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A Farewell.

Good-bye! God speed thee on thy way
Across the waste of waters wide!
Fair winds and seas the ship betide,
With starry night and cloudless day!

Good-bye! from sight, but not from heart.
Though half the world may intervene,
In love, and hope, and trust serene,
We nevermore can be apart.

God keep thee in His tender care!
On the firm land or rolling deep
He giveth His beloved sleep,
For His strong love is everywhere.
—*S. S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine.*

What Is Life?

Eyes opening to the light, a feeble cry;
A few short years, some joys, more tears!
Eyes closing into night; a quivering sigh;
And this is life.

Hands toiling, ne'er at rest, but more and more
Eager for gain; oft tired in vain:
Hands folded on the breast, the battle o'er;
And this is life.

Heart beating warm with love, a spirit brave;
A dauntless breast, where weak may rest;
Heart-silent, ne'er to move; a quiet grave;
And this is life.

A promise of rich harvests, sowing done;
Bright hopes and trusts; but "Dust to dust
Is murmured sadly e'er the setting sun!
And this is life.

A dawning fair and bright, a toil-filled day,
Some passing showers that bring forth flowers
At even-tide light—a heavenly ray;
And this is life.

FOR LIFE.

Eleven days on the road. By no means the Union Pacific, or any other line of continuous travel, where the minimum of bounce and jerk is combined with the maximum of comfort possible under steady motion. A road still unknown to surveyor or engineer, beyond reach or thought of railroad-man or speculator, and but just opening up its two hundred miles or more of primeval forest. A road trodden only by Indians or crossed by stealthy fox or lynx, its length winding through treacherous marsh and bog, and swift-stream and deep, unbroken forest, only a "blaze" here and there, indicating at some points the course to be followed, and where too obtrusive trees were cut away, the stumps left standing at just the right height for impaling wagon-bodies and stirring up a degree or two of profanity in the drivers.

From Pembina to Crow Wing, and in those two hundred miles of a loneliness only the traveler of that region can know, what had not the patient oxen undergone? Twelve miles the average day's accomplishment, until Leech Lake and some suggestion of a civilized road had been reached. Heavy rains, swollen streams, fathomless mud-holes. Often a morning was spent in hauling wagons across a turbid and turbulent little river, and, while the oxen stood drenched and dripping after their reluctant swim to the other side, bringing over the loads, package by package, on a fallen tree, if such bridge could be discovered, or waiting while the two half-breeds swam across with them on their heads. Neddo, silent and calmly acquiescent in whatever fate might bring, served as fore and background for Boulanger, who swore in all dialects from French and English through to Creek and Chippewa, his black beads of eyes shooting fire, his small and gayly-bedecked legs dancing wildly among the packages, and his lean arms emphasizing the whirlwind of invective.

Even this had ceased to amuse. Drenched through by constant rains, tormented day and night by mosquitoes, in size, numbers and ferocity beyond the wildest imagination of the Eastern mind, endurance was all that remained. Even water-lilies palled, and for weary body and more weary mind but one desire had force—to see the low stockade of the Crow Wing agency, and an actual inn, where a real bed, even if one of four in a row, would be hailed as deliverance, and where one would find a postoffice and a daily stage, connecting this last outpost of civilization with St. Cloud, eighty miles below, and the first point where railroads could be reached.

Again a broken bridge gave another morning of unloading and swearing and reloading, and when at last the rushing river was passed and the wagon once more under way, a treacherous and shelving mud-hole suddenly swallowed up oxen and fore-wheels, dumped load and owners into its very depths, and for five minutes seemed likely to hold them there. Then all struggled out together, and while Boulanger shrieked with rage and Neddo examined pole and wheels and fished out the provision-basket, putting the contents on a damp log to dry, patience at last took flight, and like the ancient prophet in one of his very many trials and predicaments, "I spake with my tongue; I opened wide my mouth."

"I will not stay in this nest of mosquitoes and flies and wait hours for this final catastrophe to unsnarl. I shall march on to Gulf Lake, where there is a beach, unless this last flood has turned it to water, and there I can sit in the sand and get dry. Of course, now there is no reaching Crow Wing to-night, and we must make our camp at the lake."

For this journey was by no means a first or second one, and the ox-team was simply one more experience of frontier traveling. Canoe and flat-train and Indian pony had all been tried, and either was better than this frightful crawl, inch by inch, as it were. At Gulf Lake, the first camping point the previous year, ten miles above Crow Wing, had been a solitary wigwam, tenanted by a toothless but amiable squaw, who gave me fresh pickerel roasted in the scales over her fire, and affording a new sense of what flavor and savor natural methods may hold, and potatoes hardly bigger than walnuts, but dug in my honor from the field she had planted. Perhaps she would be there to-day. In any case, alone or with such society as she could give, there waited for me the clear, still, blue water in its setting of silvery sand, the blasted pine with its eagle's nest, the hush and serenity of the silent forest. Five miles under the pines, where one was less tormented by mosquitoes, and then came a final one—a wade rather than a walk. I had forgotten the bog and the corduroy had sunk quite out of sight, though I could feel it now and then below the black mud which held tenaciously to each foot by turn and yielded with a long, slow suck, like a smack of evil satisfaction over my tribulations.

Ten thousand hands could not have availed against that gray column of mosquitoes, whose sound seemed at last a trumpet call to other columns, and which, in spite of headgear and leather gloves, penetrated the unknown and unguarded chink or crevice.

Through the swamp at last and out once more under the friendly pines, and I ran, knowing the goal was near, and seeing soon the flashing sunlight on the blue water. There was a bending figure near the lake. Along the brook emptying into it corn and peas and beans were growing, and, actually, balsams and even sweet-peas at the end!

"My squaw has been brought over to white man's fashions," I say half aloud, and then stopped short, as the figure sprang up and turned with a subdued "my gracious!" when she saw the mud-coated and caked, torn, and most disreputable-looking apparition before her. So wan a face, such watery and faded, yet somehow intense blue eyes, so infinitesimal a nub of hair, so shadowy yet resolute a wraith, I had never yet encountered, even in remotest and most unfriended cabin, where a woman's life means the speedy loss of every trace of comeliness and grace.

"Well, I call it a providence!" she said, coming forward with a sort of silent rush as if carried by the wind.

"The first day I've ever been lonesome a mite or thought to care, but he's gone below three days now, an' Shahweah off for berries, an' I did say jest now, be the pond there, it was a leetle lonesome. An' then to think of a white woman bein' what I should see! It does beat all! Where be you from? I reckon it's a dry country you've left behind you," she added with a twinkle, "for you have brought all the mud with you. Now you come straight up along with me, an' I'll scrape you off some. Where's your folks?"

"Six miles back in a mud-hole," I answered, with the ghostly impression still strong upon me. The voice was only a husky whisper, and a nearer view only intensified the bloodlessness of the skin hardly hiding the poor bones below. The woman laughed.

"You think I'm a poor show," she said. "Folks gin'ly do; but I'm health itself to what I was."

"You were not here when I went up a year ago?"

"No; I come in November. When you're in some of my clothes an' have had a cup of tea I'll tell you all about it. There's the house. Aint that pretty for Gulf Lake? Kinder comfortable?"

Comfortable! A palace could not have held a tenth of all the word meant! A "but and a ben" only, but how spotlessly neat! Morning-glories and hops climbing over door and window, where white curtains hung; a snow-white bed, shut in by mosquito-bar; a square of rag carpet on the floor; stove and tins polished to their utmost capacity—one of shining blackness, the other of shining brightness—a dresser holding civilized dishes; a shelf, where two or three books lay—the Bible, Whittier's poems and "David Copperfield," and a pile of well-worn papers; an old-fashioned rocking-chair with patch-work cushions, and "light stand" near it; and, to complete the curious mixture of old New England farmhouse and frontier-cabin, a warming-pan hanging between the windows, its copper face shining like everything else.

"You think that's a queer thing to tote out West?" said my hostess, who had already spread a cloth and put on fresh water to boil for the promised cup of tea. "I fetched on it before I was big enough to reach it, hangin' there in grandmother's kitchen up in Vermont, an' when I went West, leastways what was West forty years ago—to Pennsylvany—I took it along for old times, and then to Illinois an' Minnesota an' here we both are up here. You'd say it wasn't much more use than Timothy Dexter's ship-load for the West Injies; but he made a fortune out o' that, an' I sort of expect good luck from this one. Now, before that kettle biles, you might freshen up a mite. The heft of it we won't do nothin' to till you've had your tea."

Words can never tell the delight of that freshening—first in cold water in a real wash-basin, then the tea, drank to an accompaniment of narrative poured out as if mere speech were a gift straight from heaven. An indomitable cheerfulness, a resolute grasp of these shadowy threads of life, seemed the strongest characteristic of this creature in whose faded eyes quick gleams of expression came and went, and whose alertness and even vivacity were miraculous testimonies to the imperious will that governed the frail body, no matter what human weakness interposed.

In the beginning, the story proved one I had often heard—the exodus of forty years before, when New England, more especially its northern portion, seemed emptying itself into the West, the white-covered, heavily-laden wagons passing day by day through the old towns, gazed upon by the more conservative with apprehension and dismay.

"I hankered after home; I do it even now, once in a great while," the shadowy woman went on; "but I ain't goin' to dwell on that. Likely's not, you've heerd forty folks say the same thing. But what you hain't heerd I'm goin' to tell you now. He came from Maine, as maybe, I don't say—born a lumberman, an' his father one before him. An' so, when Minnesota opened up, it come easy to put out o' Illinois, where farmin' never suited him, an' where there wasn't a stick o' timber, except along the river-bottoms, an' he always half pinin' for it. He knows his business an' soon fe'l into work, an' we settled down in Minneapolis; that's about as folksy a place as you'll find. But you see I wasn't never over strong, an' I'd shook in them bottoms till it's my belief there wasn't an inch inside of me that kept jest the place the Lord had laid out to have it keep. Folks said the trouble was your gall ran out into your liver; but I said your liver ran where it was a mind to, an' your stomach into whatever else there was, an' morn'n likely interfered with your lungs an' kept you from having a long breath. That's the way it looked to me, even after I got settled in Minneapolis, for mine got shorter an' shorter, an' at last, in spite of me, I was in bed, an' the folks sayin' I shouldn't never see spring.

"Now, the children had died as fast as they come almost. There wasn't one left; an' Hiram is set by natur' on what's his own, an' it seemed as if he couldn't stand it to lose me, too. We'd been unlucky, too—burned out once an' the bank broke that had our money in it, such as it was—an' he was pretty low; an' when time come to go up to camp he half broke down, an' he said:

Malviny, I can't. Supposin' you shouldn't be here when I came back. I had better go as hand in a mill, an' earn less.'

"'Hiram,' I said, 'you take me along with you.' You never saw a man look more scared, for he thought I was goin' out o' my mind. But I hadn't noticed folks an' ways for nothin,' an' I said: 'Don't you know jest as well as the next one that the doctors keep sendin' consumptive folks up into the pineries? an' if your camp ain't as good as another, I'd like to know. I can't more'n die, anyway; an' I'm sick of bein' tucked up in bed an' an air-tight chokin' me day an' night, an' I'm goin' with you.' 'Malviny, you can't,' he said, 'it's all men. There ain't no place.' 'Then make a place,' says I. '"Tain't fit,' says he. 'Women don't know anything about a passel of men together.' 'Then the more reason for findin' out, an' seein' if they can't be made decent,' says I, 'if that's what you mean. I feel to know I shan't die if I can git up there; but go I will, if I have to walk an' can't do more'n ten steps a day.'

"Well, he knew I was set, an', though I didn't put my foot down very often, I had it down then, square, an' he set in a brown study awhile, an' he says: 'Well, Malviny, 'tain't no time to cross you, an' I never wanted to yet. If you think you'll hold out, I'll start up the country to-morrow an' see about havin' a separate cabin next to camp. They're fixin' for winter now, an' I kin go an' come in a week. But I don't see how you'll stand it, an' I don't believe you will.' 'Then I can be buried in the woods,' says I; 'I always did have a hankerin' to lay down for good unde pine trees.

"Well, he went off; an' I will say I didn't see myself how I could live till he got back, for I had another time of raisin' blood that very night. It came pourin' straight out; but I said: 'I won't give in. It can't all run out, an' I calculate there'll be enough left to keep me goin.'

"Folks wouldn't believe it, but by the time Hiram got back I could crawl to the window. I sot there when he came in sight, an' he was astonished as you'd want to see. But he had to lay in an' git picked for goin' up, an' the very morning all was ready I must needs come down again. Well, he waited a day, an' then he says: 'I'll go with the load, Malviny, an' fix up a bit, an' then I'll come back an' take you up on a empty sled, so's to make room for a bed an' things for you to go easier.' 'I wan't to go now,' I says; 'I shall be dead if I don't.' Well we argued some back an' forth, an' at last he says: 'It ain't no use, Malviny. All's ready now, an' I'm goin' now, an' I'll come back for you as I said;' an' off he started for the barn. I was up that minute an' into my warm things in spite of Mrs. Smith tryin' to stop me, an' when he drove round an' come in I jest walked to the door. 'No, you don't,' he says, an' jest took me up an' laid me on the bed an' run.

"What got into me then I couldn't tell; Lord carried me along, I reckon. Anyway, I run too, Mrs. Smith after me, an' Hiram jest drivin' off, an' there I stuck to the runner and wouldn't let go. Hiram was pale as a ghost, an' most cryin', an' he says, 'For the Lord's sake, go back, Malviny,' an' I says, 'For the Lord's sake I won't,' an' jest crawled up into the buffaloes alongside o' him. 'There's one chance in a million of your gettin' there alive,' he says, 'an', if you're bound to go on that one, we'll try it, that's all;' an' off we went.

"Well, whether 'twas the notion or the air away from the air-tight, or caryin' the p'int, I couldn't tell, but I grew more an' more chirp with every mile. eat quite a dinner, an' slep' all night, an' Hiram he jest kept still an' waited. I knew he was waitin'. But we got through at last, an' into these very pine woods beginnin' at Crow Wing. sniffed 'em, an' knew life was in 'em if it was anywheres. When Hiram drove up before the camp, an' Smith, the overseer, come out, he looked a minute, an' then swore right out: 'Be you turnin' into a blamed fool at your time o' life, to be bringin' a dead woman into camp?' he says. But I knew I wasn't anywheres near dyin', an' Smith knows it too, now. I'd give a sight if he wasn't below. He's so contented to have me round again, he says he don't care if we never stir from here the rest of our lives: an' I'm sure I don't an' wouldn't. I walk under them pines, an' smell 'em deep in' an' I says, 'Here's your life-elixir, an' no mistake;' an' if folks knew it they wouldn't die in little close rooms, but come out under 'em. I was always a master-hand for out-doors, an' he helps along the house-work, so't we can garden together, an' Shahweah does what he an' me ain't a mind to. Mostly as long as daylight lasts I putter round outside; an' I ain't sure but what I shall be an old woman yet, even if I hain't but a piece of a lung left.'

"As for them men, you never see twenty fellows more set on bein' agreeable than they was. For all havin' to whisper, I always managed to make 'em hear, an' I did odds an' ends for 'em, an' they went in an' out, an' told stories, an' sung, an' one night I even danced; an' I never had a more sociable winter. I thought he'd be a leetle lonesome when they went below; but he takes a sight of comfort in the paper—we've had it from the beginnin'—an' he don't seem to mind one mite. I always read considerable, an' I go over an' over the few books we've got, an' find somethin' new every time. And I expect you'll laugh when I tell you the only thing that ever makes me lonesome or skeery. 'Tain't Injins; I don't see but what they're folksy enough, when you git over their blankets. It's loons. I say they're the lonesomest thing in natur', an' when they holler I jest crawl all over. But then I can git along even with them. An' now I'd like to know how you come here, an' all about it, every word; but I'm dreadful sorry he ain't to home."—*Helen Campbell, in Lippincott.*

How They Used to Travel.

In the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles II., of England, was established the first turnpike road where toll was taken, which intersected the counties of Hertford, Cambridge and Huntingdon. Until the middle of the eighteenth century, however, most of the merchandise conveyed from place to place was transported on pack-horses through short distances. Between distant places a cart was used, a pack-horse not being able to transport a sufficient quantity of goods to pay the cost of the journey. The common carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning. In 1678 a coach for passengers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, was drawn by six horses, and the journey to and fro was completed in six days. In 1750 the coach took thirty-six hours to the journey. In 1849 the same journey was made by a route three miles longer, in one hour and a half.

In the year 1763 there was but one stage-coach between Edinburgh and London. They started once a month from each of these cities. It took a fortnight to perform the journey.

In 1835 seven coaches started daily between London and Edinburgh, which performed the journey in less than forty-eight hours.

In 1763 the number of passengers by the coaches between London and Edinburgh could not have exceeded about twenty-five monthly. In 1835 the coaches conveyed about 140 passengers daily.

Until the close of the last century the internal transport of goods in England was performed by wagon, and was so expensive as to exclude every object except manufactured articles and such as, being of light weight and small bulk in proportion to their value, would allow a high rate of transport. Thus the charge from London to Leeds was at the rate of £13 a ton, being 13 1-2d. per ton per mile. Between Liverpool and Manchester it was 40s. a ton, or 15d per ton per mile. Heavy articles, such as coal and other materials, could only be available for commerce where their position favored transport by sea, and consequently many of the richest districts of the kingdom remained unproductive.

General Budlong A. Morton, alias Thomas A. Marvin, the celebrated swindler and bigamist, has earned a term of solitary confinement by an attempt to break out of the Virginia penitentiary.

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie.

HEALTH HINTS.

Samuel Deaton, of Christiansburg, Ohio, who had rheumatism nineteen years, says the following is what cured him: "1 quart rye whisky, 1 oz. wild cherry bark (root), 1 oz. prickly ash root, 1 oz. yellow dock root, 1 oz spikenard root, 1 oz. genetian root, 1 oz. gum myrrh. If one bottle don't cure you, try another. Take three drinks a day. Two bottles cured me."

White bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subject of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy and well nourished.

The habit of commencing dinner with soup has without doubt its origin in the fact that aliment in this fluid form—in fact, readily digested—soon enters the blood and refreshes the hungry man, who, after a considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exhaustion to commence his principal meal. In two or three minutes after he has taken a plate of good warm soup, the feeling of exhaustion disappears and irritability gives way to he rising sense of good-fellowship with the circle. The soup introduces at once into the system a small installment of ready digested food, and saves the short period of time which must be spent by the stomach in deriving some nutriment from solid aliment, as well as indirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forthcoming duties.

What the Japanese Eat.

M. T. Van Buren, United States consul general at Japan, presents in a blue book some interesting facts in regard to the food of the Japanese people. With a population of 30,000,000 people, there is to be found in the whole country but little more than 1,000,000 head of cattle. Of these only 600,000 can be considered fit for food. Therefore there are but two head of cattle for each one hundred people, whereas in the United States we have for one hundred mouths seventy-three, cattle to fill them. Japan slaughters however, 36,000 head of cattle, more than one-half of which is eaten by the foreign population, the rest being consumed by the Japanese army and navy. Mutton and pork are, outside of the treaty ports, almost unknown.

Fish enters largely into the food of the people. Mr. Van Buren mentions that "cod, salmon, herring, mackerel, salmon trout, carp, eels, skate mullet, catfish and plaice are plentiful and cheap." It is known that the government has taken active measures in regard to fish culture, and endeavors in every way to increase the products of the sea, sending for all American publications on these topics. The consul states that "one-half of the people eat fish every day, one-quarter two or three times a week, and the balance perhaps once or twice a month." It is their habit to eat a great many varieties of fish raw. But the Japanese are more essentially vegetarians than even the Chinese, and all the land marine plants, with the tubers, seem to be placed under contribution.

Among exceptional food plants Mr. Van Buren mentions an acorn which grows on a small bush from three to four feet high; it has less sugar than the nut from the chestnut tree of America, but has the merit of being free from astringent and bitter qualities. Large quantities of these nuts are gathered, dried and eaten by the people in various ways. We hear a great deal about glucose and dextrine in the United States, and we find from Mr. Van Buren's report that the Japanese use in large quantities a substance which they call ame. "This is a preparation made from malted barley and rice or millet, the malt covering the starch of the rice or millet into dextrine and maltose, and the product varying from a thick sugar or honey up to a hard candy." This ame is sold at a low price and its consumption is very large.

Law Expenses.

Twenty-eight years ago a citizen of New York, who died in that city, left an estate worth a quarter of a million of dollars, which he bequeathed by will to his son of the same name. But the will was disputed by the usual course of law, and the suit has just terminated in favor of the heirs, the son being dead. What remains of the estate appears to be worth about $35,000. All the rest has been swallowed up in law expenses. This is not by any means an exceptional case, but it fairly illustrates the rapid increase of the expenses of litigation, especially in reference to property rights, and how much chance the average public stands of bettering itself by resorting to protracted legal contests for the settlement of property rights, which could and should be amicably adjusted by compromise.

A still more striking case has recently made the rounds of the American press as having occurred in one of the law courts of the Middle States. A sharp trickster appears to have taken advantage of some legal technicality to institute suits before a local magistrate against large numbers of non-resident property holders and business men upon bogus claims for small sums of money. In all these cases the parties—very well knowing that they owed no such money—neglected to appear before the magistrate to plead in the cases. Of course judgment was given against them by default. Then the game was to permit these judgments to remain unnoticed until after the time had expired for taking appeals. When that was done the claims were put into the hands of the regular judicial authorities for collection, and of course had to be paid.

Barnum and the Bunko Man.

An old gentleman strolling leisurely up Broadway, New York, was accosted by a well-dressed young man, who slapped him on the back, saying:

"Why Mr. Williams, how are you? How are all the friends in Scranton?" "My name is not Williams," was the reply, "and I don't know anything about Scranton." The young man insisted that he could not be mistaken and followed, talking volubly, till the elderly gentleman turned round and said: "Look here. My name is P. T. Barnum, and unless you clear out immediately I'll have you behind the bars in the nearest police station in less than five minutes. I was a resident of this city before you were born. Now go." And he went.

Senator Fair lives in Charles Sumner's old quarters at Washington. The senator is the richest man in Congress, and probably the richest officeholder in the world. His leisure is devoted to the study of finance.

SUNDAY READING.

A Peculiar Prayer.

Rev. George C. Miln, pastor of Unity church, Chicago, has abandoned petitional prayer, and in place of saying "Let us pray," now says, "Let us hold communion together." He prefaced a recent sermon by the following monologue:

Again we close our eyes upon the world of care and toil, that we may open them upon a world of peace and pure reflection. We would leave behind all sadness, all anxiety and all gloomy thought, and take counsel at this time of our holiest impulses and our serenest philosophy. We would give free rein to all that is best within us—to "run and be glorified," and banish all that is unworthy and gross. We come here to think, in order that presently we may feel. May we think clearly and honestly. May we stimulate each other with such enthusiasm for truth as will lift us above servile regard for popular opinion. Oh, that we may be at least true, and unconventional, and brave with out boastfulness. And may the truth beget in us its most blessed fruits. May sympathy be our daily garb, and honor the habit of our life. May charity shine in all our acts, and modulate with its sweet emphasis all our conversation. May we despise all littleness as unworthy of men. May we be true of heart, gentle of speech, honest in thought, modest in utterance, and above all may our communion with each other so beget within us the spirit of love as that we shall be above unkind and stupid speech about each other. May we build up in ourselves and so also in others, true nobility of character, being kind to the poor, gentle to the sick, merciful to the fallen and charitable to the rich, and thus help dispel the clouds which conceal the dawning of humanity's ideal day. Amen.

Religious Intelligence.

There are in Kansas 299 Presbyterian churches, with 12,044 members.

The Baptist churches of Massachusetts raised for all purposes last year $624,594.

Mr. F. Wise, of Ireland, has given $100,000 toward the restoration of the cathedral in Cork.

Michigan has 174 Presbyterian churches, with 16,156 communicants; Iowa 355 churches, with 20,812 communicants.

The jubilee fund of the English Congregationalists now amounts to $500,000, all of which has been raised since October, 1881.

The Mississippi Northern Methodist conference reports 21,982 members, 2,853 probationers, 304 churches, valued at $20,165, and 364 Sunday-schools.

The *Methodist* says it has reported 12,971 conversions in 1882. It thinks that as an evangelistic force Methodism shows no signs of weakening, but many of its converts go to other churches.

It is reported in Japan that the government is about to re-establish Shintoism as the religion of the state, and to combat by all possible means Buddhism and the progress made by Christianity.

The total indebtedness reported by the Methodist churches in Philadelphia at the conference of 1881 was $542,967. It has since been reduced to perhaps $500,000. There are but ten churches free from debt.

Archdeacon Macdonald, an Episcopal missionary in British America, has a field of work on the confines of the Arctic circle extending over about twenty degrees of longitude. About 1,500 natives have been baptized, and more than 100 are communicants.

Hints on Calling.

On leaving, never mistake a silk umbrella for your cotton one. You may be termed eccentric.

Do not wear your muddy gums in the parlor, and wipe them on the carpet. It isn't æsthetic.

If you are requested to "call again" suggest that you are willing to take something on account.

Do not attract attention by consulting your watch. You might be mistaken for a car starter.

Do not talk too much of your valuable jewelry. The hostess may think you have too much "brass."

Never commence a conversation by referring to the weather. You may be taken for a lightning rod agent.

Do not ask point blank how much the paintings cost. Just casually inquire where the lady buys her tea.

Beware of making free with the dog. He may be capable of distinguishing between a gentleman and a rogue.

Do not carry your lighted cigar into the drawing-room. The odor of cabbage may be distasteful to the hostess.

Do not make the first call if you are a new-comer in the neighborhood. Just wait until you have made several.

On entering, always let your lady precede you. If the family you are visiting keep a bad dog you may find it healthier to do so.

If the baby is handed you to hold, do not stick pins in the cherub's body. It may be a little sensitive, and you may hurt its feelings.

Do not open or shut doors or windows, or alter the arrangements of the room. When you want to get out, climb through the fan-light.

Do not tattle. Do not carry gossip from one family to another. If you have a wife let out the job to her. She will do it more effectually.

When a lady has called who has recently returned from a sojourn, do not wait until she is taking her leave before you remark that you "are glad to see her back." It may sound a little suggestive.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Touching Incident.

A touching incident occurred at the Midlothian mines, Virginia. Superintendent Dodds mounted a coal car and addressing the wailing throng of women and children, said: "My poor friends, it grieves me to have to state to you that for the present our search for the bodies of those you knew and loved will have to be abandoned. You know what fire in a coal mine means, and it may take months of watching to subdue it. We will close the pit now." The speaker's voice quivered with emotion. When he finished, a beautiful little girl of fourteen years, Annie Crowder, the only daughter of one of the victims, uttered a piercing scream and rushed to the mouth of the pit, crying: "Oh, do not leave my dear papa to burn down there. Let me get into the cage to go down after him. Let me save him." The strong arms of the miners held her back as the fragile thing tried to make her way to the cage, and more than one blackened face was made blacker as the hand went up to wipe away the tears. Men sobbed aloud and turned away to conceal their emotion. The little girl, finding her progress barred, swooned at the mouth of the pit.

How Rugs Are Made.

How many who stop to admire the show windows of our carpet dealers know how the rug is made? That it is woven somehow is all that is apparent as it lies there warm, soft, bright with a dozen colors, fruits, birds or figures. The rug is twice woven, and this is its history: First, the border and center that is to form the pattern is designed; then painted in straight lines upon paper, containing a ruled scale, and in the proper colors that are afterward to appear on the rug. This paper rug is then cut up into strips, each containing two spaces of the scale, and these papers are the pattern that the first or weft weaver is to follow.

In weaving weft a warp beam of say 200 threads in width and a wheep beam of 100 threads in width are required. Two threads of the first and one of the second pass through the same split in the reed at regular intervals of say one-third of an inch, the intervening splits of the reed being empty. The paper pattern is fastened to the middle of the work, and the weaver follows it exactly as it is painted; that is, the pattern may need six threads of crimson, two of black, twelve of corn, ten of green olive, and so on, the weaver filling the "spot" exactly as to length and color. Having woven the full length of the paper as painted on the left-hand space the paper is begun again and the painting in the right-hand space is followed, and when all the papers which, laid side by side, form the rug, have been thus gone over the weft for the rug is finished.

The roll of weft-cloth is then run through the cutting machine, a ten inch cylinder, around which a continuous thread of knife blades is wound. The cylinder is revolved at a high rate of speed, and the weft-cloth, passing within range of the knives, is cut into strips by them. These strips do not unravel, because in weaving the wheep-thread is twisted about the two warp-threads and the filling is locked in. After twisting each strip to change it from being a flat thread into a round thread, it is wound upon a bobbin, and is ready for the second weaver, who is called the setter.

The warp of the rug is black flax; and the setter uses two shuttles, alternately—a small one, containing a bobbin of two-ply or three-ply flax, and a large one for the unwieldy bobbin of weft. A white thread on each side, and one in the middle of the black wrap are the guides to the setter, who sees that certain parts of the weft-thread come under those white threads before he presses the weft in. Each bobbin of weft will weave about three inches of the rug; so, if the rug is one yard long it will require about twelve bobbins, which mean twelve pieces of weft-cloth to complete it. But these twelve pieces, having each been cut up into ninety-six identical strips, will make ninety-six similar rugs. Therefore should the weft weaver put in, say, eight threads (one-half inch in length) of a wrong color or shade, that error would appear in ninety-six rugs. The setter having finished the ninety-six sets of twelve bobbins, the rugs are ready for finishing. The machine through which they pass gives the surface off evenly, and brushes them free of fragments of the materials used. This treatment brings out every detail of the design and heightens the colors. Most of the rugs made here are of flax and wool; others are of silk and shoddy silk. The weft for the silk rugs has eight strips to the inch, and to cut it requires 288 knife blades, each one of which must have a razor edge. The weft cloth and the blades must be set to a nicety, since the variation of the sixteenth of an inch would make the knives cut the 288 threads instead of the filling between the threads. There is a firm in Glasgow, Scotland, who manufacture for the royal houses of Europe such elaborate designs as the Lord's supper, the weft-weaver, in some cases, using 400 different shuttles.

The Curious Lacquer Ware of Japan.

The lacquer ware of Japan and China is already well known to collectors of bric-a-brac. The lacquer ware of Burmah is not so well known, and is distinguished by an extreme thinness and flexibility. The supreme test of excellence in such ware is that the sides can be bent in until they touch without breaking the ware or cracking the varnish. These peculiar Eastern wares do not admit of reproduction by Western mechanics, owing to the peculiar character of the materials used. It was once thought that the Chinese and Japanese lacquered goods were a species of papier mache, but it is now known that they are made of native woods treated with the juice of the urushi tree.

A Burman has furnished to an English paper an interesting explanation of the mysteries of the flexible Burmese lacquered ware. It seems that the smooth, polished articles of that sort are really bamboo baskets. In Burmese forests grows a huge tree whose leaves can hardly be seen for masses of creamy white blossoms, with a fragrant apple odor. These blossoms when cooled in a certain way make an acceptable dish. From the trunk of the tree is obtained a dark, thick juice that becomes jet black upon exposure to the air. The finely plaited bamboo articles are coated with juice. Afterward pastes, composed of the thit-see juice and certain wood dusts are laid on. Then follow pastes of the thit-see juice and bone ashes. The surface is smoothed and polished by rubbing, and a fine gloss is given by the use of a powdered, petrified wood. Red is almost invariably the ground color, but a curious checker work is produced by rubbing down the red paint until the edges of the bamboo wicker work are brought up enough to show the black wood oil through the vermilion layer. The colors used in the decoration of the ware are red, green and yellow, applied in vegetable oils. In this way the Burmese make ware of wonderful lightness, flexibility and strength, from small drinking cups and betel boxes up to an elaborate structure six feet high, with seven sacred spires, which the king sends laden with food under the royal umbrellas to a celebrated pagoda in Mandalay.

The thit-see juice has many uses. Applied to marble or clay images it enables them to take on gilding. Umbrellas are always varnished with it to make them impervious to rain, and all the racing and war boats in the country are made by it more water-tight than the best calking in the world could effect.

The Panama Canal.

Should the projected canals across the Isthmus of Panama ever be completed, it will be at a terrible cost of human life. The climate is very unhealthful and laborers cannot be provided with proper food.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

A rich Frenchman who had a desire to know how a camel roast would taste, paid $4,000 for an animal to get his roast from. It tasted like beef.

FOR THE LADIES.

Spring Millinery.

The first importations of bonnets show straws in great variety, to the exclusion of chip braids; the latter are said to be so fragile that they scarcely last through a season, and the fine straws are made as light as chip, and are far more durable. English split straws and Milan braids will probably find most favor, as they come in very narrow braids of satin-like luster, and are very light in weight; these are shown in two shades of cream white and ecru, and are in all the new shapes both of bonnets and round hats. These fine straws are also colored deep green, brown, blue, garnet and black for bonnets to wear with special costumes, or with white or black dresses.

The red hats that were so fashionable last summer are repeated in darker shades, and in these smooth light braids as well as in the heavy looking rough straws. Manila braids are brought out in deeper ecru tints than any worn last year, and are liked particularly for large pokes and wide-brimmed round hats. The porcupine braids with stiff bristling loops of the straw are shown again, and there are the scalloped-edged rough straws that were worn alike for dress and undress hats last year. Satin straw, Milan and split straws are used for the small capote bonnets that will be chosen for dress, and also for the larger shapes for watering places.

The yellowish Tuscan braids are always liked for summer bonnets, and are now largely imported in plain, smooth braids, and in the fancy lace straws that were offered last year, but did not prove popular. In the new bonnets two kinds of Tuscan braids are combined; the principal part of the bonnet is the plain Tuscan, and there are insertions of the lace straw laid flat in the crown and like a border on the brim. Thick clusters of loops of braid form a band like a ruche on the brims of bonnets and of round hats. Leghorns are imported in all the new shapes for those who can afford to purchase them and there is an effort to revive the horsehair or crinoline straws known as Neapolitan braids, but hitherto these have been of such poor qualities that they cannot be commended.

The new shapes are not new, but merely accentuate those of last year, showing larger pokes, wider brimmed round hats, and small capotes. The pokes have crowns of various shapes—round, tapering and almost square—while the front projects upward so high that the fashion of trimming next the face will have to be resorted to in order to fill up this great space. There are small clusters of fine flowers to be used for this purpose, stuck about irregularly in the way seen in the bonnets of a hundred years ago. There are also three-quarter wreaths that are to be worn just across the upper part of the inside brim of pokes, and to be placed at will, as best becomes the wearer's face, on the new round hats. These trails of flowers are also to be put on the outside of dressy small bonnets, almost covering one side of them, while on the other side will be clusters of ostrich feathers. Rather small flowers are imported, although milliners predict that the large crushed roses and other double flowers without foliage will be used. For medium small bonnets the coronet fronts are used; and there are some pokes that have the edge of the brim rolled back like a coronet. The round hats retain the large shapes of last year that are capable of being made so picturesque and becoming. The brims are very wide and flat, and are without wires, so that they can be made into almost any desired shape, but it is said they will be worn quite flat on the head, in peasant fashion, with the brim straight all around.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fashion Notes

New trains are pear-shaped.

Gold tulle trims evening dresses.

Velvet dresses need little trimming.

Yellow diamonds are in great favor.

Guipure guimps are in new dresses.

Silver gray is revived as a fashionable dress color.

Buttercup yellow is a fashionable spring color.

Bonnets grow larger and the poke shape prevails.

American silks and satins are winning new praise abroad.

Flowers on dinner tables grow more and more in fashion.

Æsthetic dress grows more and more in favor in England.

Large polka dotted Spanish lace neckscarfs are in high favor.

Lace will be as popular as ever for trimming summer toilets.

Kerchiefs of white, pale tinted, and black *crepe de chine* are much worn.

Black remains the choice color for the costliest and most elegant wraps.

Colored Spanish lace appears on many of the Paris trimmed hats for spring wear.

Long lace strings for brides will be more fashionable on bonnets than ribbons strings.

Crepe broche in all shades of color, pure white and cream will be used in trimming bonnets.

Felt skirts are very handsome this season, and come in all the new desirable shades of color.

Bonnets, muffs, pelerines, dress trimmings and fans made of peacock feathers are much favored.

Feather bands are considered more elegant than fur ones as trimmings for the richest wraps and costumes.

Pale pink and silver are very fashionably combined in toilets designed for young ladies' dancing parties.

Feathers and jeweled combs are more fashionable for evening coiffures than flowers, either real or artificial.

Long haired India cashmere, just because it is uncommon and unpretentious, is used alongside of the richest silk, velvet and plush cloaking fabrics for wraps of high ceremony.

How an Alligator Eats.

An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator don't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator slyly blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie and opens his great front door again for more visitors.—*Florida Letter.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

It is estimated that as the result of the persecution of Jews in