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A Change.

g voice and dazzling smiles sh

lowery paths we long to follow,
the hill's tail crest abides,
murmurs from the bosky hollow;
r vigor in the eager brain,
the head with loss and wrong to

e warning voice of change or

lootsteps of the angel Hope.

weary height seems almost won,
d valley that we loved of yore
ow beneath the setting sun,
fance lights the golden head no
re;
wings droop, the ringing accents
or,
ng around her feet, we worship yet,
n as we kneel, we see her altar,
n her place, back pointing, stands Re
gret.

—*All the Year Round.*

The Conduct of Life.

Be it good that we do, let us do it,
Giving soul and our strength to the deed;
Let us pierce the hard rock and pass throug
it,
And compass the thing that we need.

Does fate, as a dark cloud, hang over,
And cover our heads from the light?
Does hate mock the heart of the lover?
Must wrong be the victor of right?

Yet in fate there is freedom for each one
To make or to mar, as he will;
And the bolts of ill fortune that reach one
May maim, but they never shall kill.

Ever onward and upward pursuing
The aim that is thine for the day,
Adding strength to thy strength by thy doing,
Thou shalt gain it, nor taint by the way.

And though thou art buried with small things
Though menial thy labor may be,
Do thy utmost in that and in all things,
Thou still shalt be noble and free.

Dost thou love? let it be with full measure;
Nor mingle with coldness or hate
Isothers the joy of thy pleasure,
The passion that crowns thy estate.

Be to every man just; and to women
Be gentle, and tender and true;
For thy own do thy best; but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.

So living thy days full to number,
In peace thou shalt pass to the grave;
Thou shalt lie down and rest thee, and slumber,
Beloved by the good and the brave.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

A Romance of Avenue A.

The scene of my story is laid in the American metropolis, and most of the action takes place in a tenement house situated on that great street of tenement houses, Avenue A. All the characters and the historian lived together; occupying between them one flat of a tenement house nine stories high. Our flat was the seventh from the ground, and being the only lodgers on that floor we speedily became well acquainted. Being a bachelor I occupied the front room, which was study, reception-room, kitchen, dining-room and sleeping apartment. My next door neighbors were an elderly Irish woman with her two sons, Patsy and Teddy Horley. They occupied three rooms. The two back rooms had as an occupant one of the loveliest little maidens it was ever my good fortune to meet. I think she came originally from Massachusetts. She worked at shirt making in a large Canal street establishment, and her name was written on the pay roll as Alice Layne. The Horleys and Miss Layne had been neighbors some time when I became an inmate of the house, and were already quite intimate.

Patsy Horley was the oldest of the brothers, large-formed, red-headed and with irregular homely features. He was heavily freckled, and I never saw him during a six months' acquaintance time that he didn't have a three days' growth of red stubble on his face. He had large, gray eyes, and these were the most striking of his facial organs. They had but one expression—unswerving honesty in their every flash. Patsy was a member of the corner "gang," and frequently came home much the worse for liquor, which grieved his old mother sorely. She was a blunt, plain-spoken woman, sixty odd years old, fat and much given to a "weakness" in all parts of her body, which prevented the possibility of labor. So she was content to sit by the window all day long knitting at a never finished blue woolen stocking. Her "byes" were very good to her. Teddy gave her all his earnings. Patsy most all. Teddy was the reverse of his brother. He was six feet in his socks, finely proportioned, handsome. His eyes were black, his hair and mustache dark brown, but curly. He was considerable of a dandy and "dressed up" every night after work. There was a deep affection existing between these brothers. They loved each other, and this devotion was apparent in every act of their lives.

Miss Alice Layne was, as I have before stated, a lonely little maiden, pretty, and with a tender heart, susceptible to the slightest variation of life's compass. Less than a week after taking up my quarters in the front room I made a discovery. Alice Layne was in love with Patsy Horley and Teddy Horley was in love with Alice Layne. It was an interesting study to watch the various phases of this cross passion, and I never tired of it. It was very evident to me that Patsy Horley admired the little shirtmaker, but he kept the secret safely locked in his great big heart, and only took it out at odd moments when he thought no one would notice the treasure to gloat over it and worship it as his mother did the figure of the Virgin at the head of her bed. I don't suppose the honest fellow ever dreamed that his love was returned. How could he when he so blindly worshiped the superior physical gifts of his younger brother. For Patsy was very proud of handsome Teddy, and never tired of praising him. Alice, with a woman's intuition, saw the noble in Patsy's character, and although Teddy's good looks and fine dress and "flowers" made an impression upon her it was only a transitory one, which vanished as soon as she caught sight of Patsy's big, homely face and honest gray eyes. Like all good-looking men, Teddy Horley was just the least bit conceited, and he imagined that it was only necessary to declare his passion to find himself in undisturbed possession of Alice's heart.

One warm afternoon I was lying on a lounge in my room, endeavoring to interest myself in "The Light of Asia." Mrs. Horley was downstairs visiting a neighbor, and I was nodding over the poem, when Alice Layne tripped up the stairs and entered her apartments. I heard her singing softly to herself as she made preparations for supper, and, misanthrope that I am, envied her that bird-like lightness of heart which trilled through every measure of the song. I was brooding over the melancholy past, when a heavy footstep sounded on the the stairs and Patsey Horley, in his rough working clothes, and a little under the influence of liquor, opened the door of the room adjoining mine and threw himself heavily on the bed. He got up directly, opened a little window over the door which separated the two rooms, took a drink of water and lay down again. It may be well to mention that this chamber was a dark room, and was occupied by the brothers as a sleeping apartment. A few minutes after this Teddy Horley bounded up the steps and entered the living-room, which was between the dark chamber and his mother's bedroom. Finding his mother absent, he crossed the hall and knocked at Miss Layne's door. The little maiden hushed her song and opened it.

"Oh, Teddy, it's you, is it?" she said.

"Sure it is, swateness. Who else could be?"

"I thought it was Patsy," she said tantalizingly.

Then there was a struggle, a stifled scream, and a smack, smack of lips. The noise disturbed tipsy Patsy, and he rose from his bed and opened the door entering into the hallway. The scuffle outside continued and there was more smacking. Presently Alice cried:

"Oh, Teddy Horley, you're perfectly horrid, and I don't like you one bit, there!"

"Now, darlint!" began Teddy.

"Don't darlint me, I don't like you. You are better looking and finer dressed than Patsy, but he is a thousand times better than you."

"Perhaps ye're in airnest," said Teddy, a little passionately. "There's many a thrue word spoken in jest."

"Well, I am in earnest. I do like Patsy, and if he'd ask me to marry him this day, I'd jump at the chance. So there, now, you have the truth."

Then the door was slammed, and I heard Teddy walking slowly back into his mother's room. Presently there came a knock at my door, and when I cried "come in," Patsy's freckled face appeared on the threshold. I spoke to him kindly and invited him to have a chair. He sat down, and I saw that what he had heard had sobered him. After a moment's silence he cleared his throat and began:

"Did ye hear what she said?"

"Yes, Patsy," I replied.

"An' do ye belaive she manes it?" he continued, eagerly.

"I have no doubt of it."

"God bless her swate soul! I'm not the man for her, an' I niver to't she cared for me. If I could only bring meself to belaive it's thrue, I'd be a different man."

He sat in silence for some time and then rose to go. When he reached the door he turned and said:

"I was a bit dhrunk when I come home to-night. It's hard work beyont there in the tunnel, but I sware to ye that afther to-night there'll never a drap of pwhisky pass my lips."

I bade him good-night and God speed in this new-formed resolution, and he shook my hand warmly. Mrs. Horley came home and she and Patsy had supper together. Teddy was out. I took a short walk that evening, and coming home passed Patsy and Alice on one of the cross-streets walking together, arm in arm. I did not hear what they were saying, but felt convinced Patsy had declared his love and been made happy with Alice's acknowledgment that the p"on was rec

The next morning Patsy came to my room before he went to his work. He seized my hand, and a look of supreme happiness shot from his gray eyes.

"She sez she'll have me, sor," he said, "an' we'll be married ez soon ez I get through work on the tunnel. I'm a happy man, but for wan thing—it's Teddy. Poor bye, he takes it to heart, an' is not himself at all. God knows I'm his brother, an' would rather lose me roight hand than bring harm to him."

"Oh, that will be all right. He'll get over his disappointment in a few days," I said, to console him.

"I wish I could think so," he said, moving toward the door, and these were the last words I ever heard the poor fellow utter.

Every reader has heard of the terrible tunnel disaster, the details of which electrified the whole country. Teddy and Patsy Horley were employed in the tunnel as laborers, and worked side by side in the same relief. The morning of my last interview with poor Patsy, they went to their work as usual, and for the first time in their lives spoke never a word of kindly cheer or brotherly badinage as they walked swiftly through the streets. It is better to make plain what follows, it will be necessary to say that the entrance to the tunnel proper, on the New York side, is through a circular, perpendicular shaft, thirty feet in diameter, and about sixty feet deep. This is a working shaft, the bottom of which is used for the reception of waste matter, as it is excavated, and before it is taken away. Thirty feet below the surface of the ground is an "air lock," which is the sole means of communication between the tunnel and the outer air. It is necessary to keep the air inside the tunnel sufficiently compressed to maintain a pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch, and the "air lock" serves a similar purpose to the lock of a canal, equalizing the pressure of the air to those passing in or out, as a canal lock balances the level of the water. As a matter of course, there are two doors, one at each end of this lock, only one of which can be opened at once, while the lock itself is fifteen feet long by six feet and six inches wide, allowing for the passage, in case of necessity, of thirty men at once.

As they were preparing to go down the shaft that morning Patsy turned to his brother and whispered:

"It's a quare feelin' I have in me this mornin', Teddy. May the blissed Vorgin protect us from harm."

Teddy laughed. "It's the pwhisky," he said, and turned away, not so quick that his eye didn't meet the reproachful flash that fell from his brother's great gray orbs. Afterward that look haunted him, and made the misery of life all the harder to bear.

Twenty-eight men composed a relief, and the work of excavation moved along smoothly until noon. Then the squad was divided. Fourteen men went to lunch; the remainder worked on. In half an hour the first squad was heard advancing, and the other threw down their tools and prepared to leave the tunnel. Patsy was in the first squad, Teddy in the second. The men returning had passed inside throughthe air-lock and the others had quit their posts preparatory to leaving. It is probable that if they had delayed this for even a minute the accident would not have happened, for the leak, which was discovered just too late, might easily have been stopped if discovered in time. As the two squads met just at the moment of shifting, a peculiar hissing sound was heard, with which all were familiar. It meant a leak, and a leak meant death!

"Back and stop the leak!" shouted the superintendent, and the order was obeyed almost before it was given.

As many as could get there jumper for the place, where all knew the dange was greatest. The brothers worked side by side.

"It's the maneing of the quare feelin', Teddy," cried Patsy, as they both plied pick and shovel. "May the Vorgin save us!"

The joining of the temporary roof of the tunnel with the wall of the shaft was necessarily imperfect. It was intended to make all secure with a three-foot wall of brick and cement, but it was impossible to set the foundation of the brickwork until after the circle of the tunnel should be completed, so that this imperfect jointure was continually watched. With reasonable diligence it was easily to keep it closed, and the material to close was plenty and at hand. The chinks were stopped with the silt, of which the river bottom is largely composed—a clayey mud, of the consistency of putty—and a man should have been at this part watching the chink.

No pen can describe the terrible struggle which followed. It lasted scarcely two minutes. The men were nerved by a full knowledge of the great danger of their position. Not a man but knew that he carried his life in his hands wherever he went to work, and not a man failed to know that the supreme moment had come. All worked well. The brothers did the work of ten men.

It was too late!

The leak that one man could have stopped if he had been there at the right moment was now wide enough for the foul current of corruption and death to flow in from the river bottom, and the only safety lay in flight. Between the spot where they were and the open air there were two locked doors, only one of which could be opened at once. The little rift above their heads became a chasm. The compressed air escaped until there was no longer pressure enough from within to maintain the portion of unfinished work. The electric light by which they worked was extinguished, and darkness added its terrors to their great misery.

In the confusion the brothers, who had instinctively clasped hands when the water and mud poured in upon them were separated. Patsy reached out his hand and it was clutched by some one in the darkness.

"To the caisson!" shouted the superintendent, and the men rushed pell mell toward this only avenue of escape. He was standing by the inner door of the air lock, and threw it open for the men to pass through.

"Quick, boys!" he cried. "Get into the lock!" And instead of passing in among the first he stood by the door helping one after another in.

Six men passed, among them Patsy Horley. He looked around and called loudly for Teddy. There was no response. The seventh man was passing through. He pushed by him into the tunnel.

"Teddy bye!" he cried.

"Here!" shouted a voice at his side.

"Get through quick!" he said, and pushed his brother through.

He would have followed him, but another of the men stepped in front of him, and he helped him into the lock. This man was almost through when the awful weight of the mud and water fell against the door, pinning him so fast that nothing could have freed him in time.

The door was fast. One man was fastened in the doorway between the other nineteen and their last chance of life. The eight in the lock were thus almost lost, for there was no longer a chance to close the inner door, and the flood was closing on them. Swiftly the water rushed into the lock; it rose knee deep where they stood, and the air was compressed by all the pressure of the air above them in the little chamber, the door of which was securely fastened against them. They could not open this door, nor could they break it from the inside. But in the lock were two deadlights of massive glass, eight inches in diameter, and these the men knew were to be broken as a last resort.

"My God! the water is gaining on us," said one; "what shall we do?"

"Kape cool, men, kape cool," answered a voice from the river side of the tunnel. Teddy rushed to the bull's-eye and looked through. There stood Patsy and the superintendent side by side, their faces white as death.

"Keep cool," cried the superintendent through the crack of the door; "nothing can be gained by excitement."

"But shure, sor, the wather is gainin' on us, and we can't open the door into the shaft."

"The water is covering me up," moaned the poor fellow who was crushed by the door. "Can't you get me out of this?"

Teddy caught him by the neck, and several others sprang to his assistance. They pulled and tugged, but it was no use. Every moment was agony to the poor man, and he would beg piteously to be let alone. The water got higher and higher.

"They'll have to sthop the crack, sor," said Patsy, and the superintendent, his white lips moving in prayer, nodded his head.

"Take off your clothes, men, and stop the crack of the door," he added.

Some one said that that would cut off what little communication there was between them.

"Niver moind us, min," said brave Patsy; "it's your only chance."

"But then—" began Teddy, who was in tears.

"Do as you are ordered," cried the superintendent, sharply.

The men sprang forward, and Patsy reached his great freckled hand through the crack.

"Good-bye, Teddy," he said chokingly. "Tell the mother I died loike a brave man. An'—Alice—"

He could say no more, and in a moment the men had patched the crack of the door with their clothes, and the rapid increase of the water was checked.

"Can you pray?" whispered the superintendent, as his hand tightened on Patsy's.

"Blessed Mary, save us!" sobbed the Irishman.

Teddy ran to the bull's-eye and looked through. He saw the superintendent and his brother standing side by side peering in at him. The faces of both men were pale, and were only a few feet above the water that gurgled about them. He heard Patsy's muttered prayer, and a deep groan burst from his lips.

"Patsy, brother!" he shouted.

Patsy smiled and nodded his head.

"Be kind to Alice," he said, and then raising his voice, shouted: "Break open the outside bull's-eye!"

"Yes, knock out the bull's-eye; knock it out, I say," commanded the stern voice of the superintendent.

The men in the air lock knew that to obey this order meant sudden and sure death to their companions, and they hesitated. Again it came:

"Knock out the bull's-eye!" and then the stern voice of the superintendent faltered a little as it added, "and do what you can for the rest of us!"

Blow upon blow fell upon the thick glass, and was answered from the outside by two men who had by this time arrived with crowbars. The glass flew out and the cold air rushed in.

"God take us to him and protect our wife and babies!" muttered the superintendent, and his hand closed tighter on Patsy's.

"Poor Alice!" was all the latter could articulate through his sobs. Instinctively the eyes of both men met, and their souls stood side by side.

The outside door was started a little, and suddenly flew open. With the rush of air came the rush of water. The door behind gave way, and the living, the dead, and the dying were hauled out toward the working shaft. The bodies of all in the inner tunnel must have caught in the outer door. Only Patsy Horley's come out with the rush of water. Two of the men seized his body, and the whole party hurried up the ladder to the ground.

Then, and only then, had the two men an opportunity to pause and reflect that behind them, beneath the water that boiled and seethed in the dim light of the tunnel, were the bodies of their dead comrades and the brave superintendent.

Professional business called me to Brooklyn the day of the accident, and when I returned to the tenement house in Avenue A, they were making preparations to wake poor Patsy Horley's body.

He was terribly crushed and mangled by the rapid rush of water, and only lived two hours after he was taken out of the shaft. He was conscious, and his fellow-workmen carried him tenderly home. Teddy followed, weeping bitterly. They laid the wounded man upon the bed, and a doctor ministered to his sufferings. The wails of the poor mother were heartrending. Patsy had been laying with his eyes closed, but he finally opened them and asked for Teddy. The brother knelt by the bedside and great sobs shook his frame.

"Be a mon, Teddy," whispered Patsy. "Sind for Alice and the praiste!"

When the little shirt-maker was led weeping into the room, Patsy asked that they be left alone, and over that last interview let us draw a veil. Finally some one stole into the room and found them clasped in each other's arms. Patsy was sinking fast, and the priest approached the bedside and administered to him the last rites of the church. Then the dying man was propped up in bed. He called Teddy and Alice to the bedside and made them join hands.

"I'm a dead mon," he said huskily. "Promise me, both ov yees, that ye'll be thrue to aich other!"

Both bowed their heads. He beckoned for the priest and whispered a few words in his ear.

A smile of thankfulness beautified the homely face of Patsy as the last words of the impressive service fell from the priest's lips, and stretching out his hands died before any could reach him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A smart American girl calls a young fellow of her acquaintance "Honeysuckle," because he's always hanging over the front fence in the evening.

THE HIDEOUS FACE OF WAR.

Some Instances of the Deadly Work Done in Battle.

In the excitement of battle the fall of a comrade is scarcely heeded, and half a company might be wiped out and the other half fight on without the knowledge of it. It is only after the loud-mouthed cannon and the murderous musketry have ceased their work that the hideous face of war shows itself to make men shudder and turn away. Soldiers who have not gone over a battlefield or been one of a burial party have missed half the grimness and awfulness of war.

After Gettysburg, one of the Union burial parties buried eighty Federal soldiers in one trench. They were all from a New York regiment, and all seemingly fell dead at one volley. They were almost in line, taking up but little more room than live men. All were shot above the hips, and not one of them had lived ten minutes after being hit. Here lay what was then a full company of men, wiped out by one single volley as they advanced to the charge. Some had their muskets so tightly grasped that it took the full strength of a man to wrest them away. Others died with arms outstretched, and others yet had their hands clasped over their heads, and a never-to-be-forgotten expression on their white faces.

At Fair Oaks, the Third Michigan had its first real baptism of fire. The boys had been held back on other occasions, and now when given opportunity they went for the enemy posted in the edge of the woods on the double-quick, and with yells and cheers. A part of the regiment had to swing across a glade, and while so doing lost fifty or sixty men in the space of sixty seconds. One company lost twenty men who went down together in one spot and scarcely moved a limb after falling. Details of five men were made from each company to advance as sharpshooters, and of these fifty men who plunged into the woods as a skirmish line only six came out alive, and every one of these was wounded from one to three times.

At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing thirty or forty shells per minute, and this was the work of a single one. A discharge of grape in this same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment which went in with 703 men in line came out with only 360. On one acre of ground the burial party found over 700 dead men. In a bit of woods where the battle lines had clashed more than 2,000 dead were found in a space no wider than a square in a city and no more than three times as long.

At the battle of Savage Station, during McClellan's change of base, a solid shot fired from a Federal field-piece into the head of an infantry column marching by fours, killed twenty-one men and a horse before its progress was checked. The first ten men were reduced to bloody pulp, and the others crushed and bruised in varying degrees. In the same battle a Confederate shell exploded under a Federal gun and killed four artillerymen, dismounted the gun, wounded two men, and the butt of it flew off at a tangent and killed a second lieutenant of infantry who was eighty rods away.

At Fredericksburg, as the Union infantry marched in solid masses up the valley to be mowed down, the Confederates opened fire from behind a stone wall. The fighting along this line was over in ten minutes, and 5,000 Federals lay dead within reach of each other. In many cases three or four men had fallen across each other. A shell from a gun on the hill exploded in the midst of some New Hampshire troops and killed a sergeant, a corporal and twelve privates and wounded six others. Before the Union troops crossed the river, and while shelling the town, a shell struck a house and exploded in a room where there were five soldiers and a citizen. All were blown to pieces, and three citizens in a room directly overhead were also killed.

Perhaps the most destructive work made by a shell among troops occurred a few miles below Vicksburg. A Federal gunboat was fired upon by light artillery from the bank, posted in plain view. There were two six-pounders working close together, and each had fired a shot when the gunboat opened with a sixty-four-pounder. The shell struck between the two guns and exploded. The guns were thrown high in the air and came down a wreck. The eighteen men around them were killed outright, and fifteen others who had been lying under cover rushed up just as the caisson exploded. Of the fifteen eleven were killed outright, three wounded, and one escaped unhurt but so dazed that he sat down and waited to be captured by a boat which pulled ashore. Two of the wounded died the next day, leaving only two men alive of the thirty-three who had composed the battalion. Nothing was left of the gun-carriages but splinters, and the guns themselves were terribly battered. The only remains of the caisson that could be found was the hub of one wheel filled with broken spokes. Most of the dead had been blown to fragments, and the bushes were covered with shreds of flesh. When the caisson exploded the head of one of the victims was blown high in the air, and fell into the water within a few yards of the gunboat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Words of Wisdom.

A man of true genius is generally as simple as a child, and as unconscious of his power as an elephant.

Gain the confidence of your children in their younger years, and they will not be afraid to trust you later in life.

Such is the constitution of things that unwillingness to goodness may ripen into eternal voluntary opposition to it.

The good things which belong to prosperity may be wished; the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

The winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the fruit is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart to discover its real worth.

No man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

The ills we suffer in this life do not always, or often perhaps, come from our own personal transgressions. It is not true that he who sins most suffers in this life.

It yearly takes 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross-ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which on an average the contractors get thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 ties to the acre and twelve ties to the tree. White or burr oak is considered the best timber for the purpose, although cherry, maple, ash and even locust have been used. The business gives employment to an army of choppers, who are paid ten cents apiece for each tie. A continued practice makes the choppers expert in the use of the ax, and a single man has been known to get out thirty-five ties in a day, yet the average is only ten, while an expert will probably get out twenty.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The proof that petroleum sources are almost world-wide appears to be abundant, and its use would also seem well nigh coeval with civilization. In one of the Ionian islands there is a spring which has yielded petroleum more than 2,000 years. The wells of Armenia, on the banks of the Zaro, were formerly used for lighting the city of Genoa. In Persia, too, near the Caspian sea at Baku, numerous springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest times; and those of Rangoon, on the Irawaddy, are said to have yielded before the general introduction of petroleum among civilized nations, some 400,000 hogsheads of oil per annum.

Among the patents recently taken out is one which claims to be a "new and useful mode of producing rain, or precipitating rain-falls from rain-clouds," as a protection against drought. The invention consists in sending balloons into the cloud regions, carrying torpedoes and cartridges charged with explosives, and to explode them there by electric force. It is also claimed by the inventor that not only can rain be precipitated when it is needed, but that too great a quantity can be checked in any given locality by causing the rain-clouds to be discharged before they have reached that place. *Harper's Weekly* suggests that this novel plan, if practicable and successful, might equalize the droughts and floods in our land.

A London periodical gives some remarkable railway statistics in the yearly return by the board of trade for 1879. In the United Kingdom the trains have traveled 222,000,000 miles, and have carried more than 565,000,000 passengers. With the exception of the Tay bridge disaster in Scotland, by which seventy-three persons were killed, this enormous amount of work has been done with the loss of only two lives by accidents. And the number of persons injured was much less than in previous years. This speaks highly for the carefulness of the employees on the railroads; but the report adds that, owing to the negligence and misconduct of the passengers, eighty-five must be added to the bill of mortality.

Some of the most eminent scientific men now accept the view taken by Adhemar, namely, that continents have not been depressed, but overflowed by the ocean. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the mass of water is transferred from one hemisphere to the other once in 10,500 years, and the sun remains eight days longer in one hemisphere than in the other. At the present time the winters of the southern pole are eight days longer than with us; the ice continent has consequently formed there, and the mass of ocean is to be found in the southern hemisphere, and the ice covers the space upon and around the south pole more than twice the area of all Europe. The extreme of cold at the Antarctic pole was reached about 600 years ago, since which time the climate has been becoming milder, while that north of the equator has been growing colder.

Almost any man can stand adversity but it takes a strong mind to grapple with sudden prosperity. An instance of that comes from Washington. Augustin J. Ambler passed Friday night in jail, sleeping off the effects of a big spree. He was a man of rare ability, and invented many useful things. One device for smelting ore had a fortune in it. But Ambler had no money, and he took in company a couple of St. Louis men, and they in turn took him in. They patented the invention in their own names and let Ambler amble out in the cold. He sued them and for years the suit went on. Resolutely for years the determined man fought the wealthy swindlers from one court to another. Suddenly last Friday, late in his dissolutionment, he won the case, being awarded 1,375 shares in the company and $677,434 in cash. The success turned his head, and he went on a prolonged spree. He was sent to jail for twenty days.

There is a British goat society, and from the report of a meeting of the association held recently, we learn that the Earl of Rosslyn is president, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a patroness and the Duke of Westminster and the Earl of Shaftsbury are vice-presidents. We learn, further, that the object of the society is to direct attention to the importance of the goat as a source of food supply. In Ireland the goat is regarded as the poor man's cow, and one goat could supply milk enough for the requirements of an ordinary household during the greater part of the year. The expense for keep would be almost nominal, for the goat ate every kind of herb or vegetable. The flesh of the kid is declared also to be very delicious eating, and the society resolved to give a kid dinner in the Agricultural hall during the dairy show in October. The goat bids fair to become a popular and useful animal.

Life in a German Schloss.

The routine of life was quiet, even monotonous, but to an American woman, fresh from the "fitful fever" of American housekeeping, sweet and restful. The servants were numerous and well trained, and performed their duties with little noise, and at the right time and in the right manner. It must be said in passing that it took ten men and women to do the work which half that number would be required to perform in an American household. Then, on the other hand, it must be stated that they have not half our conveniences. Their utensils are primitive and cumbrous, and they have much to "fetch and carry;" but, looking at results, one can only indulge in an envious and useless sigh. The absence of those pests of American housekeeping, the weekly washing and ironing days, is one reason why the German servants are able to go about their work with so much more regularity and thoroughness. In Germany the family wash is done no oftener than once a month—in many places not oftener than once in three or six months—and then is done by extra help hired for the occasion. On Monday of the week devoted to this work, according to my observations, the women came and began preparations. The clothes, etc., were sorted under the supervision of the lady's maid or housekeeper; the wood laid ready for lighting under the great boiler in the wash-house, and every tub, hogshead, etc., filled with water. The water was pumped laboriously, and brought from some distance in cumbrous buckets. The carriers wore upon their shoulders for this purpose heavy wooden yokes, like ox-yokes, with a chain and hook at each end, to which the full buckets were attached. The next morning at three o'clock they were at work, busy as bees, and outchattering the swallows in the ivy which grew about the wash-house eaves. Washboards, those instruments of destruction, were unknown, all rubbing being done between their horny knuckles. The ironing is done in Germany by means of a mangle, where possible, and the clothes are beautifully smooth and clean.

The whole atmosphere of the place was peaceful and drowsy. Pigeons cooed, swallows twittered, from morn until night. These and the musical baying of the hounds, the lowing of distant cattle, and the muffled of wagons upon the chaussee, were the sounds to which the ear became attuned. The occasional shriek of a locomotive was the only reminder of a world outside this sleepy hollow of a place.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich islands, offered to show how the cannibals ate their food if any lady would lend him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.—*New York News.*

"Old Probabilities."

As "Old Probabilities," General Myer was well known throughout the country. He was the pioneer in the system of storm signaling, which is now employed nearly all over the world. By means of this system warning of approaching storms is sent by telegraph to the regions that are to be traversed, long before the violence of the storm is felt. There is probably no class who will so deeply regret the death of "Old Probabilities" as those who follow the sea, and it would be hard to find a sailor, either in the cabin or the forecastle, who is not familiar with the square flags, the burgees, and the lanterns of the signal bureau. A scene that is frequently enacted down the bay fairly illustrates the respect with which masters of ships regarded "Old Probabilities'" danger signals. When the square red flag with a black square in the center is hoisted over the signal bureau ships bound out are run in under the lee of the Horseshoe, and the masters of vessels which have just hauled out into the stream preparatory to departure overhaul their ground tackle and clear away their bower anchors. To such efficiency had General Myer brought his bureau that last year the probabilities fully verified amounted to seventy per cent.; while those that were verified in part amounted to twenty per cent., and those that failed were only ten per cent. The last Congress gave General Myer what he had long desired, a full brigadier-general's commission.

The causes which are said to have led to the organization of a weather bureau here are interesting. In November, 1854, while the Anglo-French fleet was operating in the Black sea against Sebastopol, the tidings were flashed along the wires that a mighty tempest had arisen on the western coast of France, and was on its way eastward. The dispatch was sent from Paris by the French minister of war, and it reached the allied fleet in time to enable the ships to put to sea before the cyclone had traveled over the intervening 500 leagues. In an official report the French minister afterward wrote: "It appears that by the aid of the electric telegraph and barometric observations, we may be apprised several hours or several days in advance of great atmospheric disturbances happening at the distance of 1,000 or 1,500 leagues."

Less than three years after the famous Black sea storm there appeared in an American paper a formal proposal for the establishment of a system of daily weather reports by telegraph, and the transmission of storm warnings to the seaports of the American lakes and the seaboard.

General Myer established a series of signal stations, extending from the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence northward and eastward, both inland and on the coast, taking in the great lakes and the highest mountain peaks. At each station he placed careful observers whom he had himself selected. These persons were regularly enlisted in the army as sergeants, and the code which he selected for their guidance has proved thus far a bar to carelessness and incompetency.—*New York Sun.*

Sheridan's War Horse.

The New York *Star*, in an article describing the curiosities in the army museum on Governor's Island, says:

Leaving the museum and walking a short distance to the south end of the office of the ordnance department, the visitor is shown General Sheridan's famous war horse, Winchester. Sheridan himself subscribes to the following:

"Winchester was of Black Hawk blood, and was foaled at or near Grand Rapids, Mich., late in the fall of 1859, according to the best of my information. He was brought into the service by an officer of the Second Michigan cavalry, and had a thermometer hanging immediately over his pew. One cold morning Mr. Stuyvesant arrived at the church porch. The heater did not work properly, and the old gentleman shivered with cold. Mr. Brown knew that Mr. Stuyvesant would consult the thermometer as soon as he reached his pew, and, unobserved, cunningly put his finger on the bulb of the thermometer and sent the mercury up to about ninety. When Mr. Stuyvesant reached his pew he looked at the thermometer, and concluding the church must be warm enough, sat down without making any remarks.

Mr. Brown's portly figure and slow and solemn pomposity of step have furnished the theme of more satirical doggerel probably than ever fell to the lot of mortal man before. One of the clevrest of these squibs, by William Allen Butler in his witty "Nothing to Wear" style, recalls the thermometer incident with laughable truth to nature.

In certain circles Mr. Brown's word as to what was en regle in the conduct of a wedding or an entertainment was about as absolute as that of Worth in matters of costume.

In the period when so many large fortunes were made suddenly there were hosts of new people who wished to get into society of some sort or other, and for the fashionable crush invented about this period Mr. Brown, probably more than any other man, was responsible. His office was besieged by fashionably dressed women who wished to get Mr. Brown to manage an affair was to be sure of a "crush," done in the latest style. To meet the emergency, the popular sexton effected the organization of a corps of handsome young fellows, clerks in wholesale houses—sometimes styled "Brown's Brigade," and sometimes "Brown's Five Hundred." They were bound to dress fashionably. Good dancing was a necessity, and there were certain rules that had to be observed. They were not, for instance, to presume upon an acquaintance formed at a party to which the invitation had come through Mr. Brown, and must not lift their hats to ladies on the street merely because they had waltzed or flirted with them a little the evening before. The arrangement was perfectly understood, and when Brown could be induced to undertake the affair the lady was sure of an array of handsome young fellows that would make her "crush" the envy of her next neighbor. But abuses finally crept in, undesirable acquaintances were formed, and the brigade was disbanded. Still, no any accident smuggled into the drawing-rooms of the old families. For the new people Mr. Brown would not undertake an affair save on his own conditions, and no man could snub a suppliant in velvet more gorgeously than he.

But he never snubbed blood; his reverence for "family" was unbounded. It was a boast of his in his old days that no plebian could deceive him on that score. It was something to see him, years ago, encounter a Livingston, for instance, and mark the courtly grace with which he bowed almost to the earth, and to hear the respectful salutation, uttered in a tone so elevated that every Livingston instantly caught the name. He was discreet, too, in announcing the names of arrivals at a party or reception, and while distinguished guests were sure to be trumpeted in tones that could be heard to the furthest corner of the drawing-room, the obscurities were allowed to slip in without undue publicity. At one time, before fashion deserted the district south of Union square, the sexton of Grace church was reputed to have amassed a large fortune; and it is certain that in those early times he was often paid fabulous prices to manage an entertainment. Mr. Brown's list of funerals was scarcely smaller than his wedding list, and many curious anecdotes are told of his mingled shrewdness and solemnity. He had a set formula of sympathy, in which the social standing, splendid physique and many virtues of the deceased were enumerated. While he took the measurement he now and then, in undertone, suggested double-plated trimmings, extra diamond screws, etc.—as though he regretted extremely to descend to these trivial details. Thus mingling his eulogy with practical suggestions in parenthesis, he took his orders without appearing to come down to prose at all. He was the very ideal of a master of ceremonies at a funeral, with his ample dress-coat, solemn breadth and heaviness of countenance, and slow and measured movement.

Mr. Beecher on Elocution.

I had from childhood a thickness of speech arising from a large palate, so that when a boy I used to be laughed at for talking as if I had pudding in my mouth. When I went to Amherst, I was fortunate in passing into the hands of John Lovell, a teacher of elocution, and a better teacher for my purpose I cannot conceive. His system consisted in drill, or the thorough practice inflexions by the voice, of gesture, posture and articulation. Sometimes I was a whole hour practicing my voice on a word—like justice. I would have to take a posture, frequently at a mark chalked on the floor. Then we would go through all the gestures; exercising each movement of the arm and throwing open the hand. All gestures except those of precision go in curves, the arm rising from the side, coming to the front, turning to the left or right. I was drilled as to how far the arm should come forward, where it should start from, how far go back and under what circumstances these movements should be made. It was drill, drill, drill, until the motions almost became a second nature. Now, I never know what movements I shall make. My gestures are natural because this drill made them natural to me. The only method of acquiring effective elocution is by practice, of not less than an hour a day, until the student has his voice and himself thoroughly subdued and trained to right expression.—*Christian Union.*

It is calculated that the 10,000,000 barrels of beer reported by the brewers' congress as having been sold last year would have filled a canal five feet deep and twenty-one feet wide, extending from New York to Philadelphia, and that it would take a pump throwing thirty gallons a minute twenty-one years to pump it dry.

"GRACE CHURCH BROWN."

The Story of the Carpenter who Became a Leading Sexton and an Engineer of New York Fashion.

A New York paper has this sketch of the late "Grace Church Brown," the noted New York sexton: Mr. Brown was born in this city, in Duane street, near Chatham, in 1812. After attaining a common school education he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and worked at that trade until 1836, when Grace church was completed. He received the appointment of sexton under Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Taylor, the predecessor of Mr. Potter, and from that time up to the present year was seldom absent from morning service in the church. * * Many humorous anecdotes are told of Mr. Brown, in connection with his business. On one occasion he was in charge of a reception to Baron Rothschild, during the visit of the latter to this country. The affair took place in Eighteenth street. Mr. Brown also had charge of another reception on the same night, immediately opposite the house where the baron was being entertained. The latter desired to attend the second reception, but when he reached the curbstone there was no carriages to be had. Mr. Brown took the nobleman on his back and carried him in safety across the muddy street. The late Peter Stuyvesant was an attendant at Grace church, and had a thermometer hanging immediately over his pew. One cold morning Mr. Stuyvesant arrived at the church porch. The heater did not work properly, and the old gentleman shivered with cold. Mr. Brown knew that Mr. Stuyvesant would consult the thermometer as soon as he reached his pew, and, unobserved, cunningly put his finger on the bulb of the thermometer and sent the mercury up to about ninety. When Mr. Stuyvesant reached his pew he looked at the thermometer, and concluding the church must be warm enough, sat down without making any remarks.

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