MEAT FOR BABES.

Stuff the school children; fill up the heads of them;
Send them all lesson-full home to the beds of them;
Blackboard and exercise, problem and question;
Bother their young brains and spoil their digestion;
Stuff them with 'ologies, all they can smatter at;
Fill them with 'ometries, all they can batter at;
Crowd them with 'onomies, all they can chatter at;
When they are through with the labor and show of it,
What do they care for it, what do they know of it?

Feed them and cram them with all sorts of knowledges;
Rush them and push them through high schools and colleges;
Keep the hot kettle on, boiling and frothing;
Marks count for everything, death counts for nothing;
Rush them and push them while they've the will for it;
Knowledge is great, though many you kill for it;
Pile on the taxes to pay you the bill for it;
Urge them and press them to higher ambitions;
Heed not their minds' or their bodies' conditions.

Stick to the system you long have been cherishing,
Careless of those who are fading and perishing;
Strong meat for babes! is the age's last motto;
Drop the weak souls who can't learn as they ought to;
Feed them and fill them, no end to the worrying;
Push them and press them, no stop to the hurrying;
Parents at home will attend to the burying;
Strong meat for babes! is the motto of progress;
Knowledge a fiend is, ambition an ogress.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

AN AMERICAN LORD.

Baron Stiegel's Splendid Castle at Shaefferstown, Pa.

Going Through a Great Fortune—Festivities That Always Marked His Arrival at Thurm-Berg—Died an Obscure Schoolmaster.

Shaefferstown is a little village lying in the south of Lebanon County, Pa., with no special significance attaching to it. Nature has, however, surrounded it with beauteous outlines of landscape, and it nestles among hills, high and low, as if it aspired to nothing more than the sweet amenities of seclusion. It was originally settled by German Jews. In the first years of the eighteenth century they came here and, as if by some prearranged understanding of its great natural beauty and fitting advantages, they built themselves homes in the valley and became a community of most peculiar people. The accessions to this settlement became numerous, until it had gained the reputation far and wide of being the most unique and clannish colony that had found a home in this land. The synagogue that they built, and the paraphernalia of their imported rabbi, became a great attraction to the outside settlers, who often ventured into the worship of their Sabbath Day. In the year 1732 they already had constructed a grave-yard, built in with a heavy and substantial stone wall. The remains of it are pointed out to-day. About one-half mile south of Shaefferstown, close to the Lancaster road, it rests in a half-preserved but neglected state. The most adhesive cement and most expert masonry evidently were used, for the wintry blasts of more than one hundred and fifty years have not quite destroyed this relic.

But sudden and extraordinary as was the advent of this people, so was their departure. It was almost like a dream of a single night. As between sunrise and sunset the new town was deserted and no vestige of Israel remained save the dead that lay on the hill. Then Germans of another faith came—Lutherans and German Reformed, among whom was one Shaeffer, who, through influence and wealth, became the proprietor of the place, and also became the father of the little town. In 1745 it had no less than one hundred unassuming little houses, several stores and taverns, and in 1765 a bell of the Protestant faith rung out above a stone church whose tolling has never ceased.

But another more interesting historical fact gives dignity to the surroundings of this place. There is a lofty hill that frowns with its grim heights upon the little village from the south. It is styled the "Thurm-Berg," or Tower Hill. On that lofty eminence a certain William Henry Stiegel had erected a tower, or castle, and certain phases of its ruins can be noticed this day. There are those living who have a very correct representation of the odd structure, given them by former generations, but in the absence of better history a very fantastic mass of legends concerning its owner are extant. This German Baron was, however, a most eccentric man. He was altogether the most notorious figure in all that region around, and the many lavish and extraordinary expenditures in business enterprises and in the public gratification of his whims advertised him in the great social and mercantile centers of the cities. He had a most checkered career. He was a Baron in Europe. In America he apparently disrobed himself of the garb of a titled gentleman and launched into a a busy life, spending money like a prince. He became an iron-master, a glass manufacturer, and even for awhile assumed the functions of a preacher, when later, through the changed vicissitudes of fortune, he acted the schoolmaster. His life, in the full detail of all its successes and adversities, it prodigalities of gayety and wealth and its pinched reverses of sadness and poverty, would make one of the most interesting romances in print.

Baron Stiegel had two magnificent palaces, and perhaps three. There is little more known about him in the traditions and histories of Shaefferstown than belongs to his tower and to the sudden visits to it. That tower may have served him all the purposes of an abode while here. But at Manheim, ten miles south of this place, he had built a beautiful mansion for himself. A little less than forty years ago the house was occupied by Mr. John Arndt, and there is no doubt but it is the same interesting relic to-day that it was then. A visit to this house might then have given a very correct insight into the luxuriant tastes of this old man. It is very materially changed, but enough of the decorations are preserved to satisfy the traveler that nowhere in the State could be found their equal. The walls of the various rooms were adorned with costly designs in the order of their importance. Some had scenery paintings heightened into most life-like perspectives of nature by the harmony of colors. Full-sized figures in the art of falconry were represented of the hunter on his chase and other such conceptions of baronial tastes. Tablets of china most ingeniously painted awakened curiosity; and the jambs in the house were not the least a study. The side-place of the doors and the side-pieces of the fire-hearths were of a most mechanical contrivance.

Though Baron Stiegel had this beautiful chateau at Manheim, he resided in Philadelphia most of his time. He was a lordly gentleman, and perhaps the very first citizen of that city to have the additional luxury of a country-seat. His family stood well in society, and it is altogether probable that if his tastes were so extravagant among the plain country people, that they would have had a greater vanity of display in the proud city. Anyhow, he made frequent excursions into the country to visit his country seat. Often he would go to look after his iron interests, and more especially to adjust matters in his glass manufactory at Manheim, also to examine into the progress of things on his farms and lands, but he came most frequently on mere pleasure excursions. He then was attended by a large company of his particular friends and a little band of expert servants. He traveled like a prince. Though it was altogether an ancient outfit, yet his livery was perfect. His ponderous vehicles were drawn by heavy arch-necked steeds, and his lackeys ministered to every want of man and beast. His coming was always looked forward to with joyful anticipations, both at Shaefferstown and Manheim, though it never was a certain arrangement. His advent was the occasion of a holiday and of feasting, and none of the employes were slighted in the festal celebration.

Now the use of these castles or towers come into play here. There were two of them—one erected at Shaefferstown, as already indicated, and another near Manheim. They were constructed of stone out of the mountains and occupied the loftiest spot of the whole range. The erection of them was entirely under the supervision of the Baron himself and when they had reached their completion one could see from their lofty outlook the country around for miles and miles. The weird-like stony structures upon those heights gave the quiet valleys below the apparent aspect of feudalism, but "Thurm-Berg," for its liberal and eccentric founder's sake, was the signal of hilarity and prosperity to the inland people. Those towers were mounted with cannon for the express purpose of firing a salute whenever the inflated nabob would make his appearance in the country. A watchman would observe his coming, and then from the mountain heights there would thunder the cannon's roar and all the inhabitants from near and far would startle to their feet and shout: "Baron Stiegel is coming!" They would rush out to view the pageantry upon the highway, and the lordly master would invite and welcome all to his tower.

At Manheim this salute created still greater excitement, for there was his palace and his little army of employes. It was a pleasant episode in the even rut of their lives, and the little village was as much astir upon that occasion as it would now be upon the arrival of the grandest menagerie. When the festivities on "Thurm-Berg" were gone through with, the equipages wended their way southward for Manheim. The furnaces were stopped and the glass houses were shut up for the one grand celebration of Stiegel's arrival. The workmen washed the soot from their faces, donned their best garments and took their musical instruments to repair to the castle and thence to the mansion. From the kitchen came up the steaming roasts and dishes of poultry, and from the cellar the finest brands of foreign drinks, and so, like in some palace of a Scottish chief, they sat down to the feast. As the wine poured out and the glasses clanked so incessantly, the toasts became most flattering to Stiegel's baronial hospitality. The instruments rang out sweet music in time-keeping to the whirling dancers, and every thing passed off as the highest entertainment to the jovial lord and his guests.

But even Stiegel's wealth was not unlimited, nor his business foresight altogether perfect. He lived quite beyond his means and failed. He even was imprisoned for debt. Before the Revolution of 1776 had even cut off his resources in Europe, a special act of December 24, 1774, was passed for his relief. But he never recovered. His towers stood as the castles of folly and all his former luxury mocked him. He died in obscurity when he graced no higher position than that of village schoolmaster.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—In Marshall, Tenn., recently a mountaineer mailed a letter bearing a confederate postage-stamp; another a revenue stamp taken from a match-box. Both were sent to the dead-letter office to be embalmed.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A patent has been granted in England for a crush hat for women to wear. Let us have it here, and right speedily, that there may be no more complaints by theater-goers of the big stage-hiding bonnet.

THE WARRIOR AGE.

Europe at Present Placing Military Glory Above All Other.

Standing armies constitute one of the most important factors in the socialistic problem in Europe. Hundreds of thousands of the strongest and most active young men of these countries are taken from the industrial ranks, and the burden of their pay and support, as also of the immense caravans or camps, arsenals, fortifications and all sorts of military supplies and equipments is thrown upon their parents and weaker brothers and sisters left to work at home. It is pitiful to mark the contrast between these soldiers, with their fine physique and gay uniforms, lounging around the camps or strolling the streets, swarming like locusts everywhere, and the miserable peasants with their wooden shoes, ragged clothes and half-starved looks; old men and women, young girls and little children, toiling in the hot sun and in the dirt, struggling to their utmost strength for their poor and insufficient food, and taxed to the last soldo on every mean article they buy or own to keep this enormous force of their stout brothers in the army.

Traveling in Germany seventeen years ago, I heard everywhere the boasted fame of its great scholars and its great schools. To-day the talk is only of its soldiers, its victories and its military power and greatness. Soldiers are the most welcome guests in the fashionable salons of its capital, and it is complained there that the English-born Princess Imperial will still invite to her receptions eminent artists and men of letters. Its great universities are still crowded, but it is largely with foreign students, and because the strict requirement of a university education for admission to the liberal professions compels the attendance of young men seeking a professional career. But the army is now on the highway to honor. The soldier, not the scholar, is in fashion; and I have heard German students even wish for the outbreak of war that they might put to proof their military discipline and have a chance to win the promotion so slow coming in civil life. Young Germany talks, thinks and dreams of war. Its heart has gone back to the age of iron. If the sciences and arts and commercial interests did not bind Europe to nineteenth century progress the general degradation of its civilization would be inevitable. As it is the amenities, the moral principles and the intellectual refinement which mark the highest and best civilization, have already suffered great loss. Europe is proving the truth of the old Roman maxim, *inter arma leges silent*, which for the occasion I will translate: "Among armies civilization slumbers."—*Ohio State Journal.*

PARISIAN STYLES.

Plush Garments More Popular Than Seal and Other Fur Wraps.

Long cloaks falling to the bottom of the dress, princess style, are not in as great favor here as last year. Ladies prefer the shorter plush garments, which in themselves are very ornamental, and provide for the display of elegantly fashioned dress skirts. The Queen of Italy has just ordered several superb plush garments from Worth. She is said to be the best dressed woman in Europe, and therefore her toilets are much cited. Among these wraps was a sealskin plush, short in the back, and with long front panels gathered at the ends and finished off with long tassels of brown, beige chenille, and old gold bullion. The wide sleeves were lined with old gold satin; the whole garment was bordered with a heavy passementerie of fine brown chenille and old gold; in front plush *revers* opened upon a vest of Swedish leather, covered with old gold embroideries. One to wear with a heliotrope plush dress was a short garment, half visite, half dolman. It was made of heliotrope satin covered with antique Venetian guipure, drawn and embroidered with threads of gold; it had epaulets and Medicis collar of old gold guipure and an old gold "motif" in the front, ending with cord and tassel of the same precious metal. Worth slashes most of these garments in the back, so as to allow room for puffings.

The new opera cloaks, made long to envelope the form, are lined entirely with the long-furred white Thibet; this fleecy lining extends over the velvet as plush and forms collar, bands down the sides, and cuffs on the sleeves. A superb one, made by Worth for a Russian Princess, was of Persian fabric of the dull red and blue, heavily wrought in silver and gold; over the edges of the Thibet fur fell aiguillettes made in passementerie to match the Persian stuff; the same passementeries formed the wide Louis XV. collar. Clasps of old gold fastened the garment down the front.

The traditional cashmere shawl which was formerly considered an indispensable part of a lady's trousseau has been lately replaced by an assortment of expensive furs—the sealskin cloak for usual wear (that fur is always considered demi-toilette in France), valuable bands of marten for the trimming of calling garments, and chinchilla for evening cloaks.—*Paris Cor. Chicago Times.*

Awkward Pauses.

Magistrate—You are evidently a scoundrel.

Prisoner—I am not as much of a scoundrel as you——

Magistrate (fiercely)—What's that, sir?

Prisoner—Seem to suppose.

Magistrate—Well, may be not. Hereafter don't indulge in any awkward pauses.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A FIGHT WITH WOLVES.

The Use to Which a Norwegian Farmer Put a Big Wash-Tub.

In former times wolves were numerous in Norway, and committed enormous depredations upon sheep, and consequently were much feared by the owners of flocks, whose only weapon for destroying them (before the introduction of fire-arms) was the axe. It was dangerous for a man to travel in lonely places, for these ravenous beasts had been known to attack human beings when very hungry. In these days they are seldom seen, and both wolves and bears have been well-nigh exterminated.

The story is told of a Norwegian farmer of seventy or eighty years ago, who was conveying one of his swine to another estate in the night. His road lay across a pond which was frozen over. Upon his sled he had fastened a very strong, high tub, in which he placed the weighty animal, and covered it. The tubs which are in common use for washing, as well as other purposes, are nearly four feet deep, and are supported by three feet.

The middle of the pond was reached, when in the stillness was heard the faint patter of feet and the distant howling of a pack of wolves, and the farmer knew they were pursuing him with swift directness. Now was his time to exercise the coolest bravery and the most adroit skill. He at once loosened his horse from the harness and let him go. The voracious creatures were almost upon him when he threw them the fat porker. He then overturned the tub and hid beneath it as his only refuge, his axe his sole weapon. After devouring the delicious booty the wild beasts tried to get at the man and make him their prey by thrusting their paws or their noses under the tub. But he wielded his axe with energy, and his well-aimed blows cut off the intruding members steadily. The ferocious animals fell back on the ice, one after another, bleeding and helpless, but the farmer remained imprisoned until daylight. When he knew by the silence that he was alone and safe he crept forth to view the scene and mark the result of the adventure. It appeared that eight or ten of his foes had been destroyed, and the bloody tracks upon the ice showed that others had been wounded and had crawled away. By the bounty which he received for killing the wolves and the sale of the skins taken from them the farmer gained a round sum, although he lost the animal he set out with. The horse had trotted back to his stable.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FRENCH IN DIPLOMACY.

Introduction of the English Language Into Correspondence With Foreign Nations.

It is admitted that the representatives of England in foreign courts ought to know not only French, but Spanish, German, Italian, and, if possible, the Oriental languages as well. But it is urged that the Foreign Secretary need not know any other language than English. If this were so he would be absolutely without means of direct communication with the representatives of foreign countries here, and would be at the mercy of secretaries and chief clerks. Diplomacy is a social art as well as a matter of business. International relations require an international tongue. In the days which followed the revival of learning, Latin, as the language of the church, the professions and the men of science and letters in every country, was the natural medium of communication. It is now used only in the state papers of the Pope. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth and James, and the statesmen of their time, were able to converse in it. The ascendency of Spain led to the not infrequent employment of the Castilian tongue. When Louis XIV. made France the dominant power in Europe, and nearly every war and treaty was, in one aspect or another, a French war and treaty, the French language naturally came into the general use which it has retained. The choice was made by a process of natural selection. French had been polished into an instrument of almost perfect sharpness and precision for the purpose of exact statement and facile intercourse. But with the decline of the French monarchy, the monarchy of the French tongue is challenged. Lord Greenville, in his reply to the overtures for peace which the first consul addressed to George III., was, with the accidental exception already referred to, the first to introduce the English language into correspondence with a foreign nation. Mr. Canning, who was erroneously credited with the authorship of the dispatch, defended the innovation on the ground that, though it might be proper to employ the French language in correspondence about the affairs of another State, yet a manifesto as to the policy of England ought to be in English. There is an early precedent for this proper national self-assertion in the case of Sir Richard Fanshaw, who, being sent ambassador to Spain, on his first audience "delivered his message in English, having first procured his Catholic Majesty to be prepared to accept it, and spoke Spanish only in paying his respects to the Queen."—*Saturday Review.*

Easily Identified.

A New York lady on board of one of the ocean steamers asked one of the officers:

"Can you tell me, sir, where the captain of this vessel is?"

"Yes, madame; go up on deck and if you see a man walking up and down with a red beard and a $19,000 a year salary that's him."—*Texas Siftings.*