A PIECE OF SOAP IN THE '60'S.

Down the valley we come riding,
"Old Jack" had us on the run;
There was new and then some fighting,
But we always won.

All the wreck that drifts from battle
When a fight is made and lost—
Wounded, prisoners, stragglers, cattle—
Through our shattered ranks were tossed!

Here an ambulance spoke jarring
And there a missing horse limped;
There the rear guard, steady, pushing,
Marsh the gaps and stragglers hemmed.

Here an overturned Parrott rifle,
Horses killed and axles broke,
Left an obstacle to hinder,
Thrown away—a cake of soap.

A tall 10th Me., lieutenant,
Shrapnel picked from the track,
And, thanking jeers or command,
Placed it in his haversack.

Onward pressed the army steady,
Till the day is almost night,
When they halt near Shady
For the word to halt and fight.

Now the rebel shot fly faster,
And with them comes the shell,
Bursting in a mad destruction,
Officers and men as well.

Then the tall lieutenant, laughing,
Classmate his face at once and sooner:
"Boys, I know, for all your slander,
I should use this piece of soap!"

National Tribune.

DICK'S DARLING.

BY CLARICE LEE IZBELLE.

CHAPTER XV.

Carmen's Story.

The clouds hung low and threatening. The wind tossed the branches of the great locusts until they moaned in their pain. A few heavy drops of rain splashed drearily against the shrouded windows.

A few friends and relatives had gathered in the chamber of death to hear the reading of the "Last Will and Testament" of George Kingsley.

A dreary, soul-depressing day, that seemed made for funerals and breaking hearts.

But there were no hearts to break for the late master of White Hall. He died as he had lived, without sympathy and without love.

The wind moaned and shook the shutters. The giant locusts tossed and wailed.

To the damp, depressed little circle of black-robed people it seemed as though some of the darkness and dampness of the grave was filling the very air.

Through the rain-blurred windows they could see the spot upon the rounding hill-top where Dick had left George Kingsley sleeping his last sleep in the bosom of the yellow earth with the pines tossing and sighing above him.

A dreary, dark-browed day, more suitable to the last of November than the first of sunny August. The drivers of the waiting cabs and carriages turned their collars up about their throats and swore softly at their impatient horses. Carmen Kingsley shuddered slightly as the rattle of the plated harness penetrated to the silent room.

Presently the lawyer, an old man who had known George and Carmen Kingsley in their boyhood, arose and slowly read the words of the will that was to dispose of the money George Kingsley had obtained by his years in accumulating, and the broad acres of his ancestors that he had guarded so jealously.

It surprised very few. He left everything to his nephew, George Kingsley, upon the condition that he should marry his cousin, whom the dead man had disinherited because of her own free will in marriage. "my daughter." It wholly disinherited her if she refused to accept her cousin in marriage. A few minor bequests were read, and they knew the contents of George Kingsley's will.

There was a slight pause.

Then Carmen Kingsley arose. She looked very tall and slight in her deep mourning. Her face was pale, but there was a steadfast light in her dark eyes, and her lips were vividly crimson. Every eye was fixed upon hers. Everyone there felt a thrill of excitement. Instinctively they felt that something more was to be told that would explain the subtle something that they felt to be wrong.

"I beg a few words, Judge Ross, before I go away, forever," she began.

"As they are to be my last, I will ask you to listen to me patiently. To explain your unfortunate situation fully I must go back twenty-five years and tell you a story. Some of it is partly known to a few of you, but to the others it is new."

"Twenty-five years ago gentleman went away to the war, and left his daughter behind him. She was the idol of her mother's sister, a maiden lady scarcely a dozen years older than her child. Near their home was the home of a family who, for two generations had been the rivals of her kindred both socially and politically. There was a young son of the rival family who never heard a word about this time to recover from the effects of a wound received in battle. The girl, whom you know later as Pearl Kingsley, and this young man, Raoul Fairfax, met, and the consequences were just what might have been expected. They fell in love with each other."

She paused, a single spot of vivid red burning in either cheek. Her auditors were scarcely drawing a breath. Ellen Grey, who sat veiled and cloaked, near the door, had grown white as death while one hand was pressing convulsively over her heart as though to stop its beating.

"It was a silly thing for them to do," she continued, with something between a sneer and a smile crossing her lips. They did not dare tell their living name. Her father was away with Stuart's cavalry, and he followed Averil. The lovers went on loving and meeting by stealth as lovers will. It would have been useless for them to speak to their fathers about marriage. Nevertheless they determined to marry. When young Raoul Fairfax received orders to rejoin his regiment he determined that he would take Pearl Kirby with him as his wife. She was young, impulsive, and she loved him well enough to have followed him across the world. So she wrote a note to her home, saying the first thing that occurred to her as an excuse. It happened to be the truth, so she told her aunt she was going away to become an actress. Before twenty minutes she was safely established in a small town a few miles from the Union headquarters, the bride of her boy-husband.

Ellen Grey leaned back in her chair weak and faint. Pearl, a child of her youth, had been very dear to her.

"Within six months Raoul Fairfax was dead," went on the pitiless tones that someway impressed the hearers that there was a world of emotions suppressed under the low voice. The girl-wife was a stranger in a strange land. Her family had cast her off, and her father was a stern man, who, she knew, would never forgive nor forget. Her husband's family was ignorant of her very existence, and she was too prostrated to think of forcing them to acknowledge her."

"She had some money, which lasted her until after her child, a little daughter, was born; and then she was confronted by the great problem of supporting herself and child, she did the only thing she could do—she acted.

Her success upon the stage was only moderate, but it kept herself and her child whom she—disliked. Carmen's voice broke a little. "The time went by until four years had passed. The young actress was beautiful, and she married her, but she had buried her heart with her young soldier-husband, and said she would never marry. Among her lovers was George Kingsley.

"Well, he met with the general fate—rejection. But, unlike the others, he persisted. Finally she fell ill, and left her place. Her money went, and what few friends she had made all proved false.

"At length, she found herself in a great city, friendless, penniless, ill and alone except for her baby, whom she knew would soon suffer for bread.

"It was then that George Kingsley came to her with his gold. He knew nothing of her former marriage, or the child, and when all else was gone, and starvation grim and gaunt stared her in the face, she consented to become his wife.

"They were married. But, when he heard the story of her other marriage, and saw the child, he was wild and furious. His was jealous of the dead boy and of the little child, and vowed in his mind to give it up. She refused, but she was a slave. Finally, almost helpless to cross a room without support, and he conquered. The baby which she loved for the sake of its dead father she was well to be cast away. He hurried his wife away to the south for her health.

"Carmen's voice had grown more impassioned and her hearers did not seem to breathe.

"In a few months she recovered her health and spirits, but she could not forgive him the cruelty of parting her from her child. He knew she did not love him, and perhaps that knowledge made him jealous and exacting. He brought her back, and those of you who knew well perhaps remember that she never crossed the threshold except when he accompanied her. The humiliation of it aroused her pride, the dullness of her life made her long for the old days on the stage, when she was her own mistress, and his confined mistrust and jealousy increased her dislike for him.

"She was of a quick-tempered, unforgiving race, and soon she determined to leave him.

"At this time came the news that her baby was dead. Her husband would not allow her to go to see it buried.

That night she left without telling a soul her destination and White Hall knew her no more.

"Well, the child was not dead. It was so very ill that the nurse, knowing the circumstances, felt justified in thus misleading deception to bring it to its bedside. For months Pearl Kingsley remained in hiding, and another baby, also a girl, was born, who wrote to her husband telling him of its birth and that she should never see his daughter's face.

"Then, under an assumed name she went out to another city and began anew the struggle for existence. It was sharp and long, but finally she found that only one alternative was left her—to starve, or take the oldest child, who could play children's parts, and join a traveling company, leaving the baby behind.

"One day she went away, with the baby in her arms, and when she returned she was alone. She told no one where she left it, and went on her way in silence.

"I do not know that I can tell you much more about her," Carmen went on slowly. "The older child grew, and she loved it—she loved it better than all the world beside. The last baby had not been to her what the first one was, and she never seemed to feel its loss."

"After three or four years she again fell ill. In the company was a man, who was a scapegrace and was cast off by his family in the city where they were playing. lived a cousin of his, Sarah Moore by name. To her he took her when the company went on its travels, and there she remained for a few weeks. Then her illness took a violent turn. In her delirium she fell down a long flight of stairs, striking her head, and when the fever left her she was—insane."

Carmen said, the last word pitifully, softly, and the tears started to Ellen Grey's eyes. She half started to her feet, but sank back, her outstretched hands falling to her sides.

"Well, they took her home away," Carmen went on, with a quick breath. "Sarah Moore let the girl stay with her, giving her a home, though a humble one. There she remained for eight years, or until she was seventeen years old. Then her mother's memory returned, and he fell in love with her, is one to dignify his crazy caprice by the name of love. Well, he now had money, and Sarah Moore thought it would be a grand match for the plain, penniless girl. I do not know what means he used, but he completely won Sarah Moore over to his side, and they determined to force the girl to marry him.

"It was a long struggle, but three weeks a dark room, during which time they did not dare tell the living name. Her father was away with Stuart's cavalry, and he followed Averil. The lovers went on loving and meeting by stealth as lovers will. It would have been useless for them to speak to their fathers about marriage. Nevertheless they determined to marry. When young Raoul Fairfax received orders to rejoin his regiment he determined that he would take Pearl Kirby with him as his wife. She was young, impulsive, and she loved him well enough to have followed him across the world. So she wrote a note to her home, saying the first thing that occurred to her as an excuse. It happened to be the truth, so she told her aunt she was going away to become an actress. Before twenty minutes she was safely established in a small town a few miles from the Union headquarters, the bride of her boy-husband.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Cut Her Wisdom Teeth.

Mrs. Sharpegh, who has five daughters married—Don't have any thing more to do with that Mr. Smallpiece—he's a miserable hypocrite, who will deceive you in a thousand ways before you are wedded a year.

Daughter—Goodness! Why do you think so?

Mrs. Sharpegh—He treats me with as much affection and consideration as if I were his own mother.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE ON THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The Sectarian Bigot Gets a Scathing Denunciation—Truth and Error Now On Total—Cause of Infidelity—Liberality Coming.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia, whence he will shortly sail for Ceylon and India, has selected as the subject for to-day's sermon-thought, the "Communion of Saints," the text chosen being Judges 12:v, "Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he did not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

Do you know the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death of a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, go into a great fight, and Ephraim runs away defeated. A great came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word Ephraim could not pronounce. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth" always left out the sound of the "h." When they said it they said "sibboleth," and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baptists, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very ungodly men, and some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man. Between some of the sects I no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibition, and it tried to do it by strong censorship of the press, the rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat tried to make people orthodox, but where she tried to do that, you can not change a man's belief by twisting of his head, nor make a man see differently by putting on awful pressure through the thumbscrew—in a man's conscience which will hereafter mount the mountain that you threw upon it, and unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went to the house of God into the most appalling ignorance, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and lewdness as vast as the world never heard of, and the very sewerage of filthy broke loose and flooded the church. After, awhile the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind, and there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man able to read an infidel or religious book were twenty men read to read it, and so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between Truth and Error. Truth will conquer just as certainly as light is stronger than the devil. Let Error run if you only let Truth run along with it. Forget not that by sceptic shout and transcendentalist's leer, but it, in the end, God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak at clutches, quicker than a heart, tool's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothing-at-all.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a God that must after awhile stand before a throne of impartiality and righteousness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the judgments, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. Under early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

George Whitefield was a Calvinistic Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art, I am for bringing all men to the light of the gospel; therefore, if thou will not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it is compounded from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the home circle about other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and, after a while, go and see for themselves; and, looking in those churches and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the gospel who, against their whole life's bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the gospel in those very denominations, that is to say, the one thing that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots to-day.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in its associations. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head and starts other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better be born with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long drawn aisles, and Christ crucified in the pulpit. If there be no Christ in the chancel, and no Christ in the robes. Bigotry is often the child of ignorance.

Let me illustrate this with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. The more he knows he is a bigot. The whole history of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of a state of mind and heart. There was in the far east a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and observers went and looked at that obelisk, and they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at a different side; and they happened to meet, the story says; and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came by, and said, gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about the great doctrines of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more no less. More light, less sectarianism there is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as something like a spiritual telescope.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. Now let me point out its baleful effects? First of all it cripples investigation. You are my friend and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the sectarian bigot himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to urge particularly some one or some one doctrine, and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God and the Arminian churches that great doctrine of human agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist church must urge what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the great truths of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts many men. Infidelity is on the rise. Now, my friends, the church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an ammunition cart, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shock of firearms. Do you the peaceful and industrious citizen go through that street? Do not you will say, "I'll go around the block." Many men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the recriminations, backbiting, fiery every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; there is no such shoot-shooting on the narrow road I guess I'll try the broad road!"

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said that if he thought there was one drop of the Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage because they hinder the triumph of the gospel. How much wasted ammunition! how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes when, if they had given it to the saving of souls, a common enemy coming up the bay, and the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other—you would cry out "National suicide!" why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and not against the common enemy? And yet I sometimes see in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on: church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own forts, at the fort which ought to be on the same side instead of concentrating their energy and giving one mighty and everlasting broadside against the hosts of darkness riding up through the bay!

Perhaps I might forcefully illustrate the truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place about twenty years ago, the Monday morning at about 7 o'clock, while her 900 passengers were sound asleep in her berths, the steamship of home, the splendid "Atlantic" crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes hassled in eternity. Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women rushing up and down the gangways and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless sleeper and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the shrieks that the continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with this life line until he gets to the rock, and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels sung and warm; but what that minister of the gospel, with three other men, getting into a life boat, and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away until they came near, and pulling away until they came more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they may meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that night when the "Atlantic" struck Mars Head. Well, my friends, the ship has gone on a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years, but we, the life line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life boat! I do not care what denomination rows the boat, so long as in the memory of common hardships and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and receive the crown. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in life everlasting. Amen."

FAR AND NEAR.

Gold is now piped from central stations, like water or gas.

One billion feet of timber per year is being cut in Texas; at that rate it will take but fifteen years to exhaust the supply.

The first biblical mention of brickmaking is in Genesis. The chronologists place the date of this reference at B. C. 2247.

A prehistoric human skull found at Anniston, Ala., in 1890, measured nearly 100 inches in circumference just above the ears.

The rose window of the Tiffany chapel, exhibited at the world's fair, was designed by women. The mosaic contains nearly 10,000 pieces of glass.

Breakage of some vessels containing coal liver oil in a freight train in a French railway so oiled the track that a passenger train coming afterward could not get a standstill when it reached the rails.

The following answer is vouched for by Mr. Ball, the vice president of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society. Examiner—Define a parable. Examinee—A parable is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

A fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad was up the other day for promotion as an engineer. After inquiring as to the time of his service and knowledge of the mechanism of the engine his questioner asked: "What is steam?" "Steam is smoke off from hot water," replied the man and the examiners were so surprised that they let go what the next question on the list was.

The name applied to the bicycle in Turkestan is "tomasha." Allen and Greiner relate that in their bicycle tour of 1891 they were followed fifty miles on horseback by a crowd, who would shout across the fields to the natives to "come and see the tomasha." Frequently he would have to entreat the travelers to "slow up," as his horse was tired. The swiftest steed of the Cossack riders could not travel with the ease and speed of the adventurers on their machines.

MARIETTA ALBONI.

BITS OF BANTER.

Buskin—Is Cassius a good "Hamlet?" Thespis—No; he's only achieved the first syllable as yet.

"Is Franklin Sussmilch at home?" "No," replied the boy, "please tell her that I called." "I will tell her at once."

Bacon—Does Penman make anything out of his writings? Egbert—I don't know. I never could make anything out of them.

George, seriously—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? Ada—I don't know; if he's rich enough for me he would.

Mrs. Fogy—You have been a naughty boy, and I shall have to tell your father, Johnny—Him! Just like a woman! can't keep a secret.

He—Don't anybody can make money, but it isn't every body who can write a poem. She, significantly—You are right. I have just read one of yours.

Stranger—What price do you set on that red cow of yours? Mr. Halcede—See here, mister, air you an assessor, or has she been run over by the railroad?

Rambler—That Bartlett girl thinks a great deal of me. When I told her I was going around the world she said I must be sure and write her from every place I visited. Yes; she is collecting postage stamps.

Mrs. Nurich—I s'pose you have the best standard literary works suitable for a first-class library? Book Clerk—Certainly, ma'am. Mrs. Nurich, firmly, but with condescension—Send me up a dozen of each with the bill.

"Mamma," exclaimed the sweet young thing, "I've written a novelette for the sunday paper." "Is that all?" replied the fond mother. "I had hoped you would do something original. Every young woman writes novelettes now. But, mamma, it has a hero in it, and his name is not Jack!"

GRAINS OF GOLD.

To a willing mind hard times are easy.

Say less than you think; only half what you say.

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.

We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness.

Be what your ground is good—then be sure you maintain your ground.

To abound in all things, and not to know the right use of them, is penury.

The sin we are slowest to forgive is often the one we are most apt to commit.

The worst pit of misfortune into which a man can fall is the one he digs himself.

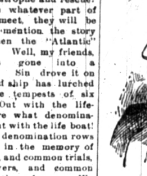
The man who looks through prejudice is always ready to swear that there is something green in sunlight.

The hope of amending is, after all, our very best and brightest hope of amending our works as well as ourselves.

THE LATE AUSTIN BLAIR.

He Was War Governor of Michigan and a Political Reformer.

Austin Blair, war governor of Michigan, who died at Jackson a few days ago was of Scotch descent and was born in Caroline, Tompkins county, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1818. His early tuition in the common schools was supplemented by a preparation for college at the Cazenovia academy, whence he went to Hamilton, and in his junior year to Union college, graduating from the latter in 1838. The next few years were spent in his law studies in the office of Sweet & Davis, at Owego, N. Y. In 1841, he arrived in Jackson. In march, 1843, he removed to



AUSTIN BLAIR.

Eaton county and two years later back to Jackson, having in the meantime been elected clerk of Eaton county and served one term. In 1844 he seems to have acquired a state reputation as a political orator, contending for Henry Clay and the policies of the party which supported him.

Later in the same year he was elected governor, and re-elected in 1862, his term of office covering all of the war period to January, 1865.

He found time to introduce many reforms and changes in the interest of economy in home matters of state administration. He came out of office thousands of dollars poorer than when he entered it. In 1866 he was elected a member of the national house of representatives, and was re-elected in 1868 and 1870. His position there was prominent, and would have seemed more so had it not been overshadowed by the distinction which he was entitled as a "war governor."

Mme. Alboni.

Marietta Alboni, who died recently in Paris, was the most celebrated contralto of the present century. She was born at Cresena, Romagna, in 1824. She studied under Madame Berlotelli at Bologna, and while there made her début in the opera "Semiramide." She is said to have been his only pupil, and he taught her the contralto roles in the principal operas with the true traditions. She at once procured an engagement for several years from Merelli, impressario of several theaters in Italy and Germany, and she made her début at La Scala, Milan, in 1843, in the part of Malcolm Grahl. In spite of her inexperience, she had a great success. Thus, at the age of 19

MARIETTA ALBONI

she was fairly launched upon her great career.

Freaks of Lightning.

The electric fluid is given to queer pranks, and the unexpected is quite likely to happen when it gets possession of the atmosphere. It is reported that a pigeon which was recently returning from a visit to a neighboring field, caught in a violent thunder storm during which it became so dark that it was with great difficulty that he could see his way along the telegraph highway. Suddenly what appeared to be a ball of fire descended upon him, hurling him over a ditch by the roadway and into an adjoining field. After about ten minutes, he recovered from the shock, which had for the time entirely deprived him of the power of motion. He was carrying an umbrella when the shock came, and upon gathering himself up and looking about for his parachute, found it completely wrecked. The cover was entirely burned off, and the wires were bent and twisted into every imaginable shape. Ball lightning is said to be the most dangerous of all forms assumed by this eccentric element, and, fortunately for the human family, it is the rarest.

A Tattooed Man.

William Furness, son of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the noted Shakesperian scholar, is probably the most tattooed person in the world. A splendid reproduction of the goddess of love covers his chest, and the god of thunder illuminates his back, while each leg bids for the favor of the fair with a pagoda in design. Each shoulder, and a fearful and wonderful collection of geometrical designs covers the other shoulder. A Chinese boat is tattooed on one leg, and a dragon looks up from the other. The artist who executed these designs received $15 an hour for his services—an appalling fee in Japan.

Ida Lewis' Salary.

The Boston Transcript says that the yearly salary of Ida Lewis, the famous keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse, at the south end of Newport harbor, is $750 and two tons of coal. She is past 50 now, her hair slightly streaked with gray and her face somewhat more rugged and weather beaten, but she is still alert and strong. She began her wonderful record of life saving at the age of four and a half years, whose boat capsized in the harbor before her.

A Dress Reformer.

Mrs. Theodore Bent, while exploring in Africa and Asia with her husband, has always worn a combined suit of costume—a tweed coat and skirt (scorning well over the knees), breeches, gaiters and shoes. The skirt is made in plaits, and arranged so that it can be altered for walking or riding. She and Mr. Bent always take on their expeditions plenty of towels and sheets, but no glass or crockery. All their cooking and eating utensils are made of enameled iron.

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PACERS GROWING IN FAVOR.

A Marked Change of Opinion in the Past Ten Years.

"The increasing popularity of the pacer is shown by the fact that out of thirty-nine newcomers to the list this year fifteen are of the lateral-gaited class, says the Western Breeder. This is a very great change from the condition of things but a few years ago. Then the taste of the people did not run to pacers, and it was fashionable to decry and discourage them. Now most drivers want at least one pacer, and many of them prefer pacers to trotters. It is said that the preference for trotters which so largely prevailed was due in a considerable measure to the influence of Robert Bonner, who never fancied them. This may be true, but we believe the preference for the trotter is one of much more antiquity than this record has taken by itself, indicate. It would scarcely have been possible for any one man to have succeeded in so far changing the national taste. We believe that the more probable cause of this preference was the fact that when the present system of harness racing was inaugurated in the last century horses were found in greater abundance and were, therefore, used in greater numbers on the track.

The pacer is the gait rather than the other is largely a matter of individual taste. It used to be said that pacers would not stay in those races. This has been disproved to be a mistake. Doubtless the old-fashioned "piping" horses that pass with their whole bodies, instead of their legs, were not known of remarkable stamina. But there has been almost as great improvement in the breeding of pacers as trotters. Evidence lies in many of them now that the brothers and sisters of great trotting performers, as well as others, pacing bred, that have all the gaits, which are not known as far as the method of locomotion affects stamina, the pacing gait would be rather favorable than unfavorable to great endurance upon the track, because the movement of a pacing horse produces less strain on the limbs than the movement of a trotter. It is noticeable that pacers come to their speed more easily and require less training than trotters and this point is greatly in their favor. The long course of education which most trotters have to undergo is, without doubt, a drawback for two reasons; first, because it requires the expense necessary to prepare them for use on the track, and secondly, that it increases the probability of their being "used up" before they become bread-winners.

The Pickety Fence.

Here's good news for many of our readers, who are pinched by hard times. The Wenlson Spice company of Toledo, Ohio, are giving away many fine pictures to advertise their spices, or in exchange for large lion heads cut from their coffee wrappers. Besides pictures they give away valuable books, a knife game, etc. It surely pays to drink Lion coffee, which is by far the finest, and you get, in addition to the beautiful picture, said card in every one pound package. If you haven't an illustrated catalogue, ask your grocer for a copy, or send your name and address to the firm above named.

The Price o' It.

The happy-go-lucky bachelor was taking his ease most delightfully on the veranda when the lady with five marriageable daughters came and sat down behind him.

"You seem to be very well satisfied with your lot," remarked Mrs. Fogy, by way of opening conversation.

"I am always that, my dear madam," he responded.

"Indeed a bachelor!" she said questioningly.

"That is no argument against it, is it?" he asked.

"I think it must be. But tell me why you have remained one?"

"I couldn't tell you, I think, if I tried."

"It seems to me that so handsome and cheerful and thrifty a man as you are, Mr. Frisky, would have been captured long ago. How have you managed to retain your freedom?"

"Eternal vigilance, my dear madam, is the price of liberty, you know," he replied, bowing himself away in the direction of the afore-said daughters joined their mamma.—Detroit Free Press.

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Miss CROWLEY.

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