Ohl was it I, or was it you That broke the subtle chain that ran Between us two, between us two? Oh! was it I, or was it you?

Not very strong the chain at best. Not quite complete from span to span: I never thought 'twould stand the test Of settled commonplace, at best.

But oh! how sweet, how sweet you were When things were at their first and best, And we were friends without demur Shut out from all the sound and stir.

The little, pretty, wordly racel Why couldn't we have stood the test-The little test of commonplace-And kept the glory and the grace

Of that sweet time when first we met? Oh! was it I, or was it you That dropped the golden links and let The little rift, and doubt, and fret

Creep in and break that subtle chain? was it I, or was it you? Still ever yet and yet again Old parted friends will ask with pain. The Independent.

NED'S EXPERIENCE. . Ned had not a great deal of cash

when he was married, so he and his wife decided to board for six months. Eva had been a useful girl at home, that always helped mother, and when she became mistress of one room with "the use of the parlor for callers," she gladly did all there was to do, even to carrying the wood for their fire "so that dear old Ned wouldn't have to bother; he just sat down and toasted his toes by the fire without ever a thought of who kept it going.

When the young people had saved a little money for 'the necessary furniture and went to housekeeping, Eva began by slipping about very carefully in the morning till breakfast was nearly ready, "so the dear boy could rest," and he snoozed away the morn-ing hour, regardless of the heavy work that he should have been doing to save the girl that, such a little while ago, he had promised to "love, honor and cherish." But Ned loved his wife and his home, and after a while. when a little baby girl came to stay at their house, Ned's pride and pleasure knew no bounds.

Involuntarily he would quicken his steps as he neared the home and thought of the dainty little darling in ruffles and embroidery, that had al-ready learned to coo and jump for joy at his appearance. Ned was duly proud of her accomplishments, but about this time he began to have misgivings least Eva should be growing a little careless of appearances, for he did dread above all things else the thought of her ever becoming one of the untidy, slovenly appearing women into which he had seen so many pretty girls deteriorate. One thing was certain baby did not look as nice as she used to, and Eva seemed to be losing some of her spirit. He must speak to her about it.

That night he found the opportunity he was waiting for when he came home and found baby at the front door with a smudgy face and dirty dress. He took her in his arms and carried her back to the kitchen, where Eva was getting supper.

How surprised she was to see the pretty little white dress that she had put on a few minutes before, when she set her in the hall to peep through the blinds and watch for papa, while she made the tea and cut the bread for for

fore baby came, and after that, when I had so much more to do, although I often wished I had some one to do these things for me, I hated to ask you, and so kept on doing them myself." "Well, you won't keep on after I can

stand on my feet." Nor was that all that Ned learned in that three weeks. He found out why the baby did not always look as clean and sweet as she had while a tiny thing in long dresses. And when had seen Eva take off every stitch of clothes the baby had for the third time in one day and put them in the durty clothes bag, with the knowledge that it was her own hands that would have them all to iron next week, he protested: "Now, Eva, I wouldn't dress that baby clean again to-day if every woman in town saw her as dirty as a pig. What's the use of killing yourself."

"But don't you know, Ned, how much you always thought of sweet, clean babies?" "Yes; and I know what a precious

fool I've always been about the very things a sensible man ought to be ashamed of bimself, not to know without teaching. I only wish ninety-nine of every hundred husbands had to stay in the house three weeks just as I have done, and they'd be 'taught.' They'd get over thinking their wives had such a fine time, and so much leisure for doing everything they chance to find undone and grumble about, or I'm a fool for certain."-Burlington Hawkeye.

A Disgraceful Scene in the Georgia Legislature.

Special Dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Atlanta, Ga .- A lively sensation was created in the House of Representatives when a joint resolution on General Grant's death was received from the Senate. The Senate resolu-tion was brief, simply stating that the General Assembly heard with regret of the death of the great man, and would adjourn ont of respect to his memory

Mr. Lamar offered a substitute, speaking of his death as a National caamity. and moving an immediate adjournment. Mr. Harrison, of Quitman County,

in an excited manner, moved to amend by striking out the part referring to the General's illustrious service.

Mr. Lamar, who is a cousin of Secretary Lamar, and was a gallant Confederate soldier, said that he believed his resolution was expressive alike of the feelings of the House and the people of Georgia.

Mr. Jake Dart, of Glynn, one of the leaders of the House and an eloquent orator in an excited and very emphatic manner, walked from his seat down the aisle toward the Speaker's stand, and said: "Who could ask a smaller tribute than this? Thank God I have divested myself of prejudice. I have felt his strong arm, but I remember the terms he gave us-and they were terms that no conqueror but a mag-nanimous one would have given. I am as true in my fidelity to the State of Georgia as any member on this floor, but I do say, in God's name, as people and patriots, as American citizens, show respect to the office he held if not to his memory as a man." Great excitement and applause fol-

lowed this.

Mr Harrison arose, his long red whiskers and red hair redder than ever, his face at red heat, and his eyes flashing fire. He said: "I regret ex-ceedingly this most unseemly scene,

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A Wonderful Escape from the San Diego

Mines-Allen Wade, of Portage, Summit

County, recently a convict in a Mexican prison, condemned to labor in a mine half a mile beneath the surface of the earth, recently told the story of his sufferings to a representative of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I am 31 vears old," he said, "and I feel as if I causes. were twice that age. In 1878 I obtained employment on the Mexican Central Railway in the capacity of passenger conductor, and ran between Chihuahua and the City of Mexico. My trouble began on the 12th day of February, 1884. My train ran at the average rate of thirty-eight miles an hour and when I left Chi-right. disturbed me when I have been cen-sured, so long as I believed I was doing full, sweet tone of the grand organ, his huahua that morning at 8 o'clock I told my engineer, McFarland, to slack up ten or tifteen miles an hour in passing Sierra Blanco, a quarry wenty miles out, where about 1,000 Mexicans are employed by the govern-ment getting out stone. Every pay day these laborers would get drunk and hang around the track, and as this was pay day I warned my engi-neer to slow up around the Sierra Blanco curve lest he might hurt somebody. Well, it happened just that door sports-skating, swimming, row-way. McFarland saw a fellow lying ing and playing ball, and also indoor kept to himself, and he said, half right across the track and whistled for him several times. The man moved, and my engineer thought he'd got off. He didn't however, and was struck. In have few fixed habits, and am Of course he was dead, and when we reached Domingo we were both anything in one way for a few times I arrested, McFarland and I. After a delay of three months we were taken a delay of three months we were taken to the City of Mexico and tried before other hand, prevents me from receivthe court of assizes, presided over by the Governor of Senora. I had two Mexican attorneys and paid them \$11,000 to get me out, but the prejudice against Americans was very strong, and I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500. McFarland's sentence was

just twice as hard, four years and \$1.000. "But your term of service has not elapsed yet?" suggested the reporter. "No," dryly remarked Mr. Wade, not yet. That is in the regular fash-

"When I got my sentence," he re-sumed, "I appealed to the American Minister, but nothing was done for me until I managed to get a letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and then intervention was of no avail. I was taken to the Tortez Penitentiary, and employed as understeward. I made an mpression of the key to the stockade but just as I attempted to escape 1 was discovered and placed in irons. Then I was sent to the San Diego mines, 2,285 feet underground. My work compelled me to kneel all the time-striking a drill. A Mexican in the mine insulted me, and I knocked him down. For this I was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on my bare back, but the sentence was suspended until my term of confinement should expire. I met some men down there who had not seen daylight in nine years. After working in the mines three months the hydraulic pumps in use there gave out, and I told the capitano of the gurd that I was a me chanic and could repair the machinery. The engineer sent for me and I stayed up two days fixing the pumps. One of the men in charge belongs to a certam secret society to which I belong, and he told me that if I could get up

A Vigorous Old Age. The friends of Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke; as well as others, will read the following, written by him, with

interest. I cheerfully comply with your request to give you a brief account of my habits of living. I find myself at the age of seventy-five still able to do a good deal of work, and I attribute it, thing to which he was accustomed in

1. I am not of an anxious temperament; I do not worry. I am not to farm life. When this son of toil first any great extent annoyed by disap- entered the auditorium, and saw that pointments or failure; and it has never amphitheater crowded with thousands right.

2. I have a great faculty for sleep-ing. Although able to keep awake when necessary without much injury, I can always fall asleep any moment when sleep seems desirable. These fragments of rest are, no doubt, or great service to me.

3. I have always, from childhood, been fond of outdoor exercise. I be-gan to ride on horseback when only about eight years old, and when a lad joined with delight in all out-ofathletic exercises, such as fencing, boxing and gymnastics. But all those befond of change. When I have done

enjoy it differently. But if this tending the benefit which comes from established methods of work.

5. Although when young I smoked, I have not used tobacco since I was 26. In half a century I have only smoked two cigars, and those only because I happened to be where the air was malarious.

Finally, I love work, and espec 6. ially brain work. My professional duties as a clergyman have been to me a source of great happiness. I have also written several books and many articles for the press, and I believe that this kind of work has been beneficial to my health.

Burned on a Silver Tray.

The congregation of the St. John Street Methodist church were treated a few days ago to a novel sight, witnessing the burning of a mortgage bond of \$6,000, the last item of debt upon their church. The services opened with a full anthem, followed by responsivereading. "Ilove Thy Church, O God," was sung with much feeling by the choir. The minister delivered a short prayer, after which another hymn was sung previous to the preaching of the sermon by the pastor, the Rev. A. H. Wyatt.

After an eloquent dircourse the pastor stepped down from the chancel and took from within the folds of his vest a folded piece of manuscript. "This," said he, "is a mortgage. Until now I've never seen one. Have you any idea what the holders of this could do! They could turn you out of your church, but, thank Heaven, they can't do it now, for it is paid." on the cage he would hoist me. Ac-Calmly and deliberately Minister Wyatt tore the paper into slips, and crumpling it up into a ball placed it on a tray. Lighting a small lamp he ignited his paper ball, and while the vhole congregation sang the doxology the mortgage bond of \$6,000 was burned into ashes. When the services ended the trustees assembled and held a second cremation. They, too, have had personal interest in the debt, inasmuch as the names were all signed to the note. Upon the same tray which had held the ashes of the mortgage bond the note was burned, and so ended the last traces of a debt once threatening the St. John Street Meth-odist church. During the service many of the older members of the church were moved to tears by the eloquent and pathetic words which fell from the speaker's lips. The ashes are now en-closed in a sealed envelope, but will oon be placed in a silver urn which, with the lamp, will be enclosed in a glass case and hung in the parlor of the church .- New Haven News.

TUCKER'S WOOING.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauqua, when he found himself at that Mecca of devout excursionists, early last August, the brawny man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anyunder Providence, to the following his prosy New England home; the rich crowded program offered was in striking contrast to the dull monotony of of people listening breathlessly to the cramped, selfish heart was strongly touched and expanded. For an instant the wish crept in that he had asked Jane if she would like to come, too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts, for as the music ceased a white-haired speaker arose and was introduced to the audience as John B. Gough.

> At this announcement Samuel Tucker's satisfaction was to great to be aloud, to his next neighbor: "Well now, I am beat to think I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to hear for more'n 20 years." The young lady gave an amused little laugh, but it fell unheeded upon the unsophisticated speaker whose attention was already caught by the orator.

> Mr. Gough commenced his brief lecture with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included also an account of a late visit when the happy husband late visit when the happy husband withdrew his application; and, fairly dancing with glee, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm, that "Sally had become an amiable and affectionate wife as a man could ask to have."

Mr. Gough's representation of the scene drew forth long applause, but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit his joining in the laughter. As if half unconscious. for a moment, of the multitude about him, he said in an undertone: "I'd be willing to take my oath that wouldn't work with Jane. All I have to say is, that man's wife was different from mine; I'd as soon think of feeding serrup to a mummy as to begin sparking again with her.

It would seem that this course of reasoning did not wholly dismissfrom the farmer's mind a train of thoughts and possibilities suggested by the lecturer's story. In every treat of the following days—at sacred service or popular lecture, at the museum or by the model of the Holy land, while listening to concert or gazing with throngs upon the illuminated fleet, the far away husband was relentlessly followed by a vision of hard worked Jane, looking upon him with reproachful eyes. At length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct. "When I go home," he said to himself, "I'll just show the woman some little attentions, and I'll see they won't have any more effect on her than they would on the old bay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it." On reaching home the resolution wasnot easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry toward his wife the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted, but the Sabbath offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it. The farm was nearly a mile from church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving back alone, leaving his wife to attend Sun day school and then walk home as best she could through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment therefore, on the Sabbath after his re turn, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to the church for her did not cross the good woman's mind; she supposed he had business with some of the brethren, and was hesitating whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him, when the farmer called out: "It's jest when the farmer called out: "It's jest as cheap to ride as to walk." Silently the wife to her seat in the buggy, and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of the woman's dull, un appreciative nature. "She didn't act pleased, but was only dazed like, as I knew she would be," he muttered, as he went about his mid-day "chores." At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfort-able that he resolved to repeat the ex-periment. So on the following Sab-bath Jane again found her husband in waiting, and as she mounted the high buggy ventured to utter a half audible "thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long. To which Mr. Tucker replied that he had just reached the church, and didn't know but he might find she had started on foot. This reply seemed to Jane a positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home; and her chilled heart glowed with a warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined it would sound "so foolish" that she kept her pleasure to herself. The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast dishes Mrs. Tucker kept thinking, "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon; it would be such a help in the rain; I'm half a mind to ask him!" This resolution was soon stifled, with the reasoning which had silenced many similar resolves in the past ten years. "No, I won't ask no favors; if hedon't

to seek any attentions Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's ove and care; she had walked home in the rain too often to greatly dread such exposure; but a week before the wife had tasted the joy of being con-sidered, and longed for some new and further proof of her companion's affection

Mrs. Tucker's heart leaped for joy, when at noon she saw the old mare's head from the lecture-room window. Indeed her hungering heart became quite unmanageable, and entering the carriage door, melted Jane sobbed out; "I'm sure its very good of you, Sam-uel, to come back for me this rainy day," and then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Mr. Tucker exclaimed: "I declare I hadn't no idea you'd careso much about it!" "I wouldn't mind the walk," re-

sponded the wife, "but-Samuel-I'm so happy to have you-care enough about me to come!"

The strong man was brushing away a tear from his own cheek now; his tenderer better nature was mastering the hard, selfish spirit which had long possessed him, and with coughing and chokinghesaid: "Jane, Isee I've made an awful botch of our married life; if you're a mind to forgive me, I'll see if can't treat you from day to day as woman ought to be treated.

This confession was all too much for the weeping wife, and she answered, quickly:

"You're not a bit more to blame than I am; I've been proud and ob-stinate; but I tell you what it is, we'll begin all over again.'

The ice was now thoroughly broken, and that afternoon Farmer Tucker and his wife had a long talk over the past and future. And in the evening when they were about to start for the prayer-meeting to be held in the neigh-boring school house, the renewed husband stooped and kissed his wife, say-

ing: "Jane, I've been a thinking that married life ain'; so different from farming or any other occupation. Now I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a-yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it once; I have to go over the same ground every season; and here I suppose you was a-going to always do as you did when we were a courting, without my doing my part

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as ten-der as you used to be," pleaded the wife

"Perhaps so and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try no such plan. I tell you what it is, Jane, I feel as if we hadn't never been really married till to-day. It most seems as if we ought to take a wedding tower.

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait until next summer for that," was the smil-

ing response. "I suppose we shall, but we'll take it then certain; and I'll tell you where we'll go, wife-that's to Chautauquy!' -The Congregationalist.

Yankee Psalm Singing. Boston Globe.

Parochial singing has turned all colors in New England since the roundheads jumped ashore. One attends an "Olde Folkes' Concerte," or "Polly Bassett's Singing Skewl," and supposes he now knows how they did it. But those samplers give us only one color out of the many. One might as well think we had seen all the wondrous bonnets of the changing year from see-

(7)

SUNDERED FRIENDS.

supper. But baby had interviewed the hat rack in the meantime, and found one of the muddy rubbers that Ned had thrown on the lower part of it late last night when he came in. It wasn't real easy to find fault, but he managed to tell her how disappointed he had been lately to notice that baby was hardly ever as clean and nice now when he came home as she used to be, and if there was anything he did like to see it was a sweet, clean baby. Eva explained that lately she had been creeping, which made an awful difference, which Ned thought a very flimsy excuse, for the floors did not look dirty, and baby never went out of doors; how could that make her clothes dirty?

One week after this he had another one that was very different. He was on his way home from business, when a friend asked him to ride. He got in and rode but a block or two when the horse ran away, spraining Ned's ankle so severely that he had to be carried home by friends who ran to his assistance when he was thrown out. They got him to bed before the doctor got there, and when he came he advised him to stay where he was for a week. At the end of this probation he was able to sit in an easy chair, with his foot resting on another, and here he stayed for two weeks more. But the time was not wasted that Ned was thus obliged to spend in doors. It gave him the first glimpse he had ever had of his home as it was when off dress parade

He had never seen Eva work much, because she had always had a desire to make his home quiet and restful for him while he was in it, so no matter how hard she had worked before he came, or how she should have to hurry when he was gone, she never did any work that she could possibly help when he was at home. A little bit of fancy work busied her fingers while she sat and talked with him, but nothing more matter-of-fact was ever permitted in sight. And Ned never realized how things got done. If they were not done he noticed the lack, but when everything ran smoothly, that was only as it should be, and he hardly gave it a thought. But now he saw things as they were. He realized that every fire that cooked his meals had be made by his Eva's own hands; that the same hands must carry in the wood and carry the ashes out, bring the water from the cistern and take the slops to the inconvenient alley drain, and he was heartily ashamed of himself. One day as he saw her going about these disagreeable duties for perhaps the thousandth time, he said: "Eva, why didn't you tell me to do that long ago, instead of doing it yourself all this time?"

"O, I could manage it very well be-

but when I am asked to compliment the memory of any man, alive or upon whose service restdead, ed the last hopes of my native land, then may you charge me with whatever you please. It shall not have my support. It shall not be said that I complimented the services of a man who deprived Georgia of her rights as she believed them. Uuseemly is this quarrel. Anxious to prevent it, have I been earnestly asking the originator of it to take a different step. Never here nor elsewhere will I, under any circumstances, attempt to say on any occasion that Georgia was wrong-that her sons were traitors-and compliment the author of her misery. I will not [Great excitement and hisses.] do it. Other members spoke in favor of the resolution and severely attacked Har-

rison. Dr. Felton arose in his seat and delivered a handsome tribute to Grant, and censured the effort to defeat the resolution. He closed by saying that if General Grant had never performed another duty or another act except his fidelity to Southern leaders, would to-day with all my heart, a Southern man that I am, indorse this resolution honoring his memory.

Harrison here said that, as it was the desire of the House to pass the resolution, he would withdraw his objection.

The resolution went through with applause, and the House adjourned.

Keeping Up With the Fashion. Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

It is, of course, necessary to wear our hair and mount our scarf-pins and tie our cravats and set up our cutthroat collars and to walk in the foreign mode. But it is ridiculous to be so slow in our imitation. Fashion ought to have more alert scouts out in Europe and quicker methods of diffusing the new styles here. We are always behind time. Now, before we get universally and well settled in the Bond street walk, the English youth will be walking in an entirely different manner and we shall be as much out of fashion as a last year's almanac. How do we know now that it is the correct thing for a young man to stand with a thumb in each trousers' pocket? It may be as out of date as that old and independent American way of wearing the thumbs in the armholes of the vest. Very likely when we are adepts in the high-shouldered, crookedelbow, rushing gait, the Pall Mall clerks may be turning out their toes and sauntering along with a sort of bowie-knife nonchalance, caught from Texas ranch life. We need decorative

cording to agreement I returned to third day and on the work, made a break for liberty Three or four times Istarted, but each time my courage failed and my heart was in my mouth. At last I took my lamp off my hat and dashed it to the ground. That meant certain death to me if I was caught and I ran to the cage and gave the signal to hoist. Immediately the cage began to move, but I had not been lifted five feet when the three guards fired their doublebarreled carbines as me. None of them hit me, however, and I was drawn up safely. Near the mouth of the mine I found a burro tied, and with-out asking many questions I mounted and made tracks for the American That day I rode seventy miles." line. Mr. Wade halted a moment to mop big drops of perspiration from his forehead. When he had cooled off a bit he said: "It's no wonder I get excited in telling my experience. It's only six weeks ago that I escaped, and have never felt safe until I struck American soil. I made my escape on the 28th of May, and from that day I knew no rest for weeks. I traded my burro for a mustang, but one night the mustang got away from me and nad to foot it. Footsore and famished I made my way through the prairies, getting a ride and a square meal here and there. The first American town

What Men Fall in Love With.

I was all right.'

struck was Tombstone, A. T. There

Men fall in loye, they say, with beauy, with goodness, with gentleness, with intellectual qualities, with a sweet voice, with a smile, with an agreeable manner, with a lovable disposition, with many ascertainable and measurable things, and yet we find them continually falling in love with women who are not beautiful, nor good, nor wise, nor gentle, nor possessing any ascertainable or measurable thing. You'll find one hundred reasons given for falling in love, or being in love, and rarely the right reason-which is commonly simply because a man cannot help it. He is in love because a mysterious force in nature has touched him. The woman may be unbeautiful heartless, selfish, coarse, frivolous, empty, but it the magic of naturesomething of the magic, I suspect, that Puck used on the eyes of Titaniatouches him he sees not one of thes things in their true aspect. Yes, the Titanias that have fallen in love with men crowned with donkey heads, and that have fallen in love with serpents, hinking them doves, are many-and all because a diabolism or a mystic young men's societies to keep us up to her ing incongruous elements together for fury in nature that delights in bringthe sake of a dance of delirium .- Ex. | apartments.

Where the Prince Consort Died. London Letter in Charleston News.

A long time ago I went over the house and came to a room which had been religiously closed for years. It was opened by special order and there issued from it a certain hallowed odor which exhales on opening a long-closed sanctuary. The blinds were drawn and semi-darkness prevailed. We drew near a table and my guide ex-

plained that this was the late Prince Consort's room and everything was to-day just as he left it when he died. The dust was nearly an inch thick on his writing desk; a half-used quill was lying crosswise where it had fallen from his hand or its rack; there were several articles about, a paper-weight, a book, and to the right, near the abandoned quill, a little carved frame, and in this frame a portrait. I think I can see it now--the youthful Victoria painted by Winterhalter. Her Majesty has a sweet, fair face and rosebud mouth and she wears an apple-green gown, the lint just glim-ering through the folds of laces. This picture was always found by the Prince Consort's side, and when this sanctum was vacated forever no one dared to touch it or even the smallest object in the room. By the queen's orders it stands to-day as it stood then. The dust is a little thicker on tapestry, chair and table, the quill still lies in its old place and the little royal picture smiles as sweetly as of yore from its half-dimmed frame. I need not say that this chamber is never opened on a revel night, but I could not help thinking of it as we walked once more through other lovely but less sacred

ing one. The story of the musics is an interesting one.

Those were ferocious singers, the Puritans, on both sides of the pond. As the mill-girl said, she "couldn't dance handsome, but she could dance strong," so it was with their psalming. German churches had been tuneful ever since Luther, a century before. Much of the strength of his reform movements hinged on popular singing. He finished up the old love ditties and sung psalms to them. But the amorous songs of 1500 were so gruesome that it was no scandal to use them in worship. "Old Hundred" was one of them. The English pews did not sing till a short time before the settlement of this country. The stock of "teunes" our fathers brought over was small and cheap. Here is the way they droned it: Do, do, do, re do, si do, re. Do, do, do, re do, do si, do. This was the primary color. rich but not gaudy.

For words they had psalms, limping in tender-footed long meter. They sang them at their devotions. They wailed them to the plow horse. And when they went forth to "warre," they stood in line and warbled lugubriously together, which scared the na-tives worse than powder.

He Reformed.

Council Bluffs Nonpareil: There is young man in this city, a good-looking young fellow who has a sweetheart out in the country a few miles, and he spends two evenings every week in her society. A few nights ago he staid to the usual hour, and as he passed out to the front door he discovered that it was cloudy and dark. He did not relish the idea of driving alone through. the gloomy night, and hinted about a good deal to get an invitation to remain, but it was not forthcoming. But the young man was equal to the emergency. Going down the steps he artfully contrived to slip and fallgent-ly to the ground. Thereupon he set up a tremendous groaning. The ruse worked admirably. The girl screamed, the men folks jumped out of bed, and carried the young man ten-derly into the house. His horse was put up and he was assisted to undress. and deposited in the spare chamber. He had hardly begun to chuckle overthe success of the stratagem when the girl's mother put in an appearance armed with a mustard plaster a foot square and ten horse drawing power. This she immediately proceeded to clap on the small of the young man's back, where he had incautionsly located the damage to his frame. For two mortal hours that woman sat by the bed, and was not satisfied till she beheld with her own eyes a blister and inch deep. think enough of me to come, why he her own eyes a blister and inch deep. needn't." Although proudly unwilling The young man is now a reformed liar.