

THE STANDARD.

POETRY.

It never pays to fret and growl When fortune seems our foe; The better bred will look ahead And strike the braver blow. Your luck is work, And those who shrink Should not lament their doom, But yield the play, And clear the way, That better men have room. It never pays to wreck the health In drugging after gain, And he is sold who thinks that gold Is cheapest bought with pain. A humble lot, A cozy cot, Have tempted even kings, For station high, That wealth will buy, Not of contentment brings. It never pays! A blunt refrain Well worthy of a song, For age and youth must learn the truth That nothing pays that's wrong. The good and pure Alone are sure To bring prolonged success, While what is right In heaven's sight Is always sure to bless.

General Lee's Sword

WAS NEVER PRESENTED TO GRANT An Eye Witness to the Surrender.

COL. CHARLES MARSHALL'S INTERESTING LECTURE ON THE SURRENDER.

Special to the Charlotte Chronicle.]

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, GREENBRIER COUNTY, W. VA., August 5th, 1889.

This has been a week of conventions; and the fact that the lawyers of Virginia, West Virginia and of the nation have all selected the White Sulphur as their place of meeting attests the decided popularity of the Springs. The legal profession is the most learned of all professions, and the necessity that forces debates and discussions on different sides of a controversy renders the members entertaining, alert and attractive. With the splendid legal talent now gathered from nearly every State, and the handsome beaux and belles that throng the immense parlors and ball-rooms, the season is at its height, and the society is singularly brilliant and entertaining.

The most interesting feature of the week was the delivery of an impromptu lecture, or, rather, a narrative of the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox Court House, by Col. Charles Marshall, now of Baltimore, chief of Gen. Lee's staff, and the only surviving witness on the Southern side of the great drama that terminated the war, and the event and all of the details were told in a simple, plain, conversational style. The speaker was modest in referring to himself, which he had frequent occasion to do, owing to the prominent part he was called upon to act in the closing drama. All the incidents were perfectly familiar, and the recollections vivid in his mind; yet he impressed every one with his perfect fairness in the recital.

He said Gen. Grant wrote Gen. Lee a letter a day or so before the surrender, in which he said it was useless to prolong the war a day longer. He didn't want to see another drop of blood spilled upon American soil, and asked Gen. Lee to designate a time and place of meeting, where they could discuss the terms of surrender.

Gen. Lee dictated a reply in which he said he recognized such emergency, and would be pleased to meet Gen. Grant and agree to some general armistice or cessation of hostilities.

On the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, the enemy were both in front and in the rear. Lee's army was greatly decimated, poorly clad and half starved, but undaunted and still determined. The crisis had evidently arrived. Gen. Lee told him to mount his horse and come with him. They rode into the picket lines carrying a handkerchief as a flag of truce. Gen. Lee asked for a Federal officer, and one came forward bearing Grant's reply.

Grant said in the letter he could not consider a treaty of peace. That was a civil and not a military question.

Gen. Lee then asked him to write Gen. Grant, appointing a meeting to take into consideration the surrender of his (Lee's) army. The office was requested to order a cessation of hostilities, but replied he did not have the power. Gen. Horace Porter was shown the letter. It was dispatched to Gen. Meade, who was sick in his wagon. When he learned its purport he dressed hastily, mounted his horse, and ordered a cessation of hostilities until 12 o'clock, when Gen. Grant, who was four miles away, could be communicated with. They soon

heard heavy firing to their left, and rode rapidly in that direction.

Fitz Lee with his cavalry had made a charge and captured about 200 Federal prisoners. Fitz was told to be a good boy and stop fighting, Marshall and Gen. Lee rode in the direction of Appomattox court house, and stopped at the famous apple tree where Gen. Lee, who had been in the saddle all night, lay down and went to sleep. After an hour or so Marshall spied a Federal officer with a flag of truce. It was Col. Babcock, chief of Gen. Grant's staff, bearing the reply.

The surrender did not take place under the apple tree. It took place in a dwelling near by. We, that is Gen. Lee, Col. Babrick and myself said the speaker, waited in a room some time for the arrival of Gen. Grant. We heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. Gen. Grant strode in first, and was recognized by Gen. Lee, who arose, addressed him, and the two shook hands most cordially. Gen. Lee was introduced to Gen. Sheridan, and a general introduction took place. Lee and Grant then spoke about the weather and other common place subjects until the surrender was broached. Lee expressed the opinion that the terms should be reduced to writing. Grant agreed with him, and sat down and wrote out the terms.

The document proposed that the officers should retain their side arms, but the cavalry should give up their horses. Then Lee replied that he had no objections to any provision except the one requiring the men to give up their horses. Most of the horses were private property, bought by the soldiers out of their own private money. Very few belonged to the government, and the men would need their horses to plow their corn. Without another word Grant drew his pen through the objectionable lines, and the document was copied with this proposition left out.

Gen. Lee's reply was exceedingly brief. He substantially said, "I accept the terms proposed," and nothing more. The greatest soul that God ever created was suffering humiliation, but their treatment of us was grand; it was magnificent. If the officers to whom we surrendered had been taught their part by the greatest actor who ever lived they could not have acted more gallantly, more magnanimously. Grant asked Lee the condition of his army, and when told they were out of supplies, and really suffering, asked Sheridan how many rations he could spare. Grant offered 25,000 rations, and asked Lee if that would be sufficient. He was informed that it would be abundant; and the commissary was ordered to turn them over to the Confederate authorities.

Grant was dressed in a sack coat and had no side arms. He apologized to Lee for his appearance, stating that he was four miles from his wagon when his letter was handed him, and he came with the rough outfit he had on.

Said the speaker with emphasis: "I deny that Lee ever tendered his sword to Grant, or that Grant ever asked for the surrender of the sword. It would have been ridiculous, for the terms of the surrender declared especially that the officers were to retain their side arms, and Gen. Grant wrote out the terms.

"The terms were written and signed by the Commanders-in-Chief of the respective armies, and the whole consultation did not last over an hour. There was no pedantry, no noise, display. The deed was done without a jar, and thus was quietly enacted the greatest tragedy that the world has ever witnessed."

Continuing, the speaker said that Grant and Lee had another interview, when he was not present. Grant told Lee he wanted him to see Lincoln, and that what he and Lincoln agreed on would be faithfully carried out. Lee would have great influence with the South, and Lincoln with the best element of the North, and he (Grant) would do his utmost to help obliterate the bitter memories of the war. Lee said he had surrendered, and had no power to formulate any plan or bind the Southern people without first consulting President Davis.

Col. Charles Marshall, the lecturer, is a practicing lawyer in Baltimore, is a Virginian by birth, and was Lee's closest friend and chief of staff during the entire war. What he says is considered of the highest authority and great importance, especially concerning the war, or the campaign where Lee was the principal actor. His account, therefore, of the surrender was listened to with intense interest by a large and cultivated audience from many States. His plain, clear and dignified details of that great event in our history car-

ried the truth of conviction to his hearers; and the assertion that Lee did not tender his sword to Grant was a revelation and complete surprise to all. It is to be hoped that his lecture will be published in full, so that the true history may be written and the popular fallacy and illusion about the tender of the sword, and about the apple tree being the spot of the surrender, may be dispelled.

A Boy Who Became Famous.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvelous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in arch harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a sacred look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But, when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last marmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was Wolfgang Mozart.

A Mile for A Mile.

One of the prettiest girls on Second street offered to kiss a married man if he would run one mile and swim across the Ocmulgee. As the said married man had not kissed a pretty girl in twenty years, he agreed to carry out his part of the performance. Accordingly he repaired to the park and made the circuit of the mile in just 12 minutes. He then proceeded to the Ocmulgee, divested himself of raiment and plunged into the muddy stream, leaving his clothes on the bank until his return.

Now here is where the fun comes in. While he was on his return trip, some miscreant took his clothes and umbrella. It was early in the day, and as no one was near he could not procure another suit. His only recourse was to secrete himself in the bushes until nightfall, and then try to get home without detection. In this he succeeded, and now he awaits the sweetest kiss that lovely lips can bestow.—Telegraph.

The god of sleep is Somnus. Pie parties are a fad out West.

Nearly all the Presidents of the United States were country-bred boys.

A Philadelphia man offers to be killed by the electrical method for \$5000.

The bite of the Georgia rattlesnake on a hot day kills in twenty to thirty minutes.

Boers were Hollanders who settled in South Africa before the conquest by England.

Sarah Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt, the great French tragedienne—the divine Sarah, as she is called—and who has been several times in the United States, is a native of Paris, where she was born October 22d, 1844. She is, as the great Rachel was, a Jewess, and spent the early part of her life in Amsterdam, Holland, where her grandfather resided. She was only fourteen years old when she entered the Paris Conservatory as a pupil, and where she remained for four years, gaining several prizes in that time. Her first public appearance on the stage was at the Theatre Francais, but as her parts did not suit her she did not attract any notice. She did not receive any fixed engagement, but appeared at several of the minor Parisian theatres. Her first real hit was as Marie de Neuburg in Ruy Blas,



which she played at the Odeon theatre. The authorities of Theatre Francais, the national theatre of France, and the most famous theatre in the world, now opened their doors to her. Victorien Sardou, the greatest modern playwright, expressly wrote several tragedies for her in which she could show her power. She is especially great in death scenes, and nothing more terribly realistic than her death struggle on the stage can be imagined. She dies in nearly every play she acts, and it is said of her that she studies death and all its dreadful effects at the hospitals in Paris.

She is emphatically an actress of the day. She depicts for the present generation the kind of woman in whom alone it is strongly interested the dangerous siren-like creature by whose fascinations men are enslaved.

Sarah Bernhardt is as wayward as a spoiled child. It was impossible for her to get on with the director of the Theatre Francais. She broke her contract with this play-house, and it was only after paying a fine of twenty thousand dollars that she was allowed to play again in France. Since then she has been all over the world, making millions every year, but squandering them just as easily, as it takes to make them. She has one son, Maurice, who is now twenty-four years old. She built a theatre for him before he was out of his teens and made him manager of it. Of course he lost every cent, and the theatre had to be sold. Last year he married a Russian princess, and Sarah made him a present of a cool million.

When she travels she has a large retinue of servants and quite a menagerie of animals; the last time she was in the United States she had two pet tigers with her. It is a great event when she appears for the first time in a new play. From all parts of the world seats are engaged for the first evening months in advance. It may interest our lady readers to know that her costumes and dresses on such occasions seldom cost her less than fifty thousand dollars, and that they are immediately copied by the leading ladies of fashion in Paris.

Sarah Bernhardt has only been married once, but has had numerous love affairs. Her husband, whom she married in 1882, was a Greek gentleman, Mr. Damala, but they only lived together for a year, when a separation was mutually agreed upon. She has the honor of having earned more money in one night than any other professional. In Brazil she cleared forty-two thousand dollars at one performance.

PRINCE OF THE BOOTBLACKS.—Antonio Aste, the Prince of the New York bootblacks, was recently married in great style in that city. He owns a number of the most valuable stands in town, and is the proprietor of several tenement houses—all purchased by money raised in blacking shoes. His bride is a pretty young Italian girl named Annie Berbiere, who wore on the occasion a white silk dress trimmed with valuable lace. They went to Europe on their bridal tour.

If love lies dreaming, can he tell the truth when he is awake?

He Was an Old Man But a Lively One.

New York Sun.] We were sitting in front of Davidson's grocery one summer afternoon, when some one observed that "Old Taylor" was coming. He was a dried up, little old man, who might have been anywhere from 50 to 100 years old, and he had a voice to remind you of broken glass rattling in a tin pan.

"Now, boys," said the village shoemaker, who was about 45 years old, and weighed 175 pounds, "I'll show you some fun. I'm going to scare old Taylor half to death." The old man drove up before any explanations could be sought, and after hitching his old plug he stood for a minute to wipe the dust off his ancient plug hat with his elbow. The shoemaker took advantage of this to advance and say:

"Uncle Taylor, it is over twenty years ago that I sold you a pair of boots on tick. They have never been paid for yet."

"They didn't fit, and they never will be paid for!" hotly replied the old man.

"I have waited and waited," continued the cobbler, "but my patience is finally exhausted. You must now pay me or I'll take it out of your hide!"

"Goin' to lick me, hey?" shouted Uncle Taylor, as he drew back a step.

"I'll have to," answered the creditor.

"Then pitch right in!" "Will you pay?"

"No, sir."

"Uncle Taylor, I hate to break you in two, but if you don't pay that old debt I'll—"

"Then come on!" squealed the old man, and with that he swung and caught the shoemaker on the jaw and laid him out. He followed it up by piling on, and he kicked, bit, scratched and pounded so vigorously that inside of three minutes the cobbler was shouting to us to take him off. He was a licked man. Instead of having fun with the old man, the old man had made a circus of him. We handed him into the shade of a sugar hogshead and fanned him with a hat, and after about ten minutes he fairly remarked:

"Boys, was I licked?" "Right from the mark," was answered.

"And by Old Taylor alone?" "Yes."

"Well, that shows how a man can be mistaken," he sighed. "For over twenty years I have fondly figured that I could lick that old cuss with my eyes shut and both hands tied behind me, and now he does me up in a flight of my own picking and with all my tackle clear! Please leave me alone for awhile, boys. My head swims and my body aches, and I want to reason it out and find out some excuse for making a fool of myself."

To Cure the Taste for Liquor.

To the Editor of the New York Sun: You published to-day a letter of an anonymous correspondent asking: "Can any one give me a cure for drunkenness?" I will in the same way give your correspondent a cure, through you, if you will publish it. Indulgence in spirits after awhile—which is longer or shorter according to the constitution of the person—produces irritation, inflammation and fever of the stomach, hence the craving of drink; and the greater the fever the greater the craving. As spirits act also on the nervous system and on the brain, the nerves become impaired and the brain weakened. Who can deny that a person ailing in these several ways is laboring under a serious disease? He has then no will power to exercise, because the seat of the will is in the nervous centres, and when these are impaired or destroyed so is also the will power.

Here is the cure: Let the person have within his reach a small vial of the best kind of tincture of Peruvian bark, and when the craving for liquor comes on him let him take a teaspoonful of the tincture every two hours. In a few days the taste for liquor is destroyed, and destroyed while indulging in it, for tincture of Peruvian bark is spirits into which has been drawn all the substance of Peruvian bark. It is found in every drug store, but it should be of the very best.

Peruvian bark is a tonic. It is also the best, if not the only, cure known for fever. It is from Peruvian bark that quinine is extracted, and moreover it is an anti-periodic. It is by these three agencies that it destroys the cravings for liquor. Any one wishing to be cured of that ailment can be in the way I have described, but there are few drunkards who wish to be cured.

Chinese Customs.

Louisville Courier-Journal.] The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

When a Chinaman expects a present and it does not come, he sends one of lesser value. A previous acquaintance between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom weds a girl of his own town.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question: "Won't you stay and dine with me, please?" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

If a Chinaman desires the death of an enemy he goes and hangs himself upon that enemy's door. It is considered a sure way to kill not only that enemy, but members of his entire family will be in jeopardy of losing their lives.

A Chinaman can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debt of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debt of her own husband.

Old men play ball and fly kites, while children fold their arms and look on. Old women instead of young are the idols of society. Lovemaking is only done three days before marriage. It is not only considered the safest way to get ahead of a rival, but the surest way to get a wife without losing much time.

When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends had not seen each other for a long time, they would rub shoulders until they got tired. Instead of asking each other's health, they would say, "How is your stomach?" Or, "Have you eaten your rice?" "How old are you?" "How much did you pay for your sandals?"

A rich man's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The perquisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter, which is the sole reason of these differences. To encourage honesty and sincerity confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

Boils.

Some people think that boils are a special affliction of Providence, but we do not imagine that Providence has anything to do about it. They are the result of an obstruction in a small blood-vessel. Maybe the sufferer has been eating too much fat, greasy food—fried foods, butter, rich cakes and pies—and in consequence there has come to be too much fatty matter in the blood. Fat is carried through the veins in small globules, and if too plentiful they get into the small blood-vessels and block up the capillaries. In this way clots are formed, and blood stagnates, and for some distance around, the circulation is interfered with, and the tissues die, because they are not supplied with new, fresh blood. Nature wants to get rid of these dead tissues, and so she goes to work to separate the dead from the living. She fills in around the clot with pus or matter, and by it breaks open at the top, and the core is pushed out from the center. In this core is the clot which began the disturbance, though it may not be as large as the point of a pin.

Boils are due to a clogging of the system, and are generally produced by a gross diet. Abscesses in the liver and other abscesses originate in the same manner. As to the cure, we do not want to cure a boil, for the body is trying to throw off some effete matter, and what we should do is to render assistance in the effort. The foul matter is all continued in the core, and the great quantity of offensive matter which is formed around it, is blood corpuscles in the start. Nature makes a fester around a sliver for the same reason that she does around this tiny blood clot; the matter accumulates around the sliver, until by and by it is forced out. A felon is simply a deep-seated boil. A bruise will sometimes produce a boil underneath the thick tissues and tendons; suppuration takes place, and then we have a felon. The only proper thing to do is to encourage these processes by poultices. In that way we can sometimes abort a boil, and stimulate absorption so that the effete matter will be carried off without great suffering.—Good Health.

Newspaper "Scoops"

SOME OF THE FEATS PERFORMED BY WIDEAWAKE AND AMBITIOUS REPORTERS.

Detroit Free Press.] A history of scoops would form a very good history of journalism from the time newspapers first began to be issued. One of the great scoops of history was a prediction. The particulars of this scoop are so historical that they can be found in "Kinglake's History of the Crimean War." The London Times predicted the battle of Alma. It called the battle that had not yet been fought by the name it has been known in history. It pointed out where it would be fought and pointed out what would be the result. This remarkable prediction was verified in every particular, and, although the Times afterwards kept on the predicting business as to the fall of Sebastopol none of its other predictions came true. This shows the beauty of stopping predicting when you have made one big success.

A scoop which involved a good deal of personal danger was accomplished a few years ago by the correspondent of the New York Times in London. Mr. Harold Frederic went through the cholera smitten districts of France and Spain and cabled a page to his paper, giving an accurate history of the plague, and showing for the first time what was to be feared from the cholera epidemic and what was not. In fact, it gave people for the first time an accurate estimate of the situation.

When the Prince of Wales visited America, the New York Herald man got a scoop on all his esteemed contemporaries by holding a wire against all comers. This was at Niagara Falls and there was but one wire at that time to New York. The Herald reporter started sending in his messages, and, until he had finished, none of the other men could send in theirs. He telegraphed every mortal thing that he could think of, described all the suits the Prince of Wales wore and what the Duke of Newcastle said and did, and what every member of the suite thought and were likely to think about, and finally he had to fall back on the only book available, a copy of the New Testament, most of which was telegraphed to the Herald in London. By the time he had finished with the volume it was then too late for any of the other newspaper men to send in a special. If the men in the Herald office read all the dispatches that came in from the New Testament, the big sum of money paid for the telegraph bill would not have been altogether wasted.

M. Quad, in his younger days, chartered a locomotive to bring in the governor's message to the Detroit Free Press. He had a wild ride against time, and not only delivered the message in good shape, but wrote an account of the affair which, it is not too much to say, was infinitely more interesting and very much more widely read than was the message of which he was the carrier.

In a recent issue of an American magazine, Mr. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of London Times, gives a very interesting account of how he scooped all his esteemed contemporaries by telegraphing to London a copy of the Berlin treaty. Not the least difficulty which he had to overcome was the getting of a permit to send by telegraph the matter which he had the good luck and good management to secure. He had to get into Belgium to do it, and even then he had to have an order from a very high authority or otherwise his message would not have been taken.

In America the only trouble that correspondents have is to get the news. Once they have that, there is no doubt about its being telegraphed. In Europe the correspondents have another difficulty to contend with, and that is, even after they have their special information, and after they had it in to the telegraph office, it is sometimes not sent. During the troublesome times in Spain awhile ago, a newspaper correspondent found that no matter what information he managed to get it was never forwarded from the Spanish telegraph office. The government of the day took care that no news that it did not wish to go abroad should be sent. This correspondent then wrote to his friend in London that when he received the next dispatch he was to count every fifth word and cable only every fifth word to New York. He wrote his dispatches after that on this principle. Whenever he got a good piece of news he telegraphed a long rignarole to his friend in London, which when read as it was sent appeared to be a

long talk of financial and domestic troubles which were bothering him at that time, but when every fifth word was taken out it gave the news he wanted to send. This the Spanish people never got "on to," and so the correspondent secured many scoops for his paper.

The Worth of Silence.

Men great in deeds are often taciturn. Does their taciturnity arise from the diffidence which fears lest words should exceed deeds, or from a conviction that safety is promoted by silence? Washington's reserve made him stiff, formal and ill at ease in company, but it also prevented his plans from being betrayed to an enemy and the country from being deceived by his promises. William the Silent was frugal of words, because a reserve that concealed his designs, even from those acting with him, was necessary to the independence of the Netherlands. A writer in Leisure Hours says that the most dramatic of silent men was Wallenstein, the antagonist of Gustavus Adolphus, and the commander of the emperor's armies in the thirty years' war. He insisted that the deepest silence should reign around him. His officers took care that no loud conversation should disturb their general. They knew that a chamberlain had been hanged for waking him without orders, and that an officer who would wear clanking spurs in the commander's presence had been secretly put to death. In the rooms of his palace the servants glided as if phantoms, and a dozen sentinels moved around his tent charged to secure the silence the general demanded. Chains were stretched across the streets in order to guard him against the disturbance of sounds. Wallenstein's taciturnity, which made him shun speech, and his love of silence, that caused him to be irritated at the slightest noise, were due to his constitutional temperament. He never smiled, he never asked advice from any one, and he could not endure to be gazed at, even when giving an order. The soldiers, when he crossed the camp, pretended not to see him, knowing that a curious look would bring them punishment.—Boston Budget.

Great Feats of Memory.

Idioti have been known, says the Yankee Blade, whose memory for names and words was so retentive that they could repeat a sermon verbatim, and indicate where the preacher blew his nose and coughed while delivering it. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the linguist, who is said to have known a hundred languages, declared that he never forgot a word he once learned. To a friend who had congratulated Leyden on his remarkable memory, he replied that he often found it a source of great inconvenience. On the friend expressing surprise, he explained that he often wished to recollect a particular expression in something he had read, but could not do it until he had repeated the whole passage from the beginning to the expression he desired to recall. An English clergyman mentions a man who could remember the day of the burial of every person who had died in the parish during thirty-five years, and could also repeat the name and age of each deceased person, and the name of the mourners at the funeral, but so weak was he intellectually that he could not be trusted to feed himself. Dr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of negroes. Shortly after he had finished, he saw a number of negroes gathered about a simple-minded young savage. He went to them, and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the precise words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the white preacher.

TALK IT OUT.—Just let two men have an equal chance to talk and they will not be inclined to fight.

That is the reason why lawyers get along so harmoniously out of the court house. They expand and exhaust all their wrath in the court house while the judge and the sheriff are near enough to maintain the dignity and majesty of the law and keep down a collision. The judge and the sheriff are like the paining fence that is between two dogs as they run up and down the line as though if the fence were not there they would eat each other up, tail and all. Most of the fighters want some palings between them—Bill Arp.

Adrian IV., Pope in 1154, was an Englishman by birth.