

Henry Ward Beecher writes from London to one of his parishioners that he is amazed at the great change that has taken place in English public sentiment since his visit there a few years ago. He thinks they are more democratic than we are in the United States and that their progress toward republicanism is phenomenally swift. Nothing is more certain, he thinks, than that church will be disestablished within the next decade, and after that the house of Lords will have to go. He says that as for the crown as long as the Queen lives, Englishmen will not listen to anything that threatens to make a breach in that direction, but after Victoria "the deluge." American influences also visible in many ways not possible here before.

A ranchman from Lincoln county went into Moss Schumann's "Austin Clothing Emporium" last week. He got into a dispute, knocked Moss down, blackened the eye of young Jake, and used frontier language to Mrs Schumann. Moss had the ranchman arrested for this, and for slandering him by publicly proclaiming on the streets that he was a thief. The ranchman sent his lawyer to Moss with a view to having the matter settled.

"You'd do it," said Mose, "ten tollars. Some good-fellows was an insult. Ten tollars—my wounded feelings? Ten dollars—my lady's plack eye? Ten tollars—wounding good words at Rebeccah? I'd be ruin my character by smiling me a thief. Ye, my friend, her character by itself was worth more as ten tollars. I desire you not to be mean. I'd give you ten tollars and have the galls in square."

The Testing and the Game.
You are shown a girl baby. You remark: "What! only three months old? Is it possible? I should guess she was at least a year old." And the mother is delighted, and tells everybody that Mr. Smith is a most agreeable gentleman. The baby grows, "improves," you exclaim: "such a great girl and only ten years." Not only mother, but the great girl is delighted too. Another ten years pass; but now you have to employ different tactics, something like this: "Twenty years? consensio! you can't be more than sixteen. If you are not! Funny? Yes, and it all goes to show that since for the young is not necessarily superior to the good—17

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