

The Lafayette Advertiser.

Published Every Saturday.

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA.

NOTABLE NEW ENGLAND ELMS.

The Pride of Many Villages as They Well Deserve to Be.

The elms of New England have always been famous, both for their size and beauty, and there is hardly a town or village, however small, that does not possess a goodly number of these grand old trees. It is eminently fitting that to Wethersfield, which, next to Windsor, is the earliest settlement in Connecticut, should belong the honor of possessing the oldest as well as the largest elm in the state. More than that, those who profess to be familiar with New England's big trees say that the Wethersfield elm is the largest east of the Rocky mountains. It is a grand old tree, and, in its rugged and sturdy appearance, a fit rival of the mighty oak. The huge branches shoot out from the trunk at a comparatively short distance from the ground, and each one of these branches is large enough to make a respectable tree by itself. The circumference of the trunk 3 feet above the ground is 32 feet and 1 inch. Six feet up, coming to what might be called the waist of the tree, the circumference is 26 feet 1 inch, and at a height of 8 feet the circumference attains its largest girth at 22 1/2 feet. The circumference of the five main branches range from 11 to 18 feet. Measuring around the roots of the tree, at a point where they extend into the ground, we have the enormous circle of 58 1/2 feet. An area 464 feet in circumference is covered by the vast outspreading limbs. Until two years ago the area was 487 feet, but a furious ice storm lopped off some of the outer branches.

In Windsor, the oldest Connecticut settlement, are several grand old elms, and there is one which, it is claimed, is a trifle larger than the Wethersfield elm. But this statement has never been conclusively proved.

The little village of Sheffield, Mass., possesses an elm which has been famous for many years, both for its size and the towering sweep of its branches. Its trunk is about sixteen feet in circumference, and the topmost branches rise many feet above the summits of the other trees in the vicinity. It is plainly visible at a considerable distance, and persons in that portion of the Berkshire hills seldom fail to see the famous Sheffield elm.

One of the grandest elms in all New England, so far as beauty and symmetry of form are concerned, stands on a fine old farm in Canaan, Conn. This is way up in the northwestern part of the state, very near the Massachusetts boundary line. The locality is a lonely one, being in the Berkshire hills, and it would seem as though nature, in making all the surrounding country so delightful, had put forth her best energies to produce trees which should not only harmonize with, but add to the universal beauty of the landscape. This Canaan elm is about three-quarters of a mile from the railroad station, and a short distance off from the road to Ashley Falls. It is plainly visible, however, from the railroad train, and has elicited general admiration from hundreds of travelers. King T. Sheldon, of Winsted, has traveled nearly all over New England and seen scores of beautiful trees, but he has no hesitancy in saying that this Canaan elm is by far the handsomest, the most graceful and symmetrical tree he has ever seen. To a lover of grand trees this elm is worth making a special journey to see. In the summer its limbs, spreading out from the trunk, appear lost, after ascending a few feet, in a dense mass of rich foliage, while the lower branches, stooping down as if to touch the earth, and gently swaying in the breeze, seem to invite one to find quiet and repose beneath the generous and refreshing shade. So symmetrical is it on all sides that the outward contour forms almost a complete semi-circle from the ground clear over its summit.—N. Y. Times.

Coloring Wood.

To produce upon new wood the appearance of age is something upon which a great deal of time, money and thought has been expended. A new dye or stain that promises to be more satisfactory than any heretofore used is made by adding to one thousand parts of water fifty parts of commercial alizarin. Into this ammonia is put, drop by drop, until a portion of the liquid taken from the bulk and agitated gives off a distinct ammonia odor. This stain will color maple to a red-brown, giving it the appearance of age that is so much desired by lovers of fine furniture. Under the same treatment, oak takes on a yellow-brown. After treatment with calcium chloride gives a much darker and richer color. The value of many sorts of wood is greatly increased by dark coloring, and as this stain strikes deep into the wood, it is at once practical and of a good deal of commercial importance.—N. Y. Ledger.

How Heads Grow.

A story was told by Ticknor, who said it was a singular fact that the head of Daniel Webster grew larger after he had passed middle age. Ticknor, knowing Webster intimately, asked him about the matter, and received the reply: "Yes, I find that I have constantly to increase the size of my hats." We may observe that this interesting phenomenon does not depend entirely upon increase of years, for comparatively young naval officers have been known to complain of a tightness in their headgear after the mental strain involved in taking lunar observations.—Athensian.

One Out of a Thousand.

Hayrick—The busco man told Hanks he looked upon him as one of a thousand.

Treaty—Tally.

Hayrick—Not a bit of it. Hanks realized the full force of the remark next day.—Athensian.

MY SILENT SECRETARY.



HE came to me in answer to a request made of the principal of the commercial college for a competent stenographer and secretary. My business has increased rapidly during the last few years, and when the home office at Hartford recognized my decade of faithful service in their employ and appointed me general agent for the states of New York and Vermont, I celebrated the fact by having a new sign painted: "Stanley Weyman, General Agent Phoenix Relief Life Insurance Co.," wherein the "General," as betokening my recent promotion, was made to stand out in all the prominence of brilliant gold letters on a light-blue ground. But I decided that my extravagance should not be limited to a new sign. I would also hire a secretary. Fifty letters a day necessitated considerable labor in reading and answering, and of a sudden it seemed very ridiculous for me, general agent for the states of New York and Vermont, to pin myself down to the drudgery of attending to so large a correspondence. The dignity of my new office demanded a secretary, and not only would he lighten my labor considerably, but he would always be very busy whenever any prospective policy takers entered the office, and between us, if we remembered to assume a very hurried manner when a step was heard upon the threshold, we could doubtless make a deep impression upon the chance caller.

My secretary came highly recommended, and I was charmed. He seemed to possess a natural aptitude for the insurance business, and always gave the closest attention whenever I tried to explain the complicated machinery of agents and sub-agents, whereby any man with merely a ghost of an idea of insuring his life is instantly made the object of labor no less persistent than that brought to bear upon the one unconverted sinner in a Methodist prayer meeting. But notwithstanding his evident interest, he never asked questions; in fact, taciturnity was his most prominent characteristic. Monosyllables, and those of the simplest sort, implying affirmation and negation, were apparently the measure of his vocabulary. When one of my friends suggested that he be nicknamed "Sphinx," the appellation seemed so fitting that it was immediately adopted by a laughing vote, although, to be sure, some one raised objections based upon the sex of the Egyptian prototype, which, however, were quickly overruled. Sphinx then he was by name, and Sphinx only by nature.

Six months had passed—months during which the bank teller showed each day growing deference to my weather prognostications, while my satisfaction in Stanley Weyman steadily increased—when one Saturday morning saw Sphinx and me completing our monthly report which we had to forward that afternoon to the home office. We had received from all the field men statements of what policies they had secured and what premiums they had collected during the month, and we were now engaged in balancing up the books. My secretary was seated on my left, between me and the office door, noting in the big ledger with a red lead pencil the various premiums, the checks for payment of which I held in my hand. I had just read off the name and amount of the last check—Ray M. Gordon, fifty dollars—and was preparing to place the pile of half a hundred checks in the large envelope preparatory to sealing and mailing it to the Hartford, when there came the most piteous whining from the direction of the door. It sounded as though some dog were scratching and whimpering for admittance.

Now I am a great lover of dogs; I own several myself, and take pride in the fact that no dogs in the city are better fed and cared for than mine. You may call me sentimental, but I respect my dogs a great deal more than I do many men. There is more honesty and integrity in a respectable dog than in a large part of the plantigrade bipeds that occupy space on this globe. Accordingly when the whining was repeated, I dropped the pile of checks and ran to the door. Upon opening it, however, I was disappointed, for no broken-legged and bedraggled cur pushed by my legs into the room, and proceeded to lay his muddy and bloody carcass upon my new Turkish rug. I looked up and down the dark hall, whistled, and even made use of that hissing sound that inspires valor in the canine breast, and terror in the feline heart—but no dog. As I returned to my desk, Sphinx looked up inquiringly, and I remarked that probably I frightened the beast away, for it had disappeared. Then he finished my task of inclosing the checks in the envelope, I sealed the letter and slipped it into my pocket to mail on my way home to lunch.

In the insurance business everything goes as by clockwork. Any premiums due on a certain day? They must be paid on that day. Agents and employees must perform their duties to the letter; the report must appear when expected, or heaven itself is moved to know the reason. Accordingly when we mailed our monthly report at Saturday noon, we knew that the mail of Tuesday morning would bring us an acknowledgment of the same from the home office. I made a practice of reading these monthly letters from Hartford myself—not that I had forbidden Sphinx to open them,

but I generally managed to be in the office and look over the mail as it arrived, picking out the red envelope with the big seal of the Phoenix Insurance company, and handing over the rest of the letters to Sphinx. Our monthly letters from the home office consisted of a circular page, such as was sent to all general agents, and when need be, a separate sheet to contain any matter of particular business with our office.

On Tuesday morning, then, I had just picked up the pile of mail to select my red envelope, when there came a terrific shriek from the speaking tube that connected my back office with the directory on the main floor of the building. Evidently some one was very anxious to speak with me, so I hurried to the tube and cried: "Hello." No answer. I waited, but the whistle was not repeated. As I returned to my front office Sphinx said that he had just seen a little urchin run out from the doorway and down the street. This information explained the whistle.—The newsboys were engaging in their periodic merry making at the expense of all offices connected with speaking tubes and electric bells.

With a few expressive Anglo-Saxon vocables, I took up my letters—the red one had been opened. I saw, however, that the circular was still in it, and though inclined at first to berate Sphinx for opening the envelope, I recollected that I had never forbidden him doing so, and repressed my ire. The circular said as usual that the Phoenix Relief was never so prosperous as at present, never so indisputably superior to all rivals, never so popular with agents, etc., ad nauseam; but there was no individual letter for Stanley Weyman.

That evening I received a surprise, for Sphinx remarked, in his accustomed abrupt and anything but verbose style, as he was leaving the office: "I guess I'll not come back to-morrow, Mr. Weyman; I'm going west." I remonstrated, pleaded, offered him an increase in salary, but in vain. He had made up his mind to go, and, though I explained how much more valuable his services would be to me than those of a stenographer unacquainted with the labyrinthine processes of the insurance business, he remained inexorable. Upon arriving home about seven o'clock I kicked viciously at my favorite greyhound as he leaped out to greet me—the first and only time I ever manifested anything but a friendly spirit toward my pets. But after a hot supper and the perusal of an evening paper, which demonstrated conclusively that the



"I'LL NOT COME BACK TO-MORROW."

party with which my sympathies were enlisted was certain of victory in the coming election, I was in a slightly more amiable frame of mind. Just then the doorbell rang, and I was summoned into the hall to receive a telegram.

MR. WEYMAN—General agent Phoenix Life Insurance company. We demand immediate explanation of that missing fifty dollars. You have not answered our letter.

A light broke over me; even my dull comprehension could connect the facts of an unanswered letter, a missing Sphinx, and a missing fifty dollars. Evidently my secretary's brains had been at work more rapidly than his tongue.

The next morning I appeared at the bank as soon as banking hours began, and received the happy information that no check drawn by Ray M. Gordon had been presented for payment. I explained the affair to the bank officials, and left orders to detain anyone presenting the check, but my plans were futile. Sphinx either lost heart and feared detection, or attended prayer meeting and repented of his trickery.

Several years later, when I had almost forgotten the incident and when time had dulled all feelings of revenge, the whole matter was brought most strangely to my recollection as I was attending a Christmas entertainment, where the main attraction was Sig. Marconette, ventriloquist. The performer was eliciting roars of applause by the life-like imitations of a whining dog and of two persons conversing through a speaking tube, and as I watched him the truth suddenly dawned upon me that Sig. Marconette and Sphinx were one and the same man.—Amherst Monthly.

As to Dreams.

The mind of man, that never rests, passes with the bodily quietude, sleep, into a new world—a weird and wondrous world—peopled with a strange people that seem to fade and vanish. This is particularly the case where lobster salad, mince pie, etc., have been indulged in just before retiring. It is seldom that a dream has any continuity, but accidental coincidences with the passing conditions of our waking life have bred the superstition of prophetic omens, a warning attached to dreams. And yet, some of these coincidences are very mysterious. An Ohio man dreamed of falling into a well, and two weeks later he was married to a red-headed widow. In this case coming events had cast their shadows before.—Texas Sittings.

—A man who finds no satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.—Rochefoucauld.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Mr. Stoddard's English team of cricketers was defeated in its first match in Australia, at Adelaide, in a game lasting five days. In the first innings the Englishmen made 470, the South Australians 388, but in the second innings they were put out for 130, while their opponents won with six wickets to spare.

—Kaiser Wilhelm now has his first earned dollar. The Vienna Maennergesangverein recently sang his Ode to Aegir, and as it is bound by its statutes to pay a ducat to every composer whose works appear on its programme, it has sent the emperor a golden ducat and a certificate of membership. He has accepted both.

—In the island of Delos the walls of a private house have just been excavated by the French school at Athens, the walls of which are covered with frescoes of great antiquity and wonderfully well-preserved coloring. They represent subjects from mythology and from every-day life, and are very important additions to our knowledge of ancient Greece.

—The Banqueting House, Whitehall, from a window of which King Charles I. stepped out to his scaffold on the 30th of January, 1649, has been turned into a museum for the united service institution. The building was erected by Inigo Jones in 1619. The ceiling, painted by Rubens, is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. George I. converted the hall into a chapel, and it was used for public worship until 1890.

—A long-distance race was recently run from Paris to Havre and back, a distance of 264 miles, by three French mares, Merveilleuse, Pomponne and Gazette, ridden by their owners, M. Allain with Pomponne, covering the distance in fifty-three hours and forty-five minutes, though the roads were heavy, as it rained nearly all the time. The mare was in good condition after the race, and did not seem to have suffered.

—Among Russians the ruler of all the Russias is not called czar, but korol, pronounced korol, derived from karl (Charlemagne). Officially, since Peter the Great's time, the title has been imperator, and for the empress, imperatritsa; the children are called veliki knyaz, great prince, and velikiya knyaznitsa, the great princess. Czar (which is applied only to kings), czaritsa, czarowitch, and czarowna are terms used only in informal conversation.

—At last the English channel can be crossed at night with comfort and decency. The line from Southampton to Havre has put on the first of a number of new steamers, which, in the place of a common cabin, into which all the passengers are huddled, are divided up into staterooms, as on the transatlantic boats; their speed is nineteen and a half knots an hour, and they make the trip between midnight and six in the morning, giving travelers a chance to sleep.

ANIMALS IN PAGEANTS.

Horses Enhance the Pomp of Processions on State Occasions.

Horses regarded as material for state processions occupy a different place from that assigned to other animals by European custom. In the east, led horses, richly caparisoned, always form part of the show on state occasions, and in princely stables many animals are kept solely for processional purposes. In modern Europe, except in military funerals, horses are always ridden or driven in pageants, of which they have been an indispensable part since the four white steeds drew the Roman general in his triumph. Those best remembered in England are the queen's cream-colored state horses. With their manes plaited with purple, and each led by a broad purple ribbon, they were a most striking object in the jubilee procession.

In England the military funeral is the only pageant in which the horse appears without its rider. The custom is probably ancient beyond record, the horse having been led to the tomb and there killed for the use of its rider in the next world. In the tomb of Childeric, father of Clovis, the skeleton of his war-horse was found with hundreds of small gold ornaments which had decorated its harness in the funeral procession. But the impressive custom now in use at the military funeral, when the charger follows the body to the grave with the boots hanging reversed on either side, seems to be a modern revival of an ancient custom.

In Tudor times the horse, or horses, of the dead soldier followed the body, but without the silent appeal of the empty saddle. At the funeral of Sir Philip Sidney, for example, immediately following the car came his "horse for the field," or charger, led by an esquire and ridden by one his pages, who trailed a broken lance. His "barbed horse," for state occasions, covered with cloth of gold, also followed, led by a second esquire, who carried in his hand a battle-axe reversed. Here is, perhaps, the origin of the curious custom of reversing the boots, unless both are associated with the old classical symbol of death, the inverted torch.

In the funeral procession of the duke of Wellington twelve horses drew the car; these were covered from eyes to fetlocks in housing of black velvet, with black ostrich plumes upon their heads. The duke's funeral was modeled upon the precedent of that of John Mork, first duke of Albemarle, the only change in the trappings of the horses being that the animals were only plumed on the head, instead of carrying a second plume on the crupper, which, as the tail was hidden by the velvet clothing, had rather a ludicrous appearance.

—In the funeral of the duke of Albemarle, led horses formed an important part of the procession: "Mourning horses," as they were called, draped in black cloth and plumed, were distributed at intervals in the cortege. The "chief mourning horse" followed the standard of England. The funeral car was also followed by a cream-colored "horse of honor," with crimson caparisons, in the duke of Wellington's funeral procession. The only led horse was his charger, not Copenhagen, but the animal which he was in the habit of riding in his last years. Yet the riders' steady pacing behind its master's bier awakened the emotions of the grazing thousands with an appeal more potent and direct than that of all the accumulated pomp which preceded it.—London Spectator.

FIRES IN JAPAN.

Methods by Which the Proximity of Danger is Announced.

One of the quaintest sights in Japan is a fire, writes A. Henry Savage Lander. Hundreds of houses are often burned in the space of a few hours, and little or nothing can be done to stop the progress of the flames, especially on a windy day. If you except the roof, which is made of tiles, Japanese houses are built entirely of straw, wood, bamboo and paper. In the poorer districts houses are packed close together, and therefore if one happens to catch fire sometimes the whole street is burned down with incredible rapidity, and the fire only stops at some open space where it can not possibly spread further. It is not unusual in Tokio, or some of the larger towns, to hear of a thousand or even more houses having been destroyed in an afternoon or during the night.

No one is more afraid of fires than the Japanese, and high ladders are posted at short intervals all over the towns and in all the larger villages, on the top of which ladders a watchman sits all night, and in case of fire rings a large bell hanging from the top. If rung at long intervals, the fire is distant, and one need not worry one's self about turning out of one's frontings; if rung a little quicker, the fire is not far, but there need be no apprehension; but if the bell is vigorously and quickly tolled, then you may as well say good-by to your house, because in perhaps a few minutes it will be reduced to a mass of ashes.

The Japanese are wonderful at turning out at all hours of the night, even for going to look at a fire, and men, women and children in the coldest nights in winter think nothing of walking five or six miles to go and look at a big blaze. If the fire happens to be near, the excitement increases in proportion to the probability of one's house being burned down. You see people half scared and screaming, getting water wherever they can in pails, wash-basins, tubs, or anything they can lay hold of, and throwing it all over the woodwork so as to diminish the chances of its catching fire. Then as the fire draws nearer, and the only water available has already been consumed, the process of saving what one can is put into practice. The amido, or wooden shutters, and the shojis, paper walls, are quickly taken down and brought into a safe place; the mats are lifted out of their places, and with the few articles of furniture, are quickly removed; so that when the fire comes it only destroys the wooden frame of the house and the roof—that is all. It is seldom that life is lost in these fires, except sometimes when children or old people are unable to move, and once surrounded by flames, they can not be reached and often perish.—Boston Herald.

HUMAN FOOD FOR ALLIGATORS.

They Seize Victims in the Bathing Ghats of India Rivers.

Almost every Indian river is deemed sacred, and some spiritual benefit is supposed to be derived from bathing in it. In any large town or village there is usually a bathing ghat with convenient flights of steps leading down to the water. Here the people assemble in great numbers. The women of the higher classes creep down before daylight and hope to get back to their houses before they can be seen. The young women, with their graceful figures and their wet garments clinging closely to their bodies, would perhaps not mind a little delay, but they are hurried home by their elderly chaperons.

Sometimes one of these poor creatures is carried off by the alligator, who is ready to take an early worm, which tends to show that the worm was wrong in getting up so early. In the course of the morning the number of bathers increases, and they stand about enjoying their ablutions and oblivious of danger. All of a sudden an alligator seizes one of them and drags him down almost before a shriek of despair can be uttered. The other bathers flee, but there is no one to rescue the unfortunate victim of the day. Of course, some attempts are made to kill an alligator that haunts a bathing ghat, but the fishermen have no guns, and the alligator easily breaks their nets.

It may seem incredible, but at one of the bathing places of the city of Cuttack a large alligator was killed, and when it was cut open the silver and gold and brass ornaments that the women wear that were found in its belly were enough to show that it must have carried off and killed upward of thirty grown-up women. I have not got a note of the length of that alligator, but the head was kept by a gentleman whom I knew, and I often saw it.—Chicago Times.

"Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am" are said at present to belong only to the respectful conversation of inferior with superior—servant to mistress or master—and should not be taught to children, but they should be taught to say, "Yes, papa," "Yes, mamma," "No, papa," "No, mamma." But old-fashioned people will cling to the former style. Abroad, clerks, employes and tradespeople generally say "Yes, madam," and "Yes, sir," and the custom prevails in many of the leading establishments of New York. Modistes and dressmakers who pride themselves on their good styles never omit "Yes, madam," or "No, madam."—N. Y. World.

THE HERON'S TRICKS.

Mimetic Powers That Make It Hard to Distinguish from the Ruck.

Nature seems to have provided some animals with wonderful mimetic adaptations to protect them from their enemies. Mr. Hudson cites an example of this. He had fired at a South American heron which was stealing through some rushes, but on coming to the place could see nothing of the bird. He was on the point of turning away when a strange sight met his eye. This is how he describes the scene:

There stood my heron on a reed no more than eight inches from my knees and on a level with them. The body was erect and the point of the tail touched the reed, grasped by his feet; the long, tapering neck was held stiff, straight and vertical, and the head and beak, instead of being carried obliquely, were also pointing up. From his feet to the tip of his beak there was not a perceptible curve or inequality; but the whole was the figure—the exact counterpart—of a straight, tapering rush, the loose plumage being arranged to fill all inequalities.

The wings, pressed into the hollow sides, made it impossible to see where the body ended and the neck began, or to distinguish head from neck, or beak from head. This was a front view, and the entire under surface of the bird was thus displayed, all of a uniform dull yellow. Not a movement did the bird make. I placed my hand on the point of his beak and forced the head down till it touched the beak.

When I withdrew my hand up flew the head, like a steel spring, to its first position. I repeated the experiment several times with the same result, the very eyes of the bird appearing all the time perfectly immovable.

But how chanced it that while walking round the bird through the rushes I had not seen his striped back and broad-colored sides? Thinking thus, I stepped round to get a side view, when all I could see was the rush-like perch of the bird. His motions on the front as he turned slowly or quickly round, still keeping the edge of the blade-like body before me, corresponded so exactly with my own that I almost doubted if I had moved at all.

After watching the bird thus for some time, I took him forcibly from the rush and perched him on my hand, when he flew away to some dry grass fifty or sixty yards distant. Here he again practiced his mimetic tricks so ably that I groped about for a quarter of an hour before finding him. I was amazed that a creature apparently so frail should be able to keep the body rigid so long.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

If Your Carriage Is Not Erect Avoid Tight-Fitting Gowns That Display the Figure.

A writer on physical development says the human frame is like a tree and grows as it is bent. Stooping, pushing the head forward, weakens the lungs. Always in walking lift the feet and put them down firmly, but lightly. Put down the front of the foot first, not the heel, and rest your weight on the ball of your foot, so that the center of gravity falls plumb through your hips and the muscles of your lower limbs instead of at the end of your spine. The muscles of the hips and waist should be trained to bear the full share of the weight of the body, and to preserve the elasticity of the figure.

A good exercise for this end is to sit bolt upright for half an hour at a time reading, sewing, or doing whatever you like, only not letting yourself sink down into your hips. An excellent exercise for training young people to hold their heads properly is the carrying of a weight of some sort poised on the head. The colored women of the southern states, who from childhood are accustomed to carry burdens in this manner, are models for sculptors in the carriage of head and neck.

The woman who has not an erect carriage should avoid severely tailored garments fitting closely to the figure. Folds and gathers disguise the bad lines of the form that are pitilessly revealed by a perfectly plain gown. A round shouldered person usually looks best in a bodice with a full back and a skirt with a large allowance of material gathered into the waistband behind. Shirred bodices are becoming to very slender women, and the present fashion of immense sleeves is an admirable fashion of widening narrow shoulders.—Chicago Times.

Rob Roy, the Philanthropist.

During more than forty years John MacGregor (Rob Roy) was a great exemplar of the best sort of philanthropy. There was some narrowness, perhaps bigotry, in his religious creed; but none whatever in his practice. He was a man of considerable attainments in literature, science, art and music; above all, he was a born adventurer, as his voyage in the "Rob Roy" canoe testified; and all the profits that he obtained from his books and lectures were handed over to the charities—charities of the best sort—in which he was interested. By lecturing alone he earned and thus applied ten thousand pounds, and having set himself to collect that sum, he persevered in the work during several years, and after his health had begun to fail until the total had been reached. Dying in 1892, at the age of sixty-seven, he left a record of steady heroism and of real service to his fellow-men which is almost unique.—Academy.

Growing Appreciation of Silence.

Even in children—and children are supposed to enjoy noise of the most maddening kind—I can see the growing appreciation of silence. A few months ago, when we escaped for awhile from the din of the town to the quiet hamlet where I yearly recruit my noise-shattered nerves, my little girl of seven said on our first evening in the country: "Isn't it nice to listen to the silence?" The advance of the savage toward civilization is marked by the abatement of noise. The more savage the tribe the more noise it requires.—North American Review.