My story? Well, I don't see why should not scratch it down. There's nothing to be ashamed of in it, so far as I know, and though regular story writers mayn't call it "romantic," I think the wind sets that way myself, and there's a bit of love in it, too, though you'd never think I was a subject for a love story, to look at me. I'm old enough, d'ye see, to feel safe about the draft, and brown enough to be a Hottentot; and as for flesh-well, no matter; some of you slim young dandies will be as stout as I if you live as long. Besides that fracas at Gibraltar didn't improve my looks. I'll tell you about that before my story is over, I reckon; at present I had better heave ahead.

Fat as I am, and old as I am, there was a time when I was as slender a young fellow as shipped before the mast agin his parents' leave. They, Lord bless 'em! wanted to make a counter jumper of me, and I tried measuring rags about a year, Then I could not stand it any longer and umped the old counter and cut and went to sea. I'd a hankering for it a good while, and the only thing I ever regretted was the way my poor old mother took it to Wait a bit; honor bright, there

was one thing.

There was Jenny Blush, old Blush's only daughter, and the prettiest girl I ever set eyes on. Her skin was just as soft and fair as any baby's. As for her hair, I've got a bit in my old desk up stairs, and though it has crossed the ocean about a dozen times it's so bright now you'd take it for a geld chain coiled down under the bit of blue ribbon its tied with.

Old Blush was my captain ashore. mean to say he was the head of the big dry goods store where they first setme to measuring rags, and Jenny used to come over every day after ribbons and calicos and the like; and, Lord love ye! I don't find fault with the women folks looking after such things, tho' it don't seem a man's place to sell 'em. Father and old Blush were fast friends, and when they found I was sweet on Jenny, they put their heads together to sanction the match. I was to be taken into partnership, d'ye see, and was to step into the rag business when the

old man stepped out. Well, Jenny and I were fond of each other, and I knew it already; so, the old folks being agreeable, we saw a good deal of each other, Sundays and evenings, to say nothing of errands she ran to the store. And I used to wish I could make up my mind to it and stay ashore; but I could not if I died for it. I heard the waves beating about my head in dreams, I hated the cloth, yard and scissors so they made me ill. And one night I told Jenny so. She cried a bit; but by-and-by she owned that she didn't hate me for it; and we talked over the time when I should be a captain, and she could make every voyage with me, and have a cabin like a par-

Then she let me kiss her. P'raps she kissed me back; and I cut off the yellow curl I told you of with a pair of scissors the only really pleasant job I ever did with the confounded things in all my life.

That night I ran away, and though I blubbered like a child when I passed mother's door, you couldn't have coaxed What a man wants to be he will be; and there are men meant from their cradles for the water as sure as fish

I got a letter from old mammy that cut me up; but I knew she'd come round, and I didn't guess the worst-how should I? When it first came to me that a man who my breath away. This was when I first went home, d'ye see? Mamma scolded and | calls ye now. cried and kissed me; but Margaret, Me-

linds, and brother Charles Augustus pitched into me ferociously. Says they: "You've disgraced your family-we've been respectable genteel folks all our lives and now we are to have a common sailor

for a brother." I caught it-a regular gale, and father put in his oar regarding disobedience. When that came I cleared out and went over to old Blush's. Nobody was at home but Jenny, and she rushed into my arms. Well, we were billin' and cooin', as sweethearts mostly do, I reckon, when Blush came home to tea. I never heard a gale of wind roar louder than he did when he

"What do you want here, sir," he asked. Says I. Don't you recollect me, Mr. Blush? I'm Jack Bollast." Says he, "I recollect you well enough;

but how dare you show your face here again? Says I, "I came to see my Jenny."

"Your Jenny?" says he, "My good fellow, Miss Jennie Blush is no match for a common sailor before the mast; and whatever may have been between you when you were entitled to my respect, it quietly walking out yourself or of being kicked out." Anyone but Jenny's father would have

been floored for that. I just looked up and down and saw my fists shut up of themselves, and tried to keep 'em so. Says I, as cool as I could, "I don't mean to be before the mast all my life, sir. I

expect to be a captain some day.'

'And," says old Blush, "a man with no advantage, brought up to the sea, might partner in our firm You might be a gentleman and have as good a business in the dry goods line as any man alive. And you have chosen to be a roving rascal, I'd see my daughter in her grave before I would give her to you. Sam, show this

with the coal hod. And when he said that my fists were beyond my control, and the last I saw of old Blush he was on his back on the hearth rug. Then says I to the darkey, "teuch me if you want to, you rascal," and then stalked out.

I saw Jenny on the sly the next day and tried to get her to run away with me; but the girl had a will of her own and knew her duty.

Says she, "I can't disobey my father, Jack. I love you dearly, and I'll never marry any one else; but it must be all over between us. I don'tthink he would have relented, even if you hadn't been so vio lent; but now he never will. You've done it yourself, Jack," she said, turning quite white and looking away from me. liked the sea best and you've got it instead

Those were the last words she said. I was going away when I hearda little cry, and turning saw her arms stretched to wards me; then I went back and folded her to my bosom and kissed her a hundred And I'm afraid I cursed the hard old father from the bottom of my soul, though it wasn't aloud, for mind ye, a woman is a womam, and words good enough for men's ears ain't to be spoken day; shd though I loved the sea, there Ballast.

were times, when looking over the side I used to fancy a voice deep down in the waves whispering her last words over

again: "You've done it yourself, Jack; you liked the sea better than me, and you've

got it." It doesn't take long for the years to go by, either on the land or on the ocean. They went with me as with other folks. I got on well enough. Before I knew it I was first mate, then second mate, then captain. I suppose I should have sailed the sea till they burried me in it if it had not been for the first mate, Tom Hamlin. I loved that fellow as I might a brother, if I'd a better one than Charles Augustus. At Gibralter Hamblin got into a row with some English soldiers. They'd all been drinking together; of course I took his part. They had firearms about them and used them upon each other. I didn't save Hamlin for they shot him dead; but I got a couple of bullets in me, and was picked up just as near Davy Jones's locker as ever a man who didn't go into it. I got well again, and was on the invalid list; and as I had laid up a handful of money and was past forty, I made up my mind to stay at home and take care of Tom Hamthem, both girls. I settled down in New York and fetched them home, poor, halfstarved creatures; for the woman they boarded with was given to drink, and kept them on bread and treacle, and as they told me I must, I put them in black frocks-they would have felt just as bad in red-and settled down to make myself comfortable. Soon I looked out for a chaplain, to pass Sunday as it ought to be, and the Rev. Eben Tucker's church being handy, I shipped him along with the girls and, as I always did my duty I never pre-tended not to see the plate when the steward shoved it up our pew. The Rev. Eben Tucker was a sociable man. He used to drop in of evenings and talk to me about my soul; and though I can't say but what I dropped to sleep sometimes, he knew his duty when he did it. A captain's duty is one thing, and a chaplain's is an-

One day he spoke bout poor Hamlin's gals. Says he, "You send them to school, don't you?"

"Says I, "I haven't done it-gals are better without learning if they can read their Bibles and cipher out the butcher's bill." But he kept on, and pretty soon I let him examine them. Lord love ye, they hardly knew their letters. The schooling as well as the board had gone for gin.

The poor heathen are scarcely more benighted," said our chaplain. He insists on my saying pastor, but t'other sounds "We must find an instructress for them,

captain. "Surely," said I-I wanted to do the best by poor Tom's children that I could-"surely; just mention a schoolmarm chap-

lain. Said he, "My own are under the care of the person who plays the organ—a highly estimable lady in reduced circumstances. Her school is close by, No. -

Broome street. So he wrote the name and address on a card, and I promised to take the girls

Monday morning we took sail. I bought em spelling books and satchels and slates and by nine o'clock we were at the door, Then I looked for the address card, and behold ye, I had lost it! However, I was in port and could hail the lady as "school-

was bawling out that she wanted to go home. But, says I, "No, gals, I don't General Thomas himself was no sold rags was better than a sailor, it took | want you to grow up as benighted as the heathen, and that's what the chaplain

So I lugged 'em in and made my rever-

"Duty, ma'am," says I, "here's two girls as needs instruction. The Rev. Eben Tucker recommended ye to give it 'em, and whatever extra it is for playin' the organ, let 'em learn it; for it is you that works in the top loft 'o Sundaysyou know how to do it. Cap'n Jack Ballast, at your service. Send your bills to him, and he'll foot 'em !" I ain't bold with women. I'm a bit

bashful before strange uns even yet. And I hadn't looked at her. But when I spoke out my name she gave a little scream and started back. Of course I couldn't help looking at her then, and she was sitting down with her handkerchief before her

"Says I, "I beg pardon, are you ill mum? Says she, still not looking up, "Did you say your name was Captain Ballast?

"Jack Ballast, at your service," said I Says she, "Oh, Jack! don't you know

"Says I, "Look up and I'll make sure." And she lifted up her face and I sawwell, it wasn't the pink-cheeked girl 1 is all over now. You have your choice of knew. It wasn't a girl at all, but in a min-quietly walking out yourself or of being ute it was Jenny Blush again—a great deal more than I was Jack Ballast. "Jenny," says I, "Oh, Jenny, is it really

> And then the color came into her cheeks and her eyes glittered, and she whispered. "Oh, not before the school, Jack," had caught her up to my heart and kissed

We had not much time to palayer, then, but I came for her in the evening boast of that; but you might have been a and took her for a walk. And she told me how the rag store had been shipwrecked, and old Blush dropped dead of apoplexy when he knew it. And how my brother Charles Augustus had offered her his hand, but she said no, and preferred to earn her own living to marrying one she did not love while there was one liv-This was to the servant just come aboard ling whom she did. And now it was fifteen venrs ago.

Then says I: "Jenny, dear, I love you better than ever, now I've found you again. When you told my brother there was some one living you loved did you nean me

"Yes, Jack." "Says I, "Now you've seen me-a weather-beaten, scarred old sailor-do you think the same?

Says she, "I always shall, Jack." "Come on, then," says I. And not another word until we came to Rev. Eben Tuckers. There I rang the bell.

"Says she, "Why have you brought me here, Jack?" "Says I, "To make the chaplain marry us, my love."

Says she, "Its too sudden; I can't What would people say?" "No matter for the people," says I. And in we walked. And for all she told

me that no woman was ever married before in a delaine dress and straw bonnet the chaplain didn't find it any obstacle, but spliced us. And so, after fifteen years' waiting, I got my Jennie for my

I don't think she's sorry for it, and I know I sin't, and as for poor Tom's chil-The sight of Jenny as I left dren, she's a mother to 'em. And her, with her yellow hair all blown back whether there is any romance in my under the bare tree pranches, all bright story or not, it is a happy one for me in with icicles, hannted me for many a long the ending, as sure as my name is Jack Reminiscences of Gen. Thoma ..

Stories of the war, especially incidents illustrating the peculiarities of General Thomas as a man and commander, formed the staple of gossip among the veterans of his army lately assembled here to do henor to his memory.

When General Slocum and General Ketcham met at the reunion they exchanged hearty greetings. In the social chat which followed they were both reminded of an episode in which they, next to General Thomas himself, were the chief actors. In March, 1863, Lieutenant Porter, of the Indiana Volunteers, two privates and a wagon master became detached from their train went out on a foraging expedition, and were captured by a party of guerillas. The Lieutenant was in a house signing receipts for the grain with which his wagons were loaded, when the foremost wagon, containing the two unarmed privates and the wagon master, started off ahead of their escort. The Lieutenant rode on to halt the wagon, and on lin's orphan children. He had two of his aproach was forced to surrender to a party who had already captured the wagon. The four prisoners were made to ride until midnight, when the party halted and prepared to camp. hands of the prisoners were tied behind them, and they were made to stand in a row two or three yards from their captors. At the signal the latter drew their revolvers, and fired at the prisoners. Three prisoners were shot dead at the first fire, but Lieutenant Porter was not He sprang away in the darkness, hit. and after doubling on his pursuers several times, at last threw himself over a bank into the river, having first succeeded in freeing his hands. He finally

> were made known to General Thomas, his indignation knew no bounds. After considering the matter he decided upon a novel method of retaliation, and one most effectual preventative of guerilla murderers. This was to levy \$30,000 on the property of the rebel citizens within a circuit of ten miles of the place where the murders were committed, the pro ceeds to be devoted to relieving the families of the murdered men. General Slocum was charged with the execution of this order, and detailed Colonel Ketcham, now well-known Representatative in Congress of the XIIIth New York District, to make the assessments. and seize property to cover the amount named, if no better method of collecting shoult suggest itself. Doubts were expressed with regards to the success of the effort, but Colonel Ketcham proceeded so vigorously in his work that he was enabled to collect and sell property to the value of \$35,640, General Slocum, in reporting the result to General Thomas, paid Colonel Ketcham a high

reached camp in safety.

When the circumstances of this atrocity

compliment for skill and energy. He also recommended that after the sum of \$10,000 to the family of each of the dead soldiers should be paid, and a few hundred dollars assessed upon persons who has afterwards proved to be friendly had been repaid, the remainder, about \$5000 should be divided among the families of two other soldiers of the command who Betsey was wiping her eyes, and Peg had lost their lives at the hands of the

General Thomas himself was not a man of many anecdotes. He told no stories for the sake of stories, nor was he one who taught by parables, as Mr. Lincoln; but he had a military habit of speech, concise, pithy and epigramatic. reply to General Sherman, who criticised his abundant baggage, that he did not propose to march without food to eat and a bed to sleep in, is familiar to all and characteristic of the man. It was his considerate attention to the comfort and health of his men that earned for him the famous nickname of "Pap." When it is considered that perhaps two-thirds of the gaps in the ranks of a regiment at the close of a campaign are due, not to the bullets of an enemy, but to the thoughtlessness or incompetency of those in charge of the health and strength of the army, his care in this respect fully warrants the admiration and love from his old subordinates of which the recent

demonstration was an expression. At the same time he was too good and just a General to permit this desire for comfort to degenerate into indulgence, and he was especially opposed to predatory foraging for luxuries. "On one occasion," said General Negley the other night, "while the army were at Murfreesboro, the General sent for me to insist upon a stricter discipline of my division. There had been a fire in the town, and before the bricks were cooled for chimneys. It is possible that the fire had been of incendiary origin, such ceidents often happen near camps. At any rate General Thomas sent for me and said: 'This must be stopped, or the first thing you know they'll carry off the

whole town." Said a distinguished naval officer at the reunion: "Thomas was an old-fashioned sort of a man. He reminded me of Zach Taylor. He took the refuse which Sherman left behind and worked it over, retreating before Hood until he got ready to fight, and then he cleaned him out. Personally, he was a kind, quiet man, who would hear what you had to say and treat everybody well. In some respects he was like Admiral Foote, thought he wasn't so heavy on religion and temperance. But he was a good man, moral man; in short, he was an old-fashioned

man. Another gentleman traced some features of similarity between General Thomas and General Washington. Both were Virginians of an imposing presence. of incorruptible integrity, endowed with solid rather than brilliant talents, being Generals better qualified, perhaps, for defense than for attack, "and both 'Paps," he added, by way of pecration.

The best poker-player in Eureka be longs to the church. Perhaps it should be added that he has stopped playing.

A little fellow, on going for the first to church where the pews were very into a cupboard and took a seat on a

Ditches are dug alongside the Iron Mountain and Southern railroad, three feet wide and two deep, by means of an enormous plow, which is drawn by a locomotive. This machine does the work locomotive. This machine does the work of a thousand met.

The deep has been a change in the leading depart dot Enklish getaught, how you know you have the witness took his place. "Yes, sir, locomotive the witness took his place. "Yes, sir, was the reply. Lawyer: "Wife living of a thousand met."

Alleweil?"

The British Uniforms.

It may be mentioned that the English Army is the most expensively dressed of any in Europe; this is partly a consequence, no doubt, of their system of necessary that the soldier's life, and especially his dress, should appear attractive to the vagrant population from which recruits are mainly obtained. The greater costliness of the cavalry uniform, and the way in which the trooper's coat is bedizened with tags and embroidery, would seem to indicate that the cavalry is a less popular service than the infantry, needing special attractions; as people, the inclosed nature of whose country affords little scope for cavalry operations, while that branch seldom takes a part in the isolated expeditions to distant regions of which the military records of the nation are mainly composed. In the British, even more than in other armies, the leading part has always been played by the infantry, and its triumphs have always been associated with the prowess of the arm. But although the British uniform in all branches is costly, the result to foreign eyes is hardly commensurated with the outlay. What these people term "smartness" is the thing now most aimed at in their uniforms; smartness at present taking the form of retrenchment of the skirts of the tunic till hardly any skirts are left. A thus curtailed (verkurzter) guardsman, his scanty coat surmounted by an enormous shake, and his trousers tucked into gaiters, seen alone, as when on sentry, has a very forlorn and top-heavy appearance, although the effect in the mass is well enough. But in undress no skirts at all are worn, and smartness takes the form of an almost delicate tightness of dress. To see one of their tall troopers-for although compared with us the English are a small race, they have a sufficiency of tall men wherewith, to overweight their limited number of troop-horses-wearing on the which subsequent events proved to be a extreme edge of his head a little cap, about as useful as the pocket-handkerchief a lady carries at a ball, and a curious instance of surviual, (Zopfthum) his legs incased in very tightly-strapped trousers, and the upper part of his body in a very tight and very short jacket, with not a pocket big enough to hold even a sausage, looking altogether the picture of discomfort and smartnesswhen I see one of these long-legged giants walking in Bloomsbury Gardens, or other fashionable resort for the children of the aristocrasy and their female attendants, my impulse is always present the poor fellow with a petticoat to wrap around him. Also, when dining with the officers-and on more then one occasion during my visit to England have these hospitable islanders pressed on me their good solid food and flery Xeres and Oporto wines in their camps of Aldershot and Shorneliffe-when I have seen a stout and rubicund field officer, whose short open "shell jacket" displayed all the proportions of his portly frame, methought that the long frock-coat worn by all branches of our army was both more comfortable and more decent. But, as I have said, the English are an imitative people in military affairs, and perhaps before long will adopt this our good cus- time. estem I Cantain Von parts of Schwert, in Fortnightly Review.

The Late Editor of the London Times.

The cable announces the death of John Thaddeus Delane, who was for thirty six years editor of the London Times. He withdrew in 1877, in illhealth, and passed the closing years of his life in retirement, chiefly in the south of France and Italy. Mr. Delane was 62 years of age, an Oxford graduate and a London barrister. His father had been in former years the business manager of the Times, and he entered the office in 1830 as assisstant to the then editor, Thomas Barnes, whom he succeeded as editor in 1841. The career of Mr. Delane is the history of the great London newspaper at its highest point, and he directed its course through the eventful period since 1840 (with one exception) with wonderful success. He never held any other position, and was rarely away from his post of duty, but always, when in London in health, staying at the office until the paper went to the soldiers carried them off to the camp press, and attending to every detail of the make up of the reading pages. He made a brief visit to the United States in 1867. Mr. Delane was a robust, energetic man, and physically a type of the best class of England. He had a bearty manuer that captivated all who came in contact with him, whilst be had no superior in quickly measuring the drift of public opinion, and testing the sense of the ruling classes of Great Britain upon great questions of State policy. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and for many years prominent in London society, his great abilities and charming manners giving him the entree to the highest circles. To these anali. "Because he sees tars." the highest circles. To these qualities and advantages he owed much of his success in directing the course of the Times. The control of that influential journal was for a long period in the hands of Mr. Delane and | norn blind.] his two brothers-in-law, Sir George editor, and Mowbray Morris, the business manager. Mr. Morris retired several years ago in broken health, subsequently dying, and Mr. Dasent was made a British Civil Service Commissioner in 1870, being afterwards knighted. The control of MacDonald, the present manager, high, was asked on coming out what he and Dr. T. Chenery, the present edi- daily papers, did in church, when he replied: "I went tor, who succeeded Messrs. Morris and Delane, though John Walter, say?" M. P., the chief proprietor, exercises a close supervision. During the past

five years there has been a change in

Put to Sleep.

It is well known that in the year 1851 Mr. Braid, a Scotch surgeon, established in Manchester, who was present at the mesmeric exhibitions of Lafontaine, was voluntary enlistment, which makes it first struck with the idea that these phenomena, proclaimed as the effect of a magnetic fluid, were only a natural consequence of the fixed look and entire abstraction of the attention, which present themselves under the monotonous manipulations of the magnetizer. Mr. Braid proved in his experience the entire disableness of a so-called magnetizer and his supposed secret agents or fluids produced through certain manipulations; indeed is only natural with an insular he taught the subjects of the experiments to place themselves in this sleeping condition by simply making them gaze fixedly at some object for a long time with strict attention and unmoved gaze. It is, therefore, clear that this condition of the nerves, caused by the steady look and attraction of attention, in one part of the brain, brings the other part into action with it and changes the functions, to whose normal activity the phenomena of the will are united. This is the actual, natural, physiological connection of this mysterious appearance. It only remains to us now to ascertain which portions of the brain first and second become altered, and in what these changes co: sist. According to Braid, for example, on

one occasion, in the presence of 800 persons, ten out of fourteen full grown men were placed in a sleeping condition in this way. All began the experiment at the same time; the former with their eyes fixed upon a projecting cork, placed securely on their foreheads; the others. at their own will, gazed steedily at certain points in the direction of the audience. In the course of ten minutes the eyelids of these ten persons had voluntarily closed. With some consciousness remained; others were in catelepsy, and entirely insensible to being stuck with needles, and others on awakening, knew absolutely nothing of what had taken place during their sleep. Even more; three persons of the audience fell asleep without Braid's knowledge, after following the given direction of gxing their eyes steadily on some point.

Braid's experiments, which are designated as the beginning of a scientific investigation of extremely complicated nervous phenomena, did not find at first the esteem and homage due to them, and gradually sank into oblivion. This is explained by the fact that they were associated with mesmerism; and Lafontaine whose "magnetic" exhibitions were the first cause of Braid's investigations, protested, not without animosity, that "hypotism," or "Braidism," was identified with his "mesmerism." Braid himself, in the course of his experiments, seems to have lost his former scientific force as an investigator. Then, in 1858, Mr. Grimes, the American, with his "Electro-Biolgy," appeared and took up the intellectual epidemic of medium and spiritual apparitions, which were witnessed in astonishment and saw the whole world more or less impressed by it. It was, naturally, then, not at all

surprising that hypotism, or Braidism, remained almost unknown to science. Only once it attracted scientific attention and iterest, and then only for a short This was in 1859, in December, tion by placing twenty-four women in a sleeping condition by Braid's method, and then performing surgical operations without causing the slightest pain.

SHORT ITEMS.

Is the knot in a porker's tail a pigs-

A rich relation-The telling of a racy

story. Mosquitoes penetrate into the best to-

Ought a baker drive a thorough bread An arrow-minded class-Those devoted

to archery. Case of rapture-Where a lover is wrapped up in his girl. Off-fish-ally speaking-Reports of Fish

Commissioners. The Nihilists are making desperate efforts to an-nihil-ate the Czar.

Motto of Louisiana-"If at first you don't succeed, lie, lie again.' The way Hanlan beat Elliot was his

superior manner of Hanlan his oars. Though all vessels are not propellers, yet every vessel has its (s) crew.

Brigham Young's estate finally mers down to \$75,000, which is divided among seven heirs. The grand secret of Russian valor-

There's so much "itch" to their names

it's no wonder they "come up to the scratch. "Throw him a rope," the Philadelphia Transcript remarks, is the proper thing

to say when you see a friend of yours overboard. The effect is magical. All the axes and buck-saws found in the ruins of Pompeii are of light make,

Those old ancients knew their little business. Conundrum by Smythekins: "Why is the Captain of a ship like an astronomer?" All of Smythekins fellow-boarders

as if constructed for woman's use.

There is an old lady, 107, in Boston, who never uses spectacles, and whose sight is as good as it ever was. the Boston Post, which records this re-

markable fact, adds that the old lady was

The clergyman in a certain town, as Webbe Dasent, who was assistant the custom is, having published the that the Lord would lift upon me the editor, and Mowbray Morris, the bonds of matrimony between two years light of His countenance." "Then," rebonds of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words: heaven!"

What has become of the old race of circus clowns, those genial, jolly fel-lows who made one laugh at the oldest the Times then passed to John C. jokes?-Transcript. Just as if you did not know they are paragraphers on the

"Ikey, vot you vas geshtoodying, ay?" "Now, ole man, uf you only don't say geshtoodying; aber stoodying! "Vife, you hear mit dot? Dot poy tells someding to his old fader. Uf I don't

Good Talkers. THE NEED OF THEM.

It seems to me that the great want of society at the present day is good conversationalists. In fact, one who excels in the art of conversation has got to be so rare a bird upon the earth that a host or hostess at a dinner or evening party is at his or her wits' end to find some one who possesses that rare gift, to prevent their guests from growing dull or stupid and matters in general becoming prosy and lacking in interest. One reason of their scarcity is that society has to a great extent learned to do without them. In other words, the tenor of the talk at the ordinary social gathering has become such a volume of nonsense and frivolty that instructive conversation has become a lost art, or has been retired to the privacy of the amily circle. We do not hear in this latter day of men and women achieving a widereputation as brilliant conversationalists as they did in days gone by. Just supplie Madame De Stael should drop into the midst of an evening entertainmentat one of our social gatherings and shoull attempt to introduce or discuss the problems of ethics, philosophy, and politics, which made her a national reputation as a conversationalists, and her presence necessiry to the success of almost every literary soiree in Paris, and whose charming povers of conversation kept constantly around her statesmen, poets, and philosophers, pleased listeners and argent admires.

In this age she would be denounced as an old woman with a hobby, and be a bore of the first magnitude. She could no more adapt herself to the tone of society of the present day or mingle in its conversition than the eagle could adopt the mainers and customs of the duck. Imagincher seated upon one end of a sofa in the dawing room with her highly ornamentel fan before her face, and her eyes peeringfrom behind it at a young Adons at the oher end of the sofa, and with the most larguishing air and bewitching smile possible saying, "Now, Mr. A, I think you are real nean."

The am of both men and women in modern society should be to elevate the standard of conversation and restore to society the literary tone that social gatherings used to and ought now to possess. As it exits at present, conversation has become a pile of words, a great deal of talking aid not much said.

The quistion presents itself: Can it be remedied if so, how? The reason, I believe, why the art of conversation has reached is present low ebb is because we do not understand or appreciate each other's worth. In other words, the gentlemen hate become thoroughly impressed with the idea that in order to make themselves agreeable to the ladies they must keep up a constant stream of nonsense and silly atterances; and the ladies seem to have formed the same idea in regard to the gentlemen, until out of this mutual misunderstanding has grown this empty, meaningless jargon of words at almost every social gathering-a sorts of shower of soap bubbles.

I was present at an evening party not long ago, and was sitting with a group of ladies and gentlemen, when a lady whom I had known slightly in society for nearly a year, and whose mission I had always supposed to be to "bow, and smirk, and giggle," began to speak of a new work of an author she had been reading, and with tom of a coat that really covers, as they after Velpeau and Broca, two well known an earnestness of manner, spoke of her have adopted our helmet and many other surgeons of a La Societie de Chirurgie, admiration of the writer's style, and, to in Paris, caused the most intense sensa- utter astonishment, proceeded to point out what seemed to her his strong and weak points as an author. The effect upon the group around her was apparent. terest was at once awakened in the topic of conversation, and when it ended a pleased expression was visible upon the countenances of all who heard it. And upon leaving the house some one remarked that the young lady in question had been unusually fascinating during the evening. The truth was; she had only dropped her society face and manner and was appearing as herself. In her tittering and giggling she had supposed she was simply making herself agreeable. What we want is to know and understand each other

> In order to improve the tone of conversation I do not mean that we are to be grave and stiff in our deportment. I mean that we should be brilliant, gay and sparkling; but let us be sensible about it. I am heartily opposed to any tombstone solemnity or old fogyism about social entertainment. I am one of those who believe that a lady can wear her hair banged, and have a trail to her dress "nine yards long" and all the ruffles and furbelows she can pile on, and still have a head "chuck full' of hard, solid sense, and that a gentleman can part his hair in the middle (but I would earnestly advise him not to infringe upon the province of the ladies to that extent) and still be a sensible man. To remedy this evil tendency of society

all we have to do is to be ourselves and fit ourselves by mental culture for our part in the reform. Conversation is an art that can be acquired by anyone, and is readily possessed by a familiarity with current events and literature. I believe that the greatest aids to instructive conversation are metropolitan magazines and newspapers of the present day. Read and study them carefully and talk about the suljects and questions of which they treat to your friends, and you will soon so interested in the movements of civilization that you cannot nelp talking about them and talking well.

Active devotion to Christ's service is another cure for spiritual despondency. The faith faculty gets numb by long inaction, but as a limb becomes numb and useless if it is not exercised. The love-power grows cold if it is not kept fired up. When faith and love both run low, the soul easily falls into an ague fit. When a desponding Christian came to old Dr. Alexander for relief the doctor urged him to prayer. "I do pray continually." "What do you pray The young student said, light of His countenance." plied the sagacious veteran, "go now and pray that He will use you for the convet-"Deluded souls that dream of sion of souls." This was on the prince pal that a man who is in danger of free! ing, will keep himself warm by pulling others out of the snow. Zealous workers for Christ seldom drift into the region of fogs. They are too busy to nurse doubts. and the exercise of their graces keeps them in a glow .- Theo. L. Cuyler.

> "Couldn't you lend me \$5?" "Yes. "Then you think! could, but I won't." I wouldn't pay you back?" would, but you couldn't."