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The Pacific House
Is complete, being entirely new and well furnished with good beds. It is situated nearly opposite the county buildings, where good board is furnished at all times with or without lodging. Satisfaction guaranteed.
JEFFERSON & FOSTER, Proprietors.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

An old man sat before the fire,
On a windy winter's night,
And dreamed of the time in the "long ago,"
When his life was young and bright.

He dreams that he stands at the alter now,
With the loved one by his side,
And whispered the words of the marriage vow
In the ear of of his fair young bride.

And now they are wandering happily,
As they did in the "long ago,"
He does not think she has slept for years
Where in summer the violets grow.

And it was as he dreamed that night—
Cold-handed messenger, Death,
Came in at the chime of a midnight hour,
And silenced his struggling breath.

And his soul passed in at heaven's gate,
Where his loved ones passed before,
And, lo! they have met on the Plains of Peace,
Where sorrow is known no more!

They found him dead when the morning dawned,
And they said, "It is well he sleeps!
For we know that his name is written down
In the book that the angels keeps."

They bore him forth, and the drifted snow
Was cleared from the frozen plain,
Where, years ago, in her grave robes clad,
His beautiful bride was lain.

And lo! as they hollowed the narrow bed,
The sunlight around it shone:
And they said "Tis a sign that in peace they rest,
Till the trump for the just is blown."

[From the Journal of an Austrian Naval Officer.]

AN ANXIOUS QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

On the station between Turin and Naples in the year 186—, the stately frigate, "Sweeper of the Seas," under the scorching rays of an August sun and with every rag of sail spread to the faint and unsteady southeasterly breeze, was slowly cleaving the dark blue waves of the Adriatic.

Off to the right, far and low on the dusty horizon, lay the blue peaks of the western spurs of the Sicilian mountains. Elsewhere the eye, in its sweeping glance over the boundless space of water, gleaming in the heated atmosphere like a mirror of burnished steel, found no point on which to rest.

While half the crew were busy with some light work below, the rest of the sailors, artillerists and marines, whose duty kept them on deck, tried to find a refuge from the almost unbearable noonday heat by creeping under the shadow of the bulwarks, boats and sails, were most of them sought, in dozing, some oblivion of the hardships they had to endure. A few were forbidden by iron discipline to shelter themselves in any way from the heat, which had risen to some 112 degrees Fahrenheit. Sulky yet anxious the officer of the watch was leaning against the gangway ladder to windward, while his eye wandered now to the horizon, now to the maze of rigging overhead, and now to the steersman as he stood carelessly holding the spoke of the helm; and sometimes his glance would fall on a group of ship's boys who were noislessly playing with beans and scraps of paper between the two forty eight pounder canister guns of the after battery.

On the windward side in the full blaze of the sun a half-grown lad of a midshipman was walking the heated planks of the quarter-deck—now entirely deserted by the crew—whose watch was out, getting a foretaste of the pains of purgatory and cursing the moment in which, all unwitting of the sufferings and privations of a sailor's life, he had been tempted by the fair outside of the naval service to enroll himself in this chosen corps.

On the forecastle in the shadow of the great forecourse were lying several officers and middies, with the doctor and the purser, stretched on soft mats and listening earnestly to one of their number who was spinning them yarns from his own adventurous existence, blowing light rings of smoke from their favorite *cigarritos* and sipping their *petites tasses* of pure, thick mocha. During the conversation one of them chanced to mention what an incredible quantity of spirits, especially in cold, inclement night watches, many sailors can dispose of with impunity. Lieut. Von R——, who had been listening in silence, broke in with the assertion that for the quantity of spirits he could stand he would be hard to beat and offered to bet that he could swallow at a draught a full *half* (nearly a quart) of clear Jamaca rum. The officers who lay around him, thinking him in jest, laughingly took up the bet, who shall describe their amazement when Von R—— coolly declared himself ready to carry out the wager on the spot. One of the watch was sent down to the steward for the immense mug with its contents of pure rum, and Von R——, setting it to his lips, in spite of the earnest remonstrance and entreaty of his friend drained it to the bottom. Rising after this fearful draught he stood for a moment, pale and shaken with a nervous trembling, but apparently recovering immediately, bowed to his comrades, who looked on in consternation, and went with a firm step down the forecastle ladder among the sailors of the spar deck. Here, drawing a handful of glittering Maria Theresa dollars from his pocket, he rolled them to the crew, seemingly delighted at their scuffling and fighting, as they sprang up and rushed after the prize. Then walking, aft, he went down the officers' hatch and disappeared in his state room. The spectators of this drinking feat believed firmly that Lieut. Von R——had gone to lie down and sleep off the inevitable consequences of such a draught. They had no idea that this officer, though one of the most able, experienced and cultivated men on board, beloved and respected by high and low, had unfortunately suffered for some time past with nervous headache, and said occasionally things which looked like slight mental aberration. In a few moments after he had gone below the incident was forgotten on deck, and every one was again busy with his occupation or his reveries.

On most vessels, especially men-of-war, the officers' state-rooms, surrounding the ward-room, have a bull's eye in the deck, closed with a glass lens an inch thick, which is replaced in very hot weather by an open work rosette of metal, furnishing at least some slight ventilation in these confined quarters. On men-of war, too, by an exceptional arrangement the state-room of the first lieutenant communicates by a trap and short ladder with the powder-magazine which the sailors call "Santa Barbara," that, in view of possible mutiny or accidental closing of access to the magazine through the central parts of the ship, this way of ingress may remain open for the officers into the central shrine of every war vessel. This brief hint is necessary for the clearer understanding of the sequel.

Precisely on this blazing noon, on account of the heat, the glass bull's eyes had been taken out and the open metal rosettes screwed in, through which the middy on duty, as he paced the deck overhead in the sunshine, cast many a longing glance at the shady regions below him. A short time after Lieutenant R——had gone to his room the middy suddenly stopped, cocked his pug-nose skyward with an expression of boundless amazement, as if awaiting a supernal message from one of the blinding sunbeams, wondering where the singular smell of burnt powder came from which suddenly assailed his tender olfactories. His motionless attitude lasted but an instant, for a glance at the helmsman and at the sentry by the arm-chest (the only persons but himself and the boys on the quarter deck) showed him that they, too with wide open nostrils and faces of fear and horror, were sniffling in the smell of burnt powder, which grew stronger moment by moment. The young fellow—in fact yet a mere lad—fiercely as the heart throbbed and imminent as was the cry of dismay which hovered on his lips still felt the sentiment of soldierly honor and official duty so strong within him that he managed to contain himself, and stepping to the watch, as he leaned against the gangway ladder, he calmly, though deadly pale, called his attention to the burning smell he had noticed.

The officer of the watch, Lieutenant Alfred——, a calm, cautious and phlegmatic fellow, a Swede by birth, had scarcely taken a few steps toward the quarter-deck and convinced himself of the powder smell, when the crew, who were lying about on the spar-deck and in the shade of the forecastle, or behind the heavy thirty-pounders, getting uneasy at the smell, which now grew perceptible amidships and forward, sprang to their feet, in silence as yet, but dismayed and menacing.

There are, unfortunately, even on board a man-of-war, terrible moments when even the sailors—usually kept in check by a hard and strict discipline—burst through every restraint, defy every order, and in their anxiety for life strive to take their fate into their own hands. Nothing but the greatest coolness and energy on the part of the officers at such moments can avert from the ship a frightful calamity.

A glance forward showed the officer of the watch the most imminent danger. In the conviction that the smell of burning powder could only come from Santa Barbara—where alone powder was kept—and dreading that the ship might at any moment yawn like a volcano beneath them and hurl their mangled limbs skyward, the crew made ready to rush to the quarter deck to let down the boats hoisted up there, and if possible save themselves, though they had to pass over their officers' bodies. With a few springs the officer of the watch reached the quarter deck armory, seized a heavy boarding axe, called out the guard, and accompanied by the middy, who brandished threateningly his little boarding dagger, rushed forward to the mainmast to meet the still irresolute crew. Quick as thought the more disciplined marines—usually scoffed at by the sailors as loungers and and rats—had hurried aft, seized their pieces, which were leaning against the racks, and at the word of command from their sergeant, with bayonets at the charge, cut off the quarter-deck from the crew.

As soon as the officer of the deck saw that the men gave back an instant before the threatening steel, with the aid of of some artillerymen who hurried up, he rapidly turned the two after battery guns, which always stood loaded with grape, and trained them forward along the gangways on the crew.

With hastily lighted matches the faithful artillerist stood unhesitating, ready at the word from their officer to hurl death and destruction among their comrades.

In these brief moments, not only had the stench of powder grown stronger and stronger, but the whole quarter deck was covered with a white layer some inches deep of light smoke.

Immediately on the alarm most of the officers and the midshipmen had turned out on the quarter deck, with the commander of the ship, Captain Von L——, an able, just and courageous officer, but one little loved in the ship for his terrible severity on duty. Calling his staff about him, he had his speaking trumpet handed him by the officer of the watch, as a token that he had now taken command himself. Deathly stillness reigned on deck. Discipline brandished her iron scourge over every head. Every one on board, with sinking heart, but without a murmer, awaited in silent resolution the death which, as all thought, but none dare say, they believed inevitable from the explosion of the magazine. A call brought the gunner, an old experienced artillerist, before the commander, who in a clear, calm tone ordered him to go down with the utmost caution into the magazine and inquire into the cause of the smoke.

In the silence which reigned on deck every one heard this short order. The old gunner turned pale, as if he were ordered on his last journey to Rasnocke, (the place of execution) and in that frightful moment many a silent but fervent prayer must have risen to the Almighty from the breasts of the two hundred and twenty-five men on deck. Many a despairing thought was given to distant dear ones, their own loved homes and fresh young lives; and many a one in a few instants saw, as in a dream, the whole panorama of his life unroll before his mental eye. As on men-of-war not only loaded booms, grenades and rockets, but also all the powder and cartridges are kept in iron chests deep under the water line in Santa Barbara, and as the heavy cloud of smoke which now overspread the deck gave rise to the supposition that only a few boxes of cartridges had as yet taken fire, every one believed that as soon as the gunner should open the door leading into the magazine the draught of air, if nothing else, would explode the whole mass and blow the ship and crew into the air.

The gunner, with mechanical formality, touched his cap, a hoarse "aye, aye, sir!" struggled through his set lips—a hurried "'bout face!"—a few steps—and he vanished down the magazine ladder.

It was about fifteen minutes before he reappeared on deck, but what a quarter of an hour! It seemed an eternity yet so short! Every one read in his neighbor's features the anguish of death yet not one dared to whisper a syllable, as if it might hasten the explosion. The very beating of our pulses was audible, and the cold sweat trickled from every brow, and yet how wonderful, how inspiring it was to see the power of vigorous discipline, of respect for law, and of the good example of superiors. Certain death stared us all in the face, yet every one stood motionless at his post, his glance fixed immovably upon the man who stood surrounded by his tried officers, speaking trumpet in hand, ruling us all with his eye.

While every soul on deck looked momently for the coming death the face of the old gunner rose again above the hatchway, beaming and happy. At the first sight of his smiling, almost roguish features, all faces lost their strained expression, our breath came freer, our hearts beats calmer, and the mountain was lifted from our breasts.

With hasty steps the gunner went up to the commander and reported that he had not only on accurate investigation found the magazine in perfect order—except one open case of musket cartridges—but that neither on the gun-duck nor the lower deck was there any trace of powder smell. To avoid anything like draught he had not got into the magazine through the ordinary iron door but standing outside, had unscrewed from the wall the great round refractor lamp which lights the magazine by night and day, and crept in through the hole. The cloud of powder smoke accordingly was limited to the upper-deck.

At this moment, general calmness being restored, the commander noticed that Lieut. Von R——was not on deck. An inquiry after him was met by the officers with dead silence, but with sly smiles from the surrounding crew. The cabin boy reported the door from the ward room into the Lieutenants room locked fast. Hereupon several officers went down and knocked and called at the door but without reply.

With prompt resolution they set the edge of a boarding axe in the joints and burst in the door. What a sad and terrible picture met their sight through the thick cloud of powder smoke which filled the cabin. By the little flap table, on a camp stool, sat Lieut. Von R——, without coat or waistcoat, his shirt bosom open and sleeves rolled up, pale and blackened, with scorched hands. At his feet stood open the trap into the magazine. on the flap table beside him was a wax candle, and near this, as well as on the bed, lay a lot of open packs of rifle cartridges,

The thing was clear at once.

The consequence of his terrible draught the poor fellow had gone crazy, and fetching from the magazine some packs of loaded cartridges, had been amusing himself with holding them by the bullet end and setting them off at the candle. The smoke had naturally drawn through the metal rosette in the bull's eye on deck, where it had spread along the planks and produced the consternation we have described. At the sight of his comrades standing speechless with amazement in the broken door Von R—— seemed to come partially to his senses, and grasping with trembling hands at a razor in his dressing case. Count Von D——, guessed his dreadful intention, hastily threw himself upon him and wrested it from him.

A few months after the famous insane asylum at B——numbered one more melancholy inmate.

THE GREAT TOWNS OF ENGLAND.—The population of seventeen of the largest towns in England, according to the census of 1871, is as folows: London, 3,251-804; Liverpool, 493,346; Manchester, 355,665; Birmingham, 343,696; Leeds, 359,201; Sheffeld, 239,947; Bristol, 182,-524; Bradford, 145,827; Newcastle, 128-160; Salford, 124,805; Hull, 121,598; Portsmouth, 112,954; Sunderland, 98,-385; Leicester, 95,084; Notingham, 85,-608; Norwich, 80,090; and Wolverampton, 68,279 Making a total of 6,188,-233, against 5,299,424 in 1861, and 4,-454,140 in 1851. The population of London in 1871, as given above, is 3,251,804 against 2,803,989 in 1861, and 2,362,236 in 1851. The aggregate population of the sixteen largest tows next to London is 2,936,429 in 1871, against 2,495,435 in 1861, and 2,091,904 in 1851.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—The United States Government has for some time past been engaged in dredging out the channel of the Mississippi; reports from that region state that large boats will hereafter pass on from Dubaque to St. Paul, Minnesota. The channel has been scraped out to a depth of four feet all the troublesome sand bars, and large and dangerous snags have been removed. At Red Rock bar, however, the channel takes an abrupt turn, and sets directly across the river, and the difficulty in navigation consists in turning the long boats without striking the points of the bars above and below. These obstacles, it is said, cannot be moved by means of the dredge boats.

Let your praises be sincere and within the compass of your ability.

A Remarkable Family.

Americans, like the "grand old gardener and his wife," in Tennyson's poem "smile at the claims of long descent." It makes but little difference among us, generally speaking, who a man's grandfather was, and in many cases, the less said about the old gentleman by his respectable descendants, the better. Talent, or even wealth, is seldom transmitted to the third generation. It seems to be the rule that the descendants of great men of the revolutionary period have less brains and even less money than their ancestors.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives a very readable notice of a striking exception to the rule we have mentioned viz: the Adams family of Quincy, Mass. The first Adams, of this family, who aspired to a position higher than that of his forefathers, who were day laborers, and who did not even possess the title of "Mr." was Parson Adams, of Quincy, Mass. He sent his son John to Harvard College, and in due time said John became a country lawyer, and married Abigail Smith, who was supposed to be, in a social point of view, immensely above her husband. The Revolution breaking out, John Adams, attorney, went into it with all his might, mind and strength, and became a great public character from 1774 till he quitted the Presidential chair in 1801, a period of twenty-six years. He died on the same day with Jefferson, July 4th, 1826, just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

John Quincy Adams, the son of John Adams, was a far more remarkable man than his father, and was the most accomplished scholar and statesman who has ever been President of the United Sates. He became minister resident at the Netherlands at the age of twenty seven; minister plenipotentiary to Portugal at twenty-eight; minister to Russia at forty-four; Secretary of State at fifty, and President at fifty eight. He retired to Quincy upon leaving the Presidential chair, but in 1831, at the age of sixty three, having been elected by his district to represent them in Congress, he took his seat in the House of Representatives, of which he continued a member for seventeen years.

In Congress the old man distinguished himself by his indomitable pluck. He never, apparently, got tired, but with a crust of hard, dry rye bread in his pocket to satisfy hunger, would sit, and watch, and fight an antagonist for seventeen hours at a stretch. His battle for the right of petition was one of the most remarkable struggles ever witnessed in Congress, and his appearance before the Supreme Court at the age of 74, after an absence of thirty years, to plead the cause of some poor negroes, was one of the most pathetic scenes in our history. This great man died as he lived, at the post of duty. On the 21st of February, 1843, he had risen to address the speaker when paralysis seized him. Uttering the words, "This is the last of earth; I am content," he fell to the flour. Two days afterwards he died in the Speaker's room.

Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams, is now sixty-four years of age. He is a man of learning, equal in this respect, perhaps, to his illustrious father, and far his superior in those graces of manner which make men popular, but he had the misfortune to be born rich. He inherited a good estate from his father and married a daughter of the late Peter C. Brooks, of Boston, who left a large estate. Edward Everett married another daughter. Mr. Adams was a candidate for Vice President on the Free Soil ticket in 1848, and has always acted with the Republicans, though as he grows older is suspected of conservatism. He made an honorable record as Minister to London, and has lately been selected as arbitrator at Geneva on behalf of our government.

Charles Francis Adams has three sons, all men of character. The eldest is John Quincy Adams, who has for several years been the candidate of the Democratic party for Governor of Massachusetts. He is a lawyer, but does not practice, and resembles in appearance his great grandfather, John Adams, the great federalist.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., second son of the late Minister, is one of the three State commissioners of Railroads, at a salary of $3,000 per annum. He is a man of more off-handed ability than the Adamses usually are apt to be, and would be set down in London as a man of mark from Chicago, rather than a dweller at the "hub." He is best known at the West as the author of the railroad articles which appeared in the 1870 numbers of the *North American Review*. He is a Republican beyond any shadow of a doubt.

The youngest son is Henry Brooks Adams, lately elected editor of the *North American Review*, a quiet, studious man, but little known in general society.

STEALING A RIDE.—The Kansas city *Journal of Commerce* says: "Yesterday, a man arrived over the Kansas Pacific railroad, from Carson, in a car of wool. He had secreted himself in the car when it was being loaded, to get a free ride. When the car was loaded it was locked and sealed, and could not be opened until reaching its destination. The man was in the car three days and two nights, with nothing to eat or drink, and when the car was opened he was so weak he could hardly stand. He certainly earned his ride."

Constantinople is to be connected with the opposite Asiatic cost by a railroad tunnel, consisting of sheet iron double tubes, under the water of the Bosphorus. The tunnel is to be about 1,200 feet long, ten feet in diameter in the clear, and to be placed thirty-six feet below the level of the water, in order not to obstruct navigation.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

The Coolie Trade.

According to a late Washington special Chief Justice Smale of Hong Kong has recently made a decision which may have the effect of putting an end to the coolie trade without the intervention of treaties or legislation. The point came up this way: A Chinese coolie was arrested for mutiny on the high seas, and also for being concerned in the murder of the captain and some of the crew of the ship Novelle Penelope. The chief justice, after an elaborate review of the case, discharged the prisoner from arrest on the ground that the coolie trade is really nothing but slave trade, and therefore no better than piracy; consequently is beyond the pale of law, and the man who resists it is not guilty of crime. Whether this decision will be sustained, should it be referred to legal tribunals in England, is, to say the least, doubtful, from the fact that some of the British colonies are deeply interested in the traffic, and have taken measures to encourage and regulate it. From a report submitted to the House of Lords in 1859, we find that the sum expended on account of immigration to the colony of British Guiana from 1841 to 1858, was $4,230,775—largely over half of which was coolies. During the period named, 18,532 of these were brought from Calcutta, and 8,428 from Madras. To Jamaica there were brought, from 1845 to 1854, 4,551 coolies from India and 472 from China. From 1843 to 1858 there were sent from Calcutta to Trinadad 11-631 coolies, of whom 749 died on the passage, and 111 were put to the hospital immediately on arrival. From Madras and China to Trinadad during the same period, were sent 3,107, of whom a fair proportion died en route. From the colony of Grenada there were embarked 777, of whom 132 died on the voyage. From 1834 to 1858, not less than 250,000 coolies were forwarded to the Mauritius, and of these 35,000 died there in a comparatively short time after arrival. To what extent the business is carried on now we have no means of knowing, but it is an indisputable fact that while the philantropists of Great Britain were expending their virtuous indignation in denouncing American slavery, the government of Great Britain was deliberately aiding a system of human bondage inconceivably worse. "The horrors of the middle passage," about which we have heard so much, were eclipsed an hundred fold by the awful sufferings of these poor wretches carried from their homes in India and China, to die in mid ocean, or perish miserably on some unhealthy island or coast in the tropics. Not unfrequently a third or half of those who sailed were flung from the ship to feed the sharks before the voyage was accomplished, and the misery endured by the survivors no pen can describe. It was always necessary to keep them below, or watch them closely while on deck, for if left alone they were sure to commit suicide by jumping overboard—preferring easy death to a horrible life. Nor when they landed was their lot much improved. Had they been slaves their masters would have had a pecuniary interest, if no other, in their welfare; but being only laborers working under contract, they were subjected to the most brutal treatment and died by the thousands, unnoticed, and uncared for.

It is quite time the infernal traffic was broken up forever, and the bold stand of Chief Justice Smale, if it does not consummate that purpose at once, can hardly fail to bring it about at an early day.

Workers and Thinkers.

Among the prevalent errors of the age is the idea that one class of persons must be workers and another class thinkers. Working and thinking are regarded by many as distinct if not antagonistic avocations. But the truth is, we apprehend just the reverse of this. Brain exercise and bodily activity must necessarily work together to give either its highest and best condition. All history attests the fact that the hardest workers have ever been the closest thinkers. Indeed we doubt if the records of human greatness can produce a single example of any one achieving distinction in any of the walks of life who was not active bodily as well as mentally.

We do not mean that hard and unremitting toil at any particular kind of manual labor, that a monotonous routine of mechanical or agricultural employment which shall tax the muscular system to the utmost improves the thinking faculties, or is conducive to high mental development. But we mean to say that active labor of some kind is essential to give tone, vigor, availability and practicality to the intellectual powers.

To shut a young man or a young woman up in a school house to be educated is to teach them to dream. To confine them to the closet or library with the view of getting an education there is a mistake. Libraries are necessary, closet studies are useful, and school houses are important, but all together will never make a thinking person. Combine them with free, active and varied bodily work, and then the harmony and health of all the functions may be preserved and the individual may become eminent both as a worker and a thinker.

Those persons who have been placed in what are usually regarded as the most favorable educational circumstances have seldom become eminent. The reason is they had nothing to call out their powers. Their brains were stuffed but not developed. To develop the mind, to bring out the latent energies, to give force, and point, and direction, and originality to the mental powers, opposition is required. Instead of having all the pathway of life smoothed before it it must meet with trials and overcome opposition. It must be trained to get around difficulties and remove impediments. It must be thrown often and variously upon its own resources, and then it will soon have resources. The whole organism must work energeticically or the brain will never think effectively.

How To Empty a Church.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

When you take possession of the pulpit, be sure to remember the sacrifice you have made, and compare the waters of Abana and Pharpar with the Jordan, which flow at your feet.

Ascertain who are the wealthiest people in your congregation, and pay particular court to them, for "riches have wings" and you cannot afford to lose any of these magnates.

Find out all the weak points among your people, and beware and drive your sharpest nails into their quivering flesh. Pour on the mustard and vinegar without one drop of oil, and if the wretches cannot stand it, why they can vacate their pews. Don't be suprised if they leave after the first application of the caustic.

Be very personal, there is nothing like locating your remarks; it prevents the cap from getting on the wrong head.

Refer frequently to the flourishing vineyard you left; it has the same effect as Mr. Thrasher's remarks to his second wife, in regard to his "late lamented." They feel like giving you a return ticket.

Ventilate your own private opinions, and so impress them upon your people that they will be obliged to think as you do; or else be classed among the idiots or insane.

Keep an open grave very close to the pulpet, and when some newly bereaved ones enter their pew, seeking for comfort, strength, and consolation, bring up all the terrors of death, the horror of dissolution, and uncertainty of all beyond, until the shadows of grief hang heavy over the place, and the world seems one vast cemetery.

The soil must be well harrowed, and this plowing up of the emotions is essential to your success.

If you should hear, through any good friend, that some member of your congregation had spoken disparagingly of you, lampoon him from the pulpit in a way that shall distress everybody.

Be very patronizing to the poor of the church. Their feelings are of no account; and you cannot afford to draw upon the treasury of Heaven for those who give so little into your treasury.

Besides, there are the crumbs.

Keep your own sorrows, your own soul-experiences, prominently before the people; it will awaken sympathy for you and prevent their encroaching on the pastoral cornfield. Their own troubles will grow light by comparison, and you will be saved the worry of hearing all their complaints, and healing all their wounds. They ought not to expect much from their pastor.

Make very few calls, and should you meet any of your parishoners on the street, unless they are the *creme-de-la-creme*, be lost in thought and oblivious of their approach, or, if taken unawares, grant them merely a slight nod of recognition.

Follow out these suggestions, adding to them such hints as you may gather from your own, or other people's experience, and rest assurred that the result will exceed even your most sanguine expectations.

La Rochefoucauld's Description of Himself.

Ambition does not weary me. I fear but few things, and I do not fear death in the least. I am but little given to pity, and I could wish I was not at all. Though there is nothing I would not do to comfort an afflicted person, and I really believe that one should do all one can to show great sympathy to him for his misfortune, for miserable people are so foolish that this does them the greatest good in the world; yet I also hold that we should be content with expressing sympathy, and carefully avoid having any. It is a passion that is wholly worthless in a well-regulated mind which only serves to weaken the heart, and which should be left to ordinary persons, who, as they never do anything from reason, have need of passions to stimulate their actions. I love my friends; and I love them to such an extent that I would not for a moment weigh my interest against theirs. I condescend to them, I patiently endure their bad temper. But, also, I do not make much of their caresses, and I do not feel greater uneasiness in their absence. Naturally I have but little curiosity about the majority of things that stir up curiosity in other men. I am very secret, and have less difficulty than most men in holding my tongue as to what is told me in confidence. I am most particular as to my word, and I would never fail, whatever might be the consequence, to do what I have promised; and I have made this an inflexible law, during the whole of life. I keep the most punctilious civility to women. I do not believe I have ever said anything before them which could cause them annoyance. When their intellect is cultivated, I prefer their society to that of men; one there finds a mildness one does not meet with among ourselves, and it seems to me beyond this that they express themselves with more neatness and give more agreeable turn to things they talk about. As for flirtation, I formerly indulged in a little, now I shall do so no more, though I am still young. I have renounced all flirtation, and I am simply astonished there are still so many sensible people who can occupy their time with it.

A citizen of New Orleans has recently been so successful in experimenting with fluid gas of ammonia as a motive power that he claims that there is a probability that it may supercede horse power on street railroads. The report of an examining committee, headed by General Beauregard, approves of the invention in terms which are too indefinite to be conclusive.

The Seminoles, nomads on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, in Russia, who live chiefly by fishing and keeping reindeer, and were formerly a powerful tribe, have of late greatly decreased in numbers, and it is believed they will soon disappear.