

In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes.
They lie deep, deep; but I at times behold In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf, The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

Some Time-Honored Historical Fictions Called in Question.

(Cor. Chicago Times The Indians were never civilized, nor even half civilized, and their condition in Mexico at the time it was invaded by Cortez, and as it is given by Prescott, is the merest fable. They had no great cities, had no large buildings, and their numbers have been overestimated in the most outrageous manner. It was to the interest of Cortez to make the king of Spain and the Spanish people believe he had conquered a civilized

people and a numerous one.

The fact is he did nothing of the kind. He took the town which is now occupied by the City of Mexico, and found therein a considerable amount of gold, but he found no imposing edifices-no house which has stood to the present day—and a people so few in numbers that the handful of Spaniards and the Tluscalans, who followed him, killed them all out of hand, and de-stroyed the town utterly. It is conceded that the Tlascalans were next in power to the Aztecs. They had, it is aid, a large town, and it is not claimed that their town ever was destroyed. What has become of it? There they live to this day, improved greatly, it is true, by their contact with the whites few in numbers—by no means rich, with no traces of an imposing city, and no signs that there ever was one. I believe that the pyramid of Cholula is a natural hill and I have been on it and all over it. That it was used as a place of sepulture I believe to be true, but it was on a natural hill, on which the Indians built a square building made of bricks the size of a man's hand; they also faced portions of the pyramid with the same kind of bricks.

It is true that we should begin to take a common-sense view of matters. The renowned halls of the Montezumas were nothing more than a series of mudbuilt houses, such as are now called adobe, poorly constructed. The conquerers wishes to have their countrymen believe they had overpowered a race of kings, as it was fashionable in those days to worship kings and potentates. But the ancient Mexican kings were a squalid race, scarcely deserving the name. The cruelty which the Spaniards manifested towards them, the wholesale robbery of them, the carrying them off as slaves, and the total absence of all principle in the treatment of the half-armed and almost totally helpless Indians, form a picture not pleasant to contemplate.

When this country was discovered it was very sparsely populated, and it is probable that there are more Indians living in North and South America today then there were when the mainland was discovered by the Europeans. home tribes have become extinct, while others bave increased in numbers very materially.

The Untamed Arabs.

[Letter in New York Times.]

It is worthy of remark, however, that with all the Arab's innate pride, and his Mussulman hatred of the "unbelievers," he is nothing without European officers. "They would never obey one of themselves," said a veteran French officer to me in the Sahara desert some years ago, "They would say, 'Why should we obey you? You and we are "kif-kif" [meaning "just the same." | The Frenchman is stronger than we, for he has conquered us in war; we will obey him, not you." But even to his French leaders the Mauritanian Arab yields a very modified and capricious obedience at best. No threats of punishment can deter him from carrying out to the utmost the unwritten law of "Thar," or blood for blood, handed down to him from the days of Moses. Even in the heat of battle, any order of his commander. however reasonable and necessary in itself, which happens to clash with his own peculiar traditions, will meet an unhesitating refusal. In one of the battles of the Franco-German war a number of Turco+ (Arab foot-soldiers) were ordered to lie down, as a protection against the German fire. "That is not our custom," answered the haughty warriors standing proudly erect to face the deadly cannonade that was mowing them down by scores, What effect France's ordinary methods of colonial government would be likely to produce upon such men may be easily guessed.

How She Won Applause.

[Chamber's Journal.] Fannie Horton, a once celebrated actress, won her first applause in a somewhat singular manner. During her performance in a particular scene she was loudly hissed, when, advancing to the footlights, she asked: "Which do you dislike-my playing or my person?" "The playing, the playing! was the answer from all parts of the "Well," she returned, "that house. consoles me; for my playing may be bettered, but my person I cannot alter!" The audience were so struck with the ingenuity of this retort that they immediately applauded as loudly as they had the moment before condemned her; and from that night she improved in her acting, and soon became a favorite with the public.

An Easy-Going Heart. [Exchange.]

There is a physician in Rochester, N. Y., whose heart makes only twenty-six pulsations a minute. He is 44 years old, and enjoys excellent health. The average for healthy men is sixty-five heart beats in the minute. MAKING THE DUMB SPEAK.

Not by a Miracle, But by Patience, Ingenuity and Practice.

New York Sun.] A hundred years ago most persons, if asked how the dumb could be made to speak, would no doubt have answered without benitation: "By a miracle!"
Yet nearly a quarter of a century
earlier, in 1760, a German, Samuel
Heinicke, had started a school in Leipsic for teaching deaf mutes to talk. This school is still in existence, and other schools based on Heinicke's method which, of course, has been greatly improved, have been founded in different countries, so that at the present time the teaching of the dumb to speak forms an important branch of education. Few rersons who have not paid special attention to the subject have any idea of this.

On the west side of Lexington avenue extending from Fixty-seventh to Sixtyeighth street, stands a five-story brick building with a quaint little cupola over its central division. It is called the Institution for the Improved In-struction of Deaf Mutes. Within its walls nearly 150 little tongues, upon which nature has imposed the burden of silence, are daily taught the intricacies and usefulness of speech. As a rule children are dumb solely because they are deaf, and therefore unable to hear and imitate the vocal sounds uttered by those around them. It is very rare that the vocal organs of a deaf mute are defective. On the other hand, children under 7 years who have learned to speak perfectly almost always become mute if they lose their bearing, as they frequently do by such causes as measles scarlet fever, and cerebro-spinal meningitis. Children born deaf are technically termed congenital deaf mutes, and those that become so in early childhood are called semi-mutes. Strange as it may appear, it is generally easier to teach the former than the latter to talk.

Since the child cannot hear, his other senses must be enlisted as substitutes for hearing, and the method of teaching him to speak must, therefore, consist in making him see and feel the words spoken to him. How this is done can best be seen in the primary class, made up as a rule of children from 6 to 9 years old. At present it consists of about a dozen little boys and girls and is taught with much skill. patience, and good humor by Miss Keeler. These little ones who entered the institution perfectly dumb in September last are all able now to utter simple words and sentences distinctly, while one or two can speak almost fluently. But another thing that surprices the visitor quite as much as their speaking is that the youngest of these children can write readily and legibly as well as spell correctly any word he can utter.

The difficulty of teaching the dumb child to speak is, in reality, not so great as it may seem to the reader. Nearly all deaf mutes can utter inarticulate sounds resembling somewhat Ah," "Oo." The first step is to teach them to utter those simple vowel sounds correctly, as well as o. ou, e, i, and the easier of the cousonants, as p, b, t, l, and c.

"To teach the vowel sounds," says Mr. David Greenberger, the principal of the institution, "it is generally sufficient to let the pupil place his hand on shape of the teacher's mouth, for, in order to distinguish between their varieties, the deaf mute depends entirely on watching the relative positions of the lips and the tongue. These organs are the two principal agents in vowel modification.

The pupils in most cases show a remarkable aptness to learn, and they exress a peculiar delight when they first find out the real object of the funny puffs, blows, and hisses, which they learn to produce, and they labor cheerfully to overcome the difficulties necessarily attending their attempts at articulation.

The development of speech sounds occupies, according to capacities of individual pupils, from three to four, or. at the utmost, five months. They are kept in the primary class generally for one year, then instructed in the English language, and finally carried through higher branches of study. The more advanced pupils, as a rule enunciate clearly, though they are apt to fall into a kind of lisp. But when their attention is called to it they quickly remedy the defect. It is not an uncommon thing to see one of these advanced pupils talking with his hand on his chest. Being asked why he holds his hand there, he replies that it assists him in modulating his voice.

A Reasonab'e Excuse, [Yonke & S stesman.]

"This is a pretty time of night for you to be getting in, Mr. Crimsonbeak! exclaimed Mrs. C. when her hu band returned home late the other night slightly under the influence of a full 'Why-hic-love, I don't see anythin' the matter with the-hie-time," was his husband's reply, vainly trying to get his optic on the family time-piece.

"Well, if you could look straight enough Mr. Crimsonbeak, you would see that it is 12:30 o'clock. You should have been home full two hours ago!" "Impossible, love-hic-impossible for me to be home full two hours ago." "And why was it impossible, I should like to know?" said the better half, looking as though she could chew her

husband up in her anger. "Because," explained the jolly man, "because-hic-I wasn't full two hours

This and That. [Life.]

A rich joke-the one I played on Brown. A foolish and witless piece of folly-the one that Brown played on me. An obstinate cuss—the man who will not yield to me. Proper and selfrespecting firmness-my refusal to yield to him. A well-trained child-the one that belongs to me. a illmannered brat-the one that belongs to my neighbor. A crank-the man whose views do not coincide with my own. A very intelligent person-the man who agrees with me in everything.

Rochefort at Home and at Work.

[Paris Cor. New York World.] He owns a pretty little home in the Cite Malesherbes, which is connected by telephone with the office of his newspaper in the Rue du Croissant. Since he has given over his passion for betting at the various race courses around Paris, owing to the sweeping stakes he lost on them nearly two years ago Rochefort has become a perfect connoisseur of art-treasures, and his maisonette may be aptly called a veritable museum in itself. Several original paintings of the Italian masterssome purchased at fabulous prices, others presented by admirers to the great pamphleteer-deck the walls of his salon; while here, there and everywhere the visitor's eyes fall on tiny bronze statues, or marble pieces of workmanship, and tiny busts ranged in order and with taste and elegance.

When Rochefort rises in the forenoon his first occupation is generally to scan town, and, as a matter of course, Caththe morning newspapers "to see," as himself once put it, "how the stupid world has wagged since he had last the honor of leaving it." He then takes a hurried repast and drives in the Bois de as "Lanete Joseph, ora pro nobis," Boulogne, or strolls through the couloirs of the chamber of deputies to hear the gossip and discuss, as best he can, the political situation. He returns home towards 7 o'clock and in the company of a few friends, he dines and chats till 9, when he leaves them and goes up to his library, where he sits down to write the daily leading article why they prefer to do anything by which will appear in the morrows in-transigeant. Rochefort's head is full of

The cathedral is of the Moorish style, the subject-matter of his contribution before he abandons his guests at all. He dashes it off with all the fiery ardor which is his invariable characteristic when a pen is in his hand and an inkstand and a few sheets of paper are by his side.

In less than an hour he brings his manuscript down to the salon and rings for one of his servants, who carries it in hot haste to the office of The Intransigeant, where it is "set up" as soon as possible, and where, an hour or two subsequently, its proof sheets are revised by the author himself. Next morning the elite as well as the working classes of the capital read with gusto the burning satire, the brilliant epigrams, the pungent wit and the exquisitely poised paragraphs of the famous journalist on the current topics of the day. His immense power and prestige as a pressman have been long appreciated and acknowledged. Napoleon III owed his fall more to the penthrusts of The Lanterne than to the defeat at Sedan. Gambetta himself broke down and became unpopular under the fiery attacks and grim irony of the man.

A Milkman's Idea. (Chicago Herald.)

A short, ruddy-faced, waggingtongued man told he was returning from the west, where he had been traveling for pleasure, and with a view to making mining investments. was not at all backward in giving me the impression that he was worth money, and upon inquiry I found he was just as free to tell the manner of its acquirement. "I have been in the milk business in an eastern town for a good many years," he said. "In fact, I am in the business in a number of towns, and have a pretty good thing of it. Of course you are thinking right away that way than that to get rich in the milk business, and I'll give you the secret, as I know you're not in the biz. When I first started, driving my own

wagon, fourteen years ago, I quickly found that nothing, not even good milk and low prices, would bring customers Yes, sir, gossip-some like gossip. town scandal, family secret, bit of news or something. Well, I used to take particular pains to have something of that kind every morning. If there had been any births or deaths during the night, accidents, fires, arrests of townfolk, a new scandal or anything, I had it on my tongue's end, and while drawing the milk would spit it out at a lively rate. You would be surprised to see how the mistresses on my route got to coming out after their own milk, instead of sending the hired girl. Why, they used to be on the wait for me and take an extra pint half the time, just to keep me talking a little longer. Before long I had more customers than I could serve, though I claimed better milk than anybody else and sold it I cent

higher. Then I branched out-hired other drivers and bought a dairy of my own. Every one of my drivers has to be up to snuff in the gossip, though. When there isn't anything else for 'em to tell I invent little, short stories and sayings, not improper ones, but doubledouble-what do-you-call-'em ?--doubleintenders, and they catch on big. The result is I have a practical monopoly of the milk business in four good towns and am making money hand over fist. If you want to build up a trade in any thing you must study to please, you and the ruddy-cheeked man moon, or something more exhilarating. know," and the ruddy-checked man "Why-hic-love, I don't see anythin laughed and seemed to feel real good.

Sitk Culture for Women.

[Helen Wilmans' California Letter.] For some reason or other stock companies have utterly failed in the raising of silk worms. It is a business that has defied corporations. I think beaven must have intended it for women and children, it is so perfectly adapted to them. It requires gentleness, patience and tenderness. The silk worm is the creature of a day. The From the hour of its birth until it is ready to spin its cocoon, it requires that interested care only given be those of womanly intuition; and, while for its remaining eight days it is spinning its little life out in one unbrogen thread of silk, over 1,000 feet long, it A Premium for Adhering to Prinmust be guarded with the watchfulness of a mother. It works for women. It spends its existence for her richest adornment, and so far it has refused to yield its best results except under her protecting care.

how the sun looks in a London fog throw a bad half crown into a basin of dirty water.

AROUND ST. AUGUSTINE.

The Cathedral .- Oysters .- Scenery -- A Cracker .- Moonlight Sail.

O telia Blinn in Chicago News What of the people in Augustine! There are several very large hot is here, which are filled "chock" full of northerners and foreigners for six months of the year, and comfortably full the rest of the time by the same sort of boarders. The natives are hidden or tucked out of our sight six days out of seven. Somehow all the business is done by northerners, foreigners, and negroes. When a native is caught at bread-winning a long string of apologies has to be listened to as a penalty, perhaps. It was Sunday. I had seen no natives yet, consequently my curiosity to see one or was great, time was slipping away, and to-morrow I would be far away. Remembering that I was in a Span sh olic, my way to the natives, as well as my religious duty, was plain. I went to church at the cathedral, and while reading several Latin inscriptions, such "Lanete Augustine, ora pro nobis," I also looked around among the audistanding behind every one), and noticed that they looked like many people at the north, and were quiet, intelligent, and well-behaved. Now I am

a century old, has four bells, making a chime, one of them being the oldest bell in the country. The audienceroom will seat 300 people. We stopped at one of the first-class hotels, and we were instructed by the intelligence of the colored waiters. A large party of us went to hear a "plantation concert," as probably our only chance of ever listening to one. "Admission free," but the hat was passed by "de pastor of de church" no less than five times. The next day, "Professor Jones," one of the waiters at the hotel, as well as the chief leader at the concert, was very hoarse. When asked why he was hoarse, he said: "Well, ma'am, I sing a good deal las' night at the concert, and when I sings much I allus gets a voice o' natural hoarseness."

The same Jones handed me an oyster stew for the first course at the supper table. It was so salt that it seemed bitter, and in consternation I said: "Prof. Jones, what makes these oysters so salt?" "Salt, be dey, ma'm?" "Yes, sir, very salt." "Well, ma'm, de oysters comes from de salt water, an' ob course dey is salt-you know dat de ocean is salt water, right in de harbor, an' ob course all de oysters we gets from de ocean is salt!" upon which he politely bowed himself away to another hungry boarder, and left me saying, in a crestfailen manner, "of course that must be the reason!" Condensed milk is used almost altogether down here, but it does not answer so well as fresh milk from the cow, and has to be doctored with salt and pepper to disguse the sweetish taste. But we are off again to Tocoi, and down the St. John's at Pau, a young man of society appeared to Green Cove Springs—a coz; little place, 13 years old, having three immense hotels, each accommodating 100 guests, one church, a school, several our dudes do is to make fools of themrestaurants, a sulphur spring, to with selves, and this they certainly have the is attached a tin dipper, and two swim- privilege of doing. I put water in the cans, but you are ming pools. It is situated on a bluff the teacher's chest, where he can feel mistaken. I never watered a milk can overlooking the river; and leading the vibration and let him watch the in my life. There is an honester, surer, from the dock is St. David's path, past the church up through a civilized forest of stately magnolias, cabbage palmettoes, and mossy pines, to the beautiful mansion whose owner has given his We ramname to the path and site. bled about the bluff, enjoying the cool breeze, from the river, (thermometer 80 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade) gathering mementoes to transplant in the

> north. Watching a herd of cattle feeding on a more which grows luxuriantly in the river, and occasionally seeing in the distance a cracker drive by with his two-wheeled cart drawn by a mule or one ox (the latter treated as a horse), the driver (man or woman) invariably sitting on the mule to drive. The crackers seldom have reins, and so they get within reach of the check-rein by sitting on the horse (or mule). The bell is ringing at the dock, which means for us to go on board the steamer for Jacksonville. We reluctantly scamper for the wharf, but we shall never forget the perfect day we spent at this loveliest dot of an embryo heaven. Lid von ever witness a beautiful sunset, or a perfect moonlight, or see the starry dipper rest exactly on the free end of the handle? For all of which you must take a moonlight sail on the St. John's river, Florida. We are at Jacksonville merely to make it a convenience to start properly for New Orleans, and home. It seems to be the great gate to Flor da. It is remarkable for only three things, viz.: Its few giantlike hotels, the great number of foolish invalids who flock here during the winter months, and the excrbitant the glorious great hereafter is the

golden pavement and angels.

A New Element in Will's. A paper recently read before the French Academy of Medicine expressed the writer's conviction that one in every 5,000 persons is buried alive. This estimate, however exaggerated, is not calculated to allay an apprehension which is conspicuous among the French people, and which was lately brought to public attention by the declaration of the president of the chamber of notaries that express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the lid of the coffin is screwed down.

eiple. [Philadelphia Times. The Presbyterian hospital, which some time ago refused a check for \$2,-500, its share of the fund raised by the char ty ball in this city, has recently received a check for \$3,000 from a resi-Ruskin, in a recent lecture, said: "If dent of Bucks county. The writer ex-cou want to show your country friends plains that \$2,500 is in lieu of the money which the hospital did not receive, and the remaining \$500 is a premium for adhering to principle.

Worshiping the White Elephant,

[New York World.] Religious services in which Toung Taloung, the sacred white elephant, took a passive part and fifteen Burmese natives a decided active part, were held in Madison Square garden according to the time honored traditions of Buddha and the strict regulations of George Arstingstall, chief elephant trainer to Barnum's circus.

Toung stood on a hay-covered floor beneath a ceiling adorned with red silk. Before him was a wall of the same colored silk on which were hung blue banners with white elephants, red banners with more elephants and crimson banners upon which the elephant was also emblazoned. Beneath banners the Burmese were seated. The women wore short red skirts, while jackets and green turbans dotted with spangles. Some of them had children at their breasts and smoked cigars. Others were eating sandwiches and others drinking soda water. The Siamese men did the worshiping. One Siamese, who has lived twenty-two years burdened with the name of Tayee Waynee, sat on a box inside two circles of brown wood, between the outer circumference of one ence (having the good taste to remain of which and the inner one of the other being depended sixteen copper plates upon which Tayee thumped with a stick. Wa Tsine, a young man in red, green and yellow was beating drums, another was playing a musical instrument resembling a cornet, a fourth manipulated the cymbals and a solemn The cathedral is of the Moorish style, Burmese struck bamboo sticks at the most infrequent intervals and gave the spectators the idea that he was chief of the band.

Paris from the Inside.

Letter to New York Sun. Social life in Paris is evidently undergoing a transformation. Great balls and more rare. Informal afternoon feature of social intercourse. They are cheaper, less fatiguing, and less trouble-

Another innovation is the large use of hot ox's blood by weakly and anemic young girls and women. They drive daily to the slaughter-house to have a big cup of it just as they would drive to the spring at some watering place. Some of them take a bath of hot blood once or twice a week. A rare tenderloin steak, broiled and served without gravy or any vegetable, is the most fashionable supper among men who live fast. They don't touch the supper at parties, but on their way home drop in at the club or some night resort, eat the middle part of a steak with the blood of the rest of it, squeezed by a machine like those used at the Hoffman house for squeezing the blood out of canvas-back ducks.

Our much-abused and laughed at American dude appears, after all, to be a much more decent and inoffensive individual than his brother on the other side of the pond. Some time ago the Duke de Morny got up a performance, in which he appeared as a ballet girl, and more recently, at an amateur circus as a bareback female rider in short tulle skirts, low-neck corsage, and all the head ornaments of a circus woman. All

Extravagance and Style. [Lime-Kiln Club.]

of de evils of de present giner ashun am its proneness to squander an' waste. It am only when we cum down to de las' nickel dat we begin to query whether we haven't bin too extravagant. I doan' keer fur de white folks, but I desiah to say to my fellow-citizens dat what a man airns doan' count. It am what he saves. I see seberal watches among you. I see dat some of you have on diamon' pins. I has bin in some o' your houses an' found china shugar powls an' silver-plated knives an' napkins wid a red border to 'em. Do you need sich things? Am you mo' happy

dan when de shugar was placed in a

sasser an' passed around, an' you cut your meat wid a jack-knife? Bewar' of what dey call stile. Stile fo'ces you to put a \$50 carpet on de parlor floo' an' go widout wood fur de kitchen stove. Stile fo'ces your wife to put on a silk dress an' go widout 'nuff' to eat. Stile demands dat you put a \$10 lambrequin at one winder an' stuff an ole hat into de next. Stile fo'ces you to give a birthday party fur your darter, while your son has to go barfutted to make up fur it. Take off dem diamon' pins an' sell 'em fur \$2 apiece an' put de money in de bank fur a rainy day. Go trade dem watches fur sawbucks an' buck-saws. Peel off dem sto' rloze, an' doan' fear to let de world see you in duds mo' appropriate to de wages you airn.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

Detroit Free Press. There is a colored man living in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, writes a Halifax prices put upon everything. Do I like subscriber of The Free Press, who is lorida? All that it lacks to make it somewhat of a celebrity. He has a peculiar shape, and for that reason is generally known by the sobriquet of many thousand miles away from the Layback, on account of being so straight and having his shoulders set back somewhat after the style of a bass drum player. He started on a trip from Yarmouth to Argyle by coach. There then being no other passengers in the coach, the driver said to him:

"Mr. Johns, you may take a seat in-When some other passengers arrived he said:

"Johns, take a seat outside on the Other passengers still arriving, he said to him:

"Layback, sit back on the roof." As Johns thought he was not being used according to the colored folks' standard of equality he retorted by say-

ing: "Look here, driver, when I first took passage it was 'Mister Johns,' then it was 'Johns,' and now it is 'Layback.' I expec' if any mo' passengers come along it will be, 'Niggah, you can hang on behind!"

Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, has made his numerous foreign orders into a necklace for his SHERMAN ON THE FLAG.

His Tribute to the Stars and Striper ... A Glowing Eulogy.

(St. Louis Republican.) Gen. Lyon Post, No. 2, lost by the fire of last Christmas eve everything contained in their headquarters.

Among the things much prized, the flag of the post was destroyed. ber of ladies volunteered to replace it. and they completed a beautiful new banner in convenient time to make the presentation on the occasion of Washington's birthday. There was a good attendance at Mercantile Library hall last night, where the presentation was made by Gen. W. T. Sherman, his speech being as follows: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is

made my pleasant office this evening to transfer from the fair hands which have wrought it to the care and keeping of Gen. Lyon Post, No. 2, G. A. R., this beautiful banner, i 'nded to replace the one destroyed be re last December. It is, as you see, a to mple staff su mounted by an eagle, to which are tached the thirteen stripes of bunting, alternate red and white, representing the original thirteen states of our Union, with a field of blue, on which are inserted thirty-eight stars, representing the states which compose our present nation. It is very beautiful, even here in the dingy gas light. More so when cast to the breeze in the sunlight from the dome of the capitol, from the lofty flag-staff of some fort, or at the masthead of a frigate at sea; and still more so as you and I, Gen. Fletcher, have seen it in the sulphurous smoke of battle.

"But it is not of this I would speak to you now. The flag of our country is the emblem of nationality, typical of all that is good and grand and glorious in the human nature. It is the emblem and great dinners are becoming more of authority, of peace and liberty the and more rare. Informal afternoon world over. It has for 100 years been and evening receptions are the main at the head of the columns which have swept across our continent and planted cities and towns and settlements from the Atlantic to the Pacific, giving security and peace everywhere, making the desert to bloom as the rose and the wild prairies to wave with the most beautiful harvests. It has led our vessels upon the high seas, penetrating every bay and every part of the civilized and savage world, recognized everywhere as the banner of liberty and progress. It has been the ægis of protection to the weak against the strong, and at this very moment of time it is feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and sheltering the homeless, whose houses and possessions have been swept away by the mighty flood of the Ohio, leading in the grand cause of charity and not waiting till the cries of distress had become pitiable.

Yes, my friends, we all have abundant reason to reverence and love the flag and members of the Grand Army of the Republic who have followed in the glare of the scorehing sun, by the moon's pale beams, and by the lurid light of the blazing pine torch, and who now in their old age have dedicated their lives anew to acts of fraternity, loyalty, and charity. I am sure that every member will cheerfully give his body as a shield to protect it, and if again it should be threatened by a foreign foe or by domestic treason a million sabres will spring that their scabbards and come to is a sike the cherubims and the flaming sword which the Lord posted at the gate of the Garden of Eden to keep the way of the

Tree of Life. "And finally, as the agent of the fair ladies whose nimble fingers have so gracefully prepared the flag, I commit it to the strong hands of the honored commander of Gen. Lyon Post, No. 2, District of Missouri, Grand Army of the Republic, with absolute faith that it will be duly honored and protected; that it will go down another century, not a star obliterated, not a stripe dimmed, and that it will continue for the future as it has in past, to be the emblem of liberty and law, of charity and good-will to man on earth."

Eating Haggis in Honor of Burns. [St. James' Gazette.]

Yesterday throughout Scotland was sacred to Kobert Burns and haggis. In every city and town, and in many a Scottish village as well, there was celebrated a "Burns festival," at which the poems of the national bard were recited. and his songs were sung, it is needless to say, amid the most perfervid enthusiasm. Dinners and suppers were everywhere partaken of in his honor, the bills of fare being, of course, remarkable for their nationality; cock-a-leekie, sheep's head pie, salt beef and greens, and other substantial Scottish dishes were not forgotten, while on every table appeared a haggis, "great chieftain o' the puddin' race.'

It is worth noting that the haggis is now a regular article of commerce in Scotland, a trade having sprung up in that famed comestible since the days of the Burns centenary celebration quarter of a century ago. Orders for baggis come now from the most distant parts of the globe, and that dainty dish was eaten yesterday by persons living. the land of burns, who had morths previously ordered their haggis from one of the Scottish manufacturers of the article, of whom there are probably more than a score.

Not Allowed to Grow Old. [Chicago Times.

Governor Grant, of Colorado, made quite a hit at the White House during his recent Washington visit. Upon presenting his comp¹¹⁰ ats to President Arthur, the latter we astonished to find the chief execution of Colorado so youthful. "I confess I am surprised," said the president. "You are very young to be the governor of a state. And I am at a loss to understand why the people of Colorado elected so young The governor, who is natura man. ally quick at repartee, was not confused in the least. "Well, the truth of the matter is," he rep. 10, "the pistol practice has got down to such a fine art out in Colorado that people are not allowed to grow old out there." It is needless to add that the president's curiosity was satisfied.

Queen Victoria pays postage the same as any other Briton.