbing the ferns lightly with it and then drying before using. This preserves their freshness in a remarkable degree. Leaves may be treated in the same way; but the most satisfactory way is ironing them with a moderately warm iron, the iron rubbed—not too thickly—with the end of a spermaceti candle. A pretty mode of using autumn leaves is in lamp shades. Cut the shade the proper shape in stiff white paper, when the leaves, which have been previously dried and pressed, are arranged on it in a wreath, and fastened securely by gum. The whole is then covered with very coarse net, and the edges bound with gilt or colored paper. The effect of the light shining through this shade is exceedingly pretty; and it is one of the cheap decorations which all persons, possessed of a little taste and ordinary skillful fingers, may make for themselves. Never put the leaves away damp nor in a damp place to dry—they are almost sure to mould and injure the color. A pretty fernery which will keep all winter may be made by piling mosses and wood ferns into an old platter. A frame of bark tacked on around the outside of the platter makes it as pretty as a far more expensive vase, and all winter, if kept moist, your home-made fernery will develop new beauty every day.

Waste and Want

Either man must be content with poverty all his life, or else deny himself some luxuries and save to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns (whether his earnings be one or ten dollars a day) let him look lor lean and want at some future time—for they will surely come, no matter what he thinks. To save is absolutely the way to get a solid fortune, there is no other certain mode. Those who have shut their eyes and ears to these certain facts will be forever poor and in their obstinate rejection of truth perhaps may die in rags and filth. Let them so die, and thank themselves. But, no, they take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath. They might as well curse the mountains or the eternal hills. Fortune does not give away good and substantial goods. She sells them to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think themselves creatures of fate; 'tis the surest folly in the world. Every man may make or mar himself, whichever he may choose. Fortune for those who by diligence, honesty and frugality place themselves in a position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality is the five dollars or more standing in your name at the savings bank. The best evidence of honesty consists of diligence and frugality.

A correspondent in a recent issue of the London *Times* gives an extraordinary account of the swarms of locusts which prevail in some parts of India. Of late the young locusts have been hatching out and hopping along before they are able to fly, laying waste all vegetation. Hearing of a plan of the the natives to dig ditches in the line of march of these creatures, the correspondent called out his men and dug several trenches, into which the locusts tumbled as they reached the brink. When one ditch was full it was quickly covered with earth, and the march went on to the next one. After the work was over a careful estimate was made of the number of locusts thus destroyed, which showed seven and a half millions, or ten and a half tons of the insects had been buried within two hours.

Ladies' Restaurant.

Floyd is now open and will be glad to see his old friends. Oysters in every style,

PARTON'S

Article in the North American Review in "Antipathy to the Negro"—What it was at the North Many Years Ago—Cases in Point.

Religious and National Antipathies—How they Disappear Before a Better Knowledge and Juster Human Relations—The Indian as an Aristocrat.

A brilliant article in the current number of *The North American Review* is by Mr. James Parton on "Antipthy to the Negro," and the question he discusses in a keen and incisive style is, whether it is true, as southern statesmen so often told us before the war, that the white man and negro cannot live together as equals. That there is no natural antipathy between the negro and white races, he maintains, and cites numerous cases in support of his thesis. He gives also some impressive instances of the strength of a contrary impression forty years ago. *Apropos* of this, he relates this striking and almost incredible anecdote of John Quincy Adams: "When Miss Kemble came first to Boston in 1832, she sat next to the late John Quincy Adams at dinner one day, and the conversation turned upon the tragedy of *Othello*. Mrs. Kemble has since reported one of Mr. Adams's remarks on this subject: 'Talking to me about "Desdemona," he assured me with a most serious expression of sincere disgust, that he considered all her misfortunes as a very just judgment upon her for having married a *nigger!*'" If this anecdote had not come to us on such respecable authority, we could hardly believe it of a man who, during the last and best ten years of his life, was looked upon as the black man's champion. Mrs. Kemble adds a suggestion of a new "point" in the play for southern audiences: "I hate the nigger," she thought, would have a far stronger effect in Charleston or Savannah than "I hate the Moor." But the fact is, Mr. Parton clearly shows, this violent antipathy to a former generation was caused simply by the fact that the negro was despised, and those who despised him were ignorant of what he is. We naturally keep away from the objects of dislike. That bitter antipathy, for example, which existed from 1798 to 1805 between the Democrats and the Federalists, and which infects the blood of some families now in the fourth generation, is in part explained by a single remark made by a public man of the time: "Members of different parties now cross the street to avoid speaking." We have all been struck with the ignorance, as well as with the entire, quiet contempt, shown by the Romans of the first century for the christians. Dean Swift descants upon the dangerous ignorance and contempt manifested in his day by the Protestant Irish for the Catholic majority; and there are now, as we are informed by a native, districts in the north of Ireland where a Presbyterian, of Scotch lineage, would as little think of giving his daughter in marriage to a young man of an Irish Catholic family as a gentleman of Louisiana would sanction the marriage of his son with an octoroon. On the other hand, the prejudice felt by Dr. Johnson for the Scotch was a common feeling in England for ages; he merely retained it longer than most, and was cured of it, in a good degree, by the simple and obvious expedient of going among them. The antipathies, we repeat, are all very much alike—Whig and Tory, Federalist and Democrat, Braham and Pariah, Spaniard and Moor, Mohammedan and Christian, Christian and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, Churchman and Dissenter, noblesse and peasant, Indian and squatter, black man and white man. We kick the worm far from us, away out into the dusty highway, and then despise the creature for squirming there dirty, miserable, and helpless. But, happily, these antipathies have one other trait in common; they yield to better knowledge and juster human relations. Compare the Jew in Cincinnati with the Jew in Moscow; he is a nobler being, because he lives no longer in an atmosphere of contempt. All over the world, even in India, even in Turkey, even in China we find that better knowledge makes better feeling, and begins to soften the prejudice of ages. Mr. Parton draws a very impressive parallel between the Indian and the negro, much to the advantage of the latter. Among the primitive races brought to our knowledge through Prince Henry the Navigator and his pupils, the negro alone has given us reason to think that he can receive a civilization based on industry; for he alone has shown himself capable of industry. The Indian seems to be an acclimated aristocrat. In war he is a soldier, in peace a sportsman; capable of long-continued and agonizing toil only when a bear is to be shot, or a game won, or an enemy hunted down. He wants a lordly waste of park around his abode; he is a turner of night into day; he will gamble away all he has; he can conquer any foe better than his own propensities. He has eloquence, dignity, pride, courage and a sense of honor. He can calmly stand at the wrong end of a loaded gun. He can bear twelve hours roasting before a slow fire and not utter a sound. Still better, traders on the frontier give him a year's credit, and rarely lose by him. He dotes upon his children, and never strikes one of them when he is sober. He gets up late in the morning, sits long at dinner, delights in conversation, and surpasses in telling a story the most accomplished diner-out in Europe. Curiosity is one of his strongest feelings; but such is the politeness of this wild noble that he will not ask a stranger his name or errand until he has given him food, and allowed him ample time for enjoying it. He can wait; he can control his countenance, his tongue, everything but an appetite that destroys him. So like is he to his brother aristocrats in the old world, that we cannot but think of him sometimes when we read of their doings in the hunting field, the gambling saloon and the race ground. But the Indian of pure blood will not work; and if you make him work he dies. He cannot receive our knowledge, for he is so credulous that a school is broken up if a medicine-man points a finger at the school-master. In his heart he despises and abhors us, and would kill us all to-morrow if he could. The negro, on the contrary, has not an aristocratic fibre in his frame; neither the virtues nor the vices of the aristocrat are his. But he can work, he can love, he can learn. He takes readily to the hoe and the spelling-book. He clings to the soil that bore him. He improved under slavery from generation to generation, and nowhere so rapidly as in the southern States, for nowhere else was he treated so well as there. West Indian slavery was hell; southern slavery was purgatory, that prepared him for the paradise of freedom. The negro did not come into civilization by the cabin windows, but was tossed up on the forecastle, and has learned whatever he knows of the ropes by the rope's end. He has learned a good deal about the ropes, little as he yet knows of the quadfant and the chronometer.

The Composition of Honey.

Honey is one of the oldest things under the sun. At one time it was probably the only form of sugar known, and to-day is one of our most delicious articles of food. Does it not seem strange, then, that in this scientific age so little is known of its real composition or the changes it undergoes? Honey is composed of grape and cane sugar, together with water, acid, and waxy matters. If honey be burned completely, a grayish-colored ash remains, which amounts to about fifteen per centum of the original honey. In this ash I succeeded in obtaining reactions for silica, lime and iron. There is also a small quantity of potash and phosphoric acid in honey. To estimate the quantity of these present, I took two portions of "cap" honey, free from pollen and wax, and burned them to a coal-like mass. In one I extracted the potash with muriatic acid, and, in the other, phosphoric acid with nitric acid, and estimated them in the usual manner. The following are the amounts obtained: Potash, six per centum; phosphoric acid, eight per centum. These substances would naturally be present in honey, as they are found in soils, and circulate in the juices of plants. There are many things connected with honey about which at the present time but little is known. The following are a few: (1.) Has honey a definite composition? Is there any difference in the relative amount of sugar in honey made from buckwheat, basswood, clover, golden rod, brown sugar, etc., or between the relative amounts of cane and grape sugar? Probably this question can be answered only by comparing the analysis of different kinds of honey. (2.) Does the bee add anything to nectar in changing it into honey? On this point there is wide difference of opinion. But I know of no experiments having been tried to settle the matter. Pefectly pure honey, that has been dried completely, contains about one per centum of nitrogen. Does the bee supply this nitrogenous matter? To decide this I gathered some nectar from flowers in the agricultural college greenhouse (from the azalia, rhododendron, and fuchsia, but principally from the last), and carefully tested it for nitrogen. The result of my experiments is that nectar does contain traces of nitrogen. Therefore, the fact that honey contains nitrogen does not prove that it was furnished by the bee. May not this question be decided by feeding bees upon pure white sugar, which contains no nitrogen, and afterward examine the honey to see if any nitrogenous matter has been added to it? (3.) After honey has stood for a certain length of time, a part of the grape sugar crystallizes out, and granulation or candying is the result. The cause of the change is not known. May not the conditions under which the granulation occurs be determined by a series of experiments, by keeping honey at different temperatures, etc? Answers to these questions may not advance the market value of honey a particle, but we shall enjoy the satisfaction of knowing the truth of the whole matter."

High Lo!

Baltimore *Sun*, November 5th: "Captain Pratt, United States army, yesterday brought to Baltimore from Dakota forty-nine young Indians, whose ages range from twelve to twenty years, all of them on their way to the government normal school at Hampton, Virginia. They reached Camden Station before noon, and went directly to the steamer Carolina, of the old Bay line, which departed last evening for Norfolk. All the young Indians will be sent to school for three years. Thirteen of the party are Rees, from Fort Berthold, and the others Sans Arc Sioux, from Cheyenne, Crow Creek and Standing Rock agencies. The Rees were a rather wild-looking company, with long, black hair streaming in the wind, and wearing miscellaneous clothing, including blankets thrown over their heads. The Sioux looked as if they had enjoyed more of the comforts of civilization than their brothers Rees; they were better clad and some of them were comely. Nine are girls, who were all dressed in loud-colored raiment, with red shawls. One little Indian maiden of twelve summers was interesting enough to cause one of the steamboat officers to remark that he would like to adopt her. She looked really like a bank-note vignette. The Sioux boys were, as regards dress and general behavior, quite up to the average of many lads to be met with every day among civilized people. All had lived on reservations four or five years, and the Sioux have some education in their native tongue. But one, however, can talk English, a lad of seventeen years, son of White-Bull, a Sioux chief. This boy had been adopted in a white family, and has received two years of public school education at Lima, Ohio. He was neatly dressed, polite and affable, and it did not take a questioner long to find that 'John Robb,' the name he has taken from his benefactor, is a young gentleman. A little hoodlum, all smiles and capers, was introduced as Charley White Bull, brother of John Robb. Charley looked as though he could enjoy the same kind of fun that white boys are fond of. John Robb said their father and mother are living, and they expect to return to their parents at the end of three years. One of the Rees is a son of 'No-Heart,' a chief. Many have been given English names, such as George Fisher, Charles Fisherman, etc. Magnificent white teeth, glistening like pearls in the mouths of girls and boys alike, lent attractiveness to their not unpleasant faces. To the observer the conclusion was irresistible that Uncle Sam has in these wards of the nation some excellent material out of which to mould useful men and women. During the afternoon some of the young Indians visited the Maryland institute fair in different parties, while others strolled about the city seeing the sights. Some of our street urchins, who followed them with war-whoops and yells, after dime-novel models, need a little civilizing too. The Sioux do not belong to the tribe of which Sitting-Bull is chief. The party left Dakota eight days ago. Captain Pratt, it will be remembered, last year took through Baltimore a number of Indian warriors who were sent home to the far west from Florida, where they had been imprisoned by the government."

The September Tornado in Hayti.

Bishop James T. Holly, writing from Port-au-Prince on the eighth of October, says of the tempest that devastated the southern coast of Hayti the fourth of September: "Over four hundred horses have been destroyed at Cayes, the Carribean sea and interior streams rising and flooding that city. Large rocks were transported by the sea into the middle of the streets in some places, and in others great excavations were made into the earth large enough to engulf small houses. Meanwhile the howling tempest was doing its fearful work in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and shocks of earthquake were doing their terrible work beneath, the earth opening in fissures, and flames of fire issuing therefrom. The bureau of the general of the arrondissement in that city was thrown down by one of these shocks. Of course many lives were lost by persons being drowned or buried in the sand, transported by the sea with the rocks and heaped up in mounds in the city. In the general destruction the inhabitants were left without food, and the government of Hayti immediately appropriated sixty thousand dollars and dispatched two steamers with provisions to succor the famished people. Private individuals at the capital also exerted themselves to the utmost to contribute to the relief of the sufferers. Other towns of the south suffered in like manner. Aquin and Cavaillon were completely destroyed. Over sixty persons lost their lives in the former place. The misery of the inhabitants in these devastated cities is incalculable. Houseless, homeless, without means of continuing their usual avocations to gain their livelihood, their case is one that appeals to philanthropists abroad."

Shooting a Cougar.

Calaveras (Cal.) *Chronicle*: "Ned Wallace, of Jesus Maria, killed a cougar the the other day that measured eight feet in length. Mr. Wallace was out hunting, and during his seach for game came across a couple of young cougars. He shot one of the cubs dead and wounded the other. The wounded one set up a crying and whining that was heard by its mother, and before Wallace could reload his rifle he was startled by a terrifying scream. He is an experienced hunter, and he well understood the significance of that cry. He knew it came from the female cougar, an animal that, when aroused and enraged, has no superior in strength, activity and ferocity. A crash in the brush on the hillside above him, and a repetition of the frightful scream that sounded almost human, warned Wallace of his perilous situation, and he prepared to face the danger. His rifle was empty. With the utmost celerity he threw a handful of powder into the barrel and shoved a bullet down after it without the formality of encasing the latter with a patch. As he hurriedly finished capping the weapon and drew his knife the cougar was within twenty feet of him preparing for the spring that would have probably cost him his life. Quick as thought Wallace levelled his rifle and fired, the bullet luckily striking the animal in the breast, inflicting a fatal wound. The cougar leaped fully ten feet in the air and fell dead at Wallace's feet. The skins of the cougar and her cub are on exhibition in Jesus Maria. That of the full-grown animal measures eight feet in length."

Starting a Boy.

Detroit *Free Press*: A lonesome looking boy was yesterday hanging around a wood-yard in the northern part of the city, when the owner of the yard, having both charity and philanthropy for boys with tears in their eyes, asked the lad why he didn't peddle apples, or do something to earn a few shillings. The boy replied that he had no capital, and the wood-yard man took out a nickel and said:

"Now, my boy, I'm going to start you in life. Take this nickel and go make a purchase of something or other. I'll buy it of you for ten cents, no matter what it is. Come, now, let's see what sort of a business head you have on you."

The boy took the nickel and went off, but in ten minutes was back with a gallon jug which he had purchased with the nickel.

"Well, you are a keener," replied the man. "I never saw one of these sold for less than fifteen cents to any one. I want such a jug, and here's its fair price. Go now and lay out your fifteen cents in apples and I'll buy half your stock."

The boy did not return. Perhaps he fell into a sewer somewhere; but you can't make the wood-yard man believe so. When he lifted the jug from under the table, where the boy had carefully placed it, he found a hole in the bottom large enough to let in a black-and-tan terrier.

Relief at Last!

From cholera-infantum and summer complaints. Dr. Moffett's TEETHINA *(teething powders)* regulates the bowels and makes teething easy, heals eruptions and sores, removes and prevents the formation of worms in children. No mother should be without it. W. N. Wilkerson & Co., and all druggists, keep it.

Ullathorne, the Seedsman,

Is open with everything fresh in his line, and will be glad to see his many friends at 198 Main street.