

### A COY COQUETTE.

Zeekel Moses, leah, me s'ahl!  
Don't be crowdin' quite so close;  
Laf dat lamp alone, too, please, sah,  
Eye dey's gwine to be a fuss.

Look dat haf' from off my shoulder—  
P'raps ye tink I'm no count trash;  
Ebery night ye git more bold—  
Tink yer smart to be so brash.

What d'ye praise dat Calline foah?  
If dat gal's so mighty dear,  
Leah dis kitchin' dar's de doah;  
Court dat Calline. What do I keer?

Course I keer—I don't be leahin';  
But yer nuff to rile a saint!  
Ain't yer shamed yo' self for leahin'  
Calline's lian'some when wus'n't hein'?

Please, now, don't git wus'n't eber—  
Keep dar now—oh, well,  
If yer t'armined—kiss me? Nebbor!  
Stop dis instep or I'll yell!

Well, if you ain't t'armined bashful!  
Pshaw! whod' hab a man wid skeer?  
Dar, now, don't git ober rashful,  
Fo' de fack I'll box yer ears.

Bless me! what's de use ob sistin'?  
'Cause yer born to hab yer way.  
Not afore one week—now, listen—  
Say Jess one week from dis day?

Marry now! and what's de harm in't?  
Zeekel Moses! why, fo' shame!  
How I blush! Well, if yer t'armined,  
(Dat beats Calline jes de same).  
—C. H. Turner, in N. Y. Mail and Express.

### THE HUMAN MOSQUITO.

#### A Creature Which Exists But to Torment.

#### How He Wounds and Tortures His Helpless Victims—The Different Varieties of the Species—A Possible Reason for His Existence.

He is ubiquitous; and, taking him morally, he has solved the problem of perpetual motion; for he is never quiet, never tranquil, and as for letting well or his fellow-creatures alone, he does that as little as he pays the national debt. Like his entomological prototype, the human mosquito has various methods of attack. Now he comes on you slyly, without note of warning pre-facing attack, and the first proof of his presence—a sting; now the shrill discordance of his challenge rouses you to attention and the vain attempt at defense and retaliation. For you can not defend yourself nor yet retaliate. The human mosquito is too subtle in his attack to be evaded, too quick in his retreat to be caught; and your hands only fight the air, when they do not fall, like boomerangs, with a sounding blow on your own pate.

The life's business of the human mosquito is to wound, and his mildest pleasure is to annoy. Woe to you, poor hapless wight, if, in a weak moment, you have allowed the tormentor to find out your sore places or discover the secret of the weak joint in your armor. Henceforth you may bid adieu to peace for so long as this creature is within hail. He never lets drop a subject which he knows is painful; and when he has once been able to make you wince, he never wearies of repeating the experiment. It is such fun to him to see your lip quiver, your cheek blanch, your eyes flash with ill-suppressed fury, if you are a man—with voiceless scorn or darkening tears, if you are a woman—such fun! He would not forego that pleasure for worlds, life, indeed, having no greater to bestow. Vivisection? Are there not men who would vivisect for the mere love of torturing, and the brutal curiosity of seeing the victim's behavior under pain? So in like manner does the human mosquito torment and torture you for the mere love of the sport; and to make you dance to his piping, shod in the red-topped shoes of the German fairy tale, is as exquisite a delight to him as were the cries of the racked heretic to Torquemada, as are the fluttering agonies of the wounded bird to the snake. Has your favorite son proved a failure, with passages in his history you would rather not remember, still less have remembered by others? The human mosquito never meets you without asking carefully after young Graceless—where is he—what is he doing—and has he paid his debts yet? and is that sentence of outlawry rescinded? and what a grief it must be to you that one who promised so well when he was a lad should have kicked over the traces to such an extent as he has done! Did your daughter run off with the penniless Lieutenant, and are you notoriously un-reconciled to the marriage—hopeless as is your displeasure? The human mosquito takes every opportunity of speaking in your presence of the regiment to which your unwelcome son-in-law belongs; and though he can not tell you personally, does tell your neighbor in your hearing, where it is, what is doing, and how this officer and that have distinguished themselves and been rewarded, your undesirable connection being conspicuously absent from the roll-call of merit. If your old aunt has died and left you nothing, while she favored your cousin and made him her heir, to your not unnatural disappointment, the human mosquito develops the most extraordinary interest in that cousin's doings, and either asks you of his well-being under his new honors, or gives you anecdotes of the splendor of his surroundings and the astounding luxury of his home— anecdotes which set your teeth on edge, hampered as you are in all your goings and comings. Or, if it be the other way, and you have been the favored and the rightful heir has been dispossessed, then does the tormentor regale you with harrowing accounts of the disgraced one's trials and penury, and the bitterness of his disappointment, which clings to him like a Nessus shirt, poisoning the very current of his blood.

Not to be successfully fought, not to be captured, not to be barred out, this tormentor of men's lives is as terrible as are those germs which float in the air and bring woe illimitable to all who breathe them. Your only chance with him is impenetrable reserve; wrapping yourself up in silence which nothing can cause to break into confidence or self-betrayal; showing a demeanor as stolid as a triple wall of brass; suffocating your feelings, your very thoughts as though they were crimes which would land you in the county jail if repeated aloud. This is your only chance—the sote kind of mosquito-net which will protect you. No appeal to reason will be successful; still less will have a chance of an appeal to feeling, humanity, grat-

itude. Of gratitude, indeed, he has no more knowledge than he has of the origin of life or the cause of crystallization; for ingratitude is his characteristic, as—with some kinds—insolence is the method. Like the brute which turns and rends the hand that has fed him, this kind of creature, this human mosquito, turns against you, when you have done all for him that he desired and when he has no more hope of your help. Then you learn the true quality of his nature, and find out for yourself of what base material it is made. It is only after repeated trials, however, that he is convinced of your finality in the way of help; for he is of the same *gens* as the daughter of the horse-leech, and cries ever "Give! give!" When you have once allowed a man or woman of this kind to prove that you are puncturable, that you are so much nutriment for bold suckers, you are done for; and nothing short of a lawyer will free you from attacks which, made at first insidiously—may be with flatteries, mute appeals, humble representations, gentle prayers—grow by time and success into bold and burglarious assaults, accompanied with threats and enforced by moral bludgeons. Then you must address yourself to the law, which is to the human mosquito of determined attack what petroleum is said to be to his winged prototype, the only effectual defense known. To do good to a man or woman of this kind is to illustrate the truth of the hard old Cornish saying: "Save a man from the sea, and he becomes your enemy." To sow golden grain on the barren fields of such a one is to reap sorrow for yourself; and to give your coat is but the preface to the demand for your cloak. Your inch ever becomes his ell; and when you do not concede all that is demanded, then are you s'ung as a kind of waymark between what you have done and what you have not.

At home the human mosquito is restless and exacting. He interferes in everything afloat, and always adds a drop of bitterness to such honey as the family may have garnered in its hive. Is there a fete-day on hand? He takes out the sweetness, rubs off the gloss, by restrictions if he be in the place of command; by temper if he be a subordinate who can only damage and not destroy. As the former, he harrasses his wife by finding fault with her arrangements, substituting his own; he annoys the servants by contradictory commands; irritates the governess by doubting her capacity for taking care of her charge; and causes the children to weep or to sulk, according to their natures, by scolding them impartially all round, with reason or without. Then, when he has made every one thoroughly miserable or uncomfortable, and more inclined to perform penance than to undertake pleasure, he puts on a hilarious manner, and, when this is not responded to, rates the wretched little flock for their gloominess on a holiday, and says, if this is to be the manner in which they thank him for the treat he has given them, he will take good care how he allows them to have another.

As a subordinate, he is just as worrying if not so domineering. As the servant whose functions are vital to the thing on hand—say the cook on the day of a dinner-party—the human mosquito makes every one suffer. For just as "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity," so is the day of social consideration in the household that wherein the cook, who is also a mosquito, is most troublesome and most annoying. To believe her, there will not be a dish fit to eat, and there is not enough of anything. Something has gone wrong with the stock for soup; the fishmonger has skimped the weight, which was already too closely calculated; and the butcher has not sent the proper joint for the roast; the chickens are skinny and the "birds" are tough; the cream is deficient and the milk is turned; and the vegetables are not fresh nor is the fruit ripe. Perhaps she shams the silliness of despair, and will not give an answer, or one only of pessimistic forebodings, when her mistress tries to put the best face on the matter; or she may assume a falsely heartsome air, and, after she has plunged her poor lady into the depths of despair and nervous apprehension, says she will do what she can to remedy the long tale of disasters recounted, but the dinner will not be up to the mark, let her do the best she can. It all depends on the proportion of her cruelty to her love of annoying, whether she sends up a dinner really damaged, or one in her best style and perfect throughout. In either case she has had her pleasure—in serious hurt or in simple teasing.

We need not go through the whole list of domestic mosquitoes. From the lady's-maid who pulls her mistress' hair when brushing it, and lets her go to a state ball with a string unfastened and a tape showing below her train, to the page-boy who breaks in a month, the worth of his year's wages, they all make their service the cause of annoyance to their employers; and some add to annoyance, graver disaster. But what can you do with them? Accidents will happen, you know, and an unfortunate servant is not necessarily a bad person. Your page-boy, for instance, is smart in taking messages, and quick to learn the niceties of his office; he is clean in his person and respectful in his manners. How can you say that his unlovely fingers are the result of malice prepense? and it is not worth while to keep him on, you hoping that he will learn more deftness in handling china and glass—his past clumsiness conduced by his future improvement? Just so; and yet we may be very certain of one thing—once a mosquito, always a mosquito; once the love of annoying or hurting gets hold of the moral system, and there it stays rooted, like couch-grass, or that Australian enemy the thorn-grass, that source of damage to everything that lives near it.

As a child, the human mosquito is the "limb" of the nursery, according to the vernacular of the nurse. As a boy, he is the bully over his little brothers and the incarnate plague of his sisters. As a man, he is the tyrant and tormentor of his household. If he runs to priggishness, he makes his children's lives a burden to them because of fractions and declensions; if he is an athlete, he may ruin them for all time by the brute vigor of his training; if he is effeminate, he interferes with the maid, takes the reins of domestic government

out of his wife's hands, orders the dinners, and looks after the children like an Indian bearer or a supernumerary nurse. He is at all times the mosquito of the establishment, buzzing here, stinging there, creating fever and irritation everywhere; making one wonder for what purpose such as he are sent into the world at all, and what good end they subserve. In politics, the restless obstructive and the pert querist, the oppositist for the sake of opposition, and insolent to the extreme point, he keeps things alive in the sense in which a fire of thorns can make the water boil. But suppose you want the water to be cool and fresh and still, what good then does your crackling fire of thorns? Is it not a hindrance rather than a help? and a bane instead of a blessing?

No! view him how we may, we are forced back to the same position—the human mosquito is a mistake in anthropology, and in no sense a creature to be preserved for its uses in the general economy. When we shall have mended all the moral fractures and put society straight and square, then will there be no room for the human mosquito; and the force expressed in his ugly energies now, will have merged into nobler and better forms. Meanwhile, seeing that fighting is useless and all defence-work illusory, we must bear him with other patience we can command—no other moral catholicon having yet been discovered able to heal the hurts made by the creature in its attacks. And perhaps—who knows?—patience being in itself one of the sweeter virtues—it is in the teaching and the exercise of this to his fellow-men that the human mosquito has his *raison d'être*.—Chambers' Journal.

### GENERAL GRANT.

#### His Connection With the Wall Street Affair Not Generally Understood.

There has always been a matter of wonder that so intimate a friend of General Grant's as Anthony J. Drexel, the keen and wealthy banker, of this city, did not steer him away from the whirlpool of Wall Street. As a matter of fact the General thought that he was simply a special partner to the extent of \$50,000 with Ward, and that the operation was an ordinary business one, and he did not discuss it with Mr. Drexel. There are a good many things indeed about this Wall Street horror that are not generally known. To a friend who warned the General that Ward's scheme was visionary, and that no business could yield such profits as were promised, Grant repeated that in any event he was liable only to the extent of \$50,000, and added, "There are able and experienced business men who are engaged with Ward. They would not be likely to take part in any foolish scheme. Ward has a smelting machine in Colorado, too, that yields very large profits." The General, at Ward's suggestion, put some capital in the Colorado enterprise. Accounts were presented monthly and submitted to Senator Chaffee. The Senator did not know anything about this particular machine, but he knew that there were a few concerns of a similar sort in Colorado reputed to be making money, and the accounts presented by Ward were cheering. General Grant, however, withdrew his capital from the smelting enterprise and put it with the rest into the Wall Street business. Long afterwards a relative of Ward called on him and said: "General, I want to tell you that Ward is a rascal. He never had a smelting-machine of any kind in Colorado. His representation that he had was fraud, and the monthly accounts that he submitted to you were all cooked up."

The hold that Ward got upon General Grant was so absolute as to seem almost incredible. He robbed not only the General but the General's family and relatives as well. For example, here are some facts and figures that have never before been made public: The house on Sixty-sixth Street in New York that was bought for General Grant chiefly by gentlemen of Philadelphia was valued at \$75,000. It was ascertained that there was a mortgage upon it for \$45,000. The mortgage for some reason could not be removed at once, and a check for the amount was placed in the General's hands. Ward by skillful maneuvering soon managed to get hold of the check. Before the failure General Grant made over to his wife a quarter of the \$10,000 which he derives, after certain payments, from the trust fund of \$250,000 raised for his benefit; Ward got that, too. He also succeeded in getting \$12,000 that Nellie Grant had saved up from her pin-money; \$25,000 from Mrs. Honore, of Chicago, Fred Grant's mother-in-law; \$6,000 from the savings of Mrs. Honore's daughter Ida, Fred's wife; and \$25,000 from Mrs. Kraemer, the General's sister, besides the thousands that he got from General Grant, Buck, and the rest of his victims. When the crash came the Grants had been so completely bled that they had less than \$100 in cash among them.—Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A correspondent sends the following account of a mistake made by a little girl in his vicinity. She always joins the family in reading the Scriptures during the family devotions, taking her verse in turn. She easily reads the shorter words, but needs some help on the longer, but is always eager to pronounce all the words herself and sometimes guesses. Recently it came her turn to read the verse: "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." She made a slight variation at the end and finished the verse: "Ye cannot serve God and women."—Chicago Tribune.

A young man in Abberville, S. C., suffering from pneumonia, called in a physician, who left him a small vial of veratrum, to be taken internally, and a liniment composed of turpentine, turpentine and chloroform for external application. The patient reversed the directions, swallowing the liniment, and the next day was well.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New York barbers put mustaches in curl papers in order to give them a fine curl by the time their owners have been shaved or had their hair cut.

### CANCER.

#### The Life History of Epithelioma of the Tongue.

Although scirrhus carcinoma of the tongue is occasionally met with, the most important of the neoplasms of that organ is epithelioma, the natural history of which has a special interest at this time, in connection with the case of a distinguished citizen, in which minute examination has disclosed that the disease is a cancer of that type.

Lingual epithelioma, as a rule, rapidly progresses toward a fatal termination. When left to itself, the life of the patient from the first appearance of the disease varies, in accordance with the estimates of different observers, from 10.5 to thirteen months, the average being 11.7 months. Death ensues, first, from the generalization of the disease; secondly, from septic pneumonia, from the inhalation of the putrid emanations which result from the decomposition of the products of the ulcerated surface; thirdly, from starvation, through the pressure of the infected lymphatic glands and surrounding parts upon the oesophagus, thereby interfering with deglutition, and lastly, from hemorrhage proceeding from the ulcerated lingual arteries, or the vessels of the neck.

The duration of life of those who survive an operation averages nineteen months. Not only does operative interference prolong life and relieve suffering, but it effects a final cure in fourteen per cent of all cases. In attaining these results it must, however, be remembered that excision of the tongue is attended with a mortality of twenty-three per cent, the principal dangers being shock, hemorrhage, oedema of the glottis, septic lung affections, pyæmia and erysipelas, some of which risks can be avoided by taking careful precautions during the operation, and by the perfecting of antiseptic measures during and after the procedure.

When, in addition to disease of the tongue itself, the palate and the tonsil are involved, the prognosis is far more grave, whether the disease be permitted to be subjected to the knife. In the latter event, not only will the tongue have to be extirpated, but the disease of the palate and tonsil will have to be reached either by Langenbeck's or Mikulicz's method of operation. In the former, the jaw-bone is divided just in front of the masseter muscle, while, in the latter, the ramus of the jaw is resected. For carcinoma of the tonsil alone temporary section of the inferior maxilla has been practiced by Cheever, Gensmer and Von Bergmann. In Cheever's case the disease continued to progress; in Gensmer's there was freedom from recurrence for thirty-three months, while he is not aware of the fate of Von Bergmann's patient. In Mikulicz's case of resection of the ramus the patient was well at the expiration of six months.

So far as we can learn there is no example of the performance of the double operation on record, and it is, in our opinion, not justifiable. The only available measures are those directed toward the relief of suffering, the prevention of septic complications and supporting the powers of the system. Should deglutition be greatly interfered with gastrostomy might be resorted to, but this procedure, under the circumstances, is of such a questionable nature that the prudent surgeon would doubtless not take it into consideration.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

### GRANT'S SELF-CONTROL.

#### How He Restrained His Appetite for Smoking at the Beginning of His Disease.

His extraordinary power of self-control has not been lessened by his dreadful malady, death, from which, as Dr. Da Costa of this city, who first attended him, said the other day, "was the most terrible in the world." The disease first made itself apparent last June while the General was at his villa at Long Branch. While eating fruit at lunch he felt a lump in the roof of his mouth. He mentioned the fact to Mr. George W. Childs, whose cottage adjoins his, the laws being in common. Dr. Da Costa, whose brother-in-law was chief of Grant's medical staff, was visiting Mr. Childs, and at the latter's suggestion he called on the General. Having examined the throat he advised General Grant to consult Dr. Fordyce Barker, his family physician, at once. The General made little complaint about the matter after that until autumn. Your correspondent, who was then correspondent for the Tribune at Long Branch, was at the General's house and met him frequently dining out, but the old soldier did not for weeks again refer to the malady, which all the while was increasing its burning, choking force. One afternoon in early September, however, the General quietly inquired of Mr. Childs: "What did Dr. Da Costa say about my throat?" Then, for the first time, Mr. Childs, who, like all of the other friends of the General at Long Branch, thought that the ailment had disappeared, had his suspicions aroused. Dr. Da Costa was seen again by Mr. Childs and asked whether the disease could be incipient cancer. The physician avoided a direct answer, but repeated that the General should see his family physician immediately. It was not until almost the last week in October that the old soldier thought it necessary to consult Dr. Barker. What he suffered in the intervening months only he can tell. In addition to his other troubles, he had a severe attack of neuralgia, and upon the advice of his dentist had four teeth extracted, so that now nearly all his teeth are gone. His physicians recommend that he should limit his smoking to the first half of three cigars a day. Having followed this advice for a few days he gave up smoking, the habit and solace of a lifetime, altogether.

His control over his appetite was such that he showed none of the craving that might be looked for in an inveterate smoker abruptly giving up the indulgence of years. Before he fell upon a New York sidewalk, an accident that was the beginning of his physical troubles, he was broad, robust, and weighed nearly 200 pounds.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

### SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

#### A Woman Who Wouldn't Stand Any Nonsense from Her Daughter's Lover.

"You see," she was explaining to a lawyer, after beating his counsel fee down to three dollars, "I have a daughter Maria."

"Yes'm."

"Maria has a beau."

"Exactly."

"Has been waitin' on her for six years."

"I see."

"And I've been waitin' on him for the same length of time—waitin' for him to marry her."

"Just so, ma'am."

"How long should a couple spark?"

"Well, that depends. It takes some folks a long time to make up their minds."

"Isn't three years long enough?"

"I should think so."

"And I gave him six. I've been getting madder and madder for the last three months, and finally last night I could not hold in any longer. I went into the parlor and there he was, giggling and winking and acting like the same fool she alius was. Don't talk to me! A gal can bring a beau to time inside of two years if she's got any marry in her. You didn't fool away six years?"

"No'm."

"Nor I, either. Well, I stood it as long as I could, and when I went into the room says I to William, says I: 'William, you've got to get out, and it's my duty as a mother to know if you intend to marry Maria.'

"Maria she give a screech, and William he turned fiery red, but says I: 'If you love why don't you marry? If you are hanging around here to pass away time you'd better skip!'

"Well, William coughed and gasped and stuttered around, and said he wanted to write to his ma in Iowa."

"Your ma in Iowa?" says I, feeling my dander climbing up. "Mebbe you ain't weaned yet!"

"Then he says he couldn't be bulldozed, and that one objection to marrying Maria was having me for a mother-in-law. Then the cyclone broke loose. Also, the whirlwind. Also, two or three earthquakes. Inside of four minutes Maria had fainted, William was a wreck, and we had upset the stove and broke three chairs. He come to and slipped out while I was holding camphor to Maria's nose, and I've heard to-day that he is after a warrant for me for assault with intent to kill. Can he get one?"

"Yes'm."

"Can he do anything?"

"Well, ypu want a jury."

"Sartin—sartin. I'll go before a jury and tell 'em how he and Maria have got and sot for seventeen hundred nights—how I've had to be soft on him—how I've poked up Maria to bring him to time—how I stood it and stood it until sunthin' had to break—how it cost me, \$200 for fuel and oil—how, but that's all. If they are men they can't find no verdict agin me."

"No'm."

"Well, I'll go home and wait. Maria lies there sighing and weeping, and there's the stove to put up and the chairs to mend, and if William gets the warrant I'll let you know. His ma in Iowa! I'll let him know that somebody's ma in Detroit is alive and kicking and allus on deck!"—Detroit Free Press.

### A CUBAN CITY.

#### The Yankee's Opinion of Santiago de Cuba.

Santiago de Cuba is a very strange city. The houses and stores are so built that the walls can be almost entirely thrown open, while the interior have courts that are unroofed and unobstructed to the sky. The money of the country is strange, and nothing about the city is familiar to an American. A real Yankee just landed spoke as follows:

"Some-how I can't tell when I'm innoors and when I'm out. I've got a room, or somethin', in a hotel here, and I've been into it, quandering around, but I could not tell when I was in the parlor or when I was in the kitchen or back yard, so I'm standin' out here in the park not to make any mistake. I started down the street a minute ago, but I got afraid I might make a mistake and get arrested for bein' found in somebody's back parlor."

"I've got a lot of the money of the place, but I can't make heads nor tails of it. I took some of it back whar I got it, and passed it over the same counter—so I reckon its genuine."

"I could write the history of the place already. All I need is the dates. It was evidently built the year after the flood; it's been shook down by an earthquake, burned up by a volcano, re-settled, and left just as 'twas found. The whole country is best where's it's been let alone. Wherever the people he touched it they hev made a mess of it."—Portland Transcript.

### Bay Windows in Railway Cars.

The bay window parlor cars differ from the old style parlor car in many important details. The bay window feature is the most striking point of difference to the casual observer. Instead of the ordinary flat windows, these cars are fitted with a series of five bay windows, each about seven feet wide and a trifle higher than usual. They are composed of a central light about three feet wide, from which two less lights deflect in contrary directions. There is no projection beyond the outer line of the car, but the central light falls within the interior line of the car's side, and the deflection of the wings beyond there is no extension beyond the limit of safety. The full effect of this novel arrangement can only be gained from the interior, where increased lighting surface, unusual facilities for observation and other marked advantages readily appear as the results of the improvement.—Philadelphia Times.

"Derailed by a Sun Kink" is the picturesque heading which an enterprising newspaper uses for an account of cars being thrown off the track by the expansion of the rails from the sun's heat.

### The Irish Poet.



Few men have had a more romantic career than John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet-editor of the Boston Pilot. Born in Ireland in 1844, he was from early youth a revolutionist, and his restless disposition caused him to leave home early. He went to England, became a printer and reporter on papers in the manufacturing districts; here he acquired that sympathy for the workman that still clings to him. At the age of 19 he enlisted in the British army, not to fight for England, but to learn to fight for Ireland. For three years he drilled and plotted, till at last he was suspected, tried and condemned to imprisonment for life. This sentence was afterward commuted to twenty years. The prisons in England being full, he was transported to Australia, that land, as Mr. O'Reilly says, "Blessed by God and blighted by man." Here he planned escape, attempted it, and was caught several times. Finally he succeeded in getting to sea in an open boat. After days of privation he was picked up by an American whaler and devoted himself heartily for the next six months to the pursuit of whale catching. He had made such warm friends of every one on board, that the captain to further his plans transferred him to a ship bound for Liverpool, giving him papers of a shipwrecked sailor and twenty-one guineas for pocket money. Finding it dangerous to remain in Liverpool he came to America, wrote a few magazine articles and drifted to Boston without knowing a friend in the New England states. His poems, which were eagerly purchased by the magazines, soon brought him friends and made him famous. This was in 1870. He secured a position on the Pilot, of which he now owns a quarter interest and is sole editor. As president of the Papyrus and Press clubs of Boston, he has drawn around him many of the most brilliant young writers of the time, a favorite resort of theirs being his home in Charlestown, which, owing to his wife, is a model of good taste and comfort. Mr. O'Reilly is a lover of manly sports and through his magnificent physique is able to excel in many of them.

### "Old Hoosey."



Gen. William S. Rosecrans is probably the leading Democrat in congress from the Pacific slope. He was born in 1819, at Kingston, O.; began life as a civil engineer, was a professor at West Point prior to the rebellion, when he joined M. Clellan as a major-general of volunteers; took part in the operations in western Virginia; army of the Mississippi, Juna and Corinth; Murfreesboro; Chickamauga; department of the Missouri in 1864; mustered out of volunteer service 1866, and resigned his position of brigadier-general in the regular army in 1867; minister to Mexico in 1869-69. His name was mentioned for the vice-presidency at the late Democratic convention.

At the recent conference of the Jewish ministers in New York City, it was reported that the Jewish synagogues are increasing every year.

Rhode Island occupies only one thousand square miles of territory, but it has about nine hundred schools, with about eighty per cent. of the children of school age in them.

Fifty-six new Baptist Sunday-schools were organized in North Carolina during the year 1884, many of them in communities where no other religious services whatsoever are held.—N. Y. Examiner.

A clergyman in Boston—a man well versed in the Bible, devout, earnest, a good worker and a fair preacher—is a settled pastor over a church which pays him only \$12 a week, and that is his whole salary.—Boston Traveller.

Mortimer F. Reynolds, of Rochester, N. Y., has given \$25,000 to the University of Rochester for a chemical laboratory, as a memorial of his brother, William A. Reynolds, who was a member of the Board of Trustees.

The University of Virginia recently dedicated an observatory and telescope presented by Leander J. McCormick, of Chicago, at a cost of \$75,000. The observatory has an endowment of \$50,000, one-half of which was given by W. H. Vanderbilt.—Chicago Times.

A few weeks ago Solomn High Mass was celebrated in Copenhagen for the first time since the Reformation. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the priesthood of Rev. John Eueh, Apostolic Prefect in Copenhagen. Complete religious toleration now exists in Denmark.

Dr. Moorehouse, Bishop of Melbourne, has refused to order prayers for rain in his diocese. His lordship gives as his reason that, before complaining, people should do something themselves towards storing up the superfluity in the wet season against the drouth.

An Illinois doctor thinks he has found a sure cure for rheumatism in geranium leaves. Perhaps he argues on the principle that like cures like; for spooning over geraniums in the garden after dark during the summer is a favorite way of catching the disease with many susceptible young persons.—Lowell Citizen.