

Drinking Ninety Years Ago.

Certain adventures of Brilliant Savarin in New York, recalling tavern life, the kind of food served, and the customs of the period, are worth repeating. Savarin calls the house of entertainment a cafe-taverne, and states that the one he went to, kept by Little, was famous for its turtle soup, served during the day, with other refreshments such as are in usage in the United States during the evening. In 1794, Welsh rarebit was, apparently, very much in vogue. Savarin translates it "lapin gallois." "It is nothing like as good as a real rabbit," says the great gastronome, "but as it provokes thirst, it makes the wine taste better." The Frenchman is invited to a dinner by some English gentlemen, the guest having the privilege of calling in an equal number of Frenchmen for the repast, so Savarin finds out it is rather to take the character of a drinking bout; in fact, the two nationalities are to be pitted against one another as to their absorbing qualities. Now, your true gourmand, as was the author of the "Physiologie du Gout," was the most moderate of men. He knew quite well that excess of wine singularly mars the delicacy of taste. It might not have been exactly fair of Savarin on this occasion, but with his nationality at stake, he gives the soundest advice to his compatriots. They may drink, but very little at a time, and they are not to eat too much at the beginning of their dinner, because "the act of digestion, if properly managed, prevents wine flying to the head." The giver of the feast being from Jamaica, and as West Indians one hundred years ago were famous for their bibulous qualities, it can be understood that the amphitryon was a dangerous adversary. The dinner was a sound one, varying little from a tavern dinner of to-day. There was no soup, nor fish, but an enormous piece of roast beef, a roast turkey, vegetables, a cabbage salad (cold slaw, possibly), and a pie. Wine drinking commenced at once. Claret (clair) was served of good quality, and Savarin vaunts its excellence and cheapness, remarking "that just at that time several cargoes of French wines having arrived and being difficult to sell, they could be bought for almost nothing." The man from Jamaica, with his two English friends, ate like ogres and drank like fish from the very start, but Savarin and the Frenchmen were more circumspect. After the claret came port wine, as in the old style, and then Madeira. The Frenchmen kept on eating like young ladies, and sipping their wine in bird-like style, occasionally a beerjug, concealed under the table, receiving the contents of the Frenchmen's glasses. With the dessert came butter and cheese with nuts, and among them Savarin speaks of the dycorey. All being good Royalists, with certain philosophical ideas, the King, the liberty of the people and the ladies are toasted. After the wine came the spirits, as brandy and cordials, and with razzades of these fiery compounds singing commenced. "I knew," writes Savarin, "that if my party indulged in spirits they were gone. I asked for punch, and it was the host himself who brought in a bowl that would have been sufficient for the wants of forty persons. We do not have in France vases of that same size." Then it was that the wary Frenchman, a master in the art of eating and drinking, developed his tactics. He looked around him. The West Indian and his English friends were crimson in the face, while the Frenchmen were still in their normal condition—all wisely engaged in picking the juicy nuts. Savarin knew that the downfall of the English was near. Savarin and his friends now went in vigorously for the bread and cheese—and Savarin, always ready to record the excellence of anything, expatiates on the excellence of the butter. Eating now for the first time with a decided appetite, the Frenchmen drink the punch. The English try to sing "Rule Britannia," but only blunder through the first verse, and then, one by one, sink under the table. "I never had such a victory. I rang the bell; Little came in person, and I requested him to take the best care of the gentlemen. The waiters carried them off, though the person from Jamaica kept on singing 'Rule Britannia.' Next day the New York papers gave an account of our victory, which story went all the rounds of the American press. When I next saw the giver of the feast, who was ill of the gout, he said to me: 'Oh, dear sir, you are very good company indeed, but too hard a drinker for us.'"

among French women was very common, and even sanctioned by the leaders of that most corrupt society. Let us be grateful, though it was only in a half measure, that France early condemned the too great use of wines at dinners, and that those orgies, which were even common in England and the United States down to the first quarter of this century, are considered as among the degrading and impossible things of the past. The courtesies of the table are, perhaps, better understood to-day, and though there may be dinners which men alone partake of, over-indulgence in wine by individuals is invariably commented upon. What might have passed over without offending no more than forty years ago, is now considered as a breach of decorum, an unpardonable vulgarity, and one not readily to be forgiven. Some Locke might write an interesting chapter on the improved morality of the dinner table. There is still one element which wants much chastening. The after-dinner talk of men, both in England and the United States, is infinitely coarse and degrading; it sinks to a low level, unknown at dinner-tables on the Continent.—New York Times.

Extinction of the Walrus in Alaska.

Unless the Government of the United States takes some immediate steps to restrain the wanton killing of the walrus along the shore of the Sea and Strait of Behring, and on the islands of those waters, this animal will soon become extinct in that region, and with it the unhappy natives. Sixteen of the nineteen vessels of the Arctic Whaling Fleet which have arrived at this port during the past month have brought 27,500 pounds of ivory, consisting entirely of tusks of the walrus, and 4000 pounds were lost on the Mercury. This is an average of 1853 pounds to the vessel. Let us suppose that two of the three whalers still to arrive bring an average quantity, and we shall have a total weight, in round numbers, of 35,000 pounds of tusks brought to this port in a single season. The average weight of a pair of tusks will not exceed ten pounds, for half grown animals, as well as those of full growth, have fallen a prey to the insatiate greed of hunters. This amount of ivory, therefore, represents at least 3500 individuals, which are but one-fourth or one-third of the number actually destroyed, as the bulk of those wounded or killed is lost to the pursuers. Let us be moderate in our estimate, and say that 10,000 walruses have been destroyed this season. We have characterized this wholesale destruction as wanton; it were, perhaps, more fitting to term it criminal. This season's slaughter represents the sufferings and death of 3500 families, and the word families implies that at least many helpless mothers have striven ineffectually to ward off the death pangs of their still more helpless little ones. The total value of the ivory brought to San Francisco this season cannot exceed \$3500, for of late years the market has been glutted, and the price at which this article is sold is actually not over ten cents per pound. A state of affairs similar to that which we have faintly outlined was never even dreamed of during more than a century of Russian dominion. When Alaska was ceded to the United States the Federal Government constituted itself the guardian of every Indian in the territory acquired. How has the Government complied with its duty in this respect? It is true that an act of Congress protects the fur-bearing animals of Alaska, but the walrus does not come within the letter of the statute. White men are prohibited from killing in that Territory comparatively useless wolves and foxes, but are allowed in a single decade to well nigh exterminate an animal which among the dwellers on the main land is a staple of food, while to the more unfortunate inhabitants of the islands, it is the very staff of life.—Alaska Appeal.

JOURNALISM AND AUTHORSHIP.—During the last thirty years New York journalism has absorbed much of our best talent, and well it might, for it demands the best. No severer test can be applied to a writer than that of his ability to furnish leading articles regularly. More than one, who has succeeded easily as a book-writer or essayist, has found his equipment and his power of composition inadequate to the off-hand production of compact, polished, well informed leaders, such as are needed for the editorial pages of our great newspapers. Journalism is an art; but under our system it brings little beyond his weekly stipend in sure, and that means a great deal for one who lives by his pen. Newspapers thus far have supplied the readiest market to a writer, and the magazines next to them. It is a chapter upon Hood, London's journalist poet, I have claimed that the task of daily writing for the press, while a good staff, is a poor clutch; it diffuses the heat of authorship, checks idealism, retards the destruction of master-pieces. Besides, it brings an author into attrition with members of the craft who possibly know him so familiarly as to underrate him. He is subjected to local jealousies, to the over-praise of the newspaper which befriends him, and sometimes to the unjust or ungenerous treatment of rival sheets. All this may be thought peculiar to New York, and one which we shall outgrow. But the same phenomena are visible in the matured newspaper life of the capitals of England and France, and must be accepted as part of a journalist's warfare and surroundings.—Edmund C. Stedman in Scribner's for December.

A horse heir—A colt. Mr. C. B. Bishop, the fat comedian, well-known throughout the country, has passed examination in a San Francisco medical college, and opened an office in that city for the practice of his profession. Kossuth has just lost his rights as a Hungarian citizen. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted a bill declaring that any native of the country who voluntarily resides abroad for an uninterrupted period of ten years shall lose his civil status.

Baptist Ministers Laugh.

"The Temptation to Plagiarism and Its Remedy" was the topic discussed lately, in the Baptist Ministers' Conference. Although the ministers did not use any names, it was clear that the debate was brought about by the recent detection of the Rev. Mr. Lorimer's use in his pulpit in Chicago of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Parker, of London. The Rev. H. F. Smith, of New Brunswick, N. J., led off in the debate in an essay fifteen minutes long. He defined plagiarism in literature as purloining another's writings and offering them to the public as your own. "Brethren," he said, "I got that out of Webster's Dictionary, and I don't want to be accused of plagiarism. It is plainly inclosed by quotation marks in my manuscript. [Laughter.] Much of this cry for originality," he went on, "is sheer nonsense. 'Nullum est dictum sed quod est dictum prius.' You will observe that I quote from Seneca in the original Latin. [Laughter.] It means: 'Nothing is said but what has been said before.' [Laughter.] In conclusion the essayist said: 'Let ministers have a realizing sense of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

The Rev. Mr. Simonds, of Newark, said that no patent can be put on a fact or an explanation of the Scriptures. Therefore, where we can get at the truth of the word we should receive it. The Rev. W. H. Slubbert, of Bloomfield, N. J., asked what use ministers ought to make of their reading if they were in danger of stealing it. Shouldn't great writers be read after a sermon was written, just to study a model? It is hard, he said, to be original now, because we are drowned with skeleton sermons and all sorts of literature, good, bad and indifferent, relating to preaching.

The Rev. J. Q. Adams, of the Berean Church, said that a minister must be a very bold man to copy sermons, for he must fear that some of the congregation might read sermons and come across the one he had copied. A minister had told him that five ministers who had preached in his friend's pulpit had stolen their sermons. The Rev. Dr. Yerkes wouldn't call names, but a minister entered his pulpit not long ago, announced the text, soared around among the stars for awhile and talked of God's love, and finally settled down on one of Andrew Fuller's sermons and preached it, word for word.

The Rev. J. C. Allen said that he stimulated his mind for sermon writing by reading works of a different nature from the subject on which he was about to write. The Rev. Mr. Birch said that if he gobbled up sermons as some ministers did he would ask an artist to paint over his head on the wall behind the pulpit a big set of quotation marks.

The Rev. Mr. Douglas said that without doubt ministers have drifted into the use of means and instrumentalities that they have no reason to suppose the Holy Ghost will bless for the salvation of souls. They have become essay makers. The Rev. Dr. Eddy pleaded for ministers who are so unfortunate as to have a good memory. Some who preach without notes can't speak without repeating other men's words. Therefore, write your sermons. A minister preached a sermon of Dr. Fuller's, of Baltimore, in his pulpit and repeated it from memory, making only one small mistake. That minister perished out in just four months. [Laughter.]

The Rev. Dr. W. E. Everts, of Jersey City Heights, said there is stealing in the lower ranks as well as in the higher ranks of the ministry.

The Rev. Dr. Folwell told a story of an eminent divine who outwitted another eminent divine. Eminent minister 1 entered the church of eminent minister 2 just as eminent minister 2 was about to announce his text. Eminent minister 1 tried to sit down near the door, but eminent minister 2 spied him and invited him to come at once into the pulpit. Eminent minister 1 could not escape; he mounted the stairs and took his seat by the side of eminent minister 2. "You must preach for me this morning," whispered the preacher at home. "I came to hear you," said number 2, "and I am going to." But the other insisted, and the stranger finally consented, so number 1 took his written sermon from between the leaves of the Bible, where he had placed it when about to deliver it, and tucked it on a little shelf under the pulpit. He went down into the congregation to enjoy his friend's sermon. But number 2 simply pulled the sermon from under the pulpit and went through it word for word. [Laughter.]

The Rev. Dr. Gillette said that the closer we get to Bible patterns the better.

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer has written to Dr. Parker that the plagiarism was unconscious, and was caused by a wonderfully retentive memory. Dr. Parker replies as follows: "Dr. Lorimer availed himself of my ideas, illustrations and words in a manner of which he could not have been unconscious. That fact must be distinctly recognized. Not the slightest attempt ought to be made to get away from it. My advice to any honest man placed in Dr. Lorimer's circumstances would be thus: Select a well-known and honorable citizen of Chicago, and let him pick out promiscuously any ten or twelve manuscript sermons and publish them in the preacher's expense, and let the world be challenged to detect any plagiarism in them. If they come out of such a trial unscathed, the proper conclusion will be that, though the preacher may have made one slip, he is, upon the whole, a faithful and honest man." As to the theory of unconscious plagiarism, Dr. Parker says: "The memory that could recollect the sermon could surely recollect its author's name, otherwise it is indeed an extraordinary memory."—Globe-Democrat.

Jay Gould's friends think he is just idling away his time on days when he does not buy or sell a railroad.

In rural France there is a mania for having English servants. Governesses are treated as members of the family.

Every man is the architect for his own fortune. That's the reason a fortune always costs his 50 per cent. over and above his estimates.

Arthur Sullivan has promised to produce the Prodigal Son for the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. As this work is an oratorio and not a burlesque, the fatted calves will not be seen in the chorus.

Stephen Girard's Philanthropy.

Girard died in the back room of his plain little house in Water Street, Philadelphia, in 1831, forty years ago on the 6th of next December. What has become of the gigantic wealth, six millions of dollars, left to Philadelphia by a man of whose living deeds his biographer writes: "He gave nothing in charity. Lazarus would have lain at his door a lifetime without being noticed by him. He was solitary, sordid, cold, with a heart of stone, and fully conscious of his personal unpopularity." Let us see what has grown out of his three gifts, and how his money has been hoarded, handled and made productive by the Trustees of his adopted city. These were the Girard College, the Girard estate out of this city. Persistent efforts having been made to cut streets through the city estate left for the college by Girard, the Directors would not carry out their great scheme to increase the number of pupils, but the courts finally crushed that bold iconoclasm, and then the necessary accommodations were provided in new structures, and now 1100 boys were educated by Stephen Girard, and started in life. The new structures enabled the directors to take in all the candidates at once. Since then 315 have come in, and more are waiting their turn. Up to this time the college has received 2382 orphans, and indentured 908 boys for suitable occupations. The total expenditure for 1878 was \$289,356 42, exclusive of a large sum for improvements.

The sources of this vast scheme are the Girard estate in Philadelphia, consisting of real estate of various kinds, squares, public buildings, private residences, wharves, etc., of great value, and all in thorough repair and quite productive, and the Girard estate out of the city—coal lands in Schuylkill and Columbia counties, the value of which is shown in the report: "The product of these mines has increased from a little over 40,000 tons in 1863 to nearly a million of tons in 1878."

Thus the income of what was originally valued at six millions of dollars goes, all of it, to the education of the orphan boys of Pennsylvania. But he gave also, by his will, \$30,000 to the Pennsylvania Hospital, in which his wife had been cared for; \$30,000 to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; \$10,000 to the Orphan Asylum; \$10,000 to provide the poor of Philadelphia with fuel free; \$10,000 to distressed sea captains and their families; \$250,000 to the Masonic Grand Lodge of Philadelphia for their poor; \$5000 for a free school in Passyunk; \$500,000 to Philadelphia for certain improvements in that city; \$300,000 to Pennsylvania in aid of her canals; and a portion of his estate in New Orleans for certain improvements in that city; also \$15,000 to each of his sea captains, two years in his service, who should bring his ship safe into port; to each of his apprentices \$500; to his old servants, annuities of from \$300 to \$500 each; also liberal legacies to all his surviving relatives.

Compare this marvelous benevolence with the sudden wealth of the modern bonanza kings, and with the rigid parsimony of John Jacob Astor, and even extend the parallel to most other gigantic fortunes, and no one has struck the key of a nobler philanthropy, that has been heard by a nobler posterity, and has started and helped more humble homes than this mighty work of the man who said: "Wait till I am dead; my deeds will show what I was."—Forney's Progress.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S SWORD.—One of the most interesting relics of the Revolutionary war is in possession of Dr. W. A. W. Spotswood, a citizen of Mobila. It is nothing less than the sword of Washington, the old, trusty weapon which he wielded in that great struggle for the liberties we enjoy to-day. This sword was presented to the present possessor's grandfather, General Alexander Spotswood, of Spotsylvania Court-House, Virginia, by general Washington himself, on the occasion of the visit made by General Spotswood to General Washington at Mount Vernon in 1768—one year before the death of General Washington. It was presented to General Spotswood by General Washington as a memento of the high regard in which the latter held the former. At the time it was presented the owner of the sword was using it as a pruning-knife, trimming his trees. Dr. S. only retains the sword intact—the belt and scabbard having been stolen from the house of Dr. S. Springfield, Ill. The sword was converted into a pruning-knife by General Washington by changing one edge of it to a saw. As will be seen, the sword has been in the Spotswood family since 1798, having regularly descended from father to son, as it will continue to do. Dr. W. A. W. Spotswood, who has the sword in his possession, is now 73 years of age.—Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser.

HERALDY OF THE GRANT FAMILY.—Admiral Grant, of England, in 1690, was the "Wellington" of Europe, and the motto on his coat of arms was "stand fast." His son, General Grant, settled in the north part of Ireland, and his motto was "I'll stand sure." His son, General Grant, had as his motto "Immobile." These three assisted England in subjugating the East Indies. An older motto of the family was "Jehu Gireh" (we drive everything before us), another "Touch not the cat but with a glove." The shield of the Grant family has twelve quarterings, being emblazoned with their trophies in the East. And when our General Grant said before Richmond, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he reiterated the motto of the Grant family back for 300 years. It was the custom to say when Nellie Grant traveled in England that she was the daughter of a plebeian among royalty; and yet she had but to refer to the armorial bearings of her ancestry to show that their heraldry was parallel to that of the reigning family before the American people to-day and represents the high military status of his ancestry, the culture and military genius of those ancient worthies, who were the power behind the throne, and General Grant to-day evidently aspires only to such a position in the republic.

"Hey, Jim, let's be oarsmen." "Oarsmen? Hump, you can't row." "Who said anything about rowing? Do Hanlan and Courtney row, and ain't they the greatest oarsmen in the country?"

Paupers in England and Wales.

The Local Government Board have just issued their return of the number of paupers in England and Wales on the 1st of July last. This statement is a complete census of pauperism; no class is excluded from the enumeration. The total number of paupers on the books of the Guardians on the day named was 772,000 in round numbers. The spring and earlier summer, such as they were, by affording more employment than could be generally found in winter, removed 33,000 persons from the relief lists, the numbers on the 1st of January having been 805,000. Compared with July, 1878, however, the number last July had increased by up yards of 46,000, or 6.4 per cent. The able-bodied—and with the able-bodied are classed all their dependent children under sixteen years of age—increased 37,636. The increase of this section on the outdoor lists was about four-fold that shown by workhouse lists. The increase in the not able-bodied paupers, including those children who were not relieved with able-bodied parents, was 8694, of whom 5829 were in the house and 2865 on the out-relief lists, or about two of the former to one of the latter. This is a very different ratio from that obtained with the able-bodied paupers, where the increase was made up proportionally of one indoor to four outdoor paupers. The better measure of the depression of industry which our pauper statistics present is found in a comparison of the adult able-bodied—adult here meaning all those aged sixteen years and upwards. Of this selected group there were 91,908 on the 1st of July, 1878, and 105,342 on the 1st of July last; this is an increase of 14,334, or 16 per cent. very nearly. Twelve counties exceeded this average; the increase in Staffordshire was 1287, or 25.4 per cent.; in Worcestershire it was 492, or 47.5 per cent.; in Warwickshire it was 452, or 23.3 per cent.; in Derbyshire it was 178, or 16.8 per cent.; in Cheshire it was 576, or 36.9 per cent.; in Lancashire it was 6042, or 65.3 per cent.—by far the heaviest increase in the kingdom. In Durham the increase amounted to 879, or 24.6 per cent.; in Cumberland, to 146, or 17.2 per cent.; in Westmoreland, to 56 only, but exhibiting the large ratio of 40.3 per cent.; and in Monmouthshire, to 314, or 24.1 per cent. Several agricultural counties experienced no increase of their adult able-bodied paupers; these counties were Southampton, Berks, Oxford, Cambridge, Suffolk, Wilts, Dorset, and York, North Riding. In other agricultural counties the increase of able-bodied pauperism was far below the average.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—Paleolithic man, who existed for so long a period in Western Europe during the quarternary age, was probably indigenous there. But at the commencement of the neolithic age a new civilization was suddenly introduced, and a new type of man appears on the scene. Neolithic man, with his polished stone implements, brings with him a number of domestic animals—the dog, the goat, the sheep, the ox, the horse and the pig. By studying the origin of these animals, and determining their ancient home, light may obviously be thrown upon the source whence the neoliths emigrated. Such a study has been undertaken by Professor Habriet de Mortillet, who has contributed an interesting paper on this subject to the current number of M. Cartailhac's Materials for the History of Man. Neolithic man, according to the author, came to Asia Minor, from Armenia and the Caucasus. These, in fact, are said to be the only countries which could have yielded the assemblage of domestic animals and cereals which the neoliths brought with them upon their invasion of Southwestern Europe during the Robenhaven period.

"Lord, is it I?" There is some hindering cause in the church, preventing its healthy progress. Somebody is absent from class and prayer-meetings who ought to be there. Somebody is silent, when there, who ought to make confession, or to bear witness, for the Master. Somebody is not at Sunday-school who is much needed as an officer or a teacher. Somebody is wanted to visit from house to house to comfort the sick, to invite those who have lost their first love back again to the sanctuary and the social service, and to bring the children to the Sunday-school. More prayer and more faith are wanted. How many ought to ask, "Lord, is it I?"—[Zion's Herald.]

Latest things in boots—Holes.

Bronson Alcott is eighty years old. Boys are deep in the merits of rival makes of boots.

Delane, of the London Times, died of Bright's disease.

The latest estimate of Mr. Tilden's wealth puts it at \$20,000,000.

It is said that the forts in the Thames could be taken in an hour.

"The only Grimaldi" is an expression that covers a multitude of poor cloaks.

The mother and sister of Michael Davitt, the Sligo seditionist, live in Philadelphia.

The sorrow that can be drowned in liquor is the only sorrow that comes of drinking.

Daniel Vierge, the celebrated Parisian illustrator, will probably visit this country soon.

Ole Bull has rented James Russell Lowell's house at Cambridge, Mass., for the winter.

A new use has been found for many a youth's head-piece, the utility of which had heretofore been questionable. It is discovered that such young men's heads are primarily intended to keep their necktie from slipping off.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

BY MRS. E. H. HUGHES. They tell us of a beautiful home, A way to an evergreen shore; They tell us there our loved ones, Who have safely journeyed o'er. Like a rare bird, in wanderings wild, We strain our eyes to see; The rifting clouds that seem but shrouds, No veiling in mystery. When clouds obscure our pathway clear, And from our eyes are hid, Will pressing on a brighter air, And rowing on the sea? This beautiful home is not seen, Only a gleam of light is told; This beautiful home of whom we dream, This palace of crystal and gold. Do our loved ones wait at the pearty gate, Do wait our coming there, By the crystal stream 'neath the golden arch, That gleams in their shining hair? In deepest shades of darkest noon, Do we hear their whirring wings; Like the chiming of bells in the lone age, Is the music of their feet. This beautiful home on the other side, Where hope like a fairy strays; This beautiful home beyond the tide, Where the crystal waters meet. Through the dreary night a ray of light, A gleam of a brighter shore, On a tarrying gale the boatman pains Will safely row us o'er. When friends prove false and life doth seem A burden hard to bear, Through a rifting cloud we catch a gleam, Like the breath of an angel's prayer!

ALL SORTS.

Abbe Liszt is said to wear his priestly robes lightly. It takes four doctors to cure General Sheridan of a cold in the head. Modesty is worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

A female celebrity has arrived in Monaco who goes by the name of the "Roulette Fiend."

Prof. Proctor alludes to the earth as a mere mustard seed. Probably because it is hot inside.

"Life" says that the English diamond trade is looking up by reason of orders from the United States. When the brewers of Cincinnati combine their motto will be "one beer" instead of "beer for one."

Zola works at a big table, in a big room, in a big house, and has a big opinion of the result of his labors.

The new "Turkish Reveille" seems to be very popular, but the old Turkish Reveille? was the thing on Thanksgiving day.

Did it ever occur to you that Eve never had an opportunity to tell her side of that Garden of Eden story?

Mulish obstinacy is the leading characteristic of some men who go through life claiming great credit for positiveness of character.

The young man who consulted a goose-bone to find out what the west would be, undoubtedly anticipated a bone-answer.

Cetewayo's four wives have each been presented with a concertina and the fortunate Cet. will immediately take the woods.

News-mongers at the capital will be likely to get the cold shoulder from President Hayes and Secretary Sherman for some time to come.

A married woman who never said: "No wonder girls don't get married nowadays; they are altogether different from what they were when I was a girl."

Twenty men who believe what they profess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites, to any good cause.—[Golden Rule.]

When churches mark their black sheep so that the world may see that the church knows who they are, the white ones will be recognized and trusted.—[Golden Rule.]

The late Bishop of Exeter was sitting one day at luncheon with his wife and another lady, when the hostess inquired anxiously of her husband if the mutton was to his liking. "My dear," replied the bishop, with his courteous little bow, "it is like yourself, old and tender."

An Ogden paper, in speaking of a recent accident at that place, says: "It is feared that the boy's injuries will prove quite fatal." It is hoped that the reporter's account is exaggerated, and that the lad's injuries will prove only moderately fatal.

"Ah, Louise, my heart is very despondent. Ever since I have gazed into the depths of those lovely, I—" Hush; John, put an air brake on that train of thought. Pa has introduced me to his new partner, and I am his for \$2,000,000. That settles it.

A pretty, blue-eyed maiden who was nursing her fifth Christmas doll, and listening to her mother and some female friends talking about domestic broils and divorces, created rather a pleasant sensation by remarking: "Well, ma, I'm never going to marry. I'm going to be a widow."

W. H. M., of the Gurni's Club, London, advertises that he will pay the expenses of his collie dog (which has an affection of the lungs, and needs the benefit of a warmer climate) if any one wintering in the south of France, who would like a pleasant companion, will undertake the care of him.

A box stall costing \$13,000 has just been finished in the stable of Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, for his favorite horse. The stable proper has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, rings, chains and drain traps of silver, and the walls are frescoed with hunting scenes. This building cost \$80,000.

When two couple of young people start out riding in a two-seated carriage, they are as happy as four loving clams until the shades of evening approach, and then the couple in the front seat begin to realize that the crying need of this great, free and majestic country of ours is—a two-seated carriage with the front seat behind.

The oldest postmaster in the service is Edward Stabler, of Sandy Springs, Montgomery county, Md. His commission is dated December 14, 1830, nearly forty-nine years ago, when Andrew Jackson was President. His salary last year was \$397, and never larger than that sum. Mr. John Wilson, of Plato, Ill., is the oldest postmaster west of the Allegheny mountains, having served since 1840.