MY GARDEN—MY HEART.

[Katharine Lee Bates in Boston Transcript.]

I have a garden full of blooms:
Oh, will you choose?
I know them by their own perfumes,
Their varied hues;
And when between their ranks I walk
I kiss the lily on her stalk,
I touch the rose and mignonette
And smile to see the pansy wet
With purple dews.

I have a heart so full of friends
I cannot choose,
Not one beneath the smiter bends,
But mine the bruise.
Each step, in drawing nigh my door,
Woke music never heard before.
Now, which magician most prevails?
But blindfold Love throws down the scales;
He dares not lose.

LIZARD AND BURGLAR.

About as Novel a Case of House-Breaking as There is on Record.

[New York Sun.]

"Speaking about lizards," said a naturalist, "I will tell you a story that will probably astonish you. The incident I am about to relate occurred in India, and I won't undertake to describe the place or the people. The natives that I met there, however, were nearly all possessed with the belief that their chief mission in the world was to take possession of whatever they could lay their hands on. I was advised to keep things under lock and key, and so I did, but after a stay of a month I became rather careless, and, having the second story of a stone house, felt pretty secure.

One night after I had put out my light and sat down to smoke, as was my custom, I heard a curious scratching noise under the window, and looking out perceived several figures below crouching in the darkness. I thought nothing of it, though, as there was no way for thieves to get in, and returned to my chair. But in a moment I heard the same scratching noise, as if some one were rasping the stone with a sharp instrument. For about ten minutes this continued. Every once in a while the noise ceased, and there was a thud as if some one had fallen. In the meantime, the moon, which had been under a cloud, came out, and hearing the noise nearer the window than ever, I went over, and looked down through the lattice again. I saw three men. One was stooping down, and another upon his back was reaching up the wall. Soon, in some mysterious manner, the man moved directly upward. On he came with the curious scraping sound. Then there was a slip, and the man fell and was caught by his companions. I had a heavy club in the room and, taking it, I moved my seat over by the window and lay low, wondering what sort of a machine they had that enabled them to go up a straight wall. In about twenty minutes, after several more slips and much scraping, I saw a black object moving up over the sill, but it was not the head of a man. A second later, however, a human hand grasped the window, and I brought the club down upon it and the black object with all the power I could muster.

With a yell the would-be thief went tumbling down the twenty feet or more of wall, and I soon heard footstep going down the road on a dead run. I immediately ran down, calling my man as I went, expecting to find a rope or cord of some kind, but there was nothing of the sort, and I gave it up as a mystery. Stepping back to go in I stumbled over something, and looking down, found it was a large lizard, stone dead. His skull was broken. What do you suppose my man told me, and which I found out later was true? Nothing less than that I had killed the lizard by my blow at the thief, and that the animal had hauled him up the side of the house. These lizards are very powerful, and have long, sharp claws. When grasped by the tail and placed against the wall, up they will go with a force quite sufficient to pull up a small man after them. It was the scratching of the animal's claws that I had heard. I guess this is about as novel a method of house-breaking as there is on record. I understand, however, that it was not uncommon there.

A Private Prayer Union.

"[Uncle Bill's" New York Letter.]

I have just come across the Prayer union, and it will serve as an instance of piety that is almost out of sight, though extending throughout the entire country. The society has a central office in the Bible Union building. The members number over 10,000. They are all pledged to hold a service of praise and prayer privately at noon every day, unless prevented by some unusual circumstance. Each retires for the purpose literally into a closet, or some other place of privacy, and there goes through with an appointed exercise. From the headquarters each month a programme is sent out. During this January a New Year hymn by Charles Wesley is sung by the solitary worshiper; the text, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you," is repeated and meditated upon; a resolution is made to do something for an orphan child, and a prayer for some definite object is made. Mrs. Palmer, a wealthy and pious widow, is the chief promoter of this odd movement for daily household services. She thinks that not less than 8,000 persons keep the pledge. Their devotions are wholly out of view. One drunkard could in five minutes attract more mortal attention by his antics than all of them by their religious services.

The Herald's Theory.

[Inter Ocean.]

The New York Herald, in attempting to account for Lotta's failure in London, doubts the hissing arose because of her singing a hymn, but thinks the trouble is to be explained in the opening line of the song, which it quotes as "There's a land that is fairer than this." In such a simple manner does The Herald confess its ignorance of sacred music or religious hymns. The opening line of "The Sweet By-and-By" is "There's a land that is fairer than day," which upsets The Herald's theory.

Stanley has discovered a river in Central Africa called Kissmelonga. It can not be very far from Lake Nyum-Nyum.

THE SPARROW IN NEW YORK.

HE FIGURES AS A REED BIRD IN RESTAURANTS.

New York Herald.

In the city the best posted individual is W. W. Conkling, the director of the animals in Central park. He said: "I recall the first importation of the sparrows to this city, and how much the people expected of them, and how they were nursed and attended to. They may have eaten some of the worms, at any rate the worms disappeared after the sparrows came, but whether it was due to the sparrow I would not like to say. They have been fed and attended to so much that now they are lazy and saucy. I know that several years ago the worms took possession of the vines about the arsenal in Central park. There were sparrows by the thousands there, building right in the worm infested vines, but the birds did nothing. Then a flock of robins came along and gave their undivided attention for a few days to those vines and cleaned out all the worms. I don't see that the sparrows molest the other birds. When they came here along in '62 and '63, we had about 150 species of birds, either visitors or resident, in the park, and we have about that number now. The sparrows are of no use to us as insect destroyers. They do not trouble the young buds, as they have been charged with doing. I would suggest taking down all boxes and compel the birds to forage for a living instead of having crumb banquets provided for them.

"They are eaten now very extensively, for a large majority of the so-called reed birds served at restaurants are only common sparrows. It is impossible to tell the difference after the birds are plucked and cooked, and they are just about as good, too. They make an excellent potpie, especially in winter, when they are fat and in prime eating order. It is not easy to trap them however, and after being fired at a few times they take the hint and leave that immediate locality for a time. The killing and selling of sparrows has come to be quite an industry about the city."

In Central park the sparrow is every where, particularly near the points where the other animals are fed. His nests are crowded into every nook about the several buildings. The dovecote, the long line of stalls for the herbivorous animals, the carnivorium, the camel stable were all supporting a colony of sparrows. The eagle cage also had a company of sparrows, with nests crammed away among the rafters of the roof. The impertinent little English squatter took the greatest liberties with the few specimens of the American bird of freedom. The eagles roosted about on the bare and crooked perches winking and blinking while the sparrows flitted about, often shaking their wings within a few inches of the bird's great hooked bill. Once the reporter saw one of the sparrows land fairly on top of the bald head of one of these dignified beasts, though only for an instant. The old screamer ducked his head, ruffled his feathers, muttered a guttural and settled back, feeding himself helpless to fight the rough-and-ready little tumbler.

RUNNING OUT THE RATS.

Chambers' Journal.

Rats are wonderfullly clean animals, and they dislike tar more, perhaps than, than anything else, for if it once gets on their jackets, they find it most difficult to remore it. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrance of their holes was a good remedy; also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave their old holes and make fresh ones in other parts of the house; they don't however, leave the premises for good. I thought I would try another experiment—one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire-cage rat-trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese, and next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared him with tar, I let loose into his favorite run. The next morning I tried again, and succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs, to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crest-fallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortunes which had so suddenly befallen them; or they that frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never came back to the house alive.

THE SELECTION OF PICTURES.

New York News.

I saw a rich man of this city buying a picture the other day. He was buying it to fit a space on his wall, and had the measurement on a paper. He found one to fit, but he didn't like it. It was an excellent landscape by some French painter I never heard of, painted with breadth and vigor, and the dealer gave it a very favorable send off. But the picture-hunter was not to be talked over.

"It's too rough. There's too much paint on it," he said.

I left him looking at some colored photographs.

This reminds me of a man I know who, before he examines a picture, rubs his hand over it. This is to find if it is smoothly painted. If it isn't he calls it a daub. This gentleman has a house full of pictures bought at bargains, and as smooth as if they had been painted and greased. They are all elegantly framed. Last year he wanted to get rid of some of the older ones, to make room for others, so he sent them to an auction. An artist friend of mine bought the lot and gave the pictures to the porter of the auction room to carry the frames home for him.

An immense trade is now done in celluloid as a material for knife-handles

Telephones Said to Improve the Hearing.

[New Haven Register.]

It appears that many people who have telephones in their houses or places of business, and use them frequently, find their hearing bettered. The best testimony, however, comes from the central office. At each switch-board sits an operator, generally a girl, who from morning till night haggles with unreasonable subscribers and patiently goes through the everlasting formula till her head fairly rings with "hello" and "all right" and "go ahead." She gets small pay for her trying work, surely not a sufficient compensation for loss of hearing.

But her testimony is that her hearing is constantly improving. When she began this work she blundered sadly; now the ear is drilled to catch the faintest sound, and her sense of hearing is remarkably acute. It must be noticed that the regularity of this schooling of the ear is largely responsible for the good result. If an operator were to take a switch-board only one day in the week and do all the work required on that day, the practice would doubtless be detrimental, because it would be exhaustive to both the muscular and nervous make-up of the ear. The systematic use of the telephone seems to develope the hearing above its normal acuteness, but does not made it technically abnormal.

One benefit from using the telephone is evident to both subscribers and central-office operators, that of cultivating the attention, a process which is reckoned as the third or intellectual method of developing the sense of hearing. A good share of the difficulty which people find in working the telephone, comes not from any defect in the machine, nor from any deficient hearing, but from inability to fix the attention on what is heard. This trouble readily disappears by practice in listening closely to what is said over the wire. Indeed, the attention may be trained to an abnormal development, as in the case of the head operator at the central office, who has been in the telephoning business for four years; she has so accustomed herself to fix her attention on the machine before her and to abstract her attention from her surroundings, that when she is in her home she often fails to hear when she is addressed by members of the family.

New York Dramatic Criticism.

Marie Prescott said to a Detroit Times man: "I am convinced that had I brought out 'Vera' in New York, without Oscar Wilde being there, it would have been a pronounced success, and applauded throughout the entire country. But I starred Mr. Wilde as much as I starred myself, and consequently the press attacked him and left me alone. Dramatic circles in New York are rather apt to follow a leader, and in this case when The Herald and some of the other leading papers printed adverse criticisms, the others fell into line. On the night that 'Vera' was produced at the Union Square, Joe Howard, of The Herald, was in the box office. Mr. Howard is, I am told—I do not know him myself personally—a man of justice and good nature. On that night he did only what a diplomat could do, and it was done evidently with the object that I should hear of it. He told Mr. Shook and Mr. Collier, the managers of the Union Square theatre; Mr. Lee Lynch, the treasurer, and Mr. Cauzauran, the stage manager, that he had received a cablegram from James Gordon Bennett directing him to slate 'Vera,' no matter what its merits were. This was before the curtain had risen on the first act."

"What do you suppose was Bennett's reason for that?"

"Some gilt-edged, high-toned sarcasm which passed between him and Mr. Wilde in Europe, I believe. At any rate this conversation was repeated to me by those gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, and whose veracity I would not question."

The New York Cremationists.

["Caspar" in Detroit Free Press.]

There is a revival of talk about the incineration people building a crematory in New York. The latest rumor is that they have secured a suitable piece of ground up town and are now arranging for the edifice itself. The chief object in the way of their going ahead with a rush is the same one that stands in the way of a great many other worthy enterprises, viz., a lack of funds. My impression is that the New York Cremation society, which was organized over a year ago, and which includes Prof. Felix Adler and a chaplain of the United States navy among its members, is not exactly in a flourishing condition. None of its stock has yet been "placed" in Wall street at all events. As yet there is no particular indication of the prevalence of a belief that it fills a long-felt want. I take the liberty of doubting the report that ground for a crematory has been secured on Manhattan island. Still, such a thing may be done, and a building actually put up, in course of time. The cremation idea has certainly made headway in the few years since it was started. But it may be said that almost the only people who take to it are those who don't trouble themselves much about church going. As a body the religious element is perfectly satisfied with the old-fashioned way of disposing of the dead. Nearly all the cremationists are "liberal thinkers," each of whom is a church unto himself. And as this class seems to be growing pretty fast, the time may be not far off when a crematory in New York will be an actually established fact.

A Misnomer.

[Exchange.]

Devil's lake, in northern Dakota, does not in any sense deserve its name, for it is a fine sheet of water in the midst of beautiful scenery, and there are no evil traditions concerning it. The fact is that the Indians called it Spirit lake, and the white man regarded a spirit as necessarily a devil. Residents talk of changing the name back to the original Minnewakau.

It is a mean servant-girl who, to gratify a petty malice, will put codfish on the range to boil when she knows that her mistress is entertaining company in the parlor.

A NEW WAY OF BREAKING A WILL.

Youth's Companion.

A well-known American author—we wish we could mention his name—died lately, leaving a large estate to his children. They assembled to hear his will read, all of them being married and heads of families. An adopted daughter, who had offended their father, it was found, was passed over in the will with but a trifling legacy. One of the daughters interrupted the reading of the will.

"Father, I am sure, is sorry for that by this time. A—— should have a child's portion. We must make that right."

The other children assented, eagerly.

A widowed daughter with a large family received an equal share with the other children. One of the sons spoke now. "C—— ought to have more than we men who are in business and are able to earn our living. I will add so much"—stating the sum—"to her portion." The two remaining brothers each agreed to give the same amount.

When the will had been read, one of the elder children said, "There are some of father's old friends to whom he would have given legacies if he had not been ill and forgetful when this paper was written. Shall we not make that right?"

It was done, cordially and promptly.

Now this was only the just action of just and honorable people; but how rare such conduct is in persons to whom legacies are given.

THE BARN STORMERS.

Cor. Detroit Free Press.

You want to know what that crowd meant we saw at Union Square—all those men, mostly young, filling the sidewalk for a whole block and just standing there doing nothing? Why, bless you, they are the barn stormers. What's a barn stormer, eh? Well, a barn stormer is a second or third-class actor, who goes on the road with a traveling company. The companies play in all sorts of places, sometimes, it is said, even in barns, though that is probably putting it too strong. Any way, the actors who go on the road every season, as most of those we saw down there do, are called barn stormers for that reason.

Talent among them? Yes, quite a good deal of talent. Why, some of the best actors we have were barn stormers at one time or another. All the real good characters come up from the ranks, you know, and barn storming's nearly always part of the apprenticeship. There may be half a dozen embryo stars among these young fellows at Union Square. Why do they lounge at that particular place? Because its the Rialto, the regular resort of the brotherhood, the place where managers and agents come to make up "snap" companies, and, possibly, disband them after a week. It is only in the summer that the barn stormers lounge on the Rialto. Nearly all are then out of work, and many entirely out of cash. When fall opens they start for the highways and byways, as members of traveling companies, and are not seen at Union Square again until the next summer, unless, as often happens, the companies break up on the road. The stormers then get back as soon as they can and any way they can, and wait around for another snap.

AN OLD EDITOR'S EMPHATIC CONDEMNATION.

A correspondent of The Baltimore American encountered on a Hudson river steamboat a tough, iron-gray old editor who delivered an angry tirade on descriptive excursion letter-writing. Among other things, the harsh old man said: "There has been very little chance or variety since the first book of synonyms and poetical quotations was published. Each and every year is a renascent period in which all the descriptive literature is given a new lease of life, rehashed and sent to the newspapers for publication. The same old adjectives, the same old smiles, the same old phrases come around as regular as the seasons themselves, and the same Hesperian skies that glowed when Ben Franklin put up the first printing-press get this same annual puff now as when Ben went into the newspaper business. Young man, take my advice: destroy that letter; kill that nonsense; in the silent waters of the Hudson drown those adjectives. What the people want to read is news, gossip, facts, incidents, anecdotes—not gush. Let descriptions along. Don't make yourself ridiculous by failing to do what Washington Irving has already done so well. The descriptive writer must go. Public morality demands his extermination. The editorial hereafter depends upon it."

A PUBLISHER'S MISTAKE.

Detroit Free Press.

A good many years ago, it is said, one of the leading publishers in Paris was offered a manuscript by a pale young man with a large forehead. The publisher glanced over the page and saw that the work was in verse. Without attempting to read it, he handed it politely back to the young author, with a few of the usual phrases—poetry was a drug in the market; business was unusually dull, etc. "I am sorry for your sake," said the young man, haughtily; "I was about to propose to you a contract, by which I would have secured to you the right to all the future productions of my pen. It is a fortune I was about to offer you, but you refuse, and no more need be said." Struck by his strange manner, the publisher reflected, and then hastened after his visitor to call him back. But it was too late; the young man had disappeared. "Never before or since," the old gentleman would say, when relating the story, "have I met with a young author who so fully believed in his own powers, or with one who had so much reason for such belief; for my visitor was Victor Hugo."

A HAPPY TURN.

French Journal.

Cabasson never loses his head when he makes a blunder.

"You are 45 years old, are you not?" he said the other day to a lady who had owned up to 38.

And when the lady protested, he quietly replied:

"Well, you will be one of these days."

Graphic Description of the Taking of a City by Storm.

[Gentleman's Magazine.]

The abolition of slavery, which in western Europe has been the greatest achievement of modern civilization, did not unfortunately tend to greater mildness in the customs of war. For in ancient times the sale of prisoners as slaves operated to restrain that indiscriminate and objectless slaughter which has been, even to cases within this century, the marked feature of the battle-field, and more especially where cities or places have been taken by storm. Avarice ceased to operate, as it once did, in favor of humanity.

In one day the population of Madgeburg, taken by storm, was reduced from 25,000 to 2,700; and an English eye-witness of that event thus describes it: "Of 25,000, some said 30,000, people there was not a soul to be seen alive, till the flames drove those that were hid in vaults and secret places to seek death in the streets rather than perish in the fire; of the miserable creatures some were killed, too, by the furious soldiers, but at last they saved the lives of such as came out of their cellars and holes, and so about 2,000 poor desperate creatures were left. There was little shooting; the execution was all cutting of throats and mere house murders. * * * We could see the poor people in crowds driven down the streets, flying from the fury of the soldiers, who followed butchering them as fast as they could, and refused mercy to anybody; till, driving them down to the river's edge, the desperate wretches would throw themselves into the river, where thousands of them perished, especially women and children.

It is difficult to read this graphic description of a stormed city without the suspicion arising in the mind that a sheer thirst for blood and love of murder is a much more potent sustainer of war than it is usual or agreeable to believe. The narratives of most victories and of taking cities support this theory. At Brescia, for instance, taken by the French from the Venetians in 1512, it is said that 20,000 of the latter fell to only fifty of the former. When Rome was sacked in 1527 by the Imperialist forces we are told that "the soldiery threw themselves upon the unhappy multitude, and, without distinction of age or sex, massacred all who came in their way. Strangers were spared as little as Romans, for the murderers fired indiscriminately at every one, from a mere thirst for blood.

A Hero of the Vent Hole.

[Boston Herald.]

Erastus Proctor, of Appleton, Me., is still suffering from a wound received at Gettysburg. He was standing by his cannon thumbing the vent when he was struck in the abdomen, the ball passing through the intestines and the left hip bone. Whether the rebel sharpshooter selected his man and his time with "malice prepense" cannot be known, but to remove "No. 3" while the gun is being loaded brings danger to the gun and the entire detachment of men, for, if the vent be uncovered as the charge enters the hot gun, a premature discharge results, which may rend the gun, and will surely take off the arms of "No. 1." Proctor knew the responsibility and did not flinch, but kept his thumb firmly to the vent until the shot was rammed home and the "ready" given. He then found himself unable to walk or crawl, and was placed in the shelter of a rock, which protected him from lead, iron and hoofs. Here he lay five days, being occasionally seen by a surgeon, who would say he could do nothing for him except to give him something to make him easy. On the fifth day a wounded rebel sergeant lying near told him he could hear some one a little way off calling the roll of the Maine wounded. "Johnnie" answered for Proctor, who was nearly speechless, and he was removed to a hospital.

Stanley's Roads in Africa.

[Chicago Times.]

Stanley's road building from Vivi to Stanley Pool, between which points river navigation is interrupted by the Congo rapids, was a work of incredible difficulty, and the worst of it is that much of the work has to be done over again every year. During the rainy season the corduroy roads over the marshy lands are many feet under water, and the roads are half ruined. On the plains the luxuriant vegetation annually chokes the road with grass and weeds eight to ten feet high, and the way has to be cut through again. In the forests alone is the work of road-making of a comparatively stable character. These terrible difficulties, combined with the deadly Congo climate, have an unfavorable effect upon the health of the Europeans engaged in the work. In March, when the miasmatic influences appear to culminate, few of the Europeans escape the fever. So, with indomitable pertinacity and great sacrifices, the work goes on, the full fruits of which may not be reached for generations to come.

The Volume of Currency Had Come.

[Wall Street News.]

A New Yorker who was up in the hill country a week or so ago shooting rabbits had occasion to call at a country store for some shot.

"Yes, I've got powder," replied the little old man behind the counter. "How much did ye want?"

"I'll take a pound."

"What, a hull pound?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant came from behind his counter, slowly adjusted his steel-bowed spectacles, and for a long minute looked the New Yorker over as one might read a circus-bill. Finally he said:

"A hull pound, and you are going to pay cash down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—um—well! Mister, for the last fifteen years I've been contending that the volume of floating currency was not large enough to do the business of the country, and I never expected to live to see this day. Cash down for a hull pound of powder! Wait a minute till I go to the back door and whoop."

De Forest: A morally weak man resembles a weak-jointed pair of tongs, such as pusillanimously cross their legs, let their burdens drop and pinch the hand that thrusts them.

"THE BEAUTIFIER OF THE NATION."

New York Herald.

One of the persons who appeared before the senatorial committee on labor this week said that the workingman was "the beautifier of the nation." The expression is a pretty one, and all the prettier because it is correct. The millionaire may desire an elaborate house, and the architect may plan it, but both of them would be helpless were not the stonecutter, the mason, the carpenter, the painter and the decorator within call; the work would be impossible if even the humble hodcarrier could not be found. The man of moderate means may want to beautify his grounds, but he cannot do it himself unless he neglects his business and applies himself to special study besides; he must call in the gardner. The poorest of us want neatly fitting clothes of good material; we want sightly furniture, shapely dishes, good carpets, and for these we are dependent upon the weaver, the tailor, the furniture maker, the upholsterer and the potter. The professional artist and designer is not to be underrated, but if every one waited for him what dreary wildernesses our homes would be! The workingman originates and completes most of what is pleasing to the eye; it is to his knowledge of the appropriateness of means, his ability to coax raw materials into sightly forms, his sense of proportion in details and of harmony in the whole, that we owe our elevation, in material things, above the level of the barbarians who are dependent upon their own hands and wits for whatever they want.

But would the workingman beautify the nation if he were obliged to do it at his own expense? Does he always beautify even his own home and surroundings? If not, why not? Because things of beauty are generally things of luxury; not being absolutely necessary to human existence, they are seldom called for except by those who have money to spare. The workingman does not obtain them for himself until, between persistent industry and equally persistent saving, he has more money than is required by the bare necessities of life. In other words, the workingman does not expend money on appearance until he is, though perhaps in a small way, a capitalist.

COPPER ROOFING COMING INTO USE.

American Architect

The Scientific American mentions the decline in the price of copper as likely to lead to the increased use of the metal in building. At present the material for a copper roof costs, at the outset, only about twice as much as tin, and as the latter must be repaired and painted about once in three years, and in fifteen or twenty years must be renewed altogether, the copper, which never needs painting, and is practically indestructible, is much the cheaper material in the end. There are in Boston many copper roofs, put on about forty years ago, which show no signs of deterioration, and the metal is still much employed in that city for cornices, gutters and rain-water pipes, as well as for covering bay-windows, and in many other ways, in place of galvanized iron, which is much inferior in beauty and durability, and not very much cheaper. The copper has the additional advantage of needing no paint, so that the delicate lines of artistic work are in no danger of being filled up, and the metal increases rather than diminishes in beauty by the slow formation of a bluish-green patina over it. For flashings, as well as other portions of roof-work, copper is much superior to zinc or tin, and with the aid of a certain amount of lead the most difficult problems in roofing can be successfully and permanently solved.

CONKLING AND SUMNER.

Says the Washington correspondent of The Philadelphia Record: "We are talking of the egotism of great men, and an ex-senator said: 'A lady of my acquaintance once wrote Roscoe Conkling a note when he was in the senate with me, asking permission to bring her little girl to see him. He replied in a courteous note, naming the hour at which he would receive her. At the hour named the lady and the child stood before him. 'Mary,' said the mother to her child, 'this is the great Senator Conkling.' 'Yes, little Mary,' said Lord Roscoe, with a Jovian smile meant to be encouraging; 'but remember,' solemnly lifting his forefinger, 'that there is a greater than Senator Conkling.' We laughed and then a regular army colonel said: 'I remember that on the morning of one of the darkest days of the war I met Charles Sumner on the avenue, and, stopping him, said: 'Senator, is there any news this morning?' 'None, I believe,' he gravely responded, 'except that I am a little better this morning.' I had forgotten that he was unwell.'"

A CONFEDERATE VIVANDIERE.

New York Star.

At Hollywood cemetery, near Richmond, Va., in the soldiers' section B, row 27, is a plain granite monument inscribed, "Catherine Hodges, Co. K, 5th La., 1863." It is said that this grave is never overlooked on memorial day. She came to Virginia as the vivandiere of her company. It was her intention to nurse the sick and care for the wounded. Her life was devoted to the Confederate cause. In some of the holiday parades that marked the presence of southern soldiers in the early days of the war, with gaudy red cap and zouave-like dress, she marched at the head of the command to which she was attached. Her mission was to nurse others, but herself soon required nursing. She fell sick and died, and was buried amidst the soldiers—one poor, lone woman among 12,000 men.

GIFTS OF THE GODS.

New York Star.

Chinese priests have a way of imposing on the credulity of the pearl fishermen. They secure live pearl oysters and place in them flat leaden figures of Buddha. In time the images are sunk into the mother-of-pearl linings of the shell and beautifully coated with the lustrous substance. Years pass, perhaps, before they are discovered, but when opened they are prized as special gifts of the god.