HE DID HIS LEVEL BEST.

No matter if his skin be black, Or if his skin be white, He is a man of honest heart, Provided he is right. Though lowly be his task on earth, His future will be blest, While others reached to highest aim He did his level best.

No civic honors may attend The tiller of the soil, No grand ambition win him from The paths of common toil. Yet when the silken cord is cut, And he lays down to rest, The chaplet fame nor grander is-He did his level best.

Though humblest soldier in the ranks Promotion does not meet, May shame the man of golden bars, Win victory from deleat; Though laid away in shallow trench, Arms folded on his breast, Man's verdict is not history-

He did his level best. God bless the man of lowly lot, Who swetens life with toil, Who cats the bread that's honest won Amid the great turmoil.

No poet pen may sing his praise When he is laid to rest; An epitaph more worthy is, "He did his level best!"

BLUE BUNDLES.

Mrs. Brown stepped on board the train with a tiny blue bundle in her arms, holding it with a careful tenderness which showed what an exceedingly precious little bundle it was.

It was so muffled up in its long blue cloak that not a particle of it was visible, but who saw it knew that it was a baby, the baby of all the world to the fond maternal heart to which it was held so closely.

The car was rather crowded, but near the farther end sat a lady, who together with her baby and various boxes and parcels, occupied two seats, said seats being turned so that they faced each other.

On perceiving Mrs. Brown looking around with an air of perplexity, and taking especial note of the animated bundle, that was the exact counterpart of her own, this lady, whose name was also Brown, moved the parcels on the opposite seat, so as to make room for her, a courtesy that Mrs. Brown number one smilingly acknowledged as she seated herself.

The two babies were evidently about the same age, and attired in long cloaks of the same color and texture.

For the purpose of challenging the admiration of the other and taking mental notes, the two mothers carefully uncovered the heads of their respective treasures.

The little creatures laughed and cooed at each other in their baby fashion, while each mother looked smilingly on her own and then at the

With this bond of sympathy between them the two began to converse, naturally entering upon the apparently inexhaustible field of their maternal cares and duties.

Mrs. Brown number one volunteered the information that she was going on a visit to her folks, who had never seen "baby," enlarging enthusiastically on the pleasure that "grandpa" "grandma," its "aunties," and "Unde Bob" would experience on behold ing the sweet little cherub.

In return Mrs. Brown number two remarked the fact that she was just returning from a visit to "her folks," and that she expected to meet her

she dilated upon his paternal rap-tures at again seeing "baby," from whom he had been separated nearly three weeks, growing eloquent on the subject of the marvelous changes and improvements which had taken place in that most remarkable child.

In the meantime the babies fell asleep, and by the two ladies sitting together a couch for both was impro-

vised on the opposite seat.

Both time and cars spedswiftly, and Mrs. Brown number one was in the midst of an interesting recital of the time that baby nearly died with the croup, when the conductor shouted: erling Center!"

With an ejaculation of surprise she sprong to her feet, and taking up one of the blue bundles, hurried out. She found Bob on the platform wait-

ing for her. As he helped her into the cutter he

offered to take "baby," but the air was keen and frosty, and Mrs. Brown preferred to keep it under her warm But when she reached the house she

surrendered the blue bundle to the happy and laughing group that gathered eagerly around her. Chilled by her long ride, Mrs. Brown

was glad to draw near the blazing fire, upon which Bob had heaped fresh Then there was the nice hot supper,

keen appetite, and which was prolonged by the numberless questions that had to be asked and answered. In the meantime "baby" had ibeen carried to "grandma's room"-baby's

great-grandma-to be duly admired and commented on. It now made its appearance in the arms of the aild lady, surrounded by

a bevy of admiring aunts. "La, child! I thought you wrote

"And so it is, grandma," said Mrs. Brownfrom when "baby" washidden by the faces that surrounded.

Phebe Janel what air you talkin shout?" exclaimed the indignant old lady. "Do you think that I've raised fourteen of 'em an' never lost one, and don't know a boy from a gal baby?"
Here the astonished mother caught

a glimpse of the little creature, who, clad in its night-dress, was staring wonderingly around.

With a sudden screech she sprang to her feet.
"Mercy on us! I took the wrong

baby!" It was sometime before Mrs. Brown's

excitement and agitation would allow | Grant & Ward.

her to give a coherent and intelligible explanation of these mysterious

When she did, Bob was dispatched at once to the depot.

The train had gone of course; neither was any expected from either way until morning. So all he could do was to telegraph to the different stations be yond, and to "baby's" father.

As might be expected, the poor mother was nearly frantic, and would have been quite so had it not been for the consoling idea, so earnestly dwelt upon by her sympathizing friends, "that the lady must have found out the mistake erethis, and was probably as anxious to get her baby back as she was to get hers.'

The early morning train brought Mr. Brown, if less agitated, quite as much distressed at heart as his wife. After a hasty consultation the two determined to take the baby and start out in the same direction taken by the strange lady, hoping to find some lew to her name and whereabouts.

When they reached the station the train wanted some minutes of being

Mrs. Brown went into the "ladies' room," but her husband remained outside, walking restlessly up and

down the platform.
At the farther end a man was standing talking to a lady in a carriage, whose dress only was visible.

As he regarded him more attentive ly he sprang forward.

Why, Cousin John, is that really you?' The sober face of the man addresse

brightened into a smile as he turned round. "How do you do, Cousin Will?" he

responded, with a hearty shake of the hand. "I didn't know you lived at Sterling? "I don't. My wife's people live here; and she's here on a visit. I thought you lived in Boston?"

"So I do," replied Mr. John Brown, his countenance sobering as he recollected the errand that brought him there. "But the oddest, most unfortunate tning has happened. We've lost our baby. My wife lost it on the

train yesterday—"

Here the lady in the carriage, who had a blue bundle in her arms, thrust her head forward.

Just then Mrs. Brown made her appearance on the platform, she also having a blue bundle.

There was a simultaneous recognition. The two mothers rushed toward each other, and in the twinkling of an eye the blue bundles changed

This was followed by an outburst of joy, ejaculations, and endearments from both parties, and which was finally broken upon by the two cousins, who joining in a laugh of mingled relief and merriment at the turn affairs had taken, now stepped forward to

introduce their respective wives.

The result was that Mr. and Mrs. John Brown went home with their newly discovered cousins, where they spent the day, and which was none the less happy because of the fright and trouble from which it so curious-

All parties appeared to be well satisfied, with the exception of Bob, who, turning up his nose, inquired what all the fuss was about?-and if one baby wasn't as good as another?-adding, that for his part he could never see any difference in them.

Upon which the indignant mothers joined in the mutual declaration that it Bob was once married, and was so fortunate as to own a real live baby (which he didn't deserve by ner of means), he would be able to see the difference

An opinion to which many lady readers will give a hearty concurren -New York Daily News.

Another Story About Ferdinand Ward.

A wealthy resident of some prosperous New England city called on Ward one day with a note of introduction from a mutual friend. In the course of conversation he remarked that he had some money to invest, and asked Ward if he couldn't tell him of some chance to put it where it would bring him a good margin of

profit. Ward said he really didn't know of anything just then. He himself had more money than he knew what to do with, and besides he was too busy with some big scheme of his own to receive any outside speculation. go into any outside speculation. Of course this only whetted the New England man's appetite for investment, and in the course of half an hour he induced the famous financier to accept his check for \$58,000 to be used in one of the "blind pools" of which Grant & Ward made a specialty. Three or four months later the New England man appeared again. By that time Ward had entirely forgotten him and his check, and it was with great difficulty that he could recall his name and the amount of his investment. "I believe there's something due you," he said, after a brief conversation. for which her long fast had given her a Taking down a large ledger he made keen appetite, and which was prolong some brief calculations, and then observed with a pleasant smile, "The amount credited to you on our books ie \$102,764." Then to the bookkeeper, "Mr. Jones, will you kindly draw a check to Mr. Herkins's order for \$102,-

> Ward calmly turned to his work again, while his visitor sat gasping for breath. In the language of the day the visitor was "paralized." It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to ask if there wasn't any chance for him to relevest his money and double it again; but Ward didn't seem anxious, and at last the stranger took his departure, got his check certified at the Marine Bank, and returned to his native town. Three days after he walked into Ward's office in company with four of the wealthiest of his townsmen. He had his certified check -the same one Ward had given himin his pocket, and his friends were supplied with checks of their own. They succeeded in inducing the financier to accept about \$350,000 for investment in another "blind pool." That was exactly one week before the failure of

The Boy Cannoneers of Richmond.

The Parker Battery (Confederate)

Association, of Richmond, Va., have made a good selection of a historian. The battery was largely composed of boys, who required written permission from their parents to enlist. It was organized in the spring of 1862, and after service, East and West, saw the last of the war at Appomattox. Its story is given to the world in a book in which the lights and shades of war are genuinely mingled. The realities of fighting and marching with a bat-

tery are doubtless as graphically pictured here as in any volume to be found. The author was not a secessionist, and his mother wept when she saw the flag of the United States hauled down in Richmond. He enlisted, however, because he was a Virginian, a distinction that in turn would have given trouble to the Southern Confederacy if it had succeeded in its war for separation. The boy battery had its baptism by fire at the second battle of Manassas, where it was posted in a line of eighteen guns between Jackson and Longstreet.

The guns broke one of the most dangerous of the Union infantry charges, that of Porter with about five thousand men. The fight at this point lasted half an hour. Lee had placed the guns so thickly there that the cannoneers almost elbowed each other. "Every man was at his post. No talking; no ducking of heads. was intense earnestness. The face was flushed; the eyes full; and the arm stronger than is wont. It was a struggle for life. It seemed that the very heavens were ablaze; or that two clouds, surcharged with electricity and wafted by opposing winds, had met in terrific struggle."

The battery had several men wounded in that battle. At Antietam it passed through a fearful ordeal, losing twenty-one men in killed and wound-When the Confederate army fell back across the Potomac at Sheperdstown the author noticed General Lee standing at the ford giving directions even to teamsters. Soon after that campaign the living in the Confederate army became less elaborate. Only commissioned officers had servants. The commissary issued little except

The battery had but one man wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. During the following winter, the Confederates had many amusements in their winter-camp. The private soldiers fought snow-ball battles; but one of their most relished diversions, was to yell at citizens in tall hats: "Come down out of that tall hat, and join the soldier-boys, and help whip the Yanks," was the cry. A hundred voices would take up the shout with "come down! come down! I know you

are up there, I see your legs." The author was captured, with about a third of his company, by Sedgwick's charge at Chancellorsville The prisoners were treated well, and in three weeks, having been exchanged,

were back at the front. At Gettysburg, Parker's battery was among the seventy-five guns with which Lee rained iron upon the Union position as a prelude to Pickett's great-charge upon the heights. Lee's artil-lery suffered heavily, during this bombardment, and expended nearly all their amuninion. Parker's battery alone fired 1,142 rounds. Its loss was three killed, and ten wounded. The retreat from Gettysburg was bewas held well in hand, and pursuit of it, even by fresh troops, could not

have been pushed rapidly. When Longstreet was ordered to Georgia, Parker's Battery went with the two divisions, but did not arrive in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga. The battery was post-ed on Lookout Mouutain for a time. A Union picket in front of them was heard one night to remark that things went wrong at Chickamauga, but "as soon as Longstreet goes away we'll give you the d-dest whipping you ever had in your life." The battery moved with Longstreet to East Tennessee, where the living was hard and the fighting without tangible results. More than that, the Confederates were for the first time hostile. The men of the region were either hidden in the mountains or were in the Union army. The women were spirited, not to say saucy. During an en-gagement near Bean's Station a woman came out of a house and ordered the Parker gunners to "move them things out of my yard." At this moment a gunner's leg was struck by a piece of shell, and his pocket book thrown out upon the ground. He said: "Well, I always thought the Yankees were mighty smart fellows, but I didn't think they could pick a fellow's pocket a mile off." It was not considered safe for a Confederate to sleep in an East Tennessee cabin about that time.

The battery returned to Lee on the Rapidan and remained with him to the close of the war. In the Wilder-ness artillery could not be used, and the battery was not engaged. "During this campaign, when the incessant fighting and marching had truned night into day, and we had hardly time to eat, we were goined by the battalion of heavy infantry which had been stationed for a flong time in the defense line of Richmand. They had seen no active service, and one of our boys asked a private of this battalion how long they would stay with us. 'I don't know,' was the sincere reply; but we can't stay over Sunday any-how, for we didn't bring any clean

clothes with us." "Soon after the battle of Cold Harbor, on the 3d of June, 1864, I saw General Lee. He was riding slowly past our battallon, which had halted on the roadside. He was apparently in deep abstraction, his head slightly bowed, and eyes seeming not to range beyond his horse's mane. He himself was probably then in doubt as to the next move of his great antagonist. There was in the battalion a simplewitted fellow nicknamed Possum. This man planted himself in front of

CONFEDERATE BATTERY, dad?' General Lee, roused from his reverie, looked up, and, in a kindly sad voice, answered, 'Howdy do, my man?' and rode on."

In the campaign around Petersburg the Confederacy ordered out the last reserves. They came in citizens' clothes, and looked so rueful that their presence was discouraging. Food for men was scarce, and the horses gnawed the trees in their hunger and died by hundreds. On the night of April 2, 1865, the battery cautiously moved away from the work it had occupied so long, and plodded west in the darkness along melancholy swamp roads. In the morning it reached Chesterfield Courthouse. Explosions Chesterfield Courthouse. Explosions in the rear told that Richmond had fallen. After an hour's rest the battery toiled on again. That night some of the company was missing, and the Captain made a speech urging his men to be true to the last. The Union cavalry swooped in like Cossacks here and there in the retreating lines, taking each time a few men and wagons, and perhaps a gun. In one of these dashes the author was captured before he or his comrades had a chance to pull a lanyard.

This faithful little history abounds

in sentiment, descriptive passages and anecdotes, as well as purely military facts. The author, though not a preacher, had a pious training, and sometimes acted as chaplain. Before a battle soldiers often came to him to talk religion, and to tell him they had just been converted. At Gettysburg, during a lull in the firing, one of his battery com-rades informed him that he had felt a spiritual change. There was a marked reform in this convert "until we were pleasantly encamped somewhat remote from the enemy, but not longer.
Laugh as we may after the war about the noisy artillery, and how little it was feared compared with the cold gleam of the infantry bayonet and the deadly whiz of the minie, I confess that to my ear there was something mournfully suggestive in the booming of cannon and shricking of shell. The minie may hit, and the object of its wrath may live to tell the tale; but when the solid shot or bursting shells find their victim, it generally leaves him a disordered mass of quivering flesh."

The author at the end is able to avow his belief in the indestructability of the right, and to say, "Perish the wrong, whether hid beneath Southern gray or Northern blue." The book has nine heliotype portraits of officers.

ARKELL'S STRANGE STORY.

Going Through a Sea of Fire But Not Killed.

Saratoga Correspondence New York World.

One of the most active of the men

darting in and out of various conferences was W. J. Arkell, the pubblisher of the Albany Journal, and a new force in Mohawk Valley politics. He is very earnest in his advocacy of the claims of Joseph W. Drexel. Mr. Arkell, who is only 31 years of age, has a most remarkable history. He is the son of Senator Arkell. He was in his father's factory when he was 17 years of age, at the moment of a terrible gasoline explosion. The workman who was with young Arkell was blown out of sight. Not enough was left of him to be gathered together for identification. Young Arkell, who did not lose consciousness, covered his mouth and eyes and made a dash for the door. The building in which this explosion took place became filled at once with a black smoke. The head through five doors, literally through fire. passage he became frightfully burned. The time of the accident was winter. When he finally reached the outer air he rolled in the snow and left in the snow the front and back of both his hands and the covering of much of the lower part of his face. He was burned so hopelessly that the doctor for a long time despaired of him. Senator Arkell, who was on one of the upper floors of the building when the explosion took place, escaped by dropping from a window down a fall of twenty five feet upon a strip of bare rock His son was in bed for two years His face was so badly burned that it was impossible for the natural skin to recover it. His hands were equally afflicted. Senator Arkell discovered in his readings experiments in the way of transplanting skin from one per-son to another. He asked the surgeons in charge of his son to try this experiment. The result was one of the most interesting known in the history of surgery. Upon the face of young Mr. Arkell there were transplanted 856 pieces of skin from the arms of various people. The result is that his face was entirely built up, so that to-day, while he bears very heavy scars, he yet looks very well consider-ing what he has been through. He has indomitable courage and pluck, and aspires to a high position as a publisher of newspapers.

A Sierra Volcano.

From the Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle. News reached Candelaria from Bishop Creek that a volcano had burst forth in the mountains sixty miles southwest of Bishop Creek. A party of frightened sheep-herders rode into the latter place. They were covered with dust and ashes and had numerous holes burned in their clothing. They reported that they were startled by an unusual rumbling noise and trembling of the ground. At first they wistook the noise and rumbling for thunder, but it was quickly followed by a tremendous explosion, and on looking up they were appalled at seeing a mountain not far away belching forth a column of flames and smoke several hundred feet in height. The air was soon filled with fiery cinders and hot ashes which came down upon them in clouds.

The affrighted men immediately drove their sheep to a place of safety and rode to the nearest settlement with the startling news. Several parties have started from Candelaria and Bishop Creek for the scene of the eruption, which is near the deserted town General Lee, and, looking up into his of Mammoth, recently described in the alive, and only face, grinned and said, Howdy do, Chronicle. The bright pink glow ob- Greely—are dead.

servable in the southwestern horizon the past two nights doubtless has been caused by the eruption.

SHERMAN'S PROSE POEM

And How It has Been Rendered Into Verse.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, Camp on Big Black River, August 8, 1863. Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Sir:-I take the liberty of asking hrough you that something be done Waukegan, Ill., who belongs to the Fifty-fifth Illinois, but at present at | Beauregard would tote fair and publish nome wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman.

When the assault at Vicksburg was at its height, on the 19th of May, and was in front near the road which formed my line of attack, this young lad came up to me, wounded and bleeding, with a good healthy boy's cry, "General Sherman, send some cartridges to Col. Malmborg, the men are nearly out." "What is the mat-ter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away."
Even where we stood the shot
fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the catridges; and off he limped. Just beforehe disappeared on the hill he turned, and called as loud as he could "Calibre 54." I have not seen the lad since, and his colonel (Malmborg) on inquiry, gives me the address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education.

What arrested my attention then of the fact now is-that one so young, carrying a musket ball through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part even of the calibre of his musket-54-which you know is an unuşual one.

I'll warrant that the boy has in him am, with respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General Commanding. CALIBRE FIFTY-FOUR.

'Say, General, say!" the courier said (A boy of thirteen years),
"Our regiment's scant of powder and lead;
Most out, the Colonel fears.
The men, they have held the ground, while I
This message swiftly bore.
Be quick, and send 'em a fresh supply! It's a calibre fifty-four."

"Now you are young," the General said, "To run so stern a race; Some older man might come instead, Through such a dangerous place."
"They couldn't be spared," the boy began;
"I'm the youngest of the corps;
And so—but, say, be quick old man!
It's a calibre fifty-four."

"Now your hurt," the General said; "There's blood here on your breast. Go back to the rear and take by bed, And have some needful rest. "Not much!" said the boy, with half-hid "I can't be spared no more; "I regiment's nowhere nigh the rear— It's calibre fifty four."

"But where's your horse?" the General said; "Aloot you cannot be?"

"Aloot you cannot be?"
"Oh, a cannon ball tore off his head,
And didn't come far from me;
And bullets warbled round, you bet (One through my right arm tore); But I'm a horse, and colt to let! I'm calibre fifty-four."

"Your parents, boy?" the General said;
"Where are they?—dead it seems."
"Oh, they are what the world calls dead, But come to me in dreams; They tell me to be brave alway, As father was before. Then mother kisses me—but, sayl It's a calibre fifty-four."

"They'll soon be here," the General said, "Those cartridges you claim;
My staff's best horse you'll ride, instead
Of that on which you came."
Away the boy, his spurs sharp set,
Across the field of gore.
Still shouting back, "Now don't forget!
It's calibre fifty-four."
Will Calleton in Horner's West!

-Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly. A Pow'ful Lecture on Temper-

ance.

From the Foxboro Reporter. Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?" sked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwan to do." "Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter

do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz fust married dah was a gin-mill next door to the shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah an'a half I eahned. Well, one mawnin' went into de butchah shop, and who J. F. Morgan believes that the "free, should come in but de man wat kep' de likker shop."
"Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'ter-

house steak,' he said. "He got it and went out. Isneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had lef'.

"'What do you wan'?'" said the butchah. "'Gib me 10 cents wuf of libber,' wuz

my remark. "It wuz all Icould pay fur. Now yo' go and get yo' drink. You'll eat libber but de man wat sells yo' de stuff wil have his po'terhouse steak. De mar behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—d. man in front eats libber. I ain't touched the stuff in thirty years, an'I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."

held the office in the last 28 years five for the negro in his indisposition to be are dead; two-Hayes and Arthurare alive; while of the seven candidates for the different terms in those 28 years five—Fremont, McClellan, Seymour, Tilden and Hancock—are alive, and only two-Douglass and

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

The Georgia Philosopher Moralizes on a Common Human Weakness.

I knew a hard-working man, says Bill Arp in the Atlanta Constitution, who was so anxious to get ahead that he stinted his family and invested part of his earnings in the Louisiana lottery for five years and never drew but \$10. He told me he had lost \$500 that way, and every time he saw the list published of the lucky men who drew the prizes it for a lad named Arion P. Howe, of fired him up and he tried it again. Sometimes I wish Uncle Jubal and Gen. a list of them fellows who didn't draw anything. But I reckon that would be so long and occupy so many columns in the newspapers they couldn't afford

It is just human I know to want more money than we have got, especially if we are hard run and live on a strain. I want more myself and if I was to find \$100 in the road I couldn't help hoping that the owner would never miss it, and never call for it. Just like a boy who finds a pocket-knife and feels like it is his, but that sort of money is not as solid and satisfactory as money we work for. I know an old preacher who had \$10, and his son had \$10, and the young man went down to Atlanta and took all the money to buy some things, and he came across a wheel of fortune and saw a fellow win \$10 just as easy, and so he was persuaded to try his luck, and, sure enough, he won \$10, and it hope him up mightily, and he tried it again and won some more, and he kept on was—and what renewed my memory until he had won \$50 and become a fool, for right than his luck changed and he lost it all and his \$10, and his daddy's \$10 besides, and he had to borrow \$1,50 to get home on, and like to have perished to death in the bargain. Well, he be-longed to the church, and they had him up and tried him, and he made a clean breast and told how he was overtaken and tempted, and how he went on and the elements of the man, and I com-mend him to the Government as one right there," said the old man, is whar worthy the fostering care of some John's sin begun. If he had stopped one of its national institutions. I right there it would have been all right, but like a fool he went on and on to destruction. "Well, John wasn't such a dreadful sinner after all, for he wanted the money to buy something to please the old folks. But money don't come that easy very often. I know a man-who has been kept on a strain for five years working out his losses on cottonfutures. Sometimes luck runs along with a man for ten years and more, and that makes him vain and he thinks his judgment is infallible and suddenly he collapses like Seney and Eno and Keene. No money is safe except that made by honest men.

The Girls and Tight Lacing.

A girl, who has just returned from London, tells me that, in the Health Exhibition there, one of the exhibits was meant to depict the horrors of tight lacing. A wazen figure was subjected, for the purpose of divulging the secrets of the ladies' torture chamber, to a compression to the girth which a woman may, with proper self-respect, measure around the waist. The sufferings of the dummy, maudible, save for the creaking of the machinery, which in the forcible compression of the waist might well be mistaken for groans, were quite terrible in their realism, but the female spectators laughed instead of being instructed. The fact is that the old curmudgeons who take corsets as a text for sermons against us are left very far behind. Injuriously tight squeezing of the waist is rare indeed, nowadays. "The coming man and woman," said Dr. Dio Lewis, "will be just as large at the waist as at any other part of the Did he ever see a Fiji Island body.' woman? I have. She had never been compressed by so much as a calico. wrapper, and yet her waist had a good-ly taper to it. Pretty soon Lewis will be demanding legs as big at the ankles as at the calves. And when that sameness of outline is produced by bigness of ankle rather than smallness of calf, I hope he will be satisfied for surely the owner won't .- Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The Future of the Negro."

"In the last number of the North American Review "The Future of the Negro" is presented by nine contributors. Mr. Charles A. Gardiner looks upon "forcible deportation" of the negro" of the negro as impracticable. Hesays: "Amalgamation in the south is: possible, probable, and in actual process of fulfillment. Hence the whites must either amalgamate with negroes, or they must migrate from the south, or they must remain an inferior element and submit to negro supremacy." Mr. states of the Congo open to the American negro his first real opportunity toprove himself worthy of the liberties and civilization with which he has been endowed." Fredrick Doug-lass, says: "Drive out the negro and you drive out Christ, the bible, and American liberty with him. All things conspire to keep the negro here and compel him to adjust himself to Ameri-can civilization." Joel Chandler Harris thinks that "so long as he remains: ignorant the negro cannot but prove as source of danger. Ignorance is alwaysdangerous; it is especially dangerous where unscrupulous men are found willing to take advantage of it. The hope is that the ignoronce of the negro is susceptible of enlightment, and of this there can be no doubt." Prof. Of the seven Presidents who have Greener says: "The most hopeful sign carried and cared for. He aspires to own his house, manage his own plantation, conduct his own business, his own school. It is not his fault that he cannot rid himself of the professed philanthropist and the professed politician. They will insist, despite the negro's protest, upon praying, thinking, preaching, voting, and caring for him.