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The Morning.

"Who hath begotten the drops of dew?"
Life too hath dew-drops. 'Neath the sun
Each with an eye most diamond bright,
Views gladly in the morning light
What fingers of the night have done.

n darkness faith like sight grows dim,
But when the sun drinks up each cloud
That drapes her heart with heavy shroud
She sees the jewels left by him.

Who works in secret, silent ways
We cannot with our blinded eyes
Behold, until a vision rise
That tenderly his love displays.
—*Cottage Hearth.*

The Weather Vane.

To what shall I compare
The veering mind I bear?
Yon minion of the air,
Yon gilded shaft, my chosen emblem I declare

I turn about, about;
Controlled by every rout
That trains with Hope or Doubt;
Who smiles, I smile again, or answer flout with flout.

Within the draft I'm caught
Of all prevailing thought;
By many masters taught,
Their varying precepts I confuse and bring to naught.

A changeling me they call;
I have no stay, in all—
No shield, no rampart-wall;
I safely drift about—let others stand or fall!

I bend, I do not break;
I light obeisance make
To scourging storms that rake
The harvest from the field and shattered forests take.

Since nothing here I see
Save mutability,
With it I will agree;
Yea, I on Change's cap the nodding plume will be!

Some good remains behind;
The clear-perceiving mind
In me, at least, shall find
An index true of all the tempers of the wind!
—*Edith M. Thomas, in August Atlantic.*

A HAULED MEALER.

After days of fog a perfect morning had dawned at last for Bar Harbor. As the light first faintly stirred, then quivered into fullness in the east, earth and sky and sea shone with that magical brilliance which in coast regions follows an eclipse of mist. The islands in the bay raised their clear forms out of the intense blue water. Beyond, the Gouldsborough Hills shimmered in soft outlines. Close at hand, like a boat built and decked by fairies, lay a yacht arrived since the night before, whose slender masts and spars hung with strings of many-colored fluttering flags, outlined against the deep green of the Bar Island cliff. Even the prosaic village, with its thickly windowed barracks and uncompromising white-painted hotels, took a certain charm from the charmed light, and the air, mingling the perfume of the sea with that of numberless wild roses, seemed to breathe from paradise.

Robert Arnold stood in the doorway of Rodick's hotel, taking in the scene. Nothing but fog had been visible on his arrival the night before, and all was new and interesting. His eyes dwelt with delight on the plumy islands, the illumined yacht, the exquisite blues and ocean greens, and noted with amazement and curiosity the singularities of Bar Harbor architecture. Fresh from a long course of study in Swiss seminaries and German mining schools, America to him was less the land of his birth than a problem to be investigated.

America and Americans. He had been at home too short a time to feel familiar with either, and his shy and studious habits and lack of familiarity with society were a barrier to easy acquaintance. He lingered now, watching with a veiled interest the crowd descending to breakfast. Papas and mammas, with their broods of lively, noisy children; college students, brown with tan and muscular with our practice; girls innumerable, in all styles of blonde and brunette, but all pretty, as it seemed to him, marvelously pretty, and wonderfully well dressed, with ease of manner and aplomb such as no other girls of his limited experience had ever possessed. There was a difficulty in this universal prettiness. Like a bee in a wilderness of flowers, his eyes hovered over the broad field of beauty, sated by possibility, and puzzled where to alight, while gay good-mornings were exchanged, and an increasing clatter from the dining-room beyond showed that the morning meal was well under way.

A rattling sound attracted his attention; and looking out, he beheld a most astonishing carriage drawing up at the door of the hotel. It was simply a broad elastic plank swung between four wheels, fitted with a couple of seats, and drawn by a rough small horse—a "buckboard," in short, familiar enough to New England eyes, but a most remarkable vehicle to those of Robert Arnold, who had never before seen anything like it in any quarter of the globe.

Its occupant, besides the boy who drove it, was a young lady in a careless wrap or shawl, and a hat tied on "anyhow" over a thick knot of auburn-chestnut hair, who descended without a word, and floated past him without a glance, but whose face and air produced sudden excitement in the breast of our young metallurgist.

"Who was that," he demanded of the hotel clerk, a true son of the soil, who, availing himself of a brief leisure, had come out to snuff the morning gale.

"That?—who? Oh, her. She's one of them hauled mealers."

"One of—what did you say?"

"Mealers—hauled mealers."

"What under heaven is a hauled mealer?" demanded Robert, completely mystified.

The clerk surveyed him with a contempt but slightly tinged with pity.

"Why, where were you brought up?" he said. "Hain't you never heard before of a mealer? Mealers sleep out and come in for meals. When they're hauled in buckboards like that one they're hauled mealers. See? Guess you ain't one of our country people?"

"Yes, I am. I've been one, at least; but it's fifteen years since I've been in the United States, and I never came to Mount Desert before, and never heard of a mealer. Do you know this lady's name?"

"Well, yes, but it's kinder slipped my memory for the moment. Musty—Mustard—Musgrove. That's it—Miss Musgrove. She's stayin' over to one of them small cottages on the bank, and she's made an arrangement with Ira Higgins' folks to be hauled down to her meals."

By a happy chance, as Robert considered it, he found himself, when he strolled in to a belated breakfast, seated opposite the "hauled mealer." She seemed to have no party with her, but a pretty girl in a blue boating suit had pulled a chair close to hers and was chattering away in girl fashion, while Miss Musgrove trifled with her toast and languidly stirred a cup of ambiguous coffee.

With every glance he ventured Robert found her face more and more interesting. Not beautiful exactly, not girlish exactly, but fair with youth and the full fairness of womanhood. There was an arch softness in the mouth, a sweet gravity in the beautifully set dark brown eyes. The chestnut hair rippled like the hair of a Greek bust. The very turn of the elbow and curve of the slender wrist were full of character and grace. Her morning dress of creamy woolen stuff, with only a knot of yellow lace under the collar, was simple enough. No ornament, no contrast; but it suited her and that is all that any dress can do for any woman. To the rest she added the charm of a delightful voice, low, clear, expressive, and when she laughed it was more delightful still.

"But you will come," he heard the girl say, coaxingly.

"I'm not sure. I have something to do this morning."

"Oh, don't do it. Let it go for this one day. We want you so much."

"Not as a chaperon, surely. Your sister is going with you."

"No, not as a chaperon. We want you for yourself. Do come, Lila."

"So that's her name—and a pretty one, too. Liliaceæ, the lily genius; she is rather like a golden lily," meditated Master Robert, while apparently deep in his breakfast.

"Well, Sue, I'll consider the matter, and send word over by 11 o'clock," said the flute voice opposite.

"You bad thing! I'm dreadfully suspicious that that means you won't go," pouted the other.

"No; it only means that I am not sure." The two rose and went out together. Robert heard the rattle of the buckboard as it dashed down the street, and thought, "At dinner she will be here again."

But neither at dinner, tea nor breakfast did the fair vision appear; and when the buckboard drove up it brought only a little maid, who delivered a message, and presently drove away again with a tray of breakfast. It was not till dinner of the second day that he had another glimpse of the lady who had occupied his thoughts during a considerable portion of the interval. She wore black now, which suited her as well as white. She looked pale, and Robert heard something of a headache, but her smile was undimmed and her voice as sweet as ever.

A fortnight passed, and the situation remained unchanged. Shy by nature and stiff by habit, Robert made no advances to the closer acquaintance of his fair neighbor at table. A bow when she entered the room, another bow when she left it—that was all; yet gradually there grew over him a sense of intimate relation with her. He knew her dresses, her attitudes; he guessed at her moods, and followed the slight and mobile changes of her charming face. Miss Musgrove neither detected nor suspected this close observation on the part of her silent vis-a-vis. She saw only a gentleman-like, taciturn young man, absorbed in his breakfast or his dinner. "Rather an uncommon face," she said to herself, "not quite American," and then she forgot him. She usually brought a book or newspaper with her to table, and busied herself with it when no one was sitting with her; but this was not often, for she had a large following of young girls, who were forever running across the room to discuss plans or whisper important secrets. Several of these girls were pretty, and more than one bit of graceful by-play was aimed across Miss Musgrove's shoulder at the insensible Robert, but he never found this out. The "hauled mealer" was the first woman whom he had ever looked at closely, and he did not seem to see any face but hers. Motherless, sisterless, brought up in an almost conventual atmosphere of study, he had seen but shadows in a glass so far; now the shadows were taking substance, and like Philammon, the youthful monk of the Laura, he was filled with zeal and bewilderment. How many things there were that he had not even suspected! Was it possible that the world was full of women like this woman, so sweet, so noble, so entranoing in all their looks and ways? And then he told himself that this could not be. There was but one; she was unique, incomparable, not merely a specimen of a type. How many youthful lovers have thought and will think the same as the tide of life flows on!

Accident did our shy hero a good turn at last, as accident sometimes will. Walking by himself one afternoon along the wild shore beyond Saul's Cliff he came upon the lady of his thoughts at a moment of evident difficulty. Her little dog had slipped and fallen to the bottom of a rather high shelving cliff, the tide was making in fast, and she was evidently hesitating whether or not to climb down to his assistance—a question complicated by the doubt as to whether once down she would be able to climb up again. Robert grasped the situation promptly, and proffered help which was gladly accepted. To his experienced powers the cliff presented no difficulties, and in five minutes the rescued terrier was in his mistress' arms, and the sweet voice which Robert knew so well was uttering cordial thanks.

The dog had lamed himself in his fall, and limped and whined when set down. Another opportunity. "May I carry him home for you?" Robert asked.

"You are quite too good. I fear you will find him troublesome."

"Oh, not at all. I like dogs." So the two walked on over the cliffs, with sea vistas on one hand and mountain glimpses on the other, and before they reached the little brown cottage in the field Robert's shyness had fled under the spell of his companion's cordial ease and tact, and he found himself talking fluently and with pleasure as he had never talked to a lady before in all his life.

"What a beautiful view!" he said, gazing seaward from the door of the cottage.

"I think so. It is my favorite of all the many beautiful views at Bar Harbor. You must come and see it often, Mr. Arnold. My little piazza is quite at your service any afternoon if you want a quiet place in which to study or smoke and cannot find one to your taste at Rodick's. I never use it myself, except in the morning and evening; but I hope you will occasionally come there also to see me. Thank you so much for your kindness to Tatters."

"What a frank, charming creature!" thought Robert, as he made his way across the stubble fields toward the hotel. "How few girls are capable of such unaffected sincerity, without any hesitations or arrieres pensees. Dear me! if they only knew what an attraction it is!" Which reflection might lead to a doubt as to whether Mr. Arnold's experience of the sex at Bar Harbor had or had not been blessed to his perceptive faculties.

"Saw you walkin' with Miss Musgrove and carryin' her dawg," remarked the clerk, with a grin, as he came in. "Didn't know you at first. Thought maybe 'twas him come back."

Him?—who? Robert was too proud to ask, but the pronoun rankled in his mind.

Not for long, however. As time went on and acquaintance progressed with his charmer, and no "him" appeared to mar the harmonious flow of events, the circumstance passed from his memory. He went often to the little brown cottage in the stubble field, spending solitary afternoons there with a cigar and a mineralogical treatise, and now and then a morning tete-a-tete with its fair mistress. Sunset usually brought a rush of idlers to the piazza, and their appearance was his signal for flight. Quite at his ease now with Miss Musgrove, he was shy and difficult of access as ever to all others. He invariably reconnoitered the premises from a point of observation in the fields, and the flutter of alien petticoats on the porch would suffice to send him back again to the hotel.

Miss Musgrove, who treated him with the frankness of an older sister, rallied him occasionally on this peculiarity.

"I can't help it," he would say; "it is my bringing up."

"But you are not shy with me."

"No; but that is different. You are so—what shall I call it?—so simpatica. You understand—you put me at ease."

"So would these other ladies pretty soon if you gave them a chance."

But Robert only shook his head.

So, lapped in a foolish paradise, unwilling or unable to analyze the deepening spell which held him, Robert Arnold drifted through July, through August and into the heart of that golden September, which is only known to the dwellers of the North lands, and suddenly, like a frost in ripe roses, came the blight of hope. Miss Musgrove went suddenly away for a couple of days—to Portland, her maid said. People were quitting the island in shoals by that time, the hotels were nearly empty, and the loneliness of those two days was in part accounted for by the empty tables and the closed rooms. But when the third morning came, and Robert, with a sense of reviving life, stood ready to help his friend from her buckboard, the appalling apparition of a gentleman sitting at her side presented itself—a broad-shouldered, handsome, brown naval officer, with an evident air of proprietorship about him, which was as unpleasant as it was unaccountable.

"Who is that?" Robert demanded of the clerk, who had come out, as usual, at the sound of the wheels.

"That? why that's him."

"Her brother?"

"No; she hain't got no brother as ever I heard. That's him, I tell you—Miss Musgrove's husband. He's a lootenant or somethin', and his ship's been cruising down to the Isthmus."

"You said she was Miss Musgrove."

"Wa'al, so she is."

And then it flashed upon Robert that in the island vernacular married women and girls were alike "miss" with the difference of a letter in orthography, but no difference at all in pronunciation. He saw it all now. Such a stupid, such a ridiculous mistake as it was! But the consequences were no less hard to bear.

He went to his room and sat down to think it over. The more he reviewed the matter the more unnecessary his sufferings seemed to him, and the more distinctly his own fault. Beginning with a wrong impression, he had never given himself a chance to correct it. He had shrunk with a foolish shyness from people, when half an hour of their company would have revealed the truth. One question, the most trifling accident, would have revealed it; but he never asked the question, and always prevented the accident. The girls called her Lila; he had avoided using any name, with the instinct of a lover, when he spoke to her, and had said "you," while of her he never spoke except to himself. So he had gone on and on, plunging deeper and deeper into a vain affection, and what a fool he had been! The only comfort was that she had not been in the least to blame, and that she need never know his mistake or the pain it caused him.

A little note reached the brown cottage that afternoon.

"DEAR MRS. MUSGROVE—I am leaving Bar Harbor so suddenly that I have no opportunity to make my farewells to you. A chance has offered for a mineralogical tour in the provinces, and when this note reaches you I shall be on my way to the Grand Menan. Please accept my most cordial thanks for all your many kindnesses to me, and with my congratulations on Lieutenant Musgrove's safe return, believe me,

"Yours faithfully, ROBERT ARNOLD."

Mrs. Musgrove, sitting on her piazza with her sailor beside her, read this farewell billet smilingly.

"He was really a nice boy," she said, "shy and stiff, you know, but of good stuff. You would have liked him, Ned."

So, with an unconscious heart on shore, and a sad and sore one at sea, ended the brief and tragic romance of the "Hauled Mealer."—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Extraordinary Story.

Another remarkable story has to be added to the long list of curious and exciting narratives connected with the Nihilist cause. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Voltaire* guarantees the authenticity of the following facts which are said to have materially increased the anxiety felt in the Russian capital for the czar's safety. Shortly after the opening of the Moscow exhibition, which was recently inaugurated by the Duke Vladimir, a young man demanded an audience of the chief of police at St. Petersburg. He refused to state his errand to any of the subordinate officials, so after being carefully searched he was admitted to the presence of the general. Here he stated at once that he was sent by the revolutionary party, and explained his mission on the following terms: "The emperor is prevented from going to Moscow through his fear of our schemes. His dread will cease to be justified when he grants a constitution. Then he need fear no conspiracy, and can go with safety wherever he pleases. It has fallen to my lot to inform you that if the emperor persists in his reactionary policy nothing can save him. Neither my friends nor myself wish to murder him treacherously. Alexander III. is warned as was Alexander II. We do not assassinate, but we render justice." At this point of the interview the police officer seemed anxious to call in assistance, but the young Nihilist stopped him and added: "I do not wish to be subjected to the indignity of torture. I could have killed you, but we do not commit murders uselessly." With these words the youth stepped back a few paces, and knocked two large buttons with which his cuffs were fastened against his forehead. The buttons being full of violent explosive substance, burst, and inflicted such wounds on the young man that he expired in a few moments, leaving no trace as to his identity. The sensational incident has reminded the public that the murder of Alexander II. was preceded by similar warnings.—*London Telegraph.*

England's Iron-Clads and Big Guns.

England might have bombarded the Alexandria forts with thirty iron-clads, but she used only eight. These eight carried four eighty-ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 1,700 pounds each; ten twenty-five ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 600 pounds each; twenty-six eighteen-ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 400 pounds each; twelve twelve-ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 115 pounds each. But were the whole available fleet of thirty vessels used, 224 heavy guns would have been brought to bear on Alexandria, the least of which can pierce a plate of iron seven and seven-tenths inches thick at a distance of 500 yards. The heaviest guns penetrate iron twenty-seven and a half inches at the same distance, their projectiles being driven by a charge of 370 pounds of powder.

AMONG THE LEPERS.

A Ghastly Sight to be Witnessed in the Sandwich Islands.

A correspondent writes from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands: I went with Dr. Fitch to the branch settlement for lepers. It is an inclosure of several acres on what is called Fishermen's point, on Honolulu bay. Scattered over the grounds are scores of cottages, some connected, others detached, and the offices and buildings used by Dr. Fitch's assistants. Imagine, if you can, a settlement of Anglo-Saxons, or people of any other highly civilized race, all of them afflicted with, and all more or less deformed, by an incurable and horrible disease—knowing it to be incurable, and seeing themselves and each other dropping to pieces from its dread effects. I cannot imagine such a picture, because I honestly believe that suicide would make a settlement impossible among any other than a people still barbarians, or else in the childhood of civilization. Such was the settlement I visited. There were men, women and children living in a world apart from ours, having nothing worth living for save mere existence, a succession of days, marked only by slow consummation of the death that had already seized upon their bodies, and had already deprived them of portions, which were already returned to dust.

There were in that strange and unnatural community marriages, births, deaths. I would not attempt to describe in detail the unrelieved ghastliness of the sights there, yet not one of the inmates who helped to make up the absolute dreadfulness of the scene failed to greet us with a smile and cordial aloha.

That only served to emphasize the darkness of the picture. I said not one; yet there was one. On a bed in a little cottage room, whose open door faced the dark, cool canons back of the city, and whose window looked out upon the lovely bay and let in the lazy murmur of waves breaking over the coral reefs, lay a native woman, dying. Nearly all of her right hand had dropped off, but in the remnants of her fingers she held a feather fan, which she faintly waved across her distorted face, to cool the hot, aching eyes that had not been closed for months, the paralyzed muscles of her eyelids refusing their duty.

As the doctor spoke pleasantly to her she turned her glaring eyes toward us, but did not speak. "Her mouth is affected, too," the doctor said. We stood aside from her door to admit a cooling breath of air that just then came down from the mountains. The swollen face rested and the feebly moving hand fell, in gratitude for the mountain breeze, yet, when it died away the hand did not move again; it was her last moment. The mountain's gentle breath had comforted her, and when it died away her breathing ceased, too.

In one cottage we saw a little girl whose fingers had been drawn up until her hand was half closed. She had experimented with a novel cure by calmly stepping on the bent fingers until she had straightened them out. She exhibited the result with pride; four fingers straight and stiff, and as useful as so many wooden pegs would have been.

Out on what is called the playground were some boys playing ball, one with a useless hand, another with a palsied leg, another with a foot partly gone, and others with swollen, senseless faces. On the verands of a cottage sat two old natives, both with useless legs, but neither of whom showed any trace of leprosy, in face or hands. As I watched them one of them began chanting a hulu hulu, accompanying it with appropriate movements of his hands. Possibly, observing the look of astonishment on my face, the old man's companion, with a meaning wink at me, joined in the chant, and soon both the old lepers were chanting and waving their hands in the sensuous measures of the hulu hulu. It was a dance of death, indeed; Punchinello's mask over a molding skull; a rollicking revelry in a charnel house; life mocking a gaping tomb.

The medical profession here in Honolulu is in terrific dispute about what leprosy is (!) and whether or not it is contagious. This, of course, is an old, old dispute, but it has been revived with great violence by the assertion of Dr. Fitch that it is, if not curable, amenable in a large degree to treatment, and that it is not contagious from ordinary contact, such as would demand the transportation of lepers into isolation. Dr. Fitch has been here two years, and naturally his youthful but dogmatical contradiction of the theories of the old and and experienced practitioners has raised a discussion of a rather warm nature. However, his practice appeals to the sympathies of natives, and he has a large, if rather ignorant, following.—*San Francisco Call.*

That Beautiful Gift.

One of our young clerks last Sunday night bought a cut-glass bottle of cologne, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady he is keeping company with; but, on reching the house he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift on the stoop and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the cologne for his own use and refilled the bottle with hartshorn from the family jar, and then hung around to observe the result.

In a little while the young man slipped out to the stoop, and, securing the splendid gift, slipped back again into the parlor, where, with a few appropriate words, he pressed it upon the blushing girl. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was, she at once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed. They didn't put up scent stuff like that when she was a girl; it was kept in a china teacup, and it was held together by samples of the family's hair.

She was very much pleased with it. She drew out the stopper, laid the beautiful petals of her nostrils over the aperture, and fetched a pull at the contents that fairly made them bubble. Then she laid the bottle down, and picking up a brass mounted fire shovel instead, said as soon as she could say anything:

"Where is that miserable brat?"

He, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of a mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at himself. Here she found him, and said to him:

"Oh, you are laughing at the trick on an old woman, are you?"

And then she gave him one on the ear. And he, being by nature more eloquent with his legs than his tongue, hastened from thence, howling "like mad," and accompanied to the gate by that brass mounted shovel. He says he would give everything on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake had been made.—*Boston Courier.*

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; the greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles.

SUNDAY READING.

How He Applied It.

"How far may we go in conformity to the world?" is a question that is frequently asked in men's hearts, if not in so many words. Have you never heard the story of a lady who wanted a coachman? Two or three called to see her about the situation, and in answer to her inquiries, the first applicant said:

"Yes, madame, you could no have a better coachman than myself."

She replied:

"How near do you think you could drive to danger without an accident?"

"Madame, I could go within a yard of it, and yet you would be perfectly safe."

"Very well," she said, "you will not suit me."

The second one had heard the question upon which the first one had been rejected, and therefore he was ready with his answer:

"Danger, madame, why, I could drive within a hair's-breadth, and yet be perfectly safe."

"Then you will not suit me at all."

When number three came in he was asked:

"Are you a good driver?"

"Well," he replied, "I am careful and have never met with an accident."

"But how near do you think you could drive to danger?"

"Madame," he said, "that is a thing I never tried; I always drive as far from danger as ever I can.

The lady at once replied:

"You are the kind of a coachman I want, and I will engage you at once."

Get such a coachman as that to guide your own heart and lead your own character. Do not see how near you can go to sin, but see how far you can keep away from it. If you do not take that advice, and if the spirit of God does not work in your purity of life, by and by the church will have to hold up its hands and say:

"Who would have thought it: These were the nice young people of whom so much was expected; these were the good people who used to say: 'You must not be too strict,' and where are they now. To avoid the worst, keep clear of the bad."

Religious News and Notes.

Mormon missionaries are reported as making many converts in Alabama.

The work of revising the Old Testament will not be completed for two years.

The Catholic clergymen of London, England, are about to inaugurate a crusade among the Irishmen of their flocks against connection with secret societies.

An Indiana man who has attended camp-meetings for half a century thinks they have degenerated into the "rich man's picnic, the minister's social and the loafer's resort."

The "wickedest woman in England," Jane Johnson, has been converted and is preaching, although eighty-four years old. She has been in Leeds prison 240 times and in other jails nearly as often.

In Vicksburg and Memphis the Sunday laws are being enforced so vigorously as to seriously interfere with travel. The transfer of passengers from the trains to the boats is prohibited.

There are twenty ministers in the Irish Presbyterian church who have been over fifty years in the ministry. The oldest is the Rev. S. McCurdy, of Stewartstown, ordained in 1817.

It is probable that the next general conference of the Evangelical alliance will meet in Stockholm, Sweden, in September, 1883. The queen of Sweden is warmly interested in the work of the alliance.

Mrs. Lansing, for twenty years a missionary in Egypt, was compelled to fly during the bombardment of Alexandria, and Rev. J. B. Dalos, of Philadelphia, her brother, has gone to Europe to meet her.

The famous Salvation army of England has just held its seventeenth anniversary. A feature of the occasion was the reception of a letter from the queen, expressing gratification at the good work of the army.

Rev. James Creeding, of Adair county, Ky., is now a septuagenarian and has never accepted a cent for his ministerial duties. "Honest men," an admirer of the venerable clergyman says, "feel like kissing the ground this man walks upon, for it is holy."

The Freezing Cure.

By means of freezing parts may be rendered wholly insensible to pain, so that slight surgical operations may be easily performed. When the freezing is long continued the frozen parts may lose their vitality entirely, which will cause them to slough away. By this means excrescences, as warts, wens and polypi, fibrous and sebaceous tumors, and even malignant tumors, as cancers, may be successfully removed. Small cancers may sometimes be cured by repeated and long continued freezing. Their growth may certainly be impeded by this means. A convenient mode of application in cancer of the breast is to suspend from the neck a rubber bag filled with powdered ice, allowing it to lie against the cancerous organ. Freezing may be accomplished by applying a spray of ether, by means of an atomizer, or by a freezing mixture composed of equal parts of pounded ice and salt. Mix quickly, put into a gauze bag, and apply it to the parts frozen. In three to six minutes the skin will become white and glistening, then the bag should be removed. Freezing should not be continued longer than six minutes at a time, as the tissues may be harmed, though usually no harm results from repeated freezing, if some care is used in thawing the frozen part. It should be kept immersed in cool water, or covered with cloths kept cool by frequent wetting with cold water, until the natural feeling is restored. Felons may be cured, especially when they first begin, by freezing two or three times. Lumbago and sciatica, as well as other forms of neuralgia, are sometimes almost instantly relieved by freezing of the skin immediately above the painful part.

Couldn't Keep a Secret.

The keeping of a dangerous secret is proverbially difficult for women, and one will sometimes bubble from the lips of stout men in spite of all efforts to suppress it. An instance of this kind is the case of Thornton, who was porter of a bank at Parsons, Kansas. Three years ago the cashier's accounts were short one thousand dollars, and, unable to account for the deficiency, he paid over the money and resigned his position. Thornton was closely watched for a time, but nothing was discovered, and the matter was forgotten. But recently a friend of the porter was in a burst of confidence made aware of the fact that the missing money had been found by the latter while cleaning out a drawer in the bank. The friend forced a division, and in turn confided the secret to a man who was his tenant on a farm. A quarrel concerning rent arose, and the tenant lodged an information against both Thornton and his confidant, and now they languish in prison cells. But the reputation of that cashier was a wreck during all those three years.

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

As Set Forth by Michael G. Mulhall, the Eminent English Statistician.

In the history of mankind there is no parallel to the growth of the United States, which at the beginning of the present century was not much ahead of Portugal, and at present stands before Great Britian, occupying, therefore, the foremost rank among nations. First let us consider the population and wealth, for men and money are two of the principal factors in all that goes to make up national power.

	Population.	*Wealth*	*Per Inhabitant.*
1800....	5,300,000	$ 1,110,000,000	$210
1810....	7,200,000	1,560,000,000	215
1820....	9,600,000	1,950,000,000	200
1830....	12,900,000	2,200,000,000	215
1840....	17,100,000	3,900,000,000	230
1850....	23,200,000	7,400,000,000	320
1860....	31,500,000	16,800,000,000	530
1870....	38,600,000	31,200,000,000	810
1880....	50,300,000	49,800,000,000	990

It is remarkable that in 1840 the share of public wealth to each inhabitant was not much greater than at the beginning of the century; but in the ensuing forty years the increase has been more rapid than in any country of Europe. In 1840 Great Britian stood for more than five times the wealth of the United States (the valuation of the former country in that year being £4,100,000,000), but now you are nearly six milliards of dollars, or £1,200,000,000 ahead of the United Kingdom; for, while that country has only doubled its wealth in forty years, you have seen yours multiply twelve-fold. The highest relative increase in the United States, compared with population, was between 1850 and 1870, while the decade ending 1880 has only added twenty four per cent. to the individual share of public capital. Before going further, it may be well to take the chief items of wealth in the United States:

Railways	$ 5,220,000,000
Farms	9,615,000,000
Cattle	1,820,000,000
Manufactures	5 255,000,000
Houses	13,360,000,000
Furniture	5,420,000,000
Forests, mines, canals	2,793,000,000
Bullion	720,000,000
Shipping	315,000,000
Public works, etc	5,252 000,000
Total	$49,770,000,000

The national debt, amounting to $1,650,000,000, should not be deducted from the above, since most of it is held by Americans, and the same may be said of municipal or other local debts. Until the publication of the census report for 1880 I shall not have an exact official statement of the various items of wealth; but in the meantime the above may be regarded in every instance as approximately correct—that is, within a margin of five per cent. either way. There can be no doubt that the influx of emigrants from Europe has in a great measure tended to the increase of public wealth; but it is no less certain that such a rapid rise of population has kept down the ratio of wealth per inhabitant, and hence the increase per head in the decade ending 1880 has been less than in the preceding ones. It may be interesting to observe that the growth of wealth in the decade just ended would be sufficient to buy up the whole Austrian empire, or to pay for the aggregate value of Italy, Holland and Belgium. Nevertheless, the average of wealth per inhabitant is less with you than in Great Britain or France, as shown thus.

	Wealth.	*Per inhabitant.*
United States	$49,770,000,000	$ 900
United Kingdom	44,100,000,000	1,260
France	37,200,000,000	1,045

As regards the items that make up your wealth, it is comparatively easy to trace their growth, the first on the list being railways. The mileage and cost of railways have increased as follows:

	Miles.	*Capital outlay.*	*Railway capital per inhabitant.*
1850	9,020	$ 322,000,000	$13
1860	30,630	1,127,000,000	36
1870	52 974	2,410,000,000	62
1881	93,671	5,205,000,000	104

Not only is the railway capital at present three times as much per head as it was in 1860, but it has served in a prodigious manner to develop your agricultural resources and enhance the value of your farms and lands. The increase of public wealth in railways alone since 1870 has been over $5,000,000 weekly, or very little short of $1,000,000 a day, deducting Sundays.

It is perhaps more in agriculture than in anything else that one can realize the unprecedented rise of industry in the United States in one single generation, which appears by comparing the returns of 1880 with those of 1840:

	1840.	1880.	Per inhab 1840.	1880.
Acres, tillage	44,860,000	166,140,000	2.6	3.3
Grain, million bushels	615	2,643	35	52
Value of all crops	$410,000,000	$1,995,000,000	$24	$40
Value of all cattle	$372,000,000	$1,820,000,000	$22	$36

Thus, while population has only trebled, the growth of agricultural interests has been five-fold; and, whether we regard the value of crops or of cattle, the ratio per inhabitant is almost double what it was forty years ago.

Manufactures have risen five-fold in value since 1850; but, as the protective tariff gives an artificial increase to the price of iron, coal and manufactured goods, I have not here so safe a guide to follow, viz:

	Value.	*Per inhab.*
1850	$1,019,107,000	$44
1860	1,885 862 00	59
1870	4,231,240,000	108
1880	5,250,000,000	105

The most remarkable increase during the last decade was in the production of iron and of cotton manufactures, the former having risen from 1,589,000 to 4,160,000 tons, or nearly trebled in ten years. As for cotton goods, the consumption of raw fiber in the United States rose from 530,000,000 to 911,000,000 pounds—that is, from fourteen to eighteen pounds per inhabitant.

While recording such a gigantic stride, it will not do to ignore one important feature in which you have gone back, namely, shipping, the figures for all tonnage (high seas and internal waters) being as follows:

	Tons.	*Tons per 100 inhab.*
1820	1,280,000	12
1830	1,192,000	9
1840	2,181,000	13
1850	3,535,000	15
1860	5,354,000	17
1870	4,146,000	11
1880	4,213,000	9

There has been, nevertheless, a steady increase of trade, for the value of imports and exports has doubled since 1860, and multiplied ten-fold since 1830, viz.:

	Imports.	*Exports.*	*Total.*	*Commerce per inhab.*
1830	$71,000,000	$74,000,000	$145,000,000	$11
1840	105,000,000	132,000,000	237,000,000	13
1850	178,000 000	152,000,000	330,000,000	14
1860	362,000,000	401,000,000	763,000,000	24
1870	436 000,000	393,000,000	829,000,000	22
1880	668,000,000	836,000,000	1,504,000,000	30

The foregoing tables suffice to show, as in a bird's-eye view, the marvelous growth of the United States in less than half a century, for the epoch of progress can hardly be said to have commenced before the middle of the decade, which ended with 1850.

Annotto is a dye derived from the seeds of a South American tree.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The Methodists have made arrangements to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of their first conference by a general conference in Baltimore in December, 1884. In honor of the occasion they will raise a fund of $2,000,000 to be applied equally to church extension, education and foreign missions.

The chances are that America will have to supply the whole of the Egyptian deficiency in cotton. The old stock of cotton is very light in Great Britain, while East India cotton cannot come into the English market before the end of January, even should the Suez canal remain open. When the East India cotton does come, it requires an admixture of sixty per cent. of American cotton to be made available for the English machinery. Altogether, the outlook is very promising for remunerative prices for the American cotton crop of the current year.

The silk association of America reports the products of the year ending June 30, which amounted in value to about $35,000,000, are triple the value of the products of the factories ten years ago. Since 1870 the product and the productive capacity of the industry have very greatly increased. Within the decade the number of factories engaged in silk manufacture has increased from eighty-six to 288, while the looms increased from 1,500 to 8,000, and the hands employed from 6,600 to 31,300. The wages paid rose in ten years from $2,000,000 to $9,000,000, and many new States not previously engaged in the industry began to manufacture silk and now have factories at work. These States are Maine, Rhode Island, California, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri.

The salmon fisheries of the United States have increased more than twenty fold within ten years, and last year's product was nearly a million cases, worth five million dollars. But the result of this vast business is that the southerly and more accessible rivers are becoming fished out, as the greed of the fishermen has extended to the capture of the salmon which are on the way to their spawning places. The Sacramento and even the seemingly inexhaustible Columbia are suffering from this cause. The more distant waters of British Columbia and Alaska are still bountiful, but they will be ruined in their turn by such methods of fishing. The experience of the Atlantic coast should teach the Pacific to guard its treasures by appropriate laws regulating the time and manner of fishing, lest it be compelled to go through the process of restocking.

The 13th day of next December will be the fiftieth anniversary of the first election of Mr. Gladstone, England's prime minister, to parliament, and some of the more enthusiastic admirers of "the grand old man" propose to hold a jubilee on that occasion. Mr. Gladstone was then as rabid a tory as he is now an uncompromising liberal. His address to the electors was dated from the Clinton Arms, Newark, on the 9th of October, 1832, and the nomination took place on the following 11th of December. Two days afterward Mr. Gladstone was returned at the head of the poll, and from that day to this no parliament has met in which he has not had a seat. It was in 1845 that he changed his politics, at the time of the corn laws. The liberals wish to make the celebration a national affair, one enthusiast describing Mr. Gladstone as the member for "all England."

In the *Revue d'Anthropologie* Dr. Berenger-Ferand describes in a paper entitled "Les Griots" those peculiar itinerant musicians who wander all over Central Africa from shore to shore. They belong to different low castes, but are under one chief of great power, who takes what he needs from the general receipts. "Griots" is a French corruption of the Ouolove word "Gwewonal." This guild is both feared and hated by the natives. The members of it are considered impure. The bodies of the dead are thought to make sterile the land in which they may be interred. But it seems these people are skilled in composing without previous study, and in playing on the guitar and the violin. The least gifted among them beat the tam-tam or operate on some other rude instrument. They carry news from place to place, and it is said they also excite wars. But whether there is peace or war in a locality, they have the peculiar privilege of coming and going as they please.

A gentleman who has recently taken up his residence in Salt Lake City writes of one of the means employed by the Mormons to recruit their ranks with emigrants from Europe. He says: We had quite a sight here last week—900 emigrants from Denmark and Sweden arriving in one day. I went to "the office" to see them. Those who have friends are cared for, but those having none stay in "the office" until they find employment. They know nothing about polygamy until they get here, and are made to believe that if they will come and be good Mormons they will be healed, physically as well as spiritually. There are a great many cripples among them, but I have not seen any "healed" physically yet. There is one poor fellow among their number who is minus a leg. They told him in the old country they could give him another good leg if he would just come to Salt Lake; so he came full of hope. Now that he is here, they tell him they can give him another sound limb, but if they do he will have three