

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

Like some schoolmaster, kind in being stern,  
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates  
And calling "Help me, master," yet helps not.

Since in his silence and refusal lies  
Their self-development, so God abides  
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf  
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;  
He hears and strengthens when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums,  
But should He dry our tears and give the key,  
What would it profit us when school were done  
And not one lesson mastered?

What a world  
Were this if all our prayers were granted!  
Not in faded Pandora's box were such  
Vast lies.

As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,  
Voiced one by one, in prayer ascend to God,  
And come back as events shaped to our wish,  
What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth  
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet  
Voicing will prayers to heaven for faded hopes.

Which were denied, and that denial breeds  
My knee to prayers of gratitude each day  
Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers  
I rose always regarded for the strife  
And conscious of new strength. Pray on,  
And heed!

That which thou plearest for may not be given,  
But in the lofty altitude where souls  
Who appreciate God's grace are lifted,  
There thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot.

Which is not elsewhere found.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cosmopolitan.

## WEDDING GIFTS.

"Boo! Presents!" said the Old Married Man to the bridegroom. "Don't think you'll get what you want. I'll tell you my experience.

"As the time for our marriage drew near I used to call at the house every available evening and whisper confidentially to the curly head which exactly fitted my shoulder that I was the luckiest fellow on earth. On one occasion Agnes sighed and murmured dreamily that that was just what she felt.

"That was on the 5th.  
"On the 12th I stopped in a minute at noon to see if she loved me as much as at 11:15 the night before. She replied that she did—that love was unalterable—but that she must hurry upstairs now or the dressmaker would get her skirts fluted-shaped instead of organ-piped.

"On the 14th the present began to arrive—also the relatives. It became an unsettled problem which of the two were more numerous. Aggie had cousins once removed. I had several uncles and aunts. All were well off. In fact, it was a curious coincidence that we were the only poor branches of our respective family trees. I was in an insurance office—fire insurance, not life insurance—and when I had communicated to her the news of my recent promotion she had declared in the face of her family's unaccountable preference for Henry Walker (who was not so good a fellow as I am by any manner of means) that to be Mrs. Joseph Lounsbury and live in a small house on a very small income and bliss was precisely her ideal of existence. So we were not marrying as a speculation; nevertheless, since marriage comes so seldom in one's life, we had hoped that our moneyed relatives would do the handsome thing.

"They did. First came a complete set of knives, forks and spoons in a polished wood case. They were from the cousin Aggie had named for. 'Such a sensible present!' said her mother; 'they will last a lifetime.'

"Yes," said I, "it will take us a good while to wear all those out two at a time."

"Don't you suppose we've ever going to entertain any company, Joe?" asked the girl of my affection, tapping me on the cheek with one of the forks.

"The same night I had a note from her saying, 'Dearest Joe, you ought to see the lovely after dinner coffee spoons Second Cousin Milly has sent—no two alike. Orange plush case. Isn't it exciting? Don't tell, dear, but I almost wish they'd been something else, for I think some of the girls are going to give me spoons.' The rest of this letter was not interesting to you.

"This was the beginning of an avalanche of spoons—Charter Oak spoons, nutmeg spoons, soldiers' monument spoons, witch spoons, bust spoons, portrait spoons (I called these last our picture gallery, and suggested that they should be framed in ribbons and hung in the parlor). One of our friends sent a pair of salted-almond spoons, hoping that we would exchange them if they were duplicated, but it turned out that those were the only ones we had. The sugar spoons were all marked. There were five of them.

"It is a time-honored custom in our office when one of us is married for the rest to 'recombine' and buy a picture; and you could generally tell what year a man's wedding came off by a glance at his parlor wall. Williams, who was married in '84, had 'Far Away'; Brown's, a few years later, was 'The Three Fates.' Ours was, of course, the latest thing out. It had a silver frame.

"As the days went by and pieces of silver piled up on us I was more than once reminded of the couple whose courtship was conducted in Brownings, and who were fitted out by their admiring friends with a Browning tea set, with quotations around the edge. 'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!' The Fords had a run on china, but a good deal of it got broken the first year. The Smiths' specialty was etchings; they had enough for every room in the house—only, they never had a house; they boarded ever since they were married. Finally the climax came, when my old Uncle John sent us a solid tea set. I hadn't expected anything from him, unless perhaps a Bible

of a Webster's Unabridged, for he didn't enjoy giving anything away. Aggie was getting too tired to be very enthusiastic, but her mother was delighted, and it was no use thinking that I would just as soon have had the money.

"This makes 103, dear—nine more than Susie Fish had," said her sister. "One hundred and two," said Aggie. "No, dear, 103—102 came this morning."

"Oh, I know I shall never get this list right," exclaimed Aggie, diving for her blank book.

"Look out, or you'll be handing that book to the parson for a prayer-book," said I.

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised," she answered, smiling; Aggie could smile when she was tired.

"Well, we were married. A man breathes easier when it's over with. 'But, Aggie,' I said, as the carriage door slammed on us, 'if it ever happens to us again, let's leave out the heathen superstitions.'"

"I know it," said Aggie. "I begged them not, but they would smuggle some in. See any in my hair?"

"Some in your hair?" I brushed her off, and she seized the newspaper I had carefully brought along to look like an old married man, and conjured with it a minute, holding it out by an improvised handle. "Here," she said, "the very children in kindergarten know how to make paper dusters—now brush the carriage seat." When we got out I gave the hackman a dusterpan of rice with a bill on top. "There, burn it," said I.

"Did you see him chortle in his joy?" said Aggie, giggling; Joe, do you feel like a married couple?"

"Lots," said I.

"Our ten days in Washington had only one bogie—the blank book. Aggie said she must finish her notes. All I could do was to sit by and fret, and put on the stamps; and she told me I hindered her more than I helped, and she was awfully glad to have me around. It made her feel better.

"We began housekeeping in a cheerful way in a little house on a new street. It was something like to come home to one's own dinner table. We had so much silver that it looked funny with our plain china—nobody had given us a lot of ice-cream sets and things. I tell you, marriage is a lottery when it comes to wedding presents. I liked seeing Aggie's face in the sugar bowl, though. Every night the little maid (imported, to live up to the spoons) brought them and all the rest upstairs on a tray and we packed them away in the chest we had made and a pretty penny it cost, with its combination lock, which went into the end of the closet where nobody could get at it. One night we came home at 12 from a reception, and as we stole upstairs not to wake the sleeping handmaid, Aggie so sleepy herself that she tripped on her wedding gown and I had to hold her, we came upon the whole array on the floor outside our door.

"Isn't it imposing? so safe?" said I, but Aggie said, desperately, 'I shan't care anything about going out evenings any more if I've got to put that silver away after I get home.'

"Let it stay there."

"Oh, I can't. Mama thinks we're so careless. We don't appreciate things enough. She says, if anyone had given her such elegant things when she was married she wouldn't have dared to close her eyes."

"Take more than that to keep my eyes open." But I helped Aggie shove the tray under a chair, and drap the train of her wedding dress over it.

"What on earth are you doing, Aggie? I asked, on coming in for dinner one day. All I could see was one foot and a skirt ruffle in the closet."

"Aggie scrambled up enough to catch me round my knee. 'Oh, Joe, I'm so glad you've come!'

"What is it? You're ready to cry."

"That's what I like about you; you don't have to be explained to. Henry Walker wouldn't have known I felt like crying if I'd screamed it at him!"

"That made me feel pretty good (though dinner wasn't ready). 'But what?'"

"It's the silver! I came up to change the forks and spoons so they should get worn alike, and I've shut the paper with the combination in the chest, and I can't remember what it was."

"I got down beside her. It was hotter than Mexico in that closet. I turned and tried the lock. 'Do you keep your dresses out of my way, they tickle the back of my neck.' No good. 'Well I guess we'll use the old forks to-day,' said I; 'I don't believe they'll fade away yet awhile!'

"Oh, I'm so sorry—but they're every one shut up in that chest! So we laughed. What else was there to do? It was funny when Deming came home with me to tea—we'd asked him some days before. It wouldn't have been funny with some girls. The table looked principally white china, and the kitchen knives and forks didn't go round. Ever cut omelet with a pewter spoon? It is great.

"It wasn't quite so funny when three hot days had gone by and we had nearly smothered sojourning in the closet, and no news of the combination. 'Don't tell mama!' pleaded my wife. I began to think I should have to call in a locksmith, when one evening Aggie startled me by jumping out of bed crying, 'I've got it! I've got it!'

"Got what—a nightmare?"

"I've got the combination! I've been working on it all the time, and it just came to me in my sleep. Get right up, Joe, and hold the light, and mind you don't set anything on fire." In another two minutes the front of the chest fell down, and behold our household gods! 'If anybody wants to steal them between now and daylight, they can, that's all,' said Aggie; 'but I'm not going to shut that lock again to-night for anybody!'

"In the fall there was burglar scare about town, and Agnes' mother came over and gave her a lecture upon locking the windows. She said we really ought to have a burglar alarm. To please her, I had one put in. Election night I went down to town telling Aggie not to sit up for me, for I should wait for the returns. It was 1 o'clock when I opened the front door very softly, not to disturb Agnes. 'B-r-r-r-plunk!' I forgotten the alarm.

"Before I had time to say a word or even 'turn down my coat collar,' my wife appeared at the head of the stairs. She pointed a pistol at me. Her hair hung loose, and she was in her—well,

never mind; but she looked distracting-ly pretty.

"If you come one step further I'll fire," she cried.

"It's Joe, Agnes," said I, meekly. "I don't believe it! Take off your hat!"

"I took it off, and made her a low bow. 'Don't shoot your husband; he's doing the best he can.'"

"Agnes laughed hysterically. 'Oh, Joe, I was so frightened!'

"I rushed upstairs and caught her. I took away the pistol, and wrapped her up in her dressing-gown. 'Do you think you ought to appear before burglars in this costume?' I inquired. She blushed. 'I never thought of that.'"

"And to think you should point a pistol at your own husband!"

"It wasn't loaded, Joe."

"Agnes Lounsbury," said I, 'do you mean to say you were so rash as to aim at me with a pistol that wasn't loaded?'

"But I shouldn't have fired it, anyway; it wasn't cocked."

"Well, this ends the watchman burglar alarm business," said I. 'We've had about as much of it as we want. Tomorrow we'll decide what silver we want to use every day, and the rest shall go down to the bank.'

"We're able to breathe now. The silver stands on the sideboard, and as yet nobody has carried it off; if they do Agnes' mother will say she expected it, for we aren't the careful people they used to be in her generation. Once in a while Aggie quarrels with me because some dish or other that would make a show for company is at the bank, and I don't see my way clear to bring it home under my arm. 'You can have them all home and trust to luck if you'd rather,' I say.

"I'd rather they were at the bank, because then I should have them, you know."

"Don't see it," said I; 'but it's just as you say.'

"When our anniversary came around we had a present and a note from one of Agnes' elderly friends. The note ran this way: 'My dear Mrs. Lounsbury: We send you our best congratulations on your anniversary. My husband will have his little joke, you know; and, as some one told him the Lounsburies had had so much silver given them on their wedding that it was a positive embarrassment to them, he says you ought to be ashamed of being such plutocrats at your age, while the older generation has not even accumulated sovereign spoons, and sends you this little gift to remind you of the fact—'

"Oh, Joe! It's silver! For I had punched a hole in the paper. 'No, it isn't. It's a pudding dish, or for systems, you know. How kind. And plated, too. It didn't cost much, Joe, did it?'

"A few dollars, I should think."

"How good! Perhaps even less, Joe?"

"Perhaps so; it's rather light weight."

"Isn't it delightful? We'll have some oysters in it to-morrow night, and ask them over to tea."

"I should feel dreadfully to have that taken," I heard her murmur that evening.

"What for?"

"Because it's such a comfort to have one thing that you don't care whether it's stolen or not."

"You're getting sleepy, Aggie. But I know one thing that goes on, goes on forever."

"What?"

"Our storage rent. I reckon in a few years we'll have paid for the whole outfit, and then we'll fetch it zome and keep open house for burglars with a clean conscience."

"Don't be ridiculous, Joe," said my wife.—New York Tribune.

## A Question of Chintz.

Since Reeves, the English tenor, has just been recalled to the public mind in singular fashion; for, at the age of 74, he has emerged from his retirement, and gone again upon the stage.

In the entire history of musical art there is no other case of so long and so successful a career as his. Nevertheless the kindest critics agree that he should not have invited comparison of the voice he has with the voice he had. Reeves was always the most eccentric and perverse of singers. Innumerable stories are told of his audacity in breaking engagements. In 1863 Col. Mapleson had announced him to sing in London, and on the first day of the engagement received a telegram from Reeves, who was on his way to town, expressing his surprise that he had been advertised for that evening when the engagement was for the following one.

The manager at once hurried to Reeves's house, and learned that dinner had been ordered for half-past 7. He told the butler that the time had been changed, and that the meal must be served at midnight instead. He then went to meet the tenor, who was accompanied by his wife, at the Euston railway station.



## Improving the Telescope.

Prof. C. S. Hastings, of Yale, has devised a method of shaping and combining two lenses of ordinary optical glass in such a manner as to do away with the outstanding color due to chromatic aberration, which has always been a source of more or less trouble, even in the best of modern telescopes. It is estimated that the improvement will increase the effective power of telescopes about 10 per cent.

## Odors and Photography.

Every photographer knows that singular differences exist in the actinic action of light on succeeding days which, so far as general appearances go, seem to be equally favorable for photographic purposes. This may be partly explained by the recent discovery by Monsieur Dechaux of Paris, that the odors arising from the air diminish the actinic power of the solar radiations which reach the surface of the ground.

## Texas Sulphur.

The best known sulphur deposits in the world are those of Sicily, but according to Mr. Eugene A. Smith, of the University of Alabama, Texas may possibly enter the field as a producer of commercial sulphur. The deposits examined in Texas are situated in a large basin some forty miles northwest of Pecos, but others are said to exist both to the west and north of this locality. The nearest railroad is twenty miles from the sulphur basin, and the surrounding country contains no fuel and very little surface water.

## A Hiding Plant.

Many insects and other members of the animal kingdom mimic the forms and colors of plants and other natural objects, for the supposed purpose of concealment from enemies, but it is rare to find a similar peculiarity in plants. An instance of this, however, has been noticed at the Cape of Good Hope, where a species of mesembryanthemum, or fig-marigold, so closely resembles the stones amid which it grows, both in color and form, that it frequently escapes the attention of cattle and other browsing animals. South Africa presents other instances of what is called protective mimicry in plants.

## Ingenious Chimpanzees.

A recent report by Prof. O. F. Cook on colonization in Liberia gives some interesting facts about the chimpanzees living in that country. It appears that these animals, which bear such curious resemblances to men that the natives call them "old-time people," are very fond of the flesh of land crabs, which they dig out of the burrows. To crack open the shells of the crabs they dash them against rocks. They also crack nuts with stones in the regular human fashion; and most curious of all, perhaps, they kill pythons by grasping the huge serpents about the neck and beating their heads with stones.

## Going Astray at Sea.

The difficulty of keeping a modern steamship on a straight course is pointed out in the Scientific American. The helmsman steers by the compass, and while a single degree of deviation appears very small on the compass card, it would, if continued, carry a fast steamship four miles out of her course in a single day's run. Yet the compass gives the course more accurately than the ship can be steered. Owing to the deflecting power of the waves and the rolling of the ship, which causes first one of her propellers and then the other, if she be of the twin-screw type, to exert the greater effect, the course is continually shifted a little this way and that, despite the helm. The only safety is in correcting the compass course by frequent observations of the sun, moon and stars.

## History in a Tree.

In the British Museum of Natural History there is a section of the trunk of a large fir-tree from British Columbia, the growth rings of which indicate that it is more than 500 years old when it was cut down in 1885. A correspondent of Nature calls attention to the fact that about twenty of the annual rings of growth, making the latter part of the first hundred years of the tree's existence, are crowded together in a remarkable manner, indicating that during those twenty years some cause was in operation greatly retarding the growth of the tree. On looking into history the correspondent found that, nearly at the time when the tree in question was evidently suffering from very adverse conditions, Asia and Europe were undergoing extraordinary disturbances from earthquakes, atmospheric convulsions, the failure of crops, pestilential diseases, etc. China, in particular, suffered even more than Europe. He therefore suggests that possibly the crowded rings in the trunk of the tree may be a record of the existence of the same unusual conditions affecting animal and vegetable life at that time in North America also; and he shows that if the tree had reached its full growth, and ceased to form new rings a few years before it was felled in 1885, the correspondence in time would be complete.

## Colorado Cloudburst.

A writer in Travel describes a cloudburst which came without warning, one hot, stifling day, upon the dwellers at Magnetic Springs, in Southern Colorado. The clouds gathered in the hills behind the town, and came drifting like frightened sheep before the breath of a strong west wind. No thought of danger occurred to us until, in an awful hush, with no lightning-flash, no thunder-peal, they broke, and death came down. The flood seized the canon like a channel; flame-wise it bore to the valley the cloud-sent torrent of the hills. The hotel stood full in the path of the flood. If the building had not wrought better than any man knew, not one of us would have lived through the stressful time of boiling, foaming, hissing,

roaring water, that leaped angrily against the walls, bit and tore at the foundations, caught every movable thing, as in the grip of a giant, and whirled and ground it to utter destruction.

"The cloud! The cloud has burst!" came the cry on every hand. With one impulse, everybody rushed to the corridor, there to huddle and hold to anything steady, half-blind with the sudden and perilous shock.

Then some one shouted for the women and children to run within the office. We had hardly gained it when the back door gave way; the flooding rushed through the hall and parlor, and whirled sticks like a whorl about like drift sticks in a swollen stream. We crouched there, watching them to fear and trembling.

The office had thick stone walls and but one door. Therein lay our hope of safety. Thought of success was vain. No outcry we might make could possibly pierce through that elemental clamor, and summon the neighbors to our rescue. Earth and sky seemed to call and answer, one to another, with in deep sinister rumblings, as though in the sky in an overtone of singing water, murderously swishing and thundering about our refuge.

It was over at last; the roars and hissing died down to the pash and pouring of rain. But still the house stood; we had a roof between us and the angry sky. Comfort is largely a matter of comparison. Now we rejoiced, though the place was full of wreck and ruin, and thought the mud lay a foot thick wherever the flood had rolled.

By dint of hard labor one room was made habitable, and there, that night, we huddled about the stove that had somehow been groped for and dug out of the mud and then set up to warm us through the bitter chill that had come in the wake of the storm.

## NEW AND CURIOUS MIRROR.

### Invention of a German Chemist Which Is More Odd Than Useful.

An ingenious German chemist has patented a process for making the most curious mirror in the world. Looking into it from one side you see your reflection. Looking into it from the other side it seems transparent. Its uses are likely to be manifold. It may be put up in front of the prescription counter of a drug store, for instance, and the outsider cannot see behind the case, but the pharmacist can see out into the store readily.

The magician Hermann is said to have ordered the importation of several for use in some new illusion he is preparing for the astonishment of the public. Holding it up in front of him he will be hid from the view of the audience, but he can see them through it readily. The process of manufacture, as remarked, is patented and has been given out as follows:

"Dissolve one part by weight of silver nitrate in ten parts weight of water and label 'No. 1.'"

"Prepare another 10 per cent. solution of silver nitrate, but in larger quantity. To this add carefully water, drop by drop, stirring carefully until the precipitate formed at first is completely dissolved, and label 'No. 2.'"

"Now add solution No. 1 to solution No. 2 until the odor of ammonia is no longer recognizable and the liquid has again become very turbid."

"Next add 100 parts by weight of distilled water for every part of silver nitrate originally used in solution No. 2, and filter until it is clear. Label this 'No. 3.'"

"Prepare a reducing solution by dissolving eight parts weight of Rochelle salts in 84 parts by weight of distilled water; boil and to the boiling solution add gradually a solution of three parts of silver nitrate in ten parts by weight of distilled water, and filter when cool and label 'No. 4.'"

"Clean the glass to be coated thoroughly, lay it on a perfectly level surface in a room of the temperature of about 25 degrees C. (77 degrees F.)."

"Mix equal parts of No. 3 (the depositing fluid) and No. 4 (the reducing fluid) and pour over the glass. The glass may, if preferred, be dipped in the solution."

"The time required for the deposition of the layer of just the correct thickness has to be determined by the judgment of the operator in each case. This may be aided somewhat by observing a piece of white paper laid below the glass."

"When a sufficient deposit of silver has been made and much less is required than for an ordinary mirror, pour off the silvicing liquid and rinse thoroughly with the distilled water and stand the mirror on edge to dry. Coat the silvered side with a solution of shellac, colorless, in alcohol, and finally frame the mirror with a backing of clear glass to protect the mirror surface from being scratched."

## Mineral Fertilizers for the Cherry.

In no one of our fruits is the stone or seed so large in proportion to the whole as it is in the cherry. For this reason, and also because it perfects its fruit in very short time, mineral fertilizers in available form are always needed for the cherry tree. Some of the most productive and largest kinds of cherries are very apt to rot before they ripen. This is almost always an indication that mineral fertility, especially potash, is needed. It is the potash in the soil that not only perfects the seed, but is necessary also in giving the color to the fruit that makes it attractive. The most highly-colored fruits require, therefore, liberal supplies of the potash fertilizers.

## Woman's Experience on a Jury.

Mrs. Warren, who recently served as foreman on a jury in Denver, says: "As a matter of interest to the public, and particularly to ladies who in the future may be called upon to serve upon juries, I will say that in my own experience there has been nothing which should deter any lady from serving on a jury."

## Boston's Badly Planned Library.

The great new Boston public library has already been found to have been ill planned and inadequate. It cost \$2,500,000, and now \$2,500,000 is about to be expended to construct a "suitable reading-room."

When you think of the worthlessness of some people you cannot wonder at their poverty.

It is age that makes a man look old; in a woman's case, it is "trouble."

## TREASURES IN OLD BOOKS.

### Valuable Document Discovered by a Second Hand Dealer.

In reply to a query from a correspondent a London second-hand book-seller said: "I frequently make finds in the number of things that are slipped between the pages of books for a moment and afterward entirely forgotten. Letters without number I have found, and flowers, locks of hair, unmounted photographs, bank notes, checks and many other things, too."

"I bought a volume of a well-known work from a lady some years ago, and when she had gone, while turning over the leaves, came across a will which she had signed, and which would be worth of property. I put the will carefully away, and the following day the lady returned in a frightful state of ex-lady and wanted to buy the book back at my own price. I guessed what she really wanted, but thought it rather strange that she should ask to buy the book instead of merely asking to be allowed to examine it. However, have been just as effective. Will, and I told her I had found the will, and I supposed that that was what she wanted. She looked confused, but confessed it was, so I handed it to her and she will went away. Up to this time that has not been filed, so I have learned, and I have not the slightest doubt that it has been suppressed for the purpose of depriving some one of the property which it disposed of. But the most interesting case in which I have been concerned in this way happened not long ago."

"A well-dressed gentlemanly man brought me three bulky volumes and wanted me to purchase them. As they were of a class of books the value of which varies considerably, according to the condition and edition, and I was very busy at the time, I asked him to leave them at my place until I could call the next day. This he consented to do, and went away. When I looked at them I came across a large number of bank notes. They were evidently quite new, and there was something about them which made me doubt their authenticity. I compared them with notes of my own, but could not discover the faintest dissimilarity. However, to make sure of the matter, I sent them to be paid into my bank. Naturally when my messenger came back, having passed the notes without the slightest difficulty, I concluded they were all right."

"The next morning I received a message from the manager of the bank saying he would like me to call upon him. I went round, and was not very much surprised when he said that every one of the notes I had banked the day before were forgeries. I explained the matter, and we wired to Scotland Yard. That afternoon I had a new assistant in my shop. Toward the close of the day the owner of the three volumes came sauntering into the shop and asked if I intended to buy them. At a sign from me my assistant—a detective—pounced upon him and hurried him off. Scotland Yard had been looking for him for a long time, it appeared. I have still the books in my library. I keep them as a memento of the occurrence."—Cassell's Magazine.

## The Only Way.

Mr. William Spark, in his "Musical Memoirs" tells a story of the famous organist Wesley, which was related to him by Mr. Bishop, the London organ-builder. Wesley was a great extemporaneous fugue-player, and on the occasion to which Mr. Bishop referred, had been asked to show off a new organ by playing a voluntary at the afternoon service, previous to the reading of the first lesson. Before going to the organ he asked the vicar (who was an amateur organist) how long the voluntary should last.

"Oh," replied the vicar, "please yourself, Mr. Wesley. Say five or ten minutes; but we should like to hear as much of the different stops as you can oblige us with."

"When the time came, after a few preliminary chords, Wesley started a fugal subject, which he worked out in a masterly way in about a quarter of an hour; and the vicar was about to commence reading the lesson when the inextinguishable organist started a second subject, and this he developed in the same elaborate manner as the first.

"The congregation at the end of half an hour began to show signs of weariness. The vicar beckoned to Mr. Bishop and begged him to stop the too prolix organist."

"Oh," replied the organ-builder, "I can soon stop him if you give me authority and will take the consequences."

He approached the organ-blower, and holding up half a crown, he said hurriedly, "Come and take this, I am just going."

The blower pumped the bellows full, and made for the half-crown. Bishop detained him until the wind went out with a suck and a grunt, and poor Wesley was left high and dry in the middle of his double fugue.

## Lincoln's Story.

Very often when President Lincoln could not or did not care to give a direct reply or comment, he would tell a story, sometimes funny, but not always so, and these stories were the best responses possible.

In the gloomiest period of the war, he had a call from a large delegation of bank presidents. In the talk after business was settled, one of the bankers asked Mr. Lincoln if his confidence in the permanency of the Union was not beginning to be shaken—whereupon, says Walt Whitman, the homely President told a little story.

"When I was a young man in Illinois," said he, "I boarded for a time with a deacon of the Presbyterian Church. One night I was aroused from my sleep by a rap at the door, and I heard the deacon's voice exclaiming: 'Arise, Abraham! the day of judgment has come!'

"I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window, and saw the stars falling in great showers; but looking back of them in the heavens I saw the grand old constellations, which which I was so well acquainted, fixed and true in their places."