

Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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GRIEF.

At morning: "Grief is a dream,
As when one wakes from troubled sleep
And sees the terrors of the night
Dispel the mist which skyward sweep."
At noon: "Grief is a foe,
Who lurks behind each joy, and spares
Nor careless youth nor wary age,
And scorns the mail that each heart wears."
At sunset come the vision clear:
"Grief is a friend, whose steps I long
To know and wait for, as she leads
To where each tear becomes a song."
—Rev. George T. Packard, in S. S. Times.

TAKEN BY STRATEGY.

The Dreadful Doom of the Pirates of Sark.

When I was in the Channel Islands I heard the following story about the pirates of Sark, which is one of the most curious islands in the Atlantic Ocean. The waves that beat against its richly colored but inhospitable cliffs and roar forever in its inaccessible caves, bristle with rocks and reefs of many a grotesque shape, which make the approach to the island exceedingly dangerous. The porif is greatly increased by the high tides and furious currents that rush past the Channel Islands, of which Sark is the most remarkable. The shores of the little island are lofty cliffs, steep as walls. There is only one possible landing place; this is a shelving beach in a web of a cove, and the summit of the island, where the people live, can only be reached by steps cut in the face of the cliff, admitting only one person to pass at a time.

The dwellers on Sark are now a peaceable folk, who raise a few cattle and vegetables, which they carry over to the Isle of Guernsey when the weather is clear and the sea not too rough. But at one time Sark was held by a band of desperate pirates, who lured ships on the rocks by putting up false lights and beacons; or they attacked them in boats when becalmed in those unweary waters, murdered the crews and smuggled the cargoes into the ports of France.

This nest of pirates finally became as pestilent as a swarm of angry wasps disturbing the guests at a sumptuous dinner. It threatened to ruin the commerce of that region. And yet it was almost impossible to reach the fro-boaters, for they had an abundance of every thing on the island; and they could prevent any one from landing with the greatest ease. In those days, also, cannon did not carry far enough to make it possible for a fleet to bombard them from the distance at which it would be safe for a ship to approach the terrible cliffs.

And yet something must be done to root out this pest of the seas and make those waters safe for merchant ships. The matter was all the more ticklish because the pirates of Sark were perfectly well aware that they could only be vanquished by stratagem, and therefore would keep their weather eye open for any attempt to subdue them by treachery or craft. Those who should venture on any such attempt knew well, therefore, that they exposed themselves to the greatest peril in any undertaking against the desperate sea banditti of Sark.

And yet such men were found, men who for the common good were willing to risk their lives. And this is the way they went to work to circumvent the pirates of Sark. They fitted out a merchant ship with a full supply of arms; they also took a large, long-boat for landing in the surf; and a company of brave and trusty adventurers prepared with the utmost readiness to execute one of the most hazardous enterprises ever undertaken.

One calm pleasant morning the lookout at Sark discovered a ship heading for the island, as if with the intention of making a landing. The tidings flew at once from one end of the island to the other, and produced intense excitement. The surprise increased when it became clear that the strange ship was not a man-of-war, but a simple merchant ship, which one might suppose would steer as far as possible from the island. She dropped anchor less than a mile out, a still more surprising circumstance. But when a boat was lowered and was seen rowing toward the landing-place, every member of the pirate-band was filled with suspicion, although a white flag flew at the mast head of the ship and another waved at the bow of the approaching boat. The men in the boat were also entirely unarmed, as became evident when they drew near the shore.

In spite of all these signs—that whatever the errand of the strange ship it was peaceful—the bold pirates of Sark crowded down to the landing-place bristling with arms, and ordered the boat to keep at a safe distance from the beach.

"What do you want at Sark? Clear out from here; we allow no one to land," cried the pirate chieftain, a tall, handsome Breton from Marlaix, dressed in bright colored, picturesque garb. The mate of the strange ship replied: "We are bound southwest, laden with goods from Flanders. One of our crew died this morning; he was a good Catholic; we wish to bury him in consecrated ground; unless we go far out of our course there is no spot nearer than your holy church built by the pious Bishop of Dol. All we ask is permission to land the coffin containing our poor friend's body in the chapel. We will carry exactly as you see us, without arms of any sort whatever. If you grant this simple request, which as good Christians you can hardly deny, we promise to make you a suitable present of some of the goods we have on board our ship."

After some deliberation, the pirates were so impressed by the earnest, confiding manner and straightforward honesty of these good sea-folk, who were so willing to place themselves unarmed in their power, that they gave the desired permission, the strangers solemnly promising that they would allow themselves to be searched on landing.

The boat's crew hurried to the ship in high glee; they hardly hoped for such success. In anticipation of the plot

they had planned the ship's crew had brought with them a stout coffin of sufficient size to hold a large man. After dark the coffin was brought on deck. The lid was firmly fixed in its place, and yet so contrived that it could be quickly detached.

The next morning the weather still continued fine, the coffin was carefully lowered into the boat, and a flag was reverently thrown over it. The pirates were all at the landing to await the arrival of this unique funeral procession. Each sailor, as he stepped on shore, was carefully searched. Relieved to find every man of the landing party totally unarmed, the canny islanders laid aside all suspicion and devoutly assisted to lift the heavy coffin out of the boat. The coffin was large and heavy, evidently the dead man must have been of portly proportions. The seamen seemed tenderly attached to their dead comrade. They insisted on lifting the coffin themselves. It was a most anxious moment for all concerned.

But the invaders still had a far more laborious and dangerous task before them. The summit of the island where the people lived, and where the chapel stood, was over one hundred feet above the landing and could be reached only by narrow, steep steps, cut in the rock, up which it was simply impossible to carry the coffin. There was only one way of getting it to the top; this was to hoist it with ropes by main force. Surely never was a dead sailor buried under greater difficulties. Not only did the sailors have to do this very hard, severe duty, harder far than hoisting a wet tarpaulin, but it was also necessary that not one of the pirates should lend a hand in hauling up the coffin; at the same time the task had to be done without arousing their suspicions. Death was in the air; blood must flow before the day would close.

The pirates were not men to show mercy, and the least suspicion on their part meant the massacre of every one of the invaders if attacked before they were ready. The landing party contrived to start up the cliff steps first, and while some, nimble as cats, skipped up quickly and proceeded to hoist the coffin, the others lingered along the steps keeping the impatient, but yet unsuspecting pirates in the rear.

While the above incidents were occurring several of the pirates, moved by their covetous and treacherous natures, thought it would be a good idea to take the ship's boat and steal on board the ship, whose crew they supposed to be all on shore engaged in the funeral ceremonies. They hoped to be able to anticipate the reward promised them by ransacking the cabin. But when they sprang on deck they were fearfully taken aback to see a number of lusty fellows spring up armed from behind the bulwarks, who flew at them with great fury, overpowered them, and gagged and chained them to ringbolts in the deck.

This done, the sailors sprang into the boat and rowed to the aid of their companions on shore. As we shall see, they reached there none too soon. Immediately on getting the coffin to the top of the cliff the invaders gathered around it, and hurried with it to the chapel.

The pirates also hastened to arrive there first; it was nip and tuck which party should first enter the chapel. But the coffin bearers, knowing well the chances at stake, put forth herculean exertions; keeping together in a close group the sailors crowded into the chapel with a haste most unseemingly for a funeral, and closed and fastened the door. As soon as this was done they opened the mysterious coffin in a twinkling. Instead of a corpse it proved to be packed with daggers, cleavers, halberds, swords and a blunderbuss or two, with which the sailors hurriedly armed themselves and were soon ready for the deadly fray.

The pirates were not furiously knocking for admittance. It was exactly sure of the purpose of the invaders, they were by this time exceedingly suspicious that such singular proceedings at a funeral boded no good. There was mischief brewing, and it behooved them to find out what all this meant without a moment's delay.

They found out sooner than they expected, and in a very unpleasant way, when the captain of the ship in a tone of thunder cried: "Open the door! And now my brave men, do your best! Out and slay! Give no quarter! Strike home!"

EXCHANGING SALUTES.

How the Thing is Done Among the Natives of South Carolina.

There were eight of us sitting on some cotton bales at a little railroad station in South Carolina waiting for a train which wasn't expected for nearly an hour. Right opposite us was a strip of forest, and presently we saw a man bend aside a bush and survey us in a cautious manner. Every one saw him, and yet no one offered any explanation of his presence until he had stood for three or four minutes. Then a woman from Arkansas laid aside her snuffstick and observed:

"Really, now, if I was home I should reckon that feller meant shute, and I should hurry to make myself skass."
"He can't want to shoot none of us," replied one of the men.

"Guess I'll make shore of that by wakin' him up," said a Georgian, as he took out his revolver. Before he could fire there was the report of a gun behind us, followed by a yell, and a native climbed over the bales, gun in hand, and started to cross the double tracks. He was not yet over the first when there was a shot from the bushes, and the man in front of us gun around like a top, dropped his gun, and fell upon the rails. Then, before any of us had moved, a second native came out of the bushes with a smoking gun in his hand, and as he bent over the figure on the ground he laughed:

"Ha! ha! ha! I jist dropped at yer fire so as to git the drop on you! I guess you won't bother me no mo'."

When he had gone we went to the aid of the other. As we pulled him off the track he struggled up, reached for his gun and looked around, and said: "Much obliged, but I ain't nuthin'. The onry skunk has jist left a bullet in my shoulder—that's all. I thought I had a head on him, but he drapped too quick for me. Any of you all got any terbacker? Thanks. I reckon I'll go home and see the old woman try and pick this lead out with a darnin needle."—N. Y. Sun.

AN HIBERNIANISM.

How a Silver Dollar was Worn Down by Circulation.

A number of patriotic sons of Erin were seated around a table one night discussing a little of every thing, when one of them began a lamentation over a light-weight silver dollar he had in his pocket.

"This hid an'th' tails worn down that foine ye wouldn't know th' hid from th' tall if it wasn't that the hid's always on th' other side."
"Got worn that way by eirklyation?"
"So they say; but of belave some smar-rt divil's tuk a jack-plane an' scratched a doime or two off her for luck. Eirklyation can't wear a dhollar down like that."

"I can too, an' oif I prove it," said a third. "Have ye got a good dhollar, Dinny?"

Dinny, curiously enough, had one, and produced it.

"Now, mass it round th' table."

Around it went.

"Twice more."

Twice more it went.

"Wance more, an' let me hove it."

Once again it circulated, and finally rested in the palm of the instigator of the performance. He then leaned over to the owner of the dollar and handed him a silver quarter.

"Phwat's this?" asked the latter.

"That's yer dhollar!"

Circulation, history says, left its mark that evening upon some thing more than pure dross.—Harper's Magazine.

Needed No Reminder.

The lightning calculator looked out over the crowd.

"Is there any other gentleman present," he said, "who would like to know the day of the week on which any event took place? My friend," he continued, addressing a middle-aged man in front of him, "if you will give me in front of the month and year when you were married I can tell you instantly what day of the week it was."

"I don't need to learn," replied the middle-aged man, whose name was Enpeck. "I was married Wednesday, but"—and he took off his hat and wiped his bald head slowly and thoughtfully—"I was born Friday."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Secret.

Mrs. Brown.—These men think we women can't keep a secret, but they're greatly mistaken, I know I can.

Mrs. Green.—Indeed, I can, too. Now Mrs. Parks was in here yesterday and told me in solemn confidence that Mrs. Smith intended getting a divorce from her husband, and I haven't told a living soul about it, and don't intend to.

Mrs. Brown.—No; I wouldn't if I were you.—Light.

A Scaly Trick.

Grocer.—Yes, I want a pair of grocery scales, but—ahm—

Hardware Dealer.—Oh, the weights are all right. We have a hole in the bottom of each one to be filled up with lead. No pound weight will go over fourteen ounces until filled up.

Grocer.—Ah, I see. Very well, sir. Your house evidently understands its business. Send me the scales.—Texas Sittings.

Graduated Fees.

Boston Clergyman.—That's John Brent, the wool merchant. He gave me \$50 for marrying him.

Chicago Lawyer.—Yes? And he gave me \$5,000 for procuring a divorce for him.—Epoch.

—What might be termed a case of absent-mindedness occurred the other day. A man started from home to his place of business, and when about half way there stopped to light a cigar. The wind blowing in his face, he turned around to get his light, and then jogged along contentedly without noticing the change in direction until he brought up at his own door. Then he was mad.—Fond du Lac (Wis.) Journal.

—At the Club.—Brown.—Does your wife keep her temper very well? Jones.—Um—er—some; but I get the most—Boston Gazette.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

What Stylish Women Will Wear During the Midsummer Season.

It is rumored that the one-button glove is on its way to popularity. Three and four-button styles are already in high favor, owing to the length of many of the fashionable sleeves.

The new Russia-leather gloves are highly perfumed; some of them are in very bright reddish tints that is the natural tint and is highly popular this season. French kid is coming in again, though suede is still more generally worn. The new mouse color is very "genteel," and goes well with nearly every costume.

For "half" mourning, lavender Suedo gloves with black points are prepared. Puce is one of the new colors for stockings, but it is by no means the aggressive tint that formerly went by that name. It is now a clear bright shade of heliotrope. It is found among the fine silk stockings, many of which are dyed in mouse color, tan, stem-green, golden-brown and violet to match the gloves, as it is fashionable to have these correspond in tone.

"Hammock" dresses designed for elegant wear on sultry, lazy afternoons are announced. They are made with long flowing Greek lines, they are steelless, cushionless, half-tights, but graceful without; having no look of unduly looseness, and are made of all the soft pretty crepe silks, carnellite, and also of China silk, foulard and surah.

The Spanish mantle is among the surprisingly lengthy list of light summer wraps. It is considered particularly stylish, and is to be worn with dressy toilets of every description. It consists of fish-shaped shoulder-caps of real lace in Spanish and Chantilly patterns combined, with long scarf ends that cross at the belt and fall low on the dress skirt. To many figures these are much more graceful than the all-round variety.

The handsome tweeds, English serges and fine French chevots are made great use of in the formation of stylish and useful traveling suits for journeys by land and sea. Many new and attractive shades have this season been added to the familiar dyes, and there are also novel effects in stripes, bars, plaids in refined color combinations and Venetian-patterned borderings.

A very old fashion has been revived in the cording of each seam of the bodice, and also the closely gored skirt. A heavy cord goes round the bottom of the skirt and up each seam. Silk generally covers the cord. When the gown is of figured or striped fabric, the cording corresponds with the flower or stripe in shade.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A WONDERFUL FAMILY.

A Japanese Household in Which Many Generations are Represented.

"A thousand years in one household" (*ikka sen-nen*) is an old Japanese saying, employed with reference to an event, which, in respect of extreme rarity, may be classed with the sight of a dead dog or a thinker's funeral. The Hochi Shinbun relates that in Kanazawa may at present be found in the household of a merchant called Mizuma Gensuke, who resides in Kanazawa, in the Saitama district of Sado. The family consists of the following members: Great-great-great-grand-papa Gengo (aged 130), great-great-grand-mamma Tomi (aged 132), great-great-grand-papa Gembei (aged 101), great-great-grand-mamma Miyo (aged 99), great-great-grand-aunt Yoshi (aged 105), great-grandpapa Gensuke (aged 81), great-grandmamma Kimi (aged 79), grandpapa Gempachi (aged 61), grandmamma Toyo (aged 60), papa Genkichi (aged 40), mamma Tomo (aged 38), uncle Genroku (aged 35), son Genshichi (aged 14), daughter Toki (aged 5). The united ages of the fourteenth generation, at the close of last year, to 980, and consequently became 994 on the first day of this year, according to the Japanese method of calculation.

Next New Year's Day, supposing that death had not intervened meanwhile, the aggregate age would be 1,008, and as 994 is nearer 1,000 than 1,008, the family have resolved to celebrate their *ikka sen-nen* this spring by a visit to the shrine of Ise, and afterwards to Kioto, where the whole fourteen, from the little tot of 5 to the grayhead—if he still has any hair—of 130, will do their sight-seeing in company.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Calico Kitchen Saquee.

All good house-keepers know the value of a large-sized apron for use in the kitchen. For some years I have used another and as necessary a part of a kitchen outfit, namely a kitchen saquee; a calico saquee fitted loosely over my dress, that I can put on when I am dressed for the afternoon, if I have to go in the kitchen, as one so often has to do with the "help" we have nowadays. It is buttoned up the front closely to the neck, and the sleeves have bands at the wrists. I find it keeps out the smell of the grease, that will saturate a woollen dress, when one has to spend any time cooking on the stove or range. This with a large kitchen apron gives me a complete coat of mail; and then when my work is finished I slip off the saquee and apron, and presto! I am dressed again for the parlor or company, with so little trouble. I would not be without the saquee for many times the cost and trouble of making it.—Good Housekeeping.

—The Corean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in general shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oiled paper, and is worn on the head over the hat.

—Light-fingered, delft and imitative as the Japanese and Chinese are, it takes them as long to learn the proper and graceful use of the knife and fork as it requires for us to master the evolutions and etiquette of the chopsticks.

—A gentleman in Paris, Tex., owns a horse which makes a habit of eating young chickens. Every time a young chicken comes within reach of the horse it is sure to be swallowed.

—Small diamonds fixed in the front and back sights of rifles are said to enable the marksman to take good aim even in a bud light.

THE PAY OF AUTHORS.

Facts for Persons Who Think That Literature is a Bed of Roses.

I caught one of our best known authors in a confidential mood recently, and his comments on the revenue of authorship, which he gave me permission afterwards to print, carry interest with them. I may add that the name of this author is one of the most widely known in American literature to-day. "Seven years ago I chose between law and literature. I had every opportunity to succeed at the bar, for, through hard study and my connections, a lucrative practice seemed opened to me. But I turned to authorship. To-day I am told by the majority of their writers. I have the pleasure of hearing my books and name hawked on the trains when I am traveling, the newspapers give me from a quarter of a column to a column and a half reviews. But what has literature brought me in money? Let me open my vest-pocket book to you. Here is my actual revenue for 1889, and includes, as you see, royalties on six of my novels, magazine articles, etc., and every thing is collected. Here is the total—\$2,170.40. Compare those actual figures to the paragraph recently circulated, in which I am reputed to earn \$10,000 from my pen. Is it any wonder that the unsophisticated enter literature with false hopes? Yes, and these facts if you wish; only, of course, withhold my name and identity." I reproduce here the facts and figures as they were given to me. I only wish it were possible, for the sake of those who think that literature is a bed of roses, to give this author's name. However, the facts in general must be sufficient.

I am constantly asked by literary beginners as to the prices generally paid by magazines for literary work. Of course, in my answer, I must be understood as only referring to beginners, not those who have, by constant practice, become experienced with the pen and know what is most desired by editors. It is safe, I think, for beginners to depend upon the following prices: Poems are the least marketable, but where a poem of average length is accepted—say four verses of eight lines each—the price is from \$5 to \$15 each. A short story of 3,000 words commands \$25 to \$35 at the lowest, \$50 to \$100 at the highest, every thing depending on the strength of the story and the magazine to which it is sold. Prose articles of any merit whatever range from \$4 to \$10 per thousand words, the average being about \$6. Of course, prices for literary work, as for prices for dry goods or any thing else, vary according to the quality of the goods, but those I have quoted are, I think, safe for beginners to depend upon, provided, of course, that they fall into the hands of reputable magazines. As a rule the good magazines pay upon acceptance of a manuscript.—Edward W. Bok, in Chicago Journal.

THE PENITENTES.

Barbarous Performances of Fanatics in New Mexico.

The Penitentes seem to be a new comer in the country to be a strange order of superstitious fanatics, the old flagellants of the dark ages, who have come down by some ecclesiastical legerdemain, landing in this corner of the terrestrial foot-stool. Their performances are a touch of baptized barbarism clutching at the skirts of this nineteenth century. The horrorfulness of seeing them at work flagellating themselves on Good Friday is akin in the recollection to the heart-rending moans of the wounded and dying in a terrible calamity. They compose a secret organization that is fast dying out, and is not now sanctioned by the dominant church, and the worst of their doings are supposed to take place in their lodge rooms. They are seen to outsiders only when marching in procession, carrying each a rough wooden cross, nearly heavy enough to crush them under its weight. Their backs are usually bare, and as they stagger along as best they can, weighted down by their burdensome load in body and their shins in mind, their brethren beat them with clubs and prick them with cacti till, in many instances, there isn't an inch of the flesh that isn't torn and bleeding. Not infrequently they die from the effects of the terrible punishment inflicted. A doleful chant, in which they specify the particular sins they are trying to expiate, is continually kept up. And yet this very class is usually composed of the rabble element of the community. Often, when they get through their penances, they get straight off and get drunk and run up another score of evil deeds done in the body rather than the last. They seem to hold implicitly to the belief that every sin committed must be paid for in suffering, and the more pain one endures here, the less he will have hereafter. These poor, deluded penitentes are not attempting any moral improvements. They are merely endeavoring to shorten their stay in purgatory, and horrid work they make of it. Any one who was ever so unfortunate as to be locked into one of their lodges must admit that a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty crept over him while there. Perchance a dim light, as the scene may be described, made awfully indistinct and gashed the rude form of Christ on the cross; the men stretched out full length on the ground, more like corpses than living beings, and the wretched objects who piled the scourges on themselves and the others, making the blood spurt at every stroke, while the yells, wails and howls were indescribably terrible.

MAKING AN ONION BED.

Story of How It is Done by the Darkies in Sunny Bermuda.

The making of a Bermuda onion bed is a work that requires a vast amount of time and calculation. There was a lot about two hundred feet square on the outskirts of Hamilton, enclosed with a high wall, so near the hotel I saw it every day and had an excellent chance to watch the operation of cultivating it. The soil was dark and rich, smooth and friable, as most of the tillable soil in Bermuda is. Three men, all colored, went to work at that lot the last week in January and began the preliminary work toward making an onion bed. They paced it off from north to south, east to west; measured it with poles, paced it off again, then lay down under a tree to rest. This measuring and resting took several days. When they were sure of the exact size they brought in a horse and plow and began to turn over the soil, one man driving the horse, another holding the plow, while the third rested under a tree. After two or three furrows were made there was evidently a difference of opinion as to whether the lot should be plowed up and down or across. There was an earnest conversation, a vast amount of pointing and gesticulating, and the horse and plow were taken away. The next day the plowing began again, and after three days of what in Bermuda is called labor, the lot was plowed. Such exertion of course demanded a period of rest, and after the lapse of one day the three men reappeared armed with hoes and rakes, and began to "smooth down" the soil.

This is work that the Bermuda darky must delight in. He must first determine where to begin, and then he requires some hours of deliberation. Then, having made up his mind, he attacks one corner with a hoe, and strikes several effective blows. A carriage drives past, and he stops and leans upon the hoe-handle till it is out of sight. Two or three more blows, and he goes slowly off to a distant part of the lot for a drink of water. On his return to work he breaks two or three more clods, finds a stone or a bit of broken glass that attracts his attention, picks it up and carries it to one of his fellow-workmen to get his opinion of it. Returns to work, breaks a few more clods, and by this time is so fatigued that he has to stretch out under a tree and rest. It is only, of course, while he is under the boss' eye that he exerts himself in this way. When the boss is absent the darky is asleep under a tree. He gets four English shillings a day for this business, and does not earn one. Although the Bermuda darky is better educated and generally more civilized than his brother in the West Indies, he is just as lazy and just as thoroughly worthless.

At the end of two weeks the lot was plowed and raked down to a proper smoothness. Then followed a period of inactivity, perhaps to let the soil recover from its unwonted exertion. After a lapse of three or four days the men appeared again and repeated their former pacing off and measuring, alternating this with siestas under the tree, and heated arguments about whether the beds should run lengthwise or across. This important matter took days of deliberation, and at length the beds were marked out. Then came putting out the "sets," for in Bermuda the onion seed is sown in the open ground and allowed to grow until the bulbs are as large as the end of a small finger, the plants being then transplanted to long beds of six straight rows each, with narrow walks between. It took more than a week to put out the sets, and February was almost gone before the garden was planted. Those three men were at work at it for three weeks, doing what one good American gardener would have done in four days.

This was a good example of "cheap" colored labor: Three men at \$1 a day each; twenty-four days, \$72; an American gardener at \$2 a day, \$48. The owner of that lot would be frightened to pay a laborer \$2 a day, but he was really paying his men at the rate of \$10 a day each, considering the work they did. But when the men went home to rest after their arduous lot nature began her work—and it is a good thing for Bermuda that nature is not as lazy as the darkies. For two or three days the tops of the little onions were wilted and brown, and it was hard to see that any thing was planted at all. But they began to pick up. There came a warm rain and sunshine, and more warm showers, and at the end of the week the onion beds were as green as they would be with us in a month.—Cor. N. Y. Times.

A Glimpse of Carl Schurz.

Promenaders on upper Broadway often see a middle-aged man, bent of form, with his hat well pushed back on his head, his overcoat tightly buttoned around him, and with eyes snapping through an enormous pair of gold-bowed spectacles. It is Carl Schurz, ex-Senator and ex-Cabinet Minister. He peers into the store windows with all the eagerness of a woman looking for "job lots." He is particularly fond of books and engravings, and devotes a portion of each day to visiting old curiosity shops, where he occasionally finds a rare toy or an etching to compensate him for his trouble. He is growing old very fast, and has almost completely dropped out of life in New York. Occasionally he is seen in Wall street, and once in a while at the theater or a public dinner, but he no longer mingles in the great whirl of the town. He spends his evenings at his club or the opera.—N. Y. Letter.

—A last will and testament, 5,000 years old, was found recently in Egypt. The testator, Sekiah, executed it with his own hand in favor of his own brother, a priest of Osiris. The property disposed of in the will was to go to the brother's death to Sekiah's daughter, who, the internal evidence of the document shows, had the same legal right as a man to own and administer and dispose of property.

—Los Angeles has one sewer 5,000 feet long that has not a single connection. In one place it is twenty-five feet under ground. How it came to be so built is a mystery.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has more than 130,000 members.

—The Church of England Bible Society has just celebrated its 86th birth day, and issued a French version of the New Testament.

—The Baptist denomination in Liberia is the only self-supporting religious body in that country. There are thirty-one churches, with 3,000 members. They have a mission among the aborigines.

—A child is educated when he knows how to use his powers, and has his faculties trained to work well. The school can show the pupil how to use his powers. The work of using them must be done by the pupil himself.—J. A. Cooper.

—The organ of the Young Men's Christian Association has changed its name from the Watchman to that of the Young Men's Era. This change was made in harmony with a wide demand from its constituency in all parts of the land, and because its old name was the same as that of a leading paper in one of the larger denominations.

—The totals of missions in China are: Thirty-nine societies, 536 male missionaries and 597 women; total, 1,133 missionaries, 162 native ordained helpers, 1,278 unordained, 24,555 communicants in the churches, and 14,817 pupils in schools; \$44,173 were contributed by the churches the past year, and the net increase in membership was 2,295.

—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D., says that every theological student ought to hear Mr. Moody preach at least once a year. "His preaching bears from him that the secret of all effective preaching of the Gospel is to present evangelical doctrine made red-hot by a Heaven-sent fervor for the salvation of souls, and so to present it that a child might understand it."

—The total number of souls who have professed salvation at the Salvation Army penitential forms for the five months ending with April 1 is 90,000. At the commencement of November, the officers of the organization, upon General Booth's instructions, set about to obtain 100,000 conversions in Great Britain alone during the following six months, and this number has now almost been reached.

—A woman missionary on the Congo writes that the Sunday service lasts two or three hours, and the little children, getting tired, run outside to play, disturbing the worshippers and exhibiting irreverence. One of the royal princes at Mandalay, before Theobald's downfall, would know how to sympathize with these little black folks. He was asked what he thought of a church dedication he had been induced to attend. "Well," he replied, "I wish they had cut it in two. It was a very long time to be without a cheroot."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—We swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

—Every base occupation makes one sharp in the practice and dull in every other.—Sir P. Sidney.

—The trouble is the busy men are so cross, and the loafers are so good natured.—Athenian Globe.

—The rule of taking a thing without asking for it, stops with kissing your girl.—Philadelphia Times.

—The homage that a man pays to a handsome woman, a woman has been known to pay to a very mean man.

—The nearer in front you get the more people there are to criticize your round shoulders and side-hill heels.—Milwaukee Journal.

—No matter how generous-hearted a man may be, it never seems to do him any good to sit down and think how rich his next-door neighbor is.—Somerville Journal.

—Feeling, sentiment, instinct, not reason and judgment, control in determining marriages. The happy marriages are those that make themselves.—Denver Times.

—A man may flatter himself that he was born to rule, but before he has been married three months he will have the supreme satisfaction of seeing his wife get there!—Richmond Recorder.