People's Vindicator.

Largest Circulation of Any Country Paper in the State.

JAS. H. COSGROVE, - - EDITOR.

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODEON.

"I am Nicholas Tacchinardi—hunchbacked, look you, and a fright;
Caliban himself might never interpose so foul a sight.
Granted; but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size,
Gaze not on my limbs, good people; lend your *ears* and not your *eyes*.
I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer*. Spare me for a while your din;
Let me try my voice to-night here—keep your jests till I begin.
Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask,
See, I stand beside the foot-lights, waiting to begin my task.
If I fail to please you, curse me; not *before* my voice you hear.
Thrust me not from the Odeon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf and mocked his shame;
Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying: "Off, presumptuous ape!
Off, unsightly, baleful creature! Off, and quit the insulted stage!
Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage."

Moving low, pale Tacchinardi, long accustomed to such threats,
Burst into a grand *bravura*, showering notes like diamond jets—
Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang,
Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those foot-lights sang;
And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries:
"*King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!*"

—*James T. Fields, in Harper's Magazine.*

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

"We really must economize somewhere!" said Obadiah, tugging wildly at his whiskers.

"Yes, indeed," said I, wringing my hands, "we must! But I'm sure, Oby, dear, we are neither of us extravagant. We must eat, we must drink, and we must live!"

And Obadiah and I sat and looked at each other in a sort of mild despair.

We had only been married six months, Obadiah and I. We were very young, both of us, and perhaps we had begun the world too early. Our relations told us we hadn't any business to marry; but as their gratuitous opinions were all that they had ever given us, or ever intended to give us, we had not paid much attention to these utterances.

We had taken a little, one-story cottage, just on the high road, which was let cheap, because there were only two rooms and a kitchen to it. But what did Obadiah and I want with more than two rooms and a kitchen? I had the furniture which Grandmother Newcomb had given me, and a rag carpet which my poor mother had woven the winter before she died. To be sure, our accommodations were not extensive, but we did not expect to hold fashionable receptions or give large dinner-parties.

Obadiah had plenty of work in the woolen factory, down by the depot, and I hung out my little sign, "Dressmaking and Millinery," and hoped that somebody would see it, and come in and give me an order. But no one came. I had plenty of time after my housekeeping duties were over in the morning, and couldn't be always beeswaxing the furniture, arranging the china cupboard, or polishing the windows.

"I wish I could get some dressmaking to do!" said I, wistfully; for Obadiah's earnings were small, and I did so long for a dollar or two of my own.

"Why don't you advertise in the village paper?" said old Mr. Meggs.

Obadiah burst out laughing.

"Advertise!" said he. "Why, what on earth do you take us for, Mr. Meggs? It costs a deal of money to advertise."

"It costs something, certainly," said Mr. Meggs, thoughtfully stroking his chin; "but, then, it calls public attention to the particular sort of iron that you have in the fire."

"A little local paper like that?" said Obadiah, rather contemptuously.

"It's local custom your wife wants, isn't it?" said Mr. Meggs.

"And I never did think much of newspapers," added Obadiah.

So that settled the question; and afterward, when the foreman of the woolen factory cut down all the wages of the workmen twenty per cent., and coal went up, and the winter set in hard and cold, and we began to consider the question of how and where we could economize, the local newspaper was almost the first thing upon which Obadiah settled.

"That, at least, is an unnecessary extravagance," said he.

I winced a little. The Boggsville *Herald* had been my companion for more lonely evenings than I cared to remember.

"It's only a dollar and a half a year, Obadiah," said I; "and really it's a very interesting little paper."

"Just a dollar and a half a year too much," said my husband, curtly. "The subscription is just out. I'll tell 'em we won't renew it. If you care so much about it, Josie, you can easily borrow Mrs. Meggs' paper."

I was silent. I never could make Obadiah understand the deep-rooted aversion to "borrowing" of any creature whatever that I had inherited from my mother.

So we cut down the weekly paper, and left off using butter, and burned candles a penny a pound cheaper, and I scrimped, and cleaned, and rebound, and new buttoned Obadiah's great-coat, instead of buying a new one, and left off going to church because my old cloak was so shabby and I couldn't afford anything better.

And oh, how I did miss the Boggsville *Herald!*

"If I could only get a little dressmaking to do," said I to myself, "I would subscribe again myself. But I can not bear to ask Obadiah for a cent of his hard-earned money."

I was sitting, very sad and lonely, one drizzling February day, by the window, trying to mend one of Obadiah's old waistcoats, so that it should last a few days longer, when a traveling pedler, with a large basket of china ornaments on one arm and a bundle on his shoulder, knocked at the door. He nodded in an fascinating manner to me as I answered the summons.

"Couldn't I sell you anything this morning, ma'am?" said he, with a liberal display of a very white and even set of teeth. "Anything in the way of elegant mantle vases, statuettes, decorated china, match-boxes—"

"I have no money," said I, spiritlessly. "And I do not need any of your things."

"Ah, but you do not know what a splendid article I have here," he persisted, lowering the strap which passed across his shoulder, and lowering the basket, perhaps carefully to the floor. "The best of real Wedgewood *faïence*. Oh, don't shake your head, ma'am; I haven't charged you anything for looking at 'em, you know. I'm certain you're an artist—all the ladies are born artists—and this is really something quite out of the ordinary."

And with a succession of nods and grins, he unwrapped a pair of really very pretty blue vases, nearly two feet high, and ornamented with raised garlands in white.

"Only six dollars a pair, ma'am," said he. "Dirt cheap. It's positively giving them away at that price."

"I have no six dollars to spare," said I, indifferently.

"It's a great bargain, ma'am," he insisted.

"I do not want them," said I.

He was silent for a few seconds.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said he. "They'd be a great decoration for a house like this. But if you really won't buy, it would be doing me a great favor to allow them to stand here until to-morrow. I've a long tramp before me, and I'm not going to any place where I think they'd be likely to buy anything of this sort. I'll set 'em back by the chimney-piece, ma'am, where they won't be in any one's way. And I'm very tired with carrying 'em."

I felt sorry for the poor, jaded wretch—so I made no objection. And when he was gone, the vases did make the room look wonderfully pretty. I could not but wish that they were mine. Obadiah perceived them at once, when he came home to tea.

"Hello!" said he, "what does this mean?"

So I told him, adding:

"I only wish that I could afford to buy them—they are so handsome."

Obadiah walked around and around them, with his hands in his pockets, and his brows knit thoughtfully.

"Yes, they're pretty," said he. "But they're not perfect."

"Not perfect!" I echoed.

"Not by any means. Don't you see that lengthwise crack down one? And the end of the little raised rosebud is chipped off on the other. I hope you didn't do it, Josie?" with a sudden glance of apprehension.

"I? Certainly not!" I cried. "Why, I haven't so much as touched the things!"

"Then I dare say it's all right," said Obadiah. And he sat down to supper.

The next day, however, my friend, the china-vender, came along, smiling and obsequious as ever.

"There are your vases," said I, "just where you left them!"

But all at once he broke out into a storm of reproach and obloquy. They had been cracked and damaged in my care. They were perfect—absolutely perfect—when he left them there the day before. I had worked the mischief, and I was of course responsible for the value of the articles! Of course I knew that the rascal was telling a falsehood; but what could I do? I was alone in the house, and fairly cowed by the ferocity of the man.

"You must pay me for them," he reiterated, again and again, "or I will have you arrested at once!"

I burst into tears.

"How can I pay you?" said I. "The vases were damaged when you left them here. And, besides, I have not five dollars—no, nor one dollar—in the house." (Which, also, was true enough.)

While I spoke, he had been glancing furtively around.

"I don't want to be hard with you, ma'am," said he. "Of course, a poor man like me has got to save himself from loss, and if you'll let me have that set of blue and white India china in the dresser, in exchange, I'll leave the vases and we'll say no more about it."

It went to my heart to part with the India china, which had been a relic of my mother's housekeeping days, but I was so cowed and terrified by the man's bullying manner that I believe I would have given him the house from over my head if he had asked for it; and he went away, leaving the beautiful vases on the floor. How glad I was to see Mrs. Meggs come cheerfully in, half an hour afterward!—a good, motherly old soul, with silver spectacles and an elderly dimple still lingering on her cheek.

"Why, my dear," said she, "what's the matter?"

And I told her all.

"But, my dear," said she, "how came you to be so taken in? There was an article in the paper last week, warning everybody against this very impostor. Didn't you see it? It was called 'The Vase Swindler.'"

I colored deeply, and hung down my head.

"We have stopped taking the paper," said I. "Obadiah thought we couldn't afford—"

"And your beautiful old china, too!" said Mrs. Meggs. "Why, there was half a column in the paper, week before last, about the value of old china just now. And by what is stated, your set of old India-ware must have been worth twenty dollars at least."

Twenty dollars! And I had frittered them away for a pair of wretched, cracked, tawdry things, of the very sight of which I was already sick.

"My dear," said Mrs. Meggs, "your ideas of economy are altogether misplaced. You should read the papers."

Obadiah went and subscribed for the Boggsville *Herald* that very evening. And in the first number he saw an advertisement for hands at a new steam factory in the neighborhood, which offered steady work and wages a third higher than he was now receiving. And I inserted a modest little "Dressmaking Wanted," and it was answered within the week, and I am making my own snug little income now, thank heaven! And if anybody tells us now that we can't afford to take a paper, we tell them, Obadiah and I, that we can't afford to do without one.—*South Jersey Times.*

—When a man is riding a bicycle he looks neither to the right nor to the left, but appears to be gazing about five hundred years into futurity, as if trying to solve the problem of the hereafterness of the unknowableness of the unknowable hereafter. He is not, however. He is simply wondering, in case of a sudden header, whether his skull would be split wide open, or if he would escape with his nose mashed all over his face.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A lady in Bridgewater, Mass., thirty years ago stamped her initials and a private mark on a small coin and passed it out. In change not long since she was surprised after such a lapse of time to receive the identical piece of money.

—By aid of his telephonic system Dr. Cornelius Herz has, during experiments made under the auspices of the French postal authorities, transmitted audible speech eight hundred miles.

—Hamilton Abeal received at Round Lake, N. Y., a few days since, from the Dead-letter Office, a picture which he sent to his mother from the army eighteen years ago.

—A mastodon tooth, weighing six and a half pounds, has been found in the Kentucky River, near Marion.

—An electric watch has been made in Copenhagen.

A Kentucky Lochinvar—His Thirty-Mile Race for a Bride.

A gentleman from Allen County, who chanced to be in the city yesterday, tells an interesting story of a romantic runaway match which is now being extensively canvassed in that part of the State. Scottsville, a pretty village situated in the county mentioned, about fifteen miles from the Tennessee line, is the home of some of the most aristocratic people in Kentucky. It is a place noted for pretty girls and gallant young men, and among all these the sweetest belle was Miss Ollie Brown, and the handomest beau Mr. Joseph Carpenter. They loved each other unto desperation. Theirs was the sort of love that always leads to marriage, and months ago they determined to link their destinies. In this case, as in many others, the only obstacle was parental objection. Miss Brown's mother positively declared that she was not old enough to get married, being only fourteen, and her sweetheart's entreaties were in vain. The young people made one or two ineffectual attempts at elopement, but they were never once balked in their determination to carry out the scheme in the sweet by and by. On last Thursday young Mr. Carpenter drove to the residence of his sweetheart, and once more besought her mother to consent to an early wedding. Mrs. Brown was inexorable, Miss Brown was tearful, and Mr. Carpenter excited. At last, when every prayer had been denied, the young man boldly put the question to his sweetheart:

"Will you go with me, or mind your mother and remain at home?"

The girl looked up through her tears, first at her mother and then at her lover.

"I'll go with you," she said, at length.

"Then come;" and with these words young Carpenter caught his lady-love in his arms, and, hurrying out of the house, leaped into the buggy that was standing in front of the door. The horse received a smart blow of the whip and jumped away in a dead run. As soon as Mrs. Brown realized the situation she screamed for assistance at the top of her voice. In a few moments the little town was wild with excitement, but the volume of sympathy seemed to be with the young people, who had just whirled through the streets at a terrific rate of speed, taking the road that led to Gallatin, Tenn. The mother whose daughter had been stolen wildly besought somebody to go in pursuit of the fugitives, and, if possible, stop the wedding. At length Mr. Manion, a young lawyer, and Judge of the Police Court, consented. In a few moments he was mounted upon a horse of speed and bottom, rattling out of the town in the direction taken by the buggy at a pace that would have captured the "gentleman's cup" at any fair in the State. From the very start it was a race of whip and spur. The fugitives were evidently making for 'Squire Fikes's office, which is just across the Tennessee line, and Judge Manion was hot upon their train. It was a chase long to be remembered by the people who witnessed it. In front a horse flecked with foam, going at top speed, and drawing a light buggy, in which a gallant youth sat, with resolution upon his face, and a beautiful girl nestled trustingly by his side. Perhaps a mile in the rear, a solitary horseman, applying whip and spur, thundered along over the level turnpike. The buggy had the best of the race, and pulled up in front of 'Squire Fikes's office fifteen minutes in the lead of the man on horseback. The clever 'Squire promptly adjusted his spectacles and read the marriage license. It was all right; and the ceremony would be performed, so the 'Squire said, and he was on the point of pronouncing the words so feverishly awaited by the young people, when Judge Manion, riding like a professional jockey, bore down upon the party and signaled the officer of the law to stop. "I object to this wedding," he said, flinging himself off his panting horse.

"Upon what grounds?" asked the 'Squire.

"It is the wish of the lady's mother that she shall not marry. I have come at her bidding."

"You'll have to show something in writing," said the 'Squire, bluntly.

Judge Manion promptly took his seat at a table and dashed off an affidavit reciting the facts. 'Squire Fikes read it, and, much to the discomfiture of the runaways, refused to proceed further with the ceremony. The young people pleaded, but all to no purpose. At length Mr. Carpenter said in very simple language:

"We will go further. Get in the buggy, my dear. Judge Manion, you may prepare for another race. We are off for Gallatin."

The young man meant exactly what he said, and in a few minutes the race was renewed. The distance to Gallatin was eighteen miles, but the buggy horse was stanch and as true as the love of the young couple he was drawing. He leaped nimbly away from the string, and once more got the best of the start. Judge Manion, nothing daunted, again took the saddle and put the spurs to his faithful courser. For four miles the race was neck and neck, neither entry for the grand prize flagging; but at the finish of that distance the horse under saddle cast a shoe and stumbled to the ground completely exhausted. The buggy then glided unaccompanied to Gallatin. Judge Manion picked himself up, determined to carry out his mission, and walked along the road for three miles, when he procured another horse, this time a sorry plug, and started out once more on a run. In the meantime, however, our young couple had arrived at Gallatin. A preacher was secured and the wedding was performed at the principal hotel, in the presence of a dozen specially invited guests. Judge Manion galloped into town on his worn-out hack just in time to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, which he did with the best grace possible. It will be interesting to the readers of the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville to know that the bride is the daughter of Mr. Robert L. Brown, formerly a well-known merchant of this city. She is also a cousin by marriage of Gen. Eli H. Murray. She is but fourteen years of age.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Reporter Murphy, of the United States Senate, relates of Daniel Webster that one day when he was to debate with Silas Wright, a loquacious friend went over and said: "Mr. Webster, you will have an easy victory to-day; Mr. Wright is drunk." "I would have you know, young man," said Mr. Webster, "that Silas Wright, either drunk or sober, is a very hard man to encounter."

—Two mothers by the sad sea waves. "What? Do you let your children make slings to play with? They are very dangerous; don't you know how hard they can throw stones with them?" "Yes, but the little dears don't throw them at themselves."—*French.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—On authority of Dr. Freise it is stated that hypodermic injections of sodium salicylate have been successfully used at Rio Janeiro in the earlier stages of yellow fever.

—The outside fiber of the cocoanut is a splendid substitute for leather, and is used for forming shoe-heels. After mixing with some cementing liquid, it is then stamped into form under a heavy pressure.

—In Paris an astronomical standard clock is kept in communication with the other city dials, and the time regulated by pulses of compressed air sent at intervals along pneumatic pipes. In Glasgow electricity is adopted.

—Pepsine is proving itself to be of extraordinary efficacy in destroying worms in the stomach and bowels without causing any injury to the highly organized tissues, even when it is deemed necessary to use very large doses.

—Cotton-seed oil mills are an important branch of the manufacturing industry of Memphis. Three new mills are now in course of construction, making a total of seven mills, with a capacity of nearly 30,000 barrels of oil for the season.

—A machine has been brought to the attention of the French Academy of Sciences which is capable of raising water to a height previously unattainable by a rotary machine. It is the invention of M. de Romilly, and a laboratory model worked by hand projects water to a height of 500 feet.

—Dr. Barthelmess, of Nuremberg, makes the extraordinary announcement that recent analyses have discovered and scientifically determined the presence of coral formations in meteorolites, and evidence, therefore, of animal-vegetable life in other celestial bodies than our earth.

—An Englishman has invented a sewing-machine which it is claimed is capable of making from 2,000 to 5,000 stitches per minute, according to the number of needles employed, doing, in fact, the work of twenty persons. This is said to be the first machine invented that will make a regular running stitch in exact imitation of handwork.

—In the Old World the willow has been found to be the equal of the blue gum as an anti-fever tree. It is claimed that the fever and ague districts along the shores of the Levant have been rendered healthful by planting willows plentifully. The Swedish Consul recommends willow-planting in Cyprus, where malarial diseases now so extensively prevail.

—Prof. Raphael Pumpelly, the well-known geologist and mining engineer, has been engaged at a large salary by the Oregon Transcontinental Company, Henry Villard's new corporation, to make a full survey of the region traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad and the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, including all adjacent territory, and will have a large staff under him. He resigns his position on the Government survey to do this work, but will retain his headquarters at Newport, R. I.

A Public Library Romance.

A few months since the people of Cincinnati and the reading public of the United States were agreeably surprised at learning that Johnny King, a Cincinnati newsboy, had presented the Public Library of that city with 2,500 volumes. To be sure the newsboy was not much of a boy; for he was a man approaching the age of forty. But the collection and donation of 2,500 valuable books by a man with few or no resources but his daily sales of newspapers, who was afflicted with rheumatism and had been crippled by small-pox, showed remarkable taste, remarkable thrift and remarkable generosity. The story of his life became public property, and money was sent him, one wealthy New York gentleman remitting a check for a handsome amount. But he was proud as well as poor, independent as well as generous. Although the failure of a savings-bank had swept away his long year's earnings, and he had no relatives to aid him, he turned the rich man's money over to the Children's Home, whose inmates he thought more needy than himself.

In the same city of Cincinnati was a homeless girl, who, after the death of her mother, was robbed of her property by her step-father and turned, penniless, adrift to make her way as best she could. She found a home with an old lady with whom she shared their one room, and, by hard work, earning enough to support themselves with the needle. Being both fond of reading they were frequently patrons of the Public Library. One day the young girl, asking for the second volume of a work she was reading, was told that it belonged to the John King collection, and that the donor probably had the second volume at his rooms. Ascertaining his address and advising with the old lady as to its propriety, she called on him and asked for the missing volume. Some inquiries followed, the result of which was a more familiar acquaintance, in a few weeks a marriage, and the purchase of a news stand and a candy store.

The excessive heat of the summer and the closeness of their small rooms told very severely upon the health of the wife. Tar dripped in from the roof, and the temperature was almost intolerable. Her distress set him to putting into practical shape an idea which many months before he had reduced to writing as follows: "There is no more reason why houses should not be cooled in summer than that they should not be warmed in winter." He soon had in operation an apparatus which, it is said, "worked to a charm." The first dreadfully hot night that it was in use they needed a blanket. He obtained a patent and his wife, her health and strength greatly restored by the success of his experiment, set herself to the task of making known the merits of her husband's invention. During the recent session of the National Scientific Association at Cincinnati she obtained introductions to several gentlemen connected with it, who, regretting that she had no working models of the apparatus, were still greatly interested in it, contributed a little money and requested that all documents relating to it should be forwarded to them. The apparatus is described as the reverse of a stove, one being fed with fuel, the other with ice; the stove is placed near the floor, this machine near the ceiling. Both are furnished with drafts and controlled by dampers. The expense of feeding it will be about the same as that of a stove. A considerable number of experiments show that two hundred pounds of ice will reduce the temperature of an ordinary-sized bedroom from 100 deg. to 80 deg. for fifteen hours; and the inventor has already begun arranging for the manufacture of the apparatus.

It is not always that a love romance ends in so delightful and agreeable a coolness as the romance of Johnny King, the newsboy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

—How does Father Time travel? Bicycles, of course.—*Boston Times.*

—They say the only trouble with the sleeping rooms in the Long Branch hotels is that a man has to get into bed before he can close the door.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—In the average country town it is considered the correct thing for a man whose property has been burned down to formally thank the fire company for saving the grounds.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A young farmer likes to bind sheeves of grain with briers in better than any other, because when he reaches around to put the band under, the thorns remind him of the pins in his girl's dress.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Miss Jane she was of fine physique,
In art she was a good critique,
Her nose was Grique,
Her temper unique,
But one of her eyes was quite oblique.
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—A dispatch from Washington states that one of the clerks in the Sixth Auditor's office "is seriously ill from overwork." That is the first appearance of this dreadful malady at the National Capital. Let us hope for the best.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A young man from Cleveland visited some friends in this city the other day, and was shown around generally. Finally one of them asked him if he wouldn't like to see the Widows' Home. He said if they were good-looking widows he would as lief see them home as not, though he would prefer to escort but one at a time.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The New York Postmaster's Queer Correspondents.

"We have dozens and dozens of letters every day," said Assistant Postmaster Gayler, "which may be termed 'Private Inquiries.' They have become so numerous that we have been compelled to issue a circular answer to such inquiries stating that they are not connected with any official duties here and that we have no time to attend to them. They include all sorts of anxious and all sorts of foolish questions. If we can conveniently do so we make inquiries and send a reply, provided there's a stamp inclosed. Some time ago there was a man wrote to us from California saying that he wanted the address of his father, whom he had not seen for ten years. Of course he gave the name and last address, and one of our carriers on his rounds asked for the old man at his last address. There it was found he had removed to some other place years before. Another carrier on the other round then took up the thread and inquired at the new address. Well, to make a long story short, the old man was found working in a Bowery shoe-shop, and his son, who, of course, had grown rich and prosperous, sent him money to come out to California, where he has lived happy ever since.

"A clergyman once wrote to us to hunt up a dissipated son, and more by accident than otherwise we found him. But he was a bad one. He had been in State-prison once or twice, and when he was informed of his father's search he told us to reply that it was all right, he had married an heiress, was very rich, being in partnership with Jim Keene, and he would like the old gentleman to call and see him."

Many inquiries are made daily of the Postmaster respecting business schemes, the virtues of medicines, and as to the character of men who are about to marry in some distant place. These the Postmaster can hardly reply to, except on his own personal knowledge or that of some one of his trusted subordinates. One letter came inquiring "if —— had a good paying gambling-saloon, as he is courting my daughter, and says he has." The Postmaster responded mildly that he didn't know. It was too delicate an inquiry to go into, where the future happiness of two human beings may have been at stake.

"There is," said Mr. Gayler, "a big correspondence carried on under cover of the Postmaster. For instance, persons who may want to perpetrate a joke or start a scandal will often write a letter from some other town dating it New York and addressing it to the proposed victim in that town. Then they will inclose the letter, enveloped, addressed, and stamped, to the Postmaster here with a request that it will be posted. That secures the New York postmark on it, which is what they want, and of course it shunts suspicion away from the original sender, while it increases the mystery. But, under the regulations, all such letters have a special mark put on them which greatly disturbs the sender's expectations. Each one receives an extra mark which reads thus: 'Mailed at —— under cover to Postmaster, New York.' This," continued Mr. Gayler, "rather gives away the sender, especially as he is apt to care little about concealing his handwriting when the supposed postmark will help so much to hide him. Some days ago I sent one of these to, say, John Smith, in Poughkeepsie, with our special mark on it, and in less than three days I saw that John Smith had been on a regular horse-whipping excursion around that beautiful city.

"Then there are a great many letters which come under cover for the very rich men or noted philanthropists, like Gould, Vanderbilt, or George I. Seney. The writer does not know the full address, and requests the Postmaster to fill it in. This, of course, is always done if the stamps are on the envelope. The letters may be begging letters or threatening letters for all we know. All we have to say is, Has the envelope got the stamps on? But of course these inclosed letters must also bear our postmark, and so I suppose Vanderbilt, Gould and Seney are often perplexed to find a letter postmarked 'New York' and dated out in California or down in Georgia. Sometimes, I suppose, very innocent letters are set down as frauds by these gentlemen because there appears to be some sham in the date."

The Postmaster has one regular correspondent who sends a postal card full of unintelligible nonsense day after day from Essex Junction, Vt., his screeds reading on like a continued story from one postal to the next one. One correspondent strongly urges that the Postmaster send an order for "1 or more mawking birds," and another recommends the "Beeling stone as the only sure thing."

"Good morning, gentlemen. I hope you are living under the eye of the Lord," said a genteel little old lady, as she tripped lightly into the room and tripped out again, when the reporter was about departing.

"That," said Mr. Gayler, "is our little Miss Flite. She owns all the ground the post-office stands on, and comes around every day to see how her property is getting on. She told me confidentially the other day that she was very much bothered in her mind to know what sum she should allow the United States for improvements."—*N. Y. Trib.*

Religious.

BESIDE THE SEA.

With folded hands
I watch the waves receding from the sands.
Where sky and sea
Meet on the borders of infinity,
One lonely sail
Moves slowly outward in the lifeless gale.
O dreary reach
Of waters, lapsing on the level beach!
The sun's fierce heat
Licks up the blessing of your liquid feet.
No grass can grow,
But dead things lie between your ebb and flow.

There was a time
When youth and love made this same scene sublime;
For clear as truth
Prophetic morning smiled on love and youth,
And sunlit waves
Flashed not in mockery over sunless graves.
The rising tide
The fullness of the future typified;
The brooding air
Closed round us like the incense-wings of prayer.
My lover's kiss
Made sad-eyed parting dumb with utter bliss.

One voyage more.
Then marriage-bells and life upon the shore.
O ye sea!
My dearer self returns no more from thee.
He was too brave
To save himself while one was left to save.
He cut the rope:
The crowded life-boat took his only hope.
With prayer-moved lip
He sank to silence with the broken ship.
Death-dark eclipse
Seals flashing eye, bold brow and bearded lips.

And here I stand,
The saddest wreck that ever cursed the strand.
If I were dead,
The fever-heat would leave my throbbing head;
And yet I dare
Not ask that blessing, even in despair.
Meek Son of God,
Whose soul alone the awful wine-press trod,
Strong Son of Man,
Lift Thou this burden, for no other can.
Grief hast Thou borne,
That thus Thou mightest comfort those who mourn.

A voice replies:
"Rejoice in hope. Thy dead shall yet arise
From earth and sea,
When I shall call, the graves shall answer me.
Let not your heart
Be troubled. Ye shall meet, no more to part,
Where pain is past,
When Death, the last foe, hath been slain at last.
Then shalt thou know
That love unerring dealt the blinding blow.
I sent the rod,
Lest human love usurp the throne of God."

Ah! now no more
In helpless grief I haunt the lonely shore.
I had been blind,
In such a world of struggle, not to find
Work everywhere;
And toilful hands are stronger than despair.
Above the slope
Of mountain grief hang sunset clouds of hope;
Yea, through my tears,
The rainbow pledge of perfect peace appears.
Go! I grieve no more
Shall never feel the touch of sin or sorrow.
—*Helen A. Goodwin, in N. Y. Independent.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 25—Temperance. .....1 Cro. 9:22-27

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 2—Free Giving.....Exodus 35 27-35
Oct. 9—The Tabernacle.....Exodus 40: 1-16
Oct. 16—The Burnt Offering.....Lev. 1: 1-14
Oct. 23—The Peace Offering.....Lev. 7: 11-18
Oct. 30—Nadab and Abihu.....Lev. 10: 1-11
Nov. 6—The Day of Atonement...Lev. 16: 1-30
Nov. 13—The Feast of Tabernacles. Lev. 23: 33-44
Nov 20—The Year of Jubilee.....Lev. 25: 8-17
Nov 27—The Serpent in the Wilderness.....Num. 21: 1- 9
Dec. 4—Balaam .....Num. 24: 10-19
Dec. 11—Last Days of Moses.....Deut. 32: 41-52
Dec. 18—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 25—The Babe and the King. Isaiah 9: 6- 7

Keep Hold.

There is a true story which may be of use to some boy among our readers, or may, perhaps, even give a needed hint to his father.

John Dash was the only son of a clergyman in a little village of Virginia. It was one of the smallest and most moral of villages; indeed, so strictly moral were the better class of its people, and so far removed from outside temptations, that they had no mercy for the few reprobates who haunted the gin-shops in its suburbs. They took little pains to discriminate between sin and the sinner.

John, with another lad, was sent from home to college. It seemed as if vice was so novel to the young men that their first contact with it maddened them. They were soon known as the hardest swearers, drinkers and gamblers in college.

At the end of a year John was expelled, and went home in an agony of remorse and shame. If his dead body had been brought back to the village, the blow would have been less to his father and mother. All their hopes in life had been built on this lad. His guilt seemed to them beyond their imagination. Even while they prayed for him, they could not hide their horror and hopelessness. His mother's hair grew gray that winter, His father fell into a stooped, sad old age. It was perpetual torture for John to look at them. But what should he do? In the village he was regarded as a black sheep. The old people lectured him in and out of season. The young ones were forbidden to associate with him. The boy wanted to do right, but the right half of the world turned itself so as to look black and dreary and repulsive to his eye. He was young, hot-blooded, passionate. His friend came back to town. At the gin-shops there was always a welcome, forgetfulness, the mad delight of intoxication. In a year the clergyman's son was a confirmed drunkard.

About this time an uncle who had been fond of the young man when he was a child returned from Europe, and heard the whole story.

"Do you see what you have done?" he said to his father. "The boy's feet are unsteady. Why did you keep him on the ice? You should have given him firm ground under his feet. Everything here helps to pull him down—his friends who know of his sin; his enemies who drag him into it. Give him to me, and he shall have a fresh start in life."

He took John with him. He kept him in his employ, and under his direct personal influence for six years, then took him back to visit the old home once more, a bright-eyed, happy, clear-headed man of business.

Do not despair too easily when a boy with a true, noble nature falls into vice. Keep firm hold of him. Let him see that you never lose faith in him and in God's power to help. Remove him from the scene of his temptations and his fall. Take him from the old ice to new ground. Give him work to do, and throw about him such associations as will occupy his mind and be a pleasure in his leisure hours. Do you say that this will cost too much effort and trouble? Too much trouble? The moral regeneration of one soul is worth a lifetime of earnest, devoted effort.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Ideal Sabbath.

The ideal Sabbath is the Sabbath at home, when the head of the household—farmer or mechanic, merchant or lawyer, capitalist or operative—enjoys the weekly rest among those for whom the six days of labor have been spent, Whether the Sabbatic institution was or was not created by the Fourth Commandment, there seems to be in those words, "Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant," a glimpse of the restful enjoyment which the day of rest, in the primitive conception of it, would bring to the families that keep it. The day of rest, being rest and not revelry or dissipation, and being, therefore, a day of home enjoyment, brings with it opportunity for sober thoughts and conference. A Sabbath-keeping people will become a thoughtful people, and such thoughtfulness is manliness. All men, and especially the busy millions in an advanced civilization like our own, need for the mind's sake not less than for the sake of wearied nerves and muscles, the seventh-day intermission of their ordinary work. A true Sabbath is something far more restful than a day of noisy jollity. In its calm air the mind rests by thought, not thoughtlessness; by quiet musing, by conscious or unconscious retrospection; perhaps by consideration of what might have been, perhaps by thinking what may yet be, perhaps by aspiration and resolve toward something in the future that shall be better than what has been in the past. The home in which Sunday is a day of rest and home enjoyment is hallowed by the Sabbath which it hallows. In the Sabbath-keeping village life is less frivolous, and at the same time industry is more productive for the weekly rest. A Sabbath-keeping nation is greater in peace and in war for the character which its tranquil and thoughtful Sabbaths have impressed upon it.—*Rev. Dr. Bacon.*

Christian Sympathy.

The best definition of sympathy is found in the injunction of the apostle: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." To sympathize is to be affected by and feel the joys as well as the sorrows of others. In common usage, however, sympathy is limited to mental participation in the sufferings of others. It is a spontaneous emotion of pity in view of misery. He who does not feel it is less than human.

In so far, sympathy may be only passive. It may not lead to any effort to relieve the suffering. It is an impulse to relieve, but that impulse may be stifled by habitual selfishness. After a while the sympathy itself ceases. The man who refuses to help ceases to feel. Only active benevolence to relieve distress can preserve in us the power to feel a warm and tender sympathy. "There is," says Frederick W. Robertson, "something dangerous in benevolence which is only emotional; there is something ennobling, something God-like in active kindness. This is the law of our nature, from which there is no escaping: impressions which are made upon us in the way of feeling get weaker and weaker, the oftener they are repeated; but the habits of love which you get by being useful and active in doing others good, get stronger and stronger the oftener you practice them. That acquaintance with sorrow which is only passive loses its sharpness every time you see it. If a man wanted to have a thoroughly callous and hardened heart, we can tell him of no way so sure as this: Let him become familiar with the distresses of his fellow-men, and do nothing to relieve them; let him read of pauper misery, and content himself with theorizing about the improvidence of the poor; let him listen to appeals from the pulpit which attempt to move his charity—and pass the plate without a sacrifice—we will promise him his sensibilities will soon be placed beyond the power of wounding; he shall have a heart as cold and dead as if he had been born without human sympathies."

Christian sympathy is active as well as passive. Its impulse to help the needy is never unheeded. Nor does it content itself with contributions to public charities, but, like the Master, it becomes "acquainted with grief" by personal contact with it, and personal ministries to relieve it. That is not Christian sympathy, but a sort of refined selfishness, which seeks to fulfill all obligations to those in distress by employing some one else to care for them, and avoids all contact and association with them. Not such was the sympathy of Christ. He lived and identified Himself with suffering. "He hath borne our grief and carried our sorrows," not only in the act of atonement, but in His daily life on earth. He was constantly in the presence of the miserable to relieve them; so that, when He would give John conclusive proof that he was the Messiah, he said: "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame talk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached."

The proof of Christian sympathy is not almsgiving to get the suffering out of mind. It is going among them, identifying yourself with them, and so having real fellowship with their sufferings. "Blessed is that man whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing."—*Methodist.*

Formation of Character.

If somebody should give me a diamond to carry to Europe I can know exactly how much would be lost to the world were it to drop into the sea; but if a seed should be given me I can only regard it with awe as containing concealed within it the food of untold generations. That is the difference between looking at the truth as a diamond or a seed—as final or germinal. In all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine-tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong, too. Hosts of young men think that their character will form of itself, and they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed, and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures cannot be thus transformed, but out of the old habits new ones can be formed. This is what many a creature needs to know. We must make what we are to be out of what we are already.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

—It is the custom in drug stores in London to place all harmless drugs within easy reach of the salesman, and to put such as are very injurious on shelves in less convenient positions. Poisons are kept upon shelves which cannot be reached without the means of a step-ladder. By these simple contrivances, should the salesman, in a moment of absence of mind, turn towards a deadly drug in mistake for one of a different kind, there is a probability that he may be recalled to a consideration of what he is doing by the effort required or trouble involved in getting down the bottle.

—A sexton and his enemy fought in a churchyard at Millsboro, Del., and the sexton was thrown into a freshly dug grave. Then the other undertook to bury him alive, and had almost completed the job when help came.