THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.
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THE Portugese took a look at England's ships and guns, and counted her soldiers and then concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. Force has to be respected.

KATE FIELD is a strange creature—she evidently wants our congressmen to stand on their heads, for in her *Washington* she admonishes them to cease "sitting on their spines."

THIS country held its grippe with a frightful tenacity little expected when it first took hold. In this connection is well enough to remind the less classical that the technical French pronunciation is "lah gr-ipp."

THE year 1890 is not a leap year, and the funny paragraphers who have trotted out their usual jokes about the formation of "old maids' clubs" for matrimonial purposes, the terror of bachelors, etc., are just two years ahead of time.

BRETHREN of the country press should be cautious, and never buy diamonds except on a clear day. The least mist or fog in the atmosphere will prevent you from discovering the flaws in them. Damp, murky weather practically kills the diamond business.

RUSSIAN women who become doctors are compelled to submit to very stringent regulations. Among other things they may not practice as regular physicians until they are 40, but must, up to this time, be nurses in charitable institutions of various kinds, or in hospitals.

WHEN ever a man of ordinary intelligence gets bit by the mordern sharper there is first behind the transaction the spirit of speculation or of getting more than lies in a legitimate transaction possessed by the party victimized. The victim is usually the party to the offense.

THERE is always two sides to a wrong, or two injuries inflicted by a wrong—the one to the victim of the wrong, and the other to the doer of it. It is too rare to find this principle recognized and insisted upon in political statesmanship—which is said to be highest when it compromises.

THE most encouraging reports come from Greytown, the headquarters for work on the new Nicaragua canal. The American diggers are at work on the ditch, and are conquering all obstacles. Present indications are that the gloomy fate of the De Lesseps canal will not overtake this enterprise.

L. F. BENSON, Nashville, Tennessee, is treasurer for the fund that is being raised to keep the Hermitage, General Andrew Jackson's late home, in order, and to buy the relics and mementoes now owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson. The sum needed is $150,000, and it is believed that this can be raised in one dollar subscriptions.

"EITHER Kansas will have to quit raising such enormous crops," says the Atchison Companion, "or the railway companies of the state will have to begin building more cars." To this the Emporia Republican makes curt reply, "Let the railroads get down to their knitting then. Kansas crops are not to be limited for the accommodation of anybody."

THERE are important undertakings on the programme in foreign lands as well as in our own America; among them the building of a 4,500-mile railroad across Siberia by the Russian government. The estimated cost is $220,000,000. Another is the bridging of the Bosphorus, connecting Europe with Asia. French engineers have the latter under plan.

THERE is and always has been a most dreadful horror on the part of many people lest they be buried alive. It will be truly a relief to such to know that science is coming to the rescue with an infallible means of testing whether or not the vital spark has forever left the mortal frame. Electricity is the potent agency, and very soon facilities for its application will be doubtless made available to all.

WHEN it is learned that the colonel of the czar's body guard and several other officers in it have committed suicide on account of having been implicated in a plot against his life, we can realize the reason for the shattered nerves of the imperial family that are from time to time alluded to as something surprising. If a man has to guard himself continually against his body guard he may well wish himself dead and done with it.

THE Wabash railway company has issued an order of a most positive nature which will draw intelligence, if not experience into its service. It is that no boy or young man shall be employed in any of its shops or other departments for the purpose of learning any trade or skilled work unless he bring a certificate from his instructors stating that he has completed the studies of the second grammar department of school work.

THE rite of canonization seems to be a long and difficult matter. It will take about nine years, according to a Rome letter, to canonize Joan of Arc. The popular impression of the savior of France is that she was an estimable and proper young woman, but popular impressions are not sufficient for the pope. He requires the frozen truth of history, and a learned advocate is diligently looking over musty old documents to see if any flaws in her character can be discovered.

A MISSOURI farmer with a turn for statistics has furnished a communication to his country paper on the subject of official salaries in which he states that an official who receives $4,000 per year salary absorbs the price of 26,666 bushels of corn at 15 cents per bushel, or of 6,666 bushels of wheat at 60 cents per bushel, or 33,333 bushels of oats at 12 cents, or the price of fifty good farm horses. He also estimates that a farm hand at $13 per month would have to work the year round for a quarter of a century to earn the same amount, and adds that in 1866-7-68, about 5,000 to 8,000 bushels of corn would have footed the bill, or 3,000 bushels of wheat.

A Policeman Shot.

Edmond Schumaker of Detroit, the Victim.—The Perpetrator of the Crime Escapes.

DETROIT, March 5.—At a little after 10 o'clock last evening Patrolman Ed. Schumaker was on his rounds, and when he reached the door leading from the alley into the wholesale grocery store of C. A. Ullmann, 98 Randolph street, he found it unlocked. Suspecting that something was wrong he moved cautiously toward the front of the store, and succeeded in getting two thirds of the way when two men, perhaps three, jumped out of the office at the right of the store entrance, pulled open the front door, and rushed out into the street. Schumaker followed them as fast as he could, but when he got outside they were in the middle of the street, running toward Jefferson avenue. He too ran into the middle of the street, and when almost directly in front of the Hotel Benedict, at the corner of Larned and Randolph streets, drew his revolver and, leveling it at the fleeing men, ordered them to halt. As he did so the man nearest him ducked his head and fired at Schumaker, the latter returning the fire immediately. Then the pursued man fired a second time, or else his companion fired, and Schumaker reeled, sank to his knees and fell over on his side with the imploring cry, "For God's sake somebody come and help me up." Patrolman Nies, who was attracted by the shooting ran up, and Schumaker said, "Joe, I guess they've done me!" The men who did the shooting ran straight ahead a short distance and then turned into an alley that runs from Randolph to Brush street, and tore down that at the top of their speed followed by Nies and Private Watchmen Martz, both of whom fired a shot at their fast receding figures. The pursued had a good start, however, and when the officers reached Brush street, nothing was to be seen of them.

The wounded man was taken to St. Mary's hospital, where the best medical skill attended him, but his case is very critical and little hopes are entertained of his recovery. He has a wife and baby and a blind mother.

Alice Brown's Romance.

Alice Brown, a very pretty young woman who claimed to be 18 years old, but looks younger, has been employed during the day by a family in Detroit. Sunday Alice came to work as usual. During the forenoon she seemed quite lame and said that she had on a pair of new shoes, which hurt her feet. She was told to go home and get her old shoes. She left the house about 10 o'clock and has not since been seen. Monday morning a colored man named Daniel Brown inquired for Alice, saying that she was his wife and that she had not been home since Sunday morning. They had been married a year, he said, and lately his wife had several times announced her intention of committing suicide. Now he is much afraid that she has made way with herself. Alice was a very quiet girl, very pretty and of pleasing manners. She seemed unhappy, and often wished she were dead. She had said that she had never known what kind treatment meant since her mother died until she came to Mrs. Jones'. On Saturday morning the family noticed bruises upon her face and forehead. The girl said that her aunt struck her. Daniel Brown, the alleged husband, drives a garbage cart and lives at 253 Hastings street. He has put the matter into the hands of the detectives.

High Jinks at Kalamazoo.

KALAMAZOO, March 4.—Saturday night 20 masked students visited the rooms of Professors Ferry and Trowbridge, bound and blindfolded the two teachers, and carried them a half mile west of the city, leaving them in a corn field. Mr. Trowbridge succeeded in getting his knife from his pocket and cut the ropes that bound his fellow prisoner, who in turn released him. Monday morning Prof. Ferry wanted the students arrested, but Sheriff Dix didn't think the boys had committed any crime and they will only appear before the faculty. The professors were so badly frightened that they made no outcry, nor attempted any. Prof. Trowbridge did suggest that such an indignity was an outrage that would bring its own punishment, but the only satisfaction he got was a roar from one of the masked men, who bade him "remember Lot's wife!" Prof. Ferry treated the thing with silent contempt until the boys started on their way toward the country. He asked them that his friends be notified if the purpose was to murder him. No response was made to the piteous appeal. The professors were literally "carried away" with the treatment accorded them. Four stalwart men bore the body of Prof. Ferry, while four less stalwart took Trowbridge's "remains." The students took turns, but the professors were on duty all the while.

Delinquent Taxes.

The court house at Flint was well filled Saturday by people who were anxious to learn the outcome of the first delinquent tax case before the circuit court in this county under the new law which permits delinquents to contest the validity of back tax claims in open court. This case grew out of the construction of a sewer in 1886, ordered by the city council. The property owners on each side of the street were assessed for the sewer. Pellott Bros. & Co. and the Flint cabinet creamery men had become tired waiting for the council to order this sewer and seeing their property damaged daily by the delay, took it upon themselves and constructed a private sewer, which was finished before the council ordered the sewer built, which has caused this trouble. When the city sewer was completed these gentlemen were assessed respectively $70 and $80. They refuse to pay it upon the grounds that the city sewer failed to benefit them, and that they had gone to twice the expense to build a sewer of their own.

After hearing the case thoroughly Judge Newton set aside the tax. There are now many other persons who have delinquent tax cases for the court to handle.

A Husband at 15.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., March 4.—Charles Hamilton Eliot, the 15 year-old son of Robert Eliot, senior member of the large commission firm of Robt. Eliot & Co., was clandestinely married to Miss Elizabeth C. Nugent, aged 17, daughter of ex-School Commissioner James Nugent, Jan. 5 last, by the Rev. Father James D. Foley of Marquette college. The registration of the marriage was delayed until a few days ago, which accounts for its not having leaked out before. Mrs. Eliot is at present attending the Milwaukee high school. Her husband is a student at Ann Arbor, Mich., where he went the day following the marriage. The couple had decided to keep their marriage secret for two years on account of their youth. The parents are much shocked over the discovery.

The Ithaca Wreck.

ITHACA, March, 1.—A wreck occurred at 7 o'clock yesterday morning on the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad at this village, in which the conductor, James Enright, and William Farrell of Owosso, were killed and three other trainmen were injured. The trains were special ice trains. One train was standing on the main track disabled and was run into by the engine of the other train. Enright leaves a widow and one child. Farrell is single and had been on the road but a short time.

The Perrin Estate.

MARSHALL, March 5.—The Perrin estate, Calhoun county, which rounds up about $500,000, will be divided without recourse to the courts. There are seven heirs, and these seven divided the property as nearly in equal parts as possible, and usual numbers describing the several parcels and each man drew a number, and with this he pledged himself to be satisfied. The deeds have been made out in accordance with this game of chance.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Forrestville wants a lock-up.

Flint needs a lock-up for drunks.

Williamston is to have a cheese factory.

A $50,000 opera house is to decorate Marquette.

The citizens of Peck are to build a cheese factory.

A college of dentistry is to be opened in Bay City.

Only 1,200 people in Hillsdale go to church it is said.

A new Catholic church building is to be erected in Croswell.

The Luddington mills are ready for business and an early start.

The ice privileges at East Tawas have been sold at high prices.

The Baptists of Flint will move into their new church on the 10th.

Mark Hopkins and other St. Clair people have bought a $25,000 schooner.

The cities of Saginaw, Howell and Paw Paw voted Monday and went democratic.

Wheat in the vicinity of Lexington is badly injured by the constant freezing and thawing.

There is a bill on the senate calendar appropriating $250,000 for a public building in Saginaw.

The ice cutters at Cadillac struck for higher wages. Their places were filled with new men.

The annual meeting of the state "Legislative Association" will be held in Lansing June 11-12.

Mrs. Grant Decker, aged 77 years, and an old resident of Genesee county, died at her home in Flint Saturday night.

Justice Pierce, of Centreville, fined Balzer Neharon for drunkenness. Afterwards Neharon assaulted the justice and was fined again.

Company H, Twenty-sixth Michigan, will hold a reunion at Williamston, on April 9. The speaker of the day will be ex-Gov. Blair of Jackson.

Charles Brown of Jackson, a Michigan Central brakeman, had his leg crushed by the cars Saturday, and so seriously that amputation was necessary.

For attempting to wreck a Michigan Central train at Port Dover Junction, Feb. 26, Tom Duesling has been arrested at Waterford, Ont., and has confessed his guilt.

Copies of the proposed articles of the Michigan State Bar association have been prepared and are to be sent to the various county seats for the signatures of attorneys desiring to become members.

There is some talk of reopening the old Williamston coal mines and building an addition for a brick and tile works. It is to be settled by the middle of this month, whether a stock company will be formed or not.

James S. Bradford, a wealthy farmer of Oakland county, died rather suddenly on Saturday of pneumonia. The deceased had been clerk for Pontiac township for sixteen years and was secretary of the Oakland County Horticultural Society.

John Walsh, the County Line lad who was stabbed with a jackknife in the hands of James Doyle on Thursday last, is recovering. Young Doyle was arrested and furnished $200 bonds for his appearance before Justice Stevenson at Flint on the 22d inst.

Thomas Lee, a miner who was on a spree, had his skull fractured just outside of a Negaunee saloon Sunday night, and will die from the injuries received. Anthony Donner, proprietor of the place, and John Stevens, who accompanied Lee to the house, are charged with the assault.

The agricultural college has an attendance already numbering 170, with as many more expected. Among the students are four young men from Japan and one from Burmah. The laboratory is finished, the dormitories have been renovated, and 50 volumes added to the library.

Mrs. Booth of Allegan, who died recently, left $2,000 to the American home missionary society, New York; $2,000 to the American board of commissioners for foreign missions; $1,000 to the American missionary association of New York, and $17,000 to Olivet college.

J. P. Washburn of Bay City, disappeared several months ago, leaving his wife and child very destitute. Mrs. Washburn has brooded over her trouble so much that she has become insane. When she was discovered the other day, she and her child were nearly dead of starvation.

Bertha Hyler of Bath, a young girl scarcely 16 years of age, died Wednesday night from the effect of poison. She was in love with a Bath young man, and the generally accepted theory is that she swallowed the poison in a fit of pique because her sweetheart took another girl to a ball.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk Railroad Co. is made defendant in a suit for $10,000 damages instituted by James M. Jewell. Mr. Jewell alleges that he was a passenger on a train, which was derailed at Emmet, Mich., June 29 last and sustained aggravating injuries. He is a teacher and avers that his income was $5,000 per annum previous to the accident.

On Monday while a large number of boys and girls were skating on Pine river, Miss Helen Solis and Jay Cox broke through the ice. While endeavoring to save them, three other boys got in, the ice being thin and breaking around the hole. All were rescued except a colored boy named Henry Lewis, who lost his life by rendering assistance to others.

The examination of Alfred Broad, charged with the embezzlement of $10,000 from the W. Steele Packing and Provision Company was finished Thursday at Grand Rapids. The respondent was discharged, there not being the least evidence against him. Broad was arrested on August 30. The case has since come up and been adjourned 23 times, and was one of the most lengthy and expensive preliminary examinations ever held in the county, costing Broad, who was formerly treasurer of the concern, all he possessed, and he is now not only a poor man, but largely in debt.

The Third Michigan Cavalry held a reunion at Kalamazoo Thursday, with about 125 members in attendance, the small number being attributed to the fact that the railroads would not give reduced rates. Adrian Yates of Grand Rapids was elected president; O. W. Rowland of Paw Paw, secretary and treasurer; Capt B. H. Dyckman of South Haven, and Don M. Henderson, vice presidents; H. H. Pope of Allegan; O. W. Rowland of Paw Paw, and F. M. Caldwell of Kalamazoo, executive committee.

Abraham Waggemaker, an employe of the alabastine mills, two miles south of Grand Rapids, was ascending the stairway to the second floor when he slipped and fell sideways from the steps. His clothing caught in a shaft which was revolving at the rate of 100 times a minute, and he was swung around for three minutes before being discovered. When the machinery was stopped life was extinct, and the victim's feet and legs were broken in several places.

John McDonald has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced for life in the prison at Marquette. One night last November he entered Duncan Beveridge's house near Bruce's Crossing, Ontonagon county, and shot at Beveridge and his wife, and a Mrs. Redpach, who was in bed. Mrs. Beveridge was killed. McDonald disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and said that if he committed the murder it must have been while in a somnambulistic condition.

John Plantico, Cornelius Doherty and Charles Smith, alias Henry Bliss, have been arrested for the burglary of Hoyt Bros.' store at Munich the other evening. The property stolen was found in a barn, two miles out in the country, hid in some hay, and one man has confessed since his arrest. The officers say this gang has been into several burglaries at Charlotte, Leslie and other places, and among the articles found was half a bushel of pocket knives from a Charlotte hardware store.

Briefly Sketched.

Kittie, the chimpanzee in Central Park, New York, is dead.

The West Virginia legislature killed the Australian ballot bill.

Slosson defeated Schaefer in a billiard contest in New York city Saturday night.

Ex-Governor James E. English, the richest man in New Haven, Conn., is dead.

There was a decrease of over $600,000 in the public debt during the month of February.

The weather signal officer at St. Vincent, Minn., has skipped. A cold wave coming.

Rev. R. M. Neal of Mount Vernon, Mo., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years for bigamy.

The Virginia senate has adopted a joint resolution providing for the funding of the entire debt of the state.

Hedges & Co.'s large planing and sawmill at Columbus, Ind., burned on Wednesday night. Loss $30,000; insurance light.

Kincaid, who shot ex-Congressman Taulbee in the face, is out on $2,000 bail. Taulbee's condition is very favorable.

A call has been issued to all local branches of the Afro-American League of New York to meet in state convention at Rochester, May 25, 1890.

Judge Gaslin was struck a terrible blow in the face by an attorney at Hastings, Neb., immediately after rendering a decision against the latter.

An unknown maniac at Pardee, Ont., tried to cremate himself by setting his clothes on fire. He was saved but not until he had injured some of his rescuers.

In South Carolina two superstitious colored persons becoming frightened by the darkness which preceded a storm sank to the ground and expired almost instantly.

Chauncey M. Depew was seen with regard to a report that he was about to resign his position with the New York Central, in view of his probable nomination for the presidency of the United States by the republican party. Mr. Depew said: "I have an honorable position and a satisfactory income and am not going to throw them up to chase dreams or rainbows, and that reply covers the entire story."

Fatal Gas Explosion.

Eight Men Imprisoned in a Wilkesbarre Coal Shaft.—The Deadly Mine Gas Has Probably Caused Their Death.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 4.—An explosion of gas occurred in the South Wilkesbarre shaft this afternoon. It is supposed that a driver boy ignited a gas feeder with his naked lamp which set fire to the timbers in the shaft. Eight men were at work inside of the feeder at the time of the explosion.

In a few moments the tunnel became filled with smoke and gas, which shut off all escape. The tunnel leads into the Stanton mine adjoining, and efforts were made by a rescuing party to reach the men through a door in this tunnel, but they were driven back by the smoke and gas, and were compelled to give up the attempt to reach the entombed miners.

The inside foreman, Supt. Phillips and Mine Inspector Williams are now (10.30 o'clock) on their way to the Stanton air shaft, where they will make every effort to break through a pillar of coal and rescue the men if alive.

The miners who tried to break through the door leading into the tunnel say that it would be impossible for them to breathe the escaping gas and smoke and survive over a few minutes. The mine inspector says it is the most complicated accident he has had to deal with, and at the present writing he does not know whether the effort to reach the men through the air-shaft will be successful.

The mine is operated by the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Co.

WHO LIES?

Captain McCalla Denies That he was Brutal.

Need of an Investigation.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The commander of the U. S. S. war sloop Enterprise, makes a partial denial to the statements of his officers and men that he is an inhuman officer and that he treated all hands with great brutality during the voyage, which was ended by the vessel's arrival here. He says:

"As far as I can judge from the accounts as printed, the story that I attacked a sailor named Walker with a sword is the worst. In my defense I admit that the story is true. I did use a sword in Walker's case, but that I was justified I am willing to let my superiors at Washington decide. This man Walker came aboard the Enterprise while she was at Southampton. He was in a beastly state of intoxication. That would have probably been excused had he gone to his quarters without saying anything. Instead he ran wild around the decks after being hauled from the water, swearing and shouting all the time: 'I was a rebel and fought two years in the war, and I haven't enough of fighting yet. I'm not afraid of the biggest man aboard your blasted plug and I won't keep quiet, no, I won't.' I sent an orderly to quiet the man, but he refused to listen to reason. His disorderly conduct continued until finally I was compelled to go to him myself. He tried to strike me and I used the sword on him."

Commander McCalla produced the sword which, he said, had been used. It was anything but a bright looking weapon. Its edge is as dull as the average razor in a Bowery barber shop.

"I have since gone into Walker's record," continued the commander, "and I find that the man was born in Colorado in 1866, two years after the war ended. That fact settles Walker's claim to being a war veteran."

Now as to the suspension of Ensign Kline. I suspended him from duty because he was surprised while asleep. He denied having been asleep, but he did not speak the truth in that respect because I myself found him slumbering. If anybody else had reported him I would have given him the benefit of a doubt. I was attracted to the spot where he lay by his heavy snoring. I woke him up and he had the impudence to tell me that I was mistaken. I was justified in suspending him under the circumstances. The same may be said of the case of Walker. There was no other remedy as far as the latter was concerned. I never had further trouble with Walker after the occurrence until he deserted at Southampton.

As to my landing my men in Negro bay, on the African shore, opposite Gibraltar, I did that to drill the men. A heavy gale came up suddenly. It was from the east, and the beach being a lee shore, we had to haul off shore. Before going I signaled the men ashore to go to Centa, 15 miles distant, and remain there until I was able to come around again. I went to Gibraltar and returned to the African shore the following morning. I then learned for the first time that the men had refused to march to Centa, claiming that the stretch of 15 miles was inhabited by wild Moors who would likely attack and massacre them. Instead they camped on the beach. I thought this proceeding very peculiar, considering that there was no danger and that there were 50 well armed men in the party.

I am willing to make affidavit that the story of my having attacked the coachman of Lady Playfair because he refused to allow me on the box of her lady's coach is an absolute lie. I admit having met Lady Playfair while ashore, but nothing unusual happened with the exception that some of my men repaired the broken tongue of the wagon in which the lady was traveling. It is untrue that we had any court martial on board during the cruise, because there could be none without authority from Washington. As to my other suspension for disrespect to a superior officer, I say nothing until I have made my official report to Washington.

"You have heard my statement," concluded Commander McCalla, "and it is only fair to let you go among the men and ask them if I have exceeded my authority or have been other than a fair impartial commander who believes that discipline is essential to the navigation of every man of war."

Commander McCalla did not have a perfect idea of the sentiments of "his men" when he requested the reporter to go forward and interview the men. The men, with one or two exceptions, coincided in the statement that the voyage had been one of great brutality and unnecessary harshness. "We have been on a regular floating hotbed of brutality," said one of the sailors.

Fight Among Students.

ST. PAUL, March 4.—Hamlin University, located between this city and Minneapolis, saw a lively scrimmage among the students Saturday night. The juniors and freshmen were having a quiet little "spread," preceded by a social good time. Meanwhile the eatables were stored in the basement, which fact became known to the "preps" and they pried off the basement windows and carried the feast to the laboratory, where they began to devour the provender. Soon the loss was discovered and the "preps" discovered, and the result was a wild fight in which the original banqueters were victorious, but blackened eyes, bruised faces and torn clothing remained as remainders of the battle. During the melee Student Reeves, a non-combatant fled to the room from below. He was unceremoniously pounded and cuffed. He tried to jump out of a window, but was thrown back into the basement. One of his legs was broken in two places.

Needs Hanging.

WATERBURY, CT., March 1.—Miss Lizzie Cowan, of Middlebury, aged 20, a handsome school teacher, was brutally assaulted while on her way from school Thursday night, and her injuries are serious. She was first struck with a large stone on the side of the head, and then grabbed from behind and thrown to the ground. She made a bold fight before she was overcome. She lay unconscious for about two hours, then dragged herself to the home of Henry Atwood. Her throat was gashed as if with a knife; her skull badly bruised, her body was covered with bruises and her clothing torn to shreds. Daniel Webster, a worthless fellow, has confessed to the terrible deed, and has been bound over for trial.

Must be a Canadian.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.—A petition has been presented to the Dominion Parliament signed by 180 steamship and vessel owners and masters, mates and engineers, asking that none but British subjects be allowed to hold masters', mates' and engineers certificates to sail in Canadian vessels in Canadian inland waters, and also that no foreigners be allowed to enter Canada under contract to perform any work of that description.

After Many Years.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Feb. 28.—Twelve years ago Solomon Bagnel deserted his wife and six children here, and soon after one of the children, a bright girl, was placed in the childrens' home at Cleveland. Two years later the mother attempted to recover the girl and found that she had been sent away from the home, and the officials refused to give her any information as to her residence. Mrs. Bagnel learns that her daughter, now a young lady, resides in Omaha, where she is organist in a church.

Capitol Cullings.

WASHINGTON, March 5.

Several measures have been introduced in the present congress for the improvement of the condition of the workingman. The most notable of these bills is that presented by Mr. Anderson of Kansas, and is designed to create a United States commission of arbitration of strikes and lockouts. This body is to consist of nine members, to be appointed by the president, and no commissioner may be interested in a common carrier or shall be permitted to accept of passes from one. Each man is to serve three years and is to be paid a salary of $5,000. They will earn their salaries by investigating any disputes arising between railway, steamboat or telegraph companies and their employes and recommend an amicable, equitable settlement of the differences. If the terms of arbitration are refused, findings of facts are to be submitted by the commissioners to the United States courts, and if approved by the judge the decision must be accepted as final and the contending parties must do as advised or be punished by the court.

The accusations of cruelty on the part of army and navy officers to subordinates as charged in the cases of Private Wild and the sailors on board the United States corvette Enterprise have created a great deal of gossip in army and navy circles here. Within the next few weeks courts martial will probably be under way, one trying Lieutenant Steele, of the army, at Fort Snelling, Minn., for imprisoning a private soldier for refusing to perform menial services for him, and the other trying Commander McCalla, of the navy, at Brooklyn, for cutting down with his sword a sailor for a breach of naval regulations. These two cases, coming so close together, have attracted unusual attention. Even in departmental circles, where the cases have been topics of conversation, it is not an unusual thing to hear the practice of cruelty by army and navy officers roundly denounced. Brutality on the part of officers, it is maintained, is not at all necessary to the proper enforcement of discipline.

Secretary Windom has directed a lease to be made with the North American commercial company of New York and San Francisco for the exclusive privilege of taking fur seals upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George, Alaska, for 20 years from May 1. The annual revenue to the government under this lease will be about $1,000,000, as against about $300,000 under the present lease to the Alaska commercial company.

Bishop John F. Hurst's project to build a Methodist university in the district has taken a practical shape and its actual existence is now almost an established fact.

The house has passed the bill providing for an assistant secretary of war.

Force of Example.

BERLIN, March 4.—The recent robbery of the mail coach between Souderburg and Fleusburg, in Schleswig, has been a fertile subject for discussion by the North German papers. The coach is stated to have been "held up" in truly artistic style and a valuable mail secured by the robbers. It is sapiently conjectured that if the knights of the road were not Americans they were inspired by reading of similar occurrences in America, or had witnessed the attack on the Deadwood coach in Mr. Cody's show.

A Preacher With an Armed Guard.

DANVILLE, Ill., March 4.—Rev. Parker Shields, a young evangelist engaged in revival work at Mecca, a village 25 miles southwest of this city, has aroused the dislike of many of the people there. He has been insulted in the streets and has received letters threatening him with a coat of tar and feathers if he did not leave the place. He is now holding meetings, guarded by a number of armed disciples whom he called to his assistance, and declares that he will not be driven away.

Dr. McGlynn and the Pope.

NEW YORK, March 4.—Two rumors affecting Rev. Dr. McGlynn are current, and each is of more than ordinary interest. One of these stories is that the unfrocked priest is to be reinstated. The other that because of his illness he has made application to Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn, in whose diocese he now resides, to act as an intermediary between himself and Rome and to arrange a removal of the ban that was placed upon him nearly three years ago.

Reported Capture of Silcott.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 4.—There is a report that Sheriff Deiger of Winlock, arrested Silcott, the defaulting cashier of the sergeant at arms of the house of representatives, at Toledo, a town on the line of the Northern Pacific railway between here and Tacoma. The report states that Silcott has been palming himself off as an engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific company.

Prohibition is the Law.

PIERRE, S. D., March 3.—Gov. Mellette has attached his signature to the iron prohibition bill and its now a law. He also approved the bills providing for an inspector of mines and to preserve the waters of the Big Sioux river. The prohibition law is the most stringent ever passed by a state legislature.

An Edge Tool Trust.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 4.—A trust of edge tool men is forming. An agent from the east has been endeavoring to secure the interest of local manufacturers in the scheme. He says all the big firms in Pennsylvania and New York have gone into the compact.

Young Lincoln Improving.

LONDON, March 4.—Young Abraham Lincoln is steadily recovering from the effects of the latest operation. The serious phases of his case are diminishing. While all danger is not yet passed, the prospect is more encouraging than at any since the illness became alarming.

Two Hundred Perished.

LONDON, March 4.—It has been learned that 200 persons perished by the sinking of the steamer Quetta.

Foreign Fragments.

Over 1,400 English horses were exported last year.

Emperor William takes daily fencing lessons of an hour each.

King Humbert of Italy eats nothing but vegetables and fruits.

M. Constans, French minister of the interior, has resigned.

The question of independence will be made an issue in Canadian politics.

The relations between Emperor William and his mother have somewhat improved.

Joseph Biggar left the bulk of his estate to his son Joseph, although he was never married.

France has decided to accept Emperor William's invitation to take part in the Berlin conference.

The Foochow (China) Echo says the losses incurred by tea men during this season are computed at $3,000,000.

Lord Somerset of Cleveland street infamy, was aided to escape by high government officials in London.

The Korsakoffs of Russia are about to meet at Moscow to celebrate 500 years of service to the imperial family.

The foster mother of the little king of Spain is Maximina Pedraja, a handsome brunette from the province of Santander.

Mrs. Ward has established a new hall in Gordon Square, London, where the religion outlined in "Robert Elsmere" is to be taught.

Glasgow merchants are greatly distressed over labor agitation, that port having hitherto been comparatively free from such troubles.

The engineering industries of Great Britain are in such a flourishing condition as to cause a scarcity of men, the unions being unable to satisfy the requirements of employers.

Since her recent attack of sciatica Queen Victoria has been obliged to give up wine for whisky and water. It is an interesting fact that she drinks Irish whisky in preference to Scotch.

The Czar has forbidden Princess Dolgorouki and her family to return to Russia. The government will pay 15,000,000 roubles for the Princess' estates, which are valued at 30,000,000 roubles.

The budget of the German empire for 1890-91 shows that the estimated expenditure exceeds that of 1889-90 by no less than $40,000,000. With the exception of six or seven millions, the whole of this excess is devoted to the army and navy.

General Khaireddin Pasha, who recently died at Constantinople, was a remarkable man. He was a Circassian and was purchased as a slave sixty years ago by the Turkish state treasurer. After various adventures he was made grand vizier by Abdul, but his tenure of office was brief. The Turks resented his success, and his downfall was as sudden as his rise.

"LOOSE HIM AND LET HIM GO."

Memorial Sermon of Dr. Talmage on "Revision of Creeds."

At the Ruins of Bethany.—Mary, Martha and Lazarus.—Christ Commanded the Loosening of the Cords That Stay our Stumbling Feet.

Last Sunday Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, supplementing his sermon with a statement that he thought the New Brooklyn Tabernacle would be dedicated in September, and that the idea would be carried out of building the church by subscription to The Christain Herald, of which he has become editor, all the subscriptions up to a hundred and fifty thousand to be paid to Mr. John Wood, treasurer of the Tabernacle, Fulton street, near Concord, Brooklyn, N. Y. The subject of his discourse was "Revision of Creeds," and he took for his text John xi. 44: "Loose him, and let him go." Dr. Talmage said:

My Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead pencil marks made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordon to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha a first rate housekeeper and Mary a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all. From the characteristics otherwhere developed, I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus, until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into an adjoining room, all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as he so often had been? Far away in the country districts preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, that body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said that he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead. At the door of the sepulchre is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are, Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do. He orders the doors of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over his cheeks and splash upon the back of his hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that he had not come before! Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death has conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue and with a pathos and almightyness of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, he cries: "Lazarus! come, fourth!" The eyes of the slumberer open and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him and his feet and hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove these hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes; loose him and let him go!" Oh I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus he went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk, and the breaking off of the cerement that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation, and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body! I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying, "Loose him, and let him go."

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb, bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion, "Loose him, and let him go." First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian church is now agitating about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the gospel to all men, and the Westminister Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectively aside and get a brand new one. It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died three hundred and twenty-six years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then, and explorers have done their work, and as you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats and reject the subsequent improvement in navigation; and go back to John Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses, and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hilltops and reject the magnetic wire, which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore all the exegetes and the philologists and the theologians of the last three hundred and twenty-six years and put your own head under the sleeve of the gown of a Sixteen century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The Nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit on the feet of the Sixteenth.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of the Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last three hundred years words have changed their meaning and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants.

A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what he did with the babies in Palestine when he hugged and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or "guesses." We must remember that John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardner hands you a blooming rose, dewy fresh, but a severe botanist comes to you with a rose and says: "I will show you the structure of this rose." And he proceeds to take it apart and pulls off the leaves and he says: "There are the petals," and he takes out the anthers and he says: "Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars," and then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says: "I will just show you how this rose of religion was fashioned:" and it pulls off of it a piece and says: "That is the human will," and another piece and says: "This is God's will," and another piece and says: "This is sovereignty," and another piece and says: "This is free agency," this is this and that is that. And while I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says: "Inhale the sweetness of this, wear it on your heart and wear it forever." I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart. What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that he harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the Nineteenth century, my brother of the Sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now, much less the mysteries of his government five hundred quintillion of years ago. I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyon's assault. That would be beyond human criticism. The denomination, whatever its name be, that can rise up to that will be the church of the millennium, will swallow up all other denominations and be the one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the one essential faith in Christ any of the innumerable non-essentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian and the man who does not accept him is not a Christain, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable. But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine or if they smoke cigars or if they attend the theatre or if they play cards or if they drive a fast horse. Now I do not drink wine or smoke or attend the theatre, never played a game of cards and do not drive a fast horse, although I would if I owned one. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in their present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but hampered with the old grave clothes. If you want one glorious church free and unencumbered take off the cerements of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her, and let her go.

Again, there are Christians who are under sepulchral shadows and hindered and hoppled by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

> 'Tis a point I long to know,
> Oft it causes anxious thought—
> Do I love the Lord or no,
> Am I his or am I not!

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated is morbid and cannot be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life and stop thinking of yourself and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symtoms, and they call it self-examination and they get weaker and sicklier in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and, instead of Newton's saturnine and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn:

> Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
> That saved a wretch like me!
> I once was lost, but now am found;
> Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel, but you need to get your hand loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, "if you knew what I once was and how many times I have grievously strayed, you would understand why I do not come out brighter." Then I think you would call yourself the chief of sinners. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I have a promise that fits into your case as the cogs of one wheel between the cogs of another wheel or as the key fits into the labyrinths of a lock. A man who was once called Saul but afterwards Paul declared: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief." "Put down your overcoats and hats and I will take care of them while you kill Stephen"—so Paul said to the stoners of the first martyr—"I do not care to exert myself much, but I will guard your surplus apparel while you do the murder." The New Testament account says: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." No wonder he said: "Sinners, of whom I am the chief." Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression he is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your indebtedness. If one throw a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedge-bird roosts, it immediately begins to sing; and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to anthem. Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea, and now that it proposes another voyage, keeps on its davits the damaged lifeboats, and the splinters of a shivered mast, and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: clear the decks, overboard with the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smokestack, open a new log book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for heaven. You have had spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable. Have you not sometimes started out in the rain with your umbrella and you were busy thinking and you did not notice that the rain had stopped, and though it had cleared off you still had your umbrella up, and when you discovered what you were doing you felt silly enough? That is what some of you are doing in religious things. You have got so used to sadness that though the rain has stopped you still have your umbrella up. Come out of the shadow. Ascend the stairs of your sepulchre. Step out into the broad light of noonday. We come around you to help remove your grave clothes, and a voice from the heavens, tremulous but omnipotent, commands: "Loose him, and let him go."

Heaven is ninety-five per cent. better than this world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth and compress them all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in heaven since its first tower was built or its first gates swung or its first song caroled. "Oh," you say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and soul, and all the seeming restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterwards resuscitated declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts out its wings and soars. "But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and then say: "I will take these papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers, who have had all the advantages of heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left, and that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated; but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose him, and let him go." The only part of my recent journey that I really dreaded, although I did not say much about it beforehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are many rocks, and in rough weather people cannot land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one mis-stroke of an oarsman or an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed, I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore, in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I came on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true, if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine last December. Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

> "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving
> O'er the hills of fadeless green,
> And the living waters laving
> Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
>
> Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
> When on that eternal shore;
> Drop the anchor! furl the sail;
> I am safe within the veil!

LIFE IN HOLLAND.

Early Marriages and Very Few Separations.

The boys and girls marry at a very early age, and conjugal infidelity is rare, especially on the part of the husband. The Dutch fishermen and women marry between the age of 24 and 28, and they are more anxious about age and inclinations agreeing than fortunes. What Tacitus says, in alluding to the manners of the ancient Batavi, is living history here; adultery is unknown; "the wife does not espouse her husband, but marriage." Separations are extremely rare.

"The sea, in fact, is the visible conscience of the fisherman, and he is anxious to prove himself honest and pure in its sight." Family life is exemplary, and, as the husband is absent a great part of the year, either sailing in the north to catch herrings or engaged in the Zuyder Zee in the great sprat fishery, the education of the children devolves on the wife. This charge, which constitutes the first of her domestic duties, is performed with scrupulous vigilance. We shall be able to form an idea of the extent of her functions and the gravity of her moral burden when we know that in these thatch-covered cabins there are often from nine to twelve children."—Utrecht Letter.

How a Town Was Named.

Aitch is the name of a postoffice in Huntington county. The origin of its name is of a somewhat curious nature. However, it arises from civilized sources. There were five prosperous farmers in that portion of the county where the postoffice now is, and their names were Anderson, Isenberg, Taylor, Crum and Henderson. Each of them wished the office to be named after himself. They could not come to an agreement, and finally, as a compromise, the first letter from each name was taken and placed together, and thereby originated Aitch.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Wouldn't Let Him Start In.

Jones—I suppose you take lots of comfort with your new baby, Brown?

Brown—Well I should say so. Let me tell you how cunning he is.

Jones—I'd very much like to hear, but to tell the truth I'm due on the next block in four hours from now. Some other time, Brown.—Judge.