

Plevna by Moonlight.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BLOODY STRUGGLE FOR ITS POSSESSION.

[Through Correspondence London Times.]

It was, perhaps, a strange, if not bizarre, fancy which led me one starry night, when Luna was at the full, to the snow-capped summit of a central height crowned by a Moslem earthwork, from the ramparts of which the eye could take in with a single sweep the whole of the Plevna position. The gloomy canopy of snow amid the celestial light in making visible the whole of that undulating landscape, beneath which lie so many thousands of the brave partisans of the Cross and the Crescent. Leaning against a turf-lined embankment, I surveyed the death-like scene in unspoken silence; gradually my thoughts wandered back to the incidents the blood-stained details of which thrilled Europe with horror at the sacrifices, with admiration for the desperate bravery with which they were accompanied. My musings recalled the sultry day in July when Schidner-Schuldner led a brigade of infantry from Karagash to occupy the heights where I was standing; a force of cavalry, so far in advance of the foot that there was no communication between them, was bound through the many streets of Plevna; no enemy was there, and no warning whisper was heard of the danger lurking unsuspected, but yet so near at hand. The infantry follow at a great distance in the rear; they come on in a dense column, without any of the skirmishers or advance guards that a schoolboy would have sent forward—a blind, stupid reliance on the fact that no word of warning had been sent back from the cavalry in front. Now occurs one of those strange accidents which sometimes happen, and which make men famous, when in simple justice they should receive condemnation. Osman Pasha, too late, as he has always been, to save Nikopol—already fallen—enters Plevna after the cavalry of the Cross has passed, and before the arrival of the infantry moving in stupid blindness in an enemy's country in solid column. The Moslem learns the position of affairs, as he is on friendly soil; he craftily places his men, and Schidner-Schuldner enters the trap. I seem to hear the rattle of musketry and the groans of the suffering; but it is soon over; nearly two-thirds of the Muscovites lie dead or wounded, and the Crescent scores the first success at Plevna. Osman Pasha, who lost Nikopol—a virgin fortress and a magnificent position—through tardiness, is lauded to the skies for a skillful occupation of Plevna. Such is human greatness—human history. The 30th of July comes next, and I see the hoary-headed Krudener, with an army of 32,000 men, ordered to attack 50,000 Moslems, well entrenched on the heights where I am dreaming. I almost hear the protest against the mad command; but the dotard Nepokoichitsky and the pert young Prof. Levitzky repeat the order. Schakofsky, with a mad desire to win the St. George's Cross, and scarcely inferior in rank to Krudener, commands one wing, the old veteran the other. The dashing young Skobelev, with his brigade of Kazan Cossacks and an infantry battalion of 700 men, is away on the extreme left and in the advance. There is practical insubordination on the part of Schakofsky as he extends his thin line to the environs of Plevna. Skobelev is there with his 700 men; they have never been under fire before, and when the Turkish shells begin to hail around them they raise a cheer and rush forward without orders. A stern voice rings out: "Halt!" the men stop as if by magic. "Right dress!" came next; they correct their alignment with the Moslem shells dropping thick around them. "Present arms!" The order is obeyed, and these new troops stand as if on parade, presenting arms to the foe, who is hurling death upon them. A stillness of several minutes. "Don't you look like a lot of fools?" cries a derisive voice, as Skobelev comes to the front. "Yes," comes from 100 voices as the men responded to their young general, not yet 35, but who has been hit six times in Central Asia. "Will you wait and obey orders in future?" is the stern demand. "We will!" is the reply. Skobelev entered Plevna with those men, but there was no support behind him and he had to retire. Three hundred and forty of his 700 men had fallen—170 of them killed on the field; but he brought the remnant away singing a national hymn, and all his wounded—the only commander who did, and for which he was complimented by the Emperor. Schakofsky's command was nearly annihilated; Krudener had failed in assaulting the celebrated Gravitz redoubt, and when darkness came a broken and half panic-stricken remnant straggled back to the heights of Paradin, and of them only 100 returned to the Osma Valley before being collected together.

Then was Osman Pasha's opportunity, but he failed to improve it. His fatal lack of initiative once paralyzed his energy. Stillness reigns around these fly-frowning heights until the 31st of August, when Osman Pasha makes an attack, the object of which no one has ever been able to comprehend, upon the Russian batteries at Pelissat and Zgaline. Three thousand Moslems paid for this madness; and Lovcha fell on the 3d of September. On the 4th Osman Pasha's reinforcements arrived (again too late) on the heights near Lovcha. They would have saved the place had they been there the day before. The 11th of September dawns in a thick mist, the Emperor Alexander's birthday. His loyal army intended to make him a present of Plevna to celebrate the occasion. His Majesty has a special stand erected, from which he is to witness the grand triumph. The history is well known—the wretchedly planned attack and still more wretched failure. Skobelev with twenty battalions, 12,000 men, takes two redoubts and breaks the Turkish center. The other attacks fail. Osman Pasha, relieved from pressure, hurds his legions upon Skobelev, who, hard pressed, sends for reinforcements repeatedly. He has lost 3000 men in capturing the positions. For twenty-four hours he holds the Turkish army at bay, sending all the while for help, which the jealous gang at headquarters refuse to order in his assistance. Gravitz falls by a sudden and unexpected assault by a mixed corps of Russians and Roumanians; but Dobrowsky, who so skillfully led the Russian right at Lovitza, is killed in the assault. Six desperate attempts are made upon Skobelev before he yields to crushing numbers. At last, with only 4000 men left of the 12,000 men he led into battle, he is forced out of the Moslem works. Osman Pasha then sends his brave legions in five fruitless assaults on Gravitz, and leaves the hillsides dotted with wasted Mussulman heroes. Then the curtain falls for a time upon the dreadful tragedy of Plevna. The Muscovite lines gradually tighten around me. I seem to hear the mighty sound of pick and spade, and each sunrise sees the men of the Cross nearer the

trenches of the defenders of the Crescent. Cold, pitiless nights of rain, hail and mud succeed each other. The lines are so near that I can see the caps of the Christians in the moonlight, and the parapets around me are once more lined with the noiseless, fez-crowned figures, whose stiffened fingers can scarcely grasp their death-dealing rifles.

I seem to hear a whispered order to withdraw the guns and troops, as the morning sunlight is to witness a decisive sortie beyond the Vid. At daybreak a desperate charge—a success—a redoubt taken, with its guns. But the triumph is short. The Grand Duke's own regiment of Grenadiers hurls the Turkish column out of the intrenchments at the point of the bayonet. Osman Pasha is wounded; the Moslem line is forced back to the Vid; the corps under Skobelev sweeps down on their left, the Roumanians on the right, Krudener in their rear. A curved sword is passed into the hand of General Ganetsky, of the Grenadier Division, and a brave but ragged army are prisoners of war. I start with a shudder, for I am half frozen. The ruins of the Turkish houses of Plevna lying in ragged lines below me recall the fact that the battles I have been fighting in the moonlight on that bleak, snow-covered height were all ended more than twelve months ago.

Excerpts From Exchanges.

"Mark Twain" pays taxes on \$67,850 in Hartford, Conn.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," as the actress said when she kicked the train of her dress out of the way.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan will arrive in America next October. The opera which he with Mr. Gilbert is preparing for this country is said to treat military affairs in the same spirit as naval affairs are treated in "H. M. S. Pinafore."

It is understood that General Sir Patrick McDougall, who leaves Canada on the 27th instant, goes to England to attend a military council about to be held by the Imperial Government to consider proposed changes in the British military system.

Recently Forepaugh's circus paraded the streets of Anderson, Indiana. Mrs. Terry, wife of a blacksmith, recognized in Fred, Knight, the elephant keeper, a long lost brother, supposed to have been dead many years. An affecting meeting took place.

A statesman used to say that there were three classes of people whom it was never safe to quarrel with: "First, ministers, for the reason that they could denounce me through the pulpit, and I had none through which to reply; Second, editors, for they had the most powerful engines for which they could every day hurl wrath and fury upon me, and I had none through which to reply. And finally, with women, for they would have the last word anyhow."

Jumping over Niagara.

Mr. H. P. Peer, of Teeterville, Ont., accomplished the daring but silly feat of jumping from the new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls into the river below, a distance of 192 feet. This entirely eclipses the famous romance of Sam Patch. Peer's dress consisted of merino hose and a full suit of tights, an inflated rubber life preserver, funnel shaped and of his own make, which covered his hips and extended to the armpits. Cotton cloth was bandaged tightly over the preserver about the hips and loins, while a broad sponge protected his mouth and nostrils, and his ears were stuffed with the same material, the sponge being slightly moistened with spirits. His thighs were confined with an elastic strap, and likewise his feet. Over his shoulders was a leather brace with a ring in the center, to which was attached a cable composed of 220 feet of No. 24 brass wire in six strands. This was called a balance, and was for the purpose of assisting to retain his position, particularly if the wind should be strong. It was reeled over a cylinder attached to the guard-rail of the bridge, and which was operated with a brake handle like that used upon old-time wells so that the man's speed as he descended would be controlled to a certain extent. It was not fastened, and the final end followed the man into the water. Mr. Peer took his place upon the temporary platform from which he was to drop. The platform consisted simply of two planks fastened about eighteen inches apart. After taking a little stimulant and displaying a little nervousness, for this was his greatest undertaking, he suspended himself between the boards for a moment or two by his hands. The word was given, and he was gone like a flash, while the thousand spectators who lined the bank looked on with suspense, fear and trembling. The four seconds that intervened before he struck created a terrible excitement, but as he passed under the water fell foremost with a great splash, and came up in a few seconds more and began to swim, cheer after cheer rent the air. He was picked up by some boatmen, and was in no worse condition than if he had jumped into a cistern of water. In fact, he assisted to pull the boat ashore. Mr. Peer was born July 14, 1844, in the county of Halton, township of Nelson, Dominion of Canada. He stands 5 feet 7 inches high, is of slender frame, weighs 143 pounds, and in manner is rather gentlemanlike and unassuming. He has a wife and one child. The highest point from which he has ever jumped before was 108 feet. He has been a sailor, and his experience has been obtained in jumping from the mastsheads of vessels. It is announced that he will try it again on July 4.—*New York World.*

The law of benevolence applies to man as man; that is, to man irrespective of any of the temporary relations in which he may stand to us. It makes no matter whether he be of our kindred or of another; it is enough that he is a man; and this entitles him, under the law of God, to all the benefits of the law of benevolence. Nay, in one sense, the fewer the ties that bind him to us, the more glorious is the act of goodness, because it is under these circumstances that we can cherish the least hope of reward; and the more evident will be the proof of our disinterestedness. It would have been noble in Howard to have visited the prisons of England alone, but it was more noble to extend his inquiries to France, the national enemy of England. It would have been glorious to have died a martyr to the cause of benevolence at home, but how much more so was it to die in a remote province of the Russian Empire, in a town of which the existence would scarcely be remembered but for the fact that it witnessed his last deeds of mercy, and guards his sacred remains until the morning of the resurrection.

Tranquillity.

One day brings another day; one year follows another; we sit take the time as it comes. The sources of all pleasure are in the heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the divinity. My projects, my desires, and my hopes never go beyond my own bosom. Rivers roll rapidly to the sea, and enter them without troubling it; my heart is the same; all events of the great world would not cost me a single care. Truth is my compass and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. My clothes are made of common cloth, my food is coarse and the thatch that covers my roof decays every year. But what would it have been to me to have been dressed in silk to-day, and to have digested costly dishes? Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! my patrimony is at the end of two arms, and every day gives me its harvest. When it is very hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree; and when it is very cool, I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they observe moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquillity is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquillity of the soul! Sweet harm of life, kings would sell their crowns to buy thee if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits—thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well.

A Brilliant Victory.

The capture of the City of Mexico, in 1847, by the United States troops, was effected by less than seven thousand men. The following brief description is from a speech made by Gen. James Shields.

"On the 10th day of August, 1847, ten thousand men crossed the mountains and entered the romantic valley of Mexico. It was an adventurous movement. That army abandoned its communications, its supplies, its very possibility of re-enforcement. That was its condition, and yet isolated as it was, small in numbers, as it was, it fought the battle and gained the victory at Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and on the 13th day of September 1847, it stood before the ramparts of Mexico; and how many men stood before those ramparts, all told? Five thousand six hundred men on the 13th day of September, 1847, crossed those ramparts, captured the city, a city containing two hundred thousand inhabitants, and defended by thirty thousand disciplined soldiers. Give me any other instance of the kind in history. Why, sir, the army was hardly sufficient to police the city after they captured it. When I, myself, stand here and look back at that, it looks even to me more like a fable than reality. I shall never forget the insignificant appearance we cut when we got into the great plaza of the city of Mexico. Happily, though they thought we were only the advance guard of some tremendous army. I recollect the old English *militaire* who was there, and after he looked at the little band he said: "Is this the army?"

"Yes," said he, "all I have to say is this, you Americans are not only the bravest people I ever heard of, but the most audacious people on God's earth, to come here with such an army as that!"

A Hard Rider.

In London there lives a fine-looking young woman whose business it is that of a horse-jockey. A boarding-house is her home. Riding horses at races and sales is her occupation. An orphan of respectable parentage, obliged to support herself, the avenues that opened before such a young girl as she, in the crowded embowling life of England, were few and unpromising. She had an English woman's love of animals and out-door occupations. And she had dauntless, magnificent physical courage. So she drifted into this strange life. She finds employment from one end of England to the other, and always finds plenty of work to do. There is no horse so vicious that she hesitates to mount him. She is sent for to ride horses that men dare not or will not; horses that have killed their riders more than once, and that will do their best to kill her. But she has a reputation that, for bread's sake, and shelter's sake, she cannot afford to lose, and she never declines to mount a horse because it is dangerous to do so. One night she comes home bruised and weak—her horse fell on her to-day. Another, her face flushes with satisfaction as she tells her kind friend, the landlady, that her horse won the race. Often she does not eat a mouthful from her early breakfast, before the rest of the house are up, until her day's work is done. Success depends upon her being able to command every particle of nervous force she possesses; she can spare none of it for the process of digestion. She is intelligent, modest and womanly, notwithstanding her strange occupation.

Preparing for It.

A cashier of a bank in Cincinnati has read so many accounts in the papers of late, of robbers entering a cashier's house at night, gagging and binding the inmates, and obliging the cashier to go and open the bank's safe, that he is very nervous on the subject. He is satisfied that he will yet have a visit of that kind, do what he may to avoid it, and he thinks the next best thing he can do is to learn to go through the ordeal with as much composure as possible. Accordingly he has been putting them through a rehearsal every night for a week or so past, greatly to their terror and inconvenience. He acts the part of a bank robber himself. In the dead of night he wakes his wife, and, pressing a vinegar cruet against her head, demands her in low, gruff tones to get up and make no noise, on pain of having her brains instantly blown out with the vinegar cruet. Then he bids her to the bed-post and gazes her with the baby's gutta-percha rattle. The children and servants he locks up in convenient closets, and then, stuffing a flat-iron holder into his own mouth, and pressing a Bologna sausage against each temple, he marches himself off to unlock the bank. As the weather is cold now, it is not altogether comfortable, and the family think they prefer the risk of robbers.

Deacon Pilkins said to himself, "Falstaff asks, 'what's honor?' as though it were hard to tell. But let my wife sit behind another woman in church, and she'll tell what's on her in less than two minutes."

For the Ladies.

Very deep fringes are in favor at present.

Sleeveless jackets of black satin are a nicety this season.

The papillon bow is the pretty head-dress for the house.

Surplice platings of fine folds are laid on the front of dress waists.

For dress bonnets the daintiest cottage shapes, made entirely of flowers, are shown.

As the season advances, black wraps reassert their hold on favor for dressy garments.

For small wraps the ficus are preferred, and these are shown in different shapes.

Some grenadine mantles are made, but these are more especially for grenadine dresses.

The shot or changeable ribbons, sometimes called lace ribbons, are the latest novelty in millinery.

The Pompadour styles are chosen for the gay, youthful dresses that will be worn at summer resorts.

Next after the ficus come the mantles with sleeves, or with the sides extended to form square half sleeves.

The glossiest fabrics are used for handsome mantles, such as satin, Sicilienne, moire and rich gros grain.

The newest grenadine scarf veils are of a tan-color or light blue, with a gay Roman striped border on each selvedge.

Long veils to be crossed behind the head and tied under the chin, are made of black net dotted with gold thread.

On some very expensive mantles, colored beads of amber, old gold, steel and colored red are used to form very showy pasceneries.

Small Tuscan braid bonnets trimmed with two curled ostrich tips, or else one of marabout, with creamy satin and lace, are considered very dressy.

Plain handkerchiefs have a shield done in colored embroidery in one corner, while the edge is merely scalloped with red or blue.

Another new fabric is satin de Lyon, which has the smoothness and almost the lustre of satin on one side, while the other side looks like closely woven gros grain.

These and the moire, satin and gros grain mantles are made up without lining, and are richly trimmed with three or four rows of scantily pleated black lace, or else very deep fringe.

The glossy whalebone, tape and other crimped fringes are handsome for trimming woolen wraps; also the grass fringes, doubled over from the top, without a heading.

Cords with a clasp attached for catching up the demi-train of a dress, that it may be short enough for walking, are now shown in colors to match costumes: price \$2. Black cords are \$1 50.

Jet passemeries and drop ornaments are used as heading for fringes, also a standing ruche of the lace. When warmer wraps are needed, camel's hair is used, and trimmed as richly as silk mantles.

New pocket-handkerchiefs of sheer linen Cambic have Breton insertion, forming a cross through the middle of the kerchief, then passing around it as a border, with an edge of Breton lace.

New mask veils are of Breton lace, and may be either black or white. The net covering the face has tiny dots wrought in it, usually two or three in a group, and the edge is finished with Breton lace two inches wide.

Another fancy is the scarf of India muslin, to be worn in the street as lace scarfs formerly were. It is outside the wrap, tied closely around the neck, with a bow in front; the ends hang down, have pleated Breton lace across them, and are tied with narrow ribbon to give them the appearance of a tassel.

Curious Custom.

An English gentleman who has lately traveled in Palestine, recently gave a description of the curious scenes that are enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. He said when you first entered the church you would be surprised to see a party of soldiers with their swords by their sides, and their guns stacked within reach. It seemed a sacrilege in such a holy place, and struck one rather unpleasantly; but he soon found out the necessity for it. According to the law of the country, every sect is allowed to worship there, and as it is considered equally sacred both by Christians and Mohammedans, all wish a time for their mode of worship. The law allows them an hour each. They commence at six in the morning. At that hour, those who have the first privilege, enter, bringing with them whatever is necessary to conduct their particular religious rites. They go through their prayers and chants, and all is very quiet until a quarter to seven, when those who have the privilege of the next hour begin to arrive. At first all is decorum, but presently the new comers begin to hiss and mock. As their numbers increase, and they become stronger, they shove and crowd, and as the time lessens, they get more and more bold. A few minutes before seven they proceed to more forcible demonstration. They think if they can clear out these blasphemers a few minutes before the time they have done so much good work for God, while the worshippers, on the other hand, think if they can keep possession for a few minutes after the time, they have done an equally good work. As some of these sects use torches, wax candles, staves, or crooks, in their worship, they proceed to use them as weapons of offense or defense, and a regular melee ensues. Then come in the soldiers, who separate the combatants by filing in between them, turning out those whose hour is up, and leaving the place in the possession of the last comers. If blood is shed the church is closed for the day. Such scenes are occurring all the day long, and the presence of soldiers is absolutely necessary.

The Water We Drink.

There is very little pure water used; that which comes from the clouds has the best claim to be so regarded, but that is contaminated by impurities in the air as it descends. Clear water is not necessarily pure water. All water from springs and wells contain minerals in solution; the latter having but a meagre supply, and outgo is usually more strongly impregnated than natural fountains with flowing inlets and outlets. The purest water is found where solid rocks, as of granite, form the bed over which it runs. But waters of springs and transparent rivers, upon when filtered, are never pure. Waters of average purity, emptied for domestic purposes, are said, on authority of Johnson, to hold in solution from twenty to thirty grains of solid matter. The water of the river Jordan contains seventy-three grains, and that supplied by the various companies of the city of London has from nineteen to forty grains. The impurities that make water injurious to health or organic matter, such as are abundantly supplied by barnyards, drains and cemeteries, where the decay of animal and vegetable substances is going on. Some families who live on farms, and who fancy they are drinking the best of water, are, in fact, constantly imbibing poison that will appear in the dressed form of diphtheria or typhoid fever. The character of the impurities is important. It is claimed that a degree of hardness, from the presence of lime, improves the water for all domestic purposes, except washing, and water from the chalk districts of Europe, is preferred to softer water. It is also stated that conscripts from the French armies, who were reared in hard-water districts, were taller and stronger in bone than those who were reared in places where there was no lime water.

How Revelations Come.

Those who have had a limited experience in receiving revelations from the Almighty, will doubtless be interested in Freeman, the Poessett murderer's description of the manner in which the Lord directed him to murder his daughter, Edith. Says Freeman:

"Well, I had been feeling badly for two weeks. My head was racked with pains. I couldn't sleep. There was an awful stillness in the house; a stillness that was painful. I studied the scriptures, and tried to understand why I was so haunted by visions. Every day some new phase of the matter would draw on me. One night I lay awake, thinking of the power of God and the coming of His kingdom. I was told that I must sacrifice a member of my family, even as Abraham was commanded to sacrifice the child of his old age, in whom the promise of salvation for Israel was to be fulfilled. I told my wife about it, and we discussed the matter. She asked which one the Lord demanded, and I said that I did not know. But I said that it would yet come, and that if it should happen to be herself, I told her to be prepared to comply with the desires of the Almighty One. She was very calm, and I saw that she, too, had faith in the coming of God's kingdom. Next day my head felt a little better, and I knew that the load was lifting. Each day thereafter I found new light; some passage in the Bible which I could not understand, came to me with all the clearness of established conviction. At last the day came. The house was surrounded by an awful stillness. Evening arrived, and as the darkness set in I saw a sheet of lightning in the heavens, such as I had never seen before. It illuminated the whole expanse of the sky, and I knew God was giving me a sign. I went to bed and tried to sleep, but could not. In the dead of night the word came. The victim was selected—it was Edith. I told my wife that the hour had come and that I must give our darling to the Lord. You know the rest. You know how I went into the room where our little ones were sleeping the sleep of innocence; how I sent the oldest child to his mother; how I raised the knife, expecting to have my knife stayed, as was that of Abraham, and how I pierced the infant breast of the victim selected by God Himself. I then lay down beside my dead child and slept soundly. Next day my head felt better. The pain had all gone, and I knew that my sacrifice was acceptable to the eyes of God. I called in the friends of God's new kingdom and imparted the glad tidings to them. They approved my act and gave glory and praise to God. That night I again saw the lightning in the heavens. It was more brilliant than the preceding evening. It was a strange light, and whether others saw it or not I care not. To me it was a sure sign that God was pleased, and I understood it at once."

This revelation may be all very plain to a discerning person like Mr. Freeman, but it seems just a trifle indefinite to the average reader. If Freeman had been wise he would have requested the Lord to put his instructions to him in writing, so that there could be no mistake about it.

"That's a stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door, in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir, ward the peat-dealer, 'ye ken he's warm when frien's meet."

A jolly tar, having strayed into a show at a fair, to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den.—"Why, Jack," said he to a mess-mate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!"—"Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife."

A man having buried his wife, waited on the grave digger, who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fee. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavored to get the knight of the spade to abate his charge. The patience of the latter being exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed, "Don't w' another shilling, or 'up she comes." The threat had the desired effect.

A good story is told of a colored minister of Ballard County who was brought on trial before his church on the charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined, the deacons retired, and soon after returned the following verdict:—"The Rev. Moses Bledsoe an acknowledged deacon of this church, who acted as deacon, and was not shown that somebody else mite'n' have been wearin his cloz; but de broder is hereby fectacionally warned dat in de future he must be more keorful."

A little girl surprised a company of visitors by her knowledge of the Creator's works. At the dinner table she exclaimed: "God made all this big world in just six days. God made me and everybody else. He made mamma, too, but he forgot to put any hair on her head, and papa had to buy it for her." When the mother got through interviewing the young miss, after the company dispersed, the little one wished she had been built like a washbowl.

Recently a young man was presented in a family where there is a marriageable daughter, and as soon as he had taken his leave the friend who had introduced him said to the father: "Well, how would he suit you for a son-in-law?" "Very well, indeed," says the father. "All right; suppose he comes round to-morrow and proposes?" Father (with indignity)—"To-morrow? Pooh, pooh; what are you thinking of? That would be indecent haste. Say the day after to-morrow."

A congregation in the north of Scotland had a curious old character as a deacon. On one occasion the preacher sang a well known psalm to a new air, which not one of the congregation could follow. One of the elders hearing it, looked upon it as a great innovation, and taking up his hat, made for the door, where he met John, the deacon, and said to him, "Oh, John, the very devil himself is in the kirk." "Aye," says John, who thought everything was right as long as the minister did not complain; "aye, an' he'll go out when you go." In the same congregation there were two or three persons who prided themselves upon the quality and quantity of their vocal powers. One of these happened, on one occasion, to be called upon to lead the singing. He pitched the tune very low, so that his friends might get full scope for their deep voices. The tune went off splendidly, and while retiring, he was heard to remark to one of his friends, "Gin' went ane or twa notes lower, we wud hae made the very kirk dirie."

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

With some children a switch on the hand is worth two in the bush.

Pick-Ups.

A Nevada girl's letter:—"Dear Jimmy: It's all up. We ain't getting to get married. I'm so sorry—but can't you go to Europe and get fied down?"

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—"a melody that's sweetly played in tune."—George Eliot.

Talmage says: "God thought so much of the Chinaman that He created 300,000,000 of them." By the same mode of reasoning we can infer that He thought so little of Talmage that He only created one of him.

When a Baltimore craft set sail for Virginia the other day, she stuck on the bar, and the crew lived on frozen turpins for two days. They want to get hold of Dio Lewis, who says there are 97 per cent of nutriment in frozen turpins.

"Old Ned" Richardson, of Jackson, Miss., owns nineteen plantations, of which 15,000 acres are in cotton and 3000 in corn and oats. He also runs about 15,000 spindles, and makes 12½ per cent. on his capital. He has advanced at New Orleans \$1,400,000 on the growing cotton crop.

Swell: "Oh, R. Robinson, I am not at all satisfied with these trousers." Shopkeeper: "Indeed, sir! Sorry to hear that. We made 'em to measure, too." Swell: "Yas. But you see, I didn't want them to measure; I wanted them to wear!"

There's nothing that will try a man's patience more than a lumber toothpick. Many a soul that sets out for a better land loses all self-control, and goes to pieces for want of the proper apparatus to extract a bit of apple core from his molar interstices.

Speaking of dull times, a wicked Mobile says that a few weeks ago a stranger arrived there and bought a bale of cotton, and a pleasant rumor was at once started that the cotton-buyers had arrived, but it only proved to be a politician with the ear-ache.

It is conceded that Grant, Hayes, Sherman, Conkling and Blaine will each get a considerable number of votes for President in the Republican National Convention. The other candidates will be Hartranft, Cameron, Bristow, Evans and McCrary.

"Ha! ha! there is blood on the moon," he cried, striking an attitude in imitation of the tragedian he had seen at the theater the night before. "What, ho! ye black and midnight hag," when his mother suddenly walked into the bedroom and spoiled the whole first act with a trunk strap."

Father Giovanni, the famous Italian tenor, has become immensely fat, and continues to draw wonderful crowds to the Roman churches whenever he sings. To keep him in the church and from accepting the offers of operatic managers it is said that he has been given a more than princely salary.

"That's a stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door, in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir, ward the peat-dealer, 'ye ken he's warm when frien's meet."

A jolly tar, having strayed into a show at a fair, to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den.—"Why, Jack," said he to a mess-mate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!"—"Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife."

A man having buried his wife, waited on the grave digger, who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fee. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavored to get the knight of the spade to abate his charge. The patience of the latter being exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed, "Don't w' another shilling, or 'up she comes." The threat had the desired effect.

A good story is told of a colored minister of Ballard County who was brought on trial before his church on the charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined, the deacons retired, and soon after returned the following verdict:—"The Rev. Moses Bledsoe an acknowledged deacon of this church, who acted as deacon, and was not shown that somebody else mite'n' have been wearin his cloz; but de broder is hereby fectacionally warned dat in de future he must be more keorful."

A little girl surprised a company of visitors by her knowledge of the Creator's works. At the dinner table she exclaimed: "God made all this big world in just six days. God made me and everybody else. He made mamma, too, but he forgot to put any hair on her head, and papa had to buy it for her." When the mother got through interviewing the young miss, after the company dispersed, the little one wished she had been built like a washbowl.

Recently a young man was presented in a family where there is a marriageable daughter, and as soon as he had taken his leave the friend who had introduced him said to the father: "Well, how would he suit you for a son-in-law?" "Very well, indeed," says the father. "All right; suppose he comes round to-morrow and proposes?" Father (with indignity)—"To-morrow? Pooh, pooh; what are you thinking of? That would be indecent haste. Say the day after to-morrow."

A congregation in the north of Scotland had a curious old character as a deacon. On one occasion the preacher sang a well known psalm to a new air, which not one of the congregation could follow. One of the elders hearing it, looked upon it as a great innovation, and taking up his hat, made for the door, where he met John, the deacon, and said to him, "Oh, John, the very devil himself is in the kirk." "Aye," says John, who thought everything was right as long as the minister did not complain; "aye, an' he'll go out when you go." In the same congregation there were two or three persons who prided themselves upon the quality and quantity of their vocal powers. One of these happened, on one occasion, to be called upon to lead the singing. He pitched the tune very low, so that his friends might get full scope for their deep voices. The tune went off splendidly, and while retiring, he was heard to remark to one of his friends, "Gin' went ane or twa notes lower, we wud hae made the very kirk dirie."

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

With some children a switch on the hand is worth two in the bush.