There was a windless mere, on whose smooth breast
A little island, flushed with purple bloom,
Lay gently cradled like a moorhen's nest;
It glowed like some rich jewel 'mid the gloom
Of sluggish leagues of peat and black morass,
Without a shrub or tree or blade of grass.

But on the isle itself the birch was seen
With its ethereal foliage, like some haze
Floating among the rowan's vivid green;
The ground with fern all feathered, and ablaze
With heath's and harebell's hyacinthine hue,
Was mirrored in the wave's intenser blue.

THE GENTLEMAN BEGGAR.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

One morning, many years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool, in pursuit for a Levanting customer—for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the 60 per cent line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawning boxes to his private door. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog or bundle of rags, rose up at his feet, and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to a something I could not hear, "What, man alive! slept in the passage! there, take that and get some breakfast, for heaven's sake!" So saying, he jumped into the "hansom," and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the express as the doors of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set; for although Balance can be free with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a coupe, I finished with:

"You are liberal with your money this morning; pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers? because I shall know what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law."

Balance, who would have made an excellent parson if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard heart, did not smile at all, but looked as grim as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly: "A cadger—yes, a beggar—a miserable wretch, he is now; but let me tell you, Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favor of the butler. I have lent him thousands, and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit, and I hold now his bill for £100, that will be paid, I expect, when he dies."

"Why, what nonsense you are talking! You must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone; I'll light a weed, in defiance of railway law; you shall spin that yarn; for, true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool."

"As for yarn," replied Balance, "the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night."

"Oh, hang your dreams! Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns—that melts the heart even of a pawnbroker."

"Well, then, that beggar is the illegitimate son of the late marquis of Hoopborough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first-rate education and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, was presented by the marquis at court and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favorite. Soon after coming of age he married the daughter of Sir E. Bumper, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness, or to please his lady's pride, he resigned his appointment. His father died and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for.

"Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Molions Fitz Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct—he was hot and random. He was quite dependent on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe, and the end of it was Mr. Fitz Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's and the fortune was his wife's—he was, in fact, her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money and some personal jewelry and went to a hotel. On these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital and lay there for months, and was, during several weeks of the time, unconscious. A message to the wife, by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that 'if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family, had orders to see to the funeral,' and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz Roy was discharged he came to me, limping on two sticks, to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thoroughbred-looking man. He was going then into the West somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. 'What to do, Balance,' he said, 'I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make me their gamekeeper I must starve, or beg, as my Jezebel bade me when we parted.'

"I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the 'gentleman cadger,' because he was so free with his money when 'in luck.' He recognized me, but turned away then. I have since seen him and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for anything. How he lives, heaven knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country, as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop-picking or hay-making, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property, and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the £100 bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves' lodging as the 'gentleman cadger.'"

This story produced an impression on me. I am fond of speculation and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox chase. A gentleman, a beggar, a wife rolling in wealth, rumors of unknown property due to the husband; it seemed as if there was pickings for me amidst this carrion of pauperism. Before returning from Liverpool, I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the Times the following advertisement: "Horace Molinos Fitz Roy. If this gentleman will apply to David Disconnt, Esq., solicitor, St. James', he will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s address shall receive £1 1s reward. He was last seen, etc." Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the Times. My office was besieged by beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch and English, some on crutches, some in bowls, some in go-carts. They all knew him as the "gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say, that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement, my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning on a staff, clad in soldier's gray coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders, and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said: "You have advertised for Molinos Fitz-Roy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now; and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

I answered quickly. "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery; I mean and hope to do him good as well as myself."

"Then, sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!"

While we were conversing, candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves—my head would not agree with them—but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creature before me was under thirty years of age and once a gen- ... literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half open mouth chattered with eagerness and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow, bony fingers clasped over the crutch head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor, and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, and then sent for some refreshment, which he devoured like a ghoul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there is no evidence. On parting, I said, "Now, Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper inquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly, after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do these things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said: "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in his thanks, as all such men are as long as distress lasts.

I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England living in a splendid house in Hyde Park gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the earl of Owen called upon me, wanting £5,000 by 5 o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms, and took advantage of his pressure to execute a coup de main. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos', in Hyde Park gardens, on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father, the marquis, would insure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with pale complexion, high, solid forehead, regular features, thin, pinched, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short. I plunged into the middle of the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband when she interrupted me with, "I presume you have lent this profligate person money, and you want me to pay you." She paused, and then said: "He shall not have a farthing." As she spoke her white face became scarlet.

"But, madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card, and, as the footman appeared, pushed it toward me across the table with the air of touching a toad, saying: "There, sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crestfallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys, Messrs. Leasem & Fashun of Lincoln's Inn square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They are agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine merchants, the same architects, the same horse dealers, and the same law agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land management they get on this principle is equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing the latter duty, that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a duke's keeper, as "my dear creature," although he afterward hung him.

Fashun has chambers in St. James street, drives a cab, wears a tip and does the grand haha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letter passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue:

"Well, my dear Mr. Discount," began Mr Leasem, who hates me like poison, "I'm really very sorry that poor, dear Molinos—knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling; she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now, don't you think (this was said very insinuatingly) —don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodations there, I can assure you—meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then, Mr. Discount, we might consider about allowing you something for that bill."

"Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement? Here's a wife rolling in luxury and a husband starving!"

"No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional—quite unprofessional."

"But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property which the poor man is entitled to?"

"Why, there, again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must. I don't say he is; I don't say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed. The law is open to you, Mr. Discount—the law is open, and a man of your talent will know how to use it."

"Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a bill of discovery to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the marriage settlement and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension or afford any information; the man is to starve or go to the workhouse."

"Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent, it really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph) it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information as you ask to the injury of his client."

"Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him, at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the court of chancery will back you in this iniquity."

I kept repeating the word "starve," because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince.

"Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of your equity law, chancery can't help my client, but I have another plan: I will go hence to my office, issue a writ, take your client's husband in execution; as soon as he is lodged in jail I shall file his schedule in the insolvent court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness box and examine you on oath, 'touching property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed,' and where will be your privilege communication then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable, confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and, at length, he muttered:

"Suppose we pay the debt?"

"Why, then, I'll arrest him the day after for another."

"But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable."

"That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem & Fashun takes refuge, according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbors of the court of chancery, why, a mere bill-discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bludgeon out of the insolvent court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm—so fiery. We must deliberate; we must consult. You will give me until the day after to-morrow, and then we'll write you our final determination. In the meantime send us a copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy."

Of course I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with L. and F. seal, which I opened, not without professional eagerness. It was as follows:

"In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another.

"Sir—I answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to £2,500 8s. 6d., 3 per cents; £1,500 19s. 4d., 3 per cents. Reduced: £1,000 long annuities; £500 bank stock, £3,500 India stock, besides other securities, making up about £10,000, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy's direction forthwith."

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath.

At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was, how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, "I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?" He answered rapidly, "Oh, take ... half; if there is £100, take half; if there is £500, take half."

"No, no, Mr. F., I don't do business in that way; I shall be satisfied with 10 per cent."

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, "Mr. Fitz-Roy, I am happy to say that I find you are entitled to * * * £10,000!"

"Ten thousand pounds!" he echoed; "£10,000!" he shrieked; "£10,000!" he yelled, seizing my arm violently. "You are a brick. Here, cab! cab!" Several drove up—the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To a tailor's, you rascal!"

"Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically when in the cab, and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonizing fervor.

"What a jolly brick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the bootmaker, the hair dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As, by degrees, under their hands, he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesman for the finest and best of everything, and the amazed air of the fashionable hair dresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin, to be "cut and shaved," may be acted—it cannot be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete, and I sat down in a cafe in the Haymarket, opposite a haggard, but handsome, thoroughbred-looking man, whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us, Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past; he bullied the waiter and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee room assembly in a raving style. When I left he almost wept in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But allowing for these ebullitions—the natural result of such a whirl of events—he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day his first care was to distribute £50 among his friends, the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and formerly to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity" that for the future he should never be noticed by them in public or private. I cannot follow his career much farther. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by well-bred vampires, who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The £10,000 were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking well-dressed dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog days—looking down from Richmond hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked—less the intellect—as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended to him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, "I was a beggar—I am a gentleman—thanks to this——"

Here he leaned heavily on my shoulder a moment and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth—

"Fainted!" said the ladies.

"Drunk!" said the gentlemen.

He was dead!

AN OLD TRAGEDY RECALLED.

The Death of Gen. Mackenzie's Mother Brings Up the Tragedy on the United States Brig Somers.

The death, as reported by telegraph on Saturday, of Mrs. Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, at the residence of her son, Brig. Gen. R. S. Mackenzie, U. S. A., Santa Fe, N. M., will recall to mind the excitement created some forty years ago, by the hanging of Spencer, Cromwell and Small on board the brig Somers, commanded by her distinguished husband, Commodore Alex Slidell Mackenzie. The commodore had achieved quite a literary reputation, and his name was familiar to American readers. He was the author of A Year in Spain, by a Young American, and Spain Revisited. He was also author of a popular life of Capt. Paul Jones, and some other works which were favorably received, besides being a valued contributor to the Knickerbocker and other periodicals of that day. The Somers went out in 1842 with a crew of 120 men and ninety-six apprentice boys under age, and on the return from the coast of Africa, while approaching the Isle of Pines, a mutiny was suspected, which demanded severe measures, as the officers believed, to secure the safety of the ship. After an investigation the young men above mentioned were hung to the yard-arm. It was believed that the conspirators intended to murder the officers and divert the vessel into a piratical cruiser. Commodore Mackenzie on reaching New York marched with his crew to the nearest church and returned thanks to Almighty God for their safe deliverance. He also sent on to Washington a sealed dispatch, conveying the first news of the tragedy that had been enacted. The intelligence, as spread through the country, caused a sensation, and what added to the interest was the fact that Spencer, the ringleader in the suspected mutiny, was a son of John C. Spencer, the then secretary of war under President Tyler's administration. As was natural, Secretary Spencer wrote a letter, which was extensively published, denouncing the act of Mackenzie as illegal and unnecessary, and saying if there were any grounds for believing that a mutiny was contemplated the prisoners, after their arrest and confinement in irons, should and could have been brought with safety to the United States. The commodore was tried by a court of inquiry, and also by a court martial, the trial lasting two months, and he was acquitted. Complaint was made during the trial because Benjamin F. Butler and Charles O'Connor, employing by the father of young Spencer, were not allowed to sit by and put questions approved by the court. Whatever may be thought of the character and necessity of the execution at this late day, the act of Mackenzie was complemented by the merchants of New York, and applauded by the press at the time, and the public voice generally was in his favor. Regarding the further history of Commodore Mackenzie, it may be stated that five years after the tragedy on the big Somers, the Mexican war broke, out and toward its close Mackenzie was sent on a secret mission by President Polk (at the instance of the late Senator Slidell, a brother of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, whose name was changed to meet some bequest to Santa Anna, then at Havana,) with a scheme to restore that exdictator to Mexico, upon some agreement advantageous to the United States, but the conference did not succeed. Mackenzie, a few years later, was killed by a fall from a horse, and the brig Somers went down to the bottom of the sea with all on board.

The Garfield Monument.

Washington Special: Sufficient funds to insure ability to pay for the proposed Garfield monument having been secured, the committee charged with selecting a design and an artist will meet shortly in Cincinnati. There has already been such communication among the members of the committee as to render it reasonably certain that Mr. J. G. Ward of Philadelphia will be secured for the work. He is the artist of the Thomas equestrian statue erected here by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. This is regarded by the best judges as excelling any work of the kind in the city, and many whose opinions are accepted as authority declare it to be the best in the country. While the design of the Garfield monument has not yet been decided upon, the members of the committee are said to favor one which will represent him at the capitol. The scene of his inauguration will probably be the one chosen. The work will be of bronze, and the pedestal will, in case the design is decided upon, be a representation of the front porch of the capitol, and the position will be that assumed when he was delivering his inaugural address. The site will probably be Iowa circle, at the intersection of Vermont and Rhode Island avenues. This is one of the most eligible situations in the city, and is only one square distant from the Garfield Memorial church. The committee expect to perfect their arrangements so that the work may be commenced by the latter part of August or early in September. The committee is composed of Judge Advocate General Swaim, United States army; Gen. Barnett of Cleveland; Gen. Cist of Cincinnati; Col. Corbin, United States army; and several other members of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship
Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip,
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long-remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless live
Though palace walls are nigh;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far-reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind
With destinies above,
For there the home of his immortal soul
Is in God's wider love.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to House Cleaners.

The warm weather of the past week has hurried the housewives into the hustle and bustle of house cleaning. Few go about it systematically. In fact everything is turned topsy-turvy, and, as a rule, by the time things are again straightened out another dose of cleansing and scrubbing would not be entirely unnecessary. Housewives, keep yourselves strong, and see that you do not begin to take up carpets, wash floors, and turn mattresses out of doors except on a bright, warm day. There are people ill with pneumonia at this writing, in spite of May in the almanac. Let it be settled, warm, before the larger operations begin. You can have pictures lifted from the walls, the glass rubbed off with whiting and the frames rubbed with linseed oil, and all stored away in a spare room out of the dust and away from the walls on some previous day. The walls do not get as much attention, otherwise, as they should. Take down all curtains, shades and lambrequins, and wipe and beat thoroughly, getting them previously out of the way. Then take up your carpets and clean your walls. Brush papered walls with a soft towel around the brush; scrub painted walls in clear water, no soap, but use a little ammonia where there are dust marks. Lime water is again recommended for use on all unpainted floors that are not hard finished, and treat your ceilings as you do your walls, brushing, washing or whitewashing, according to the finish. If you have had the forethought to provide an extra cover for your mattress of blue check this can come off and be washed at any time, as the mattress is kept free from dust. If not, let it go down to the yard and give it first a thorough dry brushing with a whisk, then go over it again with the whisk dampened, so as to clense it thoroughly. It must have a good sunning after this. Very few people wash their pillows, yet there is hardly any article of constant use that needs washing any more. They can be dropped into hot soap suds and stirred about, one at a time, so that the gathered dust will be washed out of them, then hang across the clothes line in a good breeze and sun, turning them frequently to have them dry evenly, and they had better remain before the kitchen fire all night to make sure of another day's sunning before they are used. This can be done before the general turn-out of cleaning house or at any time. Clean looking-glasses and windows with wet whiting, which gives a good polish, but give all dirty panes a good washing at first. Furniture is cleaned with turpentine, and then polished off with linseed oil. A painter's brush will get the turpentine into all carving, and if you wish to make one rubbing serve, a mixture of equal parts, say a gill of linseed oil, of vinegar and of turpentine, applied with a woolen cloth is recommended.

For the kitchen you can make a very pretty finish of the bricks around the range by dissolving some "potter's clay" and laying it on thickly; when it dries off to a soft dove-color it is one of the cleanest trimmings any one can have. If your floors have grease marks, this clay will generally remove them. If of long standing, get the floor planed off and have it oiled. A soapstone hearth and sink and washtubs are made fresh with marble-sand. For the brasses, use the old recipe of "rotten stone," using oxalic acid, diluted, are lemon juice for the obstinate spots.

Clean tins with a strong solution of boiling soda (washing soda), dipping them into this while you are rubbing them with the scouring sand. It is a little early to trim up open fireplaces and grates so that they cannot be used, but any apothecary will tell you what to put into your lime bucket so as to give the pink or blue or green tinge you want. Put away heavy curtains and lace or muslin ones, and if you are buying new shades look at the pretty bamboo, so light and clean for summer. The new seamless mattings that come in dark colors, olive, red and blue, not check but plain, are also cool and "distinguished" fittings for floors, unless you prefer the easily kept boards themselves. The cellar is the part of the house which really should require least attention at this time of the year, because it should have been kept clean and free of rubbish. If it has not, you had best begin with that quarter before touching any other, for the reason that no up-stairs cleansing will make you clean until that is done.

An economical paint for floors is made by soaking two and one-eighth ounces of good, clear joiner's glue over a night in cold water. It is dissolved and then added (stirring constantly) to thickish milk of lime, heated to the boiling point and prepared from one pound of quicklime. Into the boiling lime is poured (the stirring still continued) as much linseed oil as becomes united with the lime, and when the oil no longer mixes there is no more poured in. If there happens to be too much oil added, it must be combined by the addition of some fresh lime paste. For the quantity above indicated, about half a pound of oil is required. After this white, thickish foundation paint has cooled, a color is added which is not affected by lime, and in case of need, the paint is diluted by water. For yellowish-brown or brownish-red shades about a fourth part of the entire bulk is added of a brown solution, obtained by boiling shellac and borax with water. This mixture is specially adapted for painting floors, where there is a rug in the center. For a floor which is in constant use, the most durable paint is that composed of linseed oil varnish, which penetrates into the wood and makes it water-resisting, its properties being thus of a nature to compensate for its higher cost.

To clean matting, put a pint of salt in a pail of warm water. Mop the matting well, one breadth at a time, and wipe with a cloth afterwards. To put away steel articles for the summer, or to leave knives, steel fenders of grates, etc., without rusting, grease the steel well with lard and tie up in brown paper. Carpets that are left down or put down again after shaking can be refreshed by sprinkling them well with corn meal mixed with coarse salt in equal quantity, and then sweeping it all off.

For yourself, feed well, tie your head up in a knitted Shetland or other shawl, and do not clean house in slippers. You will be sure to get into great "heats" and stand about in draughts, so protect the back of your neck where the tired feeling comes. Do not break yourself to pieces by lifting heavy furniture. If there are no men about the house to do it, have the nearest messenger boy in any shop in to help. Clean house with your head as well as your hands, and let your head save your feet whenever it is possible. But, above all, feed everybody well who is helping to clean house, instead of the usual tea and snatch-meals that most women think sufficient at such times. Canned soups come in very well and are cheap.

About Children.

An old and much-believed-in notion is this: A mother who is nursing her baby should not eat certain articles of food, no matter how much she may crave them, or how essential they may seem to be. Prominent among these discarded articles are various vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips, onions, and of fruits she must not eat plums, or anything tart. In place of these, or as a compensation for her loss, she may drink any quantity of tea. Sensible physicians and nurses are doing all that is possible to change this order. They say, and abundant evidence proves it true, that if from the first the mother eats in moderation the same food to which she has been accustomed, it will in the end be much better for her and for the child. The first time she eats vegetables the baby may cry, but it will not after that. Strength and flesh are often lost by the attempts at heroic self-denial many mothers have made. The woman to whom this is a new thought will be surprised to know that lemons even may be eaten with impunity, since the natural acids are so changed by the action of the gastric juice as to be rendered harmless.

It is a subject for thought, if one gives attention to it, to observe how we repeat old sayings, parrot like, until they come true to us in our own experience. There are not many children who cannot say, with an air of wisdom (and, by the way, who looks so reverent and so wise as an infant of days?) "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," but it has absolutely no meaning to them. I thought of this when considering how we help to form our children's habits, and it was as now as if it had never been spoken. To make a "practical illustration," do not when the baby wakes take him up at once; it is sometimes so convenient to have him lie contentedly down while awake, that however much you may wish to take him the moment he opens his eyes, do not always do so. Another point to note is expressed by George Eliot when she says, "It is not loud tones and mouthingness that make a woman's force;" no mother should govern her children by rude and angry threatenings; how can these fail to provoke the same spirit? "Your voice sounded so gentle, mamma, that I was ashamed not to mind," a child said to his mother in confidence after being rebuked for wrong doing.

Salted Meats.

We do not object to salted meats as an item in any bill of fare; they should, indeed, occupy an important place in the list of foods. But when, as often happens, particularly in remote and sparsely settled districts, all the animal food to be obtained is salted, it becomes mainly responsible for the great prevalence of scorbutic diseases in such districts. The evil effects that are liable to follow a long-continued use of salted meats may be modided to a great extent by the free use at the same time of fresh vegetables and acid fruits. The effect of an overuse of such fruits—as, for example, salted pork—seems to be to introduce an excess of salt into the system, thus changing the natural condition of the blood by an excess of one of its elements, and producing obstructions in the eliminating process; unsightly sores often appear, particularly on the face, which is kept dry and cool by exposure to the air, thus closing the pores of the skin by contraction of their orifices; the result being that the fluid, unable to pass out through the skin, becomes blocked up in the pores, causing inflammation at certain points; then ulceration follows in the form of pimples. These discharge, head up, and, if nothing is done to prevent it, are succeeded by other crops at various intervals. Salted foods are not so digestible as fress foods, as a rule; but that is a difficulty easily remedied, under the rule of moderation. The stomach, like all other organs of the body, will adapt itself to all reasonable demands, and will, in fact, tolerate a good deal of harsh treatment for a long time, but sooner or later resents abuses. The best plan is to live on mixed diet of vegetable and animal foods, with frequent changes of variety. It is well to have a special bill of fare for each day in the week, to include fruits and other foods that are in season.

To Boil a Ham.

It is considered by some excellent authorities in cooking to be a great improvement on the ordinary manner of boiling ham if it is soaked in cold water over night. In the morning wipe it off; if there are any rusty or discolored spots scrape them off. The ham should be boiled very slowly; on this depends the sweetness and flakiness of the lean ham. Some whole cloves and a bouquet of herbs may be added to the boiling water with good effect. When the ham is done, set the kettle off the fire and let the ham remain in the water until it is cold. It will absorb a great deal of the juices that have boiled out. Then lay it in a large dripping pan, and spread a mixture, made after the following directions, over the ham: Take half a cupful of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of browned flour; moisten with a little sweet cream, or, if your conscience will allow it, with port wine. Then set the pan in the oven, and let the ham brown. When cold cut in very thin slices, and the flavor will be delicious.

Household Hints.

The top of fine elastic Balbriggan stockings can be utalized when the lower part is entirely worn out. The first knit wrappers for the baby can be made of them, after the pretty knit shirts of soft wool, tied with pink or blue ribbons, are laid aside. These are mostly the gifts of mamma's loving friends, and real life may be said to begin for the baby when he commences to wear cast-off clothing. The tops of two stockings will form the body of the wrapper, and there will be enough left for the little sleeves. Make very fine seams, so that they will lie down flat and not rub the tender flesh.

Whatever fashion may decree in regard to the manner and arrangement, flowers are never out of place on the table. The Southern fashion of putting large bouquets of roses alone on the dinner table may be followed in a few weeks by the North, and certainly nothing could be more delightful to the eye. Simpler and more natural combinations are the fancy of the hour in all kinds of table decoration.

It is a creditable state of mind which impels one to always buy the best, but the highest-priced things are not always so. For some kinds of cooking a moist brown sugar is preferable to the best white. In soft gingerbread this is especially true. Then for ginger snaps and cake and bread the old, dark molasses is preferred by all good cooks to the best New Orleans. It is impossible to make ginger snaps both crisp and yet tender without this.

The sensible as well as pleasing custom of serving fruit as a first course at breakfast should be practiced in every home as far as possible. One nice way to serve strawberries is to send the large fine ones to the table with the hulls on; put at each plate a little dish of some kind with sugar in, so that the berries may be dipped in it, and eaten daintily and most agreeably.

Economical and very useful bibs for teething children are made of honeycomb canvas. They may be bound with tape, or trimmed with a cheap but pretty cotton edging, which can be bought in packages containing five or more yards in a package.

Kitchen Keramics.

Although it is convenient to have the tea-kettle on the stove at all times, with a supply of boiling or hot water in it, still, unless cooking is going on, it is best not to let water continually boil down in the kettle. It is a fact that this harmless article of stove furniture may become a source of disease in consequence of the sediment which forms in the bottom and sides, and is dissolved to some extent and mixed with food. It is a common but erroneous notion that the tea-kettle never needs to be thoroughly cleansed. It should be washed as well as any other kettle or dish.

A pound-cake, with cocoanut in it, keeps well. Beat half a pound of butter and one pound of pulverized sugar to a creamy froth; stir in gradually one pound of sifted flour in which you have thoroughly mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel—this may be fresh or dried; four well-beaten eggs, a cupful of sweet milk, and a quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut; beat this in rapidly; bake in buttered tins in a moderate oven. This cake may be iced or not as you please.

French prunes make delicious pies. Soak them in a very little cold water all night; in the morning pinch the stones out of them, stew them slowly. When they are tender take them out of the water with a long-handled strainer. Then strain the water through a piece of flannel, add sugar and make a syrup to pour over the prunes. Bake with an upper and under crust.

The secret of success in making good pie crust is to mix the lard thoroughly with the flour before a drop of water is put with it; take both hands and mix until you could almost make crust of it and roll it out without water. A little lard goes a great way if properly rubbed with the flour, a tablespoonful to a cup of flour being a liberal allowance.

This will be a change from pudding or pie: Make a crust for strawberry shortcake; bake quickly, open it and put between the two layers halves or quarters of canned peaches, sprinkle powdered sugar over, and serve while hot with cream.

Stewed veal need not be the tasteless dish it often is. Cook it in as little water as will possibly answer, and with it stew a few thin slices of ham or bacon. Nicely-cured bacon is one of the luxuries of modern civilization.

Wafers to be used with jelly in place of tarts, are made of pie crust. They should be made with very cold water, and rolled as thin as possible. Cut them in squares.

Excellent pies are made of prunellos. Stew them slowly until perfectly soft. They are an imported dried fruit, very tart and pleasant to use at this season.

The Goodsells in Chicago.

"I see the Goodsells have taken out a charter for a Chicago Graphic," observed a chatty individual in Washington the other day, "and I have little doubt they will make the venture win. They had a hard pull of it in New York, but when they learned the ropes they made money like dirt, not only with their paper, but on "the street," as well. If they can work the Chicago board of trade as successfully as they have worked Wall street they will be able to retire in five years with money enough to live in boundless luxury for the remainder of their natural existence. The Goodsell boys know all about Chicago, having lived there for several years. One of the brothers was city editor of the Times when Wilbur F. Storey ran it on the red-hot system, with the pressure away up and the safety valve screwed down. The other brother was on the old Evening Post, and was a part owner, I believe. I do not know which of them will have charge of the Chicago institution."

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And reap a harvest home of light.

CHURCHES AND CLERGYMEN.

Yankeeism in the Church.

The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Henry Street Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, writes to the Christian Union of "Yankeeism" in the church: "When the strains of Thomas' orchestra had died away in one church, to be succeeded by Shakspearean readings; and when in another church, after a glee club had rejoiced the audience, and portions of Julius Cæsar had been recited, the pastor arose, in the place where he ordinarily preaches the gospel of Christ and administers the sacraments, and delivered a ludicrous and inimitably funny address on Shall He Wear a Silk Hat? when—we remark—these exercises were concluded, it did seem a not unfitting time to ask thinking Christian people: Is the church a social club or a divine foundation? In the name of God, whom we serve, which is it? Or is it both? Or, if neither, what is it? The idea of the church, as Christ gave us that idea, is fading out here. Children are finding out that the place can be demeaned for all sorts of uses without rebuke from any quarter. Young people's associations are growing bolder in their claim upon the church buildings in the interests of a jollity that passes for religious activity. The modern 'communion of saints' is freely believed to involve salad and ices; that your church will not be 'successful' unless you 'get the people together for social intercourse.' 'Everybody must be made to feel at home,' which practically means that before or after divine service everybody must chat with and nod to his neighbor, and gayly discuss current topics, in order to dispel the feeling of 'stiffness.' The Christly ideal of the church is fading out, and is being supplanted by the principles of action suitable in a social club. And this fading out of the Christly ideal has been accelerated by several influences which we can only mention as secondary to our main point. Among these we may mention the practice of church sociables, conducted by an organized entertainment committee; the practice of arranging fairs, dramatic, literary, or musical exhibitions, for the filling of empty treasuries and the bolstering up of sickly enterprises; the yet grosser practice of 'letting out' the church as a concert and lecture hall, or for such unmentionable degradation as may be included under the name of 'wax-works,' enticing the public to pay debts the people ought to pay or not contract. The disease fastened on our American church life is Yankeeism—the idea that you must be 'chatty;' and if everybody is 'chatty,' and the church life buzzes along with little sociables, and parties, and suppers, and entertainments, and everybody has a jolly time, that church is all right—plenty of life in that church. That isn't one of your 'proud, stuck-up churches' (I here use the actual words of others), 'where you go in and out for a month, and nobody speaks to you, and there is nothing but the service going on.' What is the cause of this Yankeeism? People are looking at each other, and not at Christ, and they want the spice of worldly life introduced in the church. If we looked at him and worshiped him, the church would satisfy us, the worship would satisfy us, and we would deplore as an intrusion any petty social amusement introduced in connection with our church life. We would say: 'Defile not my church life with the footprints of the world. Let there be one place where the world is not suggested. Let me have one Holy of Holies left in my life; a place where I can commune with my Saviour and lose all thought of smaller matters in the infinite greatness of Calvary and the heavenly Jerusalem!'"

About Quartet Choirs.

Plymouth church has abandoned the paid quartet choir plan, and has organized a choir whose duty it shall be to lead and not entertain the congregation. Mr. Beecher, in addressing the new choir, which is composed of over fifty voices, at its first general practice, said:

"I do not regard singing as a mere musical utterance. I regard singing as the wings of instruction. There are two means by which a congregation is lifted upward in devotion—by prayer lyrical and by prayer didactic. For one the congregation depends on me, and for the other on the choir in the form of music. You are as much a minister as I am, and in some respects you are more so. I pray once at a service—you sing two or three times; and all the day five or six times. Almost all the hymns are direct addresses to the throne of God. There must be nothing improper or shocking in me; neither must there be in you. Suppose I began a prayer: 'O Lord!' and then began twisting and pulling something out of my pocket and nudging some one near me. Why, the congregation would become so shocked that they would never come to hear me again. See how irreverent and shocking such conduct in a choir is, unless the music is to be only a noise to cover up something in the church—the shutting up of seats, or the getting of hats, or the whisper 'I'll meet you at such a place.' Singing ought to be the most devout and religious element in worship. The choir is set conspicuously in the congregation, and the eyes of all are constantly seeing you. All I ask is that those who sit in the choir behave with the same decorum as though they sat in the congregation. I don't mean as stiff as wax candles, but with seeming propriety and solemnity. What is not proper in me is not to be permitted in the choir. I hope that, singing together, you will be knit together, and that this religion will become finally the joy of your life and your comfort in sickness and death."

Heber Newton's Heresy.

The Churchman: "Three presbyters of the diocese of New York, of excellent repute, have made a presentment of one of their brethren before their bishop for trial on the charge of breaking his ordination vows and teachings heresy. They have also, by one of their number, extra-canonically, to say the least and the best of it, gone beyond the presentment to the bishop, and made one also to the world through the columns of the daily journals. In the statement made to the public by Mr. Newton's presenters, they justify their action by saying that 'to pass by such an offense * * * would be to encourage in our ministry the most dangerous forms of unbelief.' We venture to assert that the church does not attempt to check unbelief by canon, nor does she attempt to coerce belief by canon, nor do the clergy shape their belief according to canon. With reference to the sermons by the Rev. Mr. Newton, it is to be said that it was in the power, and, more than that, it was the duty, of the bishop to cause an investigation preparatory to presentment to be made by five persons, three of whom should be presbyters, if he had reason to believe that "the interest of the church required an investigation." It is not known that the bishop took any such step, and therefore it is to be inferred that he did not believe a presentment to be required by the interest of the church.

Freeman's Journal: "If Mr. Newton be tried, we may expect a general persecution. The hand of every devout Protestant Episcopalian will be against the hand of every other devout Protestant Episcopalian, until the fittest will survive and be a little church unto himself. When he—this last man—finds himself bewildered between a Bible full of the errors of King James and another full of the errors of the revisers, he can try himself, and legislate himself out of his private judgment in a dignified manner."

The Danger of Ritualism.

A writer in The Watchman believes that ritualism is the coming danger in the religious world. He says: "I had lately the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Dr. Cuthbertson, of the Free church, London. He had words of cheer that will be welcome to every Christian heart. But, though the day of doubt is on the wane in England, he thinks that there and here there is a grave danger threatening—that of ritualism. In Oxford and Cambridge, he says, addresses on the 'highest' churchism are listened to with enthusiasm and even cheers. 'Broad Church' views win respectful attention, but waning applause, while evangelical views and presentations are groaned and hissed, even 'howled' down! 'And,' said the eloquent speaker, 'the trial is coming to you in America; 'tis on the great wave rolling across the sea. Do not make the mistake that we in England made, of giving toleration to what is, in all but having the pope, Papacy. Do not give up the freedom for which your heroic fathers fought and died. Take the evil by the throat and strangle it in the beginning."

A Mexican Mission.

The Church of Jesus, a missionary enterprise started in Mexico a few years ago by the Protestant Episcopal church, does not appear to be in a very flourishing condition. Bishop Riley was put at its head, and through no allegations are made against his personal integrity and ability, it is loudly asserted by many that he is tyrannical and that the movement has been a fiasco from the beginning. The Rev. J. Milton Green, a missionary in Mexico, has written a letter to the Christian at Work in which he makes serious charges of mismanagement and sectarian bigotry against some of the missionaries of the Church of Jesus. In view of all this, it is promised that the foreign missionary committee of the Protestant Episcopal church will look into the facts, "and at the proper time will give the explanation to those who have a right to expect it." The Independent thus describes the existing condition of the Mexican Church of Jesus: "The present state of the church appears to be one of division. It is divided into so many dioceses that it is a question whether the canonical clergy will not be almost all employed in furnishing the episcopate. It is divided into several bodies, which have dropped the work of reformation to fight each other. The schools are divided, and part of the scholars are under the care of another church. The theological seminary has closed until further orders. As to the congregations nobody can tell anything about them until the storm blows over and the fragments are picked up. There is one consolation for the Riley party; it has still in its employ as many as its financial resources can provide for. The name of the church is still long enough for division; and, doubtless, there is left territory which can be sliced into dioceses. We recall that Bishop Riley has a genius for organization. A few years ago he organized and equipped a Reformed church or two in Spain and Portugal."

Sunday School Lessons.

Sunday School Times: That there is a shaping power over a generation in the system of International Sunday School Lessons, is obvious; its enemies themselves being judges. Every now and then the Springfield Republican has some sneer at the plan and method of these lessons; yet that journal affirms that "the church, by the vast and powerful machinery of the 'international lessons,' is drilling its millions of children in absolute respect for the divine authority of every page from Genesis to Revelation." And there is a good measure of truth in this affirmation; more truth than there is in the same journal's suggestion that "a feeling of doubt and unreality as to very much of this ['Biblical and supernatural theology'] is permeating the men who listen and the men who teach as well." The International Lesson-system has quickened thorough and intelligent Bible study in the whole English-speaking world; it has created a literature of its own, and it has far more largely shaped the publishing and reading interests of England and America than any other agency within the period of its working. As a result, there was never so much of an abiding rest on the inspiration and the divine authority of the scriptures as at the present time, in New England or out of it. And there was never a day when the writings and addresses of sceptics had as little influence, actual or comparative influence, on either side of the ocean, as since the adoption of the International Lesson system.

A Salvation Army Announcement.

The War Cry, the organ of the English Salvation Army, recently contained the following startling announcement in large display headlines: "Frozen to death last Sunday, owing to the extreme cold prevailing all around him (no professed worshiper of God having even given him a warm shake of the hand or a sparkling look), Jack Godless died in his sins without the least hope, and his soul perished. As he did not feel like going to any place of worship, and as nobody seemed particularly to want him to go, he stayed out in the fog, where so many millions remain, unable to see whether there is anything in religion. He might have been saved if anybody had been willing to take the trouble to go out to him, but those whose duty it was to do so thought it was quite unreasonable to expect them to turn out such a day! His dead body, having been duly laid out, and the fact of his death having been generally made known, an inquest was held without the assistance of the coroner, at the headquarters of the Salvation army, 101 Queen Victoria street, E. C., where the following verdict was directed to be entered in the War Cry: 'The soul of the deceased was lost owing to exposure to temptation without any friendly help to salvation, and there can be no doubt that somebody was guilty of gross negligence!'"

Pious Paragraphs.

At the annual meeting of the Salvation army in London, Gen. Booth stated that the army had now 491 corps, with an income derived from them of £121,000. The rental of barracks entailed an expenditure of £21,000 a year, and the army had property of its own now worth £150,000, upon which there was a debt of £54,000. About £10,000 was contributed during the day. Among those who took part in the meeting was a Yorkshire woman, eighty-four years old, who said she had been in prison 280 times for drunkenness.

The Christian at Work says: There was a small collection of Methodists in Pennsylvania so sensitive in their perfection that in using the Lord's prayer they omitted the clause "forgive us our trespasses," because it implied a confession of faults. But when the leader of the society left his wife and ran away with a young woman who had been very prominent in refusing to repeat the prayer except in the altered form, the clique speedily broke up.

President Elliot, of Harvard, thinks it would be a great improvement in the relation between minister and congregation "if the minister were frankly allowed sometimes to comment upon a fresh book instead of preaching a sermon, sometimes to read other men's sermons instead of his own, and in general to direct his hearers to good reading, and bring them to know something of the minds and works of the leaders of the race, living and dead."

At an evening prayer-meeting in a neighboring town, as the 9 o'clock bell ceased ringing, the clergyman who presided arose and spoke in a most solemn and impressive manner of the reminder they had just received from the bells of the flight of time and the necessity of spending time well while it is ours to improve. When he sat down an elderly female arose, and in a shrill voice startled the assembly by remarking in a contradictory tone: "I think it must be fire."

While the Methodist ministers are waiting for the Bulgarian authorities to rescind their orders closing the Methodist schools, the Bulgarian press is freely discussing the question of the rights of Protestants which is of international concern. It is said that there are not more than 300 Protestants in Bulgaria.

In heaven, we are told, there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than every ninety-and-nine who have never gone astray. It is just the other way here below. There is more joy over one righteous man that goes astray than over ninety-and-nine thousand sinners who have kept at it all their lives.

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gits a whippin' fur going to a ball."

I went to a Baptist church last Sunday out of curiosity. They passed a basket for collections. I put in 10 cents. The man next to me had the nerve to open his coat and show his shield. He was a police officer in citizen's clothes. He'll get the chromo, never fear.

"Mr. Isaacs, can you tole me vere vas the first diamond?" "No, Mr. Yawcobs; vere vas it?" "Vy, Noah's son on de ark: he was a Shem of the fust vater."

There is a Chinese Catholic school on Clay street, San Francisco, in which fifty-six Chinese are under instruction.

The Methodist Book concern in New York city made a profit last year of $65,000.

Isaac's Sad Death.

Do you know that the Israelites are the best story tellers in the world, and that they never tire of relating any that bear on the peculiarities or weaknesses of the chosen people? Here is another good one I got on the Rialto. Two friends meet on Broadway. One has a heavy weed on his hat. "Hello, Moses," says his friend, "what ish der matter by dot crape on yer hat?"

"For my brudder Isaac. Don't you know?"

"No. I vas out on town. Ish he dead?"

"Yaas."

"Vot vas der matter on him?"

"Vell, you know he vos er very pious man. Las' Saturday he vent to der synagogue, and just in the middle of der brayers a feller on der sidewald calls out, 'Job lots, job lots!' Vell, in der crush an' confusion my brudder was suffocated."