FAITH.

Lawd, temper de win' to dat sheep,
What am out in dis drifting' snow,
What am lost its way from de fole
An' ain't got nowhere fo' to go.

De odders are all gadered in,
De shepherd man watchin' 'em all;
But de little one lost in de drifting
Am wandrin' fo' de Shepherd's call.

De Shepherd he lift down de staff
It stood by de fireplace's side—
Wrapped on his cloak an' went out in de sheep
Right straight down fo' to die.

De storm raged mighty de wilder,
De temper de cold winter win',
De night de had to be mighty drif',
Ere he found the little one in.

Ef a man has fell as he orter,
Ef he pray as he orter pray,
De kin indeed a man as de mountain,
An de man he bore 'll move away.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Harper's Weekly.

The Rev. Dr. Melton was just beginning to feel at home in his new parsonage when he was surprised one evening to receive a call from his classmate, Harvey Leigh. In college days they had been friends, and for a while after their graduation they had exchanged letters and visits; but the letters and visits had come to an end long ago, and it was many years since they had met. As they sat in the book-lined study, each eyed the other curiously. Years sat lightly on Mr. Leigh, and he was dressed fashionably, almost youthfully. In his dark red neck scarf was thrust a gold dog's head with ruby eyes, and to the parson the scarf and dog's head suggested a sporting character. He knew that Mr. Leigh was not a sporting character, and he wondered mildly that a highly respectable, prosperous middle-aged lawyer should thus adorn his person. Moreover Mr. Leigh had brought into the study a tall silk hat and a dapper little walking stick, and these he held as though they were far too precious to be laid on an unsympathetic chair. He clung to them until the parson was filled with an unchristian desire to throw them out of the window; but instead, broke off in the middle of a sentence, took hat and stick from his guest, and carried them to the new so-called Queen Anne rack in the hall. There he left them, together with the engraved card that had announced Mr. Leigh's presence in the house.

Mr. Leigh, in the minute that he was alone, smiled, and the smile had in it a touch of pitying condescension, and when the parson resentered the study his guest scanned him leisurely. He was a tall, loose-limbed, awkard man, clad in a black broadcloth of country cut, with a low vest that displayed a liberal expanse of spotless linen. Dr. Melton's slippers were a little the worse for wear, but he knew that his daughter would surprise him at Christmas with a new pair, and meanwhile the old ones were comfortable. His collar and cravat were neat, albeit not fashionable, and they were well hidden by a flowing grey beard that had more white hairs in it than there were in his moustache. From under his broad forehead a pair of contemplative blue eyes looking at the world with mingled shrewdness and kindness, and they rested on his guest with a sort of comical surprise. He thought Mr. Leigh rather regardful of his dress, and Mr. Leigh heard that the country parson would his tailor to a New York tailor, and thought from some of the days in the church to which he had been called upon to minister.

"Well," he said, "and how do you justify the sin of assuming a metropolitan appearance and raising your sermon problem in Monday morning's paper?"

"The papers didn't publish my sermon this week," the doctor said. "On the contrary, the editors picked out the best and outspokenest bit I spoke in the kindest and most flattering fashion."

Mr. Leigh laughed. "You don't be reasonable to expect them when you know them better. This is going to change from your old life, and no wonder change no doubt. Do you believe that God made the country and man made the town?"

"I believe God made both, and man tries his best to spoil both," the parson answered.

"Ah, that's neat—very neat. By the way, I ought to call you doctor. I read your book on the Atonement with a good deal of pleasure. The parson winced, but Mr. Leigh did not observe that. "I don't wonder the college doctored you for it, though your ideas must seem rather liberal to the nasty old fogies who peddle out Latin and Greek and theology."

"I came near being one of the nasty old fogies myself," said Dr. Melton. "They wanted me to be a professor, but I preferred to be a parson."

"A city parson," said his guest.

"I am not so sure about the city part," Dr. Melton said, slowly. "It was pleasant up there in the country; I was attached to my people; I liked to potter about in my garden. I was astonished when I received a call from New York. I don't know that I would have accepted it if one of my deacons had not had a promising son ready to fill my place, and I think that my congregation rather liked the idea of a young dominie. I had about come to the conclusion that I would live and die a country parson; but here I am."

"With $6,000 a year and a comfortable house," added Mr. Leigh.

The parson frowned. "A man with four children has no right to slight a chance of bettering his fortune; but it was not the money that brought me to New York. There is work here—" He broke off suddenly, perhaps because he saw the shadow of a sneer on Mr. Leigh's lips. "And you are still living in Philadelphia?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; I would not live anywhere else. New-Yorkers may turn up their noses and call it a village, but Philadelphia suits people who belong to the old Quaker stock."

"Quaker! Does family turn out to be?" The parson's eyes had the glistening sapphire. "Our mother was an Independent when we were at college."

"I am yet," said Mr. Leigh; "but my mother was Quaker—sort of cousins of old Penn, you know."

"You have a son. I believe to perpetuate the name?" the parson remarked drolly.

"One son—an only child. Morton is 24, and reading law in my office. A bright fellow, too; never gives me a moment's uneasiness; always at work; steady-going; no boyish nonsense about him."

"Twenty-four," the parson repeated, "and no boyish nonsense about him? There is a good deal of nonsense about my boys, I am happy—sorry to say. Still, I hope they won't disgrace me. There mother thinks they are right, and I am learning every day of my life that my wisdom, as compared with hers is beneath contempt. I can hardly believe you have a son of 24. Why, you are a spruce young man yourself."

"Thanks to a life free from excesses of any kind," said Mr. Leigh. "And I married early—I advocate an early marriage, if a man has money enough to support a family. This waiting to scrape together a paltry income is terribly hard on a young man. Yes, I married early, and I have every reason to believe that my son will follow my example."

"So!" the parson exclaimed, raising his eyebrows very high. "I am glad to hear that. I married early myself, but it was on one of the paltry incomes—a thousand dollars to be accurate."

"A thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Leigh, in horror.

"Yes, and we were happy." Dr. Melton rose as he spoke, his eyes straying toward a photograph of his wife that stood on the mantel shelf. He took his pipe and filled it, smiling absently the while. "I can't offer you a cigar," he said, "but if a pipe—"

"Thank you. I have a cigar with me," said Mr. Leigh.

The two gentlemen smoked for a few minutes in pensive silence.

"And who is your boy to marry?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it is not quite arranged yet."

"So you arrange marriages in Philadelphia? And this particular marriage is not quite arranged? Humph! I don't understand that sort of thing. Up in the country it is, 'Mary, I love you,' and 'Jack, I love you in return,' and then my services are called for. How does one arrange a marriage in Philadelphia?"

The touch of sarcasm was quite lost on Mr. Leigh, who had crossed his legs and sat absorbed in thought, frowning at the patent-leather tip of his neat shoe. His host watched him until he uncrossed his legs and looked up.

"Have you any daughters, doctor?" he asked.

"Two of them,"

"Grown up?"

"I hope so; otherwise they will tower over my head."

"And do you understand them?" asked Mr. Leigh, with a gravity that made the parson's blue eyes twinkle and the corners of his mouth twitch.

"Oh no, I don't understand them; I don't understand any creature in petticoats; but my daughters are good girls, and their mother assures me that they are remarkable gifted. What do I want to understand them for?"

"It might be an advantage under some circumstances," Mr. Leigh remarked. "Damn it!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy. "Oh I beg your pardon," he added.

"I don't mind; there are times when a man is refreshed by the trill of a curse," said the parson, who read Jean Paul. "What is the matter, though? What girl do you think it might be an advantage to understand?"

"My ward," answered Mr. Leigh. She is an orphan, a far away cousin of my wife, and she has lived with us for the past five years. She has a nice little fortune; she is pretty; she is well-bred—"

"That goes without saying," muttered the parson, stroking his long beard.

"But she has a grain of common sense." Mr. Leigh rose, took a position on the rug, clipped his left hand under the shoulder of his outspread coat, and meditatively twirled his right as he pursued his story. "Last summer," he began, "she was ill, and just out of school. She went to Cape May with the Rhinelands, people in whom I placed the utmost confidence. I thought they would take care of her; but lo and behold! she must make the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held the responsible position of book-keeper in one of our large hardware shops, a retail concern, and he has sold many a paper of tacks over the counter. I was in Europe; so this interesting tack-seller ran down to Cape May every Sunday, and staid until Monday. Then he had a clerk's two weeks' vacation, and he spent that at Cape May. I came back in October, and before I had been home twenty-four hours who should call at the house but this young man? He wanted to see me, and I saw him, and was informed by him that he had wooed and won my ward. I asked if he proposed to take her to live over the shop."

Mr. Leigh's thin lips curled downward; he glanced at the parson for sympathy, but he encountered a steady, somewhat critical look. Dr. Melton took the pipe out of his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke upward through his moustache.

"Why shouldn't they live over the shop?" he said.

"Oh, you don't understand," Mr. Leigh exclaimed, fretfully. "She has been brought up in luxury and she ought to have some idea of what is proper and fitting. There has been a terrible time. Why, I assure you I have had the sympathy of all Philadelphia. This hardware man had the effrontery to say that he had money enough to take care of a wife, just as though he had never thought of my ward's little fortune. He begged me to go and see his employers—people I never heard of—and I told him that I did not want their recommendations; I did not propose to hire a bookkeeper. He was insolent, and I ordered him out. Then she laced away at me, the fool, infatuated fool. I tried to reason with her; my son—well, you see, my son wanted to marry her too, and he would have made just the best husband for her, but she told him if he spoke to her she would ask her hardware man to protect her. Think of it! As though Morton would marry her—the best mannered man that ever lived."

Mr. Leigh had grown excited. His cigar had gone out, and he relighted it, drawing at it fiercely until the end burned bright like a bit of coal.

"And Morton is very fond of her," he continued—"so fond of her, in fact, that he is waiting like a hero for this to blow over. I think the farce is nearly ended, for the hardware man became partner the other day in a nail factory or something of that sort, and a week ago he sailed for Europe. He will have to stay a year, traveling for his firm, and when he comes back—" Mr. Leigh broke off to smile astutely and to drop the lid over his left eye.

"I don't exactly understand your objections to him," said Dr. Melton, slowly. "Does he keep low company?"

"No," answered Mr. Leigh; "but—"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, interrupting him, "but I want to speak in his behalf. He must be industrious, and no fool, and prospering, or he would not have jumped into this new position. I confess I don't think you have made out a clear case. Of course you want to see your son happy; but if she does not love your son, that ends the matter. And if she does love this other man, and he is honest and upright, why should he not have her?"

"He is not her equal," said Mr. Leigh. "You know in Philadelphia—"

The parson rose up with a stifled exclamation that, coming from a layman's lips, might have sounded profane.

"It is warm in here," he said. "I want a little fresh air; I am not used to a furnace-heated house. Poor girl! The city has not yet claimed me for its own, and I miss the fire-place in my old study. Poor fellow!"

He threw up the window and looked out on a high expanse of tiny high-fenced back yards; but overhead was the clear sea of sky, where the moon rode at anchor amid the fleet of stars. He stood there, drawing in the crisp December air, until a tap sounded on the door. "Come in," he cried, and one of his daughters entered—a tall, slim girl with her father's blue eyes.

"Papa," she said, pressing close to him, and smiling mysteriously, "there are some people in the parlor."

"Drawing-room, my dear," said the doctor. "We are in Philadelphia."

"We are not, but no matter," she returned, "I tell you there are some people in the parlor, and I think it is our first town wedding. She is very pretty, and she has on the loveliest little bonnet you ever saw. Go marry 'em quick, and let me be a witness, only they have two witnesses with them."

He passed his arm about her and kissed her, she did not know why; then led her to his guest.

"Mollie, this is a classmate of mine. My daughter, Mr. Leigh—Mr. Harvey Leigh of Philadelphia. You must excuse me for a few minutes."

He went into the adjoining parlor. Yes, it was a wedding party, no doubt, but the would-be bride and groom did not look like the brides and grooms that seek out a parson in such a fashion. The man was a gentleman, with a fine face and dignified bearing. The girl was pretty, but more than that, she had an air of courage, of self-reliance; she was not a weak piece of pink and white flesh. An older couple was with them, a somewhat frightened middle-aged man and a very nervous middle-aged woman, evidently his wife, for she clung to his arm helplessly.

"I am William Dunbar," said the young man. The parson shook hands with him. "And this," he added, turning to the young lady, "is Miss Kate Perry. We are both of age—in fact, I am 23—and I hope you will be good enough to marry us."

Mr. Dunbar was very much in earnest, but he smiled a little. "Our marriage is sudden," he added, "because a friend of mine is going to Europe to-morrow, and I want to take my wife with me."

"Where are your homes?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I have neither father nor mother. I have been living in Philadelphia with my guardian." The words were spoken softly, but her eyes flashed. "I am free to do as I please," she went on. "My guardian has no right to dictate any longer."

"Hum!" said Dr. Melton, passing his hand over his beard. "And you are from Philadelphia too?" he asked turning to Mr. Dunbar.

"I am," was the curt response.

"Your name sounds familiar," said the parson. "Could I have seen it the other day in a list of passengers for Europe?"

He scanned the faces before him. The man's jaws clicked; the girl's flush deepened into crimson.

"We are free to marry," said Mr. Dunbar. "There is no reason why we should not be man and wife. If you won't perform the ceremony I shall find some one who is willing. We have with us my uncle and aunt; and there is no use in wasting words. Will you marry us?"

"Yes," said the parson. Then he asked a few formal questions, and married them according to the ritual of the Dutch church. He begged them to be seated for a minute while he filled out the certificate. This made it necessary for him to return to the study.

"A runaway country couple?" said Mr. Leigh.

"I can't swear to the country part," the parson answered, as he drew a certificate out of his desk.

"I wonder you are willing to perform the ceremony," Mr. Leigh remarked. "I should think it was a great risk to marry runaway couples."

"The risk is greater without it," said the parson. "If I don't tie the knot somebody will, and it is generally a satisfaction to one to know that the knot is tied. In this case, however, I am quite sure I am doing right. Do you believe in physiognomy?"

"To a certain extent, yes."

"Well, so do I, and I am confident that I have just married a sweet girl to a man who is worthy of her."

He went back to the parlor with the certificate, taking the pen and ink so that the witnesses might sign their names. Mr. Dunbar shook him by the hand, leaving a note in his palm. The bride smiled slyly upon him, and the elderly woman bowed; but the elderly man, who so far had not spoken a word, said, suddenly, "I will tell you, sir, that you will never regret having helped this marriage."

"I don't believe I could have helped it," said the parson, with a droll glance at the new-made husband. "I might have been the means of deferring it, but Mr. Dunbar intends to take his wife to Europe in spite of a dozen tyrannical guardians and a dozen more reluctant clergymen.—God bless you and make you happy!" he added, taking the young wife's hand.

Her eyes filled with tears, but her husband drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

Two carriages were waiting outside. One went to the north, the other to the south, but the parson watched the one that went to the south, for in that sat a man and woman whom he believed he had made happy for life, so far as wedded bliss brings happiness.

He returned to his study and gave the wedding fee to his daughter, who bore it off in triumph to her mother, and then he refilled his pipe.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" said Mr. Leigh.

"Not precisely this sort of thing. The bride and groom were not girl and boy, neither did they belong to what you would call the common class. By the way, it was a Philadelphia party—a William Dunbar—"

Mr. Leigh started from his chair. "Dunbar!" he repeated. "And the girl?"

"Kate Perry—Katherine, father."

Mr. Leigh stared at him vacantly. "My ward!" he cried, in sudden anger. "And after all I told you! Why didn't you call me in there?"

"How was I to know that?" said Dr. Melton. "You never mentioned the name of your ward or her lover. You simply called him the hardware man."

Mr. Leigh walked out of the library, took his hat and stick, struggled into his overcoat and left the house without vouchsafing another word to his host. The parson showed him out, and looked at him walking swiftly down the moonlit street. When he went to his study again he had by no means the craven air of the man who had done a dastardly deed. On the contrary, he laughed outright as he sat down at his desk, whereon lay the notes of his sermon. He went to his daughter and begged her to lend him a good novel, and he read a love story that evening instead of theology.

CHARLES DUNNING.

Out Door Work and Exercise.

From the Indianapolis Times.

This is the season of muscular enjoyment; a few weeks ago it was too cold; in a few weeks more it will be too hot for any but professionals to enjoy the excessive outdoor sports. The professional baseball player goes through the ardors of his game with the sun driving the thermometer up to 98 or 100 degrees in the shade, and rests as soundly at night and wakes up as fresh and healthy the next morning as does the man who stacks straw or cradles wheat at a like temperature. The season is the same in both cases: the body is accustomed to outdoor exercise on every day of every month in the year. The fathers and mothers of many of the men and women who cannot walk a square without the shelter of an umbrella in midsummer, and who dread a walk across the street in December, were accustomed to do harvest work and "hand garden" in July, and to chop cord wood and make shop in a hickle swung on a pole out of doors in December and January. It is needless to say that these people were quite as happy and far more healthy than their weather-fearing offspring. Needless exposure to the extremes of heat and cold should be avoided; not less is needless seclusion from the open air or abstinence from bodily exercise. There are very few days in the year on which an hour's outdoor exercise would not be of benefit to both the body and mind of all persons in ordinary health.

The Judge and the Inkeeper.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Among the anecdotes of Judge Walton is the following: Early after his first appointment he went to Alfred to hold court, and called on Landlord Berry, who offered him his best room with a provisio that after ex-Judge Howard's arrival he would have to put him in another room. "Well, what room?" asked Judge Walton. He was shown a little 7 by 9 den, whereupon he told Berry that he would take the best room, as Judge Howard would not want it. "Why not?" asked Berry. "Because," said Judge Walton, "I shall adjourn the court to morrow to Saco." "Who is going to take your place here?" asked Mr. Berry, who was not quick to take in the situation. "Why, nobody," said Judge Walton. "A judge can't stay in town and hold court and sleep in the street; he must have a room." "Oh," said Berry. "I will see." He saw—and was conquered. He told Judge Walton he could have his best room. At the end of the term Judge Walton gave the landlord this advice: "Court week is your harvest. If you want a long term and to make lots of money make the judge just as comfortable as you can. He has power to break up the court just when he pleases; but if he is made comfortable he will stay just as long as he finds anything to do."

Bridal Charms and Omens.

"O, bless you, no; the wedding will not take place until late in April," said a society mother in a chat with the fashion editor, who had touched on the subject of her daughter's nuptials.

"But it was supposed to be all fixed for an earlier date," said the clipper editress.

"So it was, a long time in advance," said the mother; "but we discovered that the wedding would come in Lent, so we put it off."

"Why?"

"Because it was in Lent. We couldn't have a marriage in Lent, you know."

"Why not? There's no law against marrying at any time, is there?"

"No; but it would be bad luck."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody. Why, it's as old as the hills—that superstition. The young women of over a century ago used to say, 'Marry in Lent, be sure to repent'."

"And the young girls of this century keep on saying the same thing, it seems."

"Yes," said the mother of the prospective bride, "it's a superstition that one does not like to acknowledge, and yet no one wants to run the risk of inviting bad luck by violating the rule."

The editress being started on the track of woman's superstitions in regard to marriages, made inquiries and gathered a surprising number of them.

No girl, for instance, is willing to make Friday her wedding-day.

Away back in the classic times the most of these maiden superstitions were traced. The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May and February. The 14th of February has always been considered in England peculiarly unlucky for brides. Why, tradition saveth not. In the Orkney Isles the bride selects an evening for her wedding when there is a full moon and a flowing tide. In Scotland the last day of the year is considered lucky, the bride's prospects in life are supposed to be brilliant.

Sunday is a great favorite with brides in some parts of England and Ireland. The French demoiselle, however, thinks the first Friday in the month particularly fortunate for her nuptials.

In Yorkshire, when the bride is about to cross her father's threshold, after returning from church, a plate containing a few small pieces of cake is thrown from an upper window by one of her male relatives. If the plate is broken she will be happy, but if not there is every prospect that she will get her full share of this world's misery.

In Sweden the bride on her way back from church has pieces of bread in her pockets. These she throws away on her road to her home to insure her good luck. It is ill-fortune to the one who picks up these crumbs. If the bride lose her slipper on the way from church she will lose all her troubles, and the one who picks it up will gain riches.

In every country it is an unhappy omen for the wedding to be put off when once the day has been fixed, and in England it is believed great misfortune will ensue if a bridgroom stand, if only for a moment, at the junction of cross-roads on his wedding morn. In England also, it is thought a sign of bad luck if the bride fails to shed tears on her wedding-day or if she turn back to take a last look at herself in her wedding toilet.

Among the English classes it is bad luck for a bride to look back when once she has started for church, or to marry dressed in green, or to let the ceremony go on while there is an open grave in the churchyard. When the bridesmaids undress the bride they must be sure to throw away all the pins, to make sure of good for themselves as well as for her. If a single pin be left in the bride's raiment, woe unto her. And if a bridesmaid should keep one of them she will not be married before Whitsuntide, or the Easter following. Therefore bridesmaids in England are not given to preserving the pins from bridal costumes. If the bridal party venture off the land they must go up stream, and the bride, to make certain of good luck, must, on the happy day, wear "Something old and something new, something gold and something blue." If she see a strange cat on that day she will take it as an omen that she is to be very happy; and if on the morning of her wedding day she steps from her bed on something higher than the floor, and then on something higher still, she will rise in the world from the time of her marriage. To make sure of this the maiden has a chair and a table at the bedside and steps from one to the other on arising from her slumbers on her wedding morn. On leaving her home and on starting from the church to return she is very careful to step out with her right foot first, and is careful not to address her husband after they are wed without first calling him by his full name. To break the wedding ring is a sign that the wearer will soon be a widow.

And there were fifty others of the same sort which are shared by our young women, who carefully follow many of these mummeries in the weddings of to-day. Though they be nineteenth century maids and graduates of colleges of high standing, they are not proof against the superstitions of brides from time immemorial.

There is one market which shows no upward tendency with the rumors of war from Europe. An Indianapolis journal summarizes it as follows: "Brisk competition among our local lawyers has brought down the prices of divorces. We quote: Common separation, $15; small alimony, $25; large alimony, $50 to $100, according to circumstances." As long as there is such an active demand there is no doubt but that rock bottom prices will soon be reached. Ministers are easily satisfied for tying the martimonial knot and lawyers will be compelled to untie it as cheaply.

Great Britain has in her navy 50 vessels capable of steaming around the world at a speed of 12 knots per hour without recoaling.

A Tribute to Buzfuz.

From the Chicago Times.

Of the veteran lawyers who rode the circuit with Abe Lincoln, one of the sharpest set was O. B. Ficklin, or "Old Fick," as he was familiarly known. The following good story of ability to squirm out of a bad hole is told by Hon. George M. Haynes, of the city law department:

The Hon. G. W. Wall, who is now one of the judges of the Appellate court of the Fourth District, was some years ago attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad Company. The company was sued in the circuit court at Effingham, in this state, for the killing of stock, and Judge Wall went up to attend to the matter for the railroad. The plaintiff was represented by the venerable and ever ready O. B. Ficklin and another attorney whose name is not now remembered. The evidence was all in, and counsel went to the jury. Ficklin's associate opened the case for the plaintiff, and instead of argument the burden of his song was bunkum and bombast about giant corporations and soulless monopolies etc. Wall in reply, in a very clear and dignified manner presented the defense, and in conclusion took occasion to refer the gentleman who had preceded him as a demagogue, and compared him to Dickens' famous character, Sergeant Buzfuz or the gentleman who had last addressed the jury. He made a strong speech, and it was thought by those who had heard the case to be entirely in favor of the defense. Wall closed in full confidence of a verdict. But he had not counted upon the resources of Ficklin. The latter had given close attention to the remarks of Wall, and, while Wall had provoked much amusement among the by-standers, had never smiled, but upon the contrary, he seemed to be deeply offended at Wall's remarks. The latter finished, and Ficklin arose to close the case for the plaintiff. After a little attention to the evidence, in which there was but little consolation for his side, he concluded in the following vein of pathetic and injured innocence: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, it becomes my painful duty to reply to the malignant and uncalled for attack upon one of the best men this country ever produced; a man who has long since slept with his fathers, and upon whose just and upright character no man until to-day has dared to cast a shadow of suspicion. I allude, gentleman of the jury, to the unmanly attack of my friend Wall upon the memory of that good and kind man, Sergt. Buzfuz. Gentlemen, it perhaps was not your privilege as it was mine to have known him personally. I remember him well in the early and trying times of this country. He assisted to cut out the roads through this country. He was the early pioneer to whom the present generation owe so much, ever ready and willing with honest heart and active hand to aid a friend or neighbor in distress. Your fathers, gentlemen, were doubtless recipients of his kindness. In fact, gentlemen, there are few men, living or dead, this country owes more to than it does to Sergeant Buzfuz. It is true, gentlemen, that he was somewhat plain and assuming, and perhaps blunt in his way, but his every action was prompted by a noble and honest motive. He was not blessed with the brilliant accomplishments of my young friend. He wore no starched shirt and red necktiss. He was humble and retired. In his leathern leggings and hunting shirt he went about the country, not as the representative of a rich railroad monopoly, but as an humble citizen, doing good to his fellow man. His bones have long since mouldered to dust; the sod grows green over his grave; his work is done, and he is gone from among us forever. I was surprised to hear his blameless life held up to ridicule in the manner it has been here to-day, and it is impossible for me, his last surviving friend, to permit it to go by unnoticed, and to you, sir," (turning to Wall, who was by this time completely dumbfounded) "I say no better man ever lived than he whom you have so unjustly abused. Youth, sir, should have more respect for the men who have made life pleasanter for those who come after them than to assail their characters as you have done."

At the close the jury found for the plaintiff in the full amount claimed without leaving their seats, and, it is said, had to be restrained by the sheriff from doing personal violence.

Raphael's Dresden Madonna for Sale.

From the Manchester Guardian.

The statement made not long ago that the king of Saxony had offered to the British government the gem of his picture gallery at Dresden, the celebrated "Madonna di San Sisto," appears to be correct. The sum asked is £150,000. The Madonna is one of the most wonderful creations of Raphael's genius. According to Vasari it was executed for the principal altar of St. Sixtus at Piacenza—at least it was there in Vasari's time, and was only removed to Dresden in the last century. The Virgin appears as the Queen of Heaven, in a brilliant company of cherubim, standing in the clouds with the infant Son in her arms. St. Sixtus and another saint kneel at the sides. A curtain, drawn back, encloses the picture. On each side, underneath is a light parapet, on which lean two beautiful angels. The work was executed about 1517-18.

"Lucky" Baldwin derived his nickname from successful speculations in California. He is said to be the possessed of $8,000,000 or $10,000,000. He is 60 years old and living with his fourth wife, whom he married about two years ago, she being 22, and not particular about the fact that two of her three predecessors are still living. One he "settled" with for $1,000,000. Another is living in San Francisco. Recently, a pretty young woman, who has been a clerk in a dry goods store at Los Angeles, brought suit against "Lucky" Baldwin for breach of promise, wanting $500,000 damages. In January, 1883, this Unlucky Baldwin was shot and wounded by his niece, Verona Baldwin.