The Sea Coast Echo.

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THE END OF IT ALL.

The proud man, fat with the fat of the land,
Dozed back in his silken chair:
Choice wines of the world, black men to command,
Rare curios, rich and rare,
Tall knights in armor on either hand—
Yet trouble was in the air.

The proud man dreamed of his young days, when
He toiled light-hearted and sang all day.
He dreamed again of his gold, and of men
Grown old in his service and hungry and gray.
Then his two hands tightened a time; and then
They tightened, and tightened to stay!

Ah me! this drunkenness, worse than wine!
This grasping with greedy hold!
Why, the poorest man upon earth, I opine,
Is that man who has nothing but gold.
How better the love of man divine,
With God's love, manifold!

They came to the dead man back in his chair,
Dusk liveried servants that come with the light;
His eyes stood open with a frightened stare,
But his hands still tightened, as a vice is tight.
They opened his hands—nothing was there,
Nothing but bits of night.

—Joaquin Miller, in N. Y. Independent.

AN OPTIMIST.

The Story of a Happy and Contented Woman.

She was an optimist. That is, she herself and those who loved her called it optimism; other people, except that there were no other people, for she never permitted anyone not to love her, might perhaps have called it fickleness. But, as she herself explained, she was not fickle because she never desired a change till the change came, and then she simply found it interesting.

So, when the times were hard, those who knew her were not at all surprised that she was glad they were living in the city, even in the midst of the anxieties around them; it was so nice to be rich and able to help a bit, and it would be so selfish to run away from the sight and hearing of the general suffering, to escape into merely happy sights and sounds to save one's own nerves. And the same people were equally not surprised, when, a little later, it turned out that they were not to be rich any more, and she answered calmly that really one would be quite ashamed not to be poor with the rest; and as the first economy that suggested itself was the great saving in a country rent, it would be so delightful to escape all the misery and anxiety of the city and be where only happy sounds assailed the ear, and only lovely sights could tempt serene thoughts. For they were going to take the dearest, sweetest, most fascinating little house—the chief recommendation of which was its diamond-paned windows—in a private park owned by a friend of theirs, in a lovely village fifteen miles out of town. Within these charmed gates they would hear and see nothing but happy children chasing squirrels or playing tennis, and the carriages of friends rolling luxuriously, sometimes with themselves as guests in them, along perfectly smoothed roads and under exquisitely arching trees. The optimist loved extremes; she could be happy either as Emerson's mountain or as Emerson's squirrel; either as an elephant or as a mouse; it was being a mere hill, or a cat, that she disliked.

"If I'm not as big as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry."

Of houses, she preferred either a palace or a very, very small cottage; either the elegant or the picturesque. The great middle-class, bourgeois, comfortable, square house she abhorred. Their country house, it was understood, was to be a cottage, vine-embowered—not a colonial mansion. She would like a big colonial door, cut in two in the middle, but everything else must be on the tiniest scale possible to please the present state of mind of her majesty. It was so nice, she explained, that one of the draperies to her immense city windows would curtain eight of her new diamond-paned ones; and she took no notice at all of the friend who asked meekly if that would not be inconvenient when they came to move back again. Surely, it was quite understood that they never meant to move back. When she thought of the September sunshine, shining through the leaves of a big chestnut into the windows on the little landing of the tiny stairs in her country cottage, the hall of which she had been so proud in town seemed to her positively murky. Then in the city they merely lived on a park; out of town they were to be in one; and everybody knows how desirable it is to always be "in it." They would now have real trees, not city trees. And, besides, the boys were going to be permanently and preeminently happy with a dog, which was so much better for them than the questionable amusements which occasionally distracted them in the city. It was suggested that a dog might seriously interfere with the low tables covered with bric-a-brac, which were her personal passion; to which she replied that she had been brought up in a very fine school where girls were trained to meet every emergency, even so great a one as this would be. She knew quite well what she must do if Fido ever upset her pet Sevres and Meissen; she was to say, calmly: "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" and then pick up the pieces and replace with royal Worcester. The boys wanted a dog, and, moreover, a good watch dog was almost essential in the country. Besides, she preferred royal Worcester to Sevres.

"I am perfectly sure you are going to like it, Mrs. Murray," said a sympathizing friend. "I should be quite happy in the country myself, except that I don't like sitting up with the house nights."

"Sitting up with the house nights?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you my experience in the tropics once, sitting up all night with a garden? It seemed such an ideal spot for sleep, but the very intensity of the silence, the extreme quietness of the flowers combined with their penetrating fragrance, and the absolute awfulness of so much very white moonlight, kept my nerves ajar far more than the tinkle of horse cars and rumbling of milk wagons over a city pavement."

"I remember; but we are not going to be in the tropics. The stillness will not be so still, or the moonlight so white, just out in the country."

"No; the stillness will not be so still, that is certain. One night it will be katydids, and the next night a burglar, and then again katydids, and finally— But I mustn't forestall your experiences; you will soon find out."

And they did. The day of the flitting was an absolutely perfect one for moving, according to the optimist; not too bright, you know, but just pleasantly overcast. They arrived just before nightfall, and even a pessimist would have acknowledged a great charm on the scene, with the pretty little house perched on a rock and shadowed by big trees, and with gentle grass and affectionate ferns and mosses creeping up to the very doorstep. There was no awful front yard, no obtrusive, exclusive, and selfish-looking fence; nothing but a lovely little home, framed in serenity and nestling into peace. The vans with most of the furniture, including the beds, were not to arrive till the next day; of course little could be done towards getting to rights that night, and at an early hour the family were disposed to retire. With no beds, sofas had been arranged in the least cluttered rooms upstairs or down, and one who looked at the couch improvised for his repose murmured that getting to rights seemed to savor a little of getting left. But what fun, at least the first night, to go round locking up! In their city apartment they had been debarred from this inestimable privilege; on the sixth story west they had been sufficiently guarded by their perpendicularity, without any keys at all, from the intrusive burglar; but then, as the optimist remarked to the young lady of the family, they had also been deprived of any Romeo in the street below the balcony, when the bacony hovered in midair at ninety feet above the sidewalk. When you did not have to lock up anything it never seemed as if you had anything to lock up; so now, at least on the first night, each window fastening received a caressing little lock and every door was bolted with a tender firmness, which remembered not so much the danger that was locked out as the happiness that was locked in. In the apartment, as the optimist remarked, you were safe, but in the country you felt safe; now, at last, your happiness was securely fastened in.

So they retired, the family being reminded not to be frightened if Fido barked in the night. Of course, he would bark a little the first night; dogs always did in a strange place, and it would not mean burglars at all. So they were not to be frightened. As the friend had said of the garden of the tropics, it seemed an ideal place for sleep; but, as he had also prophesied, there were katydids. For half an hour after she lay down, the optimist was almost appalled at the noises that assailed her unaccustomed ear from the innocent looking scenery. But she dropped asleep at last, till she was awakened by what seemed to be the raining of bullets on the roof, though it soon arranged itself to her waking ear as rain, merely refreshing rain. However, it might be raining in; they had left a window open in the hall, and the new wall-paper would be spoiled. She rose cautiously, and, as she stepped into the hall, a door banged. The wind was rising. Well, she was rising, why shouldn't the wind rise, too, if a door banged? And she smiled, thinking she would remember that little joke for the breakfast table. A gentle scratching of a match below stairs told her that her husband had also heard the rain and the banging of the door. They met on the stair landing, picturesquely arrayed in amateur dressing gowns of shawls and light rugs gracefully arranged as togas.

"Do you think it was the kitchen door?" she asked, timidly.

"I should think it was a hundred kitchen doors," he answered, decidedly. But he did not swear; the optimist was so glad of an opportunity to test Henry's morals so severely. Of course, he never had sworn in the city, but there, of course, there was nothing to make him want to swear; while now, under the most trying circumstances, he had proved himself a gentleman. They explored doors together, but not one looked as if it could ever have banged under any circumstances whatever. Then it occurred to them that, of course, it had shut itself in banging, and so would bang no more. They were wending their way again to their respective sofas, stopping at a remote corner of the house to investigate the raining-in capacity of another window, when again a door banged.

"What is that, father?" asked the youngest, rising on his couch from an inner apartment.

"It is the wind, my child."

No earl-king could have answered with greater dignity; but the youngest wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and arose from pleasant dreams, to join the little procession that was seeking the lost door. Again, however, every door was dutifully shut, though again some door always out of sight banged its woe into their ears till they arrived upon the spot, when it became at once resigned and silent. It was exasperating; but their city manners still remained intact under fire, and the severest thing the unswearing Henry said, was that Maynard had warned him of having to sit up with the house nights, but he never supposed he should have to walk with it. When at last they had traversed several miles in their process of investigating from one end of the house to the other, they came to the conclusion that no one door had banged, but that all had merely creaked slightly. As the optimist decided that this alleviated the situation, they resolved to retire once more.

The night was not an entirely happy one; but one person, as Henry remarked at the breakfast table, had managed to sleep through it all; that was Fido, the watchdog.

"Why, of course," said the optimist, calmly. "That shows how discriminating he is; he knew we were not burglars;" and the logic was so agreeable, that as he didn't wake when they were not burglars, of course he would wake when they were, that it was unanimously accepted as so.

In the morning the cellar was found to be—but then, what matter it about the cellar? People did not live in the cellar; and the critic who remarked that sometimes, however, they died of one was severely snubbed.

In the morning the real fun began. As the optimist remarked, background is everything, and it was so interesting to try all the old things in new places. It was a very little house, but the optimist did not notice that the ceilings were low; she merely looked up at a taller husband than usual, and remarked, fondly: "There are giants in these days!" Every part of the house was voted fascinating; but, as usual, the cream rose to the top, and the finest thing of the whole was a "den" in the garret, in the shape of a tiny tower, with fifteen tiny square windows. The furnishing of this den, where she meant to draw and paint, write sonnets, compose music, loll and read and gossip, became a frenzy with the optimist. She herself regarded it as a "den," but it was known to the family as the "vent." In it were gathered now all those bewildering knickknacks which the optimist had previously insisted on lavishing in every room below stairs, to the distress of a family well "up" in modern esthetics, and approving of the severity and genuineness of a few "really good" things. The optimist never cared whether a thing was "really" good, or expensive, or choice, if only it were pretty and effective. And now she had one place where the mere prettiness, so offensive to the rest of the family, could be stored in one spot; and it must be confessed, in spite of the incongruities and lack of respect for dramatic unity that the "den" exhibited, it became a very attractive place. She became jealous for it to possess the choicest of everything, and when the family, who in this were certainly inconsistent, objected that the parlor was beginning to look very bare, she reminded them:

"You have always laughed at people who bring things out of the garret into the parlor, spinning wheels, and old candlesticks and broken furniture; very well, I am doing just the opposite, and carrying things out of the parlor into the garret. You are certainly very hard to please."

It was soon discovered that the optimist would permit no allusions to the locality of their former abode whicl characterized it as "home." "This is home," she would say, severely; and when Tom remarked: "But, mamma, you are fickle, you used to be very fond of the other place," she replied convincingly: "It is very much better to be fickle than to be homesick." Thereafter Tom amused himself with trying to find out exactly how much indifference to the old home she would tolerate. He found that she drew the line at the "old house;" they could call it "the other house," she exclaimed as a graceful compromise between faithfulness to the old and appreciation of the new. But they thought that, in the language of the day, they "had" her, when she was twice overheard giving her name to the butcher and grocer as "Mrs. A. B. Murray, 170 West"— before a shout of amusement reminded her that she no longer dwelt in a street and a number, but in a den full of things without number.

And again they thought they "had her," when she was found papering the den with remnants of wall papers they had had in the city. "Oh, mamma! how did you happen to bring those from—the other house, if it was not for old associations?"

"Why, I thought it was a pity to waste them," she explained.

"But there are lots of remnants here of these wall papers," remarked the unflinching Amy.

"Oh, those belong to the landlord!" replied mamma.

And yet, when her husband found she had deigned to use one very pretty remnant of wall paper, a la tiles, around an amateur mantel, and wondered whether she ought not to have consulted the landlord on using up the very last of it, she explained, without a blush:

"I didn't ask him, because I was afraid if I did he wouldn't let me." And she added, after a pause: "Besides, there was just enough of it."

This convincing proof that Providence smiled at perfect availability clinched the argument. Her husband had long ago become accustomed to those startling episodes in feminine ethics which are naturally as surprising to the masculine mind as are many points in the masculine code of honor to the feminine soul.

But there did come a day when the last bit of bric-a-brac had been deposited in the den, and when the optimist, putting on her hat and drawing on an old pair of gloves, announced: "It is all done. That is, all except the cleaning. The decorating is done, and the cleaning can wait. I'm going out now to make the beds."

"Don't you think, my dear," said her husband, gently, but firmly, "that if we eat, and talk, and walk, and admire, out of doors, we might at least sleep indoors, especially as winter is approaching?"

"I refer to the chrysanthemum beds, Henry," she remarked, as she took the hoe and descended upon the lawn.

And then came golden days of sunshine, and changing maples, and golden rod, and asters, and brilliant sunsets, and crimson sumac, and ripe nuts, and open fires. It was no wonder that the optimist proved a prophesier of the truth, and that before two months were over, when their friends inquired if they were not going to move back, the unanimous and invariable reply was: "Certainly not; we have at last found a place where we can live, and not move, but have our being."—N. Y. Independent.

THEY ARE MEN AT TEN.

The Boys Have But a Short Childhood in Corea.

In Corea the boys are called men as soon as they reach the age of ten. They receive their final names at that age, and assume the garments of full-grown men, all except the horsehair hat, which they cannot put on until they have passed through a period of probation. Permission to wear the horsehair hat is the final act of transforming the small boy into a real, sure-enough man—though he doesn't look it.

Such a short childhood may, at first thought, posseses a charm for boys in our colder climate. But it will be quickly understood that making boys into men as soon as they are old enough to feel that they would like to be men is not a wise idea. The Coreans, although possessing a certain degree of a queer kind of civilization, are not a people to be patterned after. In Corea, if a young man's parents are not rich, he can never hope to become so by his own efforts. And, if he is not a member of a noble family he can never hope to reach an exalted position. As for courage the Coreans have never shown much of that. The Corean men are not in themselves a good argument for a brief childhood.

—John Bunyan was the Inspired Tinker from the vocation he exercised even while engaged in preaching.

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

The Ever Memorable Battlefield of Shiloh.

Where Gen. Johnston Fell—His Death Lost the Battle to the Southern Army—A Cedar Tree Marks the Spot Where Johnston Died—No Marble Shaft Over the Confederate Dead.

I stood, but a little while ago, upon the forever memorable and historic field of Shiloh, and in the boastful spirit of the author who thought it worthy of note that he had looked into the tomb and seen the dust of Shakespeare, may not he who writes these lines esteem it something that he has trod upon that famous battleground?

Leaving the railroad at Corinth, a ride of eighteen miles in a northeasterly direction, over a high ridge road, the same over which our army marched as it went out to attack the enemy, carried us across the border into Tennessee and brought us to Shiloh church, and we were on the famous field, where, on the 6th of April, 1863, there met in deadly combat the magnificent armies of Grant and Albert Sidney Johnston, the one fighting to destroy a new-born nation's hopes and to humble what they esteemed to be a rebellious and presumptuous people; the other defending the blood-bought heritage bequeathed to them by the fathers of American liberty.

Those who met the Southern soldiers in the deathful clash of war know full well what a gallant struggle they made; and the battle-scars of thousands of veterans, and the graves of our heroic dead, scattered all over the land, bear testimony that the liberties entrusted to their keeping were not suffered to depart at a price less than what they cost.

Besides the fame won by the combatants for daring attack and stubborn resistance, there are other things that make Shiloh memorable. It was the first great open field battle of the war; both armies were composed, almost entirely, of men fresh from the civil pursuits of life, but few having ever before seen the enemy; and there the South lost its illustrious general, Albert Sidney Johnston. His death and the defeat at Shiloh were the first steps leading to the downfall of the Confederate government.

The only engagements of any note prior to this were at Manassas, Pea Ridge and Wilson's Creek; they were considered sharp battles at the time, but they fade into insignificance compared with Shiloh. There died ten thousand of the flower of America.

After this sturggle the North and South understood each other. The fountains of the great deep were now broken up and each prepared for a deluge of blood.

The South once believed that after a few little battles the white-winged dove of peace would return; the North thought that it could route the Southern army with a few shots and shouts, but at Shiloh it learned that the Southern race were a brave and stubborn people, who had staked everything, life, liberty and possessions upon the issue of the war, and would never yield so long as there were men and means to wage it: and after four years of ceaseless warfare, against overwhelming numbers, the once glorious army of the South that had so often dipped its conquering banner in the crimson tide, was left a shattered remnant, but with souls unconquered still.

Corinth was the base of operation of Johnston's army, and is of itself a place of historical interest. There may still be seen around its suburbs the grass-grown bulwarks behind which lay the Southern army, and over which the enemy dared not attempt to come. After Fort Donelson and Fort Henry surrendered the Southern army fell back to recruit and to protect the railroads which cross here.

Grant's army had reached Pittsburg Landing, and was lying in camp awaiting the arrival of the army of the Ohio, under Buell, when Gen. Johnston surprised him on Sunday morning.

Shiloh Church, which gave its name to the battle, was a little log house without doors or windows. It was torn down several years ago and a neat frame building erected upon the same spot.

When the battle began the church was within the Federal lines, and near their center. At the close of the day the Confederates occupied the position that they (the Federals) held in the morning, and the church was Gen. Beauregard's headquarters. The Federals had been driven back on the Tennessee river, three miles from their former position. A mile to the northwest of the church is Owl Creek. There rested the Federal right, Sherman's division, when the battle opened. Their left, supported by Prentiss' division, stretched away a mile and a half to the southwest. To the northeast of the the church, where the Purdy and Corinth roads cross, was McClernand's division. Two miles back the Corinth road intersects the road to Crump's Landing; there was W. H. L. Wallace's division, and a mile to his left was Hurlbut's. A mile to Hurlbut's left, near the river, was Stuart's brigade. Lew Wallace's division was at Crump's Landing, five miles down the river, and Buell, with 20,000 men, was on the way from Columbia, Tenn. Neither arrived until after the battle of the first day was over. Half a mile south of the church was the Confederate's center. The front line, composed of the Third corps and Gladden's brigade, was commanded by Hardee, and extended from Owl Creek, on the left, to Lick Creek, on the right, about three miles. Hindman's division of two brigades, occupied the center; Cleburne's brigade the left, and Gladden's the right. The second line was commanded by Bragg, with two divisions; in this line was Chalmers' brigade of Mississippians, who drove Stuart's brigade a mile with the bayonet. The third line, or reserves, was composed of the First corps, under Polk, and three brigades under Breckinridge.

There are many old veterans in Mississippi who will never forget how, with the famous "rebel yell" that so often paralyzed with fear the Federal soldiers and made their hair stand on end, they dashed into their camp on Sunday morning.

General Johnston had planned to surprise Gen. Grant, and capture his army. The battle plan was to turn his left wing, to cut off his retreat to the river and drive him back on Owl creek, over which he could not retreat, as it was impassable, when he would have to surrender. The battle was fought as planned, and nothing but the untimely death of the great general—who little knew that he carried with his life the issue of the battle, and possibly the fate of a nation—prevented its complete execution.

The most interesting part of the field to the visitor is a skirt of woods, a dense thicket a mile southeast of the church on the crest of a hill, and known as "The Hornet's Nest." Within its shadows were massed the divisions of Wallace, Hurlbut and Prentiss. In front of it is an open field, over which the Confederates had to pass to attack it. Hindman's brigade, which had swept everything before it in other parts of the field, made the first assault, and was repulsed with great loss. A. P. Stewart's brigade shared the same fate. Then Gibson's made several gallant but fruitless charges that strewed the ground with the dead. The famous six hundred in their charge at Balaklava, immortalized by the poet's pen, displayed no greater heroism than these. For five hours, under a murderous fire, with unabating fury, the Confederates dashed against this seemingly impregnable position, like angry waves against a rocky shore. The slaughter was terrible there; the ground was hid by the bodies of those who fell, and the blood ran down the trenches.

The crisis had now come. The enemy had been driven back in every part of the field save this, and it seemed impossible to move them there. Gen. Johnston rode up, and seeing the situation, said, "They seem to be offering stubborn resistance here, we must give them the bayonet. Come, I will lead you." With a last great effort, and determined purpose to conquer or perish, the daring Tennesseeans and noble Mississippians dashed into the open field. The Federal line blazed from end to end; the attacking column withered before the hail of lead, but never paused until it had gained the crest and the enemy was flying before them.

In a new position they made another stand, and with terrific fire of musket and artillery made a desperate fight to hold their ground. One brigade held it too long and fell into the hands of the Confederates. They also lost some of their artillery, captured by Col. John H. Miller's regiment of Mississippi cavalry.

The day was won at the cost of the chieftain's life, and the Confederate heroes wore the laurels—but only for a day.

At 4 o'clock Gen. Johnston was shot with a musket ball and died from loss of blood. He lived to see the whole army driven back in utter confusion before his advancing lines.

Gen. Beauregard succeeded him in command. A general advance of the whole line would now have completed the victory. Wallace had fallen, and his division had entirely lost its organization, Sherman's was swept from the field like chaff before the wind, and Prentiss' division of 3,000 had surrendered. The river bank was crowded with thousands of terror-stricken stragglers who had thrown down their arms and fled, like the wicked, where no man pursued. The whole army, officers and men, were completely demoralized and would have surrendered.

But an advance was not made, and the army rested where its leader's death had left it; precious moments and priceless hours slipped away; night came and Buell and Lew Wallace came with twenty-five thousand reinforements for the enemy.

Gen. Beauregard, ignorant of the arrival of Buell, renewed the battle on the morning of the 7th and held the enemy in check until two o'clock in the afternoon, when he realized that he was fighting fresh troops, and ordered a retreat, falling back in perfect order to his fortified position at Corinth.

Thus ended the great battle of Shiloh, that promised a decisive victory for the Southern arms, but, as at Manassas, the advantage gained was not followed up, nothing was achieved.

There is no doubt that had Albert Sidney Johnston lived four hours there would have been a complete victory; the fate of the Union army would have been worse than the French at Waterloo, and Grant would have been known in history only as the man who lost an army at Shiloh.

Gen. Johnston died under a whiteoak, the stump of which is in the possession of a farmer who sells chips from it to relic hunters. A cedar tree now marks the spot where he fell.

As I looked upon the ground made sacred by its baptism with the blood of heroes, my thoughts turned backward to the dark days of the war that cast its shadow over my childhood days and in imagination I could see its heroes.

I thought of the poor soldiers that died far from home and loved ones, without the touch of gentle hands and the sound of loving voices to soothe them in the hour of death, and of the suffering wounded that lay out upon the cold dark field or endured the surgeon's torturous knife and saw.

I thought of the wives that were made widows, and the children fatherless, and of the mothers that mourned for their sons and refused to be comforted because they were not.

I thought of the nation that perished that our fathers defended, of the flag that we loved, and the blood that was shed for its glory.

As I looked upon the graves of the Southern dead and then upon those of the North, I though of the contrast between the victor and the vanquished. The bones of the Northern dead have long ago been gathered up and buried in the nation's beautiful cemetery. Their graves are marked with slabs of marble, and over them floats their country's flag, but the forgotten dead of the Lost Cause still sleep in unknown graves on the battle field. They have no government to honor their memories and mark their last resting places, for the nation on whose altar they died lives only in history and in the hearts of those who fought beneath her sacred banner. But history shall be their monument, and in future ages, when marble shall have crumbled to dust, men will read their records, admire their gallant deeds, and applaud their heroic death.

Shiloh was a hard fought field, but history tells of many battles more fatal that followed; and how the Southern soldiers fought from State to State and field to field, in the valleys and on the mountain tops within the cloud; and how as their numbers grew small their souls grew great, until at last the angel of hope forsook them and the bright vision of the patriot's dream was dispelled, and at Appomattox ended the awful struggle that bankrupted the Southern States and put the half of America in mourning and there was entombed our storm-cradled nation's dust.

And though the nation is dead these many years, yet will its memory forever live. As Israel in captivity remembered Zion, so will the Southern hearts cherish a fond remembrance of the Lost Cause as long as the struggle shall live in story and song.

HENRY WINTER HARPER.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—In Liverpool recently 150 temperance sermons were preached on what was observed as "Temperance Sunday."

—The damage done to the Methodist Episcopal mission property in Tokio, Japan, by the recent earthquake is estimated at about $3,000.

—The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the United States has 57,350 members, according to the latest statistics.

—Archbishop Villatte, the head of the new Polish Catholic church, is about forty years of age, and was for a time a clergyman of the Episcopal church.

—The latest statistics show that in Brooklyn there are 95 young people's societies, with a membership of about 10,000, and 42 junior societies, numbering about 1,700 members.

—From this time on the North African society will train its missionaries in book or literary Arabic before they leave England. A school for this purpose will be established.

—Dampness has made the Corinthian capitals of the church of the Madeleine in Paris crumble, and recently pieces of stone have fallen, endangering the passers by. The capitals are to be removed and new ones put in their place.

—Boston university established a professorship for the comparative study of religions as long ago as in 1873, and now President Warren is asking for $100,000 with which to found an "American Museum of all Religions," similar to the Guimet Institution in Paris.

—The Society of Mutual Helpers, of Boston, distributed last year 30,000 bouquets in the tenement house districts of that city, to the sick and aged. The friends in the country gather the flowers and send them to the city, where they are distributed. Sixty towns are interested in this work.

—Argentine republic has made rapid strides in education during the last thirty years. Her system of public schools is modeled on that of the United States. There are 3,056 schools, or one for every 1,000 inhabitants. Besides normal and agricultural schools there are 20 national colleges and 2 universities.

—The Cumberland Presbyterian church, which is represented in 15 states, generally those of the South and Southwest, reports 184,138 communicants. Of these 42,910 are found in Tennessee and the next larger number, 28,364, in Texas. Missouri comes third, with 27,579 and Kentucky fourth, with 16,467. The total of contributions raised last year was $676,465. The additions to membership were 16,818. The number of congregations is 2,881, of ministers 1,708 and of Presbyteries 126. Besides the ministers there are 296 licentiates and 259 candidates.—N. Y. Independent.

—Oh, it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of Mercy, Charity and Love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.—Dickens.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—"Does she love music?" "M—Yes. But not enough to keep away from the piano?"—Washington Star.

—Hoax—Why do you call that trolley-car conductor 'Time'? Joax—Because he waits for no man.—Philadelphia Record.

—Merchant (to portrait-painter)—How much will you charge to paint my portrait if I furnish the paint?—Fliegende Blatter.

—She—I don't believe you love me as much as you did before we were married. He—Just as much as I ever did; perhaps not so much as I said I did.—Sun.

—The Wife—Yes, I married you to spite Fred Grigson. The Husband (ruefully—I wish, my love, you had married Fred Grigson to spite me.—Tit-Bits.

—Wife—And did Mr. Gay really say I was positively dove-like? Husband—Something of that sort. He said you were pigeon-toed, I believe.—Boston Transcript.

—Tourist (in a remote village)—Can you tell me where the station is? Porter—I can, but I won't. We are glad to have a tourist here at last.—Fliegende Blatter.

"Dah is er heap in gibbin' er frien' in distress er incouragin' word," said Uncle Eben. "An' de mos' incouragin' word yoh can say is 'yes' when he axes yoh foh er small loan."—Washington Star.

—Sensitive.—Cobble—Van Gilder, the painter, came near being drowned recently, didn't he? Stone—Yes; and now he won't speak to me. Cobble—Why not? I referred to him as a struggling artist.—N. Y. Sun.

—"There's a man outside who wants to know if the editor is in," said the Hooter's new office boy. "Show him up," "No, sir," was the firm reply, "I'll resign first. He says that's what the editor's been doing, an' he's looking for gore."—Washington Star.

—First Hen—What a ridiculously giddy creature that young Miss Dorning is. Second Hen—Oh, she's young yet. Wait till she has known the sorrow of sitting for three weeks on a china egg and two door knobs, she'll sober down then.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Here is a story of a schoolmaster who promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that he could not answer. One and another tried, and at last a boy asked, "Why am I like the prince of Wales?" The master puzzled his wits in vain and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."—Tit-Bits.

IN AND AROUND ENGLAND.

THE announcement was lately made by the paymaster general of the supreme court of England that the total amount of dormant funds lying in chancery is $5,000,000.

THE Fastnet lighthouse, the spot on the Irish coast best known to Americans, is said to be in a dangerous condition, as the iron fastenings of the tower have become corroded.

AS MOST of the court ladies of Europe smoke cigarettes, some of the crowned women have elegant boxes of silver with ash trays of gold, as two of the ornaments of their boudoirs.

"WINDOW gazing" is a profession in London. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass on to another store on their long list of patrons.

"DOCTOR," said Mrs. Weeds, "I can't get it out of my head that possibly my poor dear husband was buried alive." "Nonsense!" snorted Dr. Peduncle. "Didn't I attend him myself in his last illness?"—Life.