BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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Moreover, the colored troops fight nobly.

Some men are always out when their country calls.

Speaking of the Vesuvius, blessed are the piecemakers.

The fame of Camara as the ancient mariner fan never die.

Costly apparel doesn't advays make a woman look neat and attractive.

Heaven tempers the wind alike to the smooth-faced man and the populist.

Every man has a grievance, and he'll tell you all about it on the least provocation.

Sampson was twelve miles away, but he immediately cabled Washington, "MY fleet did it."

The marriage ceremony is frequently the final act of diplomacy previous to a declaration of war.

The girl who is wise never permits herself to appear more intelligent than the man she is trying to entertain.

If you can't go to the front and lick Spaniards, be easy. You can stay at home and lick internal revenue stamps.

A cheap lawyer badgering a decent witness reminds the citizens how grateful he ought to be for the protection of the law.

Football has been prohibited in Mexico because of its cruelty. Nothing but innocent amusement like bull-fighting goes there.

It may be mentioned as a fact, we believe, that the star-spangled banner remains in the same position, as anybody may see by the dawn's early light.

A New York girl created a little excitement the other day by wearing a mask when she went into the surf to bathe. Perhaps she felt that she really ought to wear something.

The accident of the death of one man in the whipping of Cervera's fleet should be investigated. The man should have been merely pinked, after the manner of the sufferer in a French duel.

Senator Mason promises to kiss the sweethearts of all the boys who go to war. That is indubitable evidence, the sly rascal, that he means to serve his country solely as a member of the home guard.

A telegram from Benton Harbor, Mich., recently said: A destructive cyclone struck this vicinity this morning and as the result a section of country one mile long and eighty rods wide is a barren waste. Apple orchards were torn up by the roots. Peach, pear, and cherry trees were broken down and wheat in stacks was scattered to the neighbors' farms. Buildings were removed from their foundations.

The proposition of a foreign-owned New York paper for a Spanish-United States protectorate over the Philippines adds to the suspicion that the sheet is under the influence of gold. What if, at the close of our war of the revolution, there had been proposed a British-Russian protectorate over us? When the mice win their freedom shall there be appointed a few cats to watch over them and coddle them?

The latest idol shattered by the iconoclast of science is the keenness of vision of the red Indian. He is ascertained by practical tests that he can see no farther and no more distinctly than the average white man; but his manner of life has made him more observant of things about him, and more quick and sure in drawing conclusions from what he sees. That is all. A white man trained in the same way would possess in an equal degree the same desirable qualities.

The son of Admiral Dewey entered business in New York not long ago, and at his father's request began at the bottom, receiving the princely salary of $20 a month. It is said that last month an unscrupulous editor invited him to join his staff. "You never write no articles," he said, "nor do any reporting work. Just sign your name to an article every day, and I will pay you two hundred dollars a month." The young man wasted but few words on the editor. His negative reply was as much to the point as his father's attack at Manila. It is a great thing, and a heroic, when a young man considers a high salary as mere dirt beneath his feet, compared to his own honor and integrity.

Occultism announces that the girls can get rid of freckles. They are going to sit down, we are gravely told, and think them off. It is a new theory of faith, or Christian science, and no plasters or other appliances for purposes of reform through mutilation. Of course, the question arises whether girls are capable of thinking, and if so what will be the subject of the amelioriative thought. We take a very radical view of the matter, however, and insist that the freckles shall stay. Nine pretty girls out of ten have freckles.

A Spokane husband in his application for divorce states that on the night of June 3, while asleep, his wife tied him to his bed, set fire to the mattress, and after locking the doors, fled. He escaped the roast prepared for him by breaking his bonds and extinguishing the blaze. Lucky man.

There would have been peace weeks ago if the Spanish cabinet might have been drafted into the Spanish army. One's idea of national honor changes somewhat when one has to shed his own blood in a hopeless fight for it.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

The sweet girl graduate and the college honor man are again in evidence in all their glory, but they have to be content with only a secondary place in the public interests this year. The all-engrossing subject of war has thrown them into temporary eclipse. This is rather hard, too, since most of these graduates now stand upon a pinnacle of prominence which will never be reached again by them after they descend to the dead level of the great seething world in which the rest of their lives must be passed. The only really fortunate students are those few who have enlisted and are able to come back in their uniforms to be graduated with their classes. These are the heroes of the hour. The valedictorian and the prize winner are common people compared with these fortunates.

It is not fair that all the glory should go to those few who have been able to don uniforms and go to the front. A nation's strength lies with the sturdy and industrious patriots who stay at home and do their duty there quite as much as with those who go to battle. Those young men who have found it to be their duty to complete their college work and enter business or professional lines in which they can repay the debts incurred in getting their education may serve their country no less than the other brave fellows who have enlisted. The girls and young women now about to receive their diplomas from high schools and colleges, in so far as these parchments are testimonials to their fitness for taking useful places in the nation's homes and offices and schoolrooms, deserve all the transient glory that can be shed upon their commencement exercises.

For the moment, however, action and not learning is in the ascendant. Brave deeds have always counted for more than wise words in the world's history, and it is not strange that book lore is for the time cast into the shade. Both have their places; in fact, learning and thought are the forerunners of great deeds. If Lieut. Hobson had not been a thorough student and a skilled mechanic he could never have conceived or executed the gallant deed that will perpetuate his name. If Admiral Dewey had not had a third of a century of training he could never have won so brilliant a victory at Manila. If our American sailors were not men of intelligence and mechanical skill they would be as helpless on their great battleships as the Spaniards have been. Thus, though the glorious deeds are apt to eclipse the years of humdrum schooling as the flower eclipses the bud, the school years and the bud are none the less valuable for all that.

It is necessary to strike a balance once in a while between thought and action. This is what the country is doing just now. We had drifted into a state where almost all the energies of the nation were being turned inward. Such a state is not permanently healthful, and a reaction was bound to come some time. Like the reaction against introspective novels, seen in the recent vogue of swashbuckling romances, the present reaction in the spirit of the nation is natural and healthful. For the moment it may be a little disconcerting to the students and graduates who find themselves robbed of the public eclat which they had a right to expect, but their turn will come later in the enlarged opportunities that will belong to them as citizens in an enlarged and glorified nation.

Then give the college graduate all the honor that can be spared from the brave boys at the front, and tell him that his book lore is of use only in so far as it can be made to blossom henceforth into deeds. Whether the deeds be martial ones, or commercial or professional, they may be equally patriotic and honorable. But the special meed of glory will still be reserved for the soldier, and it is well that it is so. It will be a sorry day for the nation when its pulses fail to thrill to the sound of the martial bugle.—Ex.

The Bootblack's Ready Wit.

Theodore, the blind shoeblack, was shining a pair of shoes yesterday. He got to the stage where all that was wanted was a passing vehicle, so that he could call his customer's attention to the reflection of the horse in the brilliantly polished leather, but no vehicle would come. He listened attentively and finally had to give up all hope of the reflection. He was not going to let his patron escape, however, until there was some evidence that the shine was a good one. Suddenly he started back and clapped both hands over his sightless orbs. The customer, in alarm, asked: "What's the matter, Theodore?" The negro slowly withdrew his hands and said, "Cap'n, dem shoes is so bright dey jes hurts my eyes."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DON'T.

Don't go out walking in a driving rain.

Don't marry a girl who isn't willing to do her share of the work on a tandem.

Don't think because a judge is small that he isn't a fine-imposing man.

Don't marry a girl who isn't industrious if you have no other means of support.

Don't write popular songs if you would retain the good-will of your fellow-men.

Don't think because a youth is a blooming idiot that he is the flower of the family.

Don't forget that ignorance of the law excuses no man—except the man with a pull.

Don't think because a man is idle that he is a loafer. He may have a political job.

Don't figure on marrying a model wife unless you are an artist and understand figures.

Don't attempt to buy up every man who has his price unless you have the world's money market cornered.

Don't think it's what people know about the hereafter that frightens people—it's what they don't know.—Daily News.

A mixture of equal quantities of best paraffin oil and salad oil makes an excellent sewing machine oil.

HOW HEROES DIE.

EXTRACT FROM THE STORY OF SEVILLA.

Captain Capron Died the Death of a Hero—"Boys, Stand Me Up Yonder Yet a Little and Fight." Were His Last Words as He Fell.

HAMILTON FISH, JR.

AT the battle of Sevilla, Cuba, Private Colby was the first that caught sight of the Spaniards and he fired the opening shot at them. Sergt. Hamilton Fish, Jr., was the first man to fall. He was shot through the heart and died instantly. The Spaniards were not more than 200 yards off, but only occasional glimpses of them could be seen. The men continued to pour volley after volley into the brush in the direction of the sound of the Spanish shots, but the latter became more frequent and seemed to be getting near. Col. Wood walked along his lines, displaying the utmost coolness. He ordered troops to deploy in the thicket, and sent another detachment into the open space on the left of the trail. Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt led the former detachment and tore through the brush, urging his men on. The shots came thicker and faster every moment, and the air seemed filled with the singing and shrieking sound of the Mauser bullets, while the short pop of the Spanish rifles could be distinguished easily from the heavier reports of the American weapons. Sometimes the fire would come in volleys and again shots would follow each other in rapid succession for several minutes.

Capt. Capron stood behind his men, revolver in hand, using it whenever a Spaniard exposed himself. His aim was sure and two of the enemy were seen to fall under his fire. Just as he was preparing to take another shot and shouting orders to his men at the same time, his revolver dropped from his grasp and he fell to the ground with a ball through his body. His

CAPT. CAPRON.

troop was badly disconcerted for a moment, but, with all the strength he could muster, he cried, "Don't mind me, boys; go on and fight." He was carried from the field as soon as possible, and lived only a few hours. Lieut. Thomas, of the same troop, received a wound through the leg soon afterward, and became delirious from pain. The troops that were in the thicket were not long in getting into the midst of the fight. The Spaniards located them and pressed them hard, but they sent a deadly fire in return, even though most of the time they could not see the enemy. After ten or fifteen minutes of hot work the firing fell off somewhat, and Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt ordered his men back from the thicket into the trail, narrowly escaping a bullet himself which struck a tree alongside his head.

It was evident that the Spaniards were falling back and changing their position, but their fire continued at intervals. Then the troops tore to the front and into more open country than where the enemy's fire was coming from. About this time small squads commenced to carry the wounded from the thicket and lay them in a more protected spot on the trail until they could be moved to the field hospital.

Col. Wood also ordered his Hotchkiss gun into action, but the trooper who rode the mule upon which a part of the gun was packed had been stampeded. His animal broke into the woods in the opposite direction from the Spanish fire, and the gun, consequently, could not be used.

A MODERN WAR RIFLE.

The "magazine rifle, calibre 30," familiarly called the Krag-Jorgensen, is the arm equipment of the infantry of the United States army, says the Pittsburg Despatch. It has a range of about three miles and an accuracy never before attained in small arms; that is, when in the hands of a man trained to its use, for at the same distance a properly instructed soldier will pick off a man and the untrained one "miss a barn."

When one of these rifles is put in the hands of a new man the theory of its care and use is explained to him by a non-commissioned officer, and before the lecture is through his feelings are something like those of Mark Twain after receiving his first lesson in piloting. He is ready to say, "Sergeant, I can never get all that into my head, and if I did it would be so heavy that my legs would not be able to support it. I would have to go on crutches."

The sergeant's reply would be like that of Mark's preceptor: "My son, you have got to learn it, or you will never be able to use your rifle. You will get it by degrees. Private Blank is in the next bunk. Go to him and let him overlook every time you tilt a latch or turn a lever. Little by little you will learn it all, but if you are not careful you will have your piece unserviceable before you are aware of it."

Then comes the training in the gallery at close range, the grip of the piece, the pull on the trigger, the proper time and degree of expansion of the lungs, the proper expiration, etc.

And after that comes estimating distances, the theory of the course of the projectile through the air, the elevation required for certain distances. The recruit is taught that the expulsion of the bullet from the barrel gives it that eccentric movement called "drift," and that the air gives it another movement called windage; that atmospheric conditions often carry with them optical illusions, so that while the target appears to be in a certain place it is in reality several feet distant, and in order to shoot well he has to estimate these influences separately and in combination in every variation of light and wind.

By continued application he masters point after point until what that appears to be a tangled mass now proves to be a pleasing study, and then he thinks he knows it all; but he doesn't. Thus it is seen that every experienced soldier in the ranks is an expert, a capable teacher, whose services are needed as such.

MRS. NELSON A. MILES.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, wife of the commander of the United States army, is one of the most attractive and hospitable women in Washington, and deeply interested in every move that is made by the American army. She has always taken an interest in fighting since she has been a soldier's wife. Years ago when the general was only Col. Miles, in command of the Presidio in San Francisco, he and Mrs. Miles were called "the handsomest couple in the army." Mrs. Miles has not lost much of the charm that made her the goddess of every young fellow from West Point in her young days in California. She was Mary Sherman before her marriage. Her father was Judge Sherman, a brother of the senator and the general. Her hair is dark and abundant, her eyes are a grayish blue and her manners are winning. She is as kind and attentive to the wife of a second lieutenant as to the wife of a brigadier-general, and that is why she has ever been popular, no matter where stationed. Mrs. Miles accompanied the general on his trip to Europe last year. She accompanied him, too, on some of

MRS. MILES.

his expeditions against the Indians, and was often within sound of the shooting.

Deceptive Appearances.

"She says he is an ideal husband." "He don't look such a fool, either." —Indianapolis Journal.

Probably the two most awkward things in the world is a woman throwing a stone and a bachelor holding a baby.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HONESTY" THE SUBJECT MATTER LAST SUNDAY.

From the Text, I. Timothy, vi., 9: "They That Will Be Rich Fall Into a Temptation and a Snare, and Into Many Foolish and Hurtful Lusts."

That is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely the determination to have the money anyhow, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak today about the ruinous modes of getting money.

In all our city, state and national elections large sums of money are used in bribery. Politics, from being the science of good government, has often been draggled into the synonym for truculency and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are covered with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court-room, the legislative hall, the congress and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slippered page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads and the doom is fixed and the victim perishes. Let other things be cursed of God and man and sought for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons, who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe and turn aside the poor in the gate." Elipaz foretells the crushing blows of God's indignation, declaring, "Fires shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Lord Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern science, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and Twickenham Court, a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire—yet under the temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, as excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined two hundred thousand dollars—or what corresponds with our two hundred thousand dollars—and imprisoned in London Tower.

The black chapter in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for $31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Ahithopel forsook David and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in Revelation, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down after him.

The lobbies of the Legislatures of this country control the destiny. Is the land is drunk with bribery! "Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dollars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the Dark Ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cadi of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cadi said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks; I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." Then produced the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying, "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas offered a bribe, said, "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong, all your goods cannot persuade me."

The President of the American Congress during the American Revolution, General Reed, was offered ten thousand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray his country. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your King he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the forces of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they would only sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted, need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land.

Meanwhile, my advice is, keep out of politics unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if even you are naturally strong, you need religious buttressing. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men and make them what we wish. I wish there might come an old-fashioned revival of religion, that it might leak out in congress and the legislatures and bring many of the leading Republicans and Democrats down to the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

My charge also to parents is, remember that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle, and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange which you will give them. There is a great difference between rewarding virtue and making the profits thereof the impelling motive. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy" is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life, steer clear of bribery all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life, and of public life, will come up for reprehension.

* * *

In any community there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or, if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if, after you are dead, your administrator should find out from the account-books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you were not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul!

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the West, and he saw a man on the sidewalk whom he supposed to be a laborer, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk upstairs." The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar, which was offered, and, instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer and said, "You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes." "Oh," said the young man, "you—I—excuse me." Then the governor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the government of the state if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir."

I do not suppose there was ever a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suffering, and he scarcely knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: "We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at the very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction: "Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors! This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and invaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity."

Oh! is it not high time that we preach the morals of the Gospel right beside the faith of the Gospel? Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops, and on justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty." * * *

I am glad that some one has set to music that scene in August, 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole train of passengers. Some of you remember that out West in that year on a stormy night a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin, near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest, and the raging of the torrent beneath. One misstep and she would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails, and over the trestle work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station, where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in a few minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she ran for her life to warn, through almost deadly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "the bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious, and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from telegraph to the next station, and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation. But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils raging and wide. God help us to go out and stop the train! Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the down-rushing multitude! Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep, and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

A Stay-at-Home Traveler.

"There is," said the man from Boston, "a very curious person over in Boston. He is a man now 43 years of age, and he has never been away from Boston. In early life he developed a strong tendency for travel, and with this end in view he would plan a trip four months ahead to Norway. Then he would go to the Boston athenæum and look up data relating to Norway in three languages and then for four months he would saturate himself with Norway until it came time to go. Then he would argue that it was useless to go to the trouble and expense of going to a place about which he knew so much and he would set about planning another trip with the same results. As he not only read all the books relating to the spots to which he intended to go, but carried on a voluminous correspondence with travelers, geographical societies and explorers throughout the world, he has collected a perfect encyclopedia of information about countries other than his own. Mentally he has traversed the habitable globe, yet physically he has never been outside of Boston. I once introduced him to a friend of mine who had just come from shooting elephants in Africa. Why, the home traveler knew more about elephant shooting in a minute than the man who had just come from killing elephants did. He corrected him as to the proper price to be paid beaters, and as to the right kind of rifle to use, and then said that he agreed with Capt. So-and-So of the British army that a particular rifle was the best at a certain distance, although at close range he must say that he did agree with M M M——, the eminent French explorer, who said, etc. My friend was deeply impressed, but when I told him later the facts in the case, he was most indignant."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Grumbling at One's Self.

Don't be deceived. In grumbling at yourself you may be really complaining against God you against His permissive, if not His active, providence. Moreover, growling at yourself only keeps up in you the spirit of complaining. What right have you to murmur against yourself any more than against others and against God? Are you sure that these groanings against yourself are not so many valves by which you ventilate a complaining disposition that dares not ventilate itself on God, on others, on your circumstances? Can you not and some better business than finding fault even with yourself? Try repentance, reform, regeneration, entire sanctification—anything but growling.—Ex.

Praise, Honor and Respect.

Praise, honor and respect—these are sweet to all men. It is not surprising to us that they are sweet to the man who deserves them. They are the rewards of noble action, high character, real worth. As the laborer is proud and happy at the close of the day to receive his wages, feeling that he has earned what he receives and that it is all his own, and honorably his own, so the man who has, and knows he has, the honor and respect of the community, and who receives the praise of his friends, and knows it is justly his, can not but be delighted.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Helen Terry has made the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in London her debtor to the amount of $2,150—for that was the sum realized by the performance at the Lyceum recently given. Miss Terry had the valuable assistance of her old comrade, Mrs. Kendal.

W. E. Henley, one of the most conspicuous journalists in London, and also a poet of no mean ability, has been honored by the British government with a pension of $1,000 a year. A like sum was allotted to Tennyson in 1845, and the late poet laureate lived to draw it forty-seven times.

Sir Edwin Arnold recently celebrated his 66th birthday. He distinguished himself at Oxford and won the Newdigate in 1853. He was almost thrust into the career of a schoolmaster, and for two years acted as tutor in connection with King Edward's school, Birmingham, England. Sir Edwin has been married three times—first to an Englishwoman, then to an American, and the present Lady Arnold is probably the only Japanese lady bearing an English title. She was born at Sendai, in Japan, her family name being Kurokawa Tama, which, being translated, means "Jewel of the Dark River."

The oldest trained nurse in England, with the exception of Miss Nightingale is Mrs. Florence Craven. Her experience of work in hospitals has extended to Holland, Denmark, Germany and France. In the Franco-Prussian war, volunteering for ambulance work, the care was confided to her of a fever station of the 10th army corps investing Metz. The list of her decorations is a long one. She possesses the Iron Cross, the Order of Merit from William I for distinguished services in the war, a cross with royal crown from Empress Frederick, and distinctions from other eminent persons, supplemented by the jubilee medal of Queen Victoria.