

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Swing Song.

Exchange. Swing, swing! sing, sing! Here's my Throne and I am a King! ... Ever so many years ago there was a little girl named Polly who lived on a beautiful farm where there were plenty of cows and pigs and chickens, and apple trees and daisies.

Grandmother's Curtains.

These curtains were Polly's never-fading delight, for they were covered with bunches of roses, and little boy-angels sitting on clouds and playing their harps. ... Oh, mother, do let me stay all night! was Polly's regular request, but she never did stay till one particular winter afternoon, when it grew dark early.

"Where's Polly?" asked her father, when he came in to hurry them off. "Where's Polly?" asked her mother, getting the little shawl and hood all ready. "Why, here she is on my bed," exclaimed grandma, as she went behind the curtains, "and she's fast asleep! It's cruel to wake the lamb up. Do let her stay for once, Ann."

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Mother came to look, and smiled a little as she saw that twitch in the eyelids, but it was snowing out of doors, and she thought, maybe, on the whole, Polly had better stay; so she said, cheerfully: "Very well, we'll leave her, and her father can come for her to-morrow night."

"You're a little rogue," said grandma, giving her a little shake and a big kiss. "May I have jelly for supper?" said Polly.

Of course she had it, and everything else she wanted, and after supper grandma held her in her lap, and told her an old fairy story about "Sleep, Bet and Polly."

"Was I named after that Polly?" asked the little girl. "No; you were named after your great-grandmother on your father's side, Polly Rogers. I used to know her."

Polly sat still and wondered how many Pollys there had ever been, until her little head began to nod. Then grandma undressed her, and laid her one of her own night gowns to sleep in, and Polly sank down in the great feather-bed, and knew no more till morning.

When she awoke, there were all the little angels looking at her, and the sun was shining in, and she could hear grandma in the kitchen. In a minute and a half Polly was there too, watching the biscuits in the tin baker before the fire.

After breakfast she had a splendid time. In the first place, she went up to the garret with grandma after the quilting-frame, and she hid inside the old clock for as much as five minutes, just for fun, and got a whole handful of dried peppermint to nibble.

Then, when they came down, while grandma got her quilt in, Polly kept house in the small window, and had all the pieces of a broken saucer for dishes. But by-and-by she moved to another house, and where do you suppose it was? Under the great flower-basket quilt that was stretched upon the frame, and you haven't an idea, unless you have tried it, what a lovely house that makes.

There Polly gathered her dishes, and the cat and a rag baby, and was happy as a queen. Mrs. Clark and Miss Avery came in presently with their thimbles to help grandma get her quilt out, and they all three talked and stitched, and talked and stitched, quite forgetting little Polly down at the feet.

often she had wished she could take one home to play with! She crept out from under the quilting frame, and no one noticed how to wash feathers. At last there came a moment when Miss Avery missed her scissors, and pushed her chair back to look for them. "Where can they be?" she said, and then she exclaimed: "Why, mussy sacks! that little Polly's got hold of 'em, and I do believe she's in mischief!"

"You little tyke!" said grandma, getting up as quick as she could, and both the ladies ran to the spot. Polly had just finished cutting out the second angel, and there they lay, smiling in her lap. "Your nice chintz curtains," cried Mrs. Clark. "Why, you ain't had 'em but a year, Miss Garner!"

"She's out 'em zig-zag," said Miss Avery, examining the holes hopelessly. "You little tyke!" repeated grandma, and she really did not know what else to say.

The dear little angels were taken away from Polly, who almost cried to part from them, and Mrs. Clark and Miss Avery went to work laying pieces under and darning down, until at last, after a couple of hours you wouldn't have known, unless you looked twice, that the little winged boys had ever left their clouds.

"I know they wanted to come live with me and play with me," said Polly, when she told her mother all about it that night on her return to the farm. Well, they did come to live with her last, but it was not till many years after, when the dear grandmother had gone to live among the real angels.

Then the chintz curtains were taken down and folded away. And now they belong to Polly, who sometimes takes them from their box and looks at them, and feels like a little girl again.

Trades For American Boys. St. Nicholas.

The trades in our country, of late years, have almost been monopolized, by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. It seems as if our boys would rather be fourth rate lawyers or physicians than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a young lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his want, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office, dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction. As a farmer or a mechanic he might have lived a long, useful and successful life. No boy, of course, should enter a trade, unless he feels himself fitted for it; but, on the other hand, he should not let it seem to me, let the false pride against manual labor, which now prevails to such an extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows he can do with his head.

Oyster Farming. Harper's Young People.

In addition to natural oyster beds there are many "ovster farms," where these delicious mollusks are regularly cultivated. Stakes are driven in the mud, n shallow water, and branches of trees, rough boards, or stones are placed between them for the baby oysters to fasten themselves to. When the nursery is ready several boat-loads of oysters are dropped near the spot. They increase and grow rapidly, being ready for the table in from two to three years.

Oysters are generally fished with a dredge. As this instrument is dragged over the bed the teeth pull up the oysters, both large and small, from their resting place. Those that are too young for market are thrown back into the water, and if they fall on a suitable surface they will attach themselves and continue to grow. Many of them, however, sink in the mud and are suffocated.

The process of dredging is also destructive to the oysters which remain on the bed, as they are roughly torn from each other and dragged into the mud. Here they cannot open the valves without admitting the mud, and this is certain death to the oyster.

Oysters are highly esteemed for food on account of their delicious flavor, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. This leads to excessive fishing of the oyster beds, and in many places the beds yield a much smaller supply than formerly. Such is the case with many of the European oyster beds. The French government has been obliged to take control of its shores and to enforce certain laws with regard to fishing them.

The Tell-Tale. With the aid of a pair of compasses or pencil and a bit of string, carefully draw two concentric half-circles; that is, from the same center, and one about half an inch within the other. The size of the design makes no difference, but the result is more easily seen if the diagram is as large as convenient. Divide this double half-circle into a number of compartments, and in each place a letter of the alphabet, a numeral or a name, as the fancy may dictate, the object being that there shall be no possible mistake of one compartment for another. Rule straight lines from each compartment to the common center. Now take a small button—a shoe-button is as good as any—and fasten a bit of, fine silk thread about eight inches long to it, making a knot in each end of the thread. Now, let one of the party take the thread by the end and hold it so far above the figure that the other should hang about an inch and a half above the paper. Let him fix his mind very firmly upon one of the compartments and then close his eyes. Very soon the button will develop a pendulum-like motion, and before long, generally in about three minutes, it will begin to move toward the compartment of which it the holder is thinking. It really seems, at the first glance, that the button itself is influenced by the unconscious exertion of will on the part of the experimenter. But close investigation will reveal the fact that the hand moves with a slight tremor,

ious motion, which being transmitted through the fine thread, moves the button. Much amusement can be had by putting the names of the people in the compartments, and then seeing of which one the experimenter is thinking.

A New Mexican Sunset. S. Romeo Reed in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Eastern weather men often report disturbances originating in the Rocky Mountains. In and beyond the surrounding mountains, near and far, are the many caves of Eolus, the laboratories of nature's electricity, and the peaks which make the sympathetic clouds give down. Often the breeze is suddenly surprised by a still air from some unexpected quarter, as if some mountain god of the winds had awaked. And at may cease as suddenly, and as suddenly may come from another quarter.

From the Santa Fe basin may be seen in the mountain panorama several distinct showers at once, with clear sky between. Often the setting sun displays several rainbows at once, with suggestions of more. Last week a rainbow, springing from the mountain top, with a breadth more like a bow, had an illumination more like a column of fire than the usual rainbow faintness. But this was rare even in this wonderful sky. While all is serene over the valley, the lightning may be giving grand shows in the mountains. Sometimes a diffusing light cloud between gives the effect of a general illumination.

Who can conceive, without having seen it, the scene in which the sun, having set from a great bank of singularly laden clouds through a streak of clear sky at the horizon, which it changed to a brilliant light, then from behind the mountain lighted up the edges of the laden clouds to a bright silver, then gradually changed to a fire red, strangely contrasting with the growing black, this display reaching far toward the zenith, and wide in the horizon! Meanwhile the reflection from the west illuminated several distinct showers in the south to a golden ran, and gave a red color to light clouds at the zenith and in the east. And while all this gorgeous show was going on in the west, south and east, a black cloud with vivid lightning was spreading over all the north, its western edge reddened with the general illumination. And so lasting was this reflect on that when the thunder-cloud brought a shower into the valley, the color was as of a golden mist.

Torture at Sing Sing. Exchange. At this moment the attention of everybody was attracted by the keeper, who was actually smiling. It was the first time his features had relaxed during the day, and the crowd gathered around him.

"I'm going to show you a little invention of my own," he said, pleasantly, "which has been adopted all over the country. I suppose you know that the criminals often get ugly. The place that harbors more than fifteen hundred of New York's worst scum must necessarily have a number of hard characters to deal with. Men here get reckless, ill-tempered and unmanageable pretty often. In former years they used the lash, the paddle the douche, and often calmed men by putting them into the black-rooms. The fiercest spirits are quelled by imprisonment in a dungeon. The wildest case we ever had, turned to a lamb after twenty-five days' imprisonment, without a gleam of light, in a black-cell. All that is settled now, however by my little invention. We don't have to use the black-cells, or anything else, and the men are so thoroughly scared by what I call my 'weighing machine' that they no longer fight and rebel." He then showed it to us. If a convict becomes desperate at ill-treatment, overwork, or a realization of the awful duration of a twenty-years' sentence, he is dragged into the keeper's room and a pair of iron handcuffs are screwed tightly about his wrists. Then the chain which connects the two handcuffs is hooked to a pulley and the man's hands are drawn up until he is almost lifted from the floor. Here he hangs against the wall until his spirit is subdued. The wall was smeared with the stains of blood from the wrists of the poor wretches who had hung there.

"It's a daisy," said the keeper, radiantly; "the toughest man in the whole jail has never been able to stand it more than three-quarters of a minute. It cures rheumatism, blindness and all other ills that criminals are heir to."

"It must be torture." "Well, rather. It stops the circulation of the blood you know."

And he still smiled as he stood with his hand on the pulley, while the crowd wandered away. It's a great thing to have a clear idea of the humerous.

A Rich Islander. The business of the little cluster of islands which lie in the Pacific ocean just off the southwest coast of Patagonia is sheep-raising and selling, and is nearly all in the hands of one man, Mr. Kerr by name, who is the governor. He went there many years ago as a poor man, and is now worth more than \$5,000,000. There are no bushes or trees of any kind on the islands, and the entire surface is covered with a bed of peat many feet thick and of good quality. There is sufficient fuel to supply the work for an indefinite length of time. Covering the peat is the thick growth of short, but very nutritious, grass, upon which the sheep thrive wonderfully well. The number of sheep on the islands is about 400,000. These islands are very high, the hills rising many hundreds of feet, and are covered with points of sharp rocks that sometimes rise 200 or 300 feet above the surface of the peat. It rains nearly every day in the year, and as the peat is water soaked, the water stands in pools everywhere. It seems to be unable to run down the hills and the hilltops are nearly as wet as the valleys.

Sedan Bohme, born of a sutler's wife on the field of Sedan soon after the battle, has just been admitted to the military school at Weiburg, Germany.

Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple-Tree. Winchester Argus.

A few days ago we saw in the Leavenworth Times a clipping from an eastern paper giving the authorship of "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, to a Leavenworth boy. Knowing that George A. Huron, now a prominent attorney in Topeka, formerly probate judge of this county, was the author, we sent him the clipping and received the following reply:

TOPEKA Kan., May 7, 1885.—LOU W. ROBINSON, Editor Argus.—Dear sir: In answer to yours of the 30th ult., enclosing clipping relating to authorship of the lines of the "John Brown" song.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree, As we go marching on, Have to say that while I do not regard the authorship as important to the world as even that of "Beautiful Snow," yet, since you have asked me, I must contradict the statement that they originated with a Leavenworth or any other newsboy. The verse was first sung by myself, at the time assailed in brave old Jimmy Shields' division in the Shenandoah valley, near New-Market, Va., in the spring of 1862. We were at the time pushing "Stonewall Jackson" up the valley to Harrisburg, had cheered the weariness of an all-night march through rain and mud singing "John Brown's Body" and the words seemed as badly worn out as the tired troops. Garbrigade had halted at the roadside and were hastily boiling coffee for their scant breakfast, while in the column still tramping by a tired soldier here and there wearily continued the refrain:

While his soul goes marching on, Whena suddenly the old city: it had heard when a boy about A sick monkey on a sour apple tree, Came into my mind, and I remarked to my chum, "Let us give John Brown a rest!" He said, "how will you do it?" I replied singing: "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, Whena suddenly as sound could travel the words were caught up, and in a few moments Shields' division was singing them.

The "Crucifix" is not the first to characterize the lines as "coarse and half-brutal," for after his little episode in skirts, while Jeff Davis and family were guests of the nation at Fortress Monroe, I remember to have seen a published copy of a letter from Mrs. Davis, in which she complained bitterly of the brutality of the Yankee soldiers, who had taught her youngest child (I think she called him "little Jeff") to "sing the coarse words," and said the little innocent never seemed so happy as when singing:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree in the neighborhood of his father's cell. At this distance it is not surprising that the line grades harshly on fastidious ears, but then it was not constructed for use in a drawing-room. In fact, there was no special thought in its construction; it was one of those things which simply drop into a niche and fits, and if the thousands of soldiers who on the weary march were invigorated by the impassioned words are not ashamed for having sung them neither am I ashamed for having originated them. Truly yours, G. A. HURON.

The Chilianos. Philadelphia Press.

The Chilianos are—the Irishmen of South America—quick, keen, witty, impulsive and reckless. Many of the leading families of Chili are descendants of Irish ancestry. Barney O'Higgins was the Liberator and the first dictator of Chili, the Washington of this country, and Patrick Lynch was the commanding general in the late war with Peru. Estroicio McGarry is a prominent merchant in Santiago and Miguel (Michael) O'Herne, one of the conspicuous statesmen. The Os and Maes are frequently seen in newspaper articles, and when combined with Spanish surnames look very funny. They will fight at the drop of the hat, with anybody, for any cause and against any odds, and are always anxious for somebody to step on the tails of their coats. They make splendid soldiers, are fond of pomp and parade and have no sense of fear, as the late war with Peru demonstrated, in which a regiment of Chilianos was always good for double or rebel's number of the enemy. They love a hand-to-hand fight, it being their habit in war to capture everything by charge, dropping their muskets and using their "machetas," or curved knives, which are always carried in war or peace. The Chilianos does not fight with his fist, or a club, or a revolver, but always with his knife, and he generally kills by throat-cutting, as the Italian states with a stiletto.

Their wit is proverbial. Chili is the only country in South America where comic papers are published, and these contain cartoons and witticisms that would do credit to any country. During the struggle between the church and liberal party, the priests and monks are objects of much ridicule, and the printshops are full of pictures representing the devotees of the church and the fathers in all sorts of comical predicaments.

Rev. Sam Jones on Darwinism. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Good character is the immortal part of man. While we lay down our bodies as a school-boy lays aside his books, character outlives the universe, if well rounded and complete. When I speak to you of Cornelius, I say to you that he was a heathen. When I look at this heathen I am ashamed of myself and every other man that walks the earth. In the noontide blaze of this nineteenth century, with its capacity for the highest heights and deepest depths, I find no man who can compare with Cornelius. I look at him and reverse the Darwin theory. If Cornelius was a sample of what men were, then we are going back to monkeys. Some of us have nearly reached that point already, and if we could get a little more hair and a few tails it, would set us up.

James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, died at his home near Placerville. He was 74 years old, and died a poverty-stricken and disappointed man.

Two Lightning Strokes. N. Y. Tribune.

The fact that two lightning strokes—one of which fell on the site chosen for Gen. Grant's tomb in the Riverside Park, and the other at McGregor, where his body lay, should have occasioned scarcely any comment, shows the extent of the advance made in apprehension of man's relations to nature, and the gradual disappearance of one of the most prevalent and persistent of superstitions. To-day these occurrences are simply regarded as coincidences; strange, perhaps, but perfectly natural, and possessing no human significance. But for ages mankind, and even the most highly civilized races, firmly believed that the death of great men were marked by perturbations in nature. The history of religion shows that in regard to the founders of creeds this belief was universal, and throughout the history of pagan Rome prodigies were supposed to attend the accession and death of rulers. Shakspeare has faithfully represented the feeling of that period when he makes an old Roman say: "The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

And the reverential credulity of the age finds expression in the assertion: "It is part of man's fate to fear and tremble when the most mighty gods, by tokens, send such careful heralds to astonish us. During the republic of Rome the Senate itself undertook to interpret such prodigies, and the augurs had classified lightning strokes into eleven categories, each of which had its special application and significance. Nor did the belief in portents, and especially in the occurrence of convulsions of nature upon the death of great men, cease with pagan sun. The natural tendency to associate earthly importance with some special relation to the cosmos proved too strong for the renaissance to extirpate, and even long after science had removed the foundation from the prevailing popular superstitions this one survived. That it did so, however, is certainly due quite as much to the occurrence of coincidences as to the inherent force of popular credulity. In the infinite variety of natural phenomena of course it must happen sometimes that remarkable storms or other convulsions coincide with the deaths of great men. In such cases this coincidence alone is remembered; and the great majority of cases in which nothing happens are ignored. And so it is possible to find many curious instances of such events, most of which have been noted by historians deprecatingly, yet with that touch of superstition, or feeling for the unseen, which is a part of human nature.

Down into comparatively modern times this kind of coincidence has been remarked. Thus, on the death of Cromwell, a great storm swept over England, a storm commemorated by Waller in the lines: "Heaven his great soul does claim In storms, as torcas his immortal fame."

Such a storm lashed the desolate plateau of St. Helena, and wrecked the plantations about Longwood when Napoleon breathed his last, and it is recorded that a favorite tree under which the dead Emperor had been wont to sit was either struck by lightning or prostrated by the wind, at the moment when, muttering *te deo armee*—he passed away.

Coincidences such as these have often occurred, but it is only recently that their true character has been recognized. Not many generations ago the two lightning strokes at Riverside Park and Mount McGregor would have caused a widespread sensation, and people with blanched cheeks and fear-haunted eyes would have whispered to one another their fanciful ideas as to the supernatural meaning of the occurrence, and would have eagerly discussed its supposed bearing upon the career or the ultimate fate of the great departed. Now the world has passed beyond such illusions, and coincidences, however seeming strange, have lost their mysterious aspect.

The Strength of Gibraltar. From Beitz' Atlas.

French and Spanish troops, 40,000 in number, for four long years, from June, 1779, till February, 1783, beleaguered the fortress of Gibraltar, then held by Gen. Elliot, with a garrison of 7,000 men. The enemy erected batteries right across the sandy isthmus, while in the bay they had forty-seven ships, besides countless lesser craft. One night Rock narrowly escaped being taken by surprise. A goat had having undertaken to guide the Spaniards by a path then unknown to the English, 500 troops followed him, one dark night and crept silently to a hollow called Silleta, or little chair, and thence to the signal station, where they slew the guard. There they awaited re-inforcements from below; these, however, were delayed, and the garrison meanwhile were aroused, and, sallying forth, drove back the invaders. The Silletas was immediately filled up and the path utterly destroyed and made accessible, and the siege wore on through weary months. At last a furious general attack was met by an incessant fire of red-hot balls on the enemy's fleet—6,000 were thrown in one day—till at length, the battering ships took fire, as owing to the thickness of their timbers, the red-hot balls sank deep into the wood and could not be dislodged. The scene that ensued in the darkness of that terrible night must have been tawful indeed; and so fearful were the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying that brave Englishmen forbore to let their foes perish in the flames and ventured to their rescue, the marine brigade being foremost in this work of mercy, which added fresh laurels to their victory. It was said that in this engagement the Spaniards lost 3,000 men, while the garrison had only sixteen killed, and the damage done to the fortress was repaired in a few hours. A few days later a formidable English fleet came to the relief of the town, the siege was raised, and Britain once more left in undisputed possession of the stronghold which, in the days of Queen Ann, she had acquired as a sort of luck-penny, while fighting on behalf of the Archduke Charles, in whose name it had been seized by Sir George Rooker, July 24, 1704, who

surprised it when garrisoned by only eight men. Of course, your holding Gibraltar is an arrangement about as pleasant for Spain as it would be to England to see a French garrison in full possession of Dover Castle and fortifying impregnable galleries in Shakspeare's Cliff, beneath the protection of which all manner of smugglers might find safety, whereas any rash revenue cutter venturing within range would be forthwith fired at and probably sunk. No wonder that Spain would again reclaim this heaven-bult bulwark of her shores.

An Elegant Bath-House. Atlantic City Cor. Baltimore Sun.

A wealthy land-owner here a few seasons back conceived the idea that the then prevalent style of bath-house (i. e. dressing houses) was barbarous, and that if something comfortable and convenient were provided the public would appreciate it and patronize the enterprise liberally. Before the projector finished it he added so many improvements that his investment absorbed some \$10,000. Finished it stood a model of beauty, consisting of reception-room, register and safes for valuables of bathers, shower-baths, well-furnished reading-room for ladies, smoking and card-rooms for gentlemen, and spacious disrobing-rooms, with a furnishment noticeably perfect in detail. All this was erected right down at the water's edge, where any spring storm might destroy it in its wild embrace. The old fogies smiled, shook their heads like a balky horse, and if they didn't say the investor was crazy, they looked as though they thought he wasn't right. Prior to this the average bath-house was about as crude a thing as one could imagine. Since then the bath-house settlement of Atlantic City is a thing of beauty, comfort, and convenience. The noticeable difference, however, is the immense red umbrella used at this establishment. In front of the building a bulwark has been erected to stay the ravages of the surf, which at high tide reaches close to the building. This has been filled in with fine white beach sand, and here during all hours of the day (but particularly bathing time) fifty to a hundred of these great red umbrellas held erect by the long-painted handles, held sunk in the sand, give color to the otherwise monotonous scene.

Accompanying each umbrella is a mat of carpet and a board about eighteen inches wide, set at a point at one end. This pushed into the sand at an angle to suit forms a resting-place for the back; the carpet is laid on. The brilliant color, the lounging attitudes of the ladies and children, the swishing of the spray high into the air, make it a scene that is not soon forgotten. A small charge is made for the privilege of the parlors and these beach accommodations—one payment securing the privilege for that entire day.

A Wonder Full Organ. The Daily Letter.

This organ in the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake has 2,704 pipes and 57 stops. Some of the pipes are 32 feet long and large enough to admit the bodies of three men. The towers that rest on either side are 48 feet high, with a niche left between them for the heavy doors of the organ. This immense temple of music, which is nearly as large as a cottage, is elaborately carved and hand.

It is almost impossible to estimate the cost of it, as it was built in early days, whereas lighting 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 brasswork, and have already expended \$1,000 on the organ. It is the vast auditorium, 200 feet long by 150 feet 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, rythical, silver-toned strains of that powerful organ, under the master hand, one is exalted for the time being and feels as if imagine he will when brought face to face with the Great Maker. When listening to the grand offertory (No. D) by Baptiste, I imagined I knew what Dante's Inferno was; and monotonous seemed to loose, when a low voice, in a minor strain began to sing, and one could only think of the wail of a lost soul, and the tears an abeyance start—so sad, so sweet, so far away is this voice, which, after all, is no voice at all, but only the effect of the organ. Then comes a burst of melody, like the halilehuj chorus from a thousand seraphs and cherubins. The effect of the Cornelus March, by Mendelssohn, on this superb organ, played by this brilliant performer, can be more easily imagined than described.

Nothing Less Than a General. Maria Mayo is said to have refused more than a hundred suitors before she accepted General Winfield Scott, who courted her when he was a member of the Richmond bar, as Mr. Scott.

After entering the army he continued his addresses, and was refused successively as Captain Scott, Colonel Scott, and it was only as General Scott, the victorious hero of Lundy's Lane, that he at last won the hand of this much admired belle. Mr. William Henry Haxall, of Richmond, relates that on one occasion he visited Mrs. Scott soon after one of her trips to Europe. He went in the evening at 9 o'clock, and after some time, when he thought he had paid a call sufficiently long, he slyly looked at his watch, and to his amazement found it was 1 o'clock. On his apologizing for the length of his visit Mrs. Scott assured him she never retired before 1 or 2 o'clock, but she had no idea it was so late. Mr. Haxall being one of the most agreeable gentlemen she had ever met, when in fact, he had not spoken a dozen words, but was a charming listener, to her interesting description of her travels abroad.

The \$100,000 required to complete the pedestal for the Statue of Liberty has been raised in New York city.