BABY THE FIRST.

The poet may sing
Like a bird on the wing,
And the proser accustom his quill
To a talented strain,
But I mean to maintain
That there's one thing which passes their skill.
It has never been sung
By terrestrial tongue,
It has never by pen been rehearsed
How ineffably prized
And how much idolized
Is the homestead is baby the first!

Not for Ossas of gold
Upon Pelions rolled,
Not for pearls to the firmament piled,
Not for rubies galore,
Or the great Kohinoor
Would the mother relinquish that child.
She would brave the high fire
Of a Didoesque pyre,
She would patiently hunger and thirst
If her sacrifice brave
Could by any means save
From one pang her sweet baby the first!

Oh, that dear little thing
Is the queen or the king
Of the household in which it had birth.
For the mother's strong love
Simply ranks it above
Every creature or object on earth.
Yes, she fondly contrives
To believe that its "hives"
Is of earthly diseases the worst,
And its tiniest ache
Will induce her to wake
All the night beside baby the first!

Babies second and third
Have no reason to "gird"
At the motherly treatment they get.
Babies four, five and six,
They are much indulged chicks,
Each in turn is called "Ma's tootle pet,"
But the babes who succeed
Number one would indeed
Pick a crow with mamma, if they durst,
Could they guess how much less is
The love she possesses
For them than for baby the first!

—Judy.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

"Whoa!"

The command was unnecessary, for both horse and driver were willing to stop and rest under the shade of the oaks and poplars that hot July noon. From early morn, when the dew was on the grass, until now, when the sun was overhead, Mr. George Slade had driven his faithful horse over the wild, rough mountain roads of the Blue Ridge, and the place was too inviting for him to pass by.

Mr. Slade was a schoolteacher, and his academy, as it was called, stood under the shadow of Mount Lopateka, one of the tallest peaks of the Blue Ridge. He was, at the time of which we speak, returning to his home from the nearest railroad town, 30 miles away. Some years ago, warned by approaching disease, he had left his native home in Massachusetts for a warmer clime. Attracted by the wild mountain scenery and the balmy air, which seemed to banish his pulmonary troubles, he had made his home among these hardy and hospitable mountaineers. He had again entered upon his old occupation, which he had followed in his early manhood in his New England home, and was now at the head of a flourishing school in this secluded country. His habits were simple, and his slender income was sufficient to satisfy his wants. He was alone in the world, and he had long ago decided to make his permanent home here among the mountains. It was not long before he became attached to these hardy mountaineers, and he readily accommodated himself to the primitive style of living. Although a man of northern birth and one who had worn the blue, he gave full credit to those who had worn the gray for honesty of purpose. In return he stood high in the esteem of all who knew him. His work in the schoolroom was making its impress on the community, and the children were devotedly attached to the patient, white haired old man. It was but seldom that he went out in the busy world which lay beyond the mountains encircling the lovely valley where he had made his home. On this occasion he was returning to his home by a route which was new to him, and the picturesque beauty of this Switzerland of the south had never before made such deep impression upon him.

A lovelier spot to spend the noonday hour could not have been found. Hard by was a bold spring, gushing out from the foot of the mountain at the head of a valley which sloped gently northward toward the Tennessee. The little stream formed by the spring went dashing down the hillside, winding its way among the bowlders, now flowing smoothly along over its pebbly bed, then turning with swift current around some steep declivity, soon to reappear as it fell foaming and sparkling in the sunshine over a rocky ledge and again stretching out like a band of silvered ribbon until it was lost in the distance, around, on almost every side, the everlasting mountains, reaching up to the cloudless sky, clothed at this season of the year in greenest verdure, with their wooded crests and the deep blue ether backgrounds appearing like the gently rolling waves of the sea. Nestled among the jutting cliffs at the mountain base stood a humble log cabin, and across the road in the little field on the hillside in the growing corn could be seen an ox harnessed to a plow and toiling up the incline, and behind the plow, holding on with all her strength to the handle, was a half grown girl. The attention of Mr. Slade, who had unharnessed his horse and was preparing to lead the animal to the ford of the little brook below the spring, was attracted. He saw her, as the ox reached the end of the row, stop, and shading her eyes with one hand look up at the sun.

As if satisfied that the noontide had come, she quickly released the little spotted ox from his trappings. The ox needed no word of command, but turned and made his way rapidly down the slope to the brook to quench his thirst. The girl followed and reached the stream as soon as the ox had stuck his head to the running water. She stood for several moments with her bare feet in the clear, cold water; then, throwing back her homespun bonnet until it rested on her shoulders, she stooped down and washed her hands, and then dipping up the water in her open palms bathed her face, rosy with the heat, and brushed back her tangled hair. Her toilet was finished.

What a picture!

Standing in the running brook, under the blossoming branches of a bending mountain ivy, with its white and crimson flowers touching her hair, now released from its homespun covering where the sunlight and shadow met and mingled, her cheeks aglow from the morning's toil, and her eyes, blue as the ether above, turned toward the humble home on the hillside, she was indeed a child of nature—a true type of the mountain girl.

"Good morning, miss," said Mr. Slade, who had approached unperceived by the girl, who had been busy with her ablutions.

The girl, startled by the sound of a human voice, sprung from the brook and prepared for flight in the direction of the cabin, but seeing the kindly face of the old gentleman she stopped and acknowledged his salutation with a nod.

"Do you live here?" asked Mr. Slade.

"Yes," she replied, pointing toward the cabin.

"Now," said Mr. Slade as his horse came up from the brook after satisfying his thirst, "can I not get a cool drink from the spring?"

"Oh, yes! I've got a gourd there," replied the girl as she led the way to the spring.

Taking a large gourd which hung on a broken bough of a poplar tree overshadowing the spring, she dipped it brimming full of the ice cold water to the thirsty traveler.

"Ah, that's a drink fit for a king," said the gentleman after he had almost drained the contents of the gourd.

"That's what pap says," said the maid. "There hain't no colder water in the Blue Ridge," she continued, filling the gourd again and putting it to her lips.

"Who is pap?" asked Mr. Slade.

"Pap! Why he is my father."

"I know that, but I intended to ask his name."

"John Hale. Howsomever, people as knows him calls him Cap'n Hale, 'cause, you see, he was in the big war."

"What's your name, my child?"

"Ida."

"Where's your mother, Ida?"

"Mother's gone to heaven more 'an two year ago; leastways she said she was goin there, and I believe it. See," she said softly, pointing to a mound on the hillside near the cottage.

"And have you no brothers?"

"Nary one, only two little sisters, Lucy and Sallie."

"Where is your father? Why is he not plowing instead of you?"

"See here, mister, pap ain't able to plow nor do nothin else. He can't walk nor set up. He's got what they calls par'lysis. I told you as how pap was in the war. Well, over yonder at Chickamauga, where there was a big fight, the Yankees shot pap two times, and they almost killed him. I hate Yankees, don't you?"

Mr. Slade was silent. She continued her story: "After awhile pap mended and got so he could walk around some with a crutch and work a little bit. Ma has told me as how afore the war she and pap had a-plenty to live on, but when he come home from Chickamauga it was all gone. Pap is a mighty good man, and he done the best he could, and after awhile when we children was big enough we helped him, and ma, she always helped him. One day just before ma was tuck down sick pap was comin down the mountain, and he fell and hurt hisself in the hips where the Yankees shot him. Poor pap, he managed to kinder crawl home, and we all put him to bed, and he is in bed yet and can't turn hisself without help. Poor pap!" and the blue eyes grew moist, and there was a choking in her throat.

After a short pause she continued her story: "Ma tended him the best she could, and she sold one of the steers—the mate to Old Spot, out there—and she tuck the money, and she went and hired a doctor who lives way over yonder across the mountain on the other side of the Hiawassee river to come and see pap. We all prayed while ma was gone that pap might live and git well, and the good Lord, he heard us children, and pap did live, and he was a sight better when ma and the doctor come. The doctor, he looked at pap, and he 'xamined him close, and he held down his head and studied and studied. Finally he looked up and said as how pap might live a long time, but he would never get up and be around any more. He said he would do all he could, but he nor nary other doctor was able to cure pap—poor pap! But that doctor wouldn't tech ma's money—not a cent of it. He's another one as is goin to heaven when he's dead and buried. Then ma, she tried to keep up, but she got weaker and weaker, and one day when the snow was on the ground, nigh on to two year ago, she come down to the spring, but she was so weak she couldn't git back up the hill. We children heard her call, and we come a-runnin, and we found her a sittin over there on that rock as white as the snow around. We children got her back to the house. The same doctor, he come, and he give ma physic, but—but ma never got up any more, and when the snow was all gone, and the poplar leaves was all out, and the mountain ivy was abloom, she said she was a-goin to heaven, and she's there now."

She was silent. Her simple story had been told.

There was something in Mr. Slade's throat which prevented him from speaking, but seeing the girl about to leave he asked, "Who makes a living for you all?"

"Me and Old Spot," was the quick reply.

"Can your father do nothing?"

"Oh, yes, pap does a heap. He's mighty nimble with his hands, if he can't turn over without help. We children gathers straw and broom corn for him, and he makes hats and little baskets and brooms, and the doctor, he takes and sells 'em for pap, and that money buys us clothes and shoes and sometimes a piece of bacon. Then the old cow—we call her Beauty—she gives us milk, and me and Old Spot makes the bread. Oh, we is all doin tol'ble well. Then pap helps us with our books, and I can read print and plain writin, and Lucy and Sallie, they knows their letters and can spell little bits of words. But when I know enough—and pap says God will provide a way for me to know all I want to know—I'll learn 'em all about the mountains, and the stars, and the big world that is over yonder across the mountains. But I must go and turn pap and help the children with the dinner."

And she bounded up the hill like a deer.

"Tell your father I will come in a few moments to see him," he called out to her.

She turned as she entered the cabin door and nodded her head.

Half an hour afterward Mr. Slade was seated in the humble home of the mountain girl. Her story was too true. There, stretched on a lowly bed, lay the poor paralytic, dead from his arms down, with his snow white hair—whitened not so much by the frosts of time as by the agony of suffering—brushed smoothly back from his brow. It was the abode of poverty. There was [illegible] and but scanty furniture of the most primitive kind. There were two doors, both standing wide open, and the bed of the invalid was wheeled in the middle of the room, in order that he might catch the gentle breeze which came so refreshingly down the mountain side. Over the fireplace on a rough shelf were a few well worn books and a broken jar, filled with the white and crimson blossoms of the mountain ivy and white and blue violets, gathered that morning on the banks of the meandering creek.

And that old man was bright and cheerful!

All means that were in his reach had been used to restore him to vitality, but hope had fled, and he knew that he would never again rise up and walk. Life, even to him, had not lost all its joy and beauty. Upon Ida he rested for almost all aid, for the younger sisters were too small to render much assistance. Into her mind and soul he instilled a love for the beautiful, discernible in so many varied forms in the wild mountain scenery around their picturesque though humble home. Like the sunflower which grows so luxuriantly in this southern clime, his bed was always wheeled around so that he could see the morning sunlight as it streamed in through the door facing the east, and again, when the sun went down behind the mountain in the west, he loved for the last rays to fall in all their golden glory upon his head. Often when the moon was flooding mountain and stream and valley with mellow light he would ask Ida to wheel his bed near the open door, and then, with her hand in his, they would look down the beautiful valley and see the winding streamlet, with its banks lined with flowering ivy and laurel, looking like ghostly sentinels keeping silent watch over their mountain home. And they thanked God for it all.

Captain Hall had done what he could with his imperfect education to give Ida some knowledge of books, as the well thumbed volumes on the shelf testified. While her language was rude and imperfect and her information very limited, yet aspirations had been kindled in the heart of this child of the forest which she herself scarcely knew. Her life of toil, so hard for one of her sex and tender years, was sweetened by those longings which had begun to spring in her soul. She drew inspiration from all the objects around her—the grand old mountains, the thickly wooded forests, the cooing dove and the frisking squirrel, the bubbling spring and the running brook.

Mr. Slade had fastened his horse to the vehicle and was ready to depart as Ida came down to the ford of the brook, and whistling for the ox was preparing to return to her plowing on the hillside.

"Ida," he said, "how would you like to go to school and learn"—

"Go to school!" she interrupted. Her blue eyes kindled as she continued, "Ask me if I like to drink out of this spring when I am athirst, or to eat bread and honey when I am a-hungry. Go to school! But"—

"But what?"

"What's the use of talkin, mister? Are you a schoolkeeper?"

"Yes. I am teaching school across the mountains, down in the Hiawassee valley. If you would like to go"—

"'Tain't no use to talk about it"—and her voice had a ring of sadness in it—"I can't leave pap and Old Spot."

Mr. Slade bade goodby to the mountain girl, but his mind was made up. Providence was opening the way.

The first opportunity after his return home he paid a visit to Dr. Baker, the kind hearted physician who had befriended the Hales in their sickness and distress. Of his scanty means—scanty for a family of 12—he had given liberally to the stricken family. His professional services and the needed medicines were never charged for, and under the righteous pretense of selling the baskets and mats made by the feeble fingers of the old paralytic many a dime and quarter found their way over the mountain to the little cabin by the spring.

"Never have I seen a mortal being bear his sufferings more patiently than Captain Hale. He's always as cheerful as a cricket, no matter if there isn't a crumb of bread nor a scrap of meat in the house," said Dr. Baker in explaining the situation of the family to Mr. Slade.

"As to Ida," he added, "she's as bright and as pretty as a picture. If she had the chance of a good education, professor, she would be a queen among women, or my name is not Billy Baker."

"I intend to give her the chance," said Mr. Slade, with decision.

It was soon arranged. One of Dr. Baker's tenants was to go over and take care of the little farm and the helpless family, while Ida was to be taken into Mr. Slade's school and given the best opportunities of obtaining a finished education. Good Mrs. Baker volunteered to fit her up with a wardrobe which would answer for present emergencies.

Ten days after his first visit Mr. Slade was again drinking from the gourd which hung on the broken twig by the side of the mountain spring.

As Ida came across the brook, following Old Spot from the cornfield, she met him.

"Howdy, Mr. Slade?" she joyfully exclaimed. "What you come for?"

"For you."

"For me? What for, Mr. Slade?"

"To carry you back with me to school."

"But I can't go. I can't leave pap and Old Spot and the children."

Her lips quivered, and the tears came.

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Slade, "for a man has come with me for the purpose of renting the farm. He will stay and take care of Old Spot and your father and the children."

Her whole face shone with joy.

"A kind friend," he continued, "has provided a pair of shoes, a dress or two and some other things for you in that trunk in the wagon."

"Thank God!"

"Will you go?"

"Yes, if pap is willin."

"He is not only willing, but anxious. I must tell you, however, before you make up your mind that I am a Yankee."

"The Lord has forgiven you for that."

"But I was a soldier at Chickamauga."

"The Lord will forgive you for that, too, if he will forgive me for hatin of you Yankees what shot and crippled pap. I've done asked him to forgive us all."

"Then you'll soon be ready?"

"Yes. And Mr. Slade—I can't tell it—but I want to say thanky. I am only a poor mountain girl, but if the good Lord lets me live I will thank you, and I'll work my fingers to the bone to pay you back every cent you spend for me."

In an hour she had kissed her father, her sisters—and the truth must be told—Old Spot, goodby, and was gone.

* * * * * * *

Four years had passed by—four years of hard study and consecrated devotion to duty on the part of Ida Hale. Nine months of each year had been spent at the school presided over by Professor Slade and the vacations back at the humble cottage by the spring, helping with her own hands to till the little farm and gather the harvest. Pap and Old Spot and the girls were always objects of her love and her care. The water of the spring was just as cold, the music of the running brook just as sweet, the white and crimson blossoms of the mountain ivy just as lovely and the towering peaks of the mountains just as grand as the day we first saw her plowing on the mountain side and bathing her rosy face in the cooling waters of the creek, where the sunlight played hide and seek among the blossoms.

But today she is to receive her diploma. Clad in her simple white dress, she stands upon the stage, and in a voice rich in melody, yet softened by pathos, she tells of her struggles and her aspirations, and all eyes grow moist and all hearts beat in sympathy with the barefoot mountain girl who was already a queen among women.—S. D. Bradwell in Atlanta Constitution.

Kings and Hawks.

Richard I when in the Holy Land amused himself with hawking on the plain of Sharon and is said to have presented some of these birds to the sultan. Later on, while [illegible] through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and he refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the justly incensed villagers that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape.

King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III invaded France he had 30 falcons, and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII imported goshawks from France, giving £4 for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII while hawking at Hitchin was leaping a dike when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head first into the mud and would have perished in all probability had not his falconer dragged him out.

Elizabeth and James I were much interested in the sport. The latter sovereign indeed expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," says: "When I was a freshman at Oxford, I was wont to go to Christ Church to see Charles I at supper, where I once heard him say that as he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry, and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk, and I remember his expression further, 'And I will swear upon the book 'tis true.'"—Chambers' Journal.

Trolley and Horses.

The remarkable extent to which electricity has already supplanted the old fashioned modes of locomotion in the cities of the United States is revealed in a table of recent statistics published by The Street Railway Journal. Of the 976 American roads enumerated there are 10,363 miles of electric track, only 1,914 miles of horse railroad and 632 miles of cable line. These figures show how almost completely the trolley has routed the horse in the past three years, so to define the trolley's real period of conquest. In 1890 there were 2,351 miles of street lines, about three-fourths of which were operated by horses.

However, in all, the street car lines have never employed over 100,000 horses. The dropping of these equine servants from the roads of the principal cities of the Union and the cessation of the yearly purchase of stock can scarcely therefore have been the chief feature in the reported great recent decrease in horse values. The farmers and horse breeders of the country are said to have lost about $424,000,000 in such values in three years' time. The fact is that the supply of horses in America has increased per capita to the population of the United States, aside from all questions of rise or fall in demand. The States possess today nearly as many horses as all Europe outside of Russia. In January, 1892, the farms and ranches of the Union held 15,500,000 horses, valued at $1,000,000,000. In January, 1895, there were, it is asserted, 15,893,318 horses, worth only $576,730,580.—Philadelphia Record.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.—Young.

When the stomach is satisfied, the food is bitter.—Swedish.

Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.—Bruyere.

More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of.—Shakespeare.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The sum of the whole is this: Walk and be happy; walk and be healthy.—Dickens.

It is but a step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice.—Hosea Ballou.

Self will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit upon.—Cecil.

The true epic of our times is not arms and the man, but tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of epic.—Carlyle.

A slight answer to an intricate and useless question is a fit cover to such a dish. A cabbage leaf is good enough to cover a dish of mushrooms.—Jeremy Taylor.

A Lively House.

During the heavy rain and hail storm which prevailed here at midnight Sunday night a two story farmhouse three miles east of town was blown 90 feet from its foundation. The building, having made two complete revolutions, landed on its side intact. The family, consisting of Mont Mattux, his wife and three children, were in bed at the time of the accident, and all escaped injury except Mrs. Mattux, whose arm was dislocated.—Breckenridge (Mo.) Dispatch.

The people of the United States use on an average 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of about 4,380,000,000 per annum.

CHURCH LAWMAKERS

GENERAL EPISCOPAL CONVENTION SOON TO MEET AT MINNEAPOLIS.

Owing to the Vast Growth of the Church, the Convention Work Will Be Greater and More Diversified Than Ever Before. Bishop Whipple's Work.

Minneapolis and St. Paul do not always work in harmony, but it is understood that there is perfect co-operation between the two cities in making ready for the entertainment of those who shall attend the next general convention of the Episcopal church, which will begin at Minneapolis on Oct. 1 and continue three weeks.

This general convention is the legislative body of the church for the entire country. Its meetings, which are held once in three years, are therefore of the highest importance. During the coming sessions matters having reference to the board of missions, to the various educational institutions of the church and to many other Episcopal organizations and enterprises will be passed upon, and representatives of all these interests will be in attendance. Among those representatives will be the Rev. William Langford, D. D., chief secretary of the board of foreign missions; the Rev. J. Kimber, D. D., assistant secretary; Miss Julia M. Emery, secretary of the women's auxiliary to the board of missions, and many others, who, while not entitled to seats in the convention, will nevertheless have much to do with shaping its work in different directions.

BISHOP WHIPPLE.

The sessions of the convention will be held in Gethsemane church, the oldest Episcopal house of worship in Minneapolis, and the Rev. H. B. Whipple, D. D., bishop of the diocese, will be chief host, of course, his coadjutor, the Right Rev. N. M. Gilbert, D. D., being next on the list in that regard. But as a matter of fact all the Episcopal clergymen and communicants of the Twin Cities will vie with one another in extending the hospitalities, so that those in attendance will doubtless carry away with them the pleasantest remembrances of their 21 days' stay. Committee rooms are being chosen for the executive work that will have to be done in order to crowd the legislation of three years into three weeks, special telephonic and telegraphic facilities are being provided, and a daily lunch has been arranged for at the West hotel, which will be general headquarters, and where rooms have already been engaged by many of the most eminent dignitaries of the church who will be in attendance.

Among these, in addition to the bishops from all the dioceses in the United States, will be Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity church, New York, who has been chairman of many successive conventions, and who, it is expected, will preside this year. J. Pierpont Morgan, the banker who headed the gold and bond syndicates which negotiated the last United States loan, is also expected to be present as a lay delegate.

But it is doubtful whether any of the visitors will be as interesting a figure as Bishop Whipple himself. This venerable ecclesiastic is known wherever there are Episcopal clergymen of either the American or the English church, and whenever he is spoken of reference is made to his wonderful work as a missionary when a young man. This work was performed among the savage Indians and perhaps hardly less savage whites who peopled Minnesota in its pioneer days, and it is because of its effectiveness that the Episcopal church has a stronger hold upon the Indians of Minnesota than upon those of any other part of the Union. At the celebration of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as a bishop two of the several Indians who are now Episcopal rectors in Minnesota were present and bore testimony to the bishop's early services. One of these Indians is the Rev. John Johnson, whose native name is Emmegahbah. He is a chief of the Chippewa tribe and a type of the red man that is fast passing away. At the celebration mentioned, which took place last year, Emmegahbah told, in a forcible half hour speech, many interesting stories of the trials and even dangers which the bishop was called upon to pass through at the beginning of his work. Bishop Whipple believes that the Indians have generally been misunderstood by the whites.

REV. MORGAN DIX.

"The Indian," said the bishop in a recent interview, "is the noblest type of the wild man in the world. He recognizes the Great Spirit, believes in a future life, has a passionate love for his children and will meet death for his tribe. In 36 years' experience with Indians I never knew one to tell me a lie, and no Indian ever stole anything from me. The Sioux have a bad reputation now, but for 20 years it was their boast that they had never taken the life of a white man. If their former friendship has been changed to enmity, it is our fault."

When Bishop Whipple went to Minnesota, he settled at Faribault, where he still lives. This was in 1859, and there were then 21 parishes with less than 600 communicants in the diocese. During the first three years of his service he traveled 27,000 miles in the discharge of his duties, sleeping in frontier taverns and settlers' huts and preaching in barrooms, cabins and log schoolhouses. When the Indians uprose in 1862 and massacred the whites, the bishop, at imminent danger to himself, visited the scene of carnage and bound up the wounds of the injured. He speaks with pride of the fact that not one Christian Indian joined in the bloody work of that awful year, and adds that it was to the friendly warnings of these Christian Indians that the immunity of many who were spared was due. He says the massacre was the outcome of a long series of neglects and dishonesty, and that he considers many of his dusky friends among the bravest, truest men he ever met. Their favorite names for him are "The Straight Tongue" and the "Father Who Never Lies." While the civil war was in progress, the bishop held services on battlefields and in the camps of General McClellan and General Meade.

At Faribault, which is 60 miles south of St. Paul, Bishop Whipple years ago founded educational institutions which now own much more than $1,000,000 worth of property. They are a theological institute, a school for girls and a military school, and they have made Faribault famous the world over. The bishop is a native of New York, and is now not far from 70 years of age. He is a large man with a clean cut face and commanding appearance. He is a most eloquent speaker, and whenever it is known that he is to deliver an address the people flock to hear him. He has made several visits to England, where he has been the recipient of many honors, and some years ago he was invited to deliver the university sermon at Cambridge, England. This invitation, which was accepted, was perhaps the highest honor ever bestowed upon an American clergyman by the English.

It should be said in memory of some of the noblest workers who ever entered the service of the church that, as far as might be in the extremely difficult circumstances, Bishop Whipple's way had been opened for him prior to his settling in Minnesota. Bishop Kemper was in the field before Bishop Whipple, and so were the Rev. Mr. Gear, who located at Fort Snelling in 1839, the Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, the Rev. Solon W. Manny, who framed the constitution of the diocese, and others.

ONE OF THE FARIBAULT SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

To return to the convention itself. Owing to the rapid growth of the church much more work will have to be done during this year's session than has been accomplished by any previous convention. Since 1830 the population of the United States has increased about fivefold, but the communicants of the church are now 15 times as numerous as then. Among the most important things to be considered are the requests preferred from the dioceses of California and Minnesota for a division in each case, and while there is little doubt that these requests will be granted, since the demands are almost unanimous, much legislation thereon will be necessary. Another matter to come before the convention, which will undoubtedly excite great interest, is the proposed revision of the constitution and canons of the church. A committee has long been at work upon this subject, and its report is already in the hands of the members of the convention and many others. It is a paper of exceeding brilliancy and ability, but there is an apparent desire in some quarters to see it laid aside. Those who oppose its adoption say it enlarges the power of the bishops more than is well, and that for several other reasons it is not desirable. At this time it is impossible to predict what will be done with it, but it is certain that it will lead to serious and interesting debate.

The general convention of the Episcopal church is always a most impressive body. It is divided into two houses, one of which is composed of the bishops and called the house of bishops and the other of laymen and lesser clergymen, termed the house of delegates. A law to pass must have a majority of both houses, thus insuring deliberate action and preventing ill advised decisions. The secretary of the house of bishops is the Rev. Dr. Hart and the secretary of the house of deputies is the Rev. Dr. Hutchins. The Episcopal church in America has about 6,000 parishes and missions and a clergy list of 4,369. It is proposed to extend its missionary work in many directions, and three years ago a number of new missionary bishops were appointed. Doubtless their reports on missionary work will be among the most important documents presented during the convention's sessions.

M. I. Dexter.

A Centenarian Who Sings.

There are a number of lyric singers in England who retain the mellow charm of their voices at an advanced age. But a singer, and a good one at that, at the age of 102 years is something remarkable. Mr. William Peplow of Wellington, England, who was born in 1792, has lately assisted at a concert given by his great granddaughter, a very distinguished pianist. He rendered several songs with a strong and sympathetic bass voice in an excellent manner and was cheered by his audience. He also accompanied a singer on the piano and conducted several choruses with vim and brilliancy. Surely this is versatility enough for a centenarian.—Menestrel.

Unfortunately Put.

"Uncle," said the impecunious nephew, "you ought to go and see the new play. You would just die laughing."

The old man merely glared. In a few moments later there could be heard the sound of a scratching pen as he altered his will for the forty-fourth time.—Cincinnati Tribune.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Dog and the Kittens.

The following interesting story of a dog and some kittens is told by a writer in Chatterbox:

"Some years ago we had a large dog named Lion, and we had, at the same time, two young kittens whose mother had been killed when they were about a fortnight old, and who, in consequence of this accident, we were rearing by means of a bottle, some warm milk and a soft india rubber tube. Now, these kittens slept in the kitchen with Lion, and to protect them from him (for he was not particularly fond of cats) they were placed in front of the fire in a large flowerpot half full of hay and covered over with a kitchen towel. It happened, however, that this cloth had a small hole in it, through which the dog peeped one night to find out what was underneath. When he saw the two helpless kittens, his rough heart was touched with pity, and instead of biting or in any way hurting them he lifted them out, though how he managed to do so without hurting them I am sure I can't say and placed them beside him on his rug and spent his wakeful moments before the morning in licking them. This attention was doubtlessly well meant, but when the servants entered the room they found the kittens nearly half drowned and in a miserable condition.

"From that time master Lion considered that the kittens were his own particular property, and he would seldom allow one of them to come within his reach without giving it a lick that knocked it off its legs. He would also follow them about the house and suffer them to play with his tail in that impertinent manner that is peculiar to kittens, and as he was too large and formidable to be allowed much liberty he must have felt greatly enlivened by their company and could never have regretted the action that first introduced them to his notice, but the kittens regretted that action, for it must have frightened them greatly, and the person who had to mend the kitchen towels must have regretted it also, I think."

Willow Whistles.

I venture to say that there are many city boys who never even heard of a willow whistle, but where I lived when I was a boy the boys used to think it was great fun to make them. I suppose I have made hundreds of them. You make them in the spring when the sap runs, for then the bark comes off easily. You take a willow branch as big as your finger, or larger or smaller, and cut out a length of it an inch or two or three long. Then you bevel off about half of one end of it for the mouth end, and you cut in the top a nick for the whistle. Then you run the knife edge in a ring around through the bark just below the whistle nick. Then if the wood is just in the right condition you can turn the bark loose on the wood. If it sticks, be careful or you will break it. Sometimes if you lay it on your knee and tap it gently with the back of the knife the bark will start. When you have taken off the bark, you cut the whistle nick in the wood deeper, making a cavity there, but you do not enlarge the opening in the bark. You cut off from the wood, from the whistle's nick to the mouth end, a little slab or strip to make an opening to blow through. Then you put back the bark and blow, wondering just how much noise you will make and in what key, and it is safe to say that it is a great pleasure—the first blow on the first whistle.

It is a familiar fact to boys who have made them that tones vary with the size of the wood and also with the size of the openings. By enlarging one or both openings, or by hollowing out more the cavity under the whistle opening, the tone of the same whistle may be materially changed.—New York Sun.

A Proper Place For It.

"Tommy," said Mr. Figg sternly, "I hung a motto in your room to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Yes, sir."

"I find that it has disappeared."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I—I took it down to the deef and dumb orphan asylum."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Paper Duel.

Two boys are placed back to back with balls made of soft paper in their hands. Two other boys are their seconds, to pick up their balls. They walk away from each other about eight feet, turn round and throw their balls at each other until one is hit. The seconds pick up the balls whenever they fall and replace the duelists.

His Problem.

Said the thoughtful William Smithers: "There's something on my mind.
Although I've pondered long and well, no answer can I find.
And this is the information that I would like to know—
Where does the New Year come from, and where does the Old Year go?"
—New York World.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Excepting fete days music is never heard on the streets of Paris.

More than 1,000 people earn a living in Paris by fortune telling, and their total earnings are estimated at £400,000.

In Russia if a man marries an heiress he gets no chance to own her money. There is no marriage settlement. She controls her property throughout life.

The stovepipe hat appeared during the war between king and parliament in England and has scarcely changed its form from that time to the present.