#### A OUESTION.

Joy comes and goes; hope ebbs and flows Like the wave; Charge does unknit the tranquil strength of

men. Love lends life a little grace, A few sad smiles, and then Both are laid in one cold place, In the grave.

Dreams down and fly, friends smile and di Like spring flowers; Our vaunted life is one long funeral. Men dig graves with bitter tears For their dead hopes; and all Mazed with doubts and sick with fears Ceunt the hours.

We count the hours. These dreams of ours-False and hollow. Do we go hence and find they are not dead? Joys we dimly approhend, Faces that smiled and field,

# HER TEST.

She was the embodiment of beauty. None could have thought otherwise, seeing her as she sat there alone on the piazza, her lovely form slightly inclined, small and shapely foot lightly tapping the floor; the long, sweeping lashes drooping languidly over her dreamy, lustrous eyes, and a sweet smile playing around her scarlet mouth, which was open just enough to exhibit the

even tipe of her pearly teeth. The restless, crimson tide coursing beneath the pure, transparent skin would occasionally suffuse her cheeks and then pass gradually away, only to surge back again and mantle face and neck with a burning blush.

Yes, Minerva Lambert was beautiful, and never did she look more so than now, ses, flushed with apparent excitement, and totally unconscious of the charming picture she formed, she sat there where the long trailing vines swayed to and fro on one side, casting fantastic shadows on the sloor, and on the ther motley flowers codding lazily in the gentle breeze that lifted sweet fragrance from their coroform crests, while the slanting beams of the evening watch. surrested like a halo on her bowed head.

Minerva had two lovers-that is, two, only one of whom she could think of ac- on him. cepting as her companion through life.

Literally, she had at least a dozen, bat only two dared hope for her hand. These were Leroy Beaumont and

Mark Spencer.

was very handsome, withidark, flashing eyes, black, glossy hair and fierce-looking mustache; Mark was not, though dered the handsome man. his bright and ever-smiling countenance wore anything but as disagreeable

aspect. They were not friends, but it was be--cause of their rivalry. They had never been personally acquainted. Leroy, thinki ig that features such as his were confident of his abliity to gain the vic- fore I wish you good evening. tery, and, perhaps, was supprejudiced.

Mark's opinion was different. Al- from the spot when Leroy produced a though not nearly so confident of suc- gistol and pointed it at him. cess as his competitor, he was too noble assature to allow hatred or even jeal-access to be excited within him, and he believed that Minerva Lambert would "Shoot," said he; "shoot, Leroy

man should become her husband unless he was in every respect worthy of her. Mark Spencer stood beneath the wide spreading branches of the old elm

tree, leaning against its huge trunk with his arm folded on his breast. It was just the night for a meeting of

lovers. The moon looked down with modified splendor from her starry throne. Her image was reflected in the limpid stream. Her tempered light flooded the little gable and stealing through the rustling branches, fell upon the face of Mark Spencer.

Though the features were not regular, there was something attractive about the face. It was so open and candid, and there was such a good natured smile on the manly brow. The verdict of one capable of reading the heart in the face would undoubtedly be good, and even a casual observer would he struck with the gentlemanly appear ance of the young man.

Just now the countenance was bright with hope. Would not Minerva Lam-bert soon be in his arms telling him how much she loved him?

This, he thought, was the reason why he had been requested to meet her her hands clasped on her lap, and one there, preferring that romantic spot in which to tell him of her love.

He heard a footstep behind him. turning hastily, he beheld the hand-some Apollo, Leroy Beaumont, walking briskly along toward him. He was much surprised to see him ap-proaching, and so was Leroy to find

Mark there, for he stopped short and held up both hands, exclaiming: "Mark Spencer!"

"Mr. Beaumont," returned the other, with a slight nod.

"Why are you here?" cried Beau mont.

"What right have you to ask ?" calmly retorted the young man. His rival colored.

Sir, you are impudent," said he, angrily.

"I deny the charge, Mr. Beaumont, and you have no cause to speak thus." Again I ask you why you are here?"

'Again I tell you that it does not concern you, and you have no right to ask. 'Then, sir, will you please leave this

place, as it is here I am to meet a certain person." And with a haughty look the osten-

tatious fellow consulted his heavy gold

"Minerva should have been here ere this," he muttered, as if to himself, but with a furtive glance at Mark Spencer to see what effect his words produced

Mark was supprised; but, pretending that he did not hear the words, he said : "No. sir; I will not leave this place,

for I, too, am waiting for a friend." "Do you mean Miss Lambert?"

"I do.'

"Then, sir, you speak falsely!" cried Leroy was the sen of wealthy parents. Mark was comparatively poor. Leroy to meet her here."

"I beg your parden, but-"Cease! Hold your tongue!" thun-"Audacious scoundrel! know you not that Minerva Lambert is soon to become my wife? She cares naught for you. Your jealousy prompted you : to come here and

witness our meeting, ch ?' "'Tis false!" replied Mark, quietly. "I knew not that each a meeting was essential to any one who would win the hand of that beauty, was, consequently desire to bandy words with you; there-

He bowed and wassabout to withdraw Mark was no coward. He folded his

ing you to meet me here is accemplish-Good evening, sir."

"Stay, Miss Lambert. Shall I call to-morrow and receive your answer, or can I hear it now?' "Not now. To-morrow if you wish,

on may see me at home.' And on the following day Mark Spencer, with throbbing heart, sat be-

side his love. When she felt his strong arm stealing around her trembling form, when she felt his lips pressed to hers in a sweet betrothal kiss, and heard his low-murmured words of endearment, Minerva Lambert felt a sweet feeling of rest coming over her, and she laid her head

on his breast, wondering how she ever could have thought that she loved Leroy Beaumont more than she did this noble-hearted man.

HOW QUININE IS USED.

Made the Basis for More Than Threefourths of the Prescriptions Pat Up by Druggists.

New York Mail and Express.

If all drugs of the pharmacopeia, except opium and quinine could be dumped into the sea, I believe mankind would be the gainer in more ways than one."

It was in this strain that an old-school physician expressed his disgust for the healing art in the presence of a reporter for the Mail and Express.

"Then you consider opium and quinine the staple drugs.

"Assuredly. Quinine especially so. More than three-fourths of all the prescriptions written to-day have for their basis quinine. It is used as a tonic, as a sedative, as an irritant, as an antiphlogistic, in fact, I can not say what it is not used for. Why, the advertisements of the druggists show conclusively that it is the most important drug known. You can read everywhere, 'Great re-ductions in quinine.'"

"And have these great reductions Horse Guards and then you know you been made in price, the quality or the weight?" Horse Guards and then you know you have arrived, and inside the gates you find hundreds and hundreds

can buy the best article now for \$1 an riages pass and standing on tiptoe to ounce. sold for \$5. Half that sum has been paid for it within the past five years.' "Then the demand is falling off?"

"On the contrary, the demand is reater than ever. The real cause of greater than ever. The real cause of horsemen standing close together, and the reduction is, I think, the throwing you alight to the sound of martial of immense lots of the drug upon the market. When Congress removed the ten per cent. duty, the surplus of the foreign market was rushed over here. Then, too, the failures of Alexander Bochringer & Co., the largest manufacturers of quinine in the world, and G. C. Myer & Co., the largest dealers in chinchona bark, have had much to do with lessening the prices. In conse-quence of those and other failures there is no less than 100,000 pounds of quinine in London which will soon be forced to a sale by brokers who have advanced money upon it and took the drug as collateral."

"Then quinine will be cheaper still?" "I think not. Bottom has been reached and before long poor 'fever'n ager' patients will have to pay for their quinine. The estimated product of quinine of the world, I believe, is 1,-000,000 pounds a year. Counting that it takes thirty-six pounds of bark to get one pound of quinine, this would necessitate the gathering of 36;000,000 pounds of bark. I understand, however, that there is a Mexican bark which yields the same amount of quinine to onehalf the amount of he and if this is so prices may not go up so quickly as they otherwise would. Though called the Peruvian bark, that from which quinine is made does not necessarily come from Peru. Much of it comes from Ceylon, Liberia and Java, and it is hinted that before long it will be successfully cultivated an the United States."

# PRESENTED AT COURT.

A Woman's Story of a Presentation Royal Drawing Room.

Do you think you can go to a 'drawing room'' without learning how to make a proper reverence? No. indeed. You must go to a cozy little house in the West End, where a very elegant and quaint little old French lady will show you all you have to do for a guinea a lesson, and then on the afternoon before the great day you go to see the lady who is to present you to get the important tickets, and to receive explicit instructions as to your line of conduct, for, as the lady belongs to the diplomatic circle, she will be in the room with her royal highness, and you must enter alone. At her house you meet some gentlemen, and one tells you that when he was presented was the only moment in his life that he

has known what fear was, and that he was in agony lest he should trip over his sword, and you think of your three or four yards of train, and you are sure that it will be much worse than a sword. And another tells you that the youngladies usually are white and trembling with fear, and that often they make a terrible fiasco; they tell you of one poor unfortunate, who, instead of kissing the queen's hand when it was extended to her, shook it vigorously, then realizing what she had done, lost her head completely, and, forgetting all the great line of person-ages, turned her back and incontinent-

ly fled. By the time you leave your instructress' house, you are trembling in every limb, and you spend all the rest of the evening making courtesies to the chairs and sofas, and fervently hoping that you may not disgrace your country on the morrow. Your landlord's daughter devotes

herself to you for the next day, and makes the most helpful and obliging of little dressing-maids, and at last you are ready, all pearls, lace and shining silk. It is quite a longdrive to the park, but suddenly you see the "In the price without doubt. You of people waiting to see the car-Ten years ago the same article catch a glimpse of you. All the way r \$5. Half that sum has been up the long drive the Horse Guards, in their long plumes and brilliant scarlet, are stationed at right and left, and inside the palace gates is a long row of music. When you have left your wrap in a room near the entrance you go up a very grand stairway, past men with

spears call "Beef-enters," dressed in red and yellow; you hand one of your tickets to the queen's page, and are ushered with a great many ladies into a huge room, all red and gold, and there you sit for quite a long time gazing at the lovely views of the park through the wide windows, and studying the dresses

As you pass the door to the presence chamber you drop your train from your arm, and the two chamberlains -or whatever they are called-quickly and deftly straighten it to its full length as you walk slowly forward, at the door of the throne room some one takes your second card; and then you hear the lord chamberlain pronouncing your, name in a very loud voice, and now you are bowing to the princess, you wish the ladies behind you would not come quite so fast, for you feel hurried and are conscious you are not making your reverence the way you were taught; you courtesy to the ladies next the princess: but how many there are, or what they look like, you haven't the least idea; you see the prince quite distinctly, and you walk sideways and make a series of little diminishing bows to the row of dukes or princes or whatever they may be, but of them you retain not the faintest impression. Suddenly you feel your train hustled on to your arm, for in your confusion you have forgotten to hold your arm out properly, and the great deed is done! It has lasted in all about fifteen seconds; you haven't seen anything very distinctly, and you retain only one idea, that her royal highness was dressed in light vellowbut you have been presented at court, and surely ought to be satisfied. The next day your name appears in the Court Circular.-Christian Union.

hallelujah chorus from a thousand seraphim and cherubim. The effect of the "Cornelius March," by Mendelssohn, on this superb organ, played by this brilliant performer, can be more easily imagined than described.

Deaths of Distinguished Men.

The Boston Herald has collected accounts of the deaths of several eminent men which are peculiarly interesting at this time.

Napoleon I. died of a cancer in the stomach. Heunderwent all the rise and fall of health and hope, depression and illness. But the cancer, being in the stomach, caused much severer pain than Grant's. Toward the last he could not digest his food. He was torcould not digest ins food. He was tor-mented by a constant thirst. His pulse beat with feverish quickness. He was fully aware of his fate. "The monarchs who persecute me," he said, "may set their minds at rest. I shall soon remove all cause for fear." His down are advect not a constant. days were almost given over to spasms of pain, to vomiting and intolerable During the intervals of rest thirst. he would talk occassionally. He said he was going to meet his subordinate generals. "They will experience once generals. more the intoxication of human We shall talk of what we have glory. done with Frederick, Cæsar and Han-nibal, unless," he added with a peculiar smile after a pause, "unless there should be as great an objection in the upper spheres as there is here below to see a number of soldiers together." On the 3d of May he became delirious, and amid his ravings these words were distinguishable. "My son. The army. Desaix." His sufferings contined until almost the last moment when he sunk into unconsciousness. The day before the death of Frederick the great, although feeble and confined to his bed, he went through with all his cabinet work, dictating to his clerks clearly and intelligently, but with feeble

voice. The next day was spent in a stupor and occasional opening of the eyes. He knew, how-ever, of his condition, as he asked what the doctors had said about him. In the night he asked what o'clock it was, said he should rise at 4, told an attendant to throw a quilt over one of his dogs that was shivering with the or instance of the second second second second after coughing and clearing his throat said, "We are over the hill. We shall be better now." This was his last speech and two hours after he

was dead Oliver Cromwell struggled with his last illness for ten days. Toward the last he was heard to say among other things: "I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God, or conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth But most of the time he was me." speechless.

Blucher, who saved Wellington at Waterloo, said to the King of Prussia, who visited him during his last illness, "I know I shall die. I am not sorry for it, seeing that I am no longer of any use.'

# General Grant's Last Speech.

At the annual meeting of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, at Ocean Grove, August 2, 1884. General Grant was present. He was introduced to the large audience and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Under all circumstances it is a difficult matter for me to speak, and how much more difficult under the present circumstances. An hour ago I might have said something about the Sanitary Grant never lost sight of him, and m something about and Christian commissions. I witnessed the good done. They did a great deal by way of consolation, writing letters to friends at home for the sick and wounded, and found where their dead were buried. I hope you are all having a good time here, to-day. I appreciate \*\*\*\*," and here the voice of the great general was hushed in sobs, and he sank into his chair weeping profusely. He was still a great sufferer from the broken tendon of his leg, and the financial crash on Wall street, which had just swept away all of his life's savings and imperiled his good name, over which he was very sensitive, and this his first cordial greeting since his calamities was too much for the manly heart to endure without tears of gratitude. It was the only time the "hero of many battles" was known to shed tears before an audience though often called to speak. The audience wept like children and for some moments silence brooded over the vast assembly. This was General U. S. Grant's last speech before a large public assembly. It will be remembered by thousands for years to come.

## Rich Actors and Actresses.

Little Lotta is declared to be the richest woman on the stage. I heard her fortune put a day or two ago at \$1,000,000. This is, of course, extravagant. She is, however, worth all of \$250,000, and I dare say, somewhere near \$500,000. In her earlier years on the stage Lotta experienced to no end of trouble keeping her money. Somehow or other it all went. But as time wore on Lotta contracted business habits, until she is now as ca-

pable a business person as anybody. She has money invested in about every way-stocks, bonds, real estate, and despair which have marked Grant's I know not what. She is now 38 years, illness But the cancer, heing in the old. I believe, but she is full of animation and always a wonderfully happy little body. She succeeded on stage because she could not help it. It is perfectly natural for her to cut the capers that she does, for she cuts them off the stage as well as on.

The richest man on the stage is doubtless Joe Murphy. He is worth a cold \$500,000, if he is worth a dollar. He was a poor Irish boy, and started as a variety singer and dancer. His one ambition has been to make money, rather than fame as a distin-guished artist. He has stuck to Irish dramas, and he has always played to big-paying business, while other shows have languished and died on all sides. He has sung Only a handful of Earth from My Dead Mother's Grave" until it wrings tears from even him-tears of agony. The song, however, touches the hearts of his audience every time without fail. The women boo-hoo and the men demand a repetition. Players who are satisfied with modest positions in the profession like to go with Murphy. He expects them to do all that their contracts call for, but he treats them faily and pays them fairly. Nobody begrudges Murphy his prosperity, for the reason that he is known everywhere as a square and upright man. The poorest person in the profession aggregates in the total nine-tenths of the whole. Lillian Russel is, perhaps, as badly off as any of the conspicuous ones. She has received a great deal of money, but never has kept any of it, and it is said she has debts without end. Fanny Davenport, I hear, has invested some money in one of the dramatic papers. She has accumulated a fortune, and a very substantial one, too. She is probably worth \$75,000 to \$100,000.—Brooklyn Union.

#### "Grant's Cadet."

"Another case in point," said an old West Pointer, "is that of Sergeant Griffith of the old Twenty-second Iowa-In the assault on Vicksburg it will be rather, am beloved of God. I am a remembered that a part of the Twentysecond Iowa Regiment crossed the ditch and parapet of a rebel outwork. In the hand-to-hand fight that followed every man except one was shot down. This one man was Griffith, and he went down with the others, stunned but not seriously hurt. On his recovery he found a rebel lieutenant and sixteen men lying in the outwork still unwounded, but exposed to the fire from both Confederates and Unionists.

"Griffith rose and asked the rebels to follow him out of the place. They signified their willingness to obey, and calling to the troops outside to cease firing Griffith took his prisoners over the parapet under a storm of rebel As soon as he heard of this exshot ploit Grant promoted Griffith to a first lieutenancy and afterward sent him to the Military Academy at West Point, where he was known as Grant's cadet. He graduated in 1867 the fifth in his

not judge by personal appearance which was most deserving of the mach-coveted hand.

But Minerva, it must be said, had a few romantic notions in her kead. father, knowing the reputation of Mark Spencer, advised her to accept him in preference to the other, but she hesi-

Mr. Beaumont was so handsome, so tall and graceful, and he had such bright and flashing eyes, and then that captivating mustache was an adornment that Mr. Spencer could not boast of.

Thid she love Leroy Beaumont? She thought she did, though when in the society of Mark Spencer she was in doubt. She was not canable of reading her own heart.

New, they had both proposed. This very day they had both been at her feet, pouring forth the story of their love, and begging for hers in return.

Of course they did not do this at the same time, but at different hours of the day, and neither knew of the other's

proposal. She did not give them her answer, but dismissed them both with the information that they must wait until tomorrow, and thus give her time to decide. Then she set her wits to work.

Which should she accept? She was in a dilemma. She was a little partial to Beaumont, but then she knew so little of his character. Spencer she knew to be a true gentleman, but then he lacked that attractiveness of feature which, she thought, would have made him look so much more noble and man-

ly. She hit upon a plan which pleased her, and she immediately began the execution of it.

She wrote two notes exactly alike. and sent one of them to each of her lovers.

They ran thus:

"Meet me at 8 o'clock this evening a she old elm tree on the river bank, near my father's house.

It was all she wrote. She knew they would both be at the appointed spot at the appointed time, each thinking himself the favored suitor.

She was thinking of this as she sat alone on the piazza, where the long evening shadows were creeping across the floor, and the rays of the setting sun were struggling through the network of vines to kiss her blushing cheek.

She could think of no better way of finding out whether Leroy Beaumont was a true gentleman or not.

It was to see how he would act on finding his rival at the place of meeting that she had concluded to make this appointment with both. If her plan failed, she would contrive

If her plan failed, she would contrive another, for she had resolved that no longer. My sole purpose for request-

Beaumont. I am unarmed. "Peace, gentlemen!" cried a silvery weice.

They looked simultaneously and be-Her held Minerva Lambert standing there in the moonlight, her tall, queenly

form clad in spotless white. Mark lifted his but politely, while his rival stood stockstill, staring at her

Mirerve stepped provally forward. "Mr. Beaumont," size she, confront-inguhat gentleman, "I have witnessed your proceedings since you came here, and have overheard the conversation carried on, between won and Mr. Spencer. Sir, you have proved yourself a villise and a coward. You reviled Mr. Spencer without cause. You were going to shoot him even after he told you that he was miarmed. And, thesides, you told him that I was your promised wife, which you know is false.

"Yon ask ed me this dayfor my heart and hand, is also did Mr. Spencer. I gave neither of you an answer, because I wished to curryout a little plan. I knew nothing of your past life, sir, nor whether you at present had the reputation of being good or had. I could not think of joining any life to that of one wloo, comparatively speaking, is unknowit to me.

"I planned this meeting with the hope that itenigh t give me an insight into your true chas acter, and I hoped not in vam. I desired to see your actions on confronting your rival have. If have seen. I am satisfied. Go, sir! never speak to me again nor allow your footsteps to wander toward my home, which you have so often visited as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Pale and trembling, Leroy Besumout, listened to this speech, cowering before the accusing gaze of those flashing eyes like a criminal receiving this sentence. When she had finishe lhe stood erect, and for a moment a hitter retort seemed to tremble on his lips. It remained unspoken.

He said not a word, but furned absuptly on his heel, with a contemptu-ous toss of his head, and walked proudly away.

When he was lost to view in the darkness, Minerva turned to Mark. who had been a silent spectator of the little drama that had just been performed, and said, in a trembling voice:

"Mr. Spencer, I hope you will for-give my making a tool of you for the execution of my stratagem, and subject-ing you to the insults of that man." "As to that, Miss Lambert," he re-pited with a respectful bow, "There is

nothing to forgive,"

"Is the bark expensive?"

"It varies in price from 25 cents to \$1 an ounce. But besides guinine, which is the fifth essence of the bark, cinchona, cinchenidea and other products are gotten from it. Until recently Germany and Italy were the greatest producers of quinme but at present the leading manufactures in the world are located in Philadelphia.'

# So Soon Forgotten.

Twas looking through a scrap-book only a little while ago, and I ran across the name of a man who but a very short time back was the leading feature at Long Branch, whose store on Broadway was a palace, and who had the handsemest place in Philadelphia and was known in all the realms of display. I refer to H. T. Helmbold, who paid millions of money to the news papers of the land, nine-tenths of whom turned upon him in his time of sorrow and timulation, giving him the stones of ridicule for the return of the bread of pathonage he had so recklessly thrust upon the waters of endeavor in other drays Where is Helmbold to dray? The last I knew he was in an diasane assium in Europe. I couldn't tall to save my life where he is. Last week was six years only since the death of Montague, Mr. Wallack's leading man. He died in San Francisco, Aug. 12, 1878, of hemorrhage of the lungs, a claver fellow, a bright, cheery, sunbeamy kind of person, an enormous favorite. I was showing his picture to a young lady within a week, a woman 19 years old, a great theater-goer within the past three years, and she had never heard of him! And yet six years age his photographs were in every girl's al-bum, and he was as well known on Fifth avenue and our chief places of re-sort as any man who could be named in the city of New York .- New York Letter.

The deepest sea-sounding ever made was in the Pacific Ocean in 1874, near The the entrance to Behring's Sea. depth was 4,655 fathoms and the cast was made from the United States ship | is this voice, which after all is no voice shows the existence of submarine mountains 10,556 feet nigh.

# A Thundering Big Organ. Letter in San Francisco Alta.

The organ has 2,704 pipes and fiftyeven stops. Some of the pipes are thirty-two feet long and large enough to admit the bodies of three men. the towers that rise on either side are forty-eight feet high, with a niche left between them for the Goddess of Music. This immense temple of music, which is nearly as large as a cottage, is elaborately carved by hand. It is impossible to estimate the cost

of it, as it was built in early days, when freighting was done by ox teams across the plains, and many of the workmen only received provisions for their labor. But they are a people who will not be outdone, and when the Episcopal Church built their beautiful organ here the Mormons at once began to improve theirs, which was all show and framework, and have already expended \$10,000 on it. Sitting in that vast auditorium, 200 feet long by 150 wide, where the acoustics are so perfect you can hear a pin drop from one end to the other, amid the cool and silence and solemnity of the vast amphitheater-for it is circular in its formation, with the melodious, rhythmical, silver-toned strains of that powerful organ, under the master band, one is exalted for the time being, and feel, as I imagine he will when brought to face the great Master. When listening to the grand offertore (in D) by Baptiste I imagined I knew what Dante's "Inferno" was; pandem-

onium seemed let loose, when a low voke in a minor strain began to sing, and one could only think of the wail of a lost soul, and the tears unbidden start-so sad, so sweet, so far away Tuscarora. The shallowest water in the middle of the Atlantic, 731 fathoms. Then comes a burst of melody, like a

### Tasted of the Staves.

1 like to talk with boys about 60 years of age and get them to telling their reminiscences. By boys I mean those hearty old fellows who, though their hair has turned gray, have as much young blood in their veins as they had when they were one-and-twenty. "I suppose you all have heard of old Farmer Allen," said one of these jolly patriarchs the other day. "He was a great temperance man, you know. Well, thirteen years ago we all went to camp at Portland, and Farmer Allen belonged to my command. One terribly hot day we had a clambake, and in the tent was a big barrel of champagne punch, strong punch, too. Allen came along very hot and very thirsty, and looking in the tent saw the barrel of punch. 'Hello, boys! got some lemonade, haven't you?' said the old man. 'Yes, replied the boys, winking at each other, 'help yourself.' The farmer went in, took one glass, smacked his lips, took another, and liked it so well that The show, however, of the eve he wanted more. In a little while he came out of the tent looking very rosy and very unsteady in his movements. He r flected a moment, and then said: Shay, boys (hic), thash almighty fine (hic) lem'nade in thash bar-(hic)-rel; but (hic) don't you think (hic) it tashts(hic) a leet le mite of the staves?' -Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

every mention of that battle of Vicksburg written by Grant, Griffith receives as many lines as do some of the general officers.

# Bees in a Church.

Fairfield (Conn.) Special. For more than a year bees have ap-

peared within the Episcopal church here in large numbers. During the winter, whenever the janitor started the fires, hundreds of the busy hum-mers would creep out of their hiding places and fly about the edifice. Early this spring steps were taken to discover their habitation. Twelve pounds of honey and a quantity of honey comb were taken out between the rafters supporting the roof. It was thought then that the industrious insects were driven off. Recently, the first warm Sunday, during service, thousands of bees were crawling and humming about the chancel. The Rev. Mr. Lombard conducted the service, and when the organ and choir rolled out the morning hymn the insects poured in millions from the roof. Evidently the bees were preparing to hive and mistook the organ for the conventional copper kettle which theknowing farmer whacks with gusto-"when the bees hive." The Rev. Mr. Lombard, after a few short remarks. interspersed with slapping his head, said he would have to dismiss the congregation and dispense with the communion service, "as the reason was obvious." The good people left the church, but even the straightest faced could not help laughing.

#### Gigantic Lilies Worn by English Girls. From the London Truth.

We went recently to the conversazione given by the Academicians at Burlington House. The crowd was something terrific; nevertheless, the sight was highly effective. As to the dresses, they were of all.

sorts and descriptions; a few only, I am thankful to say, being noticable by their absurdity. The show of diamonds and pearls

was a show indeed, Lady Henry Len-

The show, however, of the evening was provided by a couple of young girls. They were apparently alone, but, in order that their twin solitude should not pass unnoticed the onewore a bunch of gigantic hlies, which stuck straight up in the air from her waist, while the other had her left shoulder completely obscured by an. enormous poppy.