THE LITTLE GRAVE.

BY G. O. FERGUSON.

Out there where the flowers are weeping,
I behold a little grave;
Where a tinny form is sleeping,
Like a star within the wave.

'Twas a little star which, straying
One night from its native skies,
Fell to sleep while on earth staying,
And forgot to ope its eyes.

'Twas a little ray of glory,
Falling from the heavens afar,
Flashing down proud Life's Aurora,
Through the pearly gates ajar.

'Twas a little gem which Jesus
From His diadem dropped down—
Lent a little while to please us,
Then reset it in His crown.

Boston, Mass.

SUNDAY GLOBLETS.

ADDISON: Music—all of heaven we have below.

POLLOCK: Maternal love! thou word that seems all bliss.

KEATS: Let me have music dying and I seek no more delight.

JOHNSON: Be resigned. Leave to heaven the measure and the choice.

MOORE: Music! Oh, how faint, how weak, language fades before thy spell.

MIRABEAU: His last words—"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."

JAMES MARTINEAU: The health of a community is an almost unfailing index of its morals.

RICHTER: Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

VOLTAIRE: All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same because it comes from God.

PASCAL: Let it not be imagined that the life of a good christain must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures, to enjoy others infinitely greater.

LONGFELLOW: Morality without religion, is only a kind of dead reckoning; an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

W. G. CLARK: There is this pleasure in being bereaved—the thought that time which sadly overcometh things, can alone restore the separated, and bring the mutually beloved together. Time which plants the furrows and sows the seed of death, stands, to the faithful spirit, a messenger of light at the mysterious wicket gate, from which we step and enter upon the vast unknown.

The forest fires in the Province of Ontario have entailed a loss of $100,000.

A new Protestant Episcopal Church is to be built at Otter Lake Michigan, also, one at Saginaw City.

The corner-stone of a new Baptist Church was laid at Port Norris, New Jersey a few days ago.

The degree of L. L. D. has been conferred upon Senator Ingalls of Kansas by Williams College.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church have their chief sect in the South, and are a rapidly growing body.

The Baptists and Disciples have had a debate at Mayfield, Kentucky, on their peculiar tenets. Both sides claim the victory.

The *Christain Intelligencer* complains that at Louisville, Kentucky, Columbus, Ohio, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis there are professional ball matches on Sunday.

The establishing of a new Free State in Central Africa is one of the projects of the present day. An International Association has been formed to prosecute the scheme.

The Rev. D. W. H. Ward, of the *Independent*, is to have the general direction of the Babylonian exploring expedition, the requisite funds having been supplied by a single subscriber.

A scholarship is to be founded at Oriel College, Oxford, bearing the name of Thomas Hughes, in recognition by the working classes of England of his immense services to the co-operative movement.

Mr. Creighton, the newly appointed professor of Ecclesiastical history in the University of Cambridge, is an Oxford graduate, and the author of a well known historical work, "The History of the Papacy During the Reformation Period."

Judge Poland, of Vermont, in a recent letter to his constituents, notifies them that he cannot accept a renomination as a candidate for Congress. He has reached his seventieth year and feels that he must decline the tasks of public service.

The *Congregationalist* laments that "too many church members now act as if they regarded membership in the church as but a sort of insurance against eternal death, which is good so long as the policy has not been formally cancelled for palpable breach of contract."

Amherst college has conferred the degree of L. L. D. upon Governor Robinson of Massachusettes; ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, and Professor John D. Burgess of Columbia College. Governor Robinson delivered an address at the alumni dinner at Amherst commencement.

A few days ago some five hundred Mormon converts in charge of some twenty-five Mormon missioneries landed at Castle Garden in New York, from Europe, mostly from Scandinavia, and immediately started on their way to Utah. This gang of converts is the result of about two years, work on the part of the missionaries.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie. "the international millionaire" as some one called him awhile ago, is making a coaching tour to Devonshire, having as his guests, for whose special company and pleasure he designed the excursion, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. William Black, Mr. John Morley, Mr. and Miss Gladstone, and three or four other personal friends.

The famous order of the Black Eagle, the same decoration quite recently given to the heir apparent of the Russian sovereignty, has been bestowed upon five women since its foundation in 1701. Its receptors were the two empresses, Elizabeth and Catherine; Mary Augusta, Duchess of Wurtemberg; the Queen-Dowager of Prussia, Elizabeth, and the present Queen Augusta.

A New York City religious journal say: One of the nuisances of the day is the Sunday racing trains and racing teams which carry the rival New York Sunday papers to the watering places. These papers are not satisfied with quietly breaking the Sabbath, but boast loudly of their sevaral victories at Sartoga and Richland Springs, and tell of the bets on the fast horses which run from the nearest railroad stations. The whole thing is dem oralizing.

We get a sense of the horrible evils of the drinking curse when we read, in a report by the Chaplain of the Magdalen Asylum, of New York that of eighty-nine fallen women in the Asylum at one time, all but two had fallen through drink. A lady missionary among this class says, that, of two thousand known personally to her, there were only ten cases in which intoxicating liquors were not in large part responsible for their fall.

At the last session of the Toronto conference, held at Toronto, Ontario, the Temperance Committee reported in favor of prohibition. The report was adopted. A resolution was passed to memorialize the General Conference to enact a law ordering the use of unfermented wines in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Committee on Sabbath Observance protested against the running of ferries, trains, street-cars or printing-presses, also, Sunday funerals. A committee consisting of three ministers and three laymen was appointed to confer with the Dominion Government for the enactment of laws carrying out the wishes of the Conference. Salvation Army parades were also denounced as a nuisance.

The *Catholic Union* has discovered what is the secret of Blaine's popularity. It is this: "Blaine impersonates the true American Monroe principle which is found at the bottom of every American heart: that this western continent, so far as the great Republic can govern its destinies, shall forever be free from the contamination of European despotism; that the arrogance and robber instincts of England in particular must be checked with a strong and vigorous hand."

The Rev. Mr. Moors, of Greenfield, Mass., told the Unitarian Conference last week that there is no business so badly managed as the religious interest of this country. He thinks that every minister should have at least 250 families in his congregation, and that a church with that number of families can be run financially for about $2,500 a year. He would cut down half the existing churches and do away with minister's long vacations.

"Coney Island," says the *Christian Intelligencer*, "entered upon its usual descration of the Lord's day last Sabbath. At the Manhattan Beach Hotel there was a so called religious service. The pulpit consisted of a card table, on which a champaigne basket was placed, and a white cloth cast over the whole. Over this arrangement Rev. J. P. Newman preached a short sermon." This is Gen. Grant's pastor, the pius old fraud who has ruined the New York Mission Avenue Congregational church.

Provision was made in one of the appropriation bills at this session for the appointment of a woman clerk to sign land patents at the White house. Hitherto only men have held clerical posititions at the Executive Mansion. The innovation is not one that is likely to be approved by the family of a President—unless the President should happen to be a nepotist and appoint some member of his own household. The plan is a sinecure.

Canon Basil Wilberforce, rector of Southampton and the third living son of the late famous Samuel Wilberforce, successively Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, is of very different views from his father, and still more from his uncles, three of whom became Roman Catholics. His father could not tolerate Mr. Spurgeon and refused to appear on the same platform with him, but Basil Wilberforce is one of his warmest friends and has on several occasions spoken at the Southwark Tabernacle.

Says that noble woman, Ellice Hopkins, whose Christian work for the churchless workingmen of England, is one of the recent triumphs of home missions work: "Only be sure of your duty, and there must be an infinite store of force in God, which you can lay hold of to do it with, as an engineer lays hold of a force in nature, and drives his engine through the granite bases of an Alp. If you are sure it is God's will, you should do it, then "I can't" must be a lie on the lips that repeat, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

Rev. Dr. Hickman, of Woodland Methodist church, Cleveland, believes in modern miracleg. He has had numerous faith cures in his church. The latest is that of Miss Rebecca Kirby, bedridden 28 years with spinal disease, not being able to sit up in bed even once in all those many years. Dr. Hickman encouraged her to believe that she could be cured. After prayer she arose unaided, sat in a chair and walked across the room, and, though still weak, she is gaiuing strength, and hopes and believes for a permanent cure.

Judge Hilton, administrator for Alexander Stewart, deceased, has joined with Mrs. Stewart to furnish and present to Bishop Littlejohn, of the Episcopal church, an elegant residence. The house is furnished luxuriously. Mahogany wainscoting, ebony ceilings, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, silk portieres, with threads of gold, Daghestan rugs, are among the appointments of this truly elegant home and this truly royal present. The bishop's diocese comprises Long Island, and the home is romantically situated on the island.

The popular if not scrupulous newspaper writer, who signs himself "Gath," is as amusingly absurd as he is profane in the expression of his natural disgust at anything like such a desire for reform in politics as might lead one to bolt a ticket. The so-called "better element" provokes him; he does not believe in it. "There was" he says, "a good deal of sense in that mob, somewhere about the year thirty or forty, who wanted Barabbas set free, and who, some centuries later," (it was five centuries earlier, but that is nothing) "voted against Aristides, no doubt a common humbug of that day, who had insulted the common people by his affectation of superiority."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who, by the way, was made a D. D. by the Tennessee University last week, says of Brooklyn Christians: "We want the burden to be light, if we are to carry it; the church pew soft, if we are to sit in it; the work easy, if we are to perform it; the sphere brilliant, if we are to move in it; the religious service short, if we are to survive it. On the way to heaven rock us, fan us, sing us to sleep, dandle us on the tips of your fingers, hand us up out of this dusty world toward heaven on kid gloves and under a silken sunshade. Let the martyrs, who waded the flood and breasted the fire, get out of the way while this colony of tender footed Brooklyn Christians come up to get their crown!"

The late Bishop Simpson, addressing a class of young ministers in a New England conference, some years ago, warned them that if they did not faithfully work and study they would not keep their present place in affection and appreciation of the church. "The church," said the eloquent and witty bishop, "invests in young preachers as men invest in corner lots, not for what they are wortd, but ror what they will be worth. So don't let the petting you get now deceive you. Why, you know how it is in the family when little Johnny, just out of short dresses, puts together his first long sentence. It may not be very lucid nor very grammatical, but the family crowd around him in delight, and they pat him on the head. But," added the good bishop, looking very solemnly at the young ministers standing in a row before him, "if Johnny, when he gets to be seventeen or eighteen years old should utter the same sentence, *it would not be on the head they would pat him.*"

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, in an editorial about the recent council of Congregationalists in Massachusetts, says: It is pleasant to know that there are some Protestants who see that bad Catholics are to be feared. This is a concession to the truth. The Congregationalists of Massachusetts admit that the Church restrains the passions and eradicates the vices of those who obey her. This is an important admission from the descendants of the Puritans. They are right to have a horror of bad Catholics. There is no fiend so malicious as an apostate—as a creature who turns his back on the Creator. His soul is a hell upon earth. There is no crime that he will not commit. The vilest of the atheistical hordes in France and Italy were baptized Catholics. Let people who respect themselves and virtue beware of the man who sneers at the faith of his childhood. and youth. The Massachusetts Congregationalists have learned this. Let others who foolishly harbor and encourage escaped nuns and disfrocked priests learn it, too. There can be no more honest man, no purer woman, than he or she who complies with the rules of the Catholic Church. When a man or a woman says truthfully: "I am a Catholic, but not a practical Catholic," do not trust that one.

Don't Go.

Persons whose lungs are impaired, or who have throat diseases, should not go to the sea shore, as the air is always poisonous to such troubles. Use Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure, which cures these troubles of the throat lungs and bronchial tubes speedily, thoroughly and permanently. Trial bottles free of P. J. Dries, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.

WORDLESS SYMPATHY.

[Temple Bar.]

Some kindly look, some undefined expression,
Lurks in the shadow of thine earnest eyes,
Some secret thing that claims my heart's possession
By sympathetic ties.

Some likeness of the mind, some fellow feeling,
Blends our cleft lives to one harmonious whole;
The good unto my better self appealing
Haunts all my inmost soul.

Wordless, yet ever to my thoughts replying;
Giving me look for look, and breath for breath;
With thee the world is paradise undying.
Without thee—life is death!

THE CAREER OF MOSES.

The Man Who Raised the Palmetto Flag Over Sumter's Ruins.

Legislator, Speaker, Governor, His Life Rivals That of the Third Emperor—Fallen from His High Estate.

[Boston Globe.]

Twenty-three years ago Franklin J. Moses, Jr., hoisted the palmetto flag of South Carolina over the ruins of Fort Sumter, having been deputed to that work by Governor Pickens, whose private secretary he then was. He had, shortly before, graduated with high honors from college; his father was a man of both wealth and social distinction, and a trusted member of the judiciary of that fire-eating state. Frank's future promised to be exceptionally brilliant. He served throughout the war of the rebellion on the Confederate side, as also did his father, and when the war was over they both mounted to positions of influence by accepting the reconstruction acts and the then new order of things in the south. The father became chief justice of the supreme court of South Carolina, and died while holding that position. Frank became a member of the state legislature, then speaker of the house, and subsequently, in 1870, governor of the state, succeeding Gen. R. K. Scott, who was tried for murder in 1881, in Ohio.

A PRODIGAL'S CAREER.

There was a time when Moses had control of almost unlimited wealth, rolled in luxury, and sported with wantons and libertines, with the profuseness of an eastern prince. To-day he has hardly a friend in the world, and, broken, gray, seedy, he eKes out a slender subsistence by his wits. If a novelist were to weave the many incidents in the life of Frank Moses into a story, that novelist's methods would be called sensational and somewhat improbable. The period of reconstruction in the south was Moses' opportunity. His fall was the natural consequence of an ill-spent life, and not of the end of the era in which he flourished. It was said of Moses long ago, by one who knew him well, that "he was a noble-hearted man, with a paralysis on the moral side." As long as Moses had money he scattered it like chaff; but that which he tossed about him with prodigal hands, was not his own, and the creatures who lived on his bounty never gave him credit for sincere generosity. So, when the day came to him when he, like one of old, would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat," his fine-weather friends forsook him and fled. The man who made the streets of the capital of South Carolina resplendent with gay equipages, jewels and gay attire, was at last brought down so low that he stole an overcoat from an office into which he had gone on a pretended matter of business.

HIS ADMINISTRATION.

Born of a good old southern family, of Jewish descent, gifted with many rare personal and mental qualities, Moses might have made for himself a name of which South Carolina would have been proud. The rapidity with which he ran the whole gamut of personal ambition proved his genius. His sagacity in taking up the cause of the newly enfranchised freedmen at the close of the war, after having fought on the Confederate side, was rewarded. As speaker of the assembly he engaged in a career of corruption, bribery and robbery, which had few parallels in this country. If he wanted money, horses, anything, he demanded these of the men who sued for his legislative influence, and got them. He procured the enactment of a law while speaker which gave him in that capacity unlimited power to draw on the state treasury, and from that day his warrants taking precedence of all others, were as plentiful as the leaves of the forest. He owned a "money mill." Having issued $2,000,000 in "pay certificates," as speaker, it was obvious that Governor Moses would rule the state with all the profligacy and extravagance that he had shown in his less influential position. He seemed utterly devoid of moral sense. He levied toll upon every public and private legislative measure, "with money in it," which required his signature. It is a matter of record that a claim of a banking company for $100,000 could not be made valid by Moses' signature until $25,000 had been paid him. He involved one of his underlings, Humbert, in a scheme, by which the state was plundered of $20,000, and what seemed to be a grand larceny was attempted against the state. But when the officers went to arrest his excellency they found him entrenched in his state house, guarded by the state militia.

WHEN THE END CAME.

He gave away pardons like holiday baubles. Blacklegs, thieves, and criminals of every description and complexion were pardoned by telegraph, by letter, by verbal orders to jailors, and with a freedom that promised immunity to crime, so long as the pardoner owned in Moses a friend.

A spendthrift, Moses laid up nothing for a rainy day. He ran his brief career, and, in two or three years, out of power, out of place, out of money, he drifted to New York. His life in South Carolina, after he had emerged from the rebellion, was crowded full of exciting episodes. He lived a life of debauchery, intrigue and sensuous excitement. He schemed and planned, but he never built for the future. While it lasted, the golden stream that flowed through his hands was royally spent. While he had the opportunity, he schemed to some purpose, and his plans for gaining possession of the "potentialities of great wealth," by unlawful means, were admirably laid.

But the end came at last. His term of office expired. His debaucheries were infamous, and so disgusted those who had put him in power that his plans for re-election were of no avail. His own wife and family were forced to shake him off, and he was cast out from among them and his name branded with all infamy. The down-hill road was rapidly traveled. The brilliant South Carolinian, the curled darling of fair women and the successful adventurer, came down from a governor's chair to skirmish with vulgar thieves and impostors. Early in the fall of 1881, Moses, after having gained his livelihood somewhat percariously, visited the office of John D. Townsend, the famous New York lawyer, and offered to procure some dispatches and other documents which would implicate Samuel J. Tilden in an attempt to buy up the South Carolina delegation to a Democratic national convention. Mr. Townsend paid Moses some money for alleged expenses, and Moses departed, taking the overcoat alluded to above.

GOING DOWN HILL.

He had the impudence to visit Mr. Townsend again, in a few days, and to ask the loan of some more money. The lawyer was convinced of Moses' dishonesty, and he accused him of theft. Moses implored Mr. Townsend not to prosecute him, and the latter consented, on condition that Moses should write out and sign an account of the swindle which he had perpetrated. Mr. Townsend said to Moses at the time: "I shall keep this document, and if ever you are arrested for another transaction of this kind, I will give it up to the officer who arrests you." A few weeks afterward, on October 3, 1881, Moses was arrested in New York, charged with personating a lawyer and using his personality as a means to obtain the sum of $25 from Maj. William L. Hill. He was released on bail. Soon after being released, Moses went to the agent of an ocean steamship company in New York, and told him that a movement was on foot to blow up one of the vessels of that company's line. He pretended to be possessed of information by which he could thwart the conspirators and procure their arrest and punishment. The agent was so much impressed by the man's story that he gave him money and promises of a liberal reward. When it was discovered that Moses was a fraud the steamship company refused to prosecute him, and he escaped arrest on that charge. In the latter part of March, 1882, Moses called upon Freeborn G. Smith, a piano manufacturer in New York, and, representing himself as a brother of Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, got Mr. Smith to cash a check, which afterward proved worthless, for $175.

A CRIMINAL CAREER.

When arrested on this charge he was identified by E. W. Crowell of the Phœnix Insurance company of New York as a man who, on February 10, 1882, had represented himself as a member of the White family of Greenville, South Carolina, with whom Mr. Crowell was very well acquainted. It was after banking hours and Moses, saying that he was short of money, got Mr. Crowell to cash a bogus check for $150. Two weeks afterward he swindled H. H. Stuart, of 61 Wall street, New York, out of $100 on a worthless check and the representation that he was Gen. Curtis, state commissioner of South Carolina. B. H. Hasell, agent in this city for the Charleston Steamship company at this time sent a letter to Inspector Byrnes, saying that the swindler had been in Boston also. A worthless check for $320 had been cashed by Mr. Hasell, who was under the impression that Moses was a wealthy southern planter. Moses also went to a member of the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., and endeavored to pass himself off as Mr. Prince, of Lynn, Mass., and nearly succeeded in getting a check cashed. Mr. Flint, the partner, sent a telegram to Lynn, and the reply proved that the Mr. Prince, alias Moses, was a fraud, and he was hustled out of the office. Moses is a most accomplished swindler. The men to whom he has applied for money with success have been well versed in business matters, and most of them have reputations for sagacity in their dealings with others. To swindle such men requires something more than ordinary talent for roguery. Moses is about 53 years old, tall and well-formed, with gray hair and mustache and regular features. On the charge of swindling Nathan Bozeman, of 265 Fifth avenue, New York, out of $32 on February 16, 1882, he was sentenced to the penitentiary at New York for six months. His recent arrest in Chicago is still fresh in the minds of readers, and his early return to Boston is looked forward to by his victims with pleasant anticipations.

French Views of Our Politics.

[The Current.]

French views of American politics are generally amusing, chiefly because of their deficient knowledge of the actual situation. Le Figaro, of June 2, tells its readers that "tomorrow there will assemble at Chicago 820 delegates charged with the duty of electing the future president of the United States"—an observation which perhaps would not be altogether satisfactory to Democrats. But, again, Le Figaro says: "The Republican congress has more importance than that of the Democrats, which will be held in the same city. The Democrats can not yet pretend to take upon themselves the direction of affairs. They will oppose to the Republican candidate who will be produced at Chicago, Monsieur Tilden, a veteran in presidential contests whom the Democrats have sustained in the three last presidential elections. But Monsieur Tilden, no more than Messrs. Carlisle, Hewich (probably Hewitt) or MacDonald can contend with Monsieur Arthur or Monsieur Blaine. The Republican candidate will certainly be M. Edmunds 'le grand favori a la presidence.'" This is entertaining reading for Mr. Edmunds and the Democrats; but The Current is not much impressed with the prognostic ability of Le Figaro touching the outcome of nominating conventions. Le Figaro was more certain of the nomination of Edmunds than were the special organs of that statesman in this country.

Peculiarity of Chicago Men.

[Inter Ocean "Lounger."]

In a conversation the other day with a wholesale man, he made a few remarks that I thought were odd enough to print. "There is a certain peculiarity," he said, "about Chicago men that I have noticed. They are not ambitious, that is, not in the New York sense. No one here aims to make a fortune of the size that the average New Yorker who makes money at all is struggling for. Chicago men make a comfortable half million or a million, and thereafter pay less attention to business, take life easy, in fact. I can point out two or three dozen illustrations of my statement, bright men, capable of any enterprise, who have made all they want, and now are letting the other fellows have the rest.

Go down to Washington park and see 'em any day. The big speculators on 'change are the worst of the lot in this respect. Most of them stop when their luck is best, not because they are unnerved, but because they get enough money. I should be surprised, however, if all this would change and Chicago have her Vanderbilts. It looks to me, and to a good many others, as if New York got a blow in the recent panic that she will not recover from in years. Her rich men, you know, were the liquidators, and that upset confidence in the financial center of the country. Why, the Chicago banks have opened hundreds of new accounts transferred to them by people who formerly banked in New York, and in other ways the prestige of the city has grown greatly within a year."

He Said What He Meant.

[New York Sun.]

I was in the register's office yesterday morning conversing with my friend, John Reilly, when an aged German came in and looked about inquiringly. John courteously asked if he could do anything for him.

"Yaw," said the visitor in broken English, "I am come to file dese—dese—" forgetting the word and diving into his native language—"Grundergenthumsubertragungen."

Reilly was so paralyzed at the length of this word that he had barely strength to call a German assistant, who explained that the old man wanted to file several real estate conveyances. It took a bottle of champagne to wash that word out of the register's office,

Tools of Trade.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. Winks—My dear, I read such a funny thing about China to-day. On the first birthday of a Chinese male infant he is seated in a large sieve, with money scales, a foot measure, a pair of shears, a brass mirror, a pencil, ink and books, and other articles ranged in a circle around him. The object which he handles first is thought to be a sure prophecy of his future occupation. Well, I concluded to try it just for fun, and so I fixed our baby that way.

Mr. Winks—Indeed! What did he take hold of first?

Mrs. Winks—Well, the fact is he picked up the shears.

Mr. Winks—Good! We must move to Chicago at once. He is destined to become a great editor.

Untrustworthy Information.

[New York Graphic.]

Young Smith is greatly smitten with the charms of Miss de Moni, whose excessive modesty is only equaled by her father's wealth. The affection, however, is altogether one-sided. One day last week, as he was "sitting out" an evening urging his suit he accidentally laid his hand on the sharp end of a perpendicular pin.

"—— that pin!" he exclaimed on the impulse of the moment. Seeing at once that he had made a mistake he inquired, after a long and awkward pause, "Miss de Moni, did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, sir, I did," was the response.

"Well," returned he, "you mustn't believe all you hear."

Barrett's London Losses.

[Olive Logan's Letter.]

It is an acknowledged fact that Lawrence Barrett has lost $15,000 by his engagement here. "But what of that?" said my informant. "He will make it up in three weeks in America." Socially his stay here has been a gala one, and if he has paid the fiddler a pretty stiff price, certainly the tunes have been good. No doubt he has had a "jollier time" than Mary Anderson, because pretty Mary was so jealous (and rightly, too) of her fair fame that she refused to know people, even of high social rank, if they were in any way linked with a fast set.

AN ELECTRIC MOTOR.

Prof. Leo Daft's Singular Railway Line in New Jersey.

A Visit to the "Wizard of Newark Bay"—A Trial Trip with an Electric Locomotive.

[New York Tribune.]

A company has been formed in this city to furnish electric motive power to any and every one who may have a wheel to turn. The machine it proposes to use is the electromotor of Professor Leo Daft, which has several times been alluded to by the press. H. M. Hawkesworth, the manager of the company, was visited by a reporter, and inquiries made of him concerning the scheme.

"See Mr. Daft," he said. "He can show more in half an hour than I can tell you in ten days."

The reporter saw Mr. Daft. About one mile west of Greenville, N. J., nestling in a grove of trees is a small frame house of four rooms, and under its shingled roof was found the wizard of Newark bay. Jumping up from his drawing-board with an energy that he might have drawn from one of his own motors, he said in cheery tones: "Come, take a ride."

"Ampere," named from the distinguished electrician, was brought out from a neighboring shed, saddled and bridled, and the wizard and his guest got aboard. "All ready," he cried, and touching a lever, and giving a quarter revolution to a five-inch crank, the engine moved away. The track, from its appearance, might have been built of the debris of the first experimental railroad in America. The rails were old and worn and rusty; they were up here, down yonder; a succession of bumps and hollows; they were on a heavy grade, and the one curve of 45 degrees was like turning the corner of a fence. How in the world any four wheels managed to follow such a track was a wonder, but "Amphere" whirled along it, back and forth, without a groan, and was as docile and quiet as a Shetland pony. The engine would sweep along to within an inch of the ends of the nails and stop instantly, when on the verge of going over.

The power that moved the engine came from a generator in the factory, through a mile of wire, which might as well have been ten miles or twenty-five miles in length. The power was transmitted to the engine by means of a small iron rail, and the current flowed through it, producing power sufficient to move "Ampere," and a standard gauge passenger-car with seventy-five people up a seventy-foot grade, and yet barefooted children play upon the track unharmed.

In the factory close by, a small motor that occupies less room than a sewing machine operates the saws, lathes, planers and drills of a wood-working mill, and a still smaller one in another room produces 900 revolutions a minute in a thirty-six inch wing fan, and drives a current of air through the building that would turn a wind-mill. Professor Daft would in all cases show the harmlessness of his machines by diverting the current of electricity operating them, into his own person, and by closing the circuit with his tongue; this, notwithstanding the flash of light that opening the circuit produced.

"What is your plan for applying your motor to domestic uses?" he was asked.

"We shall build central stations, at which we shall generate sufficient power to supply every demand within a radius of two and a half miles. We will carry as much of that power into your house as you want, and measure it out to you, and we will carry it in a way that will afford you no inconvenience taking up no room and being absolutely safe. We will give you a moter of any capacity it will occupy only one-fifth the room of another; will always be ready for instant use is cleanly, requires no engineer, and will take care of itself. You start and stop it by a quarter revolution of a three-inch crank."

A Ship on Fire.

[Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.]

Here on the Red sea, for the first time in my seventy-five days and nights of sea voyaging, I have a taste of what a fire on shipboard implies. One hot, breathless day the chief officer is having a large kettle of a resinous liquor boiled, up forward on a deck stove, for application to certain parts of the ship. It is left alone for a moment, boils over into the fire, and in a moment more the whole mass is ablaze. The liquid flows over the deck, and almost before we can take the fact in, great sheets of flame are leaping half way up to the square-salis. The alarm is sounded, the sailors rush to the sand-barrels, and by the time each man has thrown a pailful of sand upon the deck there is nothing left burning but the kettle. Over this a courageous fellow throws a piece of sail-cloth, and two other men lift it to the deck. In the meantime the captain has ordered the donkey engine to work, and there is an immense stream ready to play upon the deck, were such a measure necessary.

I confess that my heart is thumping away wildly, but none of the officers or men seem any more concerned than if such a scene were of daily occurrence on shipboard.

A few men have been wounded or burned in the operation, while some others have lost part of their clothing. I suppose no more dangerous form of fire could break out, and yet it is handled with perfect ease and does not create a ripple of excitement. In three minutes it has ceased to be a subject of comment.

How a Lost Hat Found a Bride.

[Winnipeg Sun.]

One day last week a gentleman living at Qu'Appelle, received a telegram from the young lady whom he intended to make his wife in a few days, stating that she was at the Grand Central hotel and to come on. The lady had been living in one of the northwestern states of the adjoining Union, and had obligingly consented to meet her affianced half way in order to complete their own union. The happy and excited bridegroom took it for granted that the Grand Central was in Winnipeg, and hasily preparing for the journey, boarded the first train for that city. When nearing Brandon he put his head out of the window to take a survey of the situation. The wind blew his hat off, and he landed at the station bareheaded. Of course his first care was to rush up town to buy a new hat, but he had not gone far before he came face to face with his intended bride. She had telegraphed from the Grand Central, Brandon. Explanations quickly followed, and soon after they found themselves in St. Matthew's church, where the Rev. Mr. Boydell duly made them man and wife.

It Was the Horse.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"You have stepped on my foot!"

The murmuring zephyrs of a June morning were kissing with dewy breath the rose bushes that were soon to burst forth in a wealth of bud and blossoms. The twitter of the robin and the meadowlark rose cheerily upon the cool, fresh air, that came from beyond the hilltops in the west, and athwart the eastern sky faint bands of crimson light, rosy harbingers of the golden flood that was to come, made a vivid constrast to the deep blue of the zenith, while over all was spread the solemn hush that comes before breakfast.

"You are mistaken, darling," said Gwendolen Mahaffy, looking up tenderly at Pericles Perkins, "it was the horse."

"Perhaps you are right," the man replied, stroking the neck of the horse—a beautiful Norman that weighed nearly a ton—"but it would have deceived even a more trusting heart than mine."

A Phase of Modern Journalism.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

If a barn should blow down, there will be a diagram of the premises; view of the barn before being blown down; view of the barn while being blown down; view of the ruins; interview with the hired man, who said he always knowed it was going to blow down; interview with the owner, with his and others' theories on barns blowing down; interview with Professor Mugwump, the distinguished Chicago savant, with his views as to the reason why barns blow down rather than up; comparative table of barn mortality in this and other states for the last forty years, showing percentage of barns blowing down compared with the illiterate vote; history of loss from the earliest times to the present; statement of loss—$500.

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