GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Incidents in the Career of the Renowned Humorist.

There is a sort of general idea that Prentice was "a bad man with a gun," a duelist, and all that sort of thing. Nothing could be more erroneous. The fact is he never fought a duel, but was sometimes, from the nature of his business, forced to personal and sudden rencounters. He was frequently challenged, but always made fun of messages. Once he wrote his challenger that it only took one fool to send a challenge, while it took two to fight, and he didn't wish to be classed in the category. On another occasion he accepted the challenge, and having the choice of weapons, insisted that each man should be armed with a straw and a cask of whisky, and that each should suck with his straw from his own cask until one fell, and that one should be considered vanquished and the other's honor satisfied.

Prentice was an exceedingly candid man, as the following anecdotes will show: Once Will S. Hays, the famous song-writer, in conversation with him, said: "I suppose, Mr. Prentice, you have seen my last song?" With a sly and quizzical look at the minstrel, he replied: "Well, I hope so, Bill."

Coming out of a public building one day, where there were double doors which swung in and out, a young man, who was coming in, pushed against the left-hand side of the door in which to enter, while Mr. Prentice was pushing against the other side of the door, trying to make his exit. The result was a ridiculously awkward halt. Finally, when the two had managed to get the door open, Mr. Prentice said to the intruder: "My young friend, in making your way through the world, if you insist on only keep to the right you will never run against anybody but a fool, to whom you needn't apologize to him."

Somebody stole the unabridged dictionary once from the editorial room of the *Journal*, and Mr. Prentice, having to do without that valuable tome, distributed among the boys of the book be purchased, destroying it. "For," said he, "no earthly property. [illegible] selfless egotist would attempt to read a newspaper without a dictionary."

Mr. Prentice's hat was one of his secondary properties. He always had it more or less full of bits of paper not larger than a postal stamp, on each of which he would write a word or two, in the sulky pencil, dead memoranda. Besides, he carried a pocket-knife, pencils, scissors, and promiscuous pocket-change in it, and would, at times, in an absent-minded way, put a well-masticated chew of tobacco into it instead of throwing the cud away.

Many persons from abroad used to call on Mr. Prentice when they were in Louisville, as though he was one of the curiosities of the city, or just for the purpose of being able to say that they had talked with such a great man, and this was peculiarly annoying to him, as he was inclined to be retiring and really never thought of comprehending his own fame. On one occasion an old friend called on the editor, and brought with him a callow young man from some undefined locality in the rural districts. This youth was particularly curious, and actually asked Mr. Prentice to say something funny. The ludicrous remark was smoothed over as quickly as possible by the gentleman who brought the young man in, and shortly thereafter some liquid refreshments were ordered to be brought up to the sanctum. Mr. Prentice had chosen a mint-julep, and when it came he held it up and asked the gentleman why that drink was like his young friend? Of course the young man, feeling flattered by the attention, was eager to know, and begged for the answer to the conundrum. Finally, turning to the gentleman, Mr. Prentice said with a pleasant smile: "This is a green-horn!"

Once Mr. Prentice met an acquaintance on the street who was very much intoxicated, and he declared to the wit that he was all hunkidori." "What do you mean by hunkidori?" said Mr. P. "I mean, sir," said the inebriate, "that I am pretty drunk." "Well," said Mr. Prentice, "if hunkidori means pretty drunk, I think you are hunkidori." In 1868 Hon. Henry Watterson became editor and part owner of the *Journal*, and Mr. Prentice, who had grown quite feeble, did very little work. In the course of six months the *Journal* was consolidated with the *Courier* and became what is known as the *Courier-Journal*. About a year after, Mr. Prentice died at the residence of his son, Colonel Clarence Prentice, a few miles below Louisville, on the Ohio River.

He was a powerful editor, and was the most brilliant paragrapher of the age—indeed, the first one of any note. His wit was bright and sparkling, his satire keen, his eloquence grand, his poetry beautiful, his logic unanswerable. A deep thinker, a profound reasoner; genial, hopeful, human, and, therefore, sometimes erring, he had the best of friends, the bitterest enemies, and he was, all in all, a great and gifted man—a genius.—*W. L. Visscher, in Denver Opinion.*

A LOGGING-CAMP BOSS.

A Thrilling Incident in the Pineries of Northern Michigan.

"For a young man I have done some pretty tough scrapping in the Rockies and mining regions of New Mexico and Arizona, but a few days ago I had the worst scare of my life in the lumber districts of Northern Michigan." The speaker was a young man of some twenty-seven years, dressed in rough-and-ready style and wearing a frizzy tow beard. He shifted the position of his broad shoulders as he lounged back in an easy chair in the Sherman House office, puffed his cigar vigorously, and then continued: "It was one of those bitter cold days we've just been having, and I had got up at three o'clock to rouse the men and get their sprinkler out. The air seemed full of blue steel and cut to my marrow like a razor. One of the teamsters got scared out and played off sick. So I had to take his place. When we had got a good, big load I took the reins and sat down on the butts of the logs, leaving the two loggers on behind. Of course about twenty feet of the load hung off the last bob. The road was a sheet of ice, for the sprinkler ran over it every morning, and the horses were sharp-shod, so we slid along smoothly until we got to the slide—a pretty steep incline ending in a turn which was mighty sharp for a road sixty feet wide. As soon as we started down my hair began to stand on end, for the horses galloped like fury to keep ahead of the bobs which were slewing all over the road. I got so paralyzed and nervous that when we approached the turn I reined in too suddenly. I felt the front bobs jump one way and the back bobs the other. The hind ends of the logs whistled through the air like willow switches, and I heard the loggers yell: 'For God's sake, ——,' The next thing was a loud snap! snap! snap!—like three tremendous paper-crackers—as the big log-chains broke like so many cotton threads. Did you ever use a switch sling? Whirl it round and round your head, you know, till a sudden twist sends the apple off the end and spinning into the air? Well, that is the way I felt and that is just what I thought of as I was shot off into the air, over and over and over, till I struck in a snow drift some hundred or more feet from the road. When I had struggled back through the snow I found the horses trying to kick loose from the few bits of harness that dangled about them, the bobs tangled around the trunk of a small pine tree, and the logs scattered to the four winds. One logger crawled back to the road with a fractured leg, and the other soon followed with a dislocated shoulder. One had struck a tree and the second had landed against a stump. They afterward told me in camp that those things were not at all unusual, and, as I had some pretty heavy bruises myself, I concluded that I was not made to boss a lumber camp. So I was driven to town next day to telegraph the management that the head teamster was filling my place, and that I was on my way to Chicago; and you bet your life I am glad I did it. If you have never passed a winter in the Michigan lumber districts you don't know what trouble is. In the first place a man has to work from three in the morning till eight and sometimes eleven at night. My daily life, while I was fool enough to stay there, was something like this: I kept store for twenty teamsters and bossed them at their work. I slept and ate in the only approximately clean place in the whole ranch—a little box built out into the big room and all lined with strong tobacco, curry-combs, socks, pins, buttons, buckwheat, kerosene and bad molasses. The box had no cover, so as I lay on the only quilt between me and the floor I could see the stars through the frosty cracks in the roof. The onions, beans, cabbages and a small keg of sauerkraut were stored just outside my door in the big room, which was heated red-hot by an immense open fire-place. At night the men would take off their soaking-wet rubber boots and stand them up by the fire.

"Those were awful old days for me. I had almost sleepless nights, and then had to get up before daybreak, with the thermometer twenty or thirty degrees below zero, and go about my work with a splitting headache, contracted in the foul air in which I had to pass the night. I am glad I am out of it. It is an unhealthy, dirty, dangerous business, and unless a man is in with the management there is no money in it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A DROLL SUIT.

A Singular Breach-of-Promise Case — A Frisky Old Gentleman.

Surely the drollest breach-of-promise case ever brought into court is one now pending at Williamsport, Pa. A tough old veteran of eighty became enamored of a buxom beauty of twenty-eight, of the name of Kentner, and promised to marry her. Wind of the affair reaching the sons of the old man and the parents of Miss Kentner, they put their heads together and stopped the foolish business. By way of a salve to the lady's feelings she got $3,000 damages. But the octogenarian met his charmer again, memory did bring back the feeling, and they agreed to elope. The lady, like Miss Melnotte in the novel, kept her word and went to Detroit, where her aged lover was to meet her. But he, like Sir Felix, was not on hand. Whether he had the same reasons for not keeping his engagement as that worthless baronet, or whether his sons kept too close a watch on him, we are not informed. We are only told that the lady returned home from Detroit "crazed with grief." The grief must have changed into the historic fury of the woman scorned when she learned that during her absence, while she was crying "He cometh not!" in her hotel at Detroit, the wretched old man had actually gone off and married another woman.

Something must be done with these old men. There is an old man eighty years of age who proposes to elope with one girl and while her back is turned goes off and marries another. Talk of the wildness of youth! It is high time the clergy began a course of lectures to old men on the necessity of moderating their passions. Thomas Hood had no notion of these times when he wrote: "When he is forsaken, withered and shaken, what can an old man do but die?" Do? Why, if he had lived in these times he would have got engaged to a young girl and jilted her. That is better fun than dying. We rather suspect that Willis is somewhat responsible for the astonishing tendency of the modern race of old men to throw their cap over the mill top. He meant well probably when he wrote:

"It stirs the blood in an old man's heart
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye."

But there are old men nowadays who, when their blood gets stirred and their pulses fly, swoop down on women folk like an Assyrian on the fold and ravage whole city fulls. The thing makes one feel like "Benedick": "Hath not the world one man but he will wear his age with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

GREELEY'S HABITS.

The Great Editor Not the Kind of a Man to Grace a Fashionable Dining-Room.

"Horace Greeley was a great eater; he didn't care much about quality, but went in for quantity," said John Schlosser, caterer for the Duquesne Club, while talking of some of his experiences the other day. Mr. Schlosser was at one time caterer of a famous New York hotel, and afterward held the same position at Welcker's, in Washington, and naturally he has a large fund of anecdotes of distinguished men.

"How did you become acquainted with Greeley's habits?" asked the writer.

"I was caterer at the —— house when Greeley lived there," replied Mr. Schlosser. "He was a very queer old man and a good natured one generally. He would sit in his room dressed in a dirty old dressing-gown with an old pair of slippers on, and read the papers early in the morning. It was wonderful the number of papers he would read and throw in piles all around the room, and if any of them were lost or were taken away when his room was cleaned up, he would be furious. He was a great eater of fruits. Nearly every day baskets and even barrels of fruit were sent to him. He was very fond of pineapples, and some friend sent him two and three barrels at a time, which he enjoyed with great relish."

"Was he a good liver and fond of delicacies and French cooking?"

"Not at all. As long as a dish pleased his taste he never stopped to inquire what it was called, or what it was made of. If he wanted a repetition of it he would say: 'I want some of that you gave me the other day,' and that would end it. He was an enormous eater, but was too much of a farmer to care to go into details. He never gave any banquets or dinners to his friends. Sometimes one of his intimates, Mr. Bardsley, the lawyer, would give Mr. Greeley a dinner, but Greeley never gave him any in return. Mr. Greeley was in bad health then, and I think that his manner of eating did not make him any healthier."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—The grasshopper develops from the young larva to the winged adult without changing its mode of life.

—The State of Maine paid last year $2,745 as bounties on bears, the number of bears killed being 549.

THE COWBOY.

Bill Nye's Idea of the Genesis of the Festive Monarch of the Plains.

So much amusing talk is being made recently anent the blood-bedraggled cowboy of the wild West, that I rise as one man to say a few things, not in a dictatorial style, but regarding this so-called or so-esteemed dry-land pirate who, mounted on a little cow-pony and under the black flag, sails out across the green surge of the plains to scatter the rocky shores of Time with his fellowman.

A great many people wonder where the cowboy, with his abnormal thirst for blood, originated. Where did this Jesse James, with his gory record and his dauntless eye come from? Was he born in a buffalo wallow at the foot of some rock-ribbed mountain, or did he first breathe the thin air along the brink of an alkali pond, where the horned toad and the centipede sang him to sleep, and the tarantula tickled him under the chin with its hairy legs?

Careful research and cold, hard statistics show that the cowboy was born in an unostentatious manner on the farm. I hate to sit down on a beautiful romance and squash the breath out of a romantic dream; but the cowboy who gets too much moist damnation into his system, and rides on a gallop up and down Main street, shooting out the lights of the beautiful billiard palaces, would be just as happy if a mouse ran up his pantaloons-leg as you would, gentle reader.

One night, while I had rooms in the business part of a territorial city in the Rocky mountain cattle country, I was awakened at about one o'clock a. m. by the most blood-curdling cry of "murder!" I ever heard. It was murder with a big "M." Across the street, in the bright light of a restaurant, a dozen cowboys with broad sombreros and flashing silver braids, huge leather chaperajos, Mexican spurs, and orange silk neckties; with flashing revolvers were standing. It seemed that a big red-faced Captain Kid of the band, with his skin full of valley tan, had marched into an ice-cream resort with a self-cocker in his hand, and ordered the vanilla coolness for the gang. There being a dozen young folks in the place, mostly male and female, from a neighboring hop, indulging in cream, the proprietor, a meek Norwegian with thin white hair, deemed it rude and *outre* to do so. He said something to that effect, whereat the other eleven men of alcoholic courage let off a yell that froze the cream into a solid glacier, and shook two kerosene lamps out of their sockets in the chandeliers.

This annoyed the ice-cream agriculturist, and he took the old axe-handle he used to jam the ice down around the freezer with, and peeled a large area of scalp off the leader's dome of thought, and it hung down over his eyes, so that he could not see to shoot with any degree of accuracy.

After he had yelled "murder!" three or four times, he fell under an ice-cream table, and the mild-eyed Scandinavian broke a silver-plated castor over the organ of self-esteem, and poured red pepper, and salt and vinegar, and Halford sauce, and other relishes on the place where the scalp was loose.

This revived the brave but murderous cow-gentleman, and he begged that he might be allowed to go away.

The gentle Y. M. C. A. superintendent of the ton-stamp ice-cream freezers then took the revolvers away from the bold buccaneer and kicked him out through a show case.

All cowboys are not sanguinary; but out of twenty you will generally find one who is brave when he has his revolvers with him; but when he forgot and left his shooters at home on the piano, the most tropical violet-eyed dude can climb him with the butt end of a sunflower, and beat his brains out and spatter them all over that school district.

In the wild unfettered West, beware of the man who never carries arms, never gets drunk, and always minds his own business. He don't go around shooting out the gas, or intimidating a kindergarten school; but when a brave frontiersman, with a revolver in each boot and a bowie down the back of his neck, insults a modest young lady, and needs to be thrown through a plate-glass window and then walked over by the populace, call in the silent man who dares to wear a clean shirt and human clothes.—*Bill Nye, in Puck.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What Teachers Are Doing to Decrease the Percentage of Illiteracy.

The members of the teaching profession in this country are exhibiting, at the present time, a most commendable zeal in all good works. A review of the proceedings of the district conventions, county institutes and State associations reveals an extraordinary spirit of progress. The columns of the educational periodicals abound in papers which are full of interesting suggestions, original ideas and theories of all kinds. Every teacher seems to have his or her peculiar view which, on the proper occasion, is very courageously advanced. Opinions, diametrically opposed, constantly clash, but all are the outcome of one unanimous desire—improvement. The country at large is to be felicitated on this condition of things.

It occasionally surprises the tuition and tax-payers to find how far some of the vital questions in the administration of the public schools are from being definitely settled, but this surprise grows out of the American disposition to regard ten years a century and fifty years an age, and to forget that we are yet, and naturally, in the period of institutional beginnings and experiments. The public at large should not, therefore, grow restive because the teachers are given to debate and disagreement. They will come to conclusions, doubtless, in good time. Their energy and devotion to educational interests must be considered as devoid of the selfishness that characterises place-hunting politicians, for the reason that their positions are usually arduous and their financial expectations inconsiderable. They certainly present themselves in the attitude of soldiers enlisted on the side of a great and worthy cause, their loyalty being due to purer and higher motives than individual benefit.

The question of a large appropriation by the National Government to be devoted to the suppression of illiteracy has aroused them as never before. They now find themselves facing a great evil with the possibility of securing effective means for its overthrow, and they feel something of that ardor which our forefathers felt when the Stamp Tax enabled them to draw a line, and which the old Abolitionists experienced when the proposition to extend slavery brought their affair to an issue. Heretofore the teachers, though imbued with a desire to banish ignorance from the land, were content to plod along in their mission, believing that the light would gradually spread as the years wore on, yet with the discouraging consciousness that the lane was very long. Now, suddenly, an over-plus in the Treasury suggests a plan whereby a grand advance can be made, and the consequence is a general stimulation of energy and eager desire to go forth to conquer. Whether such an appropriation by the Government is altogether advisable is not the question with them. They have settled that to their own satisfaction, and believe, if we may trust the reports, that the country's glory can be subserved in no way so well as by educating the great body of illiterate voters. Whether or not the appropriation shall be made, the teachers will have been greatly elevated in the public regard by the philanthropic position they have taken, and the assurance they have given that they are striving according to their best lights to improve the intellectual and moral life of the Nation.

Realizing, therefore, the progress the teachers are making in the work of educating the people—a progress which has the positive testimony of figures—the relation of the teacher to reformatory measures in the prisons is a matter for the curious to consider. If education means the increase of the citizen's responsibilities, it may be pertinently suggested that, with the increase of educational opportunities, prison discipline should grow sharper, and punishment rather than reformation be the policy of the prison-keepers. If the percentage of illiteracy, accordingly, continues to be reduced by the teachers, the social scientists of the country should not fail to give this matter their attention.—*G. C. Matthews, in the Current.*

FOREST CULTURE.

What Has Been Accomplished in Nebraska.

No reasonably intelligent person can doubt the advantage and benefit to the country at large of the maintenance of a considerable area of forest. No one can ignore the value of timber as a material for use in various arts and for the domestic supply of farmers and others who require rough and cheap timber for many purposes. It is quite unnecessary to do more than refer to these points or to the universally admitted advantages of the forests and timber plantations in regard to climate and water supply. All these things are known and well understood. But they are almost entirely ignored and neglected and the positive necessity for general action in regard to the planting of waste lands with timber is lost sight of in the noisy calls upon the Government to step forward and "do something." The old story of the cartman whose cart was stuck in a mud-hole, and who called upon Jupiter to get him out of his trouble, applies to this business. Farmers are the most interested in this matter; they have an abundance of waste land, or of land that lies useless at present, that might be very profitably planted with timber. But because some other persons may derive some benefit from the planting of timber upon their lands and enjoy some of the advantages with them of it, this beneficial work is left undone. A valuable lesson may be learned from Nebraska in this regard. This young Western State was almost wholly without timber; a treeless waste of green grass and blue sky which met at the horizon all around the solitary traveler who crossed its lonely prairies a dozen or a score of years ago. Ex-Governor R. W. Furnas, one of the pioneers who settled this State and have covered it with fruitful fields, blossoming orchards and gardens and leafy groves, was one of the first to arouse popular favor in regard to tree planting, and it was, we believe, during the administration of his government that Arbor Day was established as a public festival, of which the planting of trees was the chief object. This idea struck the popular fancy, and it has spread into other States, but flourishes most fruitfully in its birthplace, so much so that during 1884 the amount of tree planting done consisted of 2,500,000 cottonwoods, 400,000 box elders, 800,000 soft maple, 250,000 ash, 175,000 elm, 85,000 sycamore, 225,000 other deciduous trees, 1,850 bushels of walnuts, 250 bushels of acorns and 125 pounds of catalpa seed. At this rate of progress Nebraska will soon be melodious with the varying music of the forest and become a place of woods and groves, while elder States will have unclothed themselves and lie bare and barren to the winds and sun. All this has been done by private effort, stimulated by an ambition and rivalry keenly sharpened by a public spirit which has pervaded all the people, until even the children have their groves, planted by tiny hands and nursed into growth by generous care. Government has had no hand in it. It is the outgrowth of the true American idea of popular sovereignty, and that what the people want done the people must do for themselves. If only the people most interested in other States would follow this bright example all that the State Governments should do where there are public lands would be quickly done, and the remaining forests would be preserved from the cruel axe and the wasting fire.

BLAKE'S PILLS.

The Astonishing Cure Wrought by a Box of Globules Which Were Not Even Swallowed.

The present mania for doctoring and dosing, recalls an incident in the experience of Mr. Josh Blake, son of the late Madame Blake, of Mount Vernon street. Mr. Blake was not feeling remarkably well, and while contemplating a trip to Calcutta and other places, thought he would study up his own ailment from a medical treatise, over which he spent considerable time. At last, finding a case representing—as he supposed—his own, and which was fully described, and with it had the prescribed remedy annexed, he was satisfied that he could cure himself. He accordingly copied verbatim the receipt given and bied him to one of the leading druggists. He displayed the copied receipt and ordered it prepared, saying he would "wait for it." The clerk looked a little surprised, but merely said: "It will require some time to fill this prescription if you want the whole quantity, and as we are pretty busy it will not be ready before tomorrow afternoon."

At the appointed time Mr Blake called for his "little package of medicine," and was considerably nonplussed when the clerk brought out for him a box measuring nine inches in length and about five inches in width, and the same in depth, filled with pills! and with it a bill for ten dollars. As he had ordered the whole quantity there was nothing to do but to take it and pay for it; but afterwards in recounting the joke he had so unwittingly played upon himself, he made use of some short but very emphatic words in plainest English, and even then declared that he could not do the subject justice. He took the "pills" with him to Calcutta; the passengers and crew were all well on the trip out and back. Whether on account of the big boxful of pills or not we will not pretend to say.—*Boston Courier.*

"Grin and Bear It."

The following is vouched for by a minister's wife, and therefore must be so if it isn't so:

A clergyman visiting a woman in a severe illness, asked:

"Do you derive any comfort from the instruction of the Bible?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply.

"What particular passage do you rely upon at present?" asked the minister.

"Grin and bear it," replied the sufferer.

The clergyman departed to look up a concordance.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE CALLEYS.

How Prisoners Were Formerly Tortured in the French Galleys.

We suppose the "*fendator temporis acti*" will never entirely disappear. There will always be found those who will maintain that the former days were better than the present, and that the affairs of this world do not move so smoothly as in old times.

Undoubtedly there may be reason in such assertions, as in some instances our days show a degeneration from those of our forefather; the belief in the overruling providence and goodness of God, the respect of youth toward old age, the sentiment of obedience to the commands of law, we fear have lost somewhat of their influence over the actual generation.

But without stopping to enumerate the many points in which our own age has made a decided advance over those that have preceded it, let us merely reflect on the position of prisoners and sailors of the present day as compared with those when men were condemned—and not always for crimes committed—to the living death of the galleys:

Baras de la Prave, who served forty years as an officer in a galley, thus writes in 1713 of them:

"Those who enter a galley for the first time are surprised to see so many souls on board. There are, in fact, in Europe an infinity of villages which do not contain so many inhabitants. But that which cause still more astonishment is to find so many men in so small a space. It is true that the greater part have not the liberty to lie down at full length. Seven men are put on each bench; that is, in a space of about four feet wide by ten in length. At the prow are to be seen even thirty sailors, who have no other lodging-place than the plans des rambades, which are two spaces of two feet in length by eighteen wide. From stern to prow one can see nothing but heads. The captain and officers are hardly any better lodged, their only refuge is the poop, which, considering its size, one is tempted to compare with the tub of Diogenes. When the pitiless wind from Lybia, sweeping across the Roman beaches, surprised the galleys on the sea; when the impetuous Aquilon assailed them, or the Gulf of Lyons delivered them to the humid wind of Syria, the galleys must have been an image of hell itself. The mournful lamentations and frightful cries of the crew, the horrible howlings of the chain-gang, the groaning of the vessel's frame, mingled with the noise of chains and the roaring of the tempest must have produced a sentiment of terror in the most intrepid heart. Rain, hail, lightning, the habitual accompaniments of these violent storms, the waves washing over the decks, added to the horror of the situation. Although people are not generally very devout in the galleys, some would then be seen praying to God, while others were offering vows to all the saints. Some even, in spite of the rocking of the vessel, would try to make pilgrimages on board! Much better would it have been for them not to forget God and his saints as soon as the danger was past.

"Calm weather itself has its inconveniences: Bad smells are then so offensive that they can not be escaped from, in spite of the snuff with which you are obliged to fill your nose from morning to night. There are always on a galley certain little pests which are the torment of the inhabitants. Flies exercise their empire by day, bugs by night, fleas and lice day and night. Whatever precautions may be taken, one can not succeed in getting free from these annoyances. The frightful vermin do not respect even cardinals, ambassadors, or crowned heads."

With respect to the size of the galleys, the largest of those in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a length of about forty-seven to fifty-five meters, by not quite six meters in width. They were of very light draft, and consequently shallow, were moved by fifty oars of twelve meters in length, and carried a crew in all of about four hundred in that circumscribed space.

Here is the testimony of Jean Marseille de Bergerac, who in 1701 was condemned to serve in the French galleys for the crime of being a Protestant, and therefore speaks from a bitter experience of many years:

"All the convicts are chained to benches, six to each. These are four feet from each other, and are covered with a sack stuffed with wool, over which is thrown a sheepskin that descends to the footrest. The comite, that is, the maiter of the chain-gang, stands at the stern, near the captain, to receive his orders. There are two sous comites—one in the middle, the other at the prow. Each is armed with a whip, which is applied to the naked bodies of the slaves. When the captain gives orders to weigh, the comite gives the signal with a silver whistle that hangs from his neck. This signal is repeated by the sous-comites, and immediately the slaves beat the water with their oars together; you would say that the fifty oars were but one. Imagine six men chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the rest, the other on the bench in front, holding in their hands an oar of enormous weight, stretching their bodies toward the stern of the galley, their arms extended so as to push their oar above the backs of the rowers before them, who themselves take the same attitude. The oar being thus advanced, they raise the end they hold so as to plunge the other in the sea; this done, they throw themselves back and fall on their seat, which bends beneath their weight. The galley slave thus rows sometimes ten, twelve, and even twenty hours in succession without a single stop. On such occasions the comite would thrust a piece of bread soaked in wine into the mouths of the poor oarsmen to prevent their fainting. Then the Captain would command the comite to redouble his blows. If one of the poor wretches fell exhausted over his oar, which frequently happened, he was flogged until he was supposed to be dead, and then cast into the sea without ceremony."

What an idea of human misery and suffering does the foregoing picture convey!—*Boston Transcript.*

Growth of Mormonism.

Mormonism is adapted to the intellectual capacities of the masses, the multitude of the ignorant and poor, the wretched, the pariahs of society. To these are offered just what they are sure always to hunger for, bold assumption and boundless assertion, great show of authority, these helping to certitude in faith; salvation by forms, by the legerdemain of rite, the hocus-pocus of initiating and anointing; literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and profuse quotations of texts, and specially such as are set in the poetical and obscure diction of the prophets. The same minds delight in prodigies. "*Quod ignotum, pro mirifico.*" The more mysterious the more true. The secrecy, too, of the endowments has a charm, and as well the offices and titles which each one may possess. Of such gewgaws and tinsel this church has unlimited store. And who is not flattered by the assurance that he is of the few wise and blessed of the race, that the many outside his coterie are foolish and doomed? No doubt, also, by setting the standard of morality so lamentably low, and offering salvation to the worst on such easy terms as external obedience and service, thousands have been captured and held. The promise, too, of land is a lure to many.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Weather Prophet Wiggins sees fit to deny the rumor that he has joined the Salvation Army.

—Lieutenant Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, who is worth ten million dollars, wears a ten-cent necktie.

—Napoleon, the great leader of men, judged them and chose them according to the character indicated by their noses.

—Matthew Arnold, who came to America to win fame and farthings, wound up by losing his daughter and gaining a distinguished son-in-law.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—One of Nellie Grant's little boys is said greatly to resemble his grandfather, General Grant, in his love for soldiers, horses, pups and cigars.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The daughter of Binns, the exhangman of London, recently testified in court that she had frequently been frightened out of the house by her father's experiments in hanging dogs and cats.

—William H. Crain, the Democratic Congressman-elect to succeed Colonel Thomas Ochiltree, from the Galveston (Tex.) District, is the first native from Texas ever elected to Congress from the State.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Joseph Richardson, of St. Paul, but known to everybody as "Uncle Joe," who never wore an overcoat or a suit of clothes worth more than twelve dollars, is the possessor of six million dollars.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—A Texas County Judge recently delivered a farewell address which excited the admiration of all his friends until some officious person discovered that Washington had delivered the same address many years ago.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Pennsylvania girl had not spoken to any one for years until her mother died the other day, and was supposed to be dumb. At the death of her mother she talked as though she had always done so.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The oldest woman in Connecticut lives at Middletown and is named Smith. She is the mother of eleven children, enjoys good health, never rode on a railroad, and is one hundred and three years of age.—*Hartford Courant.*

—George Dolby, who, in the capacity of secretary and manager, accompanied Charles Dickens during his American tour in 1867, says the gross receipts of his seventy-six readings in this country were two hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars, and that Dickens' personal profits were ninety-five thousand dollars.

—Nicholas Van Horn, a well-to-do farmer and widower of Habershan, Ga., and the father of two children over thirty years of age, was married recently to Miss Ivy, a child of twelve. During the ceremony the child began to sob, when the old man patted her on the head in a fatherly manner, and wiped away her tears with his big bandana.—*Chicago Times.*

—Mr. Thomas Barbour, thread-maker at Paterson, N. J., who died recently worth one million dollars, if not several millions, was the son of a threadmaker at Belfast and traveling salesman in America. His father wanted to thrash him, big as he was, for setting up a thread-mill in America against the British manufacturer. "Father," said the son, "I'll make more money for you than I ever did, and make money for myself, too." He did.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A Brooklyn scientist says that in about three million years the earth will be one gigantic iceberg. According to his belief, it will be a cold day when everybody gets left.—*Norristown Herald.*

—No modest, prudent young lady will accept a scapegrace for an escort, but if she will go to masquerades in the character of Maud Muller we don't see how she can avoid going with a rake.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A Boston girl who saw a fellow with delirium tremens exclaimed: "Unhappy man! Why do you permit yourself to get the 'James-James?'" The shock restored the sufferer to his right mind.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—He had an auburn-haired girl, and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed: "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Landlady—"Do you find your steak tender, Mr. Dumby? If not I will——" Dumby (who was wakened about five o'clock that morning by the cook pounding it) "Er—it might be well to let the cook hit it a few more times, I think."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"So you didn't succeed very well with your school in Illinois?" "No; I had to give it up at the end of the first month." "Did you use the blackboard much?" "No. It was too large. But I used all the other furniture about the room that wasn't nailed down."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Looking on the bright side: "My wife is really getting complimentary," remarked Fogg. "Ah! how's that?" asked Brown. "Why, she came very near speaking of my beautiful raven locks." "How near, for instance?" "Why, she said my head looked like a crow's nest."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Are you superstitious, Mr. Badger?" asked Miss De Silva. "Not in the least," replied that gentleman. "Would you prefer a dinner party of six to one of thirteen?" "Yes, decidedly." "Ah! I knew you were superstitious. Why would you, Mr. Badger?" "Get more to eat."—*Troy Times.*

—Her Ancestry.

A maiden of uncertain age
Of ancestry was wont to brag;
When that attention would engage
The conversation would not flag.
"One of my ancestors," says she
"Came on the Mayflower." "Can it be?"
Asked one, "T's a distinction great.
Why, 1620 was the date."
"Pray tell me," slyly asked another.
"Was it your father or your mother?"

—"Why do you suppose the feminine is used in speaking of the moon?" asked Kosciusko Murphy of Miss Esmeralda Longeoffin. "Because she is so beautiful, I suppose," replied Esmeralda, who is on the shady side of thirty-five. "No, it's because there's no finding out how old she is," replied the lunatic.—*Texas Siftings.*

How the Sultan Looks.

"The day before the one appointed for our leaving Constantinople," said Senator-elect Stanford, "I was much surprised at receiving, through a court official, an invitation for the following afternoon to a private audience with the Sultan, during which he wished to question me concerning material developments of Turkey. There was nothing remarkable about the room, except, perhaps, the fact that it was furnished in French style nor was there much of Oriental splendor in the dress of the Sultan. He wore a blue undress uniform of European cut, the only traces of Eastern costume being a plain fez, and a magnificently mounted scimetar. He appeared to be a rather slight man, some thirty-five years of age, with an intelligent face that showed a somewhat timid character, I should judge, and a decidedly Jewish cast of features."—*San Francisco Call.*

—Old Liberty bell was cracked in 1828 while ringing in honor of a visit of Henry Clay to Philadelphia.

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