

INCOMPLETE. Think the words that are sweetest. Are the words that are never said. And the moments that pass the fleetest. As the last ones with the dead. The thoughts that are truest and truest. Are the ones that are never expressed. The tender love thou cravest. The love is never confessed. The friends that are truest. Are those we see in our dreams; For when we feel the one that is new. It is never near what he seems. The love that is sweetest and fairest. Is the love that is killed by the best. And the love that is dearest and truest. Is the true love we just have lost.

LOWRY'S SWAMP ANGELS.

From the Macon Telegraph.]

WASHINGTON, September 15.—It would be interesting to trace back to the first acts of aggression the various feuds which still exist to mar the records of the South and West, and which set family against family, and divided communities into hostile camps, and growing and extending their ramifications by the ties of kith, kin and friendship, says the Washington Post. The Hatfield-McCoy vendetta, which has resulted in a score of murders and spread into a wide area, still exists, and its end is not in view. But there are other vendettas more bitter than that, and Sicilian feuds of which has been sleeping now for a score of years, and to the world seem dead lives, and may again spring up.

Who read the newspapers some years ago does not remember the names of the Lowry gang, or "Swamp Angels," whose headquarters were in and around Scrabbleton, Robeson county, N. C. More terrible than the Hatfields, as during the James boys, the Lowrys for many years defied and held at bay the sheriffs and the legal forces of North Carolina. There are many who will tremble when they read that Henry Berry Lowry still lives. The writer of this article last week, and with a prominent North Carolina man, who assures him that he has found him in the flesh and he is found when the time comes. A century before the civil war, the Lowry family was wrecked on the Virginia coast under some very suspicious circumstances. It is again, a Portuguese, went to the north of North Carolina, and a good judge of land, bought a large estate in Robeson County. He was a married a creole woman whose race of colored blood in her veins.

The Portuguese have no color prejudice. To this is due their remarkable success in dealing with the savages of the tropics. If they had scientific training they would be the greatest explorers in the world. It is a fact not generally known that Portuguese traders had penetrated every nook and cranny of Africa, from the Zambesi to the Congo, and Niger on the north, and the Zambesi coast on the east, in search of gold and ivory, long before Livingston and Stanley set foot on the West Continent. The torrid climate was with them. Already thousands of Portuguese half-breeds are among the keenest of traders throughout all the country not monopolized by the creoles.

The Portuguese captain, to return, came from his neighbors, partly to a lonely location, partly by his own inclination, lived a quiet life, working in the neighboring woods, raising crops, raising corn, tobacco, and raising a little ready money. He was stilling spirits for his own use. When the war broke out a half century had grown up around him. The girls were magnificent beauties, adorned with more than ordinary comeliness and the sons were splendid specimens of manhood, and skilled in physique, dead shots, and riders and as handsome as South Sea Islanders. By marriage the sons and daughters had attached themselves to families and powerful interests of the Lowrys. Like many of the Carolinians, they were intense patriots, and after the attack on Fort Sumter found themselves between two fires.

Robeson County is on the South Atlantic line, and Cheraw, with its bloodthirsty Secessionists, was but a day's ride to the West. In order to avoid conscription on himself and his kinsmen, a McLean, a leader of the forces of Robeson, organized a "Home Guard," one of those unpopular organizations which sprang

up all over the South, with the sole purpose of acting as draft-gangs to force their unwilling neighbors to take up arms for the Southern Confederacy.

The McNeils and McClearys, kinsmen of McLean, made up its membership. Along in 1863, after numerous unsuccessful attempts to capture the Lowry boys, Capt. McLean with his press-gang one day rode up to the Lowry house, called on Capt. Lowry, then past his prime and ordered him to tell the hiding place of his boys. He refused. Infuriated, they stripped him to the waist, bound him to a tree, and gave him one hundred lashes. His back and arms a mass of cut and bleeding flesh, the heroic Portuguese still refused to betray his sons. Turning him around they riddled him with bullets, and he fell, dying, to the ground, hissing maledictions in his native tongue, through clenched teeth, on his murderers. With mingled fear and fury—lest a witness might be left, fury that their vengeance should be balked—the press gang strove to wrest the secret from Mrs. Lowry. "—her, give the wench the same treatment," shouted one of the marauders. In a moment she, too, fell dead by her murdered husband. Their foul deeds done, but baffled of the prey they sought, the Home Guards fled toward Lumberton. By their crime a feud was born.

When Henry Lowry discovered the dead bodies of his father and mother he gathered the family and made them swear never to cease their vengeance while a McLean, a McNeil or a McCleary was left alive in Robeson county. The times were unpropitious then for carrying on their feud. It slumbered and the Lowrys bided their time. In 1867 a McLean was shot near Lumberton. The following year two McLeans and a McNeil were killed, and Robeson county awoke to the fact that the feud was on. Before 1869 had closed a half-dozen of the three offending families had bitten the dust and the Lowrys had just begun. Sheriff after sheriff sought to arrest them and failed. In the impenetrable recesses of the swamps the Lowrys hid, emerging on their errands of death through paths known only to themselves. Yet when a month or two of peace had brought a seeming respite, the Lowrys, armed to the teeth, would ride the highways of Robeson, dash through the streets of Lumberton, and even strike across the line to Cheraw. Once Henry Berry Lowry was captured. He immediately escaped. Again he was captured and taken to Wilmington jail for safe keeping. It was there that the writer's informant interviewed him.

"I was prejudiced against the Lowrys," said he. "I had known nothing of their side of the story until an old Methodist preacher had told me, when he heard of Henry Berry Lowry's capture, of the strong sympathy which many people had for the Swamp Angels. I was allowed to see him in the debtor's room of the jail. When the outlaw leader, with a dozen prices on his head, entered the apartment, I saw a man of 30 odd years, tall and splendidly proportioned, hereafter, even, with a dark Spanish face and an expression of absolute command and fearlessness. A thick growth of jet black curling hair covered his fine head, and coal black eyes gleamed from beneath heavy brows.

"I have heard of you," said he to me. "I am told that that you are a brave, honest man. I want you to come down to Scrabbleton. I will give you a pass and the best of treatment, tell you the whole history of our warfare, and prove to you the wrongs we have suffered."

"You speak as though you were to be released," said I, "but here you are, hard and fast in Wilmington jail."

"The Swamp Angel smiled. 'I shall escape from here,' said he. 'The jail is not built that will hold me long. You can tell that, if you wish.'"

Black bog's Meat, Nest Cat's Eyes and Bird Nest Soup. What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice. That's what little girls are made of. What are little boys made of? Rats and snails and puppy dog's tails. That's what little boys are made of.

This nursery rhyme is especially true of the little boys in China. There are thousands of almond-eyed, yellow-skinned, pig-tailed little ones throughout South China, who consider the above menu a feast. I visited a rat restaurant and watched the cooking of dogs and cats in a soup. I priced dried rats at many a butcher shop, and was offered plump, juicy pussies for less than the cost of their raising. I was told that the flesh of dogs would make brave the men who ate it, and I watched not a few people who smacked their lips as they conveyed bits of cat from their bowls to their mouths. These Chinese dog restaurants are largely patronized by the poor people of Canton. They are usually on the ground floor, and they consist of a kitchen in the front and a dining-room in the rear. From nails on the walls and in the ceiling hang the dressed bodies of dogs, which look not unlike the carcasses of pigs, and which hang tail downward. Just below these upon great beds of coal or in-oven like stoves or pots, in which dog and cat stew simmer away. The meat is cut up into bits, as big as the end of your finger, and it is fried with chestnuts or garlic in oil, or is stewed into a sort of soup. At the restaurant which I visited, it was told that I could have a pint bowl of cat flesh for ten cents, and as a special dainty I was offered fried cat's eyes at two cents a piece. The cats are skinned before cooking, but the dogs are prepared for the pot in the same way that we make our pork. They are killed and the bodies are soured into boiling water to get the hair off. A little hair is always left on the end of the tail to show the color of the dog, for the meat of the black dog is worth twice that of the yellow variety, and black cat's flesh is a dainty. In some parts of China you can buy dried and smoked dogs' hams, and some regions make a business of exporting them. The season for rats is the winter, and cats are good at any time of the year.

The Chinese are the greatest pork eaters in the world. The pigs are the scavengers of the city, and they root their way into every quarter, and turn up the ground and wallow in the mire on the very edge of the Emperor's palace in Peking. You see pigs for sale in every market, and the sucking pig is the piece of resistance at every feast. It is never eaten in the roast, however, but is hashed up into bits and stewed, and this is the case with all Chinese meats. Small bits are a necessity where the chopsticks are used, and the result is that most of the Chinese dishes are soups or stews or roasts cut fine. There is little beef used in China, and good cows are practically unknown. Such milk as is offered for sale is by no means reliable as to cleanliness and character, and an English resident who was disappointed by his milkman, and asked him the reason why he no longer pulled around his milk cart, received this reply: "No can. Sow she die, and woman she have moved away."

Human milk is sold in many parts of China, and when the Empress Dowager was sick recently, it required twenty wet nurses to keep her alive. Raw fish is a common article of diet in both Japan and Corea, and I attended a Japanese dinner at Tokio, where slices of white, uncooked trout were brought in covered with ice and served as one of the entrees. It was not bad to taste, and my Japanese friends ate it with great gusto. In Corea it is not uncommon for the fisherman to take a bottle of pepper sauce along with them and to eat a fish as they take it from the hook, sprinkling a bit of red-hot Chili over it and eating it down without cleaning anything off except the scales. The Coreans are by no means particular as to the manner in which their fish and meats are served. The entrails are sold and eaten as well as the rest of the meat, and a common dish at a big dinner is a chicken baked, feathers, entrails and all, and served whole upon the table.

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Courier Journal.]

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teeth on, and he will take a dozen meals a day if he has the chance. I had sixteen chair-bearers on a trip which I took into the interior, and these bearers stopped at every village and at almost every house to rest and feed. They would dart off one by one into fields of turnips by the wayside, and for the next half mile would go along eating raw turnips. The bigger a man's stomach is in Corea the more wealthy he is supposed to be, and you see pot-bellied youngsters everywhere you go. A Corean has a short sack, which comes down just below the middle of his waist, and his full baggy pantaloons are tied up under this. Some of the baby boys have outgrown the size of their jackets, and you see a belt of fat yellow skin between the ends of the pantaloons and the beginning of the coat. Some of the wealthy ones wear bustles over their abdomens, in order to increase the size of their fronts, and the King annually makes a present to those who have audience with him. He sent a lot of provisions to the American General a few days after they arrived in Corea to reorganize the army, and there is no lack of good things in the palace. The Corean country produces good meat, and the Coreans are greater meat eaters than either the Chinese or the Japanese. All nations of the East which have a large number of Buddhists among them are, to a great extent, non-consumers of meat. The Buddhists believe that their ancestors are trotting around inside the feathers and under the fur and hair of the animal creation, and they believe it is a sin to take animal life. According to the theory of transmigration of souls a man may be chewing up the choicest bit of his great grandfather's body when he nasticates a tenderloin steak, and the tenderest wing of this year's spring chicken may have trotted around under the animation of his grandmother's soul. To people of delicate sensibilities, possessed of that faith which moves mountains, such gastronomic remembrance would spoil their feast. It is for this reason that the Burmese and Siamese eat so little meat, and it is largely due to this that you find but little meat consumed in the greater part of India.

There is fine game all over China, and you can get wild ducks for five or six cents apiece. Ducks are cheap in Japan, and at Peking I found the finest venison, pheasants and hares. I think the markets of Peking are as fine as those of any capital in the world, and the richest of the celestials live very well. Some of their dishes are more costly than terrapin stew, and bird nest soup costs \$5 a plate. It is made from the nest of the swallow found in the caves in some of the islands of the Pacific ocean, and the exporting to China of these nests is quite a business. The material of the nest is made of sea weed, crushed by the bird in its crop and drawn out in fibres with which the nest is woven and fastened to the side of a cliff. These nests are seldom larger than three inches in diameter. It is a big job to clean them, and they are cooked with pigeon's eggs and spices into a soup. When cooked they look like isinglass, and it takes an artist to prepare them for the table.

He Had Him There. Detroit Free Press.] A man who had business with the occupant of an office on Griswold street carefully took down the sign of "Shut the Door" and laid it away before knocking. When invited to come in he left the door ajar. "Hang it! but some folks can't read!" exclaimed the occupant as he rose up. "Read what?" "Read signs!" "What sign have you got?" "Don't it say 'Shut the Door' in big black letters on that door?" "No, sir!" "Bet you a dollar!" "Done!" They advanced to the door and of course discovered that the sign was gone. "All right—take the dollar," said the disgruntled occupant of the room. "I have tried every possible way to keep that door shut, and now I'll nail the damned thing up and hold my office out in the hall!"

When Wilberforce was a candidate for Parliament his brilliant sister offered a new gown to the wife of every freeman who would vote for her brother on which a cry was raised: "Miss Wilberforce for ever." She replied: "I thank you, gentlemen, but I can not agree with you. I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

Patience receives \$3,500 a night for singing in Albert Hall, London. There are many Americans who try to sing who would take the job at a smaller figure—say at \$3.50 a night.

Interesting Facts.

Patent Flour Arraigned.—The organization of the "Old Stone Millers' Association," at Detroit, with the avowed purpose of educating the public mind to the dangers to health attending the use of roller flour throws some doubt upon the statement that "the world do move."

The association charges patent flour with being the cause of the rapid increase of insanity and kindred diseases, as well as the startling fact that the human race is fast losing their teeth, and dentists are multiplying by hundreds in every part of the country. The new association has already started a healthful influence in the inquiry and investigation which the discussion of the subject will involve, even if the result should be its own discomfiture.

Use of Oil on Rough Seas.—With the approach of winter storms it is incumbent upon navigators to note the many instances where serious danger and damage have been avoided by using oil to prevent heavy seas from breaking on board. There are many cases where oil can be used to advantage, such as lowering and hoisting boats, riding to a sea-anchor, crossing rollers or surf on a bar and from life-boats and stranded vessels. Thick and heavy oils are the best. Mineral oils are not so effective as animal or vegetable oils.

Raw petroleum has given favorable results, but it is not so satisfactory when refined. Certain oils, like coconut oil and some kinds of fish oil, congeal in cold weather, and are, therefore, useless, but may be mixed with mineral oils to advantage. The simplest and best means of distributing oil is by means of canvas bags about one foot long, filled with oakum and oil, pierced with holes by a coarse sail needle and held by a lanyard. The waste-pipes forward and also very useful for this purpose.

New Use for Carrier Pigeons.—A new use has been found for the carrier pigeon in Russia—carrying negatives taken in a balloon to the photographer's. A Russian paper gives an account of some experiments recently made, in which the Czar's winter palace was photographed in the air, the plates being sealed in paper bags impervious to light, tied to a pigeon's foot and sent to the developer.

A California Rabbit Drive.—The rabbit scourge, which has reduced such large tracts of land in Australia to barrenness, is now threatening parts of California with similar effects. In Fresno county these animals have become so numerous and destructive to the farmers that a wholesale extermination of them is imperative. It is estimated that five rabbits consume as much as one sheep. They are particularly fond of the grapevines, fruit trees, corn and other grain. A drive has been made by stretching fine wire netting about three feet high and seven miles in length, V-shaped, terminating at the smaller end in a circular corral. One of the drives resulted in the death of 12,000 rabbits.

Willing to Oblige the Lady.

Col. Thomas, one time member of Congress, was in the city this week, and among tales of the old days told the following about Thaddeus Stevens:

"Thaddeus Stevens was sitting in his office one day with a few friends when in walked an old lady, wearing a poke bonnet, blue goggles, and carrying a green alpaca umbrella. She looked around the room as if in search of some one, and then said solemnly: "'Can you tell me where to find Thaddeus Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?'" "Old Thad' blushed. "'I'm Thaddeus Stevens,' he replied shortly. "'Are you Thade-e-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?'" "'I reckon I am, ma'am.'" "The old lady dropped her parasol, made a rush towards Stevens to kiss him, and when he held her off, she said: "'I came from Bucks County to see Thade-e-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty, and to take home with me a lock of his hair.'" "The Apostle of Liberty took off his red wig, handed it to her, and said: "'There it is, ma'am. Take as much as you want.'"—[New York Tribune.

THE SON OF A PRESIDENT.—Powers Fillmore, the only son of President Fillmore died on Friday night, and made no noise in the world, but he was held in high esteem and affection by his circle of intimate personal friends and will be sincerely mourned. He was a lawyer, and an able one, but never an advocate, and of late years he had retired even from office practice. He was a Democrat and there were many years during which he might have had anything within the gift of the Democratic party, but he wanted nothing and would accept nothing. Mr. Fillmore never married, and with his death the Fillmore line terminates. —Buffalo Courier.

Astonishes the Natives.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as when they are first introduced to snow and ice. The congealing of water is a phenomenon they are slow to comprehend. A few months ago Sir William McGregor enticed several New Guinea natives to the hitherto unscathed summit of Mount Owen Stanley, the loftiest peak in British Australasia. On its barren summit, nearly a thousand feet above the zone of vegetation, big icicles were found, greatly to the amazement of the natives, who were much startled when they touched them, and insisted that their fingers had been burned.

A year ago, when Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilima-Njaro, in Africa, his native porters, who had lived all their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with which they had been provided as they approached the snow line and plunged merrily into the snow in their bare feet. They lost no time in plunging out again, and lay writhing on the ground, insisting that their feet had been severely burned. Some of the Central African natives who have been introduced into Germany mistook last winter the first snow storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies. Lieut. Francois says the mistake was a very natural one. One day when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo he saw for the first time the air filled with a swarm of white butterflies, and he says the spectacle closely resembles a gentle fall of snow.

The seductive summer drink, so popular in our latitude during the dog days, produces upon the untutored savage when first brought to his notice as unpleasant an effect as an unexpected electric shock. King Dinah, of the West Africa has been one of the recent sightseers in Paris. An attempt was made one day to explain to him the nature of ice by introducing him to an ice-drink. The unusual sensation greatly startled his Majesty, and he dashed the cooling draught on the floor as soon as he had tasted it.

It is said that our Alaskan Eskimos think the weather is uncomfortably sultry when the temperature is at the freezing point, while the Central African shivers in great distress in a temperature of 60° above zero.

Breaches of Etiquette.

Scotch American.] It is a breach of etiquette to stare around the room when you are making a call.

To take your dog with you when making a call.

To open the piano or touch it, if found open, when waiting for your hostess to enter.

To go to the room of an invalid without an invitation.

To walk about the room examining its appointments when waiting for your hostess.

To open or shut a door, raise or lower a curtain, or in any way to alter the arrangements of a room in a house at which you are a caller.

To turn your chair so as to bring your back to some one seated near you. To remain after you have discovered that your host or hostess is dressed to go out.

To fidget with hat, cane or parasol during a call.

To resume your seat after having once risen to say adieu.

To preface your departure by remarking, "Now, I must go," or to insinuate that your hostess may be weary of you.

For a lady receiving several callers to engage in a tete-a-tete conversation with one.

To make remarks upon a caller who just left the room.

To call upon a friend in reduced circumstances with any parade of wealth in equipage or dress.

For the hostess to leave the room when visitors are present.

Brazil's New President.

Gen. Deodoro da Fonseca, who, as leader of the Brazilian revolution and head of the new Government at Rio, is at present the subject of widespread curiosity, is a native of Brazil, fifty-five years of age and a military man by profession. His father, who came from a wealthy family of Portugal, emigrated to Brazil early in this century and settled in Rio Grande do Sul, where he had some concessions of land from the Government. He soon afterwards married a Brazilian lady and three sons, of whom the revolutionary leader was the oldest. The three brothers were educated together at the Polytechnic School at Rio and all went into the army. They took a conspicuous position in the war against Paraguay fifteen years ago, all rising to the rank of general. The second brother, Hermes, died four months ago when commandant of the army in Rio de Janeiro, and the youngest brother, Severiano, is at present commander of the army in the province of Bahia, which position he has occupied for some six years. Gen. Fonseca, the head of the new government, first attracted public notice at the battle of Mossoro in the war with Paraguay when he was promoted on the field from the rank of lieutenant to a major. His bravery earned for him the name among the soldiers of "The Lion of Mossoro," and upon returning to Rio, Dom Pedro, whom he has just deposed, publicly decorated him with the Order of the Rose. He was then sent as commandant of the army in Matto Grosso, where he remained for two years. Returning to Rio, he was given control of the Government magazine and cartridge factory there, being raised to the rank of general.

In 1883, while in Rio, General Fonseca created an organization that has much significance in view of the developments of last week. This was a military club, embracing nearly every officer in the Brazilian army, of which he himself was elected President, and within a year or two his popularity among his fellow officers has led Fonseca to be called the Boulanger of Brazil. Republican ideas were spread in the army throughout the length and breadth of the country by the Club Militar of Rio, and on several occasions the Government endeavored to suppress it. So influential had this organization grown to be, however, that the Government only desisted from these efforts when convinced that if the Club was suppressed a military revolution would ensue. It was thought matters had come to a crisis in the Spring of 1887, when a controversy arose between General Fonseca and Franco de Sa, the Minister of War, in the course of which Fonseca claimed to have been insulted, and was ordered off to a remote province. He had no sooner left than deep indignation manifested itself in the Club Militar, and the members formally notified Dom Pedro that unless De Sa resigned his portfolio there would be a revolution. A cabinet meeting at the Emperor's palace followed the receipt of this message, De Sa retired from the Ministry and the victorious Fonseca was recalled. He was the lion of the hour in Rio, and so great was his popularity that Dom Pedro again sent him away to avoid trouble, this time to Minas, as civil and military Governor of the province, which position he occupied at the time of the recent uprising. Gen. Fonseca is married and the father of three children. He is a handsome, imposing man, some six feet in height, and makes a fine figure on horseback.

A CLERGYMAN'S QUEER IDEA.—A distinguished clergyman has recently condemned all social and polite fictions. When, for instance, a stupid bore calls upon you, he thinks you ought to tell him that you are not glad to see him, but that, on the contrary, you are sorry to see him, and that you wish he would go. This sort of brutal frankness would not do in pulpit, as a critic of the clergyman might say well quipping, who should begin his sermon as follows: "My selfish, mostly ignorant and despicable hearers, I should like to call your prayerful attention to my text, but I know most of you are thinking about other matters and that you do not come here to learn piety, but rather to show your good clothes and maintain a social position."—New York Tribune.

Animal natures differ, some are like an old Dutch clock, of slow and stately pendulum, others like a little Waterbury watch, always in a hurry, and so with plants; some, like the mushrooms, are in haste to vegetate; others, like the century plant, may take many years to vegetate.