A Charnel House.

There is one curiosity of Palermo about which I hesitate to disturb you. If you were to see it, and let your mind dwell on it, you probably would not sleep for a week afterward. Of all the fantastic, ghastly and sportive dealings with poor mortality that I have seen in my short pilgrimage, the Convent of the Cappuccini furnishes the most astonish-In seeing it I had a new revelation of the capacities of man for indulgence in the horrible and grotesque. From the convent we descended into the subterranean corridors where are exposed, not buried, the dried remains of wealthy inhabitants of Palermo. These corridors, of which there are several, are arched broad, well-lighted, and I should think each a couple of hundred feet long. The air in them is dry, and apparently salubrious, and one might walk through these wide aisles of death in comfort if he were not blind. On each side of these passages are long boxes, piled one upon the other, not coffins, but boxes, sometimes with brass nails, and looking not unlike old-fashioned hair trunks. You might imagine yourself in an emigrant's baggage room on a steamer, but for some other things in the corridors. Each of these boxes contain a dead person. The occupants of part of them, which have glass fronts. are visible. There they lie grinning in arrested decay, with just enough dried skin and flesh on the bones to preserve the semulance of humanity. The poor desiccated bodies have been forced into clothes, sometimes into finery, and many, in this awful dress parade of death, wear white kid gloves and fine shoes. But this is not the worst of it. Above these rows of boxes hang, in all the limpness of irresponsibility for appearances which characterizes the dead. ranks of mammies, hung by the neck, or attached in some way to the walls of the vault. They are pretty uniformly clad in sombre monkish robes of cotton, and but for the horrible faces staring at you, might pass for scarecrows. The drying process has drawn the faces into all ghastly contortions in which one might fancy that the real character of the departed is revealed. Some scowl, some grin with malevolence, some smile (that is worst of all,) and some actually assume a comical look that forces your unwilling laughter. Sometimes groups of three or four incline their dreadful heads to each other as if enjoying some post mortem story. His conceit must be infinite who can walk through these ranks of the distorted dead and not feel humiliated by such an exhibition of his kind, Is it possible that we shall all look like Must all beauty and manliness and bravery come to that? There are many little children, some not a span long, lying in their little boxes, decked in all the finery of fond affection, the ace and ribbons adding I know not what of mockery to the weazened baby faces. One entire corridor is reserved for the women, and this is more pathetic and profoundly disgusting than the others. Those who died virgins have crowns on their heads, and palms or lillies in their hands. They were great beauties, I doubt not, before they came here, for the dark eyed women of Palermo are comely, but maid or bride, or wife, they are not handsome now, al though they repose in silk dresses, kid gloves and satin slippers. These are what a ball and dance of death is this? Is it any pleasure for my lady to have her partner or lover come to see her in this horrid guise? I learned that when death takes place the bodies are interred in a sealed pit in this cemetery for a year. There is supposed to be something peculiar in the soil; at the end of a year it is taken out, dressed, and either put into its box or hung up in the corridor. Every year, at least on All Souls Day, the friends of the departed come back to look upon the frightful remains. What satisfaction they have in the spectacle I do not know, nor do I understand how any man or woman of presentable appearance, who have visited these corridors in life can consent to occupy them after death. Interment here was prohibited about a year ago. I do not know long the wealthy people of Palermo have been exposed here, but we were told as we walked along that 8000 bodies were in sight. Does such a mode of sepulchre, adopted by a gay and intelligent people argue a want of sensibility-sensibility to the ridiculous and to the horrible-or is it an evidence of Christian willingness to mortify the flesh .- | Charles Dudley Warner in Hartford Courant.

A Cherokee Home.

At the close of my last letter I said that we were about to try the hospitality and comforts of a Cherokee home at the conclusion of a long ride. Both were abundant, and a sketch may show what plenty and independence are to be found in the far-away regions of the Cherokee country. The house is situated in a natural locust grove, such as sprinkle the beautiful prairie to which their presence gives a name. It stands on a slight elevation in the midst of a yard, garden, farm-steading and field. It is not of logs, as is most common, but is what in the West is called a "frame house," and is built of sawed lumber from a neighboring mill. Like all houses in a mild climate that invite to spend so much of life out of doors, it has an ample piazza, furnished with split or hide bottomed chairs, and containing a fixture for a handy basin and a towel. The yard is decorated with native and cultivated flowers trees in large growth and of luxurions bloom, and a honeysuckle wearing an oderiferous mantle of blossoms. Within, the house is comfortably furnished with antique bedsteads, and cases of drawers that are evidently heirlooms, and perhaps came to the country with the emigration of the Cherokee people. Two ancient oil paintings ornament the walls, the father and mother of our hostess, taken in old age by some artist who visited the country, and representing in both inson leaning on the gate post. tile Creeks at the battle of the Horseshoe sort o' so so." quah, complete the picture gallery. A comber trees in the conservatory, and ure, "that must be the new sach mother few books and a number of newspapers have them fresh for breakfast this winturnish the reading matter. Everything ter."

is neat and clean, showing the presence of a notable housewife.

In front of the house, in a natural dell overshadowed by trees of magnificent water and a spring house of logs, from which emerges butter as hard and milk as cool as if it had been kept on ice.

hams and flitches of bacon, stands close to the rear door, and broods of young chickens, turkeys and guinea fowls give token of an unfailing supply of poultry and eggs. The farm buildings, chiefly log structures, for the storage of tools, osity, if not mystification. stand in the farm yards, and a large enclosure containing a hundred or more calves is beyond them, and through it passes a brook fed by another spring. On one side of and beyond this stretches a garden field of an acre or more, already, in the middle of May, furnishing green peas and new potatoes, and con-taining vegetables of every kind and va-Then come great fields waving with wheat, or showing the green rows which all the tenants appeared to be ac of corn, forming a cultivated farm of upwards of a hundred acres. A pasture ble seemed to be a dispute about the for the mares and colts completes the enclosed land, but not the privileges of the or suite of rooms in the cornice near the farm, which include an unlimited range of the prairie and woodland pasture for the cattle and ponies .- [Indian Territory correspondence Providence Journal.

A Woman's Thoughts of Long Ago.

Do you always feel sentimental when the anniversary of your wedding day comes around? If so you can sympathize with me. This day-well never by the entrance of another. These mind how many years ago, I put my hand visits of inspection as in dear old Pat's and swore to love, honor and obey him till death do part us. just how everything went off on this memorable day; but do you know that it than ever. One squatty old fellow of so vividly as I do.

ishing touches on my toilet. I am touching myself almost reverently, for I re-forcibly ejected by two or more of the first time how goodly a possession I am amid the most violent demonstrations of to myself, but how funny it will be to the populace. Toward evening the numanxiously than I ever looked before at always think me pretty as he vows he tions. In the morning the noise was beside my bed asking God to bless my there were no birds to be seen. marriage and to bless my dear parents, making closer examination of the and then I am sobbing as if my heart we discovered our aggressive sparwould break and remembering all the row, loving things those dear parents have occasion of such riotous dem-done for me and how little I deserved onstrations the day before hanging by bet!"

Then he and I stand before the minister of God and plight our troth. For better or worse, till death do us partah, you young people study the marriage ceremony better-think of what you promise-be careful you do not forswear yourself before God!

I can feel Pat's hand tremble when he takes mine—he says now it was the fear sparrows were noticed in the locust tree; dresses for a ball, and what is a ball, and of not making me happy that caused it only five or s x were in the part in which an odious fault.

It is all over now, the good man's "God bless you!" has been said, my father and mother fold me close to their loving hearts, and my sisters and brothers hug and kiss me shyly-they think manner. One of them chirped away me different already-just because of the | constantly and somewhat ostentationaly. solemn words that have been said to me, and I am different. I feel a calm and holy confidence steal over my before rather unrestful feelings. My heart goes out to my husband-it goes out now just jury took turns picking at the cotton the same.

It was a sweet yet sad moment, and oh! my friends, though I am blessed in every way, I cannot hely missing that sweet home, and I long sometimes to be a girl once more, so I could-well, so I could give myself to Pat again, I suppose. There, perhaps I am too old to be so sentimental, but then I cannot help it, and closely examined it. The string was a after all, it's not so very wrong, is it?"

Bixby's D scovery.

Last week a man named Bixby, who has for some time past been digging up the ground at a point somewhere be-tween Banner Hill and the Greenhorn, looking after supposed hidden treasure, came upon a box containing the skeleton of a human being. The skull of the skeleton had a big hole in it, indicating that the "being once of ethereal spirit full," had been the unwilling victim of foul play. This unexpected discovery so shocked the seeker after gold, that he gave up the search, and says he does not intend to renew it.

There is a mystery connected with the finding of the skeleton. Several years ago a German, Spaniard and Greek lived together in a cabin near where the bones were unearthed. They were engaged in mining and were very successful. One morning the German was missing, and although search was made, no trace of him could be found. He was never heard of after. Some time since Bixby learned of the man's sudden and mysterious disappearance, and was told that it was thought he had a large sum of money bnried in the neighborhood of the cabin. Parties hunted for it but were un-

able to find where it was hidden. Bixly conceived the idea of becoming a treasure seeker, and set to work with the above results. He believes that he has exhumed the skeleton of the defunct German, and that the hole in the skull clears up the mystery about the man's disappearance, and the story that he had money buried. He think the German was put out of the way by sone party or parties cognizant of his financial circumstances, and that the man's money disappeared about the same time he did, - Nevada Herald.

They were standing just by the front gate of the old farm house, Farmer Robinstances striking countenances, the miss, I hope you've enjoyed yourself this father having been the captain of a summer. We hain't put on much style father having been the captain of a summer. We hain't put on much style Cherokee company that fought the hos- for you, but we've meant to treat you "Don't mention it, pray. under Andrew Jackson. Tin-type por-traits of our host and hostess, and the most delightful season I ever knew. Why into her mother's room. Ste opened the heir of their family, a bright boy now at I've learned so much about farming that upper drawer of the bureau. school at the male seminary at Tanle- I really believe I shall set out some cu-

In a late number of the Enquirer appeared an account of there having been growth, is a large spring of the clearest found near Owensboro, Kentucky, a dead sparrow suspended by the neck to the bough of a tree by a string, leaving the inference to the beholders that his spar-A well filled smoke house, hung with rowship had been summarily gibbeted by his fellows. I wish to record a similar observation made by myself and wife a few days since, and which, taken in connection with the above case, has afforded me, as it may others, considerable curi-Adjoining our lot is a building in

which at least twenty sparrows, such as frequent this valley, have their habita- nia. A few feet from the building tion. stands a locust tree, whose branches appear to be used as a sort of public square or assembly grounds. Here fer several days before the tragic occurrence to be related were held, with brief intermissions, many very noisy meetings, in tive participants. The cause of the troupossession of a certain cosy nesting place tree, an entrance to which was had by a well shaped knot hole. The whole colony, individually, was engaged in either trying to adjust the matter amicably or else were adding to the fermentthere were no neutrals. Within an hour every bird in the burg entered the knot hole, turned around, and then, with his head peering out, would harangue the others until he was pushed aside thev seemed to be, were made, however, generally in pairs or by threes; and on the Of course now, every woman remembers exit of the party they at once renewed their chattering with more earnestness seems to me that none could remember unusually dirty demeanor, and most of so vividly as I do.

I feel just as if I were a girl again. I Every few minutes, by dint of crowding Dir am filled with the same hopes, the same and seemingly threatening gestures, he joy, the same anxiety to "have it all could force his way into the box, and " I am again standing in my own then, quickly turning, begin to jabber little room-the little room I told you excitedly from the knothole. But his about not long ago-am putting the fin- ideas always gave immediate offence to member how soon I will no longer be- crowd, and, as he made the descent from long to myself. I am feeling for the the hole he was set upon and hooted belong to anyone else. I am looking more ber of sparrows increased to about fifty, most of whom seemed to be but specta the face that looks back at me from the tors, and the excitement was not abated mirror, and I am wondering if Pat will atdusk, when we discontinued observanow does. Then I am kneeling down heard at day-break, but at about 7 o'clock whose ideas were them all. Again I am hastening down the neck to a cord, each end of which stairs to meet my lover, and ask him if he doesn't feel "shaky," to which question he answers emphatically, "You identified by the distracted shape of his await any further development. During the afternoon we could hear on the

> crime had been committed, and justice had shed the blood of vengeance! Shortly after noon a large number of the dead one was hanging. very little chirping and chattering, but those nearest the body had the most to say, and these, we imagined, deposed you think so? themselver in a very grave and formal We took him to be the coroner, and felt that under his dingy wings he was chuckling over the fee he would get. The balance of the string suspending the body. In the course of an hour or so, the string was picked away and the body of the now defunct malefactor fell to the ground amid a low chorus of groans and"O,mys, how utterly awful!" etc.; that is, we imagined they did; any how, they certainly acted so. We picked up the bird and partly rotten one, about a foot long. It was wound twice around the neck, and considerably tangled among the feathers. What had made the nose a fatal one was the fastening of both ends of the cord to the limb, otherwise it would not have held; and yet the bird may have been dead when hung up, or have become entangled by accident. 'The "suite of rooms" is now occupied by an apparent modest and retiring couple. Cleveland Enterprise.

distant trees and hedges a chirping and

piping; the sparrow community had been moved to its depths; a heinous

Meddlesome Moille.

She was well named. She never saw anything in the way of closet, cupboard, box, bundle, parcel, package or letter, but what her prying eyes were at once concerned in. And it was well if her miscaievous fingers were not soon concerned in it, too.

She was, in most things, a very good little girl, but it is really surprising to see how many grave faults will spring from a habit which, perhaps, might not be called sinful in itself. Disobedience came of it, for she was often led into meddling with things her mother had forbidden her to touch. Then to hide what she had been doing, she would sometimes be tempted to tell a lie.

Her mother often talked to her about of the first thing which seemed in any way to be hidden from her. She could not rest till it was found out, and her mother began to fear it would take some very severe lesson to cure her. And she was not at all sorry when the little lassic got herself into a scrape which was so ridiculous and mortifying that she began to think that the best work in the world for little girls is minding their own business.

On Saturday morning her mother, be-fore going out, suggested to Mellie that as she was going visiting in the after-noon, it would be well for her to do her practicing and weed her little garden in the morning. Miss Mollie did not feel

'Ah!" she exclaimed in great pleas

A Remarkable Bird Story.

She looked with delight at the lovely pale blue, with its delicate brocading of moss rosebuds. She tried it on, making a very poor attempt at a big bow at the back, and tried to get a view of it in the glass. Not succeeding very well, she laid the sash on the bureau, and turned her attention to a case of perfumery. She put some from each bottle on her handkerchief, and sat them loosely on the bureau, not troubling herself to put them back in the case.

Then she took up a bottle that stood behind the glass and pulling out the cork took a good smell. It almost knocked her down, and made the tears run from her eyes, for it was the strongest ammo-Hastily setting it down, she knocked over two of the perfume bottles, and alas! they broke on the marble slab, and the perfume splashed over and ran under the beautiful sash.

She gazed in dismay as soon as she could see anything. She barried it to the window and hung it up in the sunshine to dry-then tried to clean up things on the bureau. While doing this she spied a bottle she had never seen be-

"Hair oil!" she said to berself. "Now I can put some on my hair. Mamma never let's me have any-now I'll have

She did take plenty. She was proud of her hair. It was long and wavy and She daubed and smeared the glossy. oil over it without stint and rubbed it in well. It did not make her hair quite so soft and shiny as she expected it would, but she forgot this for a while as she went to see if the sash were dry. It was, but it was sad to see the streaks and blotches where the crimson and green of the rosebuds had "run" into the pale blue ground.

She folded it and laid it back in her mother's drawer, then went to her room. for she did not feel like seeing her just

Dinner time came. The bell rang and rang again, but no Mollie appeared. Her mother sent a servant to her room to desire she would come down at once. And soon at the dining-room door stood a forlorn figure, with woeful face, and tearful-swollen eyes, and-such hair. "What is the matter with your hair,

ny child?" cried her mother, in astonshment and alarm. "Gr-r-r-racious!" exclaimed her elder brother.

"Je-whillikins!" shouted her younger brother. No wonder. Her hair hung in stiff strings and sticks, looking as if it were

made of split shingles. "What have you been doing to yourself?" asked mamma. "I -I oiled it with the hair oil on your bureau, mamma.'

"I have no hair oil. Go and bring what you have been using." She came and showed it—it was a bottle of prepared glue. The boys gave a great shout of laugh-

ter, and thought it the best joke they had ever heard. But mamma took her poor tail feathers. We now withdrew to little girl to her room and talked long and lovingly with her. The pretty hair was all cut off so close

that Mollie thought herself a perfect fright. But every time she looked in the glass, and very often besides, she remembered that it was her ugly trick of meddling that had caused her so much shame and vexation, and made up her mind she would persevere in curing herself of such

ers is a sneak, and "sneak" is the meanest word in the English language. Don't

A Romance of t-e tamera.

An interesting tale, with a variety of the most pointed morals, is told of a Brooklyn belle and her faithful admirer. Last year the young lady in question and her mother were among the boarders at one of the large hotels at Ashbury Park, and among the regular "Saturday nighters" was a friend of the familyand especially of its younger female member-about whose punctual habits and rapt devotion no doubt was permitted to exist. Never a Sunday passed that was not spent in the young lady's company and a pair of uncomfortably tight patent-leather boots upon the sloping sands of the beach; while the sun retired behind the western hills the young people would sit beneath the scrawny branches of a dyspeptic seaside cedar to watch the play of the rippling waves or the sails of the sea-going ships. On such occasions, too, it may be imagined, words of love were whispered to the accompaniment of the mosquito's musical hum.

Thus the summer passed away, till the season closed, and the young lady returned to her residence on "the Hill," where her admirer could enjoy the rapturous charms of her society much more frequently and at a much smaller expense. Of this advantage he did not fail to avail bimself, and all went merrily until recently the young man was informed that a photog apher at Philadelphia possessed, and, indeed, had put on exhibition, an interesting photograph of himself (the Y. M.) and the lady, sitting on the sad sea sands, backed by a halo of Japanese umbrella. This information being also conveyed to the young lady, she was greatly concerned, as she, too, had a vivid remembrance of the

photographer's green van.
Acting as her guardian or her brother would have done under the circumstances, the young man induced the the meanness of trying to spy into the affairs of other people. Mollie would a good deal of "laughter"—to destroy promise to give up this bad havit, but the negative and send him the pictures. forgot all her good resolutions at sight With the precious pictures in his possession he hastened to the young lady's presence, announced his success by wavreka!" or words to that effect. After congratulations had been exchanged between them, the gas was turned up and the package was opened, the young lady being anxious to see that the photographer had kept faith with them. The young man took out the pictures-

There was a hoarse and utterly irrele

A Stout Woman's Friend.

The other day a stout woman, armed with an umbrella and leading a small urchin, called at the office of a New

York boy's story paper.
"Is this the place where they fight Indians?" she inquired of the gentleman in charge. "Is this the locality where the brave boy charges up the canyon and speeds a builet to the heart of the dusky redskin?" and she jerked the urchin around by the ear and brought her umbrella down on the desk.

"We publish stories for boys," replied the young man evasively.

"I want to know if these are the premises on which the daring lad springs upon his flery mustang, and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the captive's cords. and bears him away before the wonder ing Indians have recovered from their astonishment! That is the information I'm after. I want to know if that thing is perpetrated here!" and sie swung the umbrells around her head and launched a crack at the young man's head.

"I don't remember those specific acts," protested the young man.

"I want to know if this is the precinct where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo, and with unerring aim picks off one by one of the bloodthirsty pursuers who bite the dust at every crack of his faithful rifle! I'm looking for the place where this sort of thing happens!" At this time she brought the nulneky young man a tremendous whack across

"I think-" commenced the dodging victim.

'I'm in search of the shop in which the boy agent holds the quivering stage driver powerless with his glittering eve. while he robs the male passengers with an adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses hands of the lady bassengers with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and a chivalrous nature!" screamed the woman, driving the young man into a corner. looking for the apartment in which the business is transacted," and down came the umbrella with a trip hammer force on the young man's head.

"Upon my soul, ma'am!" cried the wretched youth.

"I want to be introduced to the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of the boy detectives of the prairie! Point out to me the barrel full of boy pirates of the Spanish main!" and with each demand she hit the young man upon the skull, until he skipped over the desk and sought safety in a neighboring canyon.
"I'll teach 'em!" she panted, taking hold of the urchin's ear and leading him off. "I'll teach him to make it good, or dance. Want to fight Indians any more Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain and scatter the

plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of uncounted slain? Want to say 'hist! in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Propose to spring upon the traffrail and with a ringing word of command send a broadside into the rich laden galley, and then mercifully spare the beautiful lady in the cabin, that she may become your bride! Eh! Going to do it any more!

With each question she hammered the velping urchin until his bones were sore and he protested his permanent abandonment of all the glories enumerated.

"Then come along," she said, taking tickets. him by the collar. "Let me catch you "I go around with any more ramrods and carving knives and you'll think the leaping, curling, resistless prairie fire has swept with a ferocious roar of triumph across the trembling plains and lodged in your pantaloons to stay!"-Brooklyn Eagle.

Ill Fated Discoverers.

The superstitious belief is an old one with the early inhabitants of Pacific coast mining towns that unless the discoveres of a camp meets an untimely bloody end, the place of his creation will not descend into the future as one of the "excitemen's." This idea seems to be not without foundation, wherever it originated. Of the thirty-eight "booming" towns in the early days the locaters of twelve were killed by the bullet, one caved on in a deep shaft, and a majority of others drifted with the tide of emigration into oblivion, or died and were buried in paupers' graves.

"Ole Virginny," who donated an ever-

lasting name to that queen of mining camps, Virginia City, came to his death "over"dose of bucking mule, near Dayton, Nev., and the no less noted Comstock died by a bullet self-administered in Montana; like his predecessor he died financially broke. Colonel Sto rey, whose name that county adopted was killed by the Pyramind lake Indians Billy Farrell, who "struck" Mendow lake, died a victim to remorse in one of the leading hospitals of San Francisco, haunted by the spirits of ten hundred deluded pioneers and prospectors passing and repassing at the foot of his bed. He made no confession. His grave lies side by side with that of "Doughnut Bill," in the Lone Mountain cemetery, where he was planted in 1868. The locator of the first find in Pioche

s said to have stooped a stage load of shot-gun messengers early in the Black Hills excitement, and rumor says that he was buried alongside a boulder not far from the line of the road. ,Kelse Austin, whose name is attached to one of Nevada's pioneer mining towns, is anchored in northwestern Elko county, and is probably no nearer to the golden goal than the legion of early settlers who surround him. Of them who first uncovered the lead in the White Pine mines the world knows but little. A session he hastened to the young lady's lone grave under a white pine tree tella residence, and on being ushered into her a chapter in the tale. Of Eureka's first presence, announced his success by way inhabitant nothing also is told us; but it ing the package aloft and crying, "Eu- is safe to surmise that few nuggets weighed down his blankets as he walked out over the grade. Tuscarora was the an excellent sauce for fish or vegetables, work of an insane man from Massachu- Carrots and turnips may be sliced and be setts. Legend locates his tombatone near the adobe shacks of the old town site, but those posted infer that he atoned for his misdeed by sinking him-two ounces of butter; put in a saucepan self to the bottom of the head waters of and add nearly a pint of milk; when it the Owyhee, if, indeed, he did not fall is thickened take it from the fire, but be-

The picture had been taken on a week day.

In the wheat growing sections of Virginia the prosects are that the present crop will be the largest for many years.

Body stept nimself away in a snow your taste. This may be used as a pudding sauce also by omitting the salt and pepper, and adding enough sugar to a sweeten it, say one cup of sugar and half a ginia the prospects are that the present crop will be the largest for many years.

they were identified by his old comrades and buried with imposing ceremony among the "bad men from Bodie." A monument was raised to his memory, and it still stands unpaid for in the stone cutter's yard. Homer, of Homer district, followed in the suicidal tracks of Comstock, and after squandering a small fortune shot his brains out in the streets of San Francisco. These are a few of the many instances, but the facts that have ventured in the discovery of new lodes, and succeeded, bear the old timers out in belief that still has existence in not a few minds. - Bodie Free

"Myself."

A lady was once asked by her pastor: "What is your greatest hindrance in the Christian life?" Her reply was a single Christian life?" Her reply was a single word, "Myself." The answer is as significant as brief. It was a heartfelt confession. Not all are as honest and frank with themselves, neither do all know themselves as well. "Myself" was the leaden weight that retarded this Christian disciple in her walk with God. Whatever other hindrances there were, "myself" was the chief and the hardest to overcome. We are praying for a revival, and asking, "When, where, shall it begin?" From the pulpit, from the family altar, from the social meeting, and from thousands of closets, this one petition is going up to the throne of grace: "Lord revive us!"

Statistics which, if figures gave, or could give, all the results of our work, would be disheartening enough, are pouring in upon us from every quarter. The promised blessing tarries. We wait for it, and in the meantime ask: "What hinders?" We think of all the evil influences in community, and recall the stumbling-blocks in the church. remember Brother J., who since we have known him, according to his own statement in the prayer meeting, not once or twice, but many times repeated, is living at "a poor dying rate;" and sister J., who keeps pace with her husband, only she does not tell it so often; and sometimes we think aloud, it may be, of the minister as not quite up to the work, and the deacons are dull and formal, and seem afraid there will be a shaking up among the dry bones. Hinderances enough surely.

Have you ever thought that you need not go so far from home to find an answer to what hinders? May not the greatest hinderances be "myself:" Look and see. Understand "myself" better. If all in the church, in your church, of one, two or three hundred members, were like yourself, would the tone of piety be higher, deeper, than it now is? Would the revival come this winter? 'Where would the revival begin" if not with "myself." And when this same 'myself' shall no longer hinder, Pentecost will have to come to our churches.

She Did net Understand Him.

Between Kenosha and Milwaukee an agent of the Accident Insurance Company entered the car, and having issued tickets to several of the passengers, ap-proached an elderly lady, who, it afterward appeared was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accident?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting to her his

"I got ny ticket down to Kenosha." "Not a railroad ticket, madam; want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident?"

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my darter, who is married up there, and has just got a baby."

"Would you like to insure your life against accidents?" "She's beer, married two years and a half and that's the first child. It's a

Agen, betill louder.
"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against

accident? "She has got along first-rate, and is doing as well as could be expected."

Agent, at the top of his voice:
"I am an insurance agent, madam; don't you want your life insured against accident?"

"Oh! I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No; her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha.

The agent vanished.

Loss of Memory. Overwork surely impairs the memory. One who leads a rushing life one who has to hurry from one thing to another, and from one person to another without a moment's interval, can have a vivid, remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way another cannot understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He is apt to forget his engagements with patients, thus some-times causing serious trouble. Authors' memories have been known from similar causes to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the book had to be laid aside. When leis-ure came, he resumed it, as he thought, at the point he had brokes off, and got through a considerable chapter, when to his amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of the memory, that sometimes the most bonest men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed,

SAUCE FOR FIRST OR VEGETABLES .- By following these directions you will have Carrots and turnips may be sliced and be cooked and served with this sauce as There was a hoarse and utterly irrelevant remark, a shrill scream, the crush of crumbling tin and the slam of a vestibule door.

It was the young lady's picture, but the arm laid trustfully about her canvas belt was not his arm.

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It was the young lady's picture, but the owner prevents its with her "oldest inhabitant." Billy curdling; and salt and pepper to suit your taste. This may be used as a pudding sauce also by omitting the salt.