

When the golden sunlight dances on the bosom of the stream.
And the silver lilies, starlike, 'mong the olive sedges gleam;
When the bullfrog seeks the cover of the grasses tall and rank,
And the pickerel at noonday seeks the shadow of the bank,
Then the small boy goes in swimming in the costume of the mode
That was worn by fair Godiva, when through Coventry she rode.
He splashes in the limpid stream with many a gleeful shout,
And to the bank returning puts his shirt on inside out;
And when his mother questions him: "How came that garment so?"
He looks upon it with surprise, and says he doesn't know;
When further pressed to give the cause this he employs:
"I must have turned a somersault when playing with the boys."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A SPIDER'S TASTE FOR MUSIC.

A great many years ago, a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the solitude of his dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after a while that, every time he played, a great number of spiders gathered about him. Since then, the liking of spiders for music has been proved. I myself had often wished to play for a spider audience, but I was not well enough acquainted with any musical instrument to coax a tune out of it.

A scientific gentleman of Europe gave me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. I procured a tuning-fork, and then sought out a spider. I found a handsome, brand-new web, and though I did not see Mistress Epeira, I knew she must be at home. Epeira diadema is her full name, though most persons call her a garden spider. It is she who makes those beautiful, wheel-like webs which festoon the rose bushes and the trees.

As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I knew, however, she must be in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web.

There was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a soft, melodious hum filled the air. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hesitated a moment at the outer edge of the web, and then, instead of going straight to the tuning-fork, ran to the very center of the web.

When there, she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes one after the other, and gave it a little tug, as a boy does his fishing-line to see if a fish is hooked. Each was passed by until she came to the spoke upon which the humming fork rested. There she stopped, and it was easy to see she was excited. She gave the whole web a shake; then tugged at the spoke again. "Hum-mm" still sang the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down she darted and caught the end of the fork in her arms. She tried to bite into the had metal, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased vibrating.

I pulled the fork away, and Madame Epeira retired in disappointment to the center of the web. But if she was disappointed, so was I, for I was satisfied that it was not the music of the fork that attracted her. Unfortunately, it was altogether too probable that she mistook the hum of the fork for the buzz of a fly, a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

Time after time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Spider was deluded into trying to capture the tuning fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment.

A GOOD DEAL ABOUT SALT.

Master Fred Fenton was out with his uncle on a botanical excursion, not that he took particular interest in the science of botany, but on account of the exercise, the novelty and the varied scenery connected with jaunt.

One afternoon found them under the trees, discussing their lunch. A broad board served them for a table, and a spring which gurgled from under it supplied them with fresh water.

On a rock ledge rested a botanic hoe, a tin box filled with specimens, a field glass, a small rifle, and a few other articles which they had considered it necessary to take with them.

Master Fred had just shelled a hard boiled egg, and was sprinkling salt upon it. He had an inquiring mind, which his uncle encouraged, and gratified when he was able to do so.

"Uncle, we couldn't do without salt, could we?" he asked.

"Not very well," replied his uncle. "Not at all, I should have said. It is absolutely necessary to the life of human beings and higher order of animals. It is said that in China they punish criminals by depriving them of salt. They languish and finally die of great agony."

"I suppose we eat a great deal of salt during a year," Fred said.

"It has been estimated that in France about fourteen pounds of salt are consumed annually by each individual, in England twenty, and in America sixteen."

"The amount used in England would almost average an ounce a day for each individual. It hardly seems true, uncle, I know I don't eat half an ounce a day."

"Not in the shape of table salt, I admit," rejoined his uncle. "But you must not forget that there is more or less saline matter in almost everything that we eat."

"Is salt a mineral, uncle?"

"Yes."

"Is it quarried?"

"Yes; there are mammoth mines of it stored in the bowels of the earth, probably left, after the evaporation of salt lakes, in an early period of the world's history. It is quarried in Spain, and

also in Idaho, in this country. The cubes are perfect, and so transparent that one can read through large blocks of it. In Poland there is a bed of salt five hundred miles long, twenty miles wide, and a quarter of a mile thick. In India there is a mountain of salt two hundred miles in length."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Fred, in an incredulous tone.

"And varying from two thousand to five thousand feet in height," continued his uncle. "It is exceedingly black and barren, vegetation being rarely met with. The range is known as the Kalabagh or Salt Range."

"Entirely composed of salt, is it?"

"Well, no. Other minerals abound in it, but rock salt is found in inexhaustible quantities, and it is so pure that, after being pounded, it is ready for use."

"Oh, we forgot the oceans, uncle!" exclaimed Master Fred. "They are the immense storehouses of salt."

"The quantity of salt in the ocean is supposed to represent in bulk five times the size of the Alps. Sea water, however, differs in strength. That which contains the largest quantity of salt is found in mid-ocean, far from the mouths of fresh water rivers. About one twenty-fourth of the water of the Atlantic ocean, within the tropics, is salt."

"That makes it very dense," Fred said, with a slight pause, not quite sure that he had used the right word.

"A ship draws less water, or floats more lightly, in the dense salt water of the sea than in fresh water. For the same reason a man, in swimming, supports himself more easily in the sea than in a river."

"Uncle," can't they manufacture salt out of the water of the sea?" asked Fred.

"Oh, yes. Quite a business is made of it. It is evaporated by heat in shallow vessels, and yields about four ounces of salt to every gallon of water. If boiled rapidly it yields fine table salt; if evaporated slowly, it becomes coarse salt, the crystals having more time to form. Do you believe that millions of gallons of salt water could be pumped out of a fresh water lake?"

"I don't see how, uncle."

"Such is the case at Onondago Lake, near Syracuse, in New York."

"How can it be explained?" Fred wanted to know, after a long pause.

"There is a great basin of salt water under the fresh water of the lake."

"But, why doesn't it mingle?"

"Because separated by an impervious bed of clay. Upon boring through the latter the salt can be pumped up in immense quantities."

"It is strange how much one can learn about such a simple thing as salt," was Fred's comment.—[June, St. Nicholas.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

A Louisville, Ky., man worth \$50,000, left only \$1 to his wife in his will.

Statistics show that Vassar girls subsist on early vegetables, milk, meat, pickles, caramels and pancakes.

In China young women are married at auction. In this country they are disposed of at private sale.—[Texas Siftings.

"I think I will go to Ohio to live," said a Massachusetts maiden of uncertain age.

"What for?" asked her grandfather.

"Because there is one factory there that makes 50,000 matches every day," she replied with a sigh.—[New York Journal.

Matthew Arnold's son is going to marry an American girl. He will get the "sweetness" and she the "light."—[Norrinstown Herald.

Gypsy queens often live to be 100 years old, and they preserve their beauty to the last. Gypsy queens never lace.—[Philadelphia Call.

Do you suppose eating angel-cake will make an angel of me?" asked a seraphic young lady of the worldly young man.

"I've no doubt it will," he answered, "if you eat enough of it."—[Hotel Mail.

I sincerely do not believe that a pretty face has anything to do with making a belle. The attractive or repellent qualities are the principal causes. Some of the latter qualities in girls are a haughty demeanor, saying smart things that make other people smart, an idea that it is only necessary to be civil to persons in a supposed higher social scale than their own, and the habits of contradicting and snubbing. Most men have a good deal of self-probation which they do not care to have disturbed by such causes. To be attractive a girl should be healthy, intelligent, but not "smart;" industrious, amiable, cheerful and willing to be pleased with small pleasures. Such qualities will make even a plain-faced girl attractive, if not a belle. Regard one inspired by such a girl lasts.—[Clara Belle.

A Horse's Terrible Revenge.

Louisville Commercial.

A terrible affair happened at the Lexington fair grounds, where the leesees, Smith & Merrill, constantly keep many trotting horses for various parties. A trainer, named Wm. Kimball, had in hand a stallion, Sherman's Hambletonian, and whipped him so severely that the horse threw the man, turned on him furiously, and attempted to crush him by kneeling on him. Missing the mark with his knees, the infuriated stallion began on the prostrate trainer with his teeth, and when driven off by the shouts and gestures of a negro boy, returned to the attack, and before Kimball was finally released, a wrist and leg were broken, and the flesh was torn from his breast and shoulder. He now lies in a painful condition, and his injuries are quite serious.

A Heavy Wheat Yield in Texas.

The Galveston News of the 16th publishes exhaustive crop reports from over seventy-five agricultural counties in that state. From the nature of the report it is impossible to compile figures showing the yield of wheat, but a careful review of the statements of 200 correspondents shows that this year's wheat and corn crops in Texas bids fair to surpass the yield of 1882, the heaviest in the history of the state. The farmers are now in the midst of the wheat harvest. The exceedingly warm weather during the past fifteen days has proved very beneficial to the crop.

Children gather round the hearthstone,
Baby voices, soft and sweet,
Hail and perch and stairway echo
To the tread of tiny feet.

But a morrow cometh surely,
When each tender lamb will stray,
Time or death will pluck each blossom,
Love the children while you may.

Rapid, warm, youth's sun-bright river
Leaps down the shimmering strand,
Rich and fair the red wine gloweth,
Held by Beauty's lovely hand,
Quicksands quake beneath the pebbles,
Caution, brother, watch and pray,
Poison bubbles with the nectar,
Pause and ponder while you may.

Manhood bends beneath his burdens,
Burdens borne for others' needs,
Life for him is strong and earnest,
Spent in sowing choicest seeds
For the good of coming ages,
If you feel his worth to-day,
If you prize his God-like spirit,
Let him know it while you may.

While you may. Ah, words of warning,
How the hurrying flood of years
Sweeps away our holiest treasures,
Leaving only dust and tears.
Starry eyes grow dim and faded,
Locks of gold are ashen gray,
Helpful hands grow strangely feeble,
Share their labors while you may.

We are pilgrims, brother pilgrims,
Journeying off o'er burning sand,
Let us cheer each other onward
With our honest heart and hand.
Vain the tardy recognition
Proffered o'er the slumbering clay,
Let us love and help our brother
While he needs it—while we may.
—[Mrs. D. Landon.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

"Never, while I live," said Miss Rashleigh, "never while I live, will I see your face again."

She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke she threw her betrothal ring toward the lover who had offended her.

It missed him and rolled down upon the floor and over the sill of an open china closet—one of those old-fashioned closets that used to stand on either side of the mantelpiece.

She did not notice where it rolled, he did though, and after she had left the room he turned to pick it up. The ring she had worn would always be precious to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room, as miserable a girl as ever lived, and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawing-room, pushed the open closet door to, picked up the fallen magazine, set the annuals and books of poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades, arranged the chairs methodically along the wall and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years," she said to herself, "and there's Cornelia and her beau with no more respect for them than if they were so much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her and went away to her own room up stairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt was in the frame, a surprise for said Cornelia.

Grandma Rashleigh gave every young person of the family something of her own manufacture on his or her wedding day.

"Now," the old lady had said a dozen times to Tripheny King, who was helping her, "I rather think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; and there's a bit in it of every handsome silk there's ever been in the family, and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vests."

"Yes'm, it's a real memorial quilt," said Tripheny. "It takes you mum, to plan such things."

The quilt was finished and bound that afternoon, and Tripheny's job of quilting being over, she went home. But she carried about the village the news that she "was sure that all was over between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear. She'd heard Cornelia say something to her grandma, and the old lady was furious."

"He would never have done that if he had cared for me, you know, grandma," Cornelia was saying at that moment.

"Stuff and nonsense! he loves the ground you walk on!" said the old lady.

"You'll never get such another. Cornelia!"

"I shall never marry at all; I hate men!" Cornelia answered.

And then her grandmother made the house too hot to hold her, and she went over to her mother's, her usual course when she fell out with grandma.

Three days passed. At the end of the third Piety Pratt stepped in at Mrs. Rashleigh's—young Mrs. Rashleigh, as she called her, though she was nearly fifty, for grandma was old Mrs. Rashleigh.

"I expect you will feel upset when I tell you the news, Cornelia," said she.

"You've been too cruel this time—he, he, he! Orville Spear hasn't been heard of since he was at your house. His mother says he went over to explain and make up, and never came back again—he, he! She thought may be he'd stopped over to his brothers, but he hadn't—he, he! I reckon he's drowned himself."

"I don't know why the whole town should talk over my affairs and every meddling old maid giggle about them," cried Cornelia.

Piety jumped to her feet, seized her parasol and turned toward the door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cornelia and Mrs. Rashleigh," she said with contemptuous courtesy; "I'll remember my manners if other folks forget theirs. Only there's other folks as likely to be old maids as me, and I fancy it's Mrs. Spear's affair now if anything has happened to the boy."

Away flounced Miss Pratt.

"You've put Piety into a rage, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a pity; she has a long tongue."

But Cornelia was crying.

"Oh, mother, dear," she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it?" Orville did feel dreadfully. Won't you see, mother?"

But at this moment Sally, the little servant girl from Grandma Rashleigh's, came flying into the room without any more warning than if she had been shot from a gun.

"The old missus says you are to come over at once, both you ladies," she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot.

"There's something of importance, and you're needed at worst."

"Get your hat, Cornelia," said her mother, "I'll just put on this sun hat. What is it, Sally? do you know?"

"I know it's something dreadful. Missus is almost wild, and there's lots of folks there. Something about Mr. Spear."

The two ladies said no more. They hurried away together, and entering grandma's parlor, found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had indeed disappeared. He had never been home since his visit to Cornelia, and now the alarmed relatives were anxious to get all the information they could regarding the interview between Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs. Spear," said Cornelia, proudly; "good reason, and I took off my ring and gave it back and went out of the room. That is all I know, I don't know when he went or where. I—I thought he would not mind so much. I believed he had stopped caring about me."

"He ought to now, at all events," said grandma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure. I shall have the pond dragged!" said Mrs. Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all his money at home. He wouldn't have gone traveling without a change of clothes. Oh, you wicked girl!"

"I hope," cried the eldest Miss Spear, "that he'll haunt you!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!" cried the youngest Miss Spear.

Cornelia had kept up bravely until now; but when her two friends turned upon her thus, she gave a scream and fell over the sofa. She was in a dead swoon, and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her to.

Grandma grew frightened.

"I hope it isn't an attack of heart disease," she said. "Poor child! she looks as if she were dead."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the mother.

They gathered around Cornelia and did all they could for her, and soon she recovered and sat up, but all her pride was gone.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed.

"I wish I had died! I wish I had never come to. Oh, Orville! Orville! what has become of you?"

"Oh, oh!" moaned the mother.

"Oh, oh!" moaned the sisters.

And then Cornelia's head fell back again.

"Emma, get the lavender out of the china closet," said grandma to her daughter. "Quick! It is on the corner shelf!"

Mrs. Rashleigh went hurriedly to the closet.

"Why, it won't open!" she cried wildly.

"It's a patent lock," said grandma, "looks as if she's shut. Here's the key."

And Mrs. Rashleigh flew back to the closet, opened it and then uttered a shriek.

There on the floor, cuddled up under the shelf, lay poor Orville Spear.

He was white and lifeless.

Cornelia sat and stared at him in the most awful way. She thought him dead. But the more experienced matron saw that he was yet living.

Sally was sent post haste for the doctor, and there in Mrs. Rashleigh's drawing room he found Cornelia and Orville lying quite unconscious, like Romeo and Juliet at the tomb, and the rest of the party in a state of bewilderment and terror past description.

At last, however, both were restored to consciousness, and, seated in arm chairs, regarded each other, while the observers kept silence, and Orville Spear uttered the first words.

"Of all confounded fools—"

"Who, dear?" asked his mother.

"Me," said Orville, regardless of grammar. "Who shut me in?"

"What were you in the closet for?" asked grandma, with a guilty conscience.

"To pick something up that rolled there," said Orville.

"The ring?" asked Cornelia, frantically.

"Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear. "More fool I! Some one banged the door to. I shouted, and howled, and kicked, and no one heard me."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" shrieked Cornelia. "I believe you hid there just to kill me, for no other purpose than out of revenge."

"You banged the door on me," said Mr. Spear. "A jealous woman will do anything."

"I banged the door, Orville," said old Mrs. Rashleigh. "I'd left everything flying. I just pushed it as I passed, and you ought to bless your stars that you are alive, for people don't go into the drawing room sometimes for a fortnight, in this small family. We use the parlor much more, and I am deaf and so is old Hepsiba, and you might have died there. Yes, and you'd have killed him, Cornelia," added the old lady, throwing his pretty diamond ring on the floor.

"Oh!" moaned Cornelia, "Oh!"

"It wasn't her fault. I was a confounded fool all through," cried Orville. "I knew the closet had a spring lock. No, don't blame Cornelia."

"I shall always blame myself," sighed Cornelia. "Oh, how pale you are."

"And how pale you are, Cornelia," sighed Orville. "Did you really care when you thought I was dead?"

"Ladies," said Grandma Rashleigh, "now that Orville has had his wine and biscuit and is getting on, let us go into the other room, and leave these two young folks to talk things over together."

She led the way, the others followed. When the tea bell rang soon after, Orville and Cornelia came out of the drawing room arm in arm, and the wedding day was fixed.

A Kansas girl was caught in male attire, and as she refused to pay a fine of \$10, a justice sent her to prison for ten days. As there was no worse intention in her conduct than to play a prank, and the state has no law against what she did, her rich father has sued for damages.

THE UNION PACIFIC.

Report of the Government Experts.

The report of the government experts on the Union Pacific is in brief as follows: Statement No. 1 shows the earnings and expenses of the entire system, including the lines owned, leased and operated from January 1 to May 31, 1884. Gross earnings, \$9,222,767; operating expenses, \$6,184,893; surplus, \$3,037,874. Statement No. 2 shows the revenue and expenses of the entire system for the same period: Gross earnings, \$9,222,767; operating expenses and all forced charges, \$9,952,180; deficit, \$729,414. Statement No. 3 shows the financial condition of the Union Pacific railroad company on May 31, 1884, from which it will be seen that the gross floating debt is \$11,400,099, made up of the following items: Bills payable, \$5,836,434; accounts payable, \$1,442,107; pay rolls and vouchers, \$2,362,821; dividends unpaid, \$1,143,742; coupons unpaid, \$898,992; called bonds, \$116,000. The company has certain available assets which should be deducted from this amount as follows: Cash on hand, \$840,377; sinking fund in the hands of trustees (cash), \$116,000; bills and accounts receivable, \$3,038,262; company stocks and bonds owned by the company, \$2,074,064; total, \$6,068,703, leaving the net floating debt \$5,331,395. Items—fuel, material and stores on hand, \$2,622,777, not regarded as available for offset by the experts. Statement No. 4 shows the earnings of the bonded debt and interest of the branch lines operated by and in the interest of the company for the year ending December 31st, 1883: Total earnings, \$8,758,452; expenses, including taxes, \$6,315,630; surplus, \$2,442,821; bonds outstanding, \$4,088,000; annual interest, \$2,510,950; bonds owned by the Union Pacific company, \$23,615,930; annual interest to Union Pacific, \$1,599,791; bonds owned by others, \$17,267,269. Statement No. 5 shows the revenue and expenditures of the road proper (1,820 miles) for the three months ending March 31, 1881: Gross earnings, including income from investments, \$3,475,181; operating expenses and taxes and all fixed charges, \$5,047,980; deficit, \$1,572,798. Statement No. 6 shows the earnings and expenses and accrued interest on the funded debt of the branch lines, compared with 1883, for the three months ending March 31. The interest on the bonds exceeds the surplus earnings for 1884 by \$347,826, while for 1883 it was only \$2,981. Statement No. 7 is a comparative statement of the earnings and expenses of the entire system for the four months ending April 30, 1882, 1883 and 1884. The comparative decrease in the surplus earnings of \$1,252,358; between 1884 and 1883 it shows a decrease of \$1,843,013; 1883 was the year of the largest receipts in the history of the company. Statement No. 8 shows the investments in detail in bonds and stocks of other companies, advances to other companies payable in bonds and stocks and miscellaneous investments, amounting in the aggregate to \$44,068,952. Statement No. 9 shows the company's stocks and bonds owned by the company, amounting to \$2,074,864.

FRIGID FUN.

True love is so warm that ice cream will not throw a chill over it.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

The dearest girl on earth is the one that eats the most ice cream.—[Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

If David Davis could be induced to go skating he would be "a big thing on ice."—[Texas Siftings.

People who talk about going away to spend the summer talk nonsense. The ice men and the ice cream dealers hold first mortgage upon it.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

The soda water and ice cream dealer is the man who first displays signs of summer.—[N. Y. Journal.

Lay of the summer cavalier—"Come where my love lies ice creaming."—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

My son, when you are fearlessly parading with your girl these cool evenings, and see a man standing in his ship door, draped in a linen duster and assiduously working a palm-leaf fan, look out for an ice cream sign just back of him, and at once cross to the other side of the street—you will find the walking much pleasanter, and devoid of immediate danger.—Lowell Citizen.

"George, dear," she said, entering the parlor with her bonnet on, "I guess we'd better take a walk; papa is expecting company to-night."

"Very well," added her lover, apprehensively, recalling the expensive consequences of previous walks. Before they had gone half a block, however, an idea struck him and he said:

"I was reading such an interesting article in the paper this morning."

"Yes; what was it about?"

"About the danger of eating ice cream. You can't imagine how many people have died from it, Lizzie. In eight cases out of ten it's rank poison."

"Oh, my, how glad I am you told me, dear," exclaimed the innocent girl, with a Chicago twinkle in her eye, "you buy me a couple of quarts of it and I'll take it home to kill rats."

The Late Bishop Simpson.

Bishop Simpson, who died in Philadelphia a few days ago, was born at Cadiz, Ohio, on the 21st of June, 1811. He was educated at Madison college, which afterwards emerged into Allegheny college. In 1829 he was admitted a member of the M. E. church and was licensed to preach four years afterwards. His first pastoral appointment was as a member of the Pittsburg conference, of which he was recognized, in a very short time, as one of the most prominent preachers. In 1835 he was ordained deacon at Pittsburg by Bishop Roberts, and afterwards as elder by the same dignitary at Steubenville, Ohio. From that time to 1852 he filled several pastorates and was everywhere noted for his able and effective preaching and his conscientious attention to ministerial visitations. The church increased in numbers under his care and the Sunday

schools became valuable auxiliaries to the church.

In May, 1852, he was elected and ordained bishop of Boston. At the opening of the centennial exhibition he was accorded the high honor of being elected to offer the opening prayer.

Bishop Simpson is an A. M. of Allegheny college, and has received the diplomas of D. D. and LL. D. from the Wesleyan university, Middletown. He was vice-president and professor of natural science in Allegheny college until from 1837 to 1839; was president of Indiana Asbury college from the latter date until 1848, when he became the editor of the Western Christian Advocate, a position he held with distinguished success for four years. Bishop Simpson was one of the most able pulpit orators and possessed a charming delivery. He took high rank as linguist and theologian. He was thoroughly in earnest, and therefore, in all his addresses and sermons, carried conviction to the minds of his hearers. During his bishopric he presided at conferences in all the states and most of the territories; was delegate to the Irish and British conferences and the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin. He was a great traveler and had visited Greece, Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land and other countries. During the civil war he delivered numerous addresses in behalf of the union and freedom, and officiated at the funeral of the lamented Lincoln. In 1874 he visited Mexico and later presided at conferences in