☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

THE MOST READ BOOK.

Of all the books the world can boast,
The book men scrutinize the most
Is not of art, nor poetry,
Not medicine, nor alchemy,
Not science, and not classic lore,
Not romance with its legend store,
Not travels o'er the land or main,
Not a . . . which will rack the brain,
Not lives of heroes, small or great,
On battle field, in halls of State,
Not law, nor yet theology,
Philosophy, nor history,—
These may be spurned without a look,
But all men read the *pocket-book!*

This is the book which most men crave,
Would carry with them to the grave,
Is all the book they learn to read
To comfort in the time of need;
This is their gospel and the law,
From which they consolation draw;
They have no other creed than this
To present or eternal bliss;
No oracle for them divines
But Mammon which this book enshrines;
It is to them the "book divine,"
The "precious treasure, thou art mine."

In pocket-book there may appear
Earth's wealth a little near,
A passport to Elysian fields
Where may't wand some fairy wields,
To heights of bliss and seats of joy,
To happiness without alloy.

It is a book which most men prize,
But who alone on this rejoice
Will find that minds of men aspire,
And soul has aspirations higher
Than they can apprehend who look
Never beyond the pocket-book.

There they will seek in vain to find
True satisfaction for the mind
When under weight of pain and grief,
A soul from sorrows seeks relief;
For conscience here is found no peace,
From sin and guilt is no release.
And though it lures to latest breath,
No bargain can be made with death.

The pocket-book—who read it well
Will hidden meanings strangely tell,
For these appear if he inclines
To read the words between the lines,
As orphans' tears and widows' moans,
The cries of want, and dying groans,
The tricks of trade, dishonest gain,
With all their evils in their train;

Or otherwise, and this may be,
Between the lines is *charity;*
The generous and noble deed,
Like sowing of immortal seed,
Which lives in every grateful thought,
And is with Heavenly fragrance fraught.

The meaning of the pocket-book,
If you just on the surface look,
Is much the same in each and all;
The deeper meaning you recall,
And then appear the light and shade,
And revelations strange are made.

The "marks of trade" these books all bear,
But many pocket-books there are
In which no contents can be found
Beneath the lids in which they're bound,
As flat as under weight of lead,
Or neath an elephantine tread;
And empty, so that nought intrudes
More than ideas in head of dudes.

Make not your library one book,
Give this but just one little nook;
Put other volumes on your stand
And have them ready at command.
And learn true manhood is not made
Just of commercial stock in trade,
And you will find man's highest need
Is not just *pocket-books* to read.

—*J. B. Smith, D. D., in Boston Watchman.*

AMONG LIARS.

A Charity That Is Novel in Conception and Noble in Aim.

The Discriminating Philanthropy of Lorin Jenks, a Practical Man and a Philosopher—Ameliorating the Conditions of the Mendacious.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You will no doubt be glad to hear about the newly-established infirmary at Lugville. I visited it a few days ago in company with Mr. Merkle, a Boston lawyer, whom I happened to meet upon the train. On the way down he gave me a most interesting account of the endowment of this institution by the late Lorin Jenks, to whose discriminating philanthropy the world owes a charity that is not less novel in its conception than noble and practical in its aim.

Mr. Lorin Jenks, as you know, was President of the Saco Stocking and Sock mills. He was a bachelor, and a very remarkable man. He made a million dollars one day by observing women as they purchased hose in a cheap store in Tremont row. Mr. Jenks noted that females who hesitated a good while about paying fifty cents a pair for plain white stockings eagerly paid seventy-five cents for the same quality ornamented with red clocks at the ankles. It cost twenty-two cents a pair to manufacture the stockings. The red filoselle for the clocks cost a quarter of a cent.

"That observation," said Mr. Merkle, "was the foundation of Jenks' great fortune. The Saco mills immediately stopped making plain hosiery. From that time forth Jenks manufactured nothing but stockings with red clocks, which he retailed at sixty cents. I am told that there is not a woman under sixty-five in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine or Vermont who does not own at least half a dozen pairs of poor Jenks' sixty-cent red clockers."

"That fact," said I, "would interest Mr. Matthew Arnold. It shows that sweetness and light ——"

"Pardon me. It shows that Jenks was a practical man, as well as a philosopher. Busy as he was during his life, he took great interest in politics, like all sensible citizens. He was also a metaphysician. He closely followed contemporary speculative thought, inclining, until shortly before his death, to the Hegelian school. Every midsummer he left the stocking mill to run itself, and repaired joyfully to Concord to listen to the lectures in the apple orchard. It is my private opinion that Messrs. Plato, Kant & Co. bled him pretty heavily for the privilege. But at Concord Jenks acquired new ideas as to his duty to the re[illegible] Mr. Merkle pa[illegible] the conducto[illegible] uring th[illegible] years of his [illegible] known to be [illegible] without a [illegible]et by people in various [illegible]tion of the [illegible]re he died [illegible]nt you to [illegible]ly th[illegible] to [illegible] can bite it [illegible] is it now, [illegible] devote my [illegible]ment of an [illegible]hich occurred [illegible], rather sharply made in red[illegible] Concord windmill—[illegible] for a summer phil[illegible]te,' said Jenks, and I [illegible] smile around the cor[illegible]h. 'It isn't the Con[illegible]ut to endow, although [illegible]ere may be certain ex[illegible]d around the orchard. [illegible] money in teaching wis[illegible]e?' And then he pro[illegible]d his noble plan for the foundation of an Infirmary for the Mendacious."

The train was hauling up at the platform of the Lugville station.

"A few days later," continued the lawyer, as we arose from our seats, "this far-seeing and public-spirited citizen died. By the terms of his will, the income of $1,500,000 in Governments, Massachusetts sixes, Boston and Albany stock, and sound first mortgages on New England property, is devoted to the Infirmary, under the direction of thirteen trustees. How the trust has been administered you will see for yourself in a few minutes."

We were met at the door of the Infirmary by a pleasant-faced gentleman, who spoke with a German accent, and introduced himself as the Assistant Superintendent.

"Excuse me," said he, politely, "but which of you is the patient?"

"Oh, neither," replied Merkle, with a laugh. "I am the counsel for the board, and this gentleman is merely a visitor who is interested in the workings of the Institution."

"Ah, I see," said the Assistant Superintendent. "Will you kindly walk this way?"

We entered the office, and he handed me a book and a pen. "Please inscribe your name," said he, "in the Visitors' Book." I did so, and then turned to speak to Merkle, but the lawyer had disappeared.

"Our system," said the Assistant Superintendent, "is very simple. The theory of the Institution is that the habit of mendacity, which in many cases becomes chronic, is a moral disease, like habitual inebriety, and that it can generally be cured. We take the liar who voluntarily submits himself to our treatment, and for six months we submit him to the forcing process. That is, we encourage him in lying, surround him with liars, his equals and superiors in skill, and cram him with falsehood until he is fairly saturated. By this time the reaction has set in, and the patient is usually starved for the truth. He is prepared to welcome the second course of treatment. For the next half year the opposite method is pursued. The satiated and disgusted liar is surrounded by truthful attendants, encouraged to peruse veracious literature, and by force of lectures, example and moral influence brought to understand how much more creditable it is to say the thing which is than the thing which is not. Then we send him back into the world; and I must say that cases of relapse are infrequent."

"Do you find no incurables?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Assistant Superintendent, "once in a while. But an incurable liar is better off here in the infirmary than outside, and it is better for the outside community to have him here."

Somebody came in, bringing a new patient. After sending for the Superintendent, the Assistant invited me to follow him. "I will show you how our patients live, and how they amuse themselves," he said. "We will go first, if you please, through the left wing, where the saturating process may be observed."

He led the way across a hall into a large room, comfortably furnished and occupied by two dozen or more gentlemen, some reading, some writing, while others sat or stood in groups engaged in animated talk. Indeed, had it not been for the iron bars at the windows, I might have fancied myself in the lounging room of a respectable club. My guide stopped to speak to an inmate who was listlessly turning the leaves of a well-thumbed copy of Baron Munchausen, and left me standing near enough to one of the groups to overhear parts of the conversation.

"My rod creaked and bent double," a stout, red-faced gentleman was saying, "and the birch spun like a teetotum. I tell you, if Pierre Chaveau hadn't had the presence of mind to grab the most convenient part of my trousers with the boat hook, I should have been dragged into the lake in two seconds or less. Well, sir, we fought sixty-nine minutes by actual time taking, and when I had him in, and had got him back to the hotel, he tipped the scale, the speckled beauty did, at thirty-seven pounds and eleven-sixteenths, whether you believe it or not."

"Nonsense," said a quiet little gentleman who sat opposite. "That is impossible."

The first speaker looked flattered at this, and colored with pleasure. "Nevertheless," he retorted, "it's a fact, on my honor as a sport-man. Why do you say it's impossible?"

"Because," said the other, calmly, "it is an ascertained scientific fact, as every true fisherman in this room knows perfectly well, that there are no trout in Mooselemaguntlcook weighing under half a hundred."

"Certainly not," put in a third speaker. "The bottom of the lake is a seive—a sort of schistose sieve formation—and all fish smaller than the fifty pounders fall through."

"Why doesn't the water drop through, too?" asked the stout patient, in a triumphant tone.

"It used to," replied the quiet gentleman, gravely, "until the Maine Legislature passed an act preventing it."

My guide rejoined me, and we went on across the room. "These sportsmen liars," he said, "are among the mildest and most easily cured cases that come here. We send them away in from six to nine weeks' time, with the habit broken up, and pledged not to fish or hunt any more. The man who lies about the fish he has caught, or about the intelligence of his red setter dog, is often in all other respects a trustworthy citizen. Yet such cases form nearly forty per cent. of all our patients."

"What are the most obstinate cases?"

"Undoubtedly those which you will see in the Travelers' and Politicians' wards of the Infirmary. The more benign cases, such as the fishermen liars, the society liars, the lady-killer or *bonnes fortunes* liars, the Rocky Mountain and frontier liars (except ng Texas cases), the railroad prospectus liars, the psychical research liars and the miscellaneous liars of various classes, we permit during the first stage of treatment to mingle freely with each other. The effect is good. But we keep the Travelers and the Politicians strictly isolated."

He was about to conduct me out at the room by a door opposite th of through which we had entered, when a detached phrase, uttered by a pompous gentleman, arrested my attention:

"Scipio Africanus once remarked to me——"

"There couldn't be a better example," said my guide, as we passed out of the room, "of what we call the forcing system in the treatment of mendacity. That patient came to us voluntarily about two months ago. The form of his disease is a common one. Perfectly truthful in all other respects, he can not resist the temptation to claim personal acquaintance and even intimacy with distinguished individuals. His friends laughed at him so much for this weakness that when he heard of the establishment of the Infirmary he came here, like a sensible man, and put himself under our care. He is doing splendidly. When he found that his reminiscences of Beaconsfield and Bismarck and Victor Hugo created no sensation here, but were, on the contrary, at once matched and capped by still more remarkable experiences narrated by other inmates, he was at first a little staggered. But the habit is so strong, and the peculiar vanity that craves admiration on this score is so exacting, that he began to extend his acquaintance, gradually and cautiously, back into the past. Soon we had him giving reminiscences of Talleyrand, of Thomas Jefferson and of Lord Cornwallis. Observe the psychologic effect of our system. The ordinary checks on the performances of such a liar being removed, and, no doubt, suspicion, nor even wonder being expressed at any of his anecdotes, he has gone back through Voltaire and William the Silent to Charlemagne, and so on. There happens to be in the Institution another patient with precisely the same trouble. They are, therefore, in active competition, and each serves to force the other back more rapidly. Not long ago I heard our friend in here describing one of Heliogabalus's banquets, which he had attended as an honored guest. 'Why, I was there, too!' cried the other liar. 'It was the night they gave us the boar's head stuffed with goose giblets, and that delicious dry Opinian muscadine.'"

"Well," I asked, "what is your prognosis in this case?"

"Just now the two personal reminiscence liars are driving each other back through ancient history at the rate of three centuries a week. The flood isn't likely to stop them. Before long they will be matching reminiscences of the antediluvian patriarchs, and then we'll bring up square on Adam. They can't go any further than Adam. By that time they will be ready for the truth-cure process; and after a few weeks spent in an atmosphere of strict veracity in the other wing of the Infirmary, they'll go out into the world again perfectly cured, and much more useful citizens than before they came to us."

We went up-stairs and saw the scrupulously neat bedrooms which the patients occupy; through the separate wards where the isolated classes are treated across to the right wing of the building and into a lecture-room where the convalescent liars were gathered to hear a most interesting dissertation on "The Inexpediency of Falsehood from the Legal Point of View." I was not surprised to recognize in the lecturer my railroad acquaintance, the Boston lawyer, Merkle.

On our way back to the reception-room, or office, we met a pleasant-looking gentleman about forty years old. "He is a well known society man," Assistant Superintendent whispered as the inmate approached, "and he was formerly the most politely insincere person in America. Nobody could tell when he was uttering the truth, or, indeed, when he ever did utter the truth. His habit became so exaggerated that his relatives induced him to come to Lugville for treatment. I am glad to have you see him, for he is a good example of a radical cure. We shall be ready to discharge him by the first of next week."

The cured liar was about to pass us, but the Assistant Superintendent stopped him. "Mr. Van Ransevoort," he said, "let me make you acquainted with this gentleman, who has been inspecting our system."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Van Ransevoort," I said.

He raised his hat and made me an unexceptionable bow. "And I," he replied, with a smile of charming courtesy, "am neither glad nor sorry to meet you, sir. I simply don't care a rap."

The somewhat startling candor of his words was so much at variance with the perfect politeness of his manner that I was taken aback. I stammered something about not desiring to intrude. But as he still stood there as if expecting the conversation to be continued, I added:

"I suppose you are looking forward to your release next week?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I shall be rather glad to get out again, but my wife will be sorry."

I looked at the Assistant Superintendent. He returned a glance full of professional pride. "Well, good-by, Mr. Van Ransevoort," I said. "Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"I hope not, sir; it's rather a bore," said he, shaking my hand most cordially, and giving the Assistant Superintendent a friendly nod as he passed on.

I could fill many more pages than I have to write with descriptions of what I saw in the Infirmary. Intelligence and thoroughness were apparent in all of the arrangements. I encountered and conversed with liars of more varieties and degrees of mendacity than you would believe had distinct existence. The majority of the cases were commonplace enough. Liars of real genius seem to be as rare inside the establishment as they are outside. I became convinced from my observations during the profitable afternoon which I spent at Lugville that chronic mendacity is a disease, as the Assistant Superintendent said, and that it is amenable, in a great number of cases, to proper treatment. On the importance of the experiment that is being carried on at Lugville with so much energy and apparent success, it is not necessary to dilate.

I sincerely hope that you will not misconstrue my motives in laying the matter before you; and I can not too strongly urge you to go down to Lugville yourself at the earliest opportunity. You ought to see with your own eyes how admirably Lorin Jenks' bequest is administered, and what a prospect of reform and regeneration the Infirmary's system holds out to unfortunates. The regular visitors' day is Wednesday. No doubt they would admit you at any time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

☞ According to a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, an old hotel proprietor says no greater humbug exists in hotel-keeping than the "bridal-chamber" business, and so far as he is concerned he proposes to abolish all such arrangements for the future. He says bridal couples will take just what you give them, and will submit to almost anything without a murmur. They are too much occupied with themselves to take any note of their surroundings. It is the people, he says, who have been married long enough to get over the honeymoon, and in the intervals of fussing with themselves fuss with everyone around, who give the hotel-keepers the trouble.

—The last book read by General Grant was "The Fall of a Republic."—*N. Y. Post.*

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Infuriated by the President's Delay, Mr. Nasby and His Friends Take Possession of the Post-Office at the Corners.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky.)
September 14, 1881.

The President hed returned from the Adirondacks, but my comishen hed not come. Day after day I walked past the post-offis, and saw thro the winder that infernal nigger Lutlock, sittin calmly at his table, doorin hizzes hours, and then closin the concern and walkin home to his house in the edge uv the village, and goin thereafter with his wife to the prayer meetin uv his church, or to a abonashen party, or suthin uv the sort, never stoppin in Bascom's to set em up for the thirsty soles wich is ahuz there waitin for them which hev money.

Bascom gnashed his teeth every time he saw him. "The salary that that inferior been drors from a Democratic Government I am being defrauded out uv daily. It belongs to me, and I shood hev it hed we a President that hez the first idee uv what is due to them who elect him.

The ocean grew more and more intense, until it wuz decided that it could not go on this way any longer. We met and resolved. We felt that we could not wate on the slow movemenses uv a President who duz not seem to appreciate the gratitude wat we O Dinnerey. To the victor belong the spoils," and we determined to take the law into our own hands. We elected Grover Cleveland and we are entitled to the substantial fruits uv the grate victory.

"Gentlemen," sed I, "this is a grave and momentous moment. There is such a thing as patiehn that nigger out into the street and incarcerate him by force, or we may wait the slow movemenses uv a tractor to Dimsdeyey, and continue green dry. When shall it be?"

It wuz a momentous moment. Bascom turned pale.

"For nigger Lutlock is a part uv the Government, to pitch him out onto his noses is to pitch the Government out onto its nose. I weaken."

"And let Lutlock go on, and me a spittin cotton? So be it."

There was a moment uv deep silence, but a determined resolve wuz arrived at. They looked me at me in the face and determined to take the consequences.

The Deacon, Isaiah Gavitt, Russel McPeller, Bascom and myself went calmly but determinedly over to the post-offis, and walked into the astonished postmaster's room.

"I am cum," I sed, "to take possesshn uv this offis."

"Are you a commisshn?" asked the fossil, gimmin a sardonick grin.

"I am no commisshn, nor am I goin to wate for wun. What you want to do is to git out. The people don't want you here, and our motto is 'Let the people rule,' and if you don't look refreshed to git, wheupon we four took him up bodily and plunged him out on his nose on the sidewalk.

Then I sot down in his place and assumed the duties as the office. I am Postmaster Nasby, and we shall see whether a Democratic President will reverse the results dereturn uv the people.

There wuz a mule on the table to be sent out and I examined it. Thar wuz only three letters and two uv em was addressed to the Louisiana Lottery, at New Orleans. I am opposed on principle to lotteries, and I felt it my duty to rescue the unfortunit victims uv this infernal hoax from the evil consequences uv their folly. I sed to myself "that money shud not go to the managers in New Orleans to swell their coffers," and I confiskated the letters on the spot as contraband.

They contained each a five-dollar bill. I put one uv the sed bills in my vest pocket, and handed the other to Bascom, sayin to him to pay me what he owed for it on account.

Thar never wuz a more surprised man on earth. It wuz the first money he hed hed sinse Grant histed me out uv the offis in 1868, and it affected him vissibly. He sank back in a chare, overcome with emoshun, and wept tears of gratitude.

"My dear sir," sed I, graspin him by the hand, "this is only a beginnin. This is the first drop uv the Pactolian shower wich is to come. Thar is my salary and thar is letters every day contain remittances to the Louisiana Lottery. A better day hez dawned onto the Corners."

Bascom rung my hand and staggered out speechless, forgettin in his emoshun to take up the five-dollar note, wich I immediately put in my vest pocket with its blessed sister.

I am now entirely happy. I am in my old place and everything is serene. Bascom's is right across the road, and it is but a step over there. To save time I hev a demijohn uv his newest on my table, and a box uv two-for-five cigars with matches handy. From my window on my rite hand I can see the smoke ascendin forever from McPeller's distillery, a sweet assurrance that the stock in likker will never run out. Betwixt me and the distillery is the tree onto which we expect to hang nigger Lutlock, the carpet-baggers uv the North who cum to the Corners with their disturbin noshuns, and just by it, a little to the rite, is the identikle spot wher Isaiah Gavitt shot a Northern man thro the kidneys for speechifyin in favor uv Grant. There wuz a nigger skedaddle jist to the left, when we burned in '65, and I am now wearin the coat uv the hed teacher, wich we hung. To sit and drop the salary uv postmaster with all these historic places, with the other conveniences within site, is too soothin for earthly. For Yours uv an hi saved at last and the Government is truely in the hands uv its friends.

All is peace with me. After battenin on the barren rox so long and decent all these dreary years, it is sweet, delite to be wunst more feshin in the fat pastures by the runnin waters uv offis and party.

I rest serene. Of course Cleveland will be glad to be relieved uv the responsibility uv makin a nomina, and will no wunss send me my commishen.

We shd move on the other two offises next week, in the same way. The authorities at Washington may resist, but this promises fair. We hv the Corners want what we git fur.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(at last and triumphant.)

THE PARTY'S "FIGHT."

Republicans No Choice Except to Continue the "Fight" Until Patriotism Becomes as Honorable as Treason.

"The Republican party * * * came into existence fighting the South, and it can not quit.—*N. Y. World.*

The *World* is right, in one respect at least. The Republican party was born in a "fight," of the making of which it had no part. The "fight" was sectional, because the South was poisoned with slavery and saturated with that bane of the Nation, States rights. In a larger sense, the fight was a partisan one, and was carried on in all parts of the country where Democracy was a synonym for treason and rebellion. A part of the war was fought in the streets of New York City, when Southern sympathizers precipitated the draft riots of 1863. The loyal people of Indiana slept on their arms during the war, in fear of Indiana Democrats, who were no less treasonable but only less bold than the rebels in the field. The Republican party accepted the gage of battle, the issue of war, and made a gallant and victorious fight. At no time, from Sumter to Appomattox, was there any doubt of the attitude or purpose of the Republican party. Its defeat meant a divided country, a Southern Confederacy, a Nation the corner-stone of which was human slavery. The defeat of the rebels was understood to mean the overthrow of all the rebellious South fought for and the firmer establishment of the principles of the Union, in which all men, South and North, black and white, should be free and equal. This was the dividing line between the two sides, and when Appomattox decided that the South must yield, the loyal people hoped that it would really yield, and that when its arms were laid down they were not to be picked up again. Due allowance being made for the subsidence of passion and the tempering of the disappointment over hopes defeated, it was the expectation that the South would some day fully and freely acknowledge the logic of war and recognize that the Union was a reality. No one, we think, will deny that this is what was fought over. If the South will not admit that it was settled twenty years ago, and has not been settled since, nothing remains but for the Republican party to go on with the "fight" until it is. If the Union was worth blood and treasure from 1861 to 1865, it is worth something to-day. The oft-proclaimed sentiments of rebellion and State's rights indulged in before the war did much to hasten the war and to make it a bloody actuality. Precisely the same sentiments prevail to-day among such men as General Grant said had not got enough of fighting. While the new South turns to industry and is making giant strides in wealth and progress, the old South, the Jeff Davises, the Lamars, the Kelleys and others, insist that the war for the Union was a failure and that the principles for which the South fought are too sacred to ever be allowed to die. It is against these fellows and the heresies they teach that the Republican party must continue the "fight." They are the enemies of peace, the sowers of discord and danger. So long as they can proclaim these beliefs without being rebuked by men of all parties they are doing incalculable harm. According to Republican doctrine it is dangerous to encourage any one in speaking against the Union. The Nation has had a costly experience in this direction, and the Republican party would spare its repetition. It is the Republican party is wrong in saying that these sentiments have been promulgated with the consent and encouragement of the Democratic party. It ought to be an easy thing to show it. It is also an easy thing to spike Republican guns in this direction by removing the cause. From experience we insist that treasonable utterances and treasonable men are encouraged by the Democratic party. The only men in the South thus far honored by the existing Democratic Administration are those who were not only active in rebellion, but who have not yet given evidence of having abandoned the heresy of State sovereignty. The Republican party has no choice but to continue the "fight" until patriotism shall become as honorable as treason, and the principles of the Union shall become as popular as those at the foundation of the rebellion.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

REPUBLICAN LIBERALITY.

The Republican Party Not Desirous of Keeping Alive Southern Antagonisms.

It is one thing to perpetuate the animosities of the war and another to object to the special reward and rulership of those who waged the rebellion. It is one thing to wave the bloody shirt and another to demand free and honest elections. Senators Sherman and Hoar carefully discriminate between these two entirely different propositions. On the other hand, every Mugwump and Democratic paper confounds the two and misrepresents the just Republican condemnation of an existing wrong as an unjustifiable revival of past differences and issues. No critic of Senator Sherman has dared to face the direct question which he presents. The only way in which he can be assailed is to distort and pervert his position and to accuse him of saying what he does not say at all.

The Republican party does not seek to keep alive the antagonisms and issues of the war. It has no desire to proscribe or punish any man for participating in the rebellion. It cherishes no sectional animosity. No party victorious in war ever displayed such moderation or such earnest purpose to obliterate all distinctions. It promptly removed every disqualification which rested upon the rebels and restored them to the full rights of citizenship. The complete freedom and the great opportunities enjoyed by the Southern people are the fruit of Republican liberality. No harsh or illiberal spirit has been shown at any stage. Having reestablished the Union, the Republican party has been anxious that it should be a true Union in name and reality. It has stood ready to unite with the South in such legislation and such public policy as would promote the material prosperity of that section. The hope and strength of the party have sprung from the progressive character which when it has fulfilled one mission, has made it alive and alert for the next. But, while it has removed every disability and has welcomed the rebels back to full participation in all political rights, it can not look with complacency upon the extraordinary revolution which places them in control of the Government. History has never before presented such a spectacle. In every previous war the party whose sympathies were against the country shrivelled and disappeared with the overthrow of its unpatriotic hopes. The Tories were never heard of after the Revolutionary conflict. The Federalists broke to pieces after the war of 1812. But now we have the remarkable fact that not merely the party which resisted and obstructed the Government in a struggle for its very existence, but the very men who struck down the flag are ruling the Republic they sought to destroy. Senator Sherman referred to it as an astonishing and discreditable truth, and who shall dispute him?

If the result is obnoxious, the means through which it was accomplished are still more odious. The enthronement of Democratic-rebel power in the Executive departments and in the House of Representatives is due to the deliberate and forcible suppression of the franchise in the South. No candid man denies this truth. No honest man disputes that the Democratic party is in possession of thirty-eight electoral votes and thirty-eight representatives based upon a vote which is utterly stifled. This is the consummation of a colossal fraud and the continued perpetration of a great national wrong. It is no answer to say that a protest against this crime is reviving the war issues or waving the bloody shirt. It is not. It reopens no questions of the past and appeals to no war passions. It is a living, vital, present issue, and it must remain the supreme issue so long as the usurpation of power continues. The Democratic and Mugwump papers may assail Senator Sherman, but they dare not meet the incontestable facts he presents or the inevitable conclusions he draws. The only valid answer would be to shake his statements, and this can not be done. To acknowledge the facts but to insist that it is idle to protest against them is to say that the country must make a cowardly submission to a monstrous wrong. Men of spirit will do nothing of the sort. They will cry out and will spare not. They will arraign this crime against free suffrage in the South as they would arraign a similar wrong in New York or Pennsylvania. If they can not secure redress from the South they will appeal to the sense of right and fair play in the North to unite against the continued triumph of such a usurpation, and an appeal resting upon the truth will not be in vain.—*Evening.*

—Cloves are not the fruit of the tree, but the undeveloped flower, the stem being the calyx, and the head the unblown corolla. The strength lies in the flower alone, although the green twigs are reported to be ground up and used as an adulterant. The clove tree grows from thirty to forty feet high, and is green the year round. It is found in the Moluccas Islands, in Sumatra, in Straight's settlements, in Zanzibar, Reunion Islands and Cayenne. The poorest comes from Zanzibar.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their names, to eat an oyster." Thus wrote Butler, in his "Dyet's Dry Dinner," as long ago as 1594.

ORIGIN OF ENGLAND'S SALT.

The Dried-Up Bays from Which That Country Obtains Her Supplies.

Our English salt supply is chiefly derived from the Cheshire and Worcestershire salt regions, which are of immense age. Many of the places at which the salt is mined have names ending in wich, such as Northwich, Middlewich, Nantwich, Droitwich, Netherwich and Shirleywich. This termination which is itself curiously significant, as Mr. Isaac Taylor has shown, of the necessary connection between salt and the sea. The earliest known way of producing salt was of course in shallow pans on the sea-shore, at the bottom of a shoal bay, called in Norse and early English a wik or wich; and the material so produced is still known in trade as bay salt. By and by, when people came to discover the inland brine pits and salt mines, they transferred to them the familiar name, a wich; and the places where the salt was manufactured came to be known as wych-houses. Droitwich, for example, was originally such a wich, where the droits or duties on salt were paid at the time when William the Conqueror's commissioners drew up their great survey for Domesday Book. But the good easy-going medieval people who gave these quaint names to the inland wiches had probably no idea that they were really and truly dried-up bays, and that the salt they mined from their pits was genuine ancient bay salt, the deposit of an old inland sea evaporated by slow degrees a countless number of ages since, exactly as the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake are getting evaporated in our own time.

Such, nevertheless, is actually the case. A good-sized Caspian used to spread across the center of England and north of Ireland in remote times, bounded here and there, as well as Dr. Hullican makes out, by the Welsh Mountains, the Cheviots and the Grampian Hills, and with the Peak of Derbyshire and the Isle of Man standing out as separate islands from its blue expanse. Slowly, like most other inland seas, this early British Caspian began to lose weight and to shrivel away to ever smaller dimensions. In Devonshire, where it appears to have first dried up, we get no salt, but only red marl, with here and there a cubical cast, filling a hole once occupied by rock salt, though the period at one of the ran has long since melted out that very soluble substance and replaced it by a mere mold in the characteristic square shape of salt crystals. But Worcestershire and Cheshire were the seat of the inland sea when it had contracted to the dimensions of a mere salt lake and began to throw down its dissolved saline materials. One of the Cheshire beds is sometimes a hundred feet thick of almost pure and crystalline rock salt. The absence of fossils shows that animals must have had as bad a time of it there as in the Dead Sea or our modern Palestine.

The Droitwich brine pits have been known for many centuries, since they were worked (and taxed) even before the Norman conquest, as were many other similar wells elsewhere. But the actual mining of rock salt, as such, in England, dates back only as far as the reign of King Charles II., or more definitely to the very year in which the "Pilgrim's Progress" was conceived and written by John Bunyan. During that particular summer, an enterprising person at Nantwich had sunk a shaft for coal, which he failed to find, but on his way down he came unexpectedly across the bed of rock salt, then for the first time discovered as a native mineral. Since that fortunate accident, the beds have been so energetically worked and the springs so energetically pumped that some of the towns built on top of them have got undermined, and now threaten from year to year, in the most literal sense, to cave in. In fact, one or two subsidences of considerable extent have already taken place due in part, no doubt, to the dissolving action of rain water, but in part also to the mode of working. The mines are approached by a shaft, and when you get down to the level of the old sea bottom, you find yourself in a sort of artificial gallery, whose roof, with all the world on top of it, is supported every here and there by massive pillars, about fifteen feet thick. Considering that the salt lies often a hundred and fifty yards deep, and that these pillars have to bear the weight of all that depth of solid rock, it is not surprising that subsidences should sometimes occur in abandoned shafts, where the water is allowed to collect, and slowly dissolve away the supporting columns.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE CLOAK "FORM."

A Woman Who Earns Good Wages Pattling on Other People's Garments.

Every afternoon at five o'clock a richly attired woman emerges from a down-town cloak establishment. Her figure is perfection, her face is beautiful and her carriage is graceful.

"Oh! she is our form," said one of the proprietors, when asked about her.

"Your form?"

"Yes. I see you are not acquainted with trade terms. A form is indispensable to cloak establishments. The sale of cloaks depends on their attractiveness. The buying for the fall and winter season has begun, and country merchants are in town or are coming to purchase their stocks. We must show them how the garments look. To display the cloaks to the best advantage, we have a woman to put them on, and thus buyers view them as they actually appear when in use. Wire dummies will not answer. They have no heads, no arms, no feet. They are enveloped in paper muslin, and they can not move."

"What can the form do that makes her so important to your trade?"

"Our form, you must have noticed, is a shapely woman with handsome features. You do not often see a more stylish appearing woman, either in dress or in movements. A cheap cloak loses its cheapness on her. She knows how to draw the cloak around her to exhibit it to the best advantage. She knows the positions to assume and the style in which to walk and reveal to the customer's eye the cloak in a favorable way."

"Is putting on cloaks and walking around and posing before your customers all that your form does?"

"Yes, and we are mighty glad to get her without asking anything more of her."

"What do you have to pay her?"

"We pay her thirty dollars a week the year around. We let her have a vacation in the summer. She returned from the seashore recently. She is so valuable to us that we paid her expenses while she was away, and we also pay for the dresses which she wears in our house. We do as well by our form as any concern, and we have as good a one as there is in New York."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A Canadian clergyman recently preached five hours on a stretch to a congregation which patiently endured it.

—Nearly a half in number and two-thirds in point of circulation of the newspapers of the world are printed in English.

—Condensations of such novels as "The Vicar of Wakefield" appear in a new series of school "readers" now being published in London.

—Edward Everett Hale reiterates Bulwer's assertion that three hours of daily brain work is ample to get from a man the best that is in him.

—A letter addressed to "Charles Smith, Kansas," didn't bother the Boston postmaster over ten seconds. He forwarded it to Cape Ann.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mason Mitchell, an actor, quit the Kate Claxton company to fight in the Riel rebellion and got killed. It is now said that he enlisted because an actress had jilted him.

—The death of an aged Oregon man was caused by the shock at discovering that he was only ninety years old, instead of being a centenarian as he had supposed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—The name Emma itself conveys luck. Emma Albani, Emma Nevada, Emma Thursby, Emma Juch and Emma Abbott, all high sopranos, and all successful.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Frank J. Blies, the genial and brilliant young journalist who writes about mediæval theology and other little things, made us a very pleasant call last evening. We were not in at the time.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

—General Buckner's staff in the Confederate Army terrorized the country with three Episcopal Bishops—Gallagher, who is now Bishop of Kentucky, Harris, Bishop of Michigan, and Elliott, Bishop of Texas.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Hiawatha," told in words by Mr. Longfellow, is being put interpreted wood by Winthrop Pierce, artist, at the time new house of George Slater, at Norwich, Conn. Mr. Slater inherited about $1,000,000 from his father, who gave $1,000,000 for the benefit of Southern freedmen.—*Hartford Post.*

—Rev. Robert Laird Collier resembles Henry Irving so closely that, when in London, he was mistaken for the actor by intimate friends. Mr. Collier says that once a member of the Lyceum Theater company talked an hour with him about dramatic matters, supposing him to be his employer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—One of the richest women in Denver is Mrs. Bishop Warren, of whom so much has been written since her marriage with the handsome and gifted Methodist preacher. Many years ago this lady went to Denver a poor, hard-working sewing girl. Her face was her fortune, for as she heavely plied her trade she was wooed and won by one Hill, a miner, and when he finally died he left her a fortune of several million dollars. Mrs. Hill was a devout Methodist, and Denver gossips tell that Bishop Simpson sent Bishop Warren to that city on purpose to marry the millionaire widow. Their wedding was a popular one, every Methodist in Denver being invited.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

—The question is frequently asked, "What is a dude?" It's easy enough to tell what a dude is. That's nothing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Lightning wrenched a cornet from the hand of an amateur performer the other day at Lancaster, Pa. Yet there are people who don't like lightning.—*Chicago News.*

—Guest—Waiter, did you say this was genuine turtle soup? Waiter—Yes, sir. It was made out of the water of a pond near here in which a turtle was kept last summer.—*Rochester Union.*

—Mother to little boy—What are you crying for? Boy—I mashed my finger. Mother—When? Boy—Yesterday. Mother—Why didn't you cry then? Boy—I guess I was playin' an' didn't have time.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"Have you any molasses here?" asked a lady who was looking at a rural boarding place for her family. "Well," said the landlady, "we haven't got none just now; folks haven't asked for it, but we'll get it for your family if you want it."

—Mary (aged seven, but dignified)—"Johnny, I am surprised that you should act 'mean' yesterday." It's naughty, Johnny (aged six, but precocious)—What should I say? Mary (dolefully)—"Say 'take time by the bangs.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Tennessee young man recently sent a fervent note to his girl, asking her to elope. The old man, however, guarded her so carefully that she was unable to do so. But she managed to send him a nice muskmelon. The "cantaloupe" told him just how matters stood.

—In order to explain in a clear and simple manner the necessity of regulating our conduct by some fixed standard, a schoolmaster asked a pupil what he ought to do with his watch if it went sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow. "Sell it," was the immediate response.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Summer Sport—

A small boy sits on an old oak stump
Just into a rotten hole
He pokes with the forward end of a fishing pole
The end of a hickory pole.

But soon the small boy madly flees
With a wail as loud as a yell
Alas! he had tackled a nest of bees
And was hit by the queen bee's pollen.

—*Washington Bulletin.*

—Uncle Jake (to his charge, as an illustration of the simplicity of a stage-load of city folks recently under his charge)—Ez we turned Claggett's Bluff, about seven o'clock, the hull crowd bursted out in "oh!" and "ah!" An' what d'yo s'pose 't was all about? Why, one of the women red an' yaller sunsets!—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Scene—English primary school. Mistress teaching her class the alphabet) to Johnny (aged five). Now Johnny, let's hear how well you can say your letters right through. Johnny—Ha, be, se, de, he, hef, ge, haitch—Sef on-ma'am—Can't you say "aitch," Johnny? Johnny—Yessem—haitch, hi, jy, ka, shed—School-ma'am—What! There's no such