A PRAYER WORTH REMEMBERING.

Only a little longer let me stay,
For much remains undone,
Of victories, planned at break of day,
Few, few are won.
And now life's ardent noon fades fast
away.

Only a little longer. Night draws near
When none may labor more.
Deep in my soul the hush I hear
Of evening's hour,
And weary, welcome the approaching
hour.

I do not fear to see the shadows grow,
To feel the darkness spread;
To share their rest, who rest below—
The sacred dead,—
Or to explore the mysteries they know.

Beyond the night, the eternal soul awakes
To other, brighter day,
Death is but sleep, that gently takes
Life's load away,
And fits our powers renewed, new parts
to play.

I think the force within can never cease,
That He from whom it came,
From earthly fetters can release
The imprisoned flame,
And, after trial, give His perfect peace—

That like white bird, whose tireless wings
descend
From far up in the sky,
Skim the dull earth, then backward bend
Their flight on high,
The soul to life, stoops from eternity.

Yet would I leave, ere comes the final
hour,
A worthier work behind—
Impress with print of keener power
The human mind—
A little longer labor for mankind.
—Robert Blake, in Irish Monthly.

THE LAST CHANCE OF LIFE.

It was a bright, cloudless, burning day in Lower Egypt, in the year 1798. Beneath the blistering glare of the noonday sun, the white, flat-roofed houses and tall tapering minarets of Suez stood gauntly out against a dreary background of gray, sandy, lifeless desert. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the hot, close, heavy air, and the blue, shining waters of the Gulf of Suez lay outspread like a vast mirror at the foot of the rocky headland of Ras Attakah, on the summit of which sat erect in their saddles a small group of horsemen in the rich uniform of French staff-officers.

The leader of the party seemed to be a small, thin, long-haired man, with a sallow, sickly face, who sat his horse awkwardly, as if he were anything but a practised rider. His slight figure appeared quite dwarfish among the sturdy frames and grim faces of the veteran warriors around him; but in his keen gray eyes, which seemed to pierce right through any one to whom he spoke, there was an expression so stern and commanding that few men could face it unmoved.

And well might it be so. Young though he was,—for he had only just passed his twenty-ninth birthday,—this man had already become famous as the greatest soldier of his time; and although he was as yet known only as General Bonaparte, the day was not far distant when he was to call himself the Emperor Napoleon.

On the brow of the cliff the General reined up his horse, and spoke a few words to his guide, who was quite as remarkable a figure as himself, though in a widely different way. Tall, strongly made, sinewy and active as a deer-hound, with his black beard flowing down over his long white robe, his snowy turban overarching his keen dark eyes, his short curving sword suspended in a sash of crimson silk, Sheikh Rustum looked the very picture of an Eastern warrior; and the scars that seamed his swarthy features showed that he had many a time looked in the face of death.

"You say, then," said Bonaparte, addressing the guide, "that yon sandy patch at the foot of these cliffs is supposed to be the very place where Moses led the Israelites through the sea?"

"So have our fathers told us, Sultan Kebir (King of Fire)," answered the Egyptian, calling the General by the name under which he was already famous throughout all Egypt and Syria. "Along these hills the Sultan of Egypt encamped with his army, and over those sands he went down into the sea to pursue after the Beni Izrail (children of Israel). But the Prophet Moussa (Moses) prayed unto Allah (God) and Allah brought the sea upon the Sultan and his host, and destroyed them every one." The sultan was a great conqueror," added the Sheikh with grim emphasis, as he shot a quick sidelong glance at Bonaparte, "but he could not conqueror the sea."

"What should hinder us from crossing it ourselves?" said the General, too eager to notice this ominous allusion. "The water is shallow enough, and it is no great distance. Gentlemen, have you a mind to follow in the track of Moses? How is the tide, Rustum?"

"Full ebb," answered the guide, turning his face quickly away to conceal the gleam of cruel joy that lighted up his great black eyes.

"We'll try it, then," said Napoleon, in his usual tone of decision. "We have plenty of time to cross, and if the tide comes up before we can get back, it is no long ride around by Suez. Rustum, you can go back to the town. Follow me, gentlemen."

And off rode the whole party in high spirits, while Rustum's keen eyes followed them with a glare of savage triumph which might have startled the boldest of them if they could have seen it.

"He goes down in his pride to destruction," muttered the Sheikh, "even as Sultan Pharaoh did in the days of old. Water quenches fire, and the great King of Fire himself, who has slain my brothers the Mamelukes, shall be quenched by the waves of the sea."

Merrily rode the French officers over the smooth, firm sand and through the shallow water beyond it, laughing and joking at the idea of going across the sea on horseback. This ride, too, was a much pleasanter one than the last, for the wind had begun to rise, and was blowing steadily from the south over the Gulf, bringing with it the freshness and coolness of the open sea. And so they rode onward, onward still, until the bold rocky bluff of Ras Attakah and the tall figure of Rustum on its summit began to grow dim in the distance.

Suddenly a young captain who rode a little to the right of the party noticed that the water seemed to be deepening rapidly all around them. For a few moments no one thought anything of it; but ere long the General himself checked his horse, and looking southward, every line of his dark brow, sallow face seeming to harden suddenly as he did so.

The tide was coming in fast, and they were not yet half-way across.

Their only chance was to turn back; but, the moment they did so, the full sweep of the tide, driven against them by the strong south wind, caught them with a force that almost whirled the horses off their feet.

Deeper and deeper grew the water, stronger and stronger pressed the current. And all this while the sun shone joyously overhead, and the leaping waves danced and sparkled in the light, and the wind waved the feathery tops of the distant palm-trees, and all around was bright and beautiful.

"We have one chance yet," cried Bonaparte, rising in his sterrups, and lifting his voice as to be heard by the whole party. "There is a long sandbar somewhere hereabouts, upon which the water is only a few feet deep. If we can find it, we are saved. Let us all ride in different directions, and he who strikes the bar must shout at once."

The commander's cool, clear tones steadied at once the shaken nerves of his followers, and he was instantly obeyed. Presently a shout was heard from the young captain, who appeared to have risen suddenly out of the water, in which his horse now stood barely knee-deep. The bar was found!

All the rest immediately headed toward him, and began to pick their way along the unseen sand-ridge toward the western shore. More than once the exhausted horses seemed about to fall, with safety actually in sight; but, after a long struggle, they all came safe to land.

When Rustum (who had watched the whole scene with breathless interest) saw them return unharmed, he ran to meet them, and laying his turban on Bonaparte's knee in token of submission, said gloomily:

"King of Fire, thou are mightier than the waves of the sea. Take my life, for I will ask no mercy."

"What have you done, then, that I should take your life?" asked the young conqueror, on whose marble features even the peril which he had just escaped had left no trace whatever.

"I am a Mameluke," answered Rustum proudly, "and even as thy sword had devoured my brethren, I hoped that the waves would devour thee. When I told thee it was full ebb, I spoke falsely. The tide had already turned, and I sent thee, as I thought, to certain death."

"It is wasting good material to kill a man while you can do anything else with him," said Napoleon, as coolly as ever. "If I spare your life, what will you do, then?"

"I will be thy servant," cried the Mameluke, eying him with a glance of savage admiration. "Rustum, the son of Selim, can serve none but the greatest chief on earth, and thou art he!"

So be it," said Bonaparte. "Henceforth you are my servant, and I think I shall find you a good one."

And so he did; for in the day of his downfall, years later, one of the few who remained faithful to him was Rustum the Mameluke.—St. Nicholas.

Japanese Self-Sacrifice.

On board the Matsushima, one man, who had been shot in the abdomen and whose intestines were protruding from the gaping wounds, refused to be carried to the surgeon's ward, because, he said, he did not want to take any of the fighters from their work in order to carry him below. Another, after having had his body burnt out of all recognition in attempting to extinguish a fire, stood by helping all he could till the flames were put out, when he died. A third, mortally wounded man, whose every gasp brought forth a gush of blood, would not close his eyes until he had told a comrade where the key of an important locker was and what the locker contained. A chief gunner, whose under jaw had been shot away, and who could, of course, not utter a word, signed to a subordinate with a nod to take his place, and fell dead after he had placed the handle of the gun lever in his subordinate's hand.

A Friendly Critic.

Sir John Millais was once attending a celebrated case at Bow street, and was accommodated with a seat in the press box. In front of him sat a youthful new addition to the staff of a leading London illustrated paper. "Don't you think that would be an improvement?" suggested the great artist mildly, pointing out some technical defect in the sketch the youngster was engaged on. The young fellow was highly indignant at first, but eventually adopted the alteration, which so improved the sketch that he turned round and inquired somewhat patrnoizingly, "Who may you be, sir, who presume to correct my work?" For answer he received a card, on which was inscribed, "John Millais, R. A.," accompanied by the kindly remark, "We are never too old to learn. Perhaps you may be able to give me a timely wrinkle one of these fine days."

A Small Inheritance.

It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when attorney general, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said, "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the solicitor general, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke. "What on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

So She Would.

"I am told your wife would rather cook than eat."

The other man glanced nervously over his shoulder.

They were alone.

"What she cooks, yes," he replied in a hoarse whisper.—Detroit Journal.

DRAFT RIOT OF 1863.

NEW YORK CITY STILL OWES SOME OF THE DEBT IT INCURRED.

Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond Barely Escaped the Mob—Colored People were Stoned, the Militia Defied, and General Disorder Maintained.

In mid-July, 1863, when the whole North was rejoicing over Gettysburg and a call had been made for a new army to be raised by a draft, a large number of New Yorkers undertook to resist conscription. Their opposition assumed the form early on the morning of July 13 of a riotous onslaught upon the headquarters of a district provost marshal at the corner of Third avenue and Forty-sixth street. The rioters put to flight Deputy Provost Marshal Jenkins and his subordinates, destroyed wheel and ballots, and then set fire to the house. Marauding bands sprang up in various parts of the city.. Bull's Head Hotel was visited, and a request for free drinks being refused, the place was fired, and two private houses on nearby Lexington avenue were burned down.

The feeling was that the war had been waged in order to free the Southern negroes, and animosity toward the colored race inspired the rioters in the afternoon to make a raid on the Colored Orphan Asylum in Fifth avenue. It was set on fire and destroyed. The original mob had now increased enormously. It started to go downtown to set on fire another provost marshal headquarters on the east side of Broadway, opposite where is now Daly's theater. The mob thwarted the firemen, with the result that the fire destroyed all the fronts between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, while many of the shops were pillaged.

A fatal sense of security and reliance on popular patriotism, together with some political dislike of harsh measures, had seemingly possessed the police department, (the old Metropolitan state organization,) and due preliminary precautions for the prevention of disturbance had been neglected; but at this stage the Superintendent of police became energetic. It was now seen at the close of Monday that the riotous spirit had exceeded ordinary police resources, and that the military arm was needed. Particularly so, because riotous feints had been made upon the Seventh avenue and the Center street arsenals and upon the armory at the corner of Second avenue and Twenty-first street. The house of Mayor Opdyke on Fifth avenue, near Sixteenth street, had been invaded and some of his furniture destroyed; and a riotous feint had been also made against the residence on Ninth street, near Fifth avenue, of Henry J. Raymond, editor of the Times, which had strongly supported the draft. Monday closed with a proclamation from the Mayor, commanding order and with the calling out of police reserves, so that Superintendent Kennedy now had 3,000 bluecoats at his command.

Tuesday, July 14, came and before the day closed a poor negro had been chased by a mob through Clarkson street, in old Greenwich village, captured, beaten, and then hanged. Gov. Seymour issued a proclamation declaring the city under insurrection, and inviting citizens to enroll themselves as special aids. Meantime a large section of the mob was threatening the Tribune office and also the house of a citizen, 19 Lamartine place, where Horace Greeley was a guest. Governor Seymour and Mayor Opdyke proceeded to the city hall, opposite the Tribune office, (where the compositors and staff were in a state of siege and armed with rifles and hand grenades), and addressed the rioters, urging them to refrain from violence His habitual word in first addressing a meeting had always been "Friends," and he used that word in beginning his speech, which fact was immediately seized upon by some of the newspapers to his disadvantage. What rhetoric failed to do was accomplished by police clubs and good discipline before nightfall of Tuesday, and the Tribune was relieved of a mob.

All day Tuesday disturbances continued. Colored people were stoned and maltreated. At Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street, a collision occurred between the military and a section of the mob, where the bayonet dispersed the latter. Another collision came on the east side, at Broome and Pitt streets, where the military were compelled to fire and wound several rioters. In another colision, at Second avenue and Thirty-fourth street, Col. O'Brien was unhorsed, stoned, and beaten to death, and his corpse dragged along the pavement and hanged to a lamppost. The house of Postmaster Wakeman, who had been active in promoting the draft, as well as the police station on Eighty-sixth street, were burned, and some clothing stores were sacked by the rioters. Up to Wednesday morning the third and last day of the rioting, 130 policemen had been more or less injured, including Superintendent Kennedy.

Archbishop Hughes issued a temperate address, one of the judges decided the draft methods not in accordance with the Constitution, and Provost Marshal-General Nugent issued orders suspending the draft, which proceedings, conjoined to the return of the city regiments from the front and details of Federal and state soldiers and the popular experience with the police force, virtually quelled the riot. One result of the riot was a municipal debt for damages of several millions, and a few of the riot bonds then issued are still outstanding.

CHIEF JUSTICE FIELDS.

For Thirty-Four Years Upon the United States Supreme Bench.

The proud distinction of the longest period of continuous service on the supreme bench of the United States is a record that now belongs to Associate Justice Stephen J. Field. Chief Justice John Marshall served from January 31, 1801, to July 6, 1835. Justice Field took his place on the bench on March 10, 1863, and on August 15 he had served for exactly the same number of years, months and days as Chief Justice Marshall. Justice Field has

CHIEF JUSTICE FIELDS.

passed his eightieth year, and although his mind is clear and strong, he is in somewhat enfeebled health. Chief Justice Roger B. Taney died while still in active service in his eighty-eighth year. Justice Field is one of four distinguished brothers, two of whom are dead. Cyrus W. Field died in 1892 and David Dudley Field in 1894. The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, who is now seventy-five years of age, is the surviving brother of the eminent jurist.

ODE TO THE BADGER HEN.

A Poetical Lay to the Prosaic Lay of the Practical Hen.

We have read of Maud on a summer day, who raked, barefooted, the new mown hay; we have read of the maid in the early morn, who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, and we've read the lays that the poets sing, of the rustling corn and the flowers of spring; but of all the lays of tongue or pen, there's naught like the lay of the Badger hen. Long, long before Maud rakes her hay, the Badger hen has begun to lay, and ere the milkmaid stirs a peg, the hen is up and has dropped her egg. The corn must rustle and flowers must spring if they hold their own with the barnyard ring. If Maud is needing a hat and gown, she doesn't hustle her hay to town; she goes to the store and obtains her suit with a basketfull of fresh hen fruit; if the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday call, she doesn't feed him on milk at all, but works up eggs in custard pie and stuffs him full of chicken fry; and when the old man wants a horn, does he take the druggist a load of corn? Not much! He simply robs a nest and hies him townward—you know the rest. His poor wife stays at home and scowls, but is saved from want by those self-same fowls; for while the husband lingers there, she watches the cackling hen with care, and gathers eggs, and the eggs she'll hide till she gets enough to stem the tide. Then hail, all hail to the Badger hen, who lays and cackles and lays again! Corn may be king, but it's plainly seen, that the Badger hen is a rustic queen.—Superior (Wis.) Citizen.

Happy-hearted People.

It is said that every hearty laugh in which a man or woman indulges tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood move move rapidly and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organ of the body from what is in force at other times. Therefore, perhaps, the saying, "Laugh, and grow fat," is not an exaggerated one, but has a foundation in fact. No truer words were ever uttered than those which state so clearly: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." The jolly, wholesome, happy-hearted people are those who have most friends and see the best that life holds out to them.—Churchman.

A PARIS SUGGESTION.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Rain water is the best and purest water for bathing delicate complexions.

A surgeon who is a specialist in diseases of the ear says more ear troubles are brought about by dust in the ear than by any other cause.

It is well to soak underflannels that have become hard from much perspiration in a weak solution of soda and water for half an hour before washing them in the regular manner.

A soft cloth wet with milk and rubbed over boots and shoes three or four times a month will improve the appearance of the leather and help to keep it soft, and thus make it last longer.

Now is the time to pickle cucumbers. Put the little cucumbers in vinegar, adding some horseradish root in order to retain the strength of the vinegar and to prevent its moulding. Horseradish leaves are good to put on top.

To remove paint from window glass, take some strong vinegar and heat it very hot. Wet a cloth in the hot liquid and wash the glass with it and the paint will come off quite readily. A strong solution of oxatic acid will also remove dry paint.

The white of a raw egg is the most satisfactory of pastes, and is better than any prepared mucilage or paste one can buy. Papers intended to be put over tumblers of jelly and jam will hold very securely and be air tight if dipped in the white of an egg.

A wash that will move the oily appearance of the skin consists of a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin added to fifteen teaspoonfuls of soft water, shaking thoroughly. Put this on the face with a small sponge or bit of old linen rag, and let it dry on. It leaves a dainty fragrance much resembling mignonette or heliotrope.

In making meringues for a pie, never use less than the whites of two eggs. Take one tablespoonful of pulverized sugar to one egg. Allow the pie to cool, then spread the meringue, which has been beaten as light as possible, over it. Be careful to spread the meringue over the crust. Place in a cool oven until a delicate fawn color.

Spectacles and eyeglasses should be kept perfectly clean and clear, otherwise the eyes will be strained and injured. A famous optician says glasses and spectacles should be placed in a wash bowl and soaked in warm water. Then they should be washed with soap and rubbed with a soft nail brush. Polish them with tooth powder, and give them a final rub with tissue paper. A few drops of ammonia may be added to the water in which the glasses are soaked.

Remember, fair cycling enthusiast, that the ruddy, glowing face you will bring home with you after a many mile spin under a heartless midsummer sun is not alone the result of good, healthful exercise. It is an out-and-out sunburn, and is not by any means a beautifier. Avoid it as much as possible by rubbing well into the skin before going awheeling a little cold cream or some lotion that will protect the skin from the sun's ravages. Your face won't look greasy if you apply the stuff properly, and you will find it the greatest aid in warding off an overdose of sunburn. A cold-water facial bath before hob-nobbing with sun and wind is fatal to complexion charms.

Popular Girls.

"I would like to know why Katherine is so popular," said a bright, vivacious young woman as she stood at the window looking out at one of her young friends who was passing. "Just note the difference between her and Emily, who is a regular harmony destroyer, while the other makes peace and pleasantness wherever she goes."

"I think," said one of her grown-up friends, and grown-up and middle aged friends are exceedingly desirable associates for young women; "I think the secret of Catherine's popularity lies in her absolute genuineness. She never makes pretenses, and being a Christian girl she always has the soft answer that turns away wrath.

"Half a dozen times last winter we had more or less disagreement in our church guild. There were several persons connected with it who seemed always ready to strike fire when they came together. She was oil on the troubled waters and smoothed all the irregularities in the most delightful fashion.

"And while such dispositions are greatly to be commended they are, for the most part, possessed by persons who have sufficient spirit to defend themselves and their families against imposition and abuse. They are long suffering, slow to anger and often bear that which others would not, and for which they are more nr less severely criticised. But they win in the long run. 'Blessed are the peacemakers' are words the sweet significance of which did not end with the speaking. They have come to us down through the dim aisles of the past, with their divine flavor still clinging to them, and are as aplicable to the sons and daughters of men as when they first fell from the lips of the meek and lowly Nazarene."

Woman Deputy Sheriff.

Suffrage for women is playing some queer pranks in Utah. The latest surprise is the appointment of Miss Clair Ferguson to be deputy sheriff for Salt Lake county. The young lady entered the office of Sheriff Lewis last January as a stenographer, and has now received her promotion. The mother of the young woman, Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, was very prominent in State politics during the last campaign, and she is very proud of her daughter, who, she says, "takes to politics like a duck to water."

Miss Ferguson is slender and fair, but seemingly young to hold such a responsible position. The deputy is far from the accepted idea of a hard-shooting western peace officer, but then her duties will not be onerous or dangerous, the principal ones being the serving of papers and notification of jurors.

Miss Ferguson was born in Provo and has lived in Utah all her life, receiving her education in the public schools and the university of the State. She has lived in Salt Lake since the year after her birth, and is very popular among the young people in the City of the Saints.

AN AFRICAN POISON STORY.

Strange Phenomenon Witnessed in the Northeast of the Dark Continent.

Charles M. Stern, of Chicago, who has just returned to this city, after a journey through northeast Africa, told of a curious meteorological phenomenon which he observed in a district called Gwallah. "The vegetation in that region is very luxuriant," said he, "and the plant life must give off an unusually large quantity of carbonic acid gas. At least, that was the conclusion I reached after seeing three natives die and four or five dogs.

"The moment the animals put their noses to the ground, they would fall over and gasp, and die in about five minutes. The natives who died slept on the ground instead of in hammocks, as others did. I saw hundreds of dead birds. My theory is that a strata of the deadly gas covered the ground for a depth of three or four inches, and any living thing breathing in that area was asphxiated.

"I could not understand, however, how the gas was not distributed in a thinner layer, and what kept it in one place for a whole day. Nothing like it had ever been known there before. The deaths of the men and dogs all occurred within twenty-four hours. Then the gas, if it were really gas, seemed to be dissipated. It was a very strange occurrence, and I might have been induced to make a more exhaustive investigation if my presence had not excited distrust. I got away as quickly as possible, rather than be accused of being the cause of the sudden deaths. The natives are superstitious, and attribute most of their misfortunes to witchcraft, so I thought it the part of wisdom to get away."—Mail and Express.

A Dog's Broken Heart.

W. L. Murfree, brother of the well-known novelist, "Charles Egbert Craddock," recently related a remarkable instance of a dog's affection for his kind.

It was during the war, when the Murfree family lived near Murfreesboro, Tenn. The children owned two dogs, a great St. Bernard named Hugo, and a tiny white poodle Fleece. The two were inseparable companions and wherever Hugo's dignified self appeared, there gamboled beside him the absurd bundle of curls and wool. It was Landseer's picture of Dignity and Impudence in life. Hugo looked with anxious solicitude after Fleece if the little fellow ran away, which he frequently did, and never gave it up until he brought Fleece home again in safe conduct.

Battles were raging all around them and one night the firing was so near and incessant that no one slept.

The next morning Hugo and Fleece were missing, and while the children searched for them, Hugo wearily walked through the gate, carrying poor little Fleece's dead body.

He walked to his mistress and laid his burden gently down at her feet, then with a look of unutterable grief laid himself down beside it, nor could they coax, nor drive him away. Little Fleece's white coat was blood stained. A stray bullet had ended his happy little life, and the children wept over the sorrows of war, realizing as never before what it meant.

They had a most elaborate funeral and buried Fleece with military honors, with his body wrapped in a flag, and they marched to the grave to the beat of a toy drum, with Hugo, who followed close, as chief mourner. When the little mound, flower-covered and draped with a flag, was finished, Hugo laid himself down across the tiny grave and refused to be comforted. He would neither eat nor drink, and the next morning they found the great fellow stiff and cold in death, still faithfully guarding the mound that covered his dear little friend. His great loving heart was broken with grief.

Belgium, with all her great mineral wealth and her busy, industrious population, is nevertheless, of all the countries of Western Europe, the one where the toiler suffers most from inadequate remuneration and the pressure of poverty. This excessive struggle is intensified by the frequency of Sunday labor.

Admiral Beardslee.

Admiral Beardslee, who has just been superseded by Admiral Miller at Honolulu, is expected to make an interesting report to the Secretary of the Navy on Hawaiian affairs.

Lester A. Beardslee is one of the picturesque characters of the navy. He was born at Little Falls, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1836. Receiving a common school education, he was appointed acting midshipman March 5, 1850..

After being promoted to passed midshipman, June 20, 1856, he was detailed for special service on the steam frigate Merrimac. His promotions to be master and lieutenant followed soon afterward. On July 16, 1863, he was made lieutenant commander and was

ADMIRAL BEARDSLEE.

attached to the monitor Nantucke He participated in the attack of the ironclad fleet upon the defenses of Charleston Harbor, April 7, 1863, and in the capture of the Confederate steamer Florida, at Bahia

In November, 1880, Commander Beardslee got his captain's commission and with it at leave of absence for two years. He commanded the receiving ship Franklin during 1883 and 1884, when he was transferred to the steam frigate Powhatan. Later he was stationed at the torpedo station and on the receiving ship Vermont. From 1891 to 1894 he commanded the naval station at Port Royal, S. C. On August 24, 1894, Capt. Beardslee was transferred to the Pacific station. He was made commodore June 27, 1893, and rear admiral March 1, 1895.

A Sad Accusation.

Some Japanese seem to fear Christianity. The Yorodzu Choho, Tokio, says: "In the long history of Christendom we know of not a single country saved by it. With Montezuma's Mexico and the Inca's Peruvian empire, the course of Christendom was absorption, destruction, annihilation. It has killed India, politically, at least. It has killed Burmah and Annam. It has killed Hawaii, after keeping it alive some forty years. It has killed Madagascar, and it will yet kill Abyssinia, Egypt and Morocco. What security have we that Christendom will not kill China, Corea, and even Japan, if the opportunity offers? Christendom does its destructive work not only by guns and bayonets, but by means much more formidable. It kills non-Christian countries by its rums and its whiskies and by its foul diseases."

To Show His Skill.

"So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sit down there and play a couple of duets, so I can see what you can do."—Harper's Bazar.

The Queen is Considerate.

"I see where the Queen of England has sixty pianos, and doesn't play any of them."

"That's a good girl. I know a woman who has only one piano, but she plays like sixty."—Cincinnati Tribune.