

THE CALIFORNIA SENATOR.

How Gen. Miller Was More Than A Match For A Massachusetts Senator.

From a San Francisco paper. The Chinese treaty has been ratified by the Senate of the United States, only four members dissenting. Whatever credit belongs to this achievement belongs to the Republican Senator from California, and it must be conceded to him.

In connection with the debate in the senate there occurred an incident that stamps our senator as one of quick perception and of ready retort. The senator from Massachusetts indulging himself in scriptural quotations as delight a certain class of the Puritan descendants—undertook to prove by the Bible that God, in His infinite discrimination, had the divine purpose of settling California and its adjacent states and territories with barbarian and idol-worshipping heathen with the whole of His creature and hold in utter contempt His moral and social laws.

"Senator Hoar," says the dispatch, "had brought one of his glowing periods to a close with the scriptural quotation, 'For God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth,' when General Miller exclaimed: 'Go on—quote the remainder of the sentence.' There is no more," said Hoar.

"Oh, yes, there is," rejoined General Miller, "for the Apostle Paul said in addition to the words which the senator has quoted, 'and hath determined the bounds of their habitation.' This was greeted by the Senate with peals of laughter, overwhelming the Massachusetts senator with confusion. He questioned the accuracy of the quotation. General Miller, producing a copy of the Holy Word, and turning to St. Paul's speech on Mars Hill, read the whole passage, leaving the senator from Massachusetts to hang upon whichever horn of the dilemma he should find most comfortable to him. He was either ignorant of the entire passage of the eloquent Apostle, or he had willfully misquoted it. The treaty passed, and Mr. Hoar is now at liberty to invite to his home in Massachusetts the Chinese prostitute of California.

How Long Man May Live.

It was Prof. Hufeland's opinion that the limit of possible human life might be fixed at 120 years; and this on the general grounds that the rate of treasure is eight years of its period of growth. That which is quickly formed quickly perishes, and the earlier complete development is reached the sooner bodily decay ensues. More women reach old age than men, but more men attain remarkable longevity than women. Some animals grow to be very old. Horned animals live shorter lives than those without horns, fierce longer than those which inhabit the air. The various kinds of plants exist, it is said, to an age of 150 years; and the turtle is good for 100 years or more, and among birds the golden eagle is known to have lived nearly 200 years, while the sly and sombre crow reaches the venerable age of a century. Passing up in the scale of life to man, and skipping the patriarchs, we find many recorded instances of longevity among the classic Greeks and Romans. Pizarro went up to the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, in the year 76, there were 124 men living in the limited area between the Apennines and the Po of 100 years and upward, three of whom were 140 and 4 over 135. Cicero's wife lived to the age of 103, and the Roman actress, Luceja, played in public as late as her 112th year. Coming down to more recent times, the most notable authentic instance of great age is that of Henry, who died in 1670 169 years old. He was a fisherman, and at the age of 100 easily swam across rapid rivers. Another historic case is that of Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, a day laborer, who lived to the age of 152 years. When more than 120 he married his second wife, and still at 130 he could swing the scythe and wield the flail with the best of his fellow laborers. In his 152d year he went up to London to exhibit himself to the king. It proved an unlucky visit, for, violating the abstinence habit of a century and a half, the old man feasted so freely on the royal victuals that he soon died, merely of a plethora. On examination his internal organs proved to be in excellent condition, and there was no reason why he should not have lived much longer save for his unfortunate taste of royal hospitality. Prof. Hufeland's roll of centenarians includes many more remarkable cases.

Facetious Things.

"Well, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said a true specimen of the genus tramp. "Going half-starved one day and drenched to the skin another; sleeping one night in a barn, the next under a hedge and the third in the lock-up; this life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what it is, boys, it's wasn't for the looks of the thing I'd go to work."

Amiable husband (who has just finished moving)—"They came along with the third load, and that was the worst of it. My wife said, 'And where's my pipe?' Wife—"You'll find it in one of the barrels of crockery in the cellar. Husband—"And where's my comb and hair brush?" Wife—"Jane packed them in the kitchen sash with the children's shoes." Husband (mentally soliloquizing)—"What a woman my wife is! She never went to college and yet she knows everything." (Brooklyn Eagle.)

A New York Times man, while cramming himself at a rural table, thoughtlessly asked for salad oil, and after having explained what he meant, he heard the attendant say to her companions: "That fellow eats grease on his lettuce."

"I don't like whisky, it requires so much thought; in fact, I never was good at cards. Do you suppose there is any game I could learn to play well?" asked Miss Oldgirl. "Oh, yes," replied her partner, who was not very happy after numerous lost rubbers, "there is old maid, you know." "Oh, what a rogue you are, Mr. Playwell!" exclaimed Miss Oldgirl, with a smile that was intended to be sweet; but for some reason or other she had "a real good cry" that evening when she got alone, the entertainment being interspersed with such adjectives as "ugly," "hateful" and "disagreeable" in connection with the name of Playwell.

Anthracite Coal in Mexico.

From the Coal Trade Journal. The finding of anthracite coal on the Pacific coast is apparently settled. Extensive deposits of anthracite coal that will compare advantageously with Pennsylvania coal have been explored over a large area in Sonora, Mexico. This coal has been used for two years at a silver mine in the interior. Recently by the removal of the Apache Indians this section of Sonora, with its valuable gold, silver and coal mines has been opened to enterprise. The first discovery was made in La Barranca jurisdiction in the district of Ures, on the Yaqui river, about 120 miles from its mouth and about the same distance from the frontier of Arizona. The coal seems to thin out very rapidly going south of this point, so that scientific research has failed to follow it farther south of good quality or in paying quantity. Going north the seams trend into Arizona, but are of a lower grade, however, and of a different but of excellent quality for steam-making and for smelting purposes. San Francisco and

Philadelphia parties have secured about 800,000 acres of lands, and propose constructing a railroad whose franchise is already assured them, which will extend from Arizona directly through these continuous deposits and to the Gulf of California. These parties hold also the extensive discoveries north of Tucson recently mentioned in this journal. They are no gold or silver mines in our country to compare in value with these coal mines, when we remember that the best quality of coal on the Pacific coast is worth \$15 a ton, at San Francisco, and that no works for a long time be required for mining the coal found at La Barranca, lying as it does on the slopes of the mountain, we may well say that if the reports are correctly stated, it is impossible to estimate the value of this bonanza.

To A FRIEND.

"I never thought thee like the branching vine, Within those swelling veins The generous blood, mellowed by golden suns, Quickened by summer rains,

Should ripen to luxuriant fruit, Wherefrom I hoped to press The strong, sweet draught that on my lips hath turned.

So oft to taste thee. I never asked of thee the sparkling cup, Brimming with liquid fire, That should intoxicate my kindled soul With passionate desire.

But I have found thee like the spreading tree, 'Neath which white blossoms grow, At whose foot I found the waters of a spring With ceaseless murmur flow.

In whose cool shadow I have ever known Rest from the heat of day, And so I pray the God may bless thee, friend, May keep thee thus for aye!"

A VITAL SUBJECT.

"The Kind of Women Men Marry."—Further Views from One Who Thinks He Knows Something About It.

It is said that marriages are made in heaven, but I am quite sure that they would most politely decline such responsibility. It is a time-honored adage, to be sure, but, like many old, long-unquestioned theories in medicine, is apt to fall to the ground upon receiving due attention, and certainly our faith in the infallibility of the heavenly powers would receive many a rude shock could we bring ourselves to believe that all the ill-assorted unions upon this earth were due to their mature deliberation and dispensation. Ouida was never on a better track than when she took five hundred pages or so to illustrate the truth of the saying: "young men married is a man that's married," for undoubtedly to this fact alone is owing the unfortunate results of many matches. A man's ideal at twenty-two or twenty-three is in no way similar to that at thirty, but at the former age, being young, hot-blooded, he falls in love with a pretty face and amiable disposition, proposes, and, if eligible, is accepted. During the next seven or eight years, if he be a man of intellect, he awakens slowly to the idea of being young; that the woman he has married, although she may be as pretty as ever, as sweet as ever, is in no way suited to him as a companion. Some men have forbearance and nobility enough to conceal from their wives the fact of their disappointment, but man is a selfish animal at best, and such exceptions are rare.

Later on perhaps he meets the woman who recognizes as his equal in every respect, with whom he feels an entire sympathy of the brain as well as of the heart; a woman even prettier per chance than his wife—I am no defender of ugly women—and younger in years, and ages beyond in intellect and force of character—the woman, in short, in whom he recognizes his ideal. There can be no happiness in marriage unless they are equal in intellect, in respect and admiration, of mental powers is apt to turn out far better than that which has nothing but love for its foundation. Unfortunately very bright girls are not apt to attract men of near their own age. Their brightness too often finds an outlet in sarcasm, a sharpness of repartee, and perhaps a touch of pedantry. They recover when they have seen more of the world and human nature, but it does not help them to hide the latent, undeveloped powers beneath, but what is worse, making the young men afraid of them.

A moderately pretty but thoroughly amiable girl, a girl who never gets into a temper or says disagreeable things, a girl in whose company one need make no effort and still not appear a fool, is apt to make far more havoc in a young man's heart than her cleverer sister. Her youthful admirer is attracted by her innocence, by her fresh looks, her beauty and appearance, and imagines himself hopelessly, irrevocably in love. He marries in spite of the warning of his friends that he is "too young," is happy for a while in her unvarying sweetness of disposition—unless that, too, prove a delusion and a snare—and, later on, finds out his mistake. Perhaps, as he grows older, he realizes that he has abilities above the common, ambition develops itself, and as his desire increases to make his name known among men, he finds himself hampered with a large family and a woman who has degenerated into a mere mother of his children, nothing more. Then he meets the woman who, if he had waited, would have been, not only a companion but a help to him: in the thousand ways in which a clever woman can help an ambitious, rising man, and he curses his luck. Therefore it is not so bad a thing as mothers, especially, usually think, for young men to fall in love with a married woman. He can not marry her, no matter how much he would like to, and, lack of possession keeping love alive for a considerable length of time, he does not recover from the attack until his character and experience are more matured. Then, when he is ready to fall in love again, he is more apt to know what he wants.

It would not be a bad idea were there a law prohibiting any man marrying before he is thirty, for not until then, has he really arrived at years of discretion, whatever he may think to the contrary. I have heard mothers say that they would be glad to have their sons marry as soon as they became of age, and while still unversed in the ways of this wicked world. But I doubt whether they are right. A man who is to sow his wild oats at some period or other, if he does not in the beginning he most assuredly will later on. Every man must have his fling, and it is better to let him have it at once and have done with it. Moreover, when a man marries so young—even if, not possessing any particular mental capacity himself, he never discovers any inferiority in his wife—he is apt to get tired of all other varieties but the one he has chosen. He marries, also, merely because he is "in love," and before the pleasures of the world have ceased to be fresh and palatable to him.

After the first glamour has worn, he finds it possible to see beauties in other faces beside the particular one of which he is the happy possessor. He meets other women who, if he could not love, he would at least like to see. He is tired of straying and of less than the opportunity of their society unimproved. Also, he looks back with many a sigh of regret at his crop of wild oats but half sown, at the forbidden pleas-

ures and thoroughly good times from which he has debarred himself for the sake of a milk-and-water prettiness which is already beginning to wear off. Then eventually, if he have money enough, he is bound to finish the series of his "crop." If he wait twenty years, but finish it he will. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion, let him look around at some of our illustrious contemporaries. Men who either married young, or else were forced to walk a chalked line on account of poverty, now, in the days of their wealth and gray hairs, are madder and more disreputable than the worst of their sons.—Argonaut.

Dana's Picture of Cuba.

The recent visit of Mr. Dana to Cuba has been made profitable to the abolitionists. In a little over three columns he has presented a picture of what he calls "one of the finest lands under the light of the sun," which could not be surpassed. Every paragraph is pregnant with facts, the clearness of whose statement might afford a good model for young journalists, who are apt to multiply words needlessly.

The conclusions which are to be inferred from Mr. Dana's statements are: First—That the emancipation of the slaves has worked well. "The former slaves everywhere do their work as well as before. Indeed, I was told that they do it much better; and I could not learn of a single instance in which any trouble had arisen from the change in their relations. The receipts of wages afford a stimulus which they ardently appreciate. Spaniards resident in the island, who had always been strenuous opponents of the measure, are now completely changed. Indeed, the fact that whereas under slavery a considerable proportion of the sugar crop was annually destroyed by incendiary fires, while under freedom such incendiarism is thus far unknown, is more conclusive on this point than the mere opinions of any number of persons."

Second—The people are burdened by taxation imposed to pay the vast expense of slavery. Third—They are still more burdened by the system of import duties that is devised to give Spain a monopoly of the Cuban trade. For instance, "while Spanish flour imported into Cuba in a Spanish vessel pays \$2.25 a barrel import duty, American flour in an American vessel pays \$5.50. Spanish lard pays two cents and three-quarters a kilogramme; American lard four cents and a half. Spanish Window-glass from Spain pays one cent and three-quarters; from America, four cents and seven-twentieths. From Spain, household furniture pays nine cents per kilogramme, from the United States, thirty-two cents. Corned beef from Spain pays seven-tenths of a cent; from America, eight cents and seven-twentieths. Salt fish from Spain pays seven-tenths of a cent; from America, two cents and nine-twentieths. Window-glass from Spain pays one cent and three-quarters; from America, four cents and seven-twentieths."

Fourth—the Cubans see no hope for release from the Spanish yoke in revolution. They have had enough of that remedy. "I did not"—says Mr. Dana—"converse with a Cuban who was not quick and ardent in assuring me that the only hope of the people is in annexation to the United States in free trade with the republic to which they sell their products and from which they draw their supplies."

Fifth—it will surprise many readers to learn that Cuba is one of the healthiest countries. Even the chronic danger of Havana from yellow fever might be largely reduced, if her sewage was discharged where the currents would carry it out to sea. Sixth—Cuba lacks good roads. The country roads are "little better than cattle paths."

Seventh—the sugar culture has reached perfection in Cuba. In Matanzas, especially "every foot of earth is utilized. The whole surface is covered with sugar-cane, except the wide and grassy roadways that are left open between the broad squares or planted land. There are no waste places and no weeds. As far as the eye can reach, the masses of sugar-cane—very similar to fields of Indian corn, but taller and denser in verdure—are doing in the breeze. The landscape is dotted with palm trees and broken here and there with the mansion houses, sugar works and gardens of the plantations. It is a scene of wonderful beauty. There are pictures in nature that are grander and more startling, but none more lovely to the eye or more pleasant in the memory."

This is a suggestive and encouraging picture. Cuba offers rare fascinations for our diplomacy. Not of the kind that tempts to a bold and steady patient, discreet and kindly endeavor, on the part of government, to make it an object for Spain to "open up" Cuba to American trade, settlement, activity and enterprise. We could easily afford to pay Spain \$100,000,000 for abandoning her old colony policy of monopoly, as regards the United States. And Spain needs the money.

Hindoo Adopting Christianity.

From the London Times. The followers of Keshub Chunder Sen have made another step in advance. On Sunday, the 6th of March, the sacrament was administered in the spirit of the early church, though in a foreign clime, by a young man in Europe. The Hindoo Apostles of Christ, as they call themselves, gathered after prayer in the dinner hall, and sat upon the floor on the bare ground. Rice was brought in on a silver plate and water in a goblet.

The minister then read the words from Luke xxiii. "And he took the bread and gave thanks," etc. A prayer was then offered asking a blessing on the sacrament, and the words of the Lord were read. The minister then turned their gross material substance into sanctifying spiritual forces, that they may upon entering our system be assimilated to it as the flesh and the blood of all the saints in Christ Jesus. Satisfy the hunger and thirst of our souls with the rice food and drink Thou hast placed before us. Invigorate us with Christ forces, and nourish us with saintly life. After the rice and water had been blessed, they were served in small quantities to those present. Men ate and drank reverently, so did the women and children, and they blessed God, the God of prophet and saints.

A Free Translation.

From the Cincinnati Gazette. Lawyer Benham, of the old Cincinnati bar, was an orator and was "very fond of showing off his classical learning before a jury. In a murder trial, in defending the prisoner, he warned the jury not to allow public opinion, which was against his client, to influence their verdict.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, in concluding his appeal, "give up, drop entirely all feeling in this important matter and be like the ancient Roman in his adherence to truth, who, in its defense, most eloquently declared; 'Amicus Cato, amicus Plito, amicus Cicerio, sed major veritas.'" "I am a friend to Cato, a friend to Plato, a friend to Cicero, but a greater friend to truth." The next morning the lawyer himself reported in a newspaper as follows: "Advocate Benham, the great orator, closed his great speech to the jury by eloquently disclaiming: 'I may curse Cato, I may curse Plito, I may curse Cicerio, I may curse Veritas.'"

AT THE RESTAURANT.

From the Boston Courier. It is a pretty waiter girl. She has a pleasant voice. Of course she makes choice. She blithely me make choice. I ponder on my little joke. While fingering the menu; Then: "If I were to order duck, I might, perhaps, get you."

My pretty waiter girl! She has a pleasant voice. Of course she makes choice. She blithely me make choice. I ponder on my little joke. While fingering the menu; Then: "If I were to order duck, I might, perhaps, get you."

Her eyes are on the tablecloth; Their glance, it is severe; "Or, should I call for venison, 'Tis ever again, my dear." She wears the lofty look of one; Who searcheth the top shelf; "Pray do not ask for goose," says she; "For you might get—yourself."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

A Story of the Miner—How a Gambler Sacrificed Himself for a Friend. Lock Malone in California.

Did I know Sandy Bill? Well, I should say so! Smartest and ugliest man ever on the frontier. Knew him first in Dead Men's gulch when they found the placers there. Bill came down to wash dirt, but he soon got tired of that and took to cards. But cards got away with him. He was not strong enough for them. He used to say after he got right bad that the black spots stained his heart and the red ones his hands. He was sullen-like at times, and then there was trouble. He'd pull a gun quicker than a flash, and there would be cold meat for the corner in the wink of an eye. Bad man Bill was.

They wanted to get him off the gulch once, and the camp council held a meeting on it, but the undertaker got the council drunk and made 'em vote that Bill should stay. He was good for one branch of business at least.

Bill was cross-eyed, and when he got right mad it used to make the fellows feel queer all around. They couldn't understand exactly whom he was mad at, for his eyes would take in all sides of the room, which made it sorter awkward. He shot a fellow once and got off on the plea that it was an accident on this account: "Bill was down for a drink, and he was looking right at them, and that his gun went off in the other direction. The court allowed that a man couldn't be hung because of an infirmity, but said that if such an accident happened again an overruling providence would take to another prominent citizen. For you see there wasn't any getting away from Bill's straight shooting, even if he had crooked eyes. When he had the drop on a man you could bet on a funeral with the same unshakable confidence that you could on four aces."

But Bill went under, and in a queer way, too. It was after they had found some gold lodes of the free mining quartz above the gulch and the camp had become a town. Bill was running a bank above the Nugget saloon and he made it pay big. One day a fellow walked into town all ragged and miserably, and went into the bank. Bill was keeping cases and the minute he saw the stranger he jumped up and walked over to him. There was some talk and they shook hands. Then Bill came back to the table leading the stranger. "Boys," said he, "when I was sick this man doctored me; when I crawled out of a rebel stockade in Macon and tried to get north he helped me. My friends are his friends. His enemies are my enemies. No matter how the cards run, half I've got to him. Then Bill set down, for Bill wasn't much of a talker. The next day the stranger came out in a different outfit, but it didn't help his looks much. There was something mean about his eyes that looked like the devil's trademark. He had a noisy, blustering way about him and nobody took to Bill's pet. And it wasn't a good day for Bill when he came either, for everything seemed to go wrong. The stranger spent an awful night of money, and it all came from Bill. He used to cut up and make bad breaks about the bank, but Bill took it all and never said a word. If any of the boys growled he'd take in three angles of the room with his eyes, and that settled matters. If they talked with him he'd just shrug his shoulders and say he was of age."

One day, though, Bill's bank closed. Nobody knew what it meant for a while, but then George—that's what they called the stranger—didn't turn up, it got whispered about that he had gathered up all the loose soaps and skipped. Bill would never say so, though. He would not talk about it at all. He just soaked his watch and went it for another pile, with two expressions in his eyes, one harder than the other. About "Georgia" he never opened his mouth.

He got to drinking pretty hard after that, but his luck was big. It was hard to tell how much he won, for he would not talk about it, but he was a big winner, and must have made a nice little pile. He never said anything to any one, and didn't want any friends. Things went on in this way for some time after "Georgia" left and then there was an excitement. Two bronchos had been stolen above camp, and the thief was caught and brought into town. It was "Georgia," looking more hang-dog than ever. As soon as Bill heard of it he went to the owners of the brock, and offered them the price not to prosecute. They took it and agreed, but the thing had raised such a row that a trial was bound to come off anyhow. It didn't though. The day set "Georgia" escaped jail and got away scot free. There was a good deal of talk about it, and the next time Bill was seen on the streets it was noticed that he didn't wear his watch. He bet low at the tables that evening, too.

That changed his luck, and when a gambler's luck changes he's gone. The cards never turn up right if they've got out of the habit. It was bad on Bill. He drank harder and looked harder. He wore his clothes good deal longer than he used, and when the snow began to fly he was on the street without an overcoat. No one could help him; he wouldn't have it. He lived over a little sive on an off street, and queer stories came to be circulated after a time. There was a good deal of "holding up" in those days, and people got an idea that Bill might be doing some of it. At any rate a man was killed in front of Bill's place early one morning, and when the crowd came up and found Bill there it was quick enough to think that he had done it. He had been seen with the dead man the night before, and there was another man all muffled with him, but Bill wouldn't say who he was. Fact is, he wouldn't answer any questions at all, and when the trial came it didn't take the jury long to bring in a verdict of guilty. The town was a little scared up, and the people thought there

ought to be an example. There was one queer thing about it, though. The murdered man had a lot of money, but there was not a nickel on Bill. After the verdict there was an attempt on some of Bill's old friends to get a pardon, but he wouldn't have it. He said he was ready and willing to hang, and wanted the show to end as soon as possible. The only thing he seemed uneasy about was as to whether any one else was suspected, and he would ask cautious questions about what people thought and what the theories concerning the murder were. The day before the hanging he wrote a letter, put it in an envelope and addressed it, and then put both in a blank envelope. He gave this to Reddy Jim, one of his old-time pals, and told him not to take off the blank envelope until after he was dead, and deliver the letter inside to where it was addressed, and keep his mouth about the whole business. Reddy promised, and the next day Bill was hung and died game.

After he was dead Reddy took off the blank envelope and read the address. It was to "Georgia." That made him curious, and the letter burned his hands. He had always had an idea that there was something behind the murder which Bill was trying to conceal, and he thought that this letter might tell what it was. So, after holding it for four days, he gave it to the sheriff, who opened it. This is what was in it.

Dear Old Pard—The game's square. You saved me and I've saved you. I ain't mad or hurt because you didn't come back and take the murder off my shoulders, for I wanted to get through anyhow. The cards were against me and there's no use fighting luck. I only write this to tell you that some of the d—d fools about here may think queer of the business and look into it, so get as far out of the way as you can. You had better go home and drop your way of life. There ain't no good in it. Good-bye. "BILL."

That let in a lot of light. "Georgia" had killed the man and Bill shouldered the blame. They tried to find him, but he was gone. He had put out for it when Bill was first tried. They never heard of him again.

A BOY'S LOVES.

From the Youth's Companion. "When I am big I will marry Kitty," "But Kitty slapped me and ran away, and while I wept for myself, in pity I made up my mind I would marry May."

For May was gentle and May was tender, Yet likely she put my offer by; "I am engaged to George Bender; Perhaps I'll take you if he should die."

By and by I met Jennie Blatchell; Jennie was thirteen and I was ten; I used to carry her books and satchel, And made up my mind to marry Jen.

But Jennie, her reign was quickly over, And Kate, my cousin, became my fate; I said: "I'll propose, like a brave, true lover, As soon as ever I graduate."

Alas! when I took out my clean diploma, The darling girl was about to start; On her wedding trip with young Will de Roma, And no one knew of my broken heart!

At one-and-twenty again love found me, But the angel face and meek blue eyes, And the threads of the golden hair that loved me, Went fading back into Paradise!

Hark! into the house Lu, Kate and Harry, With shout and scamper from school have come, And a girl I never had meant to marry Is wife and mother of my home.

The Same Old Round.

From the Brooklyn Eagle. "Could I see the editor?" she asked, looking around for him and wondering which was going on under his table.

"Eh! yes, I'm him," responded the editor, evolving himself and slipping a cork into his vest pocket. "What can I do for you?"

"I am a student at Packer Institute," responded the blushing damsel, "and I have written a little article on 'Our School Days,' which I would like to have published in the Brooklyn Eagle, if you think it good enough."

"Certainly," replied the editor, gazing in unconscious admiration upon the beautiful face before him. "Does it commence 'Our school days' how the words linger in sweet cadences on the strings of memory?" Is that the way it runs?"

"Why, yes," responded the beaming girl. "Then it goes on, 'How we look, forward from them to the time when we shall look back to them!'"

"How do you know?" "Never mind," said the editor, with the engaging smile which has endeared him to the citizens of Brooklyn. "After that comes, 'So sunshiny! So glided with the pleasures that make youth happy, they have flown into the immutable past and come to us in after life only as echoes in the caves of sweet recollection. Isn't that it?'"

"It certainly is," answered the astonished girl, radiant with delight. "How could you know what I had written?"

"Then it changes from the pianissimo and becomes more tender. The roses of friendship are withering, but may we not hope that they will bloom again as we remember the affection that bound us here and made?"

"No, you're wrong there," and the soft eyes looked disappointed. "As it is 'Hope on, hope ever,'" asked the editor.

"That comes in further on. You had it nearly right. It is the dawn shadows close around us. The flowers of friendship are sleeping, but not withered, and will bloom again in the affectionate remembrance of the chains that bound us so lightly."

"Strange that I should have made that mistake," said the editor musingly. "I never misquote an one before. From 'there have known here, and may we pluck happiness from every bush, forgetting never that the thorns are below the roses, and pitying those whose hands are bruised in the march through life.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "And then comes 'Hope on, hope ever.'" "Sure's your born!" cried the editor, blushing with pleasure, and once more on the right track. "Then it runs: 'And as for you, teachers dear!'"

"Yes, yes, you're right," giggled the girl. "I can't see how you found me out! Would you like to print it?" and her face assumed an anxious shade.

"Certainly," said the editor. "I'll say it by the most promising young lady in Brooklyn, the daughter of an esteemed citizen and a lady who has already taken a high social rank!"

"That finishes the school commencement at one swoop," sighed the editor gloomily, as the fair vision floated out. "Can't see how I made that blunder about the shadows and roses and some of the girls. Either I'm getting old or else some of the girls have struck out something original. Here, here, take the foreman to put this slush in the next sales supplement," and the editor felt in his hair for the cork, and wondered what had happened to his memory."

The pastor of a Detroit congregation took the wrong sermon to church on a recent Sunday, and did not discover his mistake until he rose to speak. He then announced his error, and said: Two things

remain—either the organist must entertain you with his instrument for five minutes while the sermon is sent for, or the congregation must be dismissed. I think we'd better have the organ. Thereupon the organ was played and a solo sung, until the missing manuscript was secured.

Miscellaneous Matter.

From 1804 to 1807 inclusive 202 cargoes of negro slaves were brought into Charleston, S. C. Of these slaves 3914 were sold for account of persons residing in Bristol, R. I.; 3488 for Newport, R. I.; 556 for Providence, R. I.; 230 for Warren, R. I.; 200 for Boston, Mass.; and 250 for Hartford, Ct.

A lover's pun: "Maggie, dear, if I should attempt to spell cupid why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Maggie gave it up; whereupon William said, "Because when I come to u, of course I cannot go further." Maggie said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.—Buffalo Express.

An Indiana girl last year cultivated, harvested, threshed and sowed 350 bushels of wheat. She has just bought a sulky plow and will extend her work. That's the kind of a girl for you to marry, young man. There's no foolishness or flummery there.

The various railroads running into Jersey City are said to own about \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 worth of property there which is exempt from municipal taxation, and the anti-monopoly leagues are devising means to make them pay their share of such taxation.

The Engineering News thinks that the great railroad crash in England, under Hudson, styled the railway king, is recalled by existing speculation. Hudson used to make \$500,000 a day by the rise of shares in the lines he controlled. In 1845 more than \$60,000,000 were subscribed in England by all classes of people for railroad shares; but in 1846 he followed, and after \$800,000,000 had been actually expended on railroads, a commercial panic set in, followed by the Chartist riots in 1848.

Kentucky has a remarkable evangelist in the Rev. Geo. O. Barnes. He was educated at Princeton, and for twenty years was a Presbyterian pastor in the western cities, making a reputation particularly in Chicago. In 1871 he was accused by his presbytery of departing from the orthodox doctrine of eternal punishment, and as a consequence he withdrew from the church. He began work in the mountain regions of Kentucky several years ago, going from place to place, holding camp meetings in the summer, and everywhere making converts with wonderful facility. He preaches in the language of the people, is assisted by his daughter as singer, accepts no gifts except food and lodging, and has large crowds. Strange stories are told of the power of his exhortations. But the novel feature of his ministrations is the announcing of sick persons with oil. This is said to bring about miraculous cures.

About Various People.

Some of the citizens of New York have discovered that the Register of Deeds in that city makes over \$115,000 net out of his office every year.

Mr. Jesse Grant with his wife (nee Chapman) and her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, are in London and will remain there for a year or more.

Col. Freeman Norvell, a well-known Michigan officer in the war of the rebellion and Mexican war, died last week. He had been in poor health from a nervous disorder for some time. He leaves quite a family.

Bishop Seymour, of the diocese of Springfield, Ill., has purchased the residence property of John A. Chestnut, in that city, paying \$15,000 therefor. It will be the Episcopal residence.

Rev. Joseph Cook has decided to remain abroad for another year, and will finally return to this country by way of India and Japan. He is now in London, preparing for another series of lectures there.

General Anson Slager, of Detroit, says that he was the first man who received a telegraphic message by sound. He was operating in Pittsburg when Erastus Brooks bought the Gazette. One night his register broke as he was receiving the market report. He concluded to try to catch the clicks with his ears, and succeeded, much to the delight of Mr. Brooks, who was standing by his side.

William Ross Wallace, the poet, who died in New York on Thursday, was the author of "The sword of Bunker Hill." He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was born at Paris, Ky., in 1819. He went to New York in 1842, and attracted attention by a poem entitled "Ferdina," in the Union Magazine. He was an intimate friend of Edgar Allan Poe. He published a volume of his verses, entitled "Meditations in America," in 1845.

One of the pleasantest things about Lord Beaconsfield was uttered by the Vicar of his parish, Hughtenden. "I never in my life, that I know of," said Mr. Blagden, applied to him for help without his meeting me in the most kindly and generous way. Those who knew him well and who ever increasing admiration for him. No number of his sermons was ever able to call forth such an amount of devotion as he did, not only among his political supporters, but still more when we come to the narrower circle of his own place. I never, in