A MODERN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

A Noonday Visit to the Village of Bellevue.

A VERY ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A Letter Found in a Deserted House Tells a Tale of Sin and Sorrow—About the Village.

Omaha's First Competitor.

Nearly every one has read Washington Irving's pretty "Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and as they read it dreamt of droning bees, trickling waters, sighing winds and sweet pastoral scenes.

There is a spot near Omaha which forcibly recalls the tale to mind, and that spot is Bellevue. The little village down near the rifle range is unlike the "Sleepy Hollow" described by Irving, only in that it is located upon the hillsides rather than in the valley.

Landing from a B. & M. train at a delapidated little station, one looks around for a time at a loss to locate the village, not a vestige of which can be seen. Across the track a farm house nestles among the trees and up back of the depot an old blind horse bumps from tree to tree. A few soldiers from the range and two or three rustics from the village who, in pursuance to their regular custom have assembled at the depot to see the train go by, have already faded away among the trees. The taciturn station agent, after picking up the lean sack of mail thrown from the passing train, has retired behind the wire screen that incloses his sanctuary. Spying a plank sidewalk leading up the hillside, the visitor follows it, and after a graded ascent of nearly a quarter of a mile, emerges upon the plateau. Three houses stand at the top of the hill, and all of them are vacant. The first is small and tumbled-down, and so is the third, but the second is a dwelling of some pretentions as to size and comeliness. The yards are all overgrown with weeds, the window glass is broken, and the picture presented is one of loneliness and desolation. One can well imagine those old dwellings the residence of ghosts and all other manner of spooks and uncanny things. One of the doors in the rear of one of the houses is found open, and the visitor enters the dusty, mouldy place, but withdraws with more alacrity than with which he went in, alarmed by the whirr of numerous bats, disturbed by the intrusion from their morning sleep.

But the desire to investigate the deserted manse is so strong that the instinctive repugnance to the ancleanly birds of the night are overcome, and the explorer again enters and moves across the kitchen. The falling footsteps make a most gruesome racket and sounds "kinder scarey." There is nothing much to be seen upon the lower floor. There is a pile of rubbish in one of the corners of one of the front rooms, but in overturning this with a cane nothing is revealed but a lot of cockroaches, a few of which run up the intruders trousers legs, considerably to his discomfort. These are removed by a somewhat laborious process, and the investigation continued. Mounting the dust-covered stairway, a small hall is reached, and from this open three doorways into as many different rooms. In the first two entered nothing is found, but in the third another heap of rubbish is discovered. Not wishing to go through the cockroach experience again, the explorer first tied strings about the bottom of his trousers, and then boldly attacks the heap of trash with his cane. Near the bottom a package of old letters, receipts, bills, and the like is found. They are commonplace enough except one letter, which has a sparkle of romance in it. Here it is:

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Monday, July 13, 1879—My Dearest: 'Though you have cruelly wronged me, my woman's heart still throbs for you, my dearest one, and if you would only return to me, all would be forgiven you, as it has been me. At last, though my sin was awful, my dear old father and mother have taken me to their arms and forgiven all and, oh, my darling, if you would only come back to me and make the reparation that you can, we may be happy once again. We can move far away from this place and go where no one knows us, and begin life all over again. Oh, my precious one, I think of you all the time. I sit out under the trees of the old home, and think and think of the happy days you and I once had together before all this trouble came, and when asleep at night I dream of you always.

As I wrote you in my last, our babe is dead. It sleeps over in the old cemetery where you and I used to walk on Sundays, but I don't grieve for it so much now, because I know it is better for it to be there than to live always in shame. I am not very strong yet, and the old pain in my head comes back every once in awhile, but the doctor says that I will get well and be strong again. But, darling, I don't want to live if you won't come back to me. Oh, come to me, my one love, come back and take me away with you. I beg you, on my bended knees, to come. I am so tired now that I must stop. I shall wait for you, dear. I shall wait and watch the train every day until you come back to me. With all my love, Louise.

Poor girl! Did she wait and wait until the passion wrecked heart grew sick and the frail body grew more frail and the tottering steps weaker still? Did she watch and wait, longingly, lovingly, forgivingly, but in vain, until at last the heart strings broke and all her trouble was over, or did he who had wronged her so cruelly bring happiness to her wounded heart by returning to her again? Which? No use to appeal to the faded letter lying there. It is mute. Those who read these lines will never know the end. It will die one of the unwritten romances of life.

Leaving the house, the wayfarer takes his way along the grass-grown road, passing other torn-down and deserted dwellings.

It is noontime and not a human being is to be seen anywhere. A way up on the crest of the hill perches the college building and well out towards the prairie is the large square structure which looks as though it might be a public school. These are the only modern appearing buildings in the place.

Up at the other end of a long, rambling street, upon opposite sides of the thoroughfare, are two general stores representing the entire commercial interests of the village. Upon one corner of the street stands the remains of a chalkstone building that bears a strong resemblance to a village calaboose. The entire street is traversed, and not a man, woman or child seen. Turning into a road leading toward the west, an old church is discovered. Elm and maple trees grow so closely together in the church yard that their blending foliage totally obscures the sky above. The place is damp and productive of cold shivers. All the blinds in the church windows are closed, and the sacred edifice looks as though it had not been used for years.

Everything looks unused and decayed in this almost deserted village.

Out across the prairies a little way is another church—an old red building, with a pitched roof and peaked window frames. The window glass, however, is all gone, and so are the doors and pews.

Returning towards the river, a different route is taken, and a path followed which leads through a long, winding ravine, rank with foliage and suggestive of snakes and other things that creep and crawl. Traveling along this, it is not difficult to believe the stories about counterfeiters and their dens said to be located in the vicinity, and when a little timorous rabbit jumps across the pathway it is sufficient to send such a cold chill up the traveler's back, so cold that he immediately climbs the hillside back into the sunlight.

There is a pretty view from the crest of the hill. The river glistens in the sunlight; the foliage is bright and green, and the bright, golden rod decks the hillsides. Up here, out of the chill and damp of the ravine, everything is conducive to day dreams and revery, and throwing himself upon the luxurious grass, the thoroughly tired out explorer loses himself in lazy retrospection.

And such is Bellevue! As lazy and sleepy as the "Sleepy Hollow" of Irving, and as one follows the winding roadways, the appearance of Ichabod Crane and his giant charger would be in perfect accord with the scene.

Two Loves.

Cora Stuart Miller in the Century.

I wonder if a certain lane
So happily is faring
As when my first love, Ellen Jane,
There took her daily airing.

My lollipops I shared with her,
And, daintiest of misses,
For every sweet, without demur,
She paid me off in kisses.

My latest love is Eleanor,
The Jane is quite derided,
And though I still divide with her,
My pay is undecided.

Sometimes when sweets and flowers most rare
I on her shrine am showering,
Her smiles with sunshine fill the air,
But ah! too oft she's lowering.

No matter how I strive and woo,
No more for me such bliss is
To see her—as she used to do—
Put up her mouth for kisses.

Sweet Eleanor, though grown are we,
My love bring more of pain
Than when your summers numbered three
And you were Ellen Jane.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Eames made her second debut at the Paris opera as Marguerite in "Faust."

Tessi Butler has been engaged by John A. Stevens to play the comedy role in "Wife for Wife."

Mr. E. H. Sothern will reappear in the Lyceum theatre in "Lord Chumley" on the 26th of August.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey's next production in London will be a new comedy by Sydney Grundy.

The fortunes of "Bootless' Baby" are followed with interest at the Madison Square theatre New York.

More than a dozen of the principal theaters in London are closed, and the dramatic tide there is at its lowest ebb.

Miss Mary Anderson has taken a large house in Wetherby road, Lyndhurst Gardens, in her favorite locality, Hampstead.

English opera has had a hearing in London, the Italian season having closed. Wallace's "Maritana" was chosen as the opening work.

Our gifted compatriot, Miss Calhoun, is under an engagement to act with M. Coquelin aine in Paris and the French provinces.

At Kroll's Garden, Berlin, recently, as there was no contralto available to play Siebel in "Faust," the part was intrusted to a baritone.

In addition to M. Godard's "Dante" and M. Deffe's "Shylock," the Paris opera Comique will this winter offer a revival of M. Joniere's "Dimitri."

The Belgian baritone Blauwert has sung the part of Gournemanz in "Parsifal" with marked success. A report, however, that he did so in French is denied.

Kate Putnam is to close her Australian tour on September 28 and to sail a few days later for San Francisco, where she is booked to appear early in November.

Leonora Bradley will not be in the cast of "The Lion and the Lamb" after to-night. She will probably return to melodrama as it is in that class of play that she is seen at her best.

Charles Arnold will play his first American engagement in America at McVicker's theater, Chicago, during the two weeks of the exposition there, beginning on September 8.

The volume by Mr. Edwin Drew, shortly to be published in London, will be entitled "Harry Irving, On and Off the Stage," and will be more comprehensive than was originally intended.

Florence Bell, who won much favorable notice in the original "Ermine" cast, is to again appear at the Casino this season. She is cast for an important part in "The Drum Major's Daughter."

Two concerts of Scandinavian music were given recently at the Trocadero, in Paris, at which 120 Norwegian singers participated and in which compositions by Grieg and Svendsen were heard.

The violinist Herrmann is reported to have paid 21,000 marks for a collection of instruments which included a Stradivarius violin dated 1712, a viola and an alto of Guanerius and a 'cello of Guadagnini.

Mme. Patti will begin a concert tour in London and the English provinces on October 10, receiving £700 for each concert. She will make her reappearance in America on December 9 or 10, at Chicago, with the Abbey company.

It is possible that the American people have not heard the last of the recent attempt to dethrone King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian islands. Gilbert and Sullivan have been advised to make the outbreak the basis of another comic-opera.

Manager Max Strakosch, the well known impresario, is lying at the point of death in the home for incurables at Fordham. Mr. Strakosch was taken to the Fordham asylum Thursday afternoon. His sickness is described as paralysis by Dr. Todd.

Mr. Goring Thomas' opera "Nadeshda" will be brought out in course of the coming winter at Hamburg and Breslau. The idea of producing it at the Berlin opera has been abandoned, although most likely "Nadeshda" will be given later on at Kroll's theater in that city.

Mrs. Yeamans will make her first appearance in New York since she went away to the far west at Daly's early in October. "Life," the play which Mr. Daly produced at the present Fifth Avenue theater when he was in managerial control of it, is the one in which she will effect her reappearance.

Hattie Dolaro, of comic opera fame, whose marriage to Mr. Barnes of San Francisco, a son of a mining millionaire, about a year ago caused considerable comment, wants publicity given to her assertion that she is obliged to return to the stage in order to support herself, and that she will never, never, never be reconciled to her husband.

Half-Hearted.

McMillan's Magazine.

If I could love thee, Love, a little more,
If thy fair love outlived the brief sweet rose—
If in my golden field were all thy store,
And all my joy within thy garden close—
Then would I pray my heart to be full fond
Forever, and a little bit beyond.

If daffodil and primrose were not frail,
If snowdrop died not ere the dying day—
If I were true as Daphnis in the tale,
If thou couldst love as Juliet in the play—
Then would I teach my heart to feel full fond
Forever, and a little bit beyond.

But since I fear I am but wayward true,
And wayward false, fair Love, thou seem'st to be—
Since I some day must sigh for something new,
And each day thou for Life's monotony—
Prithee, stay ere yet we grow too fond,
And let me pass a little bit beyond.

THE ARMY TARGET PRACTICE.

Not Many Years Ago There Was No Such Thing.

HOW SHARPSHOOTERS ARE MADE

The Origin of Sharpshooting in the Regular Army of the United States—Its Subsequent Development.

Shooting at Bullseyes.

For several weeks past the crack of rifles, carbines and revolvers has disturbed the usual Sabbath stillness of Bellevue, and has awakened a thousand echoes in the ravines that surround the rifle range of the Department of the Platte.

The infantrymen came first, then the cavalry, and now the distinguished marksmen of all departments are engaged in preliminary practice for a competition to begin Tuesday.

Bellevue range, in its appointments, is one of the best in the service, but at the same time scores will not run so high here, as the skirmish targets are elevated above the level of the earth, making a richochet shot, so often scored on other ranges, impossible.

It has only been for nine years that the United States troops have had the advantage of regular rifle practice. Before the war, when the army was armed with muzzle loading rifles and minnie balls, the old guard used to march out to a sort of rifle range and discharge their pieces at targets in order to unload, being unable to draw the charge. This was all the practice with a rifle they had in those days—one shot for each man when he was relieved from guard. If the man hit the target at a hundred yards it was considered that the man had achieved a noteworthy feat, and the incident was related and discussed about camp for days.

Major W. D. Henry, father of the genial Colonel Guy V. Henry, inspector of small arms practice for this department, in a collection of sketches of camp life, relates that once at a post on the Rio Grande a man attempted to desert, but the guard fired and hit him at seventy yards. This was considered a wonderful shot, and was discussed throughout the army. Now, if a soldier could not achieve the same feat at 500 yards he would be considered a "dub shot."

The first book on rifle practice for the army was written, or rather translated from the French, by Captain Heath, of the Tenth infantry, some time previous to the war. This had but little effect, however, and failed to bring about a general system of rifle practice. Some years later Colonel Laidley, of the ordnance department, compiled a manual, and at the time was accused of having purloined his ideas from a book written by Colonel Wingate, inspector of the New York state militia, written by him to govern the rifle practice of the citizen soldiery of that state. The New York militia had the benefit of training in the use of their weapons long prior to the regular army and had a most excellent range at Creedmoor. As a result the troops of that state became very proficient in the use of the rifle, and it was principally due to the excellent results obtained in New York that regular target practice was ordered for the army.

In the regular army the first particular interest in rifle practice was displayed in the Department of Dakota, then commanded by General Terry. This officer was fortunate in having for his inspector of small arms practice Captain Blunt, who took the greatest interest in improving the marksmanship of the troops, and who, encouraged by General Terry, compelled the soldiers in that department to practice regularly in the use of the rifle. Such good results were obtained that the interest awakened among the officers and men in the Department of Dakota spread throughout the service, and became general. Soon there was great rivalry among the troops to excel in marksmanship and to lead in the published figured merit reports.

From that time rifle practice became compulsory throughout the army.

Four years ago Captain Blunt was ordered to repair to Washington and prepare a manual upon target shooting, which he did, and as a result of his labors the army now has a most excellent manual upon this subject.

Soon after this Captain Blunt was made a lieutenant-colonel on General Sheridan's staff in recognition of the services he had rendered in preparing this book and stimulating in the troops a desire to attain proficiency in the use of their arms.

Last year Colonel Blunt revised his first manual, making such changes as three years' experience in its use would dictate. The principal change made was in requiring additional points at individual skirmish firing, to make the man a sharpshooter or marksman. This was a sensible change and resulted in increasing the efficiency of the army in marksmanship. This was demonstrated by the fact that in the last department competition at Bellevue the competitors gained over 2,000 points over the same number of competitors of last year. The highest skirmish run in the competition of 1888, was 164, this year one man made 222. Last year 34 men out of 66 competitors, attained an average of over 100 per cent, but this year out of the same number of competitors, 54 men made higher than 100 in skirmish runs. At the last competitors the lowest skirmish percent of any man was 56, but last year the percentages ran as low as 21.

Said Colonel Henry, who for four years has had charge of the competitions at Bellevue, to a reporter last Tuesday: as he glanced over the above quoted figures, "all these points go to show the rapid progress and improvement in the use of the rifle, carbine and revolver, now taking place in the army. These results attained, and shown by those figures, are beyond question. The range markers are in the pits under charge of an officer, and during the firing do not know when any individual man is shooting, but in the army, as in all other trades and professions, there are a number of doubting Thomases, a class of men who are too lazy or indifferent to exert themselves to excel in anything, and so spend their time scoffing at the men who have ambition to perfect themselves in their calling. These men will scoff at and question reported scores of others, but despite these fellows, the scores made at this last competition show beyond a doubt what can be done by zealous, ambitious officers who can enthuse their troops with a desire to excel. While there are other duties required of a soldier, he may be perfect in them all and yet, if unable to properly use his arms, he is of no benefit to the service in case of active service."

During every year, at every post in the service, the troops are required to practice at target shooting daily for two months, and recruits are given instructions in sighting and the use of the rifle in the galleries, using reduced charges of four grains of powder instead of seventy.

Speaking of charges, the troops now complain that the cartridges now in use are unnecessarily overcharged. Seventy grains of powder will carry a mile, and that is entirely unnecessary. As a result of thus overcharge the rifle, carbine or pistol, as the case may be, has a recoil of 160 pounds, and when the men are compelled to lie prone at 500 yards, they get the full benefit of the "kick." Their shoulders become black and blue and tender, and when they fire their piece, thereafter they instinctively flinch, thereby disarranging the arm. When they can use the "Texas grip" 'tis not so bad.

To show how ignorant the officers and men of the service were in the use of the Springfield rifle, prior to the beginning of regular practice, it is only necessary to state that in the first competition at Fort Snelling, the men began firing at fifty yards. Now at target practice no shooting is done at less than 200 yards.

RELIGIOUS.

Southern Methodists will try to raise $300,000 for missions this year.

The order of the King's Daughters now numbers 97,000 active members.

Dr. Horatio Bonar, the eminent Scotch divine and the friend and biographer of McCheyne, died in Edinburg July 31st.

Scranton has a christian science or faith cure society numbering 125 members, which holds service every Sunday evening.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of teh German Catholic Central Verein will be held in Cleveland during the first three days of September.

Thibet is the only country not yet opened to missions. Mr. and Mrs. Turner, of the China inland mission, have begun to work in Thibet from the Chinese side.

The Cumberland Presbyterians propose to raise $50,000 for missions this year. This denomination will make an effort to establish a school for colored people at Bowling Green, Ky.

The German emperor has given 5,000 marks towards the erection of a Young Men's Christian association building in Berlin, and Bismarck is one of the trustees of the association.

Lee You Chin, a pleasant-faced, gray-haired Chinaman, is doing missionary work among his countrymen on the Pacific slope. He is a christian, and preaches extremely well, but he does not seem to make much impression on the celestials of the west.

The city of Guthrie, Oklahoma, was started April 22, 1889, and through the efforts of Mr. J. C. Sexton, a church of forty-six members was organized, with five elders, the last Sabbath of June. Since then three persons have united upon profession of faith. Rev. Mr. King has charge of the enterprise and holds religious services in a tent, 30x36 feet.

To Mistress Rose.

Louise Chandler Moulton in the Century.

A rose by any other name!
Nay, that could hardly be—
No other name, my Flower of June,
Could be the name for thee.

Dear darling of the summer-time,
And love-child of the sun—
Whether by thy sweet breath beguiled,
Or by thy thorns undone,

I know thee for the Queen of Flowers,
And toast thee by thy name;
Here's to the sweet, young loveliness
That sets our heart aflame.

August.

Sarah D. Hobart in the Century.

She stands in the flush of noon
The year's triumphal queen,
And river, and lone lagoon,
And spreading lands between
Lay tribute at her feet

And crown her hair with gold.
Who dreams, mid rapture sweet,
That the year is growing old?
But the shorn fields glow like a coral reef,
And the torn acacia casts its leaf.

Electric Communication for Prisoners

Electric communication has been established at the Shire Hall, Chelmsford, England, for the use of prisoners who are ill or who want to see the police for other reasons. In each cell there s the usual electric button, which on being pressed rings a bell in the office. By an arrangement of discs the officer in charge can see from which cell the call comes, and underneath there is a cell to disconnect, if the prisoner is unruly and keeps on ringing.

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Insuring Men's Lives.

Despite the fact that Dr. Brown-Sequard's newly discovered "elixir" of life, with its alleged death-defying properties, promises to open the gates of immortality to mankind, it is a fact worthy of notice that the business of the many life insurance companies goes on just the same as it did before the wonderful compound was brought to public notice. It is possible that the magic mixture may be of such a nature as to keep up a constant renewal of the worn-out tissues of the human body, but in case of accident, where a break occurs, it will doubtless be of little use. Were the earth man's eternal abiding place there would be no necessity for life insurance, but where gaunt disease with its bony hand stalks abroad, scattering contagious microbes and distributing insidious bacteria it is perhaps well to think of those who will be left behind and provide, if possible, for their comfort and welfare. It is much more comfortable to die among the debris of a railroad accident or perish in a flood when one's last thoughts are of a family whose future will be marred only by the thought that one of the number is absent.

Life insurance is very popular in the United States, and nearly every man of prominence carries a greater or less amount. Postmaster General Wanamaker is perhaps the heaviest insured man in the country, or even the world, the aggregate being $1,125,000. Chauncy M. Depew carries $500,000, while Cyrus W. Field is insured to the amount of $250,000. If Wanamaker, Depew, Field, Edwin Kuth of Chicago W. H. Langworthy of Ohio, C H. Call of Marquette, George R. Anderson of New York, Hamilton Diston, and John B. Stetson of Philadelphia, George K. Anderson of Titusville, Pa., and George Goodesham of Toronto, were to die about the same time, the combined events would cost the insurance companies of the country the enormous sum of $5,000,000. And this figure is but a fraction of the amounts represented in the many hundreds and even thousands of policies held throughout the country.

Life insurance companies are founded as a rule upon a strong financial basis, and the business is very carefully conducted. The exceptions cannot be classed as insurance companies. There are risks that can be taken and others that cannot. For instance, a laborer without any estate could not get his life insured in an exclusive life company for $250,000 or even $50,000. Why? Because the risk is too great. The beneficiaries might become imbued with the idea that they could enjoy life better were he in the land of shadows, and push him off a bridge at midnight, or something of that sort. But a man worth $100,000 is not considered a bad risk for $25,000 or even more, as it is presumed that neither he nor his relatives would conspire to defraud an insurance company out of the face value of the policy.

Life insurance policies are taken out for various reasons. The first, of course, is the provision for one's family. Married men who have no estate, but who carry good sized policies are frequent. Men there are who are in debt, and not wishing to sacrifice the welfare of their heirs, insure to an amount sufficient to protect their property. Some men insure, get a policy and negotiate loans upon it. These are the more important reasons.

Nebraska is well represented in the line of policies. Outside of Omaha are many men carrying an amount equal to a good sized fortune. Buffalo Bill's heirs would, in the event of the Eiffel tower falling on him, receive the sum of $50,000. Banker Mosher, of Lincoln, carries a like amount. Gus Koehler, of Grand Island, leaves his handsome fish pond to pay the premium on his $30,000 documents. Henry Koenig, of the same city, carries $30,000. In fact all over the state are men carrying from $10,000 to $35,000 insurance.

The following table will give the reader an idea of the amount of insurance carried by the leading citizens of Omaha in the order named:

William A. Paxton	$250,000
Edward Rosewater	150,000
E. H. Sherwood	120,000
John A. McShane	100,000
W. G. Albright	100,000
Herman Kountze	100,000
H. T. Clarke	100,000
Edward Nash	100,000
Frank Colpetzer	93,000
S. P. Morse	75,000
Meyer Hellman	75,000
Andrew Rosewater	75,000
C. N. Deitz	70,000
O. M. Carter	50,000
W. H. Holcomb	50,000
John M. Thurston	50,000
James M. Woolworth	50,000
Erastus Benson	50,000
Guy C. Barton	50,000
A. L. Strang	50,000
Max Meyer	50,000
S. D. Barkalow	50,000
Geo. A. Joslyn	45,000
F. W. Gray	40,000
L. P. Pruyn	40,000
C. F. Goodman	40,000
W. T. Seaman	40,000
A. P. Hopkins	35,000
G. M. Hitchcock	35,000
Joseph Garneau	35,000

In addition to the above there are about forty persons who carry insurance in amounts varying from $30,000 down to $10,000, which makes a total of $3,150,000 in round numbers. A well-known insurance agent estimates that of policies smaller than $10,000 there is a sufficient number to bring the amount up to $4,000,000, if not more.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Transvaal volksraad has appropriated $100,000 for the endowment of the first college of the republic.

Prof. E. G. Coy, for fifteen years a member of the faculty of Phillips Andover academy, is to leave that school to become principal of Phillips Exeter academy.

Miss Kate Drexel, the wealthy young lady of Philadelphia who recently entered a convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg, has decided to build a college for the exclusive use of colored people.

At a teachers' examination in an Ohio county one of the candidates stated in answer to a question that Chicago was situated in Wisconsin. He didn't know the size of it, "but reckoned 'twas about as big as Columbus."

There are now 500 American schools in Turkey, all of which, except one, are open daily. An order was recently made by the Turkish government prohibiting any interference with the schools, which had been impeded and interfered with by the local authorities.

St. Joseph's academy at Greenburg, Pa., has adopted the phonograph in teaching elocution. It magnifies the defects of enunciation, and at a recent test a pupil honestly tried to repudiate as not his own a speech it had recorded. He could not believe that he was so faulty.

The holidays of the Paris board-school children are holidays indeed. The municipal council allots a considerable sum of money to the school authorities for sending the most deserving pupils on holiday tours. In former years the tours have been to Rouen, Havre, Mont St. Michel, etc. This year, in order to enable more children to share in the treat, the tours will be confined to Versailles, Fontainebleau and other environs of Paris.

There will be opened at Tahlequah, I. T., on August 26, a new female seminary, of which the Cherokee inhabitants are very proud. There have already been received 124 applications for admission from Cherokee maidens, and but thirteen out of its 106 rooms remain to be filled. The building is of brick, three stories in height, of handsome architectural appearance, and cost $78,000.

IMPIETIES.

Whenever trouble arises in the church choir everybody simply takes his chants.

The christian scientists should proceed against the Elixirites for infringement of the faith-cure rights.

Some Salvation army people, arrested in Janesville, went to jail singing. They probably wanted to furnish a few bars themselves.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not be looking about for an elixir to patch himself up with.

Clergyman—"How can we reach the young men of the present day?" Father of five daughters—"What's the matter with the old-fashioned way of a boot?"

Rev. Primrose—The tide waits for no mammy young friend. Merritt—So they say. Still, when one lies down on the sands, it seems to wait till he's asleep.

Giovanni Morosini was recently asked by a Saratoga clergyman if Jay Gould "keeps the Sabbath?" "Of course he does," answered Morosini. "He keeps everything he lays his hands on."

The religious papers are in a great stew because the Rev. Dr. Willey, of Hollywood, Mich., recently killed a burglar with a bung-starter. Some people seem to think that because a man is a minister he ought to kill burglars with a rosewood croquet mallet.

Some devout person has discovered a reference to the notable recent discovery in the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, where, after a man is so reduced that "his bones stick out" the application is made, and "his flesh becomes fresher than a child's, and he returns to the days of his youth."

"Is your father coming to church this morning, Henry?" asked the minister of a small boy whom he met in the street. "I guess so," replied Henry. "Somebody stole his fishing tackle last night, and I heard him tell ma at the breakfast table this morning that the fun for the day was spoiled, and he s'posed he might as well go to church."

SINGULARITIES.

A goose with several links of a gold chain in its craw was killed at San Lucas, Cal., recently.

John K. Davis, of Cleveland, O., has the smallest hand of any man in the country. He wears gloves which would be too small for a girl of ten.

The colored giantess, Laura Wolford, who died at Lafayette, Ind., Friday afternoon, "weighed 904½ pounds and measured three yards around the waist."

A tree at Jamesburg, N. J., it is asserted, produces three kinds of apples and one kind of pears. The apples ripen at different times, and one crop follows another through the summer.

The Homer (Cal.) Index says J. C. Thompson has discovered a spring of flowing vinegar on his ranch, and will start a pickle factory. The fluid is equal to the best cider vinegar.

A bird, snow white, and standing seven feet high, is reported to have been shot at Dundee, Ind. It weighs less than four pounds. For want of the proper name the people call it the "phantom heron."

A. M. Snow, a farmer near Athens, O., forty-two years ago discovered a land terrapin on his farm which bore on its under surface the carved legend "A. H., 1771." He has many times since run across the same creature, and yesterday again found it, being able to certainly identify it by the initials and date given.

The Texas & Pacific company sank a bored well some years ago near Eagle Flat station in Alabama, in order to obtain artesian water. The well was abandoned when it had been bored 800 feet, but the tubing is still intact in it. For twelve hours each day a furious gust of air rushes into the tubing, and the next twelve hours an equally strong gust rushes out.

A strange animal that made its first appearance last May is frightening the people of New Gloucester, Me. Its size is said to be about that of a medium-sized Newfoundland dog. It has shaggy gray hair. Almost every evening his screeching has been heard. Sunday evening, August 11, he came suddenly upon a boy while getting the cows. The boy began to run, the animal following him. The boy succeeded in climbing a tree, and remained there for about fifteen minutes, during which time the animal remained under a tree, screeching continually. The boy described him as having silver gray hair, with large eyes, and teeth two or three inches long, which came up above his upper jaw. His mouth is very large.

His Desire.

Florence Peltier.

A waft of incense mingled with the breath
Of roses; dim light shining through a glass
Of amber; heavy swings a sombre brass
Old lantern, pouring on Elizabeth
Soft candle-light through jewelled eyes.
Who saith
This maiden is not fair must be—alas—
With grievous envy filled. Shall one surpass
Me in her heart, mayhap? Then, welcome death!

Her classic gown free from her shoulder falls,
Her Pysche knot shows little curls astray;
I gaze and listen, while her fingers tease
Sweet music from cold keys, and deep enthralls
Me a fierce longing; how can I allay
This irresistible desire to—sneeze!