

DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The old man bent his face on his hands, and tears flowed over them; the same of Bedell had operated variously upon the assembled party. The Lady raised herself up, and her eyes sparkled with momentary fire. Deep interest spoke in the features of the younger people. Malcolm, as he stood, looked down upon the aged sufferer with reverential sympathy; and Magrath, resting his elbows on his knees, with chin propped on his hands—his favorite posture of attention—gazed upon the stranger, as if awaiting in eager curiosity for what was to follow.

And did you really know the blessed Bedell?" asked Ellen, raising her pale cheek from its pillow.

"Know him! Ah, young lady, I was born and cradled under his roof, nourished and brought up in his doctrine. I was the companion of his imprisonment, I supported his dying head, I bent over his grave; and again the recollection overcame him.

"My brother," said the young minister, gently and affectionately placing his hand on his silver hairs, "be collected. He who has been thus privileged is steward of a gift, not to be wrapped up in the hidings of selfish sorrow, but liberally imparted to the starving church of Christ."

"I know it, I know it; and many a faint heart has waxed strong under the hearing of what I love to tell. It is only now, weakened by age and many trials, and surrounded by scenes at once so like and so unlike to those that were—it is only now that nature rebels." He gazed round him, and seemed to derive encouragement from the expression of so many inquiring looks.

The entrance of Bryan and Shane completed the circle; the former took his station by the invalid; surprised at the animation of her countenance; and, while she explained the cause, Shane received some communication from his nephew, which appeared to brighten his faculties, fatigued as he was, into something like corresponding attention.

"My father," said Basil, after bowing to his hearers, "was the confidential domestic of that holy man. He accompanied the bishop on his journey to this country, enjoying in his affection that best of all, the benevolent mastery, when I, another orphan, was born, and my father died a few years after. The care of my education, and passed, seated at my little desk by the good man's chair, transcribing of Bedell's fame, the best of my Irish life."

"My Lady!" exclaimed Shane, "and the Lady had already exulted in the hand of the venerable patriarch. 'Blessed old man!' she said, 'name of my lacerated country, thank you for the oil and the balsam that can alone pour healing into our wounds. This hand has wrought with that good Samaritan, and my roof is honored to shelter it. Oh, never, never shall my country know the sweets of permanent peace, until that work commenced by Bedell be perfected; until the fountain dug by his pious labor be cleared from all obstructions, and widened, and caused to flow in a thousand ready channels, spreading through the thirsty land those rivers of the water of life!'"

"Never!" responded Basil. "He said it many a time to whom, for the prophetic work, a prophet's spirit seemed given. 'But, alas! Lady, how few among her own tribes seek Ireland's welfare as he sought it, whom you rightly term a Samaritan; an alien, held accursed by those for whom he toiled, until his deeds disarmed their deadly hatred, andaved it into love!'"

A general assent was given, and Basil resumed; "The tale of forty-one is written in letters of blood on some memories"—he paused, for Malcolm gave a sign; and again proceeded: "I was still a youth, but hardy and strong; and courageous in the cause of my beloved master and his family. There lacked not among us those who would have repelled violence, and built a barrier round him with our slaughtered bodies. Nay, I wrong many in not including all his flock. But it was his care to represent the duty of resting solely upon the invisible arm of Jehovah; and while his dwelling and his church were thronged with faithful adherents, no breath was ever heard but that of meek submission to the Divine will. Dreadful were the scenes beyond our little sanctuary! within it all was peace and safety."

"And yet," observed Ross, "your bishop understood the principle of 'No surrender.'" "He did, sir; and with holy daring acted upon it. I was with him when that startling summons came, to deliver up the fugitives sheltered in his

home. I saw the many cheeks that were blanched with terror for themselves, while grateful love checked every wish for a refusal which might expose his own sacred head to the fury of their foes. Ay, and I heard that refusal given in tones never to be forgotten—so solemn, so powerful, so served with energy and sweetened with humility—while, with uncovered hands, the messengers withdrew from the presence of one before whom their fortitude melted into awe. Oh, my master! is it a dream, or did I really see these borne away from that home? Did I really rush through a crowd of levelled pikers, to claim, in prostrate supplication, the privilege of sharing thy dungeon?"

"No dream, I'll engage you," said Magrath, abruptly; "you got it easy, that same."

"Yes," answered the other, "I did. The rebel appointed to guard the innocent captives had been particularly obliged to me; and through his intercession I was permitted to follow, though not to accompany, my beloved master and his sons. Before my departure, I saw the abomination of desolation standing in that place where Bedell had offered to God the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Yes, I beheld the Host elevated, where holy hands had been lifted up, and weapons incrusting with the blood of the guiltless were grounded; while the crimson fingers that bore them smote upon the breast the murderers yielded homage to the blighting mockery." Indignation burnt on his cheek as he recalled the scene. Shane looked hard at his nephew; but the latter merely compressed his lips, and listened with undivided attention.

Basil went on: "I was conveyed to my master's prison, far from the unhallowed pagantry that desecrated his palace. I found him enclosed in the tower of Lochwater, that desolate dwelling which arises from the center of a lake, without so much land about it as might suffice to support the foot. December's storms swept over the unsheltered spot, and found entrance on every side; for the building was most ruinous. The few prisoners whose garments had been left upon them, were constrained to part with all but a slight portion, to cover the more numerous victims of rapacious cruelty, stripped generally to the skin by their jailers; and bitter were their sufferings from cold and damp. Provision was liberally supplied, but in every instance raw; so that those who knew anything about cooking were incessantly employed for the rest. The good providence of God sent a pious carpenter to be our companion in captivity; and by his skill some little repairs were effected, for which we were most thankful. But our best, our dearest pledge of Jehovah's gracious presence, we received in the unlooked for permission from our keepers of worshiping together, according to the accustomed rites of our church. No interruption assailed us; and deeply sunk the word of exhortation into our bosoms from those revered lips, that never ceased to proclaim the unchangeable love of God under whatsoever dispensation His wisdom laid us."

"Answer me this question," said Magrath, with a look of restless impatience, "will you answer me truly?" "Assuredly, young man; I would not dare to do otherwise."

"Well—that good man, that heretic bishop, did he ever curse the Catholics with ye?" "Och, the fool's head that's upon your shoulders!" exclaimed Shane; while Basil gazed with astonishment on the querist.

"Answer him!" exclaimed the Lady. Basil now seemed for the first time to comprehend that a member of the Romish church was present. With a look of placid kindness, he said, "My answer, brother, is short, simple and true. No! as soon would the sweetest springs of your native plains send forth the waters of bitterness and corruption, as those lips could have given utterance to a curse. But they of whom you speak were the objects of his deepest, tenderest sympathy and love; and their welfare was a constant theme of prayer in our afflicted little congregation."

"Come, now, you'll be after making the best of it, and no blame to yourself; but you won't pretend that you prayed for the fellows who gave you that lodging, took the clothes off your backs, and treated you like dogs, I'll engage?" "We did," answered Basil. "Our sufferings were great, and our oppressors cruel; but morning, noon and night, we made our supplication for them; that the light of the gospel, visiting their dark minds, might show them under what deadly delusion they lay. Every murmur excited by our own bodily pains was hushed by the awful consideration of what awaited their immortal souls, blinded and ruined under the influence of their false and persecuting religion."

"That's enough," said Magrath; and, folding his arms, he leaned back against the wall, his eyes fixed on the speaker.

This strange episode had excited no common interest in the little circle; but all were silent, and Basil resumed: "Even under these depressing circumstances, the object dearest to his

heart—the Irish Bible—was not forgotten by the aged wanderer. He would urge me to repeat from memory such portions as I could recall, suggesting improvements. I was the more encouraged to do this work, because at some times I have seen by guards stealing towards some aperture in the wall, as the language never failed to attract their attention."

"True for ye," said Magrath, but the words seemed to drop unconsciously from his lips.

Before the old man could proceed, another discharge from the batteries broke in upon the comparative repose; and a guard, turned out for the especial purpose of perambulating the street, inquired if all was well within. A few words with them determined the young men on volunteering their services likewise for the night; and, after joining in the supplications of the family, they sallied forth, leaving on the minds of their friends a more anxious tremor than had ever before accompanied the unwilling farewell.

Shane's curiosity had been violently excited on more than one occasion during that eventful day. His nephew, from the moment of assuming the badge, had appeared to throw off a painful restraint, and to attach himself with unfeigned cordiality to a cause against which he had assuredly, not long before, harbored evil designs—a circumstance to Shane quite unaccountable. The unexpected and unwonted share which he had taken in the evening's conversation also perplexed him; for Magrath's general deportment was marked by the extreme of reserve, rather than its opposite. To Shane's drowsy faculties, however, the latter transition appeared less surprising than the former; but with the Lady of Malistire it was far otherwise. She rightly attributed his morning animation to a relief from painful forebodings as to the sufferings awaiting the family, whose kindness to him had evidently sunk deep into his mind; and also to the removal of that restraint under which the fear of meeting Lundy had kept him. To the cause, as such, she could not suppose him attached; but to Bryan, exceedingly so; and she verily believed that an affectionate desire to watch over his personal safety was the motive of Magrath in adopting the prevailing badge. A more inexplicable mystery involved his evening conduct. The acquaintance which he seemed to have with many particulars related by Basil was not very wonderful, the events being comparatively recent, and strong in the memory of those who survived the scenes of 1641; but there was an intense interest, an eager curiosity in his aspect; and an unmoved endurance of reflections on his country's faith, from the lips of a Protestant and an Englishman, which formed a strange contrast with his fiery impatience under the reproach of Ross. The subject haunted her pillow, and prompted many an aspiration on behalf of the intractable object of her frequent endeavors, while she counted the hours whose flight brought on the wished yet dreaded dawning of another day.

To be Continued.

An Unsavory Spectacle. Our country was recently treated to the unsavory spectacle of a Romish archbishop (Ireland) calling upon President Cleveland and personally lending his influence in favor of the appointment of one of his (Ireland's) special friends to the postmastership in Chicago. Mr. W. J. Onahan—a Catholic, of course—is the archbishop's favorite. Mr. Ireland had hardly time to leave the presence of the president before another Catholic aspirant for the same office, Mr. Frank Lawler, sent in to the president his special recommendation from his friend, Archbishop Feehan. If President Cleveland cares more for America and our country's free institutions than he cares for the support of Romish prelates, he will send both these aspirants, together with their politico-ecclesiastical supporters, about their own business, and appoint for postmaster a man who is simply and truly a true American citizen, one not owing superior allegiance to some earthly potentate or power other than our own government. Will he do it?—Progressive Thinker.

Resolutions of Respect. Whereas, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in His infinite wisdom, seen it fit to remove from our midst our dearly beloved friends and highly esteemed fellow-citizens, Captain Cox and Pipeman Uray, of Fire Company No. 7; and Whereas, in the death of Captain Cox and Pipeman Uray, this city loses two of its most efficient officers, in their respective offices, who exemplified that patriotism of American citizens in sacrificing their lives to save the property of their fellow-citizens; and, Whereas, in the death of Captain Cox and Pipeman Uray we lose two highly esteemed friends, and the wife and family of Captain Cox a devoted husband and a kind and indulgent father, and the brothers and sisters of Pipeman Uray a kind and dearly beloved brother. Therefore, Be it Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Rescue Council No. 1, A. P. A., hereby tender our sincere condolence to the families and family of our departed friends in this sad hour of their bereavement; and, be it further Resolved, That the chapter of this council be draped in mourning in remembrance of their heroic death, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife of Captain Cox and the brother of Pipeman Uray, and that the same be spread upon the records of this council and also published in THE AMERICAN. Signed, A. M. CLARK, CHAS. E. WYER, JAMES H. RYKER, Committee.

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MAKING MONEY FAST.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINT IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Where Thousands of Dollars Are Colored Every Day—How the Shining Yellow Metal is Changed Into Currency—Minting and Stamping Silver Coins.

There are four United States mints, in order respectively at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Carson City and San Francisco. On the corner of Fifth and Missouri streets stands a large gray stone building, sufficiently imposing as to attract immediate attention, and by curiosity leads the visitor up the long flight of broad stone steps and into the reception hall, he will find himself within the walls of the largest mint in the world. This mint was established in 1853, and the present building was erected in 1859. A polite, well informed and courteous guide awaits to conduct the visitors through the workrooms, where can be seen the different processes through which bullion must pass before it can be used as United States money. The furnace room is the first one to which the visitor is conducted. The machinery is run by water power, furnished by an artesian well in the yards of the mint building.

The next room is the deposit room, or, more properly speaking, the ingot room. Here old gold, silver or jewelry is received, of which any one can deposit to the value of not less than \$100 and have it melted into bullion, assayed and the next day receive in money of full value in gold coin with 10 per cent of copper alloy and no charges made for coining. On the day of our visit \$500,000 in silver coin was being melted over. Why? No one could or would explain. It looked odd to see the apparently perfectly good 50-cent pieces shoveled into the small, red-hot bowls, where the intense heat of the furnace soon reduced the coins to a molten fire, which is stirred by small paddles held by immense iron pinchers in the hands of skilled workmen, who practically "earn their bread by the sweat of the brow." The small paddles, as well as the bowls in which the metal is reduced to liquid, are made of clay and plum-bago. The ingots of gold and silver are 12 inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide and 1/2 inch thick. The value of the gold ingot is \$1,000, and the value of the silver ingot of the same size is \$55.

The next process through which the metal passes is that of rolling into long, thin strips. This is done by heavy rollers under a pressure of 250 tons. It takes 13 times to roll gold and 17 times to roll silver. The gold strips are now put into long copper tubes, which are then placed in a furnace until they are red-hot, thence thrown into a vat of water, which process tempers the metal. Each of these long copper tubes is handled by two workmen and will hold \$30,000 in gold or \$2,500 in silver. When the gold strips are removed from the tubes, the gold is waxed, and the silver strips are greased. This is done to prevent abrasion.

The metal is now ready for cutting into pieces, the size according to the denomination of the money to be made. The workmen shove the long gold strips into the cutting machine, which handles the precious metal as it would pasteboard, and indeed it is quite soft, as what is left of the strips is doubled up by the hands of the workman and thrown into a box to be sent back to the ingot room. One dollar in silver and \$20 in gold are cut out at the rate of 185 pieces per minute, the smaller at the rate of 285 pieces per minute. The round pieces of gold and silver are now passed to the cleaning room, where they are washed free from the wax and grease.

Peeping into the door of the cleaning room, which visitors are not allowed to enter, could be seen a box of unstamped \$20 gold pieces. The box contained \$100,000 in gold. The unstamped coins, now bright and shimmering, are taken to the adjusting room where the ladies work. They are here adjusted to the exact weight of the coin to be made. Should a coin prove to be too heavy it is filed off; if too light it goes back to be melted over. The milling process puts the metal in blank form for stamping. But first it must be freed from oxidation, which is done by whitening. The round coins are now ready for the stamping which makes the metal money. There are five stamping machines, and the dies of these can be changed.

One dollar in silver and \$20 in gold are struck off by the same machine at the rate of 5,000 per hour. The capacity of the machines is much larger than the supply of gold. But if all the machines could be kept working in gold they could stamp \$450,000 in one hour, or \$3,150,000 in seven hours, or \$945,000,000 in 300 working days. To look at the large engine of 150 horsepower that controls the machinery used in the mint building one would scarce imagine it had been used for 19 years, as it appears as bright and glittering in its polished metal plates as if it were new.

In this great building where \$40,000,000 of treasure is stored away, many seemingly small economies are practiced, yet the results are quite astonishing and more than repay the labor. The floors of the work-rooms are covered with perforated iron flooring in small sections. Every night these sections are removed and the floor swept. The sweepings are then worked over with acid, and the yield in gold and silver amounts to \$6,000 per annum. Once a year every truck about the building is inspected, irrespective of its condition, and also the clothing worn in some of the work-rooms, that not a particle of the precious metals may be lost. Once in four years the carpets of the adjusting room are burned. The last burning enriched the United States coffers to the extent of \$3,300.

Leaving the stamping room the visitor finds himself in a long stone corridor facing two vaults, whose heavy iron doors conceal the treasures of \$10,000,000 and in their mighty strength of steel and iron seem to mock as childish play the official papers sealed with red wax and marking them as belonging to the United States government. The guide now leads the way up stairs to the main hall, where the visitor can, if so disposed, pass a pleasant and instructive half hour viewing the collection of rare old coins on exhibition in the reception room.—San Francisco Cor. Omaha Bee.

And She Never Smiled. A middle aged man who has made enough money to take his wife to France a dozen times and not even miss the change, but who has never known a word of French until the last few months, was calling at a neighbor's not many evenings since. A girl who took high honors in her French at school some years ago happened to be sitting near him, and the attention of both was attracted by a handsome dog outside on the pavement.

"ng shiang," the gentleman practiced softly to himself. Then, turning to the young lady, "Shiang," he repeated benignly; "that is the French word for dog."

THE WAY TO SUCCESS IN CONVERSATION.

The question arises whether it is better to presume that the person you are addressing knows everything or to take it for granted at the outset that he knows nothing. In either course embarrassing results may follow. Authorities differ on this point, but a certain justly popular young lady who has pondered on the matter some says the wisest way is to appear to think the other one knows just a little more than you can ever hope to learn, even though you know the opposite to be the case.

In this way, she maintains, you can manage adroitly to give him stacks of information and yet leave him with the pleasant feeling that he has been instructing you. "Never seem to think that you know anything worth mentioning," is her rule, but she makes one strong exception. "In the case of direct questioning always answer something." Whether you know anything about the subject in hand or not, make a brave guess at it and reply as though you did. The querist wants a positive answer, and in eight cases out of ten yours will chance to be correct, while in the other two he will forget your words before he thinks to verify your statement. No harm is done, so she declares, and it is better all around than a stupid "I don't know."

However such a rule may work to the confusion of ordinary maidens, it seems to fit her case precisely, for she has the reputation of being the most unassuming as well as the best informed young woman in her set.—Chicago News-Record.

Scillonian Flowers. Flowers and new potatoes contest with the mackerel the privilege of the deck room of the Scilly steamers. It is far from purgatorial to be wedged on board between a couple of cases of the Scilly white, an indigent narcissus. They are much sweeter than the fish. You may see the cultivators row into the harbor with their cargoes from the other isles. One farmer of St. Martin's, with whom I staid sent as many as 12,000 flowers in a day. At threepence a dozen (the wholesale price) this clearly means money. Of arum lilies also he was a considerable exporter, but their price is much more variable, veering between sixpence apiece during holy week and a shilling a dozen afterward. For my part, I was much interested in what I saw of the flower culture in the isles.

It is an ideal profession for the "decayed gentleman" who advertises in the newspapers for something to do—clean and sweet and profitable. The Scillonians believe, with good reason, that the trade has not yet reached its furthest points of development. Each year sees another acre or two set up with narcissus bulbs. During the spring of 1891 180 tons of flowers left Scilly for England—excluding the post parcels. This does not look as if the south of France was, as some thought, about to push Scilly out of Covent Garden. The few hours' clear gain that the Scilly flowers have over the baskets from the Riviera are very precious in the esteem of florists.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ideals of Physical Perfection. Some years ago, in an article on "The Cradle of the Semites," I had occasion to study the ideals of male and female beauty shadowed forth in the erotic composition known as the "Song of Songs," or the "Song of Solomon," in the Old Testament. It dates from about 250 B. C. There the male is portrayed as "white and ruddy," his hair black and curly, his eyes gray ("like doves washed with milk"), his stature tall. He describes his bride as "fair all over, without a spot," slender, "like a palm tree" (not fat, as modern oriental beauties), her hair "as a flock of goats," that is, wavy and light brown, probably, her lips red, "like a thread of scarlet."

The interesting feature in both these descriptions is that they point much more to the blonde than to the brunette type as that which hovered before the imagination of the sons and daughters of Israel as the realization of their amorous dreams.—Cor Science.

The Influence of the Roman Pantheon. For five centuries the Roman world turned to the Pantheon, till out of it arose a new art in Constantinople. Then in the fifteenth century, at the revival, the humanist artists turned again to this same great work. It gave rise first to the dome of Florence, and then to the dome of St. Peter's, 150 years later. From St. Peter's the dome spread all over the world—the Pantheon and the Invalides at Paris, St. Paul's in London, the capitol at Washington, the Isaac church at St. Petersburg are mere imitations of St. Peter's. And thus from the Pantheon has sprung the architecture which from Chilli to Chicago, from the British islands to the Turkish empire, from St. Petersburg to Sicily, is seen in a thousand varieties and in ten thousand examples.—Fortnightly Review.

Encountered Everything Else. Brown—I am sorry that you met with opprobrium on your recent dramatic tour. H. Booth Smith—Oh, it wasn't as bad as that. We met jets and hisses and even eggs, but I can't recall opprobrium.—Vogue.

They Often Possess Genuine Humor and Sometimes Poetic Forces. It is in phrasemaking and in descriptive epithets that the American really shines, and here he is unequalled. His turn for quaint metaphor, his singularity of turn of thought, his gift of picturesque treatment combine to impart genuine humor and sometimes almost poetic force to the best examples of his slang. "Tanglefoot," for instance, as an epithet of ardent spirits, has well hit the force of poetry. It would almost seem to have been invented, according to the best rules of that art, by a man "with his eye upon the object."

Take, again, the admirably graphic expression to "pass out," with its realistic suggestions of the patient labor of the gold washer and the absolute finality of the results. What more expressive and satisfying description of direness of route could be given than a "bee line"? Who would prefer the pale negation conveyed in our "key-  
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AMERICANISM.

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In the way of humorous analogy few droller metaphors can ever have occurred to the human mind than that which describes the point of a nail or tin tack as its "business end." To "keep a stiff upper lip," as a synonym for the display of firmness; to "keep the eyes skinned," as an equivalent for the maintenance of a vigilant attitude; to "have a hard row to hoe," for a difficult task to perform; to "take a back seat," for to retire under circumstances of humiliation from a position of undue prominence; to "have a brick in the hat," for to be too heavy with intoxication; to "waken snakes," as the "last word" of dangers and deliberately created disturbances—all these are phrases which "sprinkle with actuality." They are the obvious coinage of an intensely realistic and practical race, of a people whose minds almost instinctively frame a visual representation of incidents and objects which it is the habit of most other nations to contemplate in the form of mental abstractions.

It can hardly be maintained that from the point of view of the external graces these locutions can be regarded in all instances as ornaments to the literature of our common language. It is, however, only fair to admit that many, or most of them, if outwardly inelegant, possess that intrinsically and essentially literary quality of "expressiveness" in so high a degree as to deserve pardon for their defects of form. And it is the satisfaction yielded by them to the universal human desire for the direct, forcible and stimulating expression of thought—a desire far older and stronger than the literary instinct—which has given some of them so tenacious a hold upon English speech on both sides of the Atlantic.—London Spectator.

Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Oration. It was my good fortune to hear in 1857 the address which Dr. Holmes calls the declaration of independence of American literature—Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa oration of July at Cambridge. So I can remember the surprise—shall I say the indignation—which the simple, solid, disconnected phrases of that address awakened among those who heard. I remember the covert criticism of the gay dinner party which followed. I remember how afterward men and women freely said he was crazy. Alas, I have on paper my own schoolboy doubts whether he appreciated the occasion! It happened to me 40 years after in one of the most exquisite homes in America some two miles above the level of the sea, on that easy slope of the Rocky mountains, among all the fresh comforts which make a palace as desirable a home as a log cabin, to find on the table of my hostess, who is herself one of the leaders of today, a new edition of this oration of 40 years before.

I read it then with absolute amazement. If you will look at it when you go home, you will share that amazement. For I could not find one extravagance. I could not find one word which should shock the most timid. It was impossible to understand where the craziness came in. So had he led the age in those 40 years, or so had the God who sent him into the world led it, that the prophecy was fulfilled over and over again. The extravagance of one day had become the commonplace of another.—Edward E. Hale's Address.

The Ostrich Waltz. A traveler who is too modest to allow his name to be made public declares that he has discovered the origin of the waltz. Neither America nor Europe possesses the honor of being the birthplace of this dance, which, like many other wonderful things, comes from Africa—at least so says our traveler. He assures us in solemn earnest that every morning at sunrise the ostriches collect in groups and go through regular and graceful movements, which is nothing other than the waltz. Unfortunately he does not complete his information by telling us whether the birds dance the American, English or German style, so we are left in ignorance as to which form is the most primitive. He also loses sight of the fact that instead of the colonists having learned the waltz from the ostriches they may have relieved the monotony of their existence by teaching the birds to dance.—Detroit Free Press.

The Ingenious Magpie. The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter; but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge—an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities—he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance doubly sure," he fashions a means of exit as well as entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.—Exchange.

Unleavened Bread. The unleavened cakes of bread used during the whole of the eight days of passover are called matsoth, and are made of wheat flour, of a round form about a foot in diameter, perforated all over, and so very thin that a pound's weight contains about nine cakes. Many families distribute a few of these fragile cakes among their kind and affectionate; but somewhat simple, Christian neighbors, who treasure them as curiosities.—Temple Bar.

To Ward Off Consumption. A celebrated specialist in lung diseases recommends to a very delicate patient struggling with an incipient cough and general debility this startling remedy—16 raw eggs a day as nourishment. The poor little woman has brought herself up with painful degrees to 10. She refuses to go any further.—Philadelphia Press.