

"AFTER THE BURIAL."

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor,
Where skies are as sweet as a psalm
At the bows it rolls so seaward,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when o'er breakers to leeward,
The scattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But after the shipwreck; tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among seaweed and ooze.

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless stretch out,
And you find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt.

Then better one spark of memory;
One broken plank of the past—
That our poor hearts may cling to,
Tho' hopeless on shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the heart its sweet despair,
Its tears on the thin worn lockets,
With its beauty of golden hair.

Immortal! I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that's the pang's very secret,
Immortal away from me.

There's a little ridge in the churchyard,
'Twould scarcely stay a child in its race,
But to me and my thoughts 'tis wider
Than the star-grown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect;
Your morals most dreadfully true;
But the earth that stops my darling's ears,
Makes mine insensate too.

Console if you will, I can bear it,
'Tis a well-meant aim of breath,
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death.

Communion in spirit, forgive me,
But I who am sickly and weak
Would give all my income from dream-land,
For her rose leaf palm on my cheek.

That little shore in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
Its motionless hollow confronts you,
And argues your widow down.

Just in Time.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English Commissioner at the up-country station at Huttee-Bagh, in Northern India, had gone upon the verandah with his wife and his two guests, the Colonel and Major of the 14th Light Infantry, to enjoy the cool of the evening.

On three sides of the house was surrounded by its compound, a large enclosed space serving the purpose of a courtyard, but the fourth was only separated by a small patch of garden from the public road, along which a number of native women were passing with their little pitchers on their heads.

The sight of them naturally turned the conversation upon a favorite subject with all Anglo-Indians, viz.: the character of the natives and the best method of dealing with them.

"There's only one way," said the Colonel, emphatically. "Tell 'em what they are to do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well if they don't. That's the way."

"Well, I venture to differ from you there, Colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietly. "I had to do some thrashing once or twice, I own, but most of my native servants seem to get along very well without it, and they serve me excellently, I assure you."

"I wish you had been in my place, then," retorted the Colonel; "you'd have changed your opinion, I warrant. Why, the year before last, when I had charge of two battalions of the rascals down at Suttepore, because there wasn't another Queen's officer within reach—just like my confounded luck!—there was no getting anything done unless I did it myself. By Jove, sir! I had to be everything at once—my own Quartermaster, my own Sergeant Major, my own caterer, and—"

"And your own trumpeter, Colonel Annesley?" asked Mrs. Currie with a smile.

The Colonel's broad face reddened ominously, and an explosion seemed imminent, when a sudden clamor of angry voices from the road below drew them all to the front veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at a glance. Two half-drunken English soldiers, swaggering along the road had come into violent contact with a native who was running past; and one of them enraged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground and was unclasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully.

"Served the young whelp right," shouted the Colonel, rubbing his hands; "that's just what they all want."

The other officer, Major Armstrong—popularly called Major Strongarm—was a huge, brawny, silent man, whose forte lay in acting rather than talking.

"During the whole discussion he had sat like a great bronze statue, never uttering a word; but at sight of this man ill-using this child, he woke up rather startlingly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault over the high stockade beyond, was the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had raised the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier, in the low tones of a man who means what he says:

"Be off with you." "And who the deuce are you, shoving your nose where you ain't wanted?" roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose eyes the Major's plain dress bore no token of his being an officer; "jist you—"

The sentence was never finished. At the sound of that insolent defiance Armstrong's sorely-trying patience gave way altogether, and the powerful right hand which had heaved his way through a whole squadron of Shiv cavalry fell like a sledge-hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground as if he had been blown from the mouth of a gun.

"Well done, Major Armstrong!" shouted Mr. Currie from above. "You deserve your name, and no mistake." At that formidable name the soldier took to his heels at once; and Armstrong, without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the hurts of the boy.

The letter was sorely bruised in many places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face; but the little hero still did his best to stand erect, and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.

"You're a brave lad, and you'll make a soldier some day," said the Major to him in Hindoostanee. "Come with me, and I'll see that no one molests you again."

The lad seized the huge brown hand which had defended him so bravely, and kissed it with the deepest reverence; and the two walked away together.

Six months have come and gone, and Mr. Currie's hospitable home presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is trampled into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are lying thick among the fragments of the half destroyed stockade.

All the windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loop-holed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles, showing how steadily the besieged garrison stands at bay against the countless enemies, whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the half ruined burning and matted thickets all around.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1827 is blazing sky high over Northern India, and Colonel Annesley is blockaded in Huttee-Bagh, with a certainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help comes speedily.

Day was just breaking when two men held a whispered council in one of the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong, "but, even upon half rations, the food will be out in four days more."

"And then we'll just go right at them, and cut our way through or die for it!" growled the old Colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for, with all his harshness and injustice, Colonel Annesley was "grit" to the backbone. "We mustn't say anything to him about it, though," added he, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the "Major's boy," as every one now called him) burst into the room with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.

"Sahib," cried he, "there is hope for us yet! A detachment of Ingleez (English) are coming up on the other bank of the river. If we can send word to them as they pass we are saved."

"How do you know?" asked the Major, eagerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so while I was lying hid in the bushes yonder," answered the lad.

"Among the bushes yonder?" roared the Colonel, facing round. "Have you really been in the midst of those cut-throat villains listening to what they said? Whatever did you do that for?"

"I did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake," replied the boy, promptly; "because he was good to me."

The Colonel turned hastily away to hide the flush of not unmanly shame that overspread his hard face; and Armstrong smiled slightly as he heard him mutter:

"By Jove! these chaps aren't so black as they're painted, after all."

"But if the troops are beyond the river how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had arisen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no means of sending them word."

"Fear nothing for that, mem-sahib" (madam), answered the Hindoo boy, quietly. "I will carry them word myself."

"But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mrs. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardest veteran might well have shrunk.

"Listen, Sahib," answered Ismail. "I will slip out of the house and make a dash into the enemy's lines, as if I were deserting from you to them, and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with blank cartridges as I go. Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I'll tell them that you're all dying of thirst, and that they must only wait one day more to be sure of you, so that they won't care to make another attack. Then, when they have no suspicion, and think I'm quite one of themselves, I'll steal away and slip across the river."

"But you are quite sure the Sepoys will believe you?" asked Major Armstrong, doubtfully.

"They'll believe this, anyhow," replied the boy, deliberately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder and staining his white frock with the blood as he glided from the room, followed by Armstrong.

The plan was soon explained to the men below, and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building, followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loopholes. The sound of the firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet him.

In another instant he was in the midst of them.

"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said Colonel Annesley, "but he seems to be showing them the wound on his shoulder, and telling them it was our doing."

At that moment an exulting yell from the enemy came pealing through the air.

"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the Major; "it was a very good thought of his. If it only delays their attack two days longer, there may be time for help to arrive yet."

Slowly and wearily the long hours of that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were also helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked them, all would have been over at once; but hour passed hour, and there was no sign of an assault.

At length, as afternoon gave place to evening, a movement began to show itself in the enemy's lines. Then curls of smoke rising above the trees showed that the evening's meal was in preparation; that several figures with pitchers in their hands were seen going toward the river, among whom the Colonel's keen eye detected Ismail.

"By George!" cried the old soldier, slapping his knee exultingly, "that lad's worth his weight in gold. There's his way down to the river right open to him without the least chance of suspicion. He's a bora gentleman—nothing less!"

Every eye within the walls was now turned anxiously upon the distant group, fearing to see at any moment some movement which would show that the trick was detected. How did Ismail mean to accomplish his purpose? Would he plunge boldly into the river, without any disguise, or had he some further stratagem in preparation? No one could say.

Suddenly, as Ismail stooped to plunge his light wooden dipper into the water, it slipped from his hands and went floating away down the stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantically along the bank and trying in vain to catch the vessel as it floated past.

"What on earth's he up to?" grunted the Colonel, completely mystified.

"I see!" cried Major Armstrong, triumphantly; "there's a boat wading among the reeds, and he's making for it. Well done, my brave boy!"

But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered.

Luckily those on the bank had left their speons behind, or poor Ismail would soon have been disposed of; but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of their armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant little pilot.

"Let us fire a volley and make a show of rallying out," said the Colonel, "it'll take their attention from him."

But in this he was mistaken.

The first rattle of musketry from behind the house did indeed recall most of Ismail's assailants, but at least a dozen were left who kept up an incessant firing striking the boat again and again.

All at once the Colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a frightful oath.

Between the two gusts of smoke he had seen the boat turn suddenly over, and go whirling down the river, keel upward.

"There's an end of the poor lad," muttered the veteran, brokenly. "God bless him for a brave little fellow. And now, old friend, we must just die hard, for there's no hope left."

The first few hours of the night passed quietly, and the exhausted defenders, utterly worn out, slept as if drugged with opium. But a little after midnight the quick ears of the two veteran officers—the only watchers in the whole garrison except the sentries themselves—caught a faint stirring in the surrounding thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the part of the enemy.

Listening intently for a few moments they felt certain that they were right, and lost no time in arousing their men.

The scanty stores of food were opened once more, and, crouching together in the darkness, the doomed men took what they fully believed to be their last meal on earth.

"They're coming!" said Major Armstrong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loophole. "I hear them creeping forward, though I can't see them."

The Ecumenical Gathering of Methodists Next Year in London.

An Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and its branches will meet in London in September, 1881. This conference has been talked of in the churches of the denomination for several years, but no decided action was taken until last May, when, at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati, a plan was drawn up and agreed to by the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the different branches in the United States. The denomination numbers over 4,000,000 of actual communicants and

A METHODIST POPULATION

Of about 15,000,000. There are numerous branches in Europe and this country, and they will all be represented in the conference. The members of the conference will number 400, one half of whom will represent British and Continental Methodism, and one-half the churches in the United States and Canada. As nearly as possible the conference will be composed of lay and clerical delegates equally. The 200 delegates of the United States will be assigned to the churches as follows: The Methodist Episcopal Church, 80 delegates; Methodist Episcopal Church South, 38; African Methodist Episcopal Church, 12; Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, 10; the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America, 6; the Evangelical Association, 6; the Union American Methodist Episcopal Church, 2; the Union American Protestant Church, 2; the Methodist Protestant Church, 6; the American Wesleyan Church, 4; the Free Methodist Church, 2; the Independent Methodist Church, 2; the Congregational Methodist Church, 2; the Methodist Church of Canada, 12; the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, 4; the Primitive Methodist Church in the United States and Canada, 2; the Bible Christian, 2; the British Methodist Episcopal Church, 2. The

REMAINING SIX MEMBERS

Are left to be distributed by the western section of the General Executive Committee. The assignment of delegates to the European and Continental churches has not yet been made. The delegates will be named by the conferences as they meet, between this time and next July. The conference will not meet for legislative purposes, for it will not have the authority to legislate. It is not for doctrinal controversies. It is not for an attempt to harmonize the various politics and usages of the several branches of the great Methodist family, for Methodism has always striven for unity rather than for uniformity. It is not, in a word, for consolidation, but for co-operation. It is to devise such means for prosecuting our home and foreign work as will result in the greatest economy and efficiency;

TO PROMOTE FRATERNITY;

To increase the moral and evangelical power of a common Methodism, and to secure the more speedy conversion of the world. It has been suggested that the proper topics to consider are those respecting property, paganism, skepticism, intemperance and kindred vices, the relations of Methodism to education, the means of evangelization, such as an itinerant ministry, training schools for Christian workers, both at home and abroad; Sunday schools and special efforts for special classes. Concerning missionary labor, it is further proposed to examine Methodism as a missionary movement, the relation of the home work to the foreign work, and the best mode of avoiding waste and rivalries, and of securing instead thereof sympathy and co-operation between

DIFFERENT METHODIST BODIES

Occupying the same or contiguous mission fields; the use of the press for the increase of Christian knowledge and sanctifying power; the resources of Methodism in numbers, wealth, culture, spiritual life and revival agencies, and the corresponding responsibility; the spiritual unity of Methodism, and the best way to secure its maintenance and increase and to manifest it to the world. The conference will meet in City Road Chapel, which was the first church of the Methodists. For many years John Wesley preached there, and his pulpit is still shown to Methodist travelers who visit England's capital. The delegation from this country will be composed of the strongest men in the church, and will most probably be headed by Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Great interest in the conference is manifested by all the branches of the church, and it promises to be the most important assembly of Methodists that ever took place.

Japanese Postal Service.

In 1871 the European system of postage was adopted, in a manner which, we are assured, has won the admiration of all foreigners. Prior to this there did not exist any national system of postage, owing to the feudal disposition of the country. If any one would wish to realize the primitive condition of the Post Office service in 1869 they may turn to a picture in the "Capital of the Tycoon" of a postman in native costume—that is, with a loin band only, to leave his limbs free, running along the high road at speed, and a small box slung by a over his shoulders; and in case of his falling lame or other accident he is accompanied by a double to take on the package in his place to the next stage. The Government used to dispatch such messengers, and occasionally private firms. The comparison with what now exists carries us back many centuries, though only the work of five years. There are now mail routes of more than 30,000 miles in active operation, and 691 Post Offices, besides 124 receiving agencies, 836 stamp agencies, and 703 street letter-boxes. The number of letters forwarded in 1876 was 30,000,000, being an increase of 94 per cent. over that of 1874, according to Mr. Mounsey's "Report on the Finance of Japan." The postage of an ordinary letter in the large towns is 1 cent, (1/2d.), and 2 cents (1d.) for the rest of the Empire. Post cards are carried for one-half these charges. And in 1875 a money order system was adopted, and within two years there were 310 Post Offices where orders could be obtained and cashed. And this is the country where, ten years before, the chief thought was how foreigners could best be expelled or exterminated, and all their pestilent innovations sent after them!—[The Contemporary Review.

A Claimant to the Estate of Captain George Ross.

It is strange into what conditions some people will place themselves for the purpose of obtaining gold. Every danger will be dared, lips perjured to blackness, innocence plunged into eternity, murders committed, and all degrees in crime's calendar resorted to, to obtain the coveted gold. Many of our readers were acquainted with Capt. in George Ross, a genial man who had been engaged in the coasting trade for the last twelve or thirteen years. The Chronicle of December 1st gives the following

BRIEF AND INTERESTING SKETCH.

Yesterday Judge Finn heard the application of Captains Samuel Blair and J. B. Chase, executors of the estate of the late Captain George Ross, asking to have the property of the estate settled on the minor son of deceased, as the sole heir, and also the remonstrance of one Isabella Gillis. At the conclusion of arguments the matter was submitted to the Court, and taken under advisement. The facts, as developed during the progress of the proceedings, are as follows: About 1867 George Ross appeared in California and became engaged in the coasting trade between this place and Seattle, which business he followed

UNTIL HIS DEATH.

He represented himself and was supposed to be a single man, and in 1871 he married a young lady here. They had one child, the boy in question. Some time in the year 1876, while the Captain's vessel was at Oakland wharf, Mrs. Ross, in attempting to go on board, fell into the bay and was drowned. Her husband survived her only a year, and when he died it was found he had left a will bequeathing all his property, valued at about \$10,000, to this boy, and naming his two friends, Blair and Chase, as executors, and the first named as guardian of the child. Everything went smoothly until in February last, when

THE STARTLING DEMAND

Was made by an attorney on behalf of Isabella Gillis of Pietou, N. S., for a partial distribution of the estate, on the ground that she was the surviving widow of the deceased. Her deposition alleged that she was married to George Ross at Pietou, in October, 1854; that after a few weeks had elapsed he left her, and from that day she never saw him, and did not hear of him until the report of his death reached her. In 1850 she intermarried with one Johnson, at Boston, Mass. He died, and in 1854 she wedded one Gillis, at Pietou, and has since lived with that individual as his wife. At the time the demand was made for this distribution it was thought unnecessary by the Court, so the matter was

DISMISSED WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Shortly after this an individual with a power of attorney from the claimant made overtures for a compromise. In order to end the costly litigation \$400 was paid by the executors, and they received a release in full from the attorney in fact of Mrs. Gillis, as she called herself. This would have ended all trouble in the courts, only for the boy. As the acknowledgment of a first marriage would cast a stain upon his name, it became necessary to have the question judiciously determined by asking him to have the estate settled upon him. The executors set up in evidence that George Ross had frequently, when questioned, stated that he

HAD NEVER BEEN MARRIED

Before coming here. Always at the Custom House when it became necessary to register, he swore he was a native of New York. Mrs. Gillis says that the man she married was born and bred in Gnyssberg, N. S. She swears that she was married under the name of Isabella Macgalloway; but the testimony of those who knew her before any one of the matrimonial alliances was contracted is that her name and that of her people was Mc Gilvery. These discrepancies, together with the improbability of the George Ross who was well known here being in the zenith of their honeymoon twenty-six years ago, and with a host of other attendant facts and circumstances, cause the executors to think that they have good grounds for making the present application.

Never too Late to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme old age learned to play on musical instruments. Cato, at eighty years of age learned the Greek language. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began the study of Latin. Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dutch Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was inequainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

We could go on and cite thousands of men who commenced a new study, either for a livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince them that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, "I am too old to learn."

There are several methods of making breakfast chocolate. A very old French recipe has been carefully tested and found perfect by the writer: Simply place a square in a cup and pour upon it enough boiling milk to dissolve it into a paste; meantime have the milk boiling in a saucepan until it boils to a bubble, then gently stir in the paste, stir until thoroughly mixed, and sweeten to taste. The white of eggs foamed on top is an improvement.

Does Vaccination Prevent Smallpox?

Since the recent outbreak of smallpox in San Francisco, a wide-spread discussion has been going on among the physicians of that city in regard to the hitherto supposed benefits of vaccination. Dr. Hiller, a leading man among the medical fraternity, takes strong ground against vaccination, claiming that the fact that the mortality from smallpox during the century is less than during the preceding, proves nothing but that it is proved in all countries "where vaccination has been extensively practiced, that the mortality from all forms of diseases has more than tenfold increased, and that the average term of life has greatly decreased. Epidemics are governed by positive natural laws; they have a beginning, a rise and decline, and gradually die out. He says: "When the advantages of vaccination are able to show scientifically, and adduce figures to prove that it has decreased the general mortality, then, and only then, may some importance be attached to their arguments." The argument is supported by a large number of reports from physicians, on the subject, the conclusion of the writer being that "vaccination is no protection against smallpox; the eradication of this fearful disease is as distant as when Jenner, according to my humble judgment, frivolously introduced this dangerous practice." On the other hand physicians quite as eminent, among them Dr. Cox of San Jose, formerly of this State, contend earnestly for the efficiency of the method of prevention and that whatever of disease results from vaccination is caused by improper application and the use of contaminated matter; that since the more general use of bovine virus, and the abandonment of that taken from human beings, the occurrence of resultant diseases has greatly diminished, and that there is no necessity in the theory of vaccination or its application, when properly made, to cause any harmful effects. Statistics of vaccination taken in the British army are quoted, showing that of deaths occurring before the introduction of compulsory vaccination, 66 per cent. were from smallpox, while since the per cent. has only been between nine and ten per cent. Reports from various other sources are quoted which demonstrate conclusively that, vaccination does prevent smallpox, the yet open question being whether it can be administered so as to be certainly harmless. The argument shows that there are two sides to the subject.

Drying Apples.

The rapid increase of the fruit-drying business throughout the country is making a market for the surplus apples and small fruits, which otherwise would be wasted, and is giving the residents of towns a supply of fruits for their tables which they could not otherwise enjoy. Among the larger drying establishments is that of D. Wing & Co., of Rochester, an account of which is given in our Rural Home. They have four Allen evaporators, which, running day and night, dry 400 bushels in 24 hours, consuming three-fourths of a ton of coal at the same time. Windfalls of good winter sorts are used, for which twenty or thirty cents per hundred pounds are paid the farmers. Twelve Hubbard's apple parers and slicers are employed to fit the apples for drying, each parer requiring two girls to attend it. Before drying, the fruit is bleached with the fumes of burning sulphur, which whitens it without affecting taste or quality. About seven hours are required for the entire completion of each drying from the commencement. Each dryer holds thirty bushels. The quantity of apples yields about five pounds of dried fruit. A great advantage in the portion is shown by the fact that one-tenth dried fruit weighs only about one-eighth as much as the fresh apples from which it is made. At another drying establishment in Rochester, ten tons have been contracted to a London dealer, who pays at Rochester seven cents a pound for 100 or \$140 per ton; last year the price averaged six and a-half cents.

GIRLS WHO REFUSED FUTURE PRESIDENTS.—The following story is told by a gentleman who is intimate with President Hayes and President-elect Garfield, and whose personal truthfulness is vouched for by the Cleveland, Ohio Herald: In the little village of Bedford, only twelve miles distant from Cleveland, there lived some thirty years ago two charming and attractive girls. One of these President Hayes had become an ardent suitor, but the parent of the young lady had vigorously opposed their courtship on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future. The match was broken off, and the lady married and well known to Cleveland people. The other young lady receives some attentions from young Garfield, and was well disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to the intimacy, giving as the reason their opposition to the poverty of Garfield, and the anything but the bright prospects of his future. The most remarkable coincidence of the courtships was that both young ladies lived in a village of not more than five thousand inhabitants, and both refused two future Presidents of the United States because of their poverty.

"All during the summer, while it was hot, you came up the stairs, and no that it is cool, you use the elevator. How is that?" The foregoing was the remark of a prominent Galveston merchant to one of his clerks. "I'll tell you how that is. I didn't care to risk the elevator in the summer, because you see the was not in the hoister season." A stretch was procured to remove the unfortunary merchant to his residence. The elevator was discharged on the spot.