SCHOOL GIRLS.

The Effects of Over Pressure—Sound Advice to Mothers and Fathers.

A young girl of sixteen, of a healthy heritage, was brought into the consulting room of one of our Boston physicians for a slight lateral curvature of the spine. She never had been sick; she did not suffer from headaches or any of the functional disturbances sometimes seen in growing children. Her growth had been rapid, and she was pale, thin, and lacked the vigor of health. An inquiry brought out the fact that at her school she spent five hours a day, besides five hours' study out of school hours, stimulated to extra courses by ambition and the prospect of promotion.

A growth of three inches in a year, combined with ten hours' daily nervous strain, are component which will, as certainly as the formula of 2 plus 2 equals 4, produce an impairment of health, a diminution of force which, coming in the growing years, is so much taken from the eventual sum total of vital energy. The studies which were the most of a burden to this young girl were Greek and Algebra, and although the parents, if forced to choose, would agree that their daughters should forego the pride of possessing a knowledge of Greek, if that must be coupled with a certain amount of physical misery, yet nothing short of a dire necessity could justify the girl in falling behind her class or the standard imposed by emulation.

Such experiences lead us to believe that the root of the trouble is not so much in the school system as in the community itself, which, after all, creates the school system. With a certain amount of elasticity of requirements and an improved supervision of scholars, much of the evil of advanced courses and increasing stimulation could be avoided, provided the home influence were in the right direction. The ill effects are seen chiefly among the girls; for it is tacitly admitted that, books or no books, "boys will be boys," and the boy is largely an animal; but the American mother of the day not only wishes to stamp out what there may be of the animal in her daughter, to give her conventional manners, but, in the view of the lottery of American life, to teach her to support herself and also to shine socially as a possible mistress of the White House; and all this preparation is to be done during the pre-matrimonial years. Out-of-door sports are discouraged, and musical or intellectual pre eminence considered desirable. Furthermore, among the girls themselves in a certain number the desire for distinction, the innate femininity, repressed by circumstance from finding vent in coquetry, prompts to attracting attention and admiration for proficiency as amateur musicians, for rank at school, for winning prizes in female colleges, for success in professions. Such a system of education may produce, in some instances, good results, and give us future George Eliots, Maria Mitchells, Mary Somervilles, Putnam-Jacobis, etc., yet the records of the nervous wards and the lists of the nervous prostrationists show that the success of a few individuals has been bought for the public at the price of many shattered lives of unsuccessful imitators.

What in our community is especially needed in regard to women is the better physical education of girls. A mother should be as much ashamed to bring up a flat-chested, round-shouldered daughter, to be a candidate for the Adams or other Nervine institutions, as if she brought her up unable to read or write. The introduction of any out-door game suitable for girls, and enjoyed by them, as base ball is by boys, would be an incalculable blessing, before which the joys of Greek and the aspirations for professional careers would be dust and ashes to the coming generation of mothers and the prospective generation of children.

A certain, and by no means small, proportion of our young women seems to be going through the same craze about mental forcing and professional careers which afflicted our young men of previous generations, and which with them was responsible for much ill health. Fortunately, a revival of athletics and sports, the war, and the development of more varied industrial pursuits created a revolution in this. It is already a long time since the dyspeptic, narrow-chested, pale-face, weak-eyed male became an object of interest by becoming a bookworm. A knowledge of Greek no longer condones a want of vigor and vivacity in the male, and we do not believe it is any more likely to in the female. Those who run any risk of health by pursuing advanced studies had best not trifle with the experiment.

The prophets of hygienic righteousness, as physicians have been termed, should throw the weight of their influence in favor of everything that improves the physical development of women. When they find the rate of growth is excessive or accompanied by an imperfect development in weight, when the chest capacity is small and the blood poor, they should prescribe more out of doors and a postponement of literary ambitions—more sunshine and fewer books. A good practical guide as to the physical condition in the rough is the relative increase of growth compared with the increase in weight. —*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Tough.

When it comes to toughness, Texas beef is entitled to the blue ribbon. The average Texas landlord usually manages to secure the toughest beef in the market.

"Is there a carpet beating establishment next door?" asked a newly arrived guest at an Austin hotel.

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Well, then you must have a blacksmith's shop in the cellar. Do you shoe horses down in the cellar?"

"Why, no, stranger, what makes you think so?"

"What's all that pounding as if there was a boiler factory in full blast, o some coopers were driving down the hoops on a wooden cistern."

"O, that! Why that's the cook pounding the beefsteak for breakfast." —*Texas Siftings.*

THE LAST OF THE B'HOYS.

Modern Folk Get a Glimpse of the Kind of Rough of a Generation Gone.

It is related of Thackeray that when he was in New York he found himself uncertain which way to turn one night when he was in the Bowery, and, addressing himself to the first man he met, asked:

"Can I go to Bleecker street this way?"

Accident had thrown him in the way of a Bowery b'hoy, who replied after the manner of his kind: "Well, I guess you kin, sonny, if you behave yourself."

The Bowery boy and, in fact, every variety of the New York rowdy of twenty-five years ago, was picturesque and in some respects admirable as compared with the tough of to-day. The rough characters of that day did not find it inconsistent with their dignity to work for their living. They were mechanics, painters, butchers, newsdealers, printers, hatters, venders, and, in fact, followed any and all callings. They even rendered themselves extra useful by working in the Volunteer Fire Department—a service they were nearly all very fond of. When they were not at work they got their high silk hats out and aired them magnificently, carrying them tilted on one ear, often over a flannel shirt, and with their trousers tucked in high-topped boots. A tough was not a tough if he did not have a high hat for evening and Sunday wear. They were tremendous and incessant fighters, but their fists were the weapons they preferred. They drank and gambled, but they did not necessarily steal, and it was not at all beneath their idea of dignity, or at all uncommon, for them to court the pretty girls of their acquaintance, marry them, treat them well, and support them in comfort.

It is astonishing how almost completely they have disappeared. There are a few yet to be found in Washington Market, and there are others over in the Ninth Ward and in the old shipyard district, but they dress very nearly like the men they meet every day, and it is only by little signs, the way they pronounce certain words, the angle at which they wear their hats, the black silk scarfs tied in enormous bows that they cling to like death, and such trifles, that one who used to know them by the hundred can now pick out these few survivors.

One of them rode over to Brooklyn in the bridge cars yesterday. His big silk bowknot, the red stockings that were revealed by flaring trousers and low shoes, his broken nose and old-school, smooth-shaven, typical Bowery boy face betrayed him. Even the old familiar impudent curl of his upper lip remained with him, and when he spoke to a stranger he first looked him over and then called him either "cully" or "boss," according as the person's appearance impressed him. He was two-thirds tipsy. A new broadcloth suit and a massive chain and finger ring showed him to be prosperous. His wife, a substantial, jolly looking woman, walked by his side with a little girl of ten or eleven years beside her. Her dress caught in a projection from a valise on the car floor and she had to stop and free herself. The owner of the valise apologized, and assisted her in disengaging her dress.

By the time the old-fashioned tough missed his wife from his side she was about ready to move on after him. He saw that something unusual had detained her, and, mistaking the cause, put himself in readiness for a fight.

It was amusing to watch him. He first showed astonishing solicitude for his wife's comfort, got her seated, saw the little girl comfortable by her side, and then sat on the extreme edge of an adjoining seat, and adjusted his hat so nearly on one side of his head that it seemed a marvel that it did not fall off. His eyes flashed, his upper lip curled, and he glanced at the man with the valise.

"Will I chaw him up, Gussie?" he whispered to his wife.

"Who, Tom? What's the matter?" the woman asked in some alarm.

"Who? Why, der galloot what stopped yer. Give us the right of it, Gussie, an' then I'll let the sawdust out of him. What did he do?"

Between his sentences he glared most fiercely at the man with the valise, who was reading a paper, and was calmly unconscious of the fighting man's existence.

"Why, he's all right," said the wife in a still lower tone than he had used, "he acted very gentlemanly"—and then she explained what had happened. Gradually the old rowdy's face brightened up, and a smile took the place of the frown. He arose and went unsteadily over to the man with the valise, and attracted his attention by giving him a whack between the shoulders that seemed hard enough to loosen his teeth.

"You've just had a narry escape," said the old-fashioned tough, laughing hoarsely—"a narry 'scape, bergosh. A minute more and I'd a took you up and broke you over my knee. I thought you done something rude to my old woman, b'g—, but yer didn't do no sich a thing, did you? No, indeed, you didn't. And yer wouldn't, would yer? 'Cause I'd chaw a man up for less'n that—I would, b'gosh!"

After entreating the man to step right off and have a drink, and being politely refused, there being nothing drinkable except the East River for whoever should step off, the old-fashioned tough went back to his wife and insisted upon kissing her to celebrate the escape of the man with the valise. She was quite offended, or rather pretended to be, and called him an old fool.

"Sit down, Tom," said she, "and quiet yourself. Your fighting days are over now."

"Well," said the ancient rowdy, with the smile of a thoroughly good-natured man, "I kin kiss the kid, she can't help herself. Your kissin' days is over any how, Gussie, and the kid's just beginning."

The little girl ran to him when he beckoned to her, and eagerly climbed upon his knee. It was evident that the pugnacious old chap was a kindly man at home.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Karen Baptist Theological Seminary, at Rangoon, Burmah, held its fortieth anniversary recently. Four addresses were made by members of the graduating class.

HIDDEN INCA TREASURES.

The Efforts That Have Been Made During the Last Three Centuries to Locate Them.

The Spaniards under Pizarro landed first on the Island of Puna, at the mouth of the harbor of Guayaquil, and afterward upon the main coast at Tumbez in Peru, a few miles southward. Here they found that the Incas, for the first time in the history of that remarkable race, were at war. Huayna-Capac, the greatest of the Incas, made Quito his capital, and there lived in a splendor unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. At his death he divided his kingdom into two parts, giving to Atahuallpa the northern half, and to Huscar what is now Bolivia and the southern part of Peru. The two brothers went to war and while they were engaged in it Pizarro came. Everybody who has read Prescott's fascinating volumes knows what followed. With the aid of the Spaniards, Atahuallpa conquered his brother and then the Spaniards conquered him. When he lay a prisoner in the hands of the guests he offered to fill his prison with gold if they would release him. They agreed, and his willing subjects brought the treasure, but the greedy Spaniards, always treacherous, demanded more, and Atahuallpa sent for it. Runners were hurried all over the country, and the simple, unselfish people surrendered all their wealth to save their King. But Pizarro became tired of waiting for the treasure to come, and the men in charge of it, being met by the news that Atahuallpa had been strangled, buried the gold and silver in the mountains of Llanganati, where the Spaniards have been searching for it ever since.

No amount of persuasion, temptation or torture could wring from the Indians the secrets of the buried gold. Two men of modern times are supposed to have known its hiding place. One of them, an Indian, became mysteriously rich, and built the church of San Francisco in Quito. On his death bed he is said to have revealed to the priest who confessed him that his wealth came from the hidden Inca treasure, but he died without imparting the knowledge of its location. Another man, Valverde by name, a Spaniard, married an Inca woman, and is supposed to have learned the secret from her, for he sprang from abject poverty to the summit of wealth almost in a single night, "without visible means of support." Valverde when he died left as a legacy to the King of Spain a guide to the buried treasure. Hundreds of fortunes have been wasted and hundreds of lives have been lost in a vain attempt to follow Valverde's directions. They are perfectly plain to a certain point, where the trail ends, and can not be followed farther because of a deep ravine, which the credulous assert has been opened since Valverde died by an earthquake. These searches have been prosecuted by the Government as well as by private individuals, and if all the money that has been spent hunting for Atahuallpa's ransom had been invested in roads and other internal improvements the country would be much richer and the people much more prosperous than they are.

The devotion of the Indians to the memory of their King who was strangled 350 years ago is very touching. When "the last of the Incas" fell he left his people in perpetual mourning, and the women wear nothing but black to-day. It is a pathetic custom for the race not to show upon their costumes the slightest hint of color. Over a short black skirt they wear a sort of mantle, which resembles in its appearance as well as in its use the "manta" that is worn by the ladies of Peru, and the "mantilla" of Spain. It is drawn over their foreheads and across the chin and pinned between the shoulders. This sombre costume gives them a nun-like appearance, which is heightened by the stealthy, silent way in which they dart through the streets. The cloth is woven on their own native looms of the wool of the llama and the vicuñas, and is a soft, fine texture. While the Indians have accepted the Catholic religion, 350 years of submission has not entirely divorced them from the ancient rites they practiced under their original civilization. Several times a year they have feasts or celebrations to commemorate some event in the Inca history, and like the Aztecs in Mexico, they still cling to a hope that future ages may restore the dynasty under which their fathers lived and destroy the hated Spaniards.—*Quito Cor. Boston Herald.*

Cast-Off Foot-Gear.

Hundreds of men, women and even boys, in New York, are engaged in the "business" of collecting old boots and and shoes, which they take to the wall-paper factories, where they receive from five to fifteen cents per pair. Calf-skin boots bring the best price, while cowhide ones are not taken at any figure. These boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off, and then the nails and threads are removed and the leather is ground up into a fine pulp. Then it is pressed upon a ground of heavy paper, which is to be used in the manufacture of "embossed leather." Fashionable people think they are going away back to mediæval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with this, and remain in blissful ignorance that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash-barrel a month before now adorn their walls and hang on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. Carriage-top makers and book-binders also buy old boots and shoes, the former to make leather-tops for carriages and the latter leather bindings for the cheaper grades of books. The new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet.—*Utica Herald.*

—Judge Laporte, of Huntington, Pa., is of the same stuff the ancients found in their heroes. His son, accused of murdering a friend, fled to his father for refuge, and there confessed to the killing. The old Judge told the boy he had sworn to obey the constitution and enforce the law, and taking him in his buggy to the county seat delivered him over to justice.—*Philadelphia Press.*

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

Better Be Imposed on by Fraud Than Do an Honest Person an Injustice.

"Yes, he may be a fraud—probably is one," replied the man under the white plug hat as he replaced his change, "but I made a mistake on the wrong side of the ledger once and I don't want to get caught that way again."

"How was it?"

"Well, I'm neither a Christian nor a philanthropist. Fact is, I'm a pretty hard-hearted man on the average, but I used to be a little worse than I am now. One evening, five or six years ago, right in front of this very store, a boy about twelve years of age hit me for a dime. He had tears in his eyes, a drawl to his voice, and I spotted him at once for an impostor. He went on to say that his father was sick and unable to work, and that he himself had been down with a fever and had no strength to look for a job, and I laughed in derision and told him to clear out or I'd give him in charge."

"It's an old dodge," observed the man who was smoking a corn-cob pipe.

"Exactly, but it may not always be a dodge. I had a pocket full of silver, and I was too ornery mean to hand over a dime. Suppose the boy was lying? Suppose he wanted the money for himself? How contemptible in me to begrudge that trifling sum to a little chap who was certainly all skin and bone and evidently needed a square meal."

"But it would have been encouraging vice," said the man with the check shirt front.

"Bosh! There are men in this city who are looked upon as shining examples, who cheat and swindle the people out of a thousand dollars where vice gets a shilling. This little incident I have been relating went out of my mind in an hour, but next day, as I was looking over an old tenement with the owner, who wanted me to figure on repairs, who should I come across but the boy of the night before. He was in bed and raving with fever. In bed? Well, he was tossing around on a heap of rags. In the same room was the mother, trying to earn a few cents at the wash-tub, but not having the strength to work for more than five minutes at a time. Also, the father—just alive with consumption, and occupying a bed no better than the boy's."

"Same boy, eh?" queried the corn-cob-pipe man, as the hard lines in his face began to melt.

"The very same. There was a quaver in his voice no one could forget in a day. He was raving away of this or that, but the father was quiet and inclined to be cheerful. As I sat down beside him for a moment after leaving a $5 bill in his skeleton hand, he said:

"God bless you for a good man! When little Ben started out last night we hadn't either light, fuel or food in the house. He met some kind-hearted man who gave him a dollar. It might have been you. But for that money God knows how we must have suffered."

"Might have been me! When I remembered how I had repulsed that boy the thought stabbed me like a knife! I was trying to say something to cheer the dying man, when that fever-stricken lad sprang up, evidently recognizing my voice, and cried out:

"'Please, mister, don't have me arrested! Don't let 'em lock me up! I'm telling the truth—I ain't lying!'

"He came right over and got hold of me, and I tell you if ever a man was broken down it was this very individual. I left twenty-five dollars there when I went away, and I sent a doctor around, but inside of a week father and son were dead. One died blessing me, and the last words of the other were an entreaty to me not to call him a fraud and have him locked up. That's why my hand goes down for the chink when man or boy strikes me for change. I'd rather give a thousand dollars to frauds than to have another honest boy die with my refusal grinding into his soul." *Detroit Free Press.*

HINDOO LAW.

A Remarkable Decision by an Indian Magistrate.

A judgment was recently delivered in the high court of Bombay, after a trial of fourteen days, which deserves more than local notoriety. The *Times of India* says it is "the most important case that has been tried in Western India for many years." The claim was by the son of a Hindoo millionaire, Sir Munguldass Nuthoobhoy, and he demanded from his father a partition of all the family property and an equal share. The father refused the partition and the son appealed to the high court. The Judge who tried the case, Mr. Justice Scott, following decisions of the Privy Council, ruled that a son who was a member of a Hindoo joint family had an equal right with the father and an equal share in the family property, and could claim partition against the father's will at any time after majority. The Judge pointed out that such a claim was reprobated as immoral by the ancient writers, but still admitted as just by the highest authority in Bombay. This seems an astonishing decision to European minds, but the authorities cited by the learned Judge show its absolute legality in Hindoo law. At the same time it has struck consternation through the wealthy families of Western India. The rule, no doubt, is a survival of the primitive idea that the family is an aggregate or collective unit, of which all members have an equal interest in the common property. As the learned Judge pointed out, the current of authority tends to overthrow parental authority and to effect a painful revolution in the family system throughout Western India. It was also decided in the case that property that was not family or ancestral property, but self-acquired, could be devised by will by a father to his son, and that the property retained its self-acquired character in the hands of the son. This will considerably diminish the danger that might arise from an unrestrained exercise of the right now fully declared. The case has been for a long time the subject of much discussion and great anxiety in all native circles, and, although experts in Hindoo law agree in the strict legality of the decision, there is a general opinion that the altered conditions of Hindoo society render legislation necessary on the subject, in spite of the extended effect now given to the exercise of the testamentary power.—*London Times.*

TALL BUILDINGS.

An Expert's Opinion of Them on the Score of Healthfulness, Etc.

As our readers know, a bill was introduced this winter into the New York Legislature providing that the height of buildings in the dwelling-house quarter of the city of New York should be restricted to a certain limit, which was, as a maximum, set at eighty feet from the sidewalk. The object of the bill was of course to prevent the erection of the great apartment houses which tower in some cases two hundred feet above the pavement, and unquestionably shade the streets and houses north of them, and reduce, by comparison, the apparent size of the neighboring buildings. Whether this dwarfing effect would be appreciable in the selling price of the property next to such structures is more than doubtful, and the real grievance seems to be confined to the shadow cast by them, and as this seems to have been considered an insufficient basis for so arbitrary a restriction as the one proposed, the advocates of the bill have recently undertaken to fortify their position by the very doubtful device of attacking the apartment houses themselves, and have produced evidence, in the shape of opinions by certain physicians, to show that the inhabitants of such buildings are liable to zymotic diseases from the probable opening of the joints of the drain-pipes in them, as well as to contagious disorders from the difficulty of isolating patients attacked with such maladies in them. As might have been expected, this attempt has brought out an overwhelming amount of rebutting testimony. Several of the best physicians in the city join in commending the substitution of elevators for stairs, which forms one of their principal characteristics, and it is easily proved that, however such buildings may shade the streets below them, those who live in them enjoy a greater amount of air and sunshine than the dweller in the average city house. To say nothing of the advantage of being raised above the surrounding buildings, the planning of the best apartment-houses always secures outside light and air for the bath-rooms and hallways, which in most city houses are dark and unventilated, while the interior space between the front and rear chambers, which in houses is usually given up to a mass of unventilated closets, cupboards, bath-rooms, wash-basins, and slop-sinks, and soon becomes the permanent abode of the insects and effluvia which are supposed to be indispensable to a city dwelling, is practically unknown in the first-class apartment house, where economy of room, as well as better principles of planning, demand a distribution of these adjuncts to domestic life which greatly facilitates their maintenance in wholesome condition. Whether infectious diseases are likely to spread more rapidly in an apartment-house than in a block of houses we will not venture to say, but in the fire-proof buildings, which should alone be constructed for the purpose there is little probability of contagion being communicated through the walls or floors, and the risk that any person leaving the patient's room will convey the infection to others by contact in the elevators and halls is no greater than that which every one encounters in riding in a public conveyance.—*American Architect.*

THREE COURSES.

How a Penniless but Precocious Customer Worked the Free Racket.

The hands on the illuminated clock-face in the Jefferson Market tower were both pointing directly to the zenith. Below, on Sixth avenue, a policeman woke up, came out of a shadowy doorway and majestically swung his club as he thought of the approaching midnight relief. The lighted windows of a small restaurant illuminated his manly form and a sign of "Little neck clams, twenty cents."

The sign caught the foxy orbs of a hungry-looking passer-by. He stopped, delved both hands down into the vacancy of his pockets and tried to rattle up nothing. No use; they were emptier than his stomach, and that was as vacant as an elephant's expression. He peered through the steamy windows and "sized up" the people inside. The proprietor was dozing in his chair behind the cash-stand. A big, fat, greasy-looking waiter and a cadaverous, little thin one were lounging about with soiled aprons. An individual, with a Derby hat no bigger than a tablespoon, was struggling with a cup of coffee at a corner table.

The outsider winked to himself and went in.

He seemed very sleepy when he staggered into a seat at a table and said: "Clam chowder." The waiter had to awake him when he brought it. Apparently unconscious of what he was doing he devoured part of it, then suddenly came to and seemed to be very much surprised.

"Why—why this ain't an oyster stew. Bring me a stew; I don't want this."

The waiter thought that possibly he had misunderstood the order, and so promptly obeyed. When the stew came the customer was asleep again, and again began his consumption with an air of abstraction, to be broken off with an exclamation of disgust.

"What do you mean by trying to fool me like this? Do you think I am a chump? Don't you 'spose I know oysters? That's what you brought in and I never eat 'em."

"That's what you ordered, sir."

"You lie; I didn't. Take 'em away. I ordered bacon and eggs."

The waiter demurred and wanted to argue the subject, but the customer became so noisy that he yielded. When the third dish arrived the same performance was gone through with again. After the customer had made thoughtless headway into it he discovered what he was eating and fairly raved.

"Well, of all the steaks, this lays over the deck. 'Tain't no steak. You're the biggest flat I ever struck. Can't you hear anything straight? I won't stay here and be fooled with."

The waiter expostulated but the customer went, and as he got outside muttered something about it's "being a very good meal—for nothing."—*N. Y. Herald.*

WIND-VOICES.

[All the Year Round.]

Pile high the logs, and draw the curtains round,
I will not heed—what matter that the wind
Howls round the house, and shakes the window-blind?
I know 'tis nothing save the wintry sound,
That speaks of Autumn's death;
Beneath its angry breath
The leaves lie slain upon the trodden ground.

Suppose we cannot keep it out? suppose
Those are real voices in that angry roar
That surges round the house? Suppose, once more,
The dead thus speak the words; the calm repose
Of just-relinquished life,
Of rest from just-fought strife,
Had silenced, and 'twas thus the dead arose?

Ghosts! ghosts! Oh, wailing wintry wind, be still!
Yet pity seizes me. I see again
Those whom I loved. Once more the anguished pain
Strikes to my soul, and tears mine eyelids fill.
Why should we shrink with fear,
E'en though the dead are near?
Ah me! how shrieks the wind—wild, wild, and shrill!

Ghosts are abroad on the uncanny night,
I cannot shut them out, e'en if I would.
Perchance they have a message, dear and good,
Radiant, I pray, from Heaven's own crystal light.
Come in awhile to me,
Be as you used to be,
And make mine empty house-place filled and bright.

Oh, wild, triumphant scream! There are no ghosts,
Save of the wicked in the angry cries
That rend my heart and fill my tired eyes.
Those whom I love join not these vagrant hosts,
But lie too fast asleep,
In slumber dead and deep,
To walk abroad, screaming such empty boasts.

God! silence me the storm, and let me rest,
Just where my loved ones sleep—out in the wind
That is so full of sorrow, deaf and blind.
They hear and see me not; in death's dark breast
A fearsome problem lies,
Nor earth, nor sea, nor skies,
Know as he knows, that He, not life, is rest.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

England's great premier at the age of 73 is without doubt a marvel, and may prove a puzzle to posterity. You cannot realize the Liberal chief, or form a picture of the man, solely through a study of his interminable speeches, books, pamphlets, letters and post-cards. You must see him in the flesh. There, in office, sits the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons, stretched out with his legs straight before him and his toes turned up to the glass ceiling. His hands he listlessly crosses over his lap. His head droops over his right shoulder. His face is pallid. The corners of his mouth droop as if in pain. His scant gray hair clings like a fringe of floss about the base of his great skull. His eyes are closed. The powerful features, touched with a tinge of sweetness and overworn with half a century of politics, mutely engender pity. His ill fitting clothes hang loosely about his figure, always lithe and active in motion. So, seeming as if flaccid from want of sleep, he lies in wait. Then the lax figure sits bolt upright, chin in the air, and hands clasping his knees. All traces of fatigue pass away as the eyes, large and luminous, keen and gray, rest with anger upon the enemy. The nostrils dilate, the lips—still close—work impatiently, the body leans forward. In a moment Mr. Gladstone is upon his feet, and as his late antagonist said of him, "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," he opens the floodgates of his oratory, and deluges the Commons with superb eloquence. The timbre of his voice is delightful, gliding, mellow, dropping to the soft sound of wind-stirred reeds by the river, rising to the full volume of the storm at sea. In the heat and passion of debate Mr. Gladstone does not respect persons, but reads friends and foes alike. In his eyes it is a sin to differ from his opinion, even though his enemies thoughts were his own of the previous day, and when from time to time the great leader changes his mind he does so from honest conviction, mixed with an appetite for applause, and then he sees his old friends in the light of a company of blind fools.

Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

JOHN S. KOUNTZ.

The new commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, entered the army in his sixteenth year as a drummer boy in the Thirty-seventh Ohio. He distinguished himself by his courage in exchanging his drum for a musket when the latter was most needed. During the assault on Briggs' line at Mission Ridge the drum corps was ordered to the rear, but young Kountz took up a musket, advanced with his regiment, and was shot while in the front line of battle, his wound necessitated the amputation of his leg. On his return to Toledo, O., drummer Kountz was given a place in the county treasurer's office. He has filled faithfully many civil positions as well as posts of honor in the G. A. R. since.