THE JOURNAL.

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COURAGE.

AN EPIGRAM.

Soldiers twain stood facing danger,
Side by side, alone and still;
Bold was one, to fear a stranger,
Light of thought and stout of will.

But the other, grave and serious,
Deeply pondered where he stood,
Felt the spell of the mysterious
Overshadowing neighborhood—

Of the mortal menace hidden
In that moment's sudden chance;
Till the throng of thoughts unbidden
Trampled with his countenance.

Then his comrade marked his pallor,
And a rallying charge he made,
Out of his light-hearted valor,
Lightly spoken: "You're afraid!"

"True my friend," with blanched lips said he,
"I have fear as you have none;
But I stand here, staunch and steady—
You, with half my fear, would run!"

—*Wm. C. Wilkinson, D. D., in S. S. Times*

THE DEACON'S QUARREL.

"Did you ever hear tell about Deacon Tanner's quarrel with Deacon Twist, Joshuay?"

"No; I dono as ever I did."

"Ye see, Deacon Tanner was real pious, but his natur was dreadfully arbitrary. He had naturally an all-fired disposition; high and mighty as though he was a British lord, and when he got mad I tell ye he was mad—no half-way covenant to him.

"He knowed it himself, and he fit with it night and day, for he was honest pious, and it done him good inwardly to hev a real set-to with the Old Adam now and then.

"Natur is natur, and the devil in him bein' set to be made over into a saint, felt a kind o' material comfort in fightin' the devil outside of him. Leastways, that's the way he figured it, and was forever a-prayin' an' a-tellin' in meetin' about the conflic's an' victories an' such like.

"For my part, I don't hold that b'lief. I think a man's got good an' bad both inside of him, without goin' abroad to find fightin'. I think we've got plenty inardness to wrastle with, and to use up all the grace we've got a subduin' of it; but that ain't here nor there. The deacon was an honest man, and he thought different; but whatsoever he thought, I tell ye he done about the right thing gener'ly.

"Well, Deacon Twist he was another sort; took fire quicker'n a spruce bough and didn't last no longer; blazed away jest birch-bark fashion all of a minit, and in half an hour he'd be just like a cosset lamb, and orful sorry he'd give way.

"But he kep' givin' way an' repentin', some like Peter in the Bible. But he was a real good man—they was good as gold, both on 'em

"Now Deacon Tanner, he'd set up a saw mill down in Nepash Brook, and he done sawin' for everybody round. 'Twas new country then, and he had lots o' business, so he kinder made a rewl that fust come was fust served, and kept the names of them that was promised in the list, right along as they came, chalked up on a board in the mill.

"I had ought to hev said that he and Deacon Twist was real friendly—both being deacons of Chester meetin', always a-going to funerals and prayer meetin's and school-us meetin's together, till folks kinder give a skit at 'em now and then, and some called them David and Jonathan.

"Well, it came about one time that Deacon twist wanted some logs sawed to cover his new barn. His turn to hev 'em sawed come a Thursday mornin', and Deacon Tanner he was on hand real early so's to get all set to rights afore work begun.

"Jest as he'd got the saw iled and things cleared up, who should come a-tuggin' and a-toilin' up the hill with a load o' logs, but Rod Garrett from Goshen.

"'Deacon,' ses he, 'I'm in a real fix. The' was a dredful blow over t' our town last evenin' some folks called it a hurricane—but anyway it hurried off the roof o' my house, and flung it against that mighty big rock in the lot behind, and smashed it into kindlin' wood.'

"'I hadn't a board on the farm,' he ses, 'nor I couldn't get one and Sary's down with lung complaint, and baby's got a spell of throat ail. I dono how to wait till I get that roof kivered ag'in. A rain settin' in would jest kill 'em; and I put to afore daylight, and I've drawed these logs over, a-hopin' to get 'em sawed afore anybody comes.'

"'Well, Rodney,' ses the deacon, kind of slow, as though he was considerin', 'I've promise Nathaniel Twist for to saw his logs this mornin', and I like to keep to my word.'

"'I don't believe but what he'd wait for me ef he knowed,' said Rod. It's a kind of extremity I'm in, as ye might say. I'm extreme anxious to get them boards right off. I feel to b'lieve that Deacon Twist would let me do't ef he was here. He's a pious man and a merciful man. I guess I'd resk it ef I was you,' Deacon Tanner.'

"'Well, Rodney,' ses the deacon, 'it does seem to be a work of necessity. I guess I'll try it; you dump them logs and we'll set her a-goin'.

"So he'n his hired man they got a log onto the slide, and Rod Garrett an' his brother who came with him they onycked the cattle an' put 'em under a tree to cool off Then they stood around to see the machine, and lo you! they hadn't hauled off mor'n a half a dozen boards when they heered Deacon Twist a-hawin' and a-geein' to his big pair o' Devon cattle on the turn o' the hill.

"I dono as Deacon Tanner heered him, an' I dono but he did; any way he didn't stop, he kep' the old saw a-goin, an' when Deacon Twist drove up his load o' logs there was the slide full an' a heap more to put on to't.

"He was mad! He roared out quicker'n you could say Jack Robison:

"'Whose be them logs? Hal'm off, I tell ye! It's my turn to hev the saw, an' I ain't a-goin' to be turned off like this, Hiram Tanner!'

"Jest then the saw stopped a minnit, an' Deacon Tanner heerd him.

"'This here is my mill an' my saw, Mr. Twist,' says he, his eyes kinder shinin' an' his face gettin' pale, though Twist's was redder'n a winter apple.

"'I don't care a continental if 'tis!' ses Twist. 'You said you was a-goin to saw for me this mornin', an' there's my name onto the list right afore ye, an' ye ha'n't no right to lie an' brass it out, if you be a deacon!'

"By this time the fellers that come up along with Deacon Twist for to help him load up, was gawpin' round, a-lookin' and a-hearin'.

"And, as 'twas berry time, a lot of the Elwell tribe was near by in the bushes, and hearin' a noise, they came, too—crows to a carkiss, they alwayswas. 'Sons of Belial,' Deacon Tanner used to call 'em. But they wa'n't; they was old Jake Elwell's sons, godless fellows enough, half-Injin, and they was a-grinnin' an' a-chucklin' to see the row.

"Well, Deacon Tanner he growed whiter'n whiter.

"'I cal'late to do what I will with my own, Mister Twist,' ses he, 'and I dono as anybody made you a judge and divider over me. If you'd hear to reason, without flyin' off the handle——

"'The' ain't no reason to hear to!' roared Twist. 'It's plainer'n the nose on your face; you promised to saw my logs this identikle mornin', an' now your mill's full of another feller's, an' if that ain't cheatin' and lyin' I dono what 'tis! I won't never bring no more logs to your mill whilst time endoors!'

"'Nor I won't never saw 'em if you do!' snapped Tanner, his eyes a-blazin'.

"'He! he! he!' squealed one o' th' Elwell fellers, 'pooty good spunky deacons now, them be!'

"Deacon Twist heered him, and his jaw kinder dropped. He gin a look at Tanner and stepped right up to him and ses:

"'Brother Tanner; I've did wrong; I've give occasion for the enemy to revile, and them Sons o' Belial is a-makin' us their music. We've shamed the Lord. Forgive me, Brother Tanner!'

"Tanner he stood a minnit jest as though somebody'd up and struck him. Then he reached out his hand, and ses he:

"Brother Twist, we have both sinned. Let us ask forgiveness from on high.'

"And so savin', he led Deacon Twist a little piece off inter the shoemake bushes, and Rod Garrett said he never in this mortal world heered such dredful affectin' prayers as they made, both on 'em. They didn't seem to think, he said, as though the' was anybody round a-hearin' of 'em, only jest the Lord; but all the men heered 'em.

"The Elwells they stole away kinder dumfoundered, but the rest stayed by. When the deacons come out after a spell, a-holdin' hands jest like two youngsters, they see they had been a-cryin'; and when they shook hands right there, and said as they'd quarrelled before folks, they would make up before 'em, and I tell ye it done them fellows good.

"Rod Garrett he said he b'lieved the' was suthin' in religion when he see Deacon Twist a-loadin' of his boards for him, and fairly forcin' Tanner to saw the rest of Garrett's logs afore he touched his'n. And Hiram Platt he was kinder on the fence before, but he came square out and j'ined Chester meetin' next sacrament day, and was a real close walker afterwards.

"As for the deacons, it seemed as though they couldn't be good enough to each other after all this. And it came about that the' was quite a'wakenin' in Chester that winter; seemed as though it took a start to th' old saw-mill. I tell you what, Joshuay, practice is wu'th all the preachin' you can skeer up, now ain't it?"

"Well, mebbe," said the considerate Joshuay; "but arter all, Amasy, how upon airth is folks a-goin' to know how to practice without some preachin?"

"There, you hit the nail on the head," said Aunt Desire, wiping her spectacles

—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Detroit Free Press.*

The Fig.

The fig is a very singular fruit. Mirbel called it a "sycowns," which means in Greek a fig garden. In its earliest stages it is not very unlike some other fruits, but in its developme.t it undergoes a strange modification. In its incipient state it is an aggregation of numberless flower buds, which in ordinary course would be developed on a long branch; but the branch in the case of the fig, instead of developing into a woody limb bearing flowers, grows up around the multitude of flowers enclosing them in a conical receptacle and forms a succulent fruit, as we call it, inside of a woody branch. The luscious fig that we eat is not a fruit at all, strictly speaking, but a succulent branch. Every seed in tae fig was a separate, regular flower, and the seeds are strictly the fruit. The fig tree bears two or three crops in a season. In the Southern States there are generally two crops, one in May and one in July and August. Figs are cultivated in Turkey, Greece, Southern France, Spain, Italy and North Africa. It has been cultivated from the most ancient times in the East, and its fruit has been highly esteemed and made an ordinary article of food in Southwestern Africa. The cultivation was transmitted from the East to the Greeks and Romans, and through them to all countries where the climate was favorable to their growth. The figs, when ripe, are dried in ovens, and then closely packed in chests, baskets or boxes for transportation. Our best figs come from Turkey. Those coming from Kalamafa, in Greece, are considered the most luscious. Italy and Spain export large quantities. In our Southern States figs are mostly put up simply for preserves for family use. In this State the time is coming when they will be an important article of commerce. Figs yield abundantly and require but little care. The fig contains a large amount of sugar, and may be manufactured into wine, alcohol and vinegar. It is a most healthy fruit when used in a perfectly ripe state, and it is a good anti-dyspeptic and the very best fruit for dyspeptics to eat of freely. Nothing is more luscious than the fully ripe fig, taken and eaten directly from the tree. As yet in this State not enough importance has been attached to this fruit; but time will correct this matter, and before many years the production of the fig will be greatly increased in California.—*The Chronicle.*

An Upright Judge.

A Judge full of caustic humor and shrewd common sense, and remarkable for the brevity of his judgments and the rapid decision with which he was wont to cut the much entangled knots of litigation, was Sir Samuel Martin, Baron of the Exchequer, whose death at the age of eighty-two was almost simultaneous, by curious coincidence, with the recent opening of the new law courts of London. In a certain case he once summed up as follows, after a mass of contradictory testimony and long speeches by counsel: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence and the speeches of the learned counsel. If you believe the old woman in red, you will find the prisoner guilty; if you do not believe her, you will find him not guilty." He had a thorough hatred for interpreters in court, and once, when a Spanish sailor was being tried and the interpreter was particularly unskillful, he exclaimed: "Mr. Interpreter, tell the prisoner that he has got Mr.—— to prosecute him and Mr.—— to defend him, and that I am the Judge, and this is the jury that will try him." This having been conveyed to the prisoner, the Baron continued: "Now Mr. Interpreter, stand down," and tried the whole case in English, pure and simple. Baron Martin's career was full of mercy and kindness as well as justice, and he left the bench a few years ago crowned with the respect and love of all who knew him. Apart from a growing deafness, his physical and intellectual faculties remained unimpaired until within three days of his death.—*London Truth.*

Seventh Sons.

It is reported that a spike maker at Troy, who is the seventh son of a seventh son, is so steadily in demand by sick people, who believe that he is a born healer of diseases, that he has been obliged to abandon the nail factory and devote himself to his patients, and that baseball player, who is also seventh son of a seventh son, is going to start on a healing expedition. How the accident of being born seventh in a line of sons can enable a man to scatter health broadcast is something that professors in medical colleges have never yet explained, but should the system prove satisfactory in practice no explanation will be necessary. To be healed merely by talking with a man who had half a dozen brothers born before him is much easier than going through a course of physic and being subject to the blunders of careless prescription clerks. If some seventh son will do some trifling thing, like extirpating a cancer or restoring a defective eye, just to show his genuineness, he will find business enough to make him eternally bless his birthday.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A Chicago item about a horse dying of cold is headed "A frozen plug." It is hard for a Chicago reporter who began his career in the Fire Department to let go of the old dialect.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How He Got His Change.

A lady, small boy and a reporter were riding uptown in a Broadway omnibus about midday recently. The lady and the small boy had evidently paid their fares when the reporter got in. The reporter deposited his five-cent nickel in the glass-front apartment house, and looked round for something to think about. Presently the driver was stopped by the uplifted and menacing forefinger of an eminently respectable-looking gentleman, verging on "elderly," of portly presence and unyielding dignity of countenance, who stepped into the 'bus with the precision of tying a cravat, and in a moment, finding he had no small change, handed the driver a two-dollar bill. Receiving his little envelope of silver, he found it to contain three fifties and some tens and fives. He quietly, and with habitual dignity, dropped a fifty-cent piece in the two-story basement and attic cash box, slipped the rest of the money in his pocket, and slowly and calmly settled back, folding his gloved hands on the heavy handle of his umbrella, and gazing with mild sternness at nothing in particular. He was the picture of self-satisfaction and solid, respectable composure. It was the calm before the storm. The lady looked amused, the reporter waited in hope that the lightning would strike somehow, and the small boy stared in amazement.

Soon the small boy broke loose and exclaimed:

"Say, mister, you put a fifty in the box. You can't get no change that way."

"What!"—and the respectable gentleman's dignity was gone. He sprang at the little bell strap and jerked it like a telegraph sounder, until the driver wondered what lunatic had got into his 'bus.

"Driver!" shouted the flushed and angry respectable gentleman; "Driver, I want my change I put a fifty-cent piece in that box by mistake and I want my change."

"Well," remarked the driver, "I guess you'll get it."

"Do you hear? Give me my change instantly, or I'll report you to the company."

"All right," remarked the driver. "You'd better ride right up to the stable with me."

The respectable gentleman resumed his seat, the image of impotent rage and tried to be again respectable and dignified, but he made the lady, the reporter and the small boy confidents of his personal opinion concerning the impertinent driver, the company, the two passenger-coaches-and-a-freight-car cash-box and the earth in general.

The respectable gentleman had scarcely settled back again, with his gloved hands folded on his umbrella, and gazing at nothing in particular, but with a sternness that was no longer mild, when a lady hailed the 'bus and got in. A happy thought occurred to the respectable fifty-cent passenger. He smiled benignly and with a "Permit me, madam," took the lady's five-cent piece and—put it in his pocket. His lips came well together and his whole face assumed an air of determination. As the driver looked down through his little box-office window aperture the respectable gentleman exclaimed:

"Driver, I am going to take fares until I get my change."

"Well, but——"

"No buts; attend to your horses. This company owes me forty-five cents, and I'm going to have it before I leave the stage."

How long it took the driver to appreciate the situation the reporter did not inquire, but he said no more. Soon a gentleman got in, and the company's creditor moved toward the front of the stage and took his fare, explaining the case. All the passengers smiled. Presently two ladies entered. Everybody looked at the respectable gentleman and smiled again, the small boy clapped his hands, the creditor looked determined, frowned slightly, took the ladies' ten cents and put it in his pocket. The driver merely looked down to see how many "fares" got in. When a young man got in, the smile became broader than ever. He sat opposite the forty-five cent creditor. The latter leaned forward, touched the young man on the knee, and said:

"I will take your fare, sir."

The tone was so commanding that the new-comer handed over his coin amazedly, and the receiver slipped it in his pocket. The young man, after continuing to stare at the self-appointed conductor awhile, exclaimed.

"Where's my five cents?"

"In my pocket, sir."

"Give me my five cents change; I gave you ten cents."

"Sir, it is all right. I am taking fares for the present. I accidentally," etc.

"Well, that's all right. But I want my five cents change."

"I beg your pardon," said the respectable gentleman, ignoring the young man's request, and evidently too much occupied with his mental arithmetic to catch the idea. The other passengers were by this time roaring with laughter, and the young man became angry and vociferous and threatened to call an officer, and finally the citizens' movement creditor suddenly caught the meaning of the young man's remonstrance, and with profuse, but dignified apologies, handed him five cents.

When the reporter left the scene of this farcical comedy, the respectable gentleman had got up to forty cents and had begun to look mild once more.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Give Him a Medal.

On a Woodward Avenue car yesterday one of our solid citizens, whose weather predictions have never been disputed since he was rated worth $50,000, remarked to an acquaintance that this was unusual weather for the last of December. He had hardly spoken when an old man with a bundle under his arm hopped up and replied:

"It is eh? I'll just bet you an even dollar that you are mistaken!"

"Isn't this unusual weather?"

"No, sir! I'll bet you two to one we had just such a December week three, five and eight years ago. Put up your cash."

"O, I don't bet on the weather; still, I think such soft weather at this time of year is singular."

"Bet you three to one it isn't singular!" cried the old man.

"I told you I wouldn't bet."

"Then don't be deceiving people with your weather talk. Bet you four to one you can't tell what the weather was in September."

The solid citizen was bluffed into silence for a moment and then he remarked:

"Looks as if we might have snow."

"Bet you five to one we don't see a flake this week!" piped the old man. "How can you expect snow when the air isn't cold enough to congeal this moisture?"

"Then it may rain."

"No, it won't! Bet you six to one you never saw rain with the wind where it is!"

"Well, the barometer indicates a storm of some sort!" shouted the solid man.

"Ill take you on that, too, and bet you seven to one that it doesn't!"

The prophet seemed about to haul out a dollar, but he changed his mind and fell back in his seat and growled out:

"May be my thermometer doesn't stand at fifty-four degrees above."

"No, sir! No, sir! I'll bet you eight to one that you are at least three degrees out of the way! Come, now!"

But the solid man came not.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—When a man "mysteriously disappears" nowadays his friends don't begin dragging the river or casting around for a murderer until it is known how his books stand and how much money he has borrowed.—*Detroit Post.*

Pope Leo XIII.

After his mass, which he says early, Leo XIII. gives audiences to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, and formerly Nuncio at Vienna, whose political learning is rare even in those of his official position. His place is then taken by the Cardinal Secretary of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and by the congregation of Cardinals, each of whom has its fixed day. These several counsels generally occupy the whole morning, until one hour after midday. The Pope's dinner: A potage, one dish of meat and some cheese; a few minutes suffice for its consumption. While he takes the air in the afternoon—generally in his carriage—he usually reads the Bishop's reports, all of which come direct into his own hands, the dispatches from the nunciatures, and especially any news from Belgium. That little kingdom, which has broken its diplomatic relations with the Holy See, is particularly near his heart. For it is there that he himself was Nuncio from 1843 to 1846, and there that he studied at close quarters a great politician, Leopold I. Toward four o'clock the Pope gives his private and public audiences, and the evening hours are devoted to the reception of Bishops. This long day over, Leo XIII. regains the solitude of his own closet. Then at last he is able to begin work.

Tall, thin, spare, with his pale and deeply-lined face, the Pope usually has delicate health, of which he takes small care. His austerity is extreme. The spiritual sovereign of 200,000,000 Catholics does not spend 100 francs a month for his table. The energy of a strongly developed nervous system alone enables him to resist the fatigue of his labor and of his vast responsibilities. At times those about him perceive a moment of exhaustion and collapse; but a little happiness, a piece of good news, or a pleasant telegram, restores the life of his worn frame. Suddenly well again, he takes up once more his heavy burden, and betakes himself to that work of reconciliation and peace-making to which he has devoted himself.

He is always grave or rather solemn; always the Pope. The Italians call his manners and surroundings ceremonious. Gravity is inherent in his nature, as those aver who have known him from his earliest youth. He never abandons himself, laughs rarely. He might be thought stern did he not temper his severity by the patient attention with which he listens—without interruption—to all who speak to him. His audiences are far less frequent than were those of Pius IX., but for that very reason they take more time. He has not the brilliant side so noticeable in his predecessor, the genial ease, the fine good humor which endured, notwithstanding the surprising vicissitudes of the last pontificate; nor the frank, bold and genial speech full of witty and happy words, thrown off in that sonorous voice which Pius IX. retained to his old age. Leo XIII. is as slow of speech as the Archbishop of Paris. But if neither the Pope nor the Cardinal has received the orator's gift, each has been endowed with the author's Perhaps this similarity explains the special sympathy and esteem which the Pope entertains to toward Mgr. Guibert.

The pastorals in which the Archbishop of Perugia (this was Cardinal Pecci's office before his election as Pope) was wont to demonstrate the harmony of faith and reason, of religion and civilization, "growing like the flower and fruit from the root of Christianity," were much noticed by Italian publicists. The prelate loved to treat the questions of the day and modern society. The illustrious Bonghi said of him, that his was "one of the most finally balanced and vigorous of characters;" that he was a man who had realized the ideal of a Cardinal such as St. Bernard conceived it." Since the Eighteenth century, since the time of Benedict XVI. and Clement XVI., Rome has not seen a Pope of so cultivated a mind, so accompiished in Latin and Tuscan verse, so familiar at once with classic and with contemporary letters. At the present time, the two qualities which Leo XIII. most prizes, and aims most constantly at securing in his own writings, are simplicity and moderation. His letters, his encyclicals, are all submitted to the sacred college. Nothing is more admirable than the manner in which he elicits opinions and weighs objections. He has been known to completely rewrite, after grave debates, encyclicals which he had already completed. As he suffers from sleeplessness, it is generally in the night hours that he composes his most important work.

It is by this active life, the monotony of which would frighten many statesmen, that the Holy Father is able to manage directly, in all their immensity of detail, the affairs of the church. Those affairs have multiplied greatly since the first third of the century. More than 100 bishoprics have been founded in America. Pius IX. wrote little; he inspired the writing of others. Leo XIII. has his own hand in all, sees all with his own eyes and directs all. Moderation, which, with austerity, is the dominant note in the sovereign pontiff's conduct, and which he has made into a law for himself, has borne its fruits. At the time of his accession the diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican was reduced to about two embassadors—those of France and Austria. At present he receives the envoys or the ambassadors of all the powers, save only Belgium and Italy. With regard to those two countries there are no signs of any possible understanding; but the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and almost all States guarantees for the present the existence of the Pope at Rome and his spiritual independence. Nevertheless, we must not suppose that the present moderation denotes a change or a backward movement from the doctrines of the late pontificate. I recall to mind the recent significant saying of a dignitary of the Roman curia: "All that had to be said has been said. The church never changes."—*Figaro, in Catholic Review.*

Something Queer About Ants.

Sir John Lubbock has made out that ants do not recognize ants of the same nest by any sign or password, though he thinks it impossible that in the case of nests containing 100,000 each, all the ants know each other individually. The way in which he disproved the sign or password theory was exceedingly ingenious. He took pupæ from various nests and gave to some of them attendants from a different nest of the same species, so that if they were taught any sign or password the ants thus brought up would know the sign of their nurse's nest, and not that of their own, except when the nurse had been taken from their own nest. Then he returned some of them to their own nest, some to their nurse's nest. The result was as follows: Of pupæ brought up by friends, and returned to their own nest, none were attacked, but all welcomed. Of pupæ brought up by strangers of the same species, and returned to their own nest, thirty-seven were welcomed and only seven were apparently attacked; but of these seven Sir John was doubtful in three cases. Of pupæ brought up by strangers of the same species, and put into the nest of those strangers, none were welcomed; all fifteen were attacked. Hence, ants of the same nest do recognize each other, but not by any sign or password—probably by some smell or other sense quite unknown to us. The whole series of these experiments of Sir John Lubbock's are most interesting, and we hope he will some day embody his studies in an essay on these highly intellectual insects.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—At a recent aristocratic marriage in England, several of the gentlemen wore plain gold ear-rings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A word in season: Why not send Dr. Mustard, of the Delaware State Senate, to the Sandwich Islands.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Sir William Thomson follows Dr. Thomas Reid in ascribing to man six senses instead of five, namely, the sense of force, of heat, of sound, of light, of taste and of smell.

—A statistician says that 17,000 American women visit Canada every year to smuggle a sealskin sacque. There is no doubt that this man has been jilted.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

—The great dry-goods stores of New York, as well as those of Paris, are compelled to watch for female kleptomaniacs. The number of otherwise respectable women who steal is said to be astonishing.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The Fruit-Growers' and Forest Tree Association of Canada, have passed a resolution favoring the extripation of the English sparrow. It was shown that the bird was slaughtering Canadian song-birds, besides proving destructive to farmers and fruit-growers.

—A little prattling child in Denver wandered out in the street, asking plaintively for some one to "please come and wake up my mamma." Finally two men accompanied her home, and found her mother dead from heart disease.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A bullet shot from a pea shooter struck a New Orleans lad in the head and penetrated the brain. The "pea-shooter is composed of a forked stick, two strips of rubber, two bits of twine and a patch of leather. What a New Orleans lad's head is composed of, is a matter of conjecture.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Boston *Courier* imparts the important information that a person "cannot decide a knotty question with a tie vote." But if you give a foolish talker rope enough he will soon settle the matter to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, gravely decides the New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

—After a hard run a policeman at Seneca Falls, N. Y., discovered that the laughing man whom he had caught dressed in a striped convict suit was only going to a masquerade ball. It was a good joke, and it will be a long while before the officer can put in loafing enough to make up for the exertion.—*Utica Herald.*

—The man who told a Cleveland *Herald* reporter about a trance trip to Heaven in 1838, in which he encountered the shades of John Quincy Adams and Dr. Chalmers, has been taken to task by a correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, who says that J. Q. A. lived until 1848, and Dr. C. to a much later date. The lesson pointed out by this trifling circumstance is that romancers should be well posted on dates and deaths.

—Oxford Mills can boast of the best married man in Eastern Ontario. His name is Robert Murphy. Six months after he buried his first wife he married his second. His second wife was dead only four months when he married again. His third wife died only five months ago, and a fortnight ago he again entered the matrimonial state by bringing home bride No. 4. Robert is very persevering.—*Almonte (Ont.) Gazette.*

—For fifty-one consecutive years William Stanford was an occupant of the County Jail at Richmond, Va., and for eighteen of those years he was chained by the leg to the floor of his cell, a raving lunatic. He was released in 1877, a harmless imbecile, and a few days ago he died. His last words were: "Dear mother"—the only utterance he had ever been known to make concerning his youth, some eighty years ago.—*Washington Post.*

—James McHardy, the oldest inhabitant of the Braemar District, Scotland, died recently, in the ninety-ninth year of his age. In his early years, when flax was grown in Braemar, he followed the trade of a heckler, but during the greater part of his life he worked as a sawyer. His wife died six years ago at the age of ninety-seven, and their married life extended over the long period of sixty-eight years. Their family consisted of three sons and six daughters, the oldest seventy-five and the youngest about sixty, and, as far as known, they are all living.

Clothes Pins.

Probably very few realize the extent of the manufacture of clothes pins, and the amount of capital employed in the business. Their manufacture is mostly confined to New England, and the State of Maine produces its share of the commodity.

According to the Bangor *Industrial Journal*, one of the most complete and extensive clothes pin factories is located at Vanceboro, Maine. From the same source the process of manufacturing the pins is given.

The wood used is mainly white birch and beech. The logs are cut and hauled to the shores of the lake or to the streams emptying into it, thence they are floated down to the mill. As fast as required they are hauled into the mill by a windlass and chain worked by steam power, and sawed into lengths of sixteen or twenty-two inches—the former to be made into pins, and the latter into boards for the boxes required in packing. The sixteen-inch lengths are next sawed into boards of the requisite thickness by a shingle machine, then into strips of the proper size by a gang of twelve circular saws, and finally into five-inch lengths by a gang of three saws.

The logs have now been cut up into blocks about five inches long and three-fourths of an inch square. Falling, as they leave the saws, on an elevator belt, they are carried into an upper story, and returning to the first floor are deposited in troughs, whence they are fed to the turning lathes, of which there are several—each being capable of turning eighty pins per minute. They are then passed to the slotting machines, in which a peculiar arrangement of knives inserted in a circular saw gives the slot the proper flange, after which they are automatically carried by elevator belts to the drying bins on the second floor, where they are subjected to a high temperature, generated by steam pipes, until thoroughly seasoned. There are several of these bins, the largest of which has a capacity of one hundred boxes, 72,000 pins, and the smaller ones fifty.

The pins are now ready for polishing and packing. The polishing is accomplished by means of perforated cylinders or drums, each capable of holding forty bushels, in which the pins are placed and kept constantly revolving until they become as smooth as if polished by hand with the finest sandpaper. A few minutes before this process is completed, a small amount of tallow is thrown in the drums with the pins, after which a few more revolutions gives them a beautiful glossy appearance. These polishing drums are suspended directly over the packing counter on the first floor of the mill, and being thus immediately beneath the ceiling of the floor above, are readily filled through scuttles from the drying bins on the second floor, and as easily emptied upon the counter below, where they are sorted into first and second grades, and packed in boxes of five gross each. The sorting and packing are done by girls. Two hundred and fifty boxes are packed per day.

The market for clothes pins is not confined to any special locality, but is found nearly all over the world. Ten thousand boxes have been shipped to Melbourne, Australia, within the past four months. Ten firms in London carry a stock of ten thousand boxes each, and two firms in Boston carry a like amount. One thousand boxes constitute a load.—*Scientific American.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—During the past fifteen years 3,500 churches have been built in this country.

—Berlin with over 1,160,000 population, has only forty-five places of worship.

—During the past year sixty-one Congregationalist ministers have died in this country, at an average age of sixty-four years.

—The Cornell Memorial of New York City is thought to be the largest Sunday School in the Methodist Church. It has a total membership of 1,448.

—In New York public schools, according to the new regulations, instructions in singing are to be given in every grade except the first grade of boys.

—A gain of sixty-two per cent. the past year is the estimate of the Southern Methodists. Would all the denominations could truthfully report a gain as large.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—David Morrice, a merchant of Montreal, has paid $50,000 for building an addition to the Presbyterian college, which was formally presented recently.

—The Young Men's Christian Association has established branches at Cairo, Beyrout, Smyrna, Damascus, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Calcutta, Hong Kong and Yokohama.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In the experimental kitchen in the Iowa Agricultural College the girl students are taught the philosophy as well as the practice of cooking. They learn the chemistry and comparative economy of foods, the usual adulterations and the methods of marketing.

—When the Derby Academy at Hingham, Mass., resumed its session after the holiday vacation it was discovered that some one had entered the school-room and distributed six dollars in money in the school-books which were left in the desks. The largest sum which was received by a single scholar was two dollars.—*Boston Transcript.*

—It is proposed that the centennial anniversary of the peace of 1783 be celebrated by Sunday-schools, colleges and other religious and educational institutions the world over with a "cosmopolitan service," to begin when it is noon in London, Oct. 31. The Cosmopolitan Sunday-school Association has the matter in hand.

—Richard Boas, of Reading, Pa., a student in Williams College, is likely to gain considerable notoriety because of his alleged discovery of a new method of finding square numbers. By this method he simplifies the usual way in shortening the process. At a late exhibition before Prof. Dodd, Mr. Boas was given a number of thirteen digits, and he produced the square in less than one minute.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Rev. George O. Barnes, the Mountain Evangelist, recently told a reporter that he had within eighteen months anointed with oil 6,000 people and effected about 600 wonderful cures. He never, he says, employs a physician in his family. "I dip my finger in the oil and anoint the part affected, and the pain generally disappears." The same gentleman also believes that the day is not far distant when Christ will be seen descending through the clouds.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The boys in one of our grammer schools call their schoolma'am "Experience," because she is a dear teacher.—*Boston Post.*

—"Never kiss anybody on the mouth," says Dr. Hall, "unless you are reckless of consequences." What do they ever bite? No matter—we are reckless.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Somebody put a fresh turnover in among those on the counter of a Philadelphia railway restaurant, and the traveler who got hold of it was so astonished that he gasped four times.—*Somerville Journal.*

—First swell: "By Jove, Fred, this is quite the highest collar I've struck yet." Second swell: "Think so, old man? Well, don't mind telling you; it's a little idea of my own. It's one of the guv'nor's cuffs."

—Rev. Dr. Hall said that every rock was a sermon. When a boy was stealing apples from Mr. Hall's orchard, the latter pelted him out of the orchard. When the boy's father subsequently asked him why he limped, he replied that he was very much struck with one of Mr. Hall's sermons.

—The following explains the difference between "luck" and "chance:" You take a girl out to the theater and discover that you haven't a cent in your pocket. You are, of course, compelled to invite her to an oyster saloon, after the performance. She refuses for some reason; that's "luck," but the "chance" is a million to one that she will accept.—*Chicago Times.*

—At a recent concert the trombone player suddenly stopped playing much to the astonishment of the leader, who demanded an explanation. The unlucky musician apologized, stating that he had blown two of his front teeth into the instrument; but his excuse was considered too thin instead of too out—*N. Y. Commercial.*

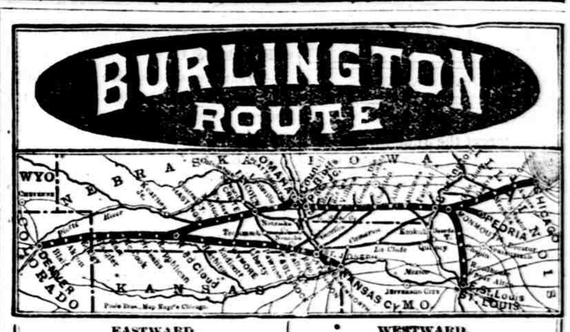
—"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse. "What am dat?" "It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar without any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold, and ef hit turns red, den I knows dat de water am too hot."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A California man, coming home in the night recently, stumbled over something furry in the hall. With rare presence of mind he did not give the alarm, but crept around the animal which he judged to be a bear, got his shotgun and fired both barrels into the beast. That awoke his wife and gave her the hysterics, and when he got a light and took account of results, he found he had shot his bearskin coat all to pieces.—*Boston Post.*

—"Look here," said the Governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that ten dollars?" "Upon my honor, Governor, I don't know." "Why, sir, the other day, when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness, you asked me where I would be Tuesday." "Yes, sir." "Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Tuesday?" "No, sir." "Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?" "Because I wanted to know where you'd be so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

An Uncomfortable Position.

An alleged mesmerist named Townsend was placed in an uncomfortable position before his audience, in Philadelphia, by a medical student who had closely studied mesmerism and kindred isms, and who insisted on propounding to the self-styled "professor," a series of questions altogether beyond that individual's comprehension. Finally the student asked why it was that the mesmerized subjects took particular care to stop when they approached the edge of the platform, and never went dangerously near a wall or an open window. The "professor" said: "Why, my friend, I control these people absolutely, and guard them from harm, don't you see." It was evident that the student did not "see," for he requested that the subjects who were nimbly capering about the stage should be thoroughly blindfolded and then submitted to that "absolute control" which thoroughly guarded them "from all harm, don't you see." It is needless to remark that the very reasonable proposition was not accepted, and the audience dispersed with the conviction that the mesmerist was a fraud.—*Chicago Herald.*



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