

POETRY.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

GEORGE D. FRENCH.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
I passed on from the spot, I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

And yet, with him who counts the sands
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all my mortal part has wrought,
Of all my thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments
Caught
For glory or for shame.

Confederate Generals

WHAT THE VETERANS ARE DOING

Since They Put Aside Their Armor.

A SKETCH THAT WILL BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE EX-SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Here is something quite interesting to all ex-Confederate soldiers. It is written by the Lounger on the Avenue in to-day's Washington Herald:

"What has become of the Confederate Generals?" is a question very often asked, but not so easily answered, and it is the Lounger's purpose to try to reply to this question in the presently coming column. Only those who have undertaken such a task can appreciate its immensity and trouble, but if it serves its purpose I shall be content. To begin with those of the highest rank of the five full Generals of the Confederate army, Johnston, J. E., and Beauregard survive. Gen. Johnston is United States Commissioner of Railroads, and Gen. Beauregard lives in Louisiana, where he has created the finest body of militia for its numbers of America. He is also one of the commissioners for the liquidation of one of the old Louisiana State banks, besides which he has other important business connections.

There were twenty-one Lieutenant Generals in the Confederate army from first to last, and of these all were from the United States Army but four, viz.: Richard Taylor, N. B. Forrest, Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. Of them the following are living: D. H. Hill, who is in North Carolina; Stephen Lee, Early, Buckner, Wheeler and A. P. Stewart, besides the two not from the old United States Army, mentioned above. Gustavus W. Smith is the ranking Major General living, and makes his home in New York City. W. T. Martin lives at Natchez, and is a railroad president. C. W. Field lives at Hot Springs, Ark. L. L. Lomax is superintendent of a prosperous school in Virginia. Frank Armstrong is the best United States Indian Inspector under the Government, for he was born in the Choctaw nation. Himes lives in Memphis, Tenn. Churchill was Governor of Arkansas and lives at Little Rock. Colquitt was Governor of Georgia and is United States Senator elect from that State. Col. Stone has returned from Egypt and is living here in Washington, and is chief of a division in the Surgeon General's office. Dibrell is a member of Congress from Tennessee. Lyon, who commanded one of Forrest's divisions awhile, lives at Eddyville, Ky. Mackall, who was a Brigadier General and Chief of General Bragg's staff, lives over in Fairfax county, Va., not far from Washington. He is in wretched health. McFowan is a member of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. W. R. Miles is a cotton planting magnate on the Yazoo river in Mississippi. Roger A. Pryor is a prosperous lawyer in New York. John G. Walker is down in Central America, as Secretary of Legation under Dabney Maury, who is our Minister there. Lord, how the world changes! Holmes is in Mexico mining, and I hear, making money.

Of the three Lees who were generals, Custis—who was Mr. Davis' Chief of Staff—is the President of the Washington and Lee College in Virginia. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, generally called "Rony," is a planter and member of Congress from the Eighth Virginia district. Fitzhugh Lee, a cousin of the others, and a famous cavalry officer, owns the "Ravenswood" estate, on the Potomac fifty miles below Washington, and is Governor of the State

of Virginia. Robert E. Lee, the General's youngest son, who served in the ranks the greater part of the war, lives on the James river, and owns a handsome estate there. He is more like his great father in appearance and manner than any of the Lees. I have heard, though I do not know how true it is, that it is in contemplation by the Lees to remove the dust of their grandfather ("Light-horse Harry Lee," as Gen. Washington always called him) from Cumberland Island, Ga., and bury it by the side of Gen. Robert E. Lee. If I had to select the man who should represent mentally and physically the highest type of the younger Southern gentleman I should choose Custis Lee. He is a man of strikingly handsome and well-bred appearance, and of perfect manners, and is the only one of the Lees who is unmarried.

Turning from the Lees, General Longstreet, the ranking Lieutenant General of the Confederacy, I am sorry to know, is getting on badly. He lives at Gainesville, Ga., and his house there burned recently with all that was in it. Longstreet had the confidence of General Lee to a greater degree than any of his officers, for barring Gettysburg about which there is a wide diversity of opinion, Longstreet never made a mistake. Gen. Early, another of Lee's corps commanders, lives at Lynchburg and is in the practice of law. He is fairly well to do. Of Gordon I have spoken before.

Everybody knows that General Hampton, who once commanded all the cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia, is doing, and that Major General M. C. Butler is his colleague in the United States Senate from South Carolina.

Turning to the officers in General Johnston's Army of the Tennessee, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart is President of the University of Mississippi at Oxford, and Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee is President of another Mississippi institution of learning. R. H. and Patton Anderson are dead. General Bate is United States Senator from Tennessee, and W. H. or "Red" Jackson, one of Forrest's division commanders, is living near Nashville on a magnificent plantation. General Wheeler, who commanded all of General Johnston's cavalry when he was only twenty-two years old, is a planter in North Alabama, was a member of the last, and is a member-elect of the next Congress. Gen. Lawton, the Quartermaster General of the Confederacy, is a leading member of the Savannah, Ga., bar, and Gen. Gorgas, the Confederate Chief of Ordnance, died in Alabama the other day. Cockrell, the ranking Confederate General from Missouri, is the senior United States Senator from that State. E. C. Walthall, of Mississippi, who was seriously considered as a possible Commander of the Army of the Tennessee in 1864 by Mr. Davis and his Cabinet, is a United States Senator from Mississippi and the attorney for the Illinois Central's Southern connecting lines, at a salary of \$12,000 a year. Just after the war he was a law partner of Judge Lamar at Oxford.

Three West Point Governors and ex-Confederate Generals rode at the head of the troops from their respective States in the New York Centennial parade. They were Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia; Buckner, of Kentucky, and Nichols, of Louisiana. Nichols, who was terribly wounded, losing an arm and a leg, both close to the body, was elected Governor for the second time in 1886, and inaugurated in 1888. Robert Lowrey, who was a Brigadier General in the army of Northern Virginia, is Governor of Mississippi, and Sully Ross, who commanded a Texas brigade in Forrest's army, is now Governor of the great State of Texas. Fagan lives in Arkansas, as does Mowan and Louis Hebert (one of the best mathematicians that ever left West Point), who was Colonel of the Third Louisiana Infantry and a Brigadier General, and who lives up in his native Attakapas, in Louisiana. Rosser lives near Charlottesville, and is rich, while B. H. Robertson, the courtly, gracious gentleman, is a resident of Washington City. Geo. Stewart lives in Baltimore, as also does Bradley Johnson. William M. Payne lives here in Washington and at Warrenton, Va., and is the attorney for the Virginia Midland, Thomas M. Logan, the youngest Brigadier General the Confederacy ever made, being just twenty-one when commissioned, is at the head of the great Richmond and West Point Terminal system. He lives in New York.

William P. Roberts, of North

Carolina, a cavalry Brigadier General under W. H. F. Lee, and next to Logan in youth, lives in North Carolina, and has been State Auditor for a long time. Mahone is at Petersburg. John C. Brown, the ablest General officer from Tennessee, who was the first Democratic Governor of that State after the defeat of the reconstruction policy here, is now the Solicitor General for the combined Gould system of railroads, with headquarters at St. Louis. George D. Johnston lives at Charleston, S. C., and is the Superintendent of the Citadel Military Academy. Gen. Ferguson lives at Greenville, Miss., and is a member of the Mississippi River Commission. Holtzel lives in Alabama, at Selma, I believe.

Gen. Buckner, who is worth a million, is Governor of Kentucky. Lieut. Gen. Kirby Smith lives at Swannoe, Tenn., where he is President of the University of the South. McLaws lives at Augusta, Ga. Featherston lives in Mississippi. Slaughter, Gen. A. S. Johnston's Inspector General, afterward a general officer, is the Republican candidate for United States Marshal of Northern Alabama. Harry Heth is in Texas. E. Porter Alexander is Vice President of the Georgia Central railroad. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is dead. Pierce M. B. Young lives at Carversville, Ga. George D. Cosby, who was Adjutant General of California under Stoneman, lives in that State.

Kershaw is a Judge in South Carolina. Conner has been Attorney General of South Carolina and is now a Judge, and Chestnut, Bonham and Youmans are all living in that State. Walter Taylor, General Lee's Adjutant General, lives at Norfolk. Corby, the Quartermaster of the army of Northern Virginia, shot himself several years ago, and Charles H. Marshall, the Aide de Camp who was with Gen. Lee when he surrendered, is a leading lawyer in Baltimore. C. M. Wilcox lives here and John Withers is living quietly at Mobile.

I could name others, but I believe I have mentioned those who are best known to the public, North or South. Taking them all in all, the late officers of the Confederacy have stored remarkably clear of poverty and are generally very averse to having anything to do with politics, and their influence has always been in favor of law and order. There are many named in this list who were not in the regular army before the war, but the information I am endeavoring to furnish would not be complete without mention of them.

A Dangerous Occupation.

New York Star.]
"A lineman carries his life in his pocket, and it may slip through a very tiny hole," said an employe of the Brush Electric Light Company yesterday. "A cool head and a steady nerve, with a smattering of electric knowledge, are the prerequisites of a first-class lineman. Unless a man be apt to judge and quick to remember he will be liable to serious blunders in his manipulation of the wires. Where there are dozens of them attached to one pole, it is necessary that he should be able readily to distinguish each from the others, and have no doubt as to whether it be quick or dead. Contact with the earth through means of a conductor should be shunned like death itself. Moisture in the atmosphere or on the wires or the pole greatly accentuates the danger that always prevails. What is ordinarily a non-conductor becomes imbued with conducting properties when it is wet, and this is why linemen dread to mount the poles after or during a heavy storm.

"If a man exercises due diligence and a certain amount of what is termed 'gumption,' he may pursue his business for years without receiving any worse injury than a burn or two. But even the coolest-headed man is liable to blunder occasionally, and there is no other department in life where a blunder of microscopic proportion effects such disastrous results. The contact of a dangling watch chain or a little finger nail with the wrong wire at the wrong time may cost a man his life. So long, however, as he sits astride the cross piece of a wooden telegraph pole and confines his attention solely to a wire that has no communication with the earth, he is as safe as if he were in his mother's arms."

A Yankee has set up a school in Paris and advertises that he "will teach any Frenchman to speak the only sensible language in the world in six weeks and at a cost of only \$25."

General Lawrence Sullivan Ross is Governor of Texas. Mr. Ross was born in Bentonport, Indiana, September 28th, 1838, but the main part of his early life was spent in Texas and Alabama. He became a student at Florence Wesleyan College in the latter State, at the age of nineteen, and graduated therefrom, with high honors, in the class of 1858. During his vacation from college he joined an expedition to assist in raiding the Comanche Indians, where he met with numerous incidents and was seriously wounded. After his recovery he returned to college and pursued the course of his studies until his graduation. In 1859 he was placed in command of the frontier by Governor Samuel Houston, with sixty men under his charge, and with this small section of an army scouted the neighborhood and became the victor of several very heavy skirmishes, driving the Comanches into other regions, after securing, by capture, over three hundred head of good, serviceable battle horses. He rescued numbers of prisoners, who had been taken captive at Parker's Fort, near Grassy, one of them having been captured thirty-five years before. At the breaking out of the war General Ross resigned his commission, entered and became a private in the company of Capt. Peter F. Ross. After receiving several minor promotions he was advanced to the rank of brigadier general and maintained this title until the close of the war, when he became interested in politics and was elected sheriff of McLennan county, in 1873; two years later he was elected to the constitutional convention.

General L. S. Ross.

When Mrs. Robert James McKee came from the West she packed a blanket trunk full of decorative little womanly things to make more comfortable the Summer cottage at Deer Park. Prints for the walls, bits of porcelain for the narrow mantel shelves, bowls for flowers, and inexpensive water services, smokers' articles and china baskets for fruit—all pretty ornaments but not too ornamental to be carried out on the lawn or left on the porch overnight. She brought a stack of shawls to be worn in the cool of the evening, and slumber robes, afghans and sofa blankets to spread on the grass for baby McKee and his friends as well to fix a hammock with and to be stowed in a carriage or a rowboat for a day outing. She brought a little mountain of sofa pillows, none of them too decorative to be tossed about and actually used; gaily covered lap-overs for chair backs, silk catchalls to hang on the door knobs and hold fancy work or little socks that might require mending, and a lot of Smyrna rugs to spread over the cool, clean matting in the old fashioned drawing-room and chambers. No need to mention tidies, abundant, and in the same collection she has long scarfs for the straight-out sidewalk, centre pieces of grass linen, etched in still life and floral patterns, and embroidered, tea and lunch cloths to match.



General L. S. Ross.

Mrs. McKee pride is in the wide porch, which extends across the entire front of the house and to which, when the long windows are thrown open, the drawing-room has the appearance of an annex. By means of Japanese shades this open-air parlor can be inclosed and made as private as any apartment in the cottage. The floor is scattered with rugs, and among and between and on them are willow rockers and straight chairs. There's a hammock, too, for the President, with a cushion of ruby velvet in one end, and conveniently remote hangs a smaller swing, where the ladies of the Administration will kick and crow and sleep and grow through the long, lazy Summer days. Garden boxes filled with geranium, lobelia, verbena, fever fern, nasturtium and hanging plants inclose two sides of the porch, and the lawn about is bright with buttercups and marguerites, and from the mountain top opposite the house a view of four States may be had, and in this pretty cottage and picturesque surroundings the first lady in the land will rest and recreate.

Crooked Eels.

Philadelphia Press.]
An elderly man sat placidly on the string piece of a far downtown pier, contemplatively waiting for a bite at the other end of his fishing line. It came, and the old fellow pulled out a very "wriggly" eel. "What'm I goin' to do with 'im?" he echoed to a stranger's query. "I'm goin' to make 'im lay still and keep alive, too." Grasping his squirming prize with a well sanded hand, he laid him out straight along a crack in the wharf's flooring. Then he let him go. The eel's eyes had a strained, intense look in them, as if he was doing his level best to squirm, but not a quiver passed along his rigid length.

"Ever see a machine get on a dead centre?" asked the wise old fisherman. "That's what ails the eel. Ye never see an eel straight in the water. No, nor ye never will. He's got to keep crooked, or rather he can't get straight. When he is he's paralyzed. One set of muscles pulls just as even against the other, so he can't move."

An hour later the stranger passed that way again. The eel still lay there feeling, no doubt, like the Titan under the mountain. The old man gave the eel a push, so that the straight line was broken. The eel began instantly to wriggle harder than he did on the end of the line just out of water. "How did you learn this trick?" the stranger asked. "I always knew it," was the old man's reply.

A FROG EARN'S HIS LIVING.—A lady living in New Milford recently discovered a novel way to make butter. She set a rich pot of cream beside a cool spring near the house, where it remained overnight. Upon going for it next morning she was astonished to see a huge frog sitting compactly on a ball of yellow butter in the center of the pot, dangling his feet in the buttermilk. He had fallen into the pail during the night, and in his frantic struggles to get out had actually churned the cream.

Jay Gould says that for the first year of his married life he lived on \$100, got up at daybreak, went to church every Sunday, and was as happy as a boss bumble bee in sweet clover.

The President's Summer Home.

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Not Up to the Old Man's Average.

Erskim M. Phelps, of Chicago, reached New York on the Etruria Sunday, on his return from a three months' tour in Europe. At his hotel in Nice he was introduced to Lord—of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord: "Will you have a cigar?" "Thank you; but I only smoke one brand, the Henry Clay." "All right. I'll order some." The box was brought. It was embellished with the familiar picture of "Harry of the West." As he took his cigar, Lord—said: "When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation." "Henry Clay! Why, he didn't make cigars; he was a statesman, and ranked as high with us as Gladstone or John Bright do in your country."

"I beg your pardon. I've smoked these cigars all my life, and I tell you old Clay made a d—d sight better cigar than his boys do."

It is said that 37,000,000 babies are born in the world every year. And yet we wonder that men commit suicide.

A bachelor's syllogism: "Marriage is a lottery; lotteries are illegal; therefore I obey the law by remaining single."

A New York philosopher figures that 3,000 men could be killed off in the United States and leave the country twenty per cent better off. He refers to loafers, drunkards and pluggings.

Debts of Southern States.

OLD VIRGINIA HAS THE LARGEST BY SEVERAL MILLIONS.

New York Sun.]
The figures relating to State indebtedness which are presented in the last Statistical Abstract issued by Treasury Department have drawn the attention of our esteemed contemporary, the New Orleans Democrat, to a very remarkable fact. The thirteen Southern States, including Kentucky and Missouri, have funded debts aggregating \$95,858,643, besides an unfunded debt amounting to \$20,000,000 more. The funded debt of the South is thus distributed:

State	Funded Debt	State Tax in Mills
Virginia	\$23,550,696	4.0
North Carolina	4,300,000	3.0
South Carolina	7,012,741	5.25
Georgia	8,752,395	3.5
Alabama	9,214,300	5.5
Florida	1,275,000	4.0
Mississippi	1,105,150	3.5
Louisiana	11,982,021	6.0
Texas	4,237,730	2.5
Arkansas	12,423,100	4.0
Kentucky	674,000	4.75
Tennessee	2,900,000	3.0
Missouri	9,525,000	4.0
Total	\$95,858,643	
Average of State tax in mills		4.07

Of these Southern States Kentucky alone has a sinking fund, and in her case it nearly covers the small indebtedness. Three-quarters of the debt of Texas and about the whole of Mississippi's are due to the school funds of those States, so that the debt is insignificant in each case. In round figures, \$110,000,000 is the Southern aggregate, including the unfunded debt.

The remaining twenty-five States, comprising all those of the North, the Northwest, and the Pacific slope, owe less than \$48,000,000, funded and unfunded, if the amounts in the several sinking funds are subtracted from the nominal aggregate.

It appears, therefore, that the Southern States are loaded with more than two-thirds of all the State debts of the Union. This heavy and enormously disproportionate burden is mainly due to the years of misgovernment and plunder which the South endured under Republican carpet-bag rule. That was broken up by the Sun and some other newspapers; and the melancholy period ended forever with the election of Samuel J. Tilden as President of the United States.

It is well to remember these things once in a while. The figures of the Southern State debts even at the present time remain as a reminder. The wonderful energy and new prosperity of the South is steadily decreasing the mountain of State debts piled up during the eight evil years of Grant and carpet-bag rule.

Human Volumes.

Durham Sun.]
When we think of it, in many ways the lives of man resemble books. They are in covers which all can see. Some are covered with morocco all embossed and gilded; others are not so fine and some have scarcely any cover at all. Each one has a name, and some come in sets by the same author and all being a continuation of the same subject.

The comparison extends to the contents, for are not lives divided into chapters? Each has also its preface or introduction in the brief period just preceding its appearance in the world. Some written will, others not so well, and still others are so badly written as to be unreadable. The character of the subject which may be studied in these human books varies greatly. Some are poems—others doggerel. Some are works of fiction—others are philosophical treatises. Occasionally some may be found which are bound editions of Puck, but over against these are tragedies which wring the heart.

But the comparison goes no farther. These human volumes are not for general reading. Some times a narrow circle of friends are permitted to read a few chapters, but more commonly our knowledge is confined to a touch of the cover, a glance at the title page, and sometimes we see the flims written in marble above a mound of earth; but always in a greater or lesser part the volume of a human life is a sealed book, the secret meaning of which is apparent to the great Author of us all, and to him alone.

All that we can even know of human experience, other than our own, can never be more than fragmentary and imperfect—a broken chapter, a torn leaf blown by the wind.

It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.

Death Before Drudgery.

THE DOG'S INNATE HATRED FOR ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE WORK.

New York Sun.]
"Every dog is either born a gentleman or a confirmed loafer," said a Long Island sporting man, who keeps a dozen or more canine pets and studies their habits with an interest that never flags. "There is not one of them who will work if he can avoid it. The only difference between the well-bred and gentled dog and the loafer in this respect is shown in the manner in which they support their idleness. The dog whose birth and connections entitle him to live without soiling his paws by labor knows his social position very well, and is not at all ashamed of the aimless life he leads. On the contrary, if as occasionally happens, he is forced to perform some light task, his whole nature is lowered, and he goes about his ungenial occupation in a half-hearted perfunctory way, and evinces by his drooping ears and depressed tail that he keenly feels his degradation, and does not know what he has done to deserve it. He considers that his intelligent companionship, his unwavering fidelity, and his sleepless vigilance in protecting his master's property when the heavier senses of humanity are steeped in slumber should exempt him from vulgar toil, and he accepted as sufficient return for his board and lodging. As his owner usually agrees with him, the dog is not often asked to sacrifice what he regards as his birthright."

"The dog of looting tendencies yields not a whit to his aristocratic brother in his detestation for toil, but he cannot carry off his idleness with the same air of easy independence. He seems to think that his owners expect him to work for his living, and he moves about in the family circle with an apologetic bearing; but there his subservience ends. Try to train him to the light but debasing treadmill employment of turning the wheel that works the mechanism by which the cream is made into butter, and you will be surprised to find how soon he will learn to distinguish churning day from the other six, and be conspicuous by his absence while the dairy maid is doing his work."

"A dog's abhorrence of labor, hard or easy, cannot be attributed to laziness, for he is not at all lazy. All animated nature shows no more active creature than he. Arouse him from his sleep on the coldest winter night and call upon him to accompany you on any mission, and he will be delighted with the confidence you place in him and shrink from no discomfort or danger. It is clear to me that his hatred for toil is due to his innate gentility, and only when he is false to his natural instincts and feels ashamed of his lifelong idleness does he look and act like a loafer. It is not easy to teach a good dog tricks. He will not take kindly to them, for they are too much like work to accord with his tastes. Curs some times make good tricksters, but how often have you seen a Newfoundland or a mastiff stand upon his ear or walk on his hind legs?"

"Well bred dogs are like Indians. They are at all times ready and willing to hunt until they drop, or fight until they die; but the motto by which they all seem to be guided is, 'Death before Drudgery.'"

She Forgot the Hymn.

Buffalo Courier.]
One of the brightest of Elmira's little five-year-old girls was taught an appropriate verse to repeat in Sunday school last Sunday. She had also recently learned a little nursery rhyme which had profoundly impressed her. In Sunday school, when her teacher called upon her to give her Christmas verse, she spoke of it as a "piece." Little Miss Five-year-old forgot all about the hymn, and electrified the whole infant department by rising and solemnly repeating the following:

"The owl and the eel and the warming pan
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man was not within,
He had gone to ride on a rolling-pin.
So they all came back by way of the town
And turned the meeting-house upside down!"

Partial payments seem hard enough to the school-boy, but he finds them harder still when he grows up. It is only very good men who grow indignant and wrathful when some one affirms there is no hell.

When a married woman goes out to look after her rights, her husband is usually left at home with his wrongs.

Curiosities of Marriage.

Goethe said he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married his servant girl to spite his relations. The joining right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath. There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a four-post bedstead. Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of the union, seeing that a circle is endless. A man got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale and wanted a wife to give it to.

Under the Roman empire marriage was a civil contract; hence we read of men "putting away" their wives. Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourth and a widow on the fifth day of the week—not earlier. In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout Christendom her place in the ceremony is on her left. In a Roman marriage the bride was purchased by the bridegroom's payment of three pieces of copper money to her parents. The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting to death. The custom of putting a veil upon the maid before the betrothal was done to conceal her blushes at the first touch of the man's head and the closing kiss. Kissing the bride the moment the marriage ceremonial ended, though not now prescribed by the rubric of the Western churches, formerly was an imperative act on the part of the bridegroom. The early marriage ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons consisted merely of hand fastening, or taking each other by the hand, and pledging each other love and affection in the presence of friends and relatives. An old adage thus lays down the proper day for wedlock: "Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday for the best day of all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all."

Write-up of Towns.

Charlotte Chronicle.]
Every now and then some deserving and enterprising newspaper gains the good will of small towns by an elaborate article on them. The most that the article generally does is to tickle the vanity and gratify the pride of the citizens of the town written up. One glaring write-up of a small town in a state paper could hardly be expected to do more than compliment the people of the place. "Blowing" helps the town, if it has anything to blow about; but the best advertisements any town can have is a live, thriving paper, crowded with well written advertisements of every business in the place, from doctor to blacksmith. The reason advertisements in the local paper, make a good advertisement of the town, is that the world knows that advertising pays; and the people that where all the business men of a town advertise they must be prosperous, because prosperity is the inevitable result of liberal advertising.

There are some towns whose citizens will give liberal amounts to see the town written up glowingly in a paper in a larger town, while the home paper inevitably and unanswerably gives the lie to the fulsome and paid-for puff by its own meagrely patronized advertising columns. Advertising in the home paper brings immediate results, from home patrons, and it brings collateral profits from the benefit that every town derives from a local paper crowded with home advertisements. A column puff in a foreign paper does not equal a one inch advertisement in the poorest home weekly, in immediate or in collateral results. If you want to build up your own trade advertise in your home paper; if you want to build up your town, build up your town paper.

A LARGE GRAPE VINE.—The largest vine in the world is said to be one growing at Oys, Portugal, which has been in bearing since 1802. Its maximum yield was in 1864, in which year it produced a sufficient quantity of grapes to make 165 gallons of wine; in 1874, 1461 gallons, and in 1884 only 791 gallons. It covers an area of 6,314 square feet, and the stem at the base measures 63 feet in circumference.—New York Telegram.