UNDER THE STARS.

The midnight hour is here, and silence broods With folded wings o'er all the sleeping world; The whippo'will within the seder fen Hath hushed his querulous song, and the dull

OWL sits calm and voiceless in the darksome wood. Impelled by sleepless care I walk abroad Through the moist meadows, where the breathing flowers Bend forth sweet incense to the stooping hills,

ose shadows hold the vale in loved em Softly the breeze comes from the groves afar And githering from the meads a thousand

rothem away in silence to the stars. nist earth sits weeping tears of pearly dew For the dear loss, but speaks no evil word.

Dut of the moonless skies the luminous stars, Circling in wondrous harmony and grace 'Round the great central throne of majesty, Flash down sweet words of peace and truth

and love; Peace in the perfect motion of the spheres, Truth in the light that streams upon the world, And love in the dread power that holds them

still Unswerving in their way through the blue deeps.

I bow my head in silence as I walk, And saddening cares and wearing toil forgot: t listen to the voices of the stars: For oh, they speak with no uncertain sound, And in their motion s ng Thy praise, O God. Thy praise and love, Thy majesty and might in such a blessed hour grief flies, and leaves

The soul rejoicing, for the glory of God Fails down in golden rays upon the earth, And truth and beauty live in the sweet light.
-P. J. Donahoe, in Springfield (Mass.) Re-

HUMBLE HERO.

An Incident of the Flood in the Alabama River.

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful degree of heroism in times of danger. An instance of this I witnessed in the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together upon some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately, the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers, and filled with cooked provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn crib, around which the water was rapidly rising, and so rendering, their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro.

An amusing occurrence took place not long after our starting. In the middle of a submerged field, about one hundred yards to our right. we saw a little, woolly black head, with a frightened black face beneath it, profrom the water. rowed hastily towards it and drew out of the muddy water a negro boy about eight years old, perfectly naked, and he'd him up among us.

"Here, Moses," cried one, holding a tin cup with whisky in it to his mouth,

"here, take a drink." "Take a bite of this bread, Moses," cried another, trying to crowd the bread into his mouth.

"No; let Moses have some of this fried bacon. It'll do him the most

good," said the negro oarsman. But Moses shook his head and turned aside from all the offered food.

"I'se erbleeged to yer, marsters," he said, while his white teeth shone and his eyes rolled wildly. "I'se erbleeged ter yer, but I hain't sot down in two days, by tryin' to keep my head out'n de watah, an' all I wants, ef yer please, is to set down."

He was promptly wrapped in a blanket and set down, where for an hour he sat without moving, enjoying the perfect rest of his new position. At the end of that time he began to eat. I draw a vail over his performance in this line. We feared we had rescued him from a watery grave to kill him with corn bread and bacon, although the negro carsman insisted that he never heard of a "niggah bein' hurt by too much to eat." Meeting a returning boat soon after, we put Moses in it and sent him to town. I never heard of him again, but presume he survived both his unusual bath and banquet

We resumed our journey, and just before dark sighted the corn crib, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling. and daylight beginning to fade away. their condition become most distressing, as they sat in perfect silence watching our approach.

But we did not appreciate their extreme peril until, as the boat struck against the frail log-house, which was in the water to the edges of the roof, It visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures began to clamber hurriedly down to the boat.

"Stop!" I cried. "The somen and children first."

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in first the children and then the women, getting them all in safely, and were about to push off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when a very old woman (I noticed she was the last to pet in the boat and had done so reluctantly) seized the corner of the house, and, looking anxiously into my

ace, said: "Marster, ain't you gwine take my

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now. He must wait till we The Half Crazy Imperial Genius Who come back.'

The words were hardly out of my shook as she scrambled on all fours upon it and took her seat by a little. withered old black man, whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

"Come, auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you."

togedder too long to part now."

And we had to leave her, after throwing them some blankets and a

lot of provisions.

As we rode off in the rain and night a high faisetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the his didactic tyranny sounds like a lesson crib, where we left the almost certain- out of "Sandford and Merton." It is ly doomed group in the blackness of told by a Frenchman who heard it on darkness. They dared not have a the spot in Finland, where he was sent light, for fear of setting fire to their by Louis Phillipe's government to obfrail support. We stopped our oars tain blocks of red poryhyry which to listen to the song. It came clear the Czar Nicholas had granted and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling for the tomb of Napoleon under the dome voice, and then a chorus of a lozen or of the Invalides at Paris. Peter was more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a clingin' to de ark, Take us in, take us in. Furde watch's deep en dark, Take us in, take us in. Do' de fiesh is po' en weak, Take us in, take us in. "Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek Take us in, take us in. Den Lawd, hole out dy han-Take us in, take us in, Draw de sionalis to de lan.

Take us in, take us in. We could wait and listen to the weird sounds no longer, but struck our oars into the water and hurried

Most fortunately we came across a boat, bent upon the same errand as down his pick, rushed up to him, and ourselves, which went immediately to the crib and saved all of its living what is it I have done?" Peter looked freight. The crib had, apparently, at him astonished, until he remembered been held down by their weight, for, as the last one left it, it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that, as they neared the crib, the first your over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go. sound they heard was an old woman's

voice singing: "De Luwd is hyah'd our cry."

Answered by the men: "Take us in, take us in. En He il save us by en by, Take us in, take us in."

To this simple-hearted old creature unknown. With her it was "until Press.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

torical nationality. Hence the experience of America, it may be ob- they will never rest until they get posserved, throws no light on the possibility of using "federalism and local autonomy as convenient methods either for recognizing and giving free scope to the sentiment of nationality which may exist in any part of an empire, or for meeting the need for local institutions and distinct legislation which may arise from differences betweeen such a part and the rest of the empire." The States, looked at as a whole, make up the United States, but the United States are nothing but the political form into which circumstances have molded the constitution of a single nation. The Americans forge and leaving it there until it is cool. are as much one people as the French or the Italians; they form a more completely united body than do the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The men you meet at New York differ less from the men you meet at Chicago than Londoners from the citizens of Edinburgh or than both from the citizens of Cork. The difference, indeed, between whites and blacks is of course fundamental, but the aim of the negro is to imitate to the best of his power the ordinary American citizen, and there does not exist at present, and, as far as one dare prophesy any thing, there is not much likelihood there will exist in the Union any thing like negro nationality. Meanwhile-and this is of primary importance-the division into States does not correspond with dirferences of religious creed. An Englishman who goes from London to Edinburgh enters into a new moral atmosphere. Who can pass a month in Scotland without hearing of the differences which divide the Free Church from the Establishment? What sane these subjects of division? The Roman Catholic citizen of Ticino is a different man from the German Roman Catholic of Lucerne; each differs from the German Protestant of Berne or the French Protestant of Geneva. A citizen of the United States is an American; he is not a Californian or a New Yorker. - Edinburgh Review

Doing His Prettiest.

Mr. Budworthy-Rather clever fellow, that young Dudelong, don't you

Miss Tewstules-I really couldn's tell. He scarcely uttered a word the whole time he was here.

Mr. Budworthy-Sly dog! He knows when he is at his best. - Puck.

-Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has an endowment of

PETER THE GREAT.

Created Modern Russia. In 1723 he created himself Emperor. mouth when with a sudden spring she placing the imperial crown upon his was up and on the roof again. It own head, and soon after on that of the Livonian peasant girl whom he married, the mistress of his favorite Prince Menschikoff, once an itinerant vender of meat pies; she afterward succeeded Peter as Empress Catherine L. His merciless cruelty was shown early, on his return from his first journey, after pulling down the revolt of the Streletz, a body of janissaries who had risen to "Go on, marster," she answered. replace his sister Sophia on the throne. I thanks yer, en I pray de good | He executed 2,000 of them in cold blood. Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I His only son Alexis, who had opposed gwine stay hyah wid my ole man. Ef his measures and was accused among Simon got to git drownded, Lyddy other crimes of "defending the prescribgwine git drownded, too. We dun bin ed beards and chaftans of the peasants" had gone abroad with his wife, but was lured home by an offer of reconciliation, when he was seized and condemned to death by his father and executed in prison.

His interference was as trying in small as in great things. One story of traveling incognito in part of Finland just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man, who told him he was going to Petersburg. "What for?" asked the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any dostor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with a note, the answer was not delayed: the next day, tied hand and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after Peter the Great was visiting the mines when suddenly the miner threw fell at his feet, crying: "Grace, grace, the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you; I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!" Probably, as over-fat is a disease, the poor

man died of his "cure." "The impatient activity of Peter," as a German writer calls it, attempted impossibilities; a perfectly barbarous people could not be dragged up to the level divorce courts and separations were of civilization of other nations by mere force of a despot's will without passing death do us part" - Detroit Free through any of the intermediate stages. Accordingly the mass of the Russian people continues much the same in habits and education as they were when Peter began his reforms, and a sort of They Form a Completely United Body, vaneer among the people and military Enterprising and Harmonious. classes covers a degree of bar-No State of the Union is a nation, barism and corruption which the though several States exceed Euro- rest of Europe has long left populous than the whole of Switzer- both from the Baltic and Black seas, land; and no State represents a his- they conquered the intervening territory in each case, and now declare that session of the Dardanelles, "without which we have not the key to our own house," said Alexander the First.-Nine-

KNIVES FROM OLD FILES.

teenth Century.

An Experienced Artisan Explains How

They Are Made. As smiths are often asked to make knives from old files by farmers who believe that such knives are better than any they can buy at hardware stores, I will describe my way of making them. I first draw the temper by heating the file to a cherry red, then placing it in the ashes, and five inches under the I then grind out the file marks and next comes the drawing. I make the heat no higher than a bright chorry red, and use a good smooth-faced hammer. The file is drawn a little thicker than the back of the blade is to be, and the blade is then bent, edge being on the inside. The blade is then drawn to an edge, the drawing on the inner curve having the effect of straightening it. When it has been drawn to an even and nice color and straightened, three holes are drilled in it so that the handle can be fastened on it, and it is then shaped with a file. It is necessary to avoid getting the edge too thin, or else there will be trouble in

tempering. In tempering I use soft and somewhat warm water. I seize the handle end with a pair of tongs, hold the blade over a clear, well-charred fire with the back down, and heat evenly to the first hole until I see that the blade is red, and then plunge it endwise into the water. This should leave the blade so that when tried with a file, the file will take hold just a little. If this test shows that the blade is too hard, I dip it in linseed oil, hold it over a slow, clear fire until the oil ignites, and then dip into man living in England cares to recall the water again. This will toughen and enable it to hold its edge better. The grinding should be done on a good, even-

faced stone. I have made many butcher knives in this way, and have never heard any complaint about them. There is not much profit in such work, but it helps to fill up leisure time.-Cor. Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

The Force of Habit.

On the day before the execution the keeper informs a doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him. "Do you know who he is?" asks the

"No." "Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and if he does, tell him to eall day after to-morrow."-Texas Sift-

doomed man.

ings. -A Toledo manufacturer exhibited at the Detroit exposition a cake of silver soap weighing 894 pounds.

GOWER'S SHAKESPEARE.

Statue in the Memorial Gardens, Stratford-on-Avon.

One of the features of Stratford, inter-

esting to the Shakespeare pilgrim, is

Lord Ronald Gower's statue of the poet, erected last summer in the Memorial gardens. This work is fine in some of its details, but not fortunate in all, and certainly infelicitous in its composition and its side. It consists of a vast pedestal, on the top of which stands the full length bronze figure of Shakespeare, while at the four corners of the base are bronze figures of Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Henry V. and Falstaff. These character figures are here named in the order of their merit. Hamlet is the fulfilment of a noble ideal. The face and figure are full of misery, yet full of thought. The type of man thus embodied would be at once recognized anywhere—an imperial, powerful, tender, gracious nature, completely broken and subjugated by hopeless grief. Lady Macbeth, though conventional in treatment, does convey the idea of remorse and of physical attenuation from suffering, and likewise the sense of being haunted. Henry V. is represented as putting on the crown. The figure is lithe, graceful and spirited, and the action of it is natural. It lacks royal individuality, however, and it might be taken for anybody as soon as for Prince Henry. Falstaff appears as a type of gross, chuckling humor, and almost might be taken for Gambrinus or King Beer. The intellect and the predominant character of Falstaff are not indicated. These figures are dwarfed by the size of the stone they surround-a huge pillar, upon which appropriate lines upon Shakespeare, selected by Mr. Flower, have been inscribed. The statue of Shakespeare himself shows a man of solid self-consecration and iron will; an observer, of universal view and incessant vigilance. The remarkable feature of this figure is the piercing look of the eyes. This is a man who sees, ponders and records. Imagination and sensibility are not strongly suggested. The face lacks modelling: it is as smooth as a child's face-without characteristic curve or wrinkle; perhaps it was designed to express an idea of eternal youth. The man who had Shakespeare's obvious experience must have risen far above all that this world can do, to bless or to ban a human life. This structure, finally, has been badly placed. It stands on the south side of the Memorial building, and within a few feet of it, so that it is almost swallowed up by what was injudiciously intended for its background. It would show to far better advantage if placed farther to the southward, looking down the long reach of the Avon to Shakespeare's church. The face of the poet could then be seen from the spot where he died, while his face would still look, as it does now, toward his tomb .-Cor. N. Y. Tribune. THE USEFUL CACTUS.

Without It the Average Mexican Would

Lead a Sorry Existence. The remark has been made that "the cactus has many good points and will not be sat down upon." The remark is a true one, for, as is the reindeer to the that way. Good day!" Laplander, so is the cactus to the poor pean nations both in size and popula- behind. The restless ambition which Mexican. It furnishes him with a home, tion, the State of New York, for ex- he bequeathed to his successors has gone such as it is. His food in many ways is got a tub in your house?" ample, being both larger and more on to the present day. Cut off at first prepared from the cactus. Sit down to a meal in a wretched Mexican jacal, and if you do not wish to spread your length upon the floor, you will be offered a small wicker stool made from the tough fibre of the cactus. The matting spread upon the dirt floor, which serves as a table, is woven from the same material.

Corn-meal cakes (tortillas), boiled beans, great fat fellows, and a pleasant and wholesome dish of stewed cactuscut into small squares, about the size of a pea, will constitute your repast of solids. The fruit, without which no Mexican meal is complete, will be the luscious tuna, which grows around the edges of the prickly leaves of the cactus, and which, when growing, resembles a huge green shield surrounded by a croscent of thorny knobs about the size of a small apple, as if serving as a protection for the tender edges of the leaves. In a Mexican dinner, sweets always occupy a conspicuous part, and on this occasion the dulce will be the preserved roots or

leaves of this same cactus. Though the Mexican people are not a race of hard drinkers, yet at meal times the wine or other fermented liquors are inevitable, and, as the lower class of Mexicans can not well afford wine, you are invited to partake once more of this much abused cactus, this time in the form of tequila, a most atrocious drink, which looks like gin, harmless enough to all appearances, but which goes down your throat like a wave of fire, and a few glasses of which will make you drunk clear to your finger tips. Should this prove too much for you, you are at liberty to partake of another beverage derived from the same source, but not quite as ardent, i. e., mescal. This liquid leaves a delicate suggestion of tar and red pepper in your mouth, and, if drunk after eating a certain kind of domestic fruit, it is very dangerous, and in many cases results very disastrously in this family! for the imbiber.—Mexico Letter.

Upper Burmah's Magnetic Rock. In a recent report on magnetic rock

among the hills of Upper Burmah, Dr. Noetling describes a mountain or hill at Singaung which consists of a huge mass of iron ore. Having noticed on the way numerous pieces of iron ore, which became still more frequent on the southern side of the hill, an examination was made of the latter in various directions, and it was found that the surface was everywhere covered with huge blocks of iron ore, originating evidently from the superficial decomposition of lower beds, leading to the conclusion that the whole hill must consist of a large mass of the ore. Dr. N. was unable, however, to ascertain the geological conditions under which this ore occurs, or its exact limits or extensions, on account of the dense jungle, as well as the tremendous attraction, the latter rendering his compass useless. He estimates, however, that the hill covers at least an area of about a square mile, and that it rises about two hundred feet above the level of the Twiunge valley. The ore is hermatite peroxide of iron.-N Y. Sun.

HONEST CARL DUNDER The Old Fellow Is Catching On to Amer-

ican Ways at Last. "Hello! Mr. Dunder!" saluted Sergeant Bendall as that individual entered the Central station, with a broad, satisfied

smile on his countenance, "Hello! Sergeant. Vhas cafe ythings all right mit you?"

"I guess so. You look happy." "Sergeant, I vhas shust like sweet oil. No more troubles for me. I vhas catching on to do shust like Americans." "I am glad of that. You used to be

terribly green." "So I vhas. Three months ago I doan know some beans in a bag. Ha! ha! Der cows come along und take me for some grass. If it rains I shtandt right out doors und get wet. Ha! ha! It makes me laugh when I see how green I whas!

"Anything happened lately?" queried

the sergeant, in a careless way. "Vhell, not mooch. Some fellers try to beat me, but dey doan' make oudt. I chas too sharp for 'em. One feller comes along mit six pairs of sheep-shears in a bundle. He doan' want to sell dose shears, but he likes to borrow three doblars for one day and leaf 'em for security. If he doan' come pack in one day dose shears vhas mine. "I see."

"He doan' come pack. Maype he reak his leg or something, but dot vhas nothing to me. I keep dose shears. If emepody beats me, sergeant, he shall haf to get oop werry early in der morn-

"I presume so. Have you the shears

there "I haf. I belief you like to see 'em." "They are worth two shillings a pair," aid the sergeant, after an inspection. You are out of pocket fourteen shillings, and what do you expect to do with

sheep-shears?" "Heafens! I doan' think of det!" rasped Mr. Dunder as he grew white in

"Any thing else?" "Vhell, I get my life insured. Idoan pelief I vhas sheated by dot. A feller omes along und says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Vhell, der President of der United States says he likes me to all on you and insure your life. Dis has a new company und a new idea. I let you in by der ground floor. I like your name to influence odder people.

" 'How whas dot new idea?' "You pay only two dollars eafery wenty years, and if you die your wife gets \$75,000. It vhas der biggest thing out. Shildrens cry for it. Wanderbilt, Shay Gould, Russell Sage und all der big fellows whas into it. How oldt you vhas-who vhas your grandmother-bow many teeth have you lost oudt-vhas you eafer bit by some dogs-did you eafer own a white horse-how often you fall down stairs-do you ride on some bicycles, und dis vhas der truth, der whole truth, und nothing but der truth."

"And he wanted the two dollars in ad vance?" queried the sergeant. "Of course. Dot was to pay for

shwearing me." "Well, you are beaten again, Mr. Dunder. Insurance men don't do business "How you mean?"

"You had better go home. Have you "Of course."

"Any bran at the barn?"

"Well, make the tub about half full of mash and then put your head to soak for about forty-eight hours. When t through buy some No. 4 sand-paper and polish it down to the bone."

"Sergeant, vhas I some greenhorns?" "You are."

"Vhill I eafer learn somethings?" "Never."

"Then, good-bye! I shan't try no more. It whas a queer country, und nothing whas der same two times alike. Vhen my body was brought in here doan' make fun of it. Shust use it shently und say dot I did so well ash I could." -Detroit Free Press.

CHUGWATER'S MISTAKE. How the Growling Old Gentleman Put His

Foot in It. Mr. Chugwater (growling)-Samantha,

that young Snodgers comes to this house altogether too often to suit me. Mrs. Chugwater-He's a decent, civil sort of a young man. I have no objec-

tions to his coming. Mr. Chugwater (raising his voice)-Well, I have! He may be a good average young man, but I tell you I don't

want him about this house! Mrs. Chugwater (placidly)-Idon't see what business it is of yours, Mr. Chug-Mr. Chugwater (rising to his feet and bringing his fist down on the table)-You don't see what business it is of mine? Why, good heavens, madam!

Ain't I the head of this family? Mrs. Chugwater (mildly)-I suppose you consider yourself such.

Mr. Chugwater (in a towering rage)certainly do, madam! And if I say that giggling simpleton of a Snodgers isn't the kind of a man I want for a sonin-law it goes, Mrs. Chugwater! It goes

Mrs. Chugwater (sweetly)-It won't go this time, Josiah.

Mr. Chugwater (frantically and at the top of his voice)-You'll see madam! Tell me which one of the girls he comes to see! Deceive me if you dare, Mrs. Chugwater! Which is the one?

Mrs. Chugwater (pleasantly)- He comes to see the hired girl, Josiah. [Mr. Chugwater takes a large chew of plug tobacco and goes down-town with his hat pulled over his eyes.)-Chicago Tribune.

A Slip of the Tongue.

Mamma-Why, Harry St. Clair. You naughty, naughty boy! I heard you tell your little brother just now, that you'd knock him into the middle of next week" if he didn't sit over on the sofa. What do you mean by using such lan-Harry-I-I-er - I meant to say

slipped.-Time. -"Yes," said the dentist, as he vanked away at the tooth regardless of the patient's yells, "a man is bound to succeed at his work, provided it is done with

sufficient pains."-Merchant Traveles.

"please sit over," but my tongue

PUMPED BY ELECTRICITY.

An Effective Organ Motor Introduced in Several New York Churches,

Not least among the many uses which electricity now subserves is its adaptability through the medium of motors to the operating of church organs. During the last two or three years experiments have been made to this end by the various electric light and electric motor companies, which have finally resulted in the perfecting of a machine which is fast revolutionizing the antiquated methods of providing large organs with a satisfactory motive power.

The first church in the country, and probably in the world, to make use of this latest triumph of electrical science was St. Paul's, of this city, which for nearly a year has operated its organ by means of a one-horse power C and C motor, where formerly four men. were required to do the same amount of work. The experiment has been watched with great interest by electricians, for its success meant the opening of a large and remunerative field to manufacturers of electric motors. It has proved such a complete success that seven of the largest church organs in New York have recently been similarly equipped. They are St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Collegiate Reformed Church, the Madison Square Church, Trinity, St. Thomas', Calvary and St. Ignatius'.

The advantages of the motor over other means of pumping organ bellows are so many and evident, that it is but the question of a short time before all churches within reach of an electric current will be provided with the laborsaving appliance. Henceforth the organist is independent of his bete noire, the human organ blower, or the vagaries of the gas engine. He now seats himself at his instrument, presses a button within reach of his hand, and the motor revolves, the bellows rise and fall, and the organ, obedient to his touch, gives forth its music in praise of the works of man as well as of God. No longer is he in momentary dread that the small boy, owing to the soporific influences of his playing, or to the defective working of an antiquated engine, will force him, figuratively speaking, to whistle for a breeze.

The use of the water motor, the cheapest of all known methods for generating wind, was made impossible in this city some years since because of the enormous waste of water which it necessarily involved. The great and insurmountable objections to the gas engine is that it has been found impossible, either to minimize or overcome the noise and the great expense involved both initial and constant. The cost of the equipping an organ with an electric motor is less than half that for the simplest kind of gas engine. The cost of operating is also decidedly less. It is not more than ten dollars a month per horse power, and as the size of the motor is increased the relative cost per horse power is diminished. Where the church is already fitted with electric light wires the expense is, of course, much reduced. The St. Thomas' church organ, the largest in the city, is easily and satisfactorily run by a motor of four-horse power.

The small space that the motor occuples, the evenness of its blowing, the facility of its control in starting and stopping, as well as in regulating, and the little attention required, are the special advantages claimed for it over any other power used for this purpose. It runs with practically no noise, is free from heat or odor, gives no trouble from frost in the coldest weather, and is always to be depended upon to do what is asked of it. If an organ is built for power, its attachment is the work of a moment. If built to be run by hand, it can easily be transformed into one ready for power. Regulation may be effected by varying the speed of the motor by the movement of the bellows, or by using a constant speed motor employing a mechanical movement to connect or disconnect the power by shifting a belt which is acted upon by the rise or fall of the bellows.

The one in use at St. Paul's is an automatic motor connected to the main driving pulley by a shifting belt. Wher the bellows rise to a certain point this belt is made to work on a loose pulley, thus disconnecting the motor from the driving shaft. When, however, the bellows fall below this point (by the use of compressed air) the belt is made to automatically shift on to the tight pulley, and the motor again does its work. Another method of regulation is by connecting the motor itself with bellows to regulate the power given out by the motor. As the bellows rise the speed of the motor is reduced until they are full; at that point the motor is at rest, and starts as the bellows again falls.-N. Y. Times.

A Mississippi Girl's Revenge.

A young lady of Mississippi was

visiting the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and was entertained at a dinner party at the Governor's mansion. During the course of the dinner a degenerate son of the Governor talked loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit to Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the State. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and during a lull in the conversation turned and asked the Governor if what she had heard of the gentlersen of Kentucky was true. The Governor wanted to know what it was, and the attention of the whole company was directed to the lady's response: "Weil," said she, "I heard that Kentucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out to grand San Francisco Argonaut