

THE THREE GIFTS.

We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy first gift,
Life.
Precious the privilege, living to see
Thee arise to peace through strife.
Merciful, generous, chivalrous, free.
Not yet, we know, have Thy children
grown
Into the brotherhood Heaven hath
planned.
Put thou wilt garner where Thou hast
sown
Pleasant harvests in every land.
We thank Thee, Lord, for life's dearest
prize,
Love that abideth where life abides:
That lightens the way to the distant skies,
Guiding us fairly whate'er betides.
Love hath its sorrows, we know, as deep
As its fountains of joy where we drink at
will;
Yet Love lives on past the dreamless
sleep
Of the dear ones out on the quiet hill.
We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy last gift,
Death.
Making for all of our ills amends:
That gently severs the fainting breath,
Giving us over again to our friends.
The grave is low and a darkness room;
Yet shall we enter with never a fear
And rest at peace in its rayless gloom.
Knowing, oh, Father, that Thou art near.
—Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

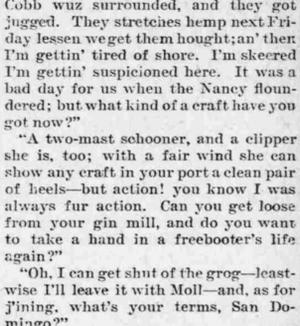


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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.
"What is it, Mag? Why did you open that door? Let it be closed forever! Lock it! Lose the key! Why do you stand there, woman, staring at the bed? What do you see? Speak!"
"Do you see nothing, Marse Herbert? Didn't you see nothing?"
"Nothing but the bed and the furniture in the room, and those dark spots of blood—what did you see, Aunt Mag?"
"Lying across the bed in his night-robe, the body of your uncle; the shirt and the bed were covered with blood; the bloody sheath knife was sticking in his breast, and he looked at me with such sad eyes, and raised his right hand and pointed to the picture and the picture instantly swung its face to the wall."
"Turn it back, Mag! turn it back! Great God! it's mine; Mag, do you lie to me?"
"Why should I, marster? I doubt not you will see it turn again."
"Not I. Lock the door, Mag! Lock the door! I'll take the hot Scotch to my room."
"I thought," said Mag, "that you would now occupy old marster's room."
"What, me! Woman, you are crazy!"
"They sometimes call me so, Marse Herbert, but I am harmless."
"Thank God for that. Well, Mag, good night, and don't see any more visions—Ha! Ha! A good joke; Aunt Mag, a good joke! We'll leave here, Mag, I intend to buy a farm, and there you'll see no visions."
Herbert, with the tray in his hand, passed from the room, and up the stairs; while Aunt Mag threw open the bedroom door, and sank into a chair.
"Go, murderer, go!" she muttered, "but there will be visions wherever you are, so long as Mag follows you, and there will be hands to turn your picture to the wall. Yes, there will be one to fill you with fear, thwart you, and drag you down, until Angus Bruce shall be proved clear of Marse John's murder, and you, Marse Herbert, be brought to justice—yes, you will find Mag harmless to all but you, Herbert Lathrop, to all but you. And Marse John, my dear old marster, you was always good to Mag, and your murderer shall never call Clara Hill wife."
Mag turned the face of Herbert's picture back to the wall, and leaving the library door unlocked and open, passed through the hall and to her room.
Herbert Lathrop emptied the pitcher of the hot Scotch that night, and yet unquiet were his slumbers, and the next morning, after placing an ad. with the Wilmington Journal, he took passage for Orton.
The ad. was as follows:
"Five thousand dollars reward will be paid for the apprehension of Angus Bruce, who, on the night of May 31, 1831 murdered my uncle, John Lloyd."
Then followed a description of Angus, and the name of Herbert was attached to the proclamation.
Arrived at Orton, Herbert speedily broached the matter of the purchase of Kendall, and Squire Hill concurring in his views the purchase was that week completed, and Kendall with some 50 negroes was in possession of Herbert Lathrop.
Abner Hill, by reason of Herbert's consulting him in regard to the purchase of Kendall, and of his compliance with his views, felt a marked change in the views that he had entertained of that personage, and informed Herbert that he was ready at all times, when he desired to consult him in regard to the plantation's management, to advise him.
He advised the retention of Fred Reynolds, the former overseer, and within a few weeks' time Herbert was installed at Kendall.
To Fannie the change was not an unwelcome one, as she would have gladly welcomed any that would have removed her from the scene of the tragedy that left her an orphan, and particularly a change that brought her so near the family of Abner Hill, at whose residence she now elected to spend the greater part of her time.
Clara had not regained her wonted vivacity of mind, and little resembled the glowing picture of health that she did that day when she rode her pony to the wharf and placed her letter to Fannie in the hand of Angus. Her younger brother was a great consolation to her, and to him she made known the fact that she was to have wed Mr. Lloyd out of regard for her father's wishes, and while her heart was in the keeping of

Angus Bruce, whose hands were now said to be stained with the life blood of his fellow man. "But," she added, on the occasion when first she made a confidant of Tom, "I cannot and do not believe Angus guilty, and you, dear Tom, must help me find evidence to convict the guilty party."
"You speak, Clara, as though you knew who were guilty, if Angus Bruce be not; but how can he be otherwise than guilty, when both Herbert and Fannie caught him in the very act?"
"You forget, Tom, that Fannie states that when she saw him, before she fainted, he was turning from the bedside with the bloody knife in his hand. Brother, he may have found that knife driven to the banker's heart and but then have pulled it forth; remember, Fannie says, that a look of horror was on his features, while Herbert testified that it was a fiendish look."
"Whatever the look, Clara, might it not have changed to horror when he found himself discovered?"
"He never killed the banker, Tom; it is impossible!"
"But why should he have fled, Clara, if not guilty?"
"That, brother, I cannot tell, but doubtless all circumstances were against him, and there was nothing else that he could do. I believe that Herbert Lathrop laid the plot and murdered his uncle when an opportunity occurred when he could do so and fasten the guilt on Angus."
"But, sister, Herbert could not have known that Angus would be the bearer of a letter from you to Fannie that night."
"No, brother, but had he decided to commit the murder, and fasten the crime on Angus, doubtless his appearance was very opportune."
"Well, sister, I am at your service in any manner I can be; meanwhile I will cultivate the acquaintance of Herbert Lathrop."
CHAPTER XIII.
"LET ME SAIL UNDER A NEW NAME," SAID THE CAPTAIN OF THE RANGER.
It will be remembered that it was the morning of the 1st of June that Pilot Piver, of Smithville, stated that the Clara Belle, bearing Angus Bruce, passed out the inlet at break of day, and notwithstanding the reward that Lathrop offered for the apprehension of Bruce, and the further fact that many officers were searching for him on land and sea no trace of the Clara Belle, or of her captain had been found. It was now conceded that they had left the Carolina coast.
On the evening of the 18th of August there passed into the mouth of the Ashley river, and anchored off Charleston, a two-mast schooner, of apparently the same tonnage as the Clara Belle, and she seemed to ride the waters, as she lay at anchor there, as lightly. There was evidently a small cargo, if any, aboard.
The Clara Belle, when last seen plying the waters of Cape Fear wore a coat of white paint, and her master took pride in seeing that it should be kept so clean that her sides should glisten in the sunlight.
This schooner was painted a dark green, and her name as painted in bold letters on her stern was "The Ranger."
The Ranger then had ridden at anchor something like an hour, and it was possibly eight o'clock, when a man of more than ordinary stature and of athletic build, stepped from the cabin. He wore a pair of dark blue trousers, which were sustained around the waist by a heavy leathern belt, and within two pockets of the belt, on either side, protruded the stocks of pistols, while within its sheath at the back rested the sheath-knife.
His blue woolen shirt was open at the neck, and a soft felt hat was on his head. His features it was hard to judge of, as an immense black beard covered his face almost entirely, extending fully 12 inches below his chin.
His large, expressive eyes were of a dark blue cast, and his every movement seemed to speak of great energy.
As he stepped out of the cabin, he was wiping his long, black beard with a red bandana, as though he had just partaken of his evening meal.
"Mate," he sang out, "lower a yawl, and send Hendricks and Bullion ashore with me."
"Aye, aye, sir! but who's Bullion?"
"Why, he that eats so much soup. One of the men we shipped at Port au Prince."
The yawl was soon lowered, and the captain, who had donned his coat, accompanied by the two sailors, descended into it.
A few minutes' pull at the oars, and they drew up at the wharf.
"Now, my lads," said the captain, "go aboard and wait my signal—the whistle three times; remember now, bear an ear, and don't both get foggy at once—there may be action before morning."
"Aye, aye, sir!" and the yawl disappeared in the gathering darkness, while the captain passed from the wharf to the opposite side of the street. Here he turned to the left and proceeded south along the quay.
He entered several saloons, and along here nearly every building was a saloon.
In each place he stepped to the bar and took a drink or a cigar, and threw down a silver dollar, and while waiting for his change scanned every face and, without remark, took his departure.
He was evidently looking for some one. He had traversed fully three blocks, when he entered a saloon midway of the block, and bearing on the sign above the door the words: "Sailors' Rest; Jim Holland, Proprietor."
"This should be the place; old Jim won't know me."
He entered the door. A peck-marked man of middle age was standing behind the bar; he was blind of the left eye, and had a long, deep scar on his left cheek, which even his stubby beard failed to conceal.
The captain walked up to the bar, leaned over it, and gazed intently at

the other's features, which seemed to annoy him.
"Well, Black Beard, when you've looked your fill, order your drinks."
"Then give us two straight whiskies—here! hold here your head, Watts! Bill Watts! two stiff ones, do you hear?"
The other's hand dropped to his hip pocket on the instant.
"Easy, pard! Easy, San Domingo!"
"Thunder! I had never known you; I thought you'd croaked long ago. Where did you cultivate that beard?"
"That's one, shipmate, that I cultivated in an hour."
"I thought as much; but where do you hail from, Tom?"
"From everywhere; my schooner lies at anchor in the river."
"Oh, ho! then you're equipped again? What is it, the same old lay?"
"Well, rather, rather. Any old shipmates around?"
"Yes, Doud and Batson are here, as is Plunkett and Cobb; but they're in jail, Plunkett and Cobb are."
"For what?"
"Why, I believe they called it murder here. They wuz relievin' a planter of his roll one night and he resisted, and made such a fuss that Plunkett and Cobb wuz surrounded, and they got jugged. They stretches hemp next Friday lessen we get them hought; an' ther I'm gettin' tired of shore. I'm skeered I'm gettin' suspicious here. It was a bad day for us when the Nancy floundered; but what kind of a craft have you got now?"
"A two-mast schooner, and a clipper she is, too; with a fair wind she can show any craft in your port a clean pair of heels—but action! you know I was always fur action. Can you get loose from your gin mill, and do you want to take a hand in a freebooter's life again?"
"Oh, I can get shut of the grog—leastwise I'll leave it with Moll—and, as for jining, what's your terms, San Domingo?"
"Here, Bill, never speak that name again. Domingo is supposed to be dead, so let him rest. Why, man, you'd have a hundred detectives trying to trace him out in no time; let me sail under a new name."
"What shall it be?"
"Why, call me what you did when we drank the grog, Black Beard; and as for terms, you know I'm not over close; the



Black Beard and Sandomigo.

terms will be the old ones—three shares for the captain, five for the schooner, two for the mate, and equal shares for the crew."
"How many men have you aboard now?"
"Twenty, and they are all good men; half of them have followed the trade before—the're fighters to a man. I would ship five more men—Doud, Batson, Plunkett, Cobb and yourself. I don't want too big a crew; a small number of resolute men will accomplish much, besides, you know, I never place the lives of my crew in jeopardy by fighting, if it can be avoided. Now what do you suppose I've got between the decks of the schooner?"
"Why, you are liable to have gold there, San—I mean Black Beard."
"No, I've not gold, but I have what will bring gold."
"What is it?"
"I've 40 good stout niggers, and they should bring in this market \$40,000 in good, clean gold—that cargo was placed aboard by my present crew, so you can see that I have good men."
"Where did you ship the niggers?"
"San Domingo; at Samana bay. Some were foolish and ejected aboard, some marched aboard at the muzzle of our guns; no children, no women, but all good, strong men. I shall sell them out to-morrow, and then be ready for new ventures. If there be a haul to make here, well and good, we'll make it—then open the prison doors and take our two birds out, and skip to other fields."
"To San Domingo?"
"No, not there; after losing 40 men they will be on the outlook."
"Why not draw the cash from the bank at Charleston?"
"Well, you understand how that must be worked; stay ashore and get all the points, and when I've sold the cargo we will not lose time; but a place to rendezvous the men on shore, where they will be ready for action, is first to be thought of."
"Rendezvous, that's a big word for me, Cap."
"Why, a place where the men can come ashore at night and be unobserved."
"Oh, I have it; when your cargo's out, up anchor, and on a rising tide, drop up the river about half a mile, and you'll be abreast an old deserted planing-mill; there you can land the men and they will not be seen for hours."
"Good, Bill, good; and now a bumper and good-night. I'll have my cargo around at the slave market at nine o'clock to-morrow. Come round and you'll see some good stock," and Black Beard hurried back to the wharf, and placing a small silver whistle to his lips gave three sharp blasts. As he did so he observed something moving on the wharf a few feet to his right. He

stepped towards the object. It was two negroes seated on the dock fishing—he kept his eye on them until the yawl drew up to the wharf.
"Here! Here! you two black men, get aboard! quick! be lively now!"
"What fer, massa; what you gwine do wid we?"
"Do with you? Why, take you to freedom; come, be quick!"
"Is you, sho' nuff, massa?"
"Sure! yes, certain; what else do I want of you? Quick! be quick! or you'll be too late."
The two darkeys descended into the boat, and ten minutes later they were safely locked in the hold of the Ranger with the 40 San Domingo negroes, whose lingo they could not understand, while Black Beard, who, if not enjoying the sleep of the just, was sleeping soundly.
The next morning all was bustle on board the Ranger; the two yawls were lowered into the river and the hatch was lifted from the deck. Next the natives of San Domingo, who had been plentifully supplied with fruit, food and rum on their voyage, were one by one marched on deck, given a parting swig of rum and loaded into the yawls, where they were handcuffed two and two together. Half of the crew had been handed to receive them, and three trips of the yawl landed the 40.
Only the two negroes picked up on the wharf the night before were now in the hold of the Ranger, and to them the mate gave a bottle of rum and lowered a basket of the oranges, bananas and coconuts with which the vessel was laden.
At the captain's will the Ranger could easily appear merely a fruiter.
The negroes ashore were speedily marched to the slave pen, and at 12 o'clock the last one had been converted into cash, and something over \$36,000 had been realized from the sale.
As Black Beard presented his checks to the Bank of Charleston, he remarked:
"I will reduce your ready cash somewhat."
The cashier smiled, as he said: "Not much, captain."
Black Beard thought: "Good, then, I will to-night."
That evening the schooner passed up opposite the planing mill, and that night the entire crew, with the exception of five men, were sitting on benches and framework in the old mill. Doud, Batson and Bill Watts were there.
"Just 20 men," said Black Beard. "Now, mate, you take nine men; give each man half a dozen of the dirty oranges in that bag, let each man take a different street, and when you meet a likely nigger, hire him to go aboard and wipe oranges. You are bound to meet some; remember each one is from \$800 to \$1,000; take neither boys nor women; promise them 50 cents a thousand, or 50 cents a hundred, for that matter, and get all you can. Put them below as fast as you get them aboard, but don't carry too many aboard at once. Now, go, but singly, one at a time; two best remain with the boats. I've work for the other ten."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON CONVERSATION.

It Should Not Be Made Up Simply of Anecdote.

Any careful observer will surely notice that the real field of anecdote is either a company of stupid people or a company of old men who have ceased to think on serious subjects. It is melancholy to notice how quickly such people grow weary of a real play of intellect, and fall back upon their memory to supply them with disjointed scraps of humorous or witty parley.
Such things excite laughter, but behind them a sense of emptiness and unreality which a good conversation never has, and yet the latter is a thing which unless taken down by shorthand cannot possibly be reproduced; and there is no better sign that talk has been really good and general than the inability of the contributors to give any adequate account of it afterward. The changes which pass over an expressive countenance cannot be given by the painter, still less by the most accurate photograph; so it is with the drifts and eddies in a flowing stream; so it is with the April weather of a good conversation. Anecdote may by no means be excluded, if it fits perfectly to the argument in hand; knowledge may give it depth, provided that knowledge is kept perfectly in hand, and used only as a means of recreation, but these are subsidiary to the play of intellect with intellect, the teasing and returning the member contributes according to his ability. Probably the most frequent hindrance to this result is the habit of depending upon one or two persons to bring out anecdotes or repeat good things which they have treasured in their memory.—J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., D.C.L., in Chautauquan.

QUEER VERMONT TOWN.

A Place Where Nothing Has Ever Happened.

In Windsor county, Vt., is about as queer a town as there is in the United States. Its name is Baltimore and it possesses little of interest save a history in which none of its inhabitants expresses the slightest pride. Baltimore is fairly old, as American towns go, having been set off from Cavendish and organized in 1793. It then had 275 presumably ambitious and hopeful inhabitants, but every census taken since then has revealed a steady growth—downward. In 1800 the place had lost one citizen, and the subsequent record stands as follows: In 1810, 207 inhabitants; 1820, 204; 1830, 179; 1840, 158; 1850, 124; 1860, 116; 1870, 83; 1881, 71, and 1890, 64. Today the number is 59, and one of the 59 spends his winters in the soldiers' home at Brattleboro.
Nothing ever happened in the town, not even a crime, and it has no distinguished sons or daughters. The houses are scattered over the territory included within Baltimore's limits, nowhere forming anything like a village, and there is no store, no church, no post office, nor even a cider mill. The people are prosperous enough as Vermont farmers define prosperity, but they keep moving away whenever opportunity offers and nobody ever moves in. It is 20 years since a wedding took place there.—Boston Transcript.

The Power of Fiction.

In a recent sermon on the fiction of the Bible Dr. Lyman Abbott emphasized the truth that the novel had wielded a greater moral power than any other form of literature. If this truth were fully realized there would be fewer novels written and more good novels read. The majority of persons are too much inclined to regard fiction reading as a mere pastime, to accept all sorts of fiction as of equal value because "they are only novels." Yet, as Dr. Abbott pointed out, novels have wielded a tremendous influence upon society from the time that the beautiful romance of the book of Ruth was written into the present day.—Chicago Chronicle.

Ten Hours in a Day.

France is about to take the lead in adopting the decimal system of reckoning time. This provides that ten hours shall constitute a day, 100 minutes an hour, and 100 seconds a minute. This will greatly simplify all calculations of time. The universal use of this system will then be urged.—Albany Argus.

Robbed to Get an Education.

Two young women of Moscow recently strangled an old female miser and took her money, as they explained in court, "in order to provide themselves with funds for traveling abroad to complete their scientific education."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Great Tobacco Users.

Less tobacco is consumed in Great Britain in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other civilized country.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WELL-PAID PREACHERS.

What Religion Costs the People of England.

A great lot of letters written by the brothers, by Susan Wesley, by George Whitefield, by William Wilberforce and others of historical significance were recently discovered, many of which are soon to be given to the public. These letters deal entertainingly and instructively with the early days of the Methodist movement, and cannot fail to be received with pleasure by the clerical and lay members of that wonderfully grown church. Founded in 1739 by the two brothers, the Methodists, under their various designations of Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive, etc., now, in this kingdom alone, have a membership of 844,260, with 4,249 ministers and 40,350 lay preachers, and a Sunday school of 1,811,700 scholars. In this blessed land the Methodist houses of worship are not named as churches, but are styled chapels. The Methodists here have 15,150 chapels of varying sizes less estate than the sanctuaries of the Established church and of the Roman Catholics. But the lack of material splendor does not render the nonconformist conscience any less tenacious of its purpose to save the world, and it is possible to say that the most aggressive religious force in England is by no means the affluent and legally fortified Established church, whose high priests are peers of the realm. The Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist and like outer barbarians, may not loll in luxurious ease at the state expense, so that it is not surprising that the spirit of progressive liberalism which permits laborers and men of the trades to get into parliament is gradually preparing the way for the inevitable disestablishment of the Church of England. As matters now stand it costs a pretty penny to maintain the pomp of that church of which "the queen is the supreme governor on earth."
The salary of the primate (archbishop of Canterbury) is the goodly sum of \$75,000 per annum, punctually paid. The archbishop of York has \$50,000; the bishop of London, \$50,000; the bishop of Durham, \$35,000; the bishop of Winchester, \$32,500; the bishop of Bangor, \$21,000; the bishop of Bath and Wells, \$25,000; the bishop of Ely, \$27,500; of Gloucester, \$25,000; of Chester, \$21,000; of Exeter, \$21,000; of Hereford, Lichfield, Liverpool, Llandaff, Manchester, Ripon, St. Asaph, \$21,000 each; of Carlisle, Lincoln, Norwich, Peterborough, St. Davids, \$22,500 each; Oxford, Salisbury, Worcester, \$25,000 each; Newcastle, \$16,000; Rochester, \$19,000; St. Albans, \$16,000; Sodor and Man, \$9,000; Southwell, \$17,500; Truro, \$15,000; Wakefield, \$15,000, and then think of the army of deans, bishops suffragan, canons, etc., and one may infer that the Church of England is an expensive institution representing a very high average of cost for each soul brought to grace. But then, as this old world goes, religion is a luxury of pretty indulgence, and in England it is inspiringly picturesque in its outward show. And a little something is being sent in Christian way to the foolish people of India who have taken it into their stomachs to starve.—Elwyn A. Barron, in Chicago Times-Herald.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—William Lamson, the banker of Leroy, N. Y., who died last week, left the bulk of his estate to Yale university. The estate is said to be valued between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000.
—Postmaster-General Wilson, as successor to Gen. Lee in the presidency of Washington and Lee university, will no doubt find himself in a position that will suit his temperament much better than politics.
—At the beginning of the present century the Bible could be studied by only one-fifth of the earth's population. Now it is translated into languages which make it accessible to nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants.
—Rev. Dr. Augusta J. Chapin, of Chicago, has returned from a year's travels in Europe, and is now visiting friends in Boston. She is an alumna of the University of Michigan, and is said to be the only woman upon whom has been conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity.
—John Nicholas Brown, who has just given \$200,000 to the Providence Public Library association for a new building, is the eldest son of the late John Carter Brown, who gave to Brown university its new library building and the land upon which it stands. He is 33 years old, lives in Newport, and is an earnest student of social and political questions.
—A Liverpool parish magazine contains the following paragraph: "Fifteen wet Sundays one after the other is a serious matter when the support of a church and clerical staff depends almost entirely upon voluntary contributions. Our church collections were nearly washed away. Of course, parsons who have 'pew rents' can snap their fingers at the weather. The foxy wardens get the money in advance, and neither shine nor shower makes any difference."

MUSCULAR MONARCHS.

Rulers Who Have Been Famous for Their Physical Strength.
It is astonishing what a large number of kings and other rulers have been famous for their physical strength. The late czar of Russia and the late German emperor were both remarkable for their strength of body. The latter, in fact, thought sufficiently well of his powers to oppose himself to a professional strong man, who wrestled with and defeated the monarch with difficulty.
Augustus II, elector of Saxony, was a man of immense strength. He once seized a monk who had concealed himself in the royal sleeping apartment by the waist and flung him out of the window into the courtyard beneath.
Maurice, count of Saxony, a natural son of the above elector, was as noted as his father for his feats of strength. It needs no small amount of strength in the fingers to enable one to twist a long, thick nail into a spiral. This Maurice did and afterward used it as a corkscrew to open bottles of wine at a luncheon. At another time, while stopping at a farrier's to have his horses attended to, he broke half a dozen of the man's horseshoes by the strength of his hands like so many biscuits. That Maurice was equally strong in other parts of his body is shown by the following:
While traveling on foot in London he had an altercation with a dustman. The dispute developed into a quarrel, which the count terminated by seizing his adversary by the head and throwing him over his shoulder into the mud cart, which was standing near.
It is related of Dom Pedro I, emperor of Brazil, that while out sailing in a small boat he suddenly seized hold of the two-magnificently dressed chamberlains who accompanied him, lifted them out of the boat, one on each side, and decked them in the sea. This was not done out of malice, but because it was carnival time and practical joking was the order of the day.
Scanderberg, king of Albania, was a giant in strength. From an early age he was in the habit of competing in feats of strength and skill with the Turkish nobles and was almost always victorious. He once in a fit of rage cut in two with one stroke of his sword two enemies who were brought to him bound together. The same powerful sword arm could cut in twain a man in complete armor.—London Tit-Bits.

Commercial Conflict in Prussia.

Under pressure from the agricultural party there has been enacted in Prussia a law which prohibits all dealing in "futures" in grain and other produce. The law went into effect on the 1st of January, and the produce exchanges of Berlin, Stettin and other trade centers promptly suspended and organized as "free associations" in order to escape the severe supervision prescribed by the new law. Germany's great grain trade with Russia and America is entirely dependent upon future deliveries, and the merchants engaged in it insist that it would be impracticable to carry it on under the restrictions of the new law. The hope of the agricultural party is to advance prices for farm products by preventing speculation.—Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Statement.

New Guinea is the home of the most wonderful feathered creature known to the student of ornithology—the awful rpr n'doob, or "bird of death." A wound from the beak of this creature causes excruciating pains in every part of the body, loss of sight, speech and hearing, convulsions, lockjaw and certain death.—N. Y. Sun.

Novel London Mission.

A useful charity, called the London Spectacle mission, provides spectacles for needlewomen and other deserving persons dependent upon their eyesight for a living. Last year 725 applicants were provided with spectacles.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Great Tobacco Users.

Less tobacco is consumed in Great Britain in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other civilized country.—Chicago Times-Herald.