

A moral to be heeded by statesmen is that the American eagle never roosts on the fence.

What good does it do if there's plenty room at the top if a fellow is all the time going down hill?

That so much naturalization fraud is unearthed is in itself proof how it's been run in the ground.

A New Jersey girl was refused a nurse's diploma because she wrote poetry. Evidently her lines didn't fall in pleasant pieces.

It is only the useless, aimless, repining life which is an ignoble one; a life of occupation and labor is generally one of enjoyment also.

"This is indeed a great come-down," said the moth as he began his evening meal of bathing suit after a long diet of winter flannels.

Not content with trouble-making in other walks of life, the vermiform appendix has been found guilty of tampering with a jury.

A Boston detective says that "getting shot doesn't hurt any more than having a tooth pulled." Probably that fellow has been half-shot twice.

A young woman in New York says she can hypnotize butterflies. That doesn't make any difference, provided she can hypnotize a batch of biscuits.

A censorious man is a most disagreeable companion. Nobody likes the society of a man who, like doomday, calls to mind all the faults of the whole human race.

There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habits, which, growing up, would yield to its old age an enjoyment, a glory and a shade.

A New Haven man says he can make millions of gold out of ordinary sea water, and predicts that "it will be only a short time before many establishments will be found, all along the Atlantic coast, making money." Summer hotels, probably.

The lion's den bride has undertaken to apologize for the minister who performed the ceremony, and who is in disgrace with his church in consequence, by saying that the lions were little ones. Why hasn't it occurred to the minister, by the way, to cite Daniel as a precedent?

Murder trials on every hand, murderers awaiting trial and murderers awaiting execution. The daily papers are running over with sensational stories from courtrooms and Grand Jurors' offices. The murderer seems to be increasing and getting in his awful work with more regularity and more blood-curdling variations than ever before. Yet nobody wants to confess that the world is growing morally worse.

The New York Methodist preacher who married a sensational couple in a lions' cage is threatened with discipline by the church. The people of the whole country would heartily applaud such a course. When marriages are performed for such sensational purposes it is not to be wondered at that our divorce courts are over-crowded. Is marriage merely to be a spectacle? We need a little tightening of our ceremonies. They have become about as loose as is endurable. The less form, the less binding, is apt to be a true observation.

The college boy who wins a prize for the best essay or the best oration, or who graduates with the highest honors is not in it to-day with the boy who kicks a goal from the field or gets around the end for a touchdown. The brilliant student remains in obscurity. The husky hero of the gridiron sees his picture in the papers, and reads with avidity column after column of fulsome eulogies about his feats on the football field. But the student still has an advantage over the athlete. In his maturer years he is much more likely to see his portrait among the list of those who have achieved greatness in the great battle of life.

The discovery said to have been made by Mr. Garton, an English agriculturist, that worthless cereals can be converted by cross-fertilization into valuable food grains, is almost immeasurably important. If all that is claimed for it is true it will indefinitely increase the world's food supply, enhance the rewards of agriculture, cause a vast area of waste places to bloom with useful vegetation, and destroy the Malthusian fear that starvation awaits the race of men. Experiments have been made by Mr. Garton not only with plants grown in the United Kingdom, but also with those of most foreign countries, and he says he can produce varieties suitable to any soil or climate. Thus food grains will be made that will thrive in localities where wheat, maize or barley refuse to grow, and mankind will be able to spread itself over lands which now are uninhabitable. Full details of the discovery will be looked for with interest in America.

Mr. Wilfrid Laurier's dream of the St. Lawrence as the natural highway of the commerce of Canada, if not of the American continent, will probably be somewhat disturbed by recent developments. The Canadian Govern-

ment, in pursuance of its new purpose of building up its own interests wholly independent of the United States, in its advertisement for bids for the Canadian mail service the coming year specified that the terminus on this side of the ocean, both summer and winter, should be at a Canadian port. The purpose is laudable and natural enough, but, unfortunately for patriotic theories, commerce and trade have a way of seeking "the point of least resistance," in accordance with a well-known natural law. The Allan and Dominion Line, which is now carrying the mail, makes Portland, Me., its winter terminus and is willing to continue its service as at present, but declined to bid on the terms proposed. The Government, of course, can and probably will eventually establish a mail service wholly on its own coast, but it will be at a considerable additional expenditure for what, after all, is only a sentimental advantage.

An experiment of unusual interest was duly inaugurated in New York by the opening of Mills' hotel No. 1, built by D. O. Mills. The hotel is a ten-story structure, and its formal opening, in its brief religious services, signified the general philanthropic character of the unique enterprise. Mr. Mills also made a brief address outlining his plans in erecting the house and telling what he hopes to accomplish. This modern and model hotel is designed to give workmen and people of humble means practically just as pleasant and clean and comfortable quarters as can be obtained for far more money at a hotel run on the usual plan. Its main vestibule and marble staircases, flanked by potted palms; its bright, clean and airy sleeping rooms, where everything is to be kept in perfect order and in immaculate cleanliness; and its cuisine, presided over by a first-class steward, chef and assistants, are in keeping with the palatial hotel where men may dine for a small sum as well in most respects as they could at the usual first-class hostelry of the city. Whether the experiment will realize the hopes of Mr. Mills may be considered doubtful, but it is a worthy and exceedingly interesting attempt to meet some of the peculiar conditions of modern city life.

An eloquent political speaker, who attempted during the strike in some mills in Philadelphia to reconcile the conflicting claims of the capitalists and laborers, stopped short in his impassioned speech and exclaimed: "It could all be set right if you could each, for only ten minutes, look at the matter through another man's eyes." He had found the source of much of the injustice in the world—the lack of that power which enables us to see the "other side of the question." A biographer of Chief Justice Marshall said his defect as a lawyer was that when the plaintiff was his client he perceived every point which could be brought on behalf of the defendant, and with difficulty refrained from urging them. As a judge, however, this clear vision was of inestimable value to him. An English critic, who was a personal friend of Thomas Carlyle and his wife, said, lately, "Much of their unhappiness was the result of their absolute inability to look at any question except from their own point of view. Hence, on every subject of morals, taste or opinion, they were at odds with each other, and usually with everybody else, in the world." A man or woman afflicted with this mental myopia may have a heart full of love for family and friends, yet go through life wounding them at every turn. Most of the wars and dissensions in nations, communities and families are caused by inability to see that men may honestly view a subject from different standpoints. The Scotch people once believed that certain men were endowed at birth with a vision that looked into the future; they called it the second sight. The second sight which sees the present clearly is of infinitely more value, and most persons may hopefully strive to acquire it.

"How" and "As." A correspondent of a literary paper, writing the Transcript Listener, after quoting Dr. Holmes' injunction of fifty years ago, "Don't let me beg of you—don't say 'How?' for 'What?'" complains that the practice which this generation has to be warned against is saying "how" for "that." So far as the Listener has observed, this is not a prevalent American vice. Salrey Gamp's "as how" never has been naturalized in this country; but our people have one vice which they ought somehow to be cured of. This is the practice of saying "as" for "that"—"I don't know as I shall" for "I don't know that I shall." As in the case of "between you and I," hundreds of people use this expression who know better. It must be confessed, too, that the expression which so properly "ried" Dr. Holmes long ago survives; some people always ejaculate "How" when they have not understood a remark, just as if it meant something—as if they wished to know, not what the speaker said, but how he said it. As an aboriginal salutation and inquiry about the health, "How" is laconic and admirable; as a substitute for the abrupt but sufficient "What?" it is without reason or excuse.

Deaths from Diphtheria. The United States has the highest death rate from diphtheria, 480 in 100,000 deaths. Holland and Sweden come next with 440 each.

A Million Blind Persons. The world's blind are computed to number 1,000,000—about one eighties person to every 1,400 inhabitants.

Too many benders will sometimes place a man in straitened circumstances. A man never gets much credit for being good unless he is a member of the church.

GOD AMID THE CORAL.

DR. TAMAGE ON THE SCULPTURE OF THE DEEP.

Picking Up a Coral, He Says He Feels Like Crying Out, "There Is a God, and I Adore Him!"—Comfort for Faithful Christian Workers.

Our Weekly Sermon. This picturesque discourse of Dr. Tamage leads his hearers and readers through uncharted regions of contemplation and is full of practical gospel; text, Job xxviii, 18, "No mention shall be made of coral."

Why do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the coral, which is used for making exquisite canoes, and the sapphire, sky blue, and topaz of rhombic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At St. Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral. I do not wonder that Ernst Heekel, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimens which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates cannot even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job in my text did not mean to depreciate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the seacoast.

No one can afford to depreciate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes his plans for the building of the islands and shores, and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens and the coral castles and the coral battlements go on and on. The Algerian reefs in one year (1874) had at work amid the coral 311 vessels, with 3,150 sailors, yielding in profit \$565,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is nothing as compared with the moral and religious, as when, in my text, Job employs it in comparison. I do not know how any one can examine a coral the size of the thumb nail without bethinking himself of God and worshipping him, and feeling the opposite of the great infidel surgeon lecturing to the medical students in the dissecting room upon a human eye which he held in his hand, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him so powerfully he cried out to the student, "Gentlemen, there is a God, but I hate him!" Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out, "There is a God, and I adore him!"

God and the Beautiful. Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets he hangs up for nations to look at; he may green the grass and round the dew into pearl and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievement I think he has built for his own delight. In those galleries he alone, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him so powerfully he cried out to the student, "Gentlemen, there is a God, but I hate him!" Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out, "There is a God, and I adore him!"

Work that Endures. The durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fire of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticised by brother artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for twenty-five years, and forced on his way to Vienna to beg food and lodging at a very plain house by the roadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm, and one of the numbers he rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf to hear the singing, was curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them, and when they got through he reached up and took the fello in his hand and found it was his own music—Beethoven's "Symphony in A"—and he cried out, "I wrote that!" The household sat and stood aghast to find that their poor looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded, and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and had arrived, saying, "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth, and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Beethoven's nine symphonies will be the enchantment of nations.

But you are not a composer, and you say that you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last

millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or fifty years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafing of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we cannot have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems a slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of Providence; grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience!

Christian Hope. Take my hand again, and we will go a little farther into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at 90 degrees north and south of the equator, and you find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part—the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more wonderfully the jewels of the Christian soul. Those are the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but whose who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian character. I will show you a picture. Here are a father and a mother 50 or 35 years of age, their family around them. It is Sabbath morning. They have prayers. They hear the children's catechism. They have prayers every day of the week. They are in humble circumstances. But, after awhile the wheel of fortune turns up and the man gets his \$20,000. Now he has prayers on Sabbath and every day of the week, but he has dropped the catechism. The wheel of fortune turns up again, and he gets his \$80,000. Now he has prayers on Sabbath morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has \$200,000, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there is no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his \$300,000 and no prayers at all. Four leaf clover in a pasture field is not so rare as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than \$300,000. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses \$200,000 out of the \$300,000. Now on Sabbath morning he is on a shipboard looking for a Bible under the old newspapers on the bookcase. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after awhile crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning and he hears his grandchildren the catechism. Prosperity took him away from God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scolding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble and yet it does a great deal for us.

Coral Specimens. Again, I take your hand, and we walk on through this garden of the sea and look more particularly than we did at the beauty of the coral. One specimen of coral is called the dendrophilia because it is like a tree—another is called the astragalus because it is like a star; another is called the brain coral because it is like the convolutions of the human brain; another is called fan coral because it is like the instrument with which you cool yourself on a hot day; another specimen is called the organ pipe coral because it resembles the organ of musical instruments. All the flowers and all the shrubs in the gardens of the land have their correspondencies in this garden of the sea. Corallum! It is a synonym for beauty. And yet there is no beauty in the coral compared with our religion. It gives physiognomic beauty. It does not change the features. It does not give features with which the person was not originally endowed, but it sets behind the features of the homeliest man a heaven that often outshines clear through. So that often on first acquaintance you said of a man, "He is the homeliest person I ever saw," when, after you came to understand him and his nobility of soul shining through his countenance, you said, "He is the loveliest person I ever saw." No one ever had a homely Christian mother. Whatever the world may have thought of her, there were two who thought well—your father, who had admired her for fifty years, and you, over whom she bent with so many tender ministrations. When you think of the angels of God and your mother among them, she outshines them all. Oh, that our young people could understand that there is nothing so noble as the beauties of the human countenance as the religion of Jesus Christ. It makes everything beautiful. Trouble beautiful. Sickness beautiful. Disappointment beautiful. Everything beautiful.

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through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. Little things decide great things. All that tremendous career of the last Napoleon hanging on the hand of a brakeman who, on one of our American rail-roads, caught him as he was falling between the cars of a dying train. The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch because their matches had given out. Aggregations of little things that pull down or build up. When an army or a regiment come to a bridge, they are always commanded to break ranks, for their simultaneous tread will destroy the strongest bridge. A bridge at Angers, France, and a bridge at Broughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Aggregations of little things crossing, aggregations of temptations, aggregations of sorrows, aggregations of assaults, aggregations of Christian effort, aggregations of self-sacrifices—these make the irresistible power to demolish or to uplift, to destroy or to save. Little causes and great results. Christianity was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket Bible from a ship in the harbor of Tokyo.

Oh, be encouraged! Do not any man say, "My work is so small." Do not any woman say, "My work is so insignificant." I cannot do anything for the upbuilding of God's kingdom." You can. Remember the coralines. A Christian mother sat sewing a garment, and her little girl wanted to help her, and so she sewed on another piece of the same garment and brought it to her mother, and the work was corrected. It was imperfect and had to be all taken out again. But did the mother chide the child. Oh, no. She said, "She wanted to help me, and she did as well as she could." And so the mother blessed the child, and while she blessed the child she thought of herself and said: "Perhaps it may be so with my poor work at the last. God will look at it. It may be very imperfect, and I know it is very crooked. He may have to take it all out. But he knows that I want to serve him, and he knows it is the best that I can do." So be comforted in your Christian work. Five thousand million coralines made one corallum. And then they passed away, and other millions came, and the work is wonderful. But on the day when the world's redemption shall be consummated, and the names of all the millions of Christians who in all the ages have toiled on this structure shall be read, the work will appear so grand and the achievement so glorious and the durability so everlasting that "no mention shall be made of coral."

Short Sermons. Neglect.—Society, in its arrogance, selfishness and luxury, loses sight of the fact that the failure of nations and all forms of civilization have followed because nations, society and civilization have neglected God's laws and violated the rights of men.—Rev. Father Ducey, Catholic, New York City.

Love.—Unless we deny ourselves, make some sacrifice, we cannot get the spirit of true love. Though we may have the most elegant music, the most eloquent preacher, the very finest and most beautiful churches and have not love, all our efforts are thrown away.—Rev. J. K. Smith, Presbyterian, Louisville, Ky.

A Great Force in the World.—Character is the greatest force in the world. Some say money is the greatest force, some say brains, some say love, but character is the greatest force because it is the force which determines the direction in which money, brains and love shall be used.—Rev. J. Dunlop, Presbyterian, Boston, Mass.

Patience.—The large soul, the truly free man is, after all, he who has been subdued by patience. Each and every victory broadens the mental vision and adds to the moral stature so that the proficients in this school go forth to become the masters of the circles of their activity.—Rev. David Philippon, Hebrew, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Followers of God.—The religion of Jesus Christ has three kinds of followers to-day. (1) The rash followers, or those who do not count the cost or sacrifice; (2) the dilatory followers, or those who are always looking backward; (3) the tender-hearted followers, those who want their loved ones to do right and be Christians, too.—Rev. A. R. Caudry, Disciple, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The Narrow Way.—The saying of Jesus, "Narrow is the way," is not applicable alone to eternal life, but widely bears upon all human relations, for the way is narrow and straightly hedged that leads to business success to permanent political fame, to genuine and lasting satisfaction with the good things of the flesh, to a green and tranquil old age, as well as eternal life.—Rev. Frank Crane, Methodist, Chicago.

Optimism.—While there is much wickedness on the earth, yet the world is steadily growing better. The power of morality, temperance, religion and faith is making for righteousness all over the world. Jesus Christ is to be victorious over Satan and evil, and is to descend in glory and have power over all the nations of the earth, and establish a kingdom of righteousness, peace and kindness.—Rev. P. C. Curnick, Methodist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Human Nature.—Human nature is noble in its origin. You are a spark of God. The storm of Eden left human nature in about the shape a cyclone leaves a western village; yet in the debris here and there, in the marvels of man's intellect, in his longing after immortality, in his conscience, in his hope that starts and struggles and trembles away up to God, behold a glimmer of that image divine.—Rev. S. E. Young, Presbyterian, Newark, N. J.

Omnipotent love.—Love is the greatest conquering force in the universe. Here is a little bundle of flesh and blood that cannot talk or walk, but it stretches out its tiny hands, and the strongest man is held a willing victim by that alken touch. We are very feeble and ignorant, it may be, but when we stretch out our hands to God he is taken captive by us. Love is omnipotent, and even Omnipotence himself surrenders to it.—Rev. C. W. Galisteo Baptist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

The Troops Stationed on the Roofs of Buildings.

The inauguration of President Lincoln and the stirring scenes here in the early part of 1861 were vividly brought to mind to many of our older residents by the appearance of the United States engineer battalion in President McKinley's inaugural procession, for a detachment of the engineers had during the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln the special duty of guarding the President. The detachment was in the line of the procession next to the President's carriage, and numbered about sixty men, officered by Lieutenants Godfrey Wetzel and J. C. Duane, both of whom a short time thereafter were in the field, and before the war closed were general officers, the first named with his division entering Richmond just after the surrender at Appomattox.

Though history, as it is written by some of the magazine writers, states that "regiments of regular troops guarded Mr. Lincoln to and from the Capitol," the fact is that the engineers formed about one-tenth of the entire force of government men. It is true that extra precautions were taken against any possible outbreak, and there was more or less alarm felt on the part of the citizens that there might be some disturbance, yet there were no regiments of regulars here on that occasion.

There was, however, with the District troops, possibly a force of 3,000 men on duty, and of these two batteries of light artillery, a troop of cavalry and the engineers represented the regular army, and, with the marines, made up the government force. The engineers were assigned to a position in the line as the special guard of the President, and the light batteries during the ceremonies stood in B street, east of Delaware avenue, northeast. Near by was General Scott, apprehensive, no doubt, that he might be called on to do heroic measures. There were perhaps twenty companies of the District, all but one of the infantry branch, and a number of these were detailed for duty on the roof of the Capitol and the roofs of buildings on the route of the procession. Before the ceremonies took place at the east front the National Guard battalion cleared a space immediately in front of the stand and, facing the crowd, kept it back till the conclusion of the exercises. This disposition of the troops was made under the direction of the commanding general by Colonel Chas. P. Stone of his staff, who had previously satisfied himself as to the loyalty of our District companies. That it was a judicious one and probably prevented an outbreak there is no question.

In the immediate vicinity of Crawford's Washington it looked equally for a time, for a man seated in a tree, when the President came out on the stand, commenced a harangue to the crowd, in which he urged that Mr. Lincoln should not be allowed to take the oath, for it would be followed by a deluge of blood for the nation, and all "on account of the d—n nigger." There was some approval of his sentiments, but he was carried off by the police. An old guardsman says of the engineers: "They were marched in the armory building (6th and B streets southwest), where our battalion had its quarters, and we found them an intelligent, companionable set of men, and soon we were fraternizing. They drilled as infantry, and by their example and instruction, some of them giving their services as drill masters to the companies, taught us the art of war. Thus when in the following April the District companies were sworn in there were not many green men among them. The 'Snappers and Miners,' as we called them, were with us a couple of months, and during the war I met some of them serving as officers of the Fifteenth and Fifty-first New York Volunteers (of the engineer brigade of the Army of the Potomac).—Washington Star.

A Japanese-English Ad. The following Japanese-English advertisement of a tooth paste recently appeared in a Japanese paper: In the East there was no good sanitary tooth paste that was sure to cure and safe to use, so our company resolved to prepare a good-natured paste and succeeded. The efficiencies of this paste are as following: Firstly, to strengthen and preserve the nature of the tooth; secondly, to fight the tooth with thangama. Thirdly, to defend a hemorrhage arising by friction. Fourthly, to take away the offensive smell of the mouth. Fifthly, to defend the putrefaction of tooth and so prevent the carious one. Any one who uses this paste will certainly discover that it is of a very wonderful and valuable nature by his practice. To use this paste it is necessary to rinse the mouth with water after scrubbing the tooth carefully with the tooth brush.

True Love. She—I know I am not the first girl you ever loved. He—Well—or—at least, you are the first girl I ever bought more than \$15 worth of presents for.—Indianapolis Journal.

New Canadian Stamp. The new Canadian postage stamp bears a portrait of Queen Victoria as she appeared at the coronation, with decorations of maple leaves in the corners. Spruce and pine would be more truly Canadian.

Warding Him Off. Toller—Can you let me have \$10 for a week, old man? Duero—What weak old man?—Easlem Life.

In the human barometer smiles mean sunshine and frowns mean frost. If you would be happy and content never borrow trouble or lend money.