

UP IN A BALLOON.

An Aeronaut's Account of His Voyage Across the English Channel.

(London Standard.)

"We started from Hastings," says Mr. Simmons, "under somewhat unfavorable auspices, the wind being north-easterly at the time. A crowd of some 40,000 persons had gathered to witness our departure, and as we ascended they gave us a tremendous cheer. My fellow passenger, Mr. Small, a photographer, was so lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama of Hastings lying below us that I had to warn him that he must be quick if he wished to obtain a photograph, and we just got the apparatus ready as we passed over the beach, the balloon being at that moment (3:25) to an altitude of 3,000 feet. At 3:30 we had a long range of coast line, Eastbourne pier being exceedingly distinct. I thought we were a trifle too near Beachy Head ever to make any point of land on this side of the Atlantic, but when we attained an altitude of 7,500 feet south of a trifle more. Appearances were, however, such against our ever reaching land, and I must acknowledge that I was sorely tempted to come down off Beachy Head and get picked up. But this would have been rather too ignominious, and I decided to keep on our course. We had the satisfaction, a few minutes later, to find Beach Head receding north of us, and we quickly settled our minds to 'make a night of it' if necessary.

"At 4:30 we were over a magnificent cloud scene; here and there patches of the coast line could be described far away to the west, while at a vast distance there was a gap through which we got a patch of sea, with three or four ships very distinct. A moment later and the great curtain of clouds had shut out our last land-mark. Mr. Small got his apparatus ready to secure a cloud effect, but his shutter missed fire two or three times, and this suggested some little improvements for such experiments in future. From 4:30 to nearly sunset (to the people on earth) our altitude ranged between 8,000 and 9,000 feet. During this interval we got peeps at the sea many times, but no land was seen. We could see the sun's rays two hours after he had withdrawn from earth and sea. The shadow of the balloon on a cloud looked very much like a shuttlecock, the car forming the butt end, and the balloon and cords forming the feathers. The transition from day to night was very slow and gradual, and as daylight departed the moon's rays from dead gold gradually changed to bright silver. Mr. Small said, 'Did you see that shooting star?' I said, 'Wait a minute, and I will show you another.' The balloon had commenced to revolve, and this motion made it appear as though a bright star was darting through the air. It was, of course, an optical illusion.

"A remarkable appearance was caused by the reflection of the balloon in the focusing screen of the camera. When we surrounded with a black cloth the frame round the glass we could see the sky, sun, moon and stars inverted and the balloon cleaving its headlong downward course through illimitable space, the effect being more extraordinary. Soon after 7 o'clock we began to get cold, and set to work to don our flannels, etc. Our large wrapper got tightly jammed in the rigging, but the hard pulling necessary to get it loose soon made us feel warm, and, having once got up a good circulation, we did not during the entire voyage again feel cold. The cork jackets, which were supplied by Mr. Cornish, contributed greatly to warmth. During the night, for more than an hour our altitude did not vary twenty feet. This was exceedingly encouraging, for upon our power of poising so nicely depended our chance of floating aloft all night. When the balloon did take a slight downward turn I carefully noted how much ballast it would take to 'top her.' The temperature of the air was very regular, and I found that seven pounds or eight pounds was sufficient.

"At 10:15 we saw a vessel almost under us, and came down low enough to hail her. This we did as lustily as we could, but at first got no response, only a remarkably distinct echo from our own voices. At last a voice was heard on deck. 'Voila, balloon, balloon.' 'Are you English?' No reply. 'Parlez vous Francaise?' 'Oui, oui,' we replied, but with all our French we could not ascertain our whereabouts, and whether we were over the English channel or the Atlantic.

"At 10:25 something slightly darker than the normal horizon could be faintly discerned. We kept ourselves absolutely motionless, and, listening intently, we seemed to hear in the same direction a sound as of a far-distant rolling surf. I looked long and eagerly, until exclaimed, 'It's nothing but a mist', for it seemed to change its form, and at last to vanish into 'thin air.' I passed nearly another hour intently watching for lights until a similar dark portion of horizon was brought under our view. We could not possibly bring ourselves to believe it was land, because no lights could be seen up to this time, but at last there was an unmistakable flicker in the exact direction where I was gazing. 'Look along my finger as a telescope. What do you see?' 'A light-house,' exclaimed Mr. Small. I said, 'I believe that dark strip before us is land, with sea just beyond it again. If it turns out to be so, be prompt in doing everything I tell you, for it will be sharp work to land on that strip.'

"The hand of surf was now unmistakable, and in about the same time as I am talking to tell this, the line of coast was presented distinctly to our view, every minute getting more distinct. The sea now began to ripple up sharply. Ten minutes and we were passing the coast line, and sharply darting toward the other sea beyond. 'What sort of ground are we coming down on?' said Mr. Small. 'Rugged rocks and stone walls, I believe,' I said. 'Hold on firm. Out goes the grappling irons.' At first it would not hold, but soon it got wedged into a crevice in the rocks, giving us just tether enough to pass over the precipice and down to the beach. There was just room for us between the receding tide and the rocks, and none

to spare. Had we gone ten yards further and half a second longer we should have been in the sea.

"We heard whispering near us. In a few moments a man and a woman appeared, but would not at first approach us, fearing, I suppose, we were some monsters. By and by they gained confidence, and then they told us we were on Cap de la Hogue, the extreme northwest point of France. We then found that our informants were Mr. Auguste Lavem, of Canton de Beaumont, Arrondissement Manche and his wife. They most kindly helped us to empty the balloon of its contents, and gave us supper and shelter for the night. Next morning, at 4 o'clock, we went to view the scene of our descent, and Mr. Small photographed it. We afterward proceeded to Cherbourg, and thence home."

Eliminate the Ancient Humsbugs.

"C. W. H." in N. O. Times-Democrat.]

As an old teacher myself, I appeal to other old teachers to corroborate my statement, when I declare that a vast deal of work set down in the orthodox curriculum of studies, and forced on teachers and pupils by popular ignorance of what constitutes sound education, is utterly useless, and much of it really pernicious. I leave it to the best mathematicians in the land to wage war, as many of them do, on the practice of requiring of pupils the working out of innumerable problems, having not the least relation to the exigencies of the workaday world. To the spelling reformers I leave their laudable task, only insisting to say that my experience as a teacher justifies me in asserting that no amount of oral spelling, no craze for spelling bees, no long series of spelling books and dictionaries avails much in making boys and girls spell correctly our present crazy English orthography, it is the habit of noticing words while reading that forms the careful speller.

There is, and possibly may long exist, a similar delusion to the effect that the study of English grammar imparts the habit of using good English in speech and writing. But old teachers know that this is not so. The use of ear and tongue in cultivated society, and familiar intercourse with the brightest minds of the past, in the habit of reading works of genius; these are the only teachers of pure language and undeveloped. Eliminate the ancient humsbugs I have mentioned from the school work, as well as break away from the yoke put upon our necks by the book-makers, in the shape of endless series of geographies, which repeat the same facts in bigger and bigger words, and of reading-books which build immensely on the assumed silliness of little children, do these works of utter nonsense, and there will be great abundance of time for instruction in the industrial arts.

A Cure for Howling Dogs.

(London Post.)

It is not necessary to exterminate dogs to put an end to the annoyance in question. The nuisance is perfectly preventable by the adoption of a few simple and sensible measures which, so far from injuring the offending animals, tend to give them length of days by confining to their contentment. Those who have had experience in keeping dogs know that these dogs will not howl at night if they are comfortable. If dogs, instead of being cruelly chained up out of doors, in kennels which are often draughty and damp, be allowed to have their liberty by day, and to lie within the house at night, they will generally sleep through the night in perfect quietness. Or, if it be necessary to keep a dog chained by day, he ought to be left loose at night, when it will be found that he will retire quietly to his kennel and abstain from howling, especially if he be furnished with some fresh hay or a clean mat for a bed. In warm weather dogs often howl simply because they want water. Many dogs howl at night because they are kept constantly chained both by night and by day. This is a common and most reprehensible form of cruelty; dogs so treated are sure to be restless and irritable and can scarcely be healthy.

A Grip-Back Fastener for Travelers.

(American Agriculturist.)

"I wish you would put that man of the train. I am sure he is a Nihilist, and has got a bag of dynamite with him." Such was the exclamation of a panic-stricken individual to the conductor on a railroad train approaching Lincoln, Neb., the other day. We all turned to ascertain the cause of the man's alarm. A peaceable looking traveler sat quietly in his seat, with his carpet bag (they call everything grip-sacks beyond the Missouri) securely fastened to the seat by means of a small steel chain and a padlock. That morning the execution of the Fenian plotters in Ireland had taken place. The complainant was sure that the aforesaid traveler was on his way to Lincoln with a bag of dynamite, to blow up the capital of Nebraska. The passengers were highly amused at the alarm of the innocent stranger and his harmless carpet bag had occasioned. The idea of locking one's bag to the car seat struck the writer as being a most novel and practical one. An owner's apprehensions of losing his property when he leaves the car for meals or otherwise, are thereby rendered unnecessary.

A Japanese Journal.

A new official gazette, printed in the Japanese tongue, has made its appearance at Tokio. It is entitled *The Kampo*, and consists of sixteen well-printed pages. In addition to official notifications, it provides its readers with an abstract of foreign news, as well as an article on agriculture and manufactures.

An Albany firm have arranged the scraps. They make wrought-plate dovetail for stove legs, and utilize from six to eight tons of scraps every month for this purpose. The articles made are small pieces of tin of peculiar shape, which are used by stove-menders to make a perfect dovetail on stove bottoms.

Georgia has a law requiring hotels that do not use real butter to display a sign conspicuously: "This house uses oleomargarine."

HOSPITABLE SENATORS.

Those Who Entertain and Those Who Cannot Afford to.

(Ramsell in Philadelphia Press.)

I cannot recall a dozen members of the senate who "entertain." I remember Senator Morton, always on crutches or walking on two canes—one of the greatest men, as I think, ever in public life—and never free from pain, who was sought out every hand. He had close work to keep even with his creditors. He had to keep a carriage on account of his infirmity, and he had to live at a hotel, because he required so much attention. He never gave a dinner or a reception in all his senatorial life here, yet he was sought for on every social occasion. One of his sons was in college, and I knew it was hard for the senator to pay his quarterly bills. But Morton was a giant and nobody inquired how he lived, and nobody expected him to return social obligations. Who ever heard of Thad. Stevens giving a dinner or reception? And yet no man ever in public life in Washington created such a sensation whenever he went into society, which was very rare, except at dinners, Mr. Boutwell, when senator, and when secretary of the treasury, lived at a boarding-house. The family of a member of the cabinet is obliged to receive callers on what is known as "Cabinet days," namely, the day in each week set aside for calls on "Cabinet ladies." Well, Boutwell's family received in the boarding-house parlor, and let me tell you, Boutwell did not spend his income any year he was in office here. But he was somewhat criticised, because it was known he could have afforded to entertain.

Of the senators I cannot name a dozen, as I have said, who give entertainments. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, lives in his own house, and invites friends to dinner as a private citizen does. He gives no big dinners or parties.

Mr. Don Cameron has, next to Blaine's, the biggest residence in Washington. He gives large dinner parties and entertains very expensively, though not ostentatiously.

Fair, of Nevada, gives a great many dinner parties, but they represent money, nothing else. The very flowers say, "Look at us. We cost \$500." But the best people go to Fair's dinners, but not on Fair's account. He can't talk, and does not know what a good, or rather a fine, dinner is. He leaves it to his caterer and pays the bill.

Eugene Hale, of Maine, entertained a great deal last winter. He took Levi P. Morton's house when that gentleman was sent to France. Morton entertained most lavishly, and Hale, though behind, is not very far behind him. Mrs. Hale, the daughter of the late Zach. Chandler, is very rich. The house in which the Hales live is historic. It was owned by Sam Hooper, so long in congress from Boston, a very wealthy man, who, in his time, gave the best dinners in Washington. He was a great friend of Charles Sumner, and the friendship of the two was not broken except by death. It was the broken of Hooper's son whom Mr. Sumner married, and from whom he was divorced. What a story there is behind that marriage and that divorce! It will never be told in print. I know something of it, but not all. President Johnson occupied the house for a fortnight or more after Mr. Lincoln's death.

Senator Hill, of Colorado, occupies one of the finest houses in Washington, and for it, in rental alone, he pays more than his salary. He gives dinners, and his wife gives very handsome parties and musicales. He occupies the house Mr. Everts had while secretary of state.

John P. Miller, senator from California, entertains at great cost in a very handsome rented house. He is very rich and has a pretty daughter and an ambitious wife—his only family. He made his money on the street in San Francisco and in the Alaska Fur Seal company. He is a very able man and an eloquent speaker.

Senator Pendleton has one of the loveliest houses here, but its architecture is in the miserable Queen Anne style, which must surely go in a few years. Pendleton is very hospitable, and everything in his house is very dainty. His family is exclusive. His pet disipation is in giving elegant dinners.

Thus I have mentioned about the senators who "entertain." Perhaps twice the number may be found in the house, not more, although the house is about four times as large as the senate. I cannot undertake to give the names of members who "entertain." When the season opens next winter I may return to the subject.

The Moonshiner's Hogs.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

The thoughtful provision of this moonshiner for his hogs reminds one that the hog sometimes is himself a guide for the revenue officers. Your toper is not more fond of the product of the still than is this useful animal of its residuum of slops and refuse. Not long ago a drove of fine porkers were driven to market in a southern city. Their route led past a registered distillery, and with a celerity which rivaled that of their relatives in bible story who "ran down a steep place into the sea," they broke column for the ancient slops. A revenue officer standing by asked the driver, "Where did you buy them hogs?" On investigation it was found that the mountaineer in charge of their early education had maintained an unregistered distillery in a tranquil spot, which would no doubt have escaped the vigilance of the "revenuers," but for the inconsiderate and ungrateful conduct of his pigs.

The Biggest Whisky Town.

(New York Sun.)

Peoria, Ill., has only 40,000 inhabitants, but there is one respect in which it is the biggest city in the land. There is no other from which the government receives so large an amount of internal revenue. Thirteen immense distilleries make this the centre of whisky manufacture. The tax is 90 cents a gallon. The largest distillery is under contract to send its very drop of its product to France, to be used in the native wines of that vine-clad country.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

How Longings for the Infinite Are Evolved Out of the Chaos of the Commencement.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Yesterday forenoon a man doing business on Michigan avenue put a quart of kerosene in a jug, walked out to the crossing of First street, and deliberately let the jug fall to the pavement. It was, of course, broken into many pieces, and, of course, the oil splashed over the stone sidewalk. When this had been accomplished the man waited. In two or three minutes along came a citizen who halted all of a sudden, stared hard at the spot and called out:

"Ah! somebody broke a jug!"

"Yes."

"Oil in it, wasn't there?"

"Guess so."

"Probably let the jug fall?"

"Probably."

"And the oil was wasted?"

"It was."

"Well, I declare!" he gasped, as he passed on. He had been gone only a minute when a lawyer came along. He, too, brought up with a sudden jerk, and asked:

"Something happened?"

"Yes."

"Somebody broke a jug?"

"Yes."

"Had something in it, eh?"

"Yes."

"Might have been turpentine, but it smells like kerosene."

"Ah! then I was correct."

He lingered until the third man came up. The new arrival picked up the handle of the broken jug and remarked:

"Bless me! but this must have been a jug."

"It was."

"And it had kerosene in it," he continued, as he rubbed his finger on the walk and sniffed at it.

"It did."

"Well, by George, but that's queer?"

He also waited, and a fourth man came up and went through about the same performance. Then a fifth, sixth, and seventh came, and by-and-by there were thirty men in the group and more coming every moment. Each snatched up a piece of the jug, looked it all over, sniffed at it, and put on an expression of interest, and one man had asked if the coroner had been notified, when a policeman pushed his way in and asked:

"What's this all about?"

"Why," answered the man who had started the affair, "I put some kerosene into a jug and let the jug fall on to the walk."

Some of the crowd tried to laugh as it suddenly broke up, and some said they would pound him if they had to wait a whole year, while the officer went away muttering:

"This will bring looking into. Where he is going with that jug? How came it to break? What was he doing with kerosene? Why didn't the jug contain molasses? I'll have an eye on him."

Ladies Who Shave.

(Exchange.)

"I'm in about as big a hurry as yourself to-day," said a Trenton, N. J., barber to a reporter; "this is my Chambersburg day." "What do you mean by your Chambersburg day?" asked the reporter. "That's the day I go out to the borough to shave a certain lady who lives there. Oh, you needn't be surprised. I shave her every two weeks. If she let her mustache grow it would beat yours. I have one other lady customer, who would, but for me, have a growth of fine, soft hair on both sides of her face. I shave her every three weeks. The other lady is not so nice outside of their own families, knows that they shave. There are other ladies, I suppose, who could cultivate a beard, but I don't know them. Once when I worked in Philadelphia, I had half a dozen to shave every fortnight." "Doesn't the shaving make the hair on their faces grow worse than ever?" "I think not. I use water instead of lather, by their request, and while shaving makes the hair stiffer, I don't think it causes it to grow any heavier. One reason that they shave is that they can not properly powder their faces when growing a beard."

"How much do you charge them?"

"Twenty cents a shave."

A Revolutionary Anecdote.

(Washington World.)

Among the many anecdotes with which Mr. Mallet amused and interested his friends, there is one respecting Gen. Washington. Mr. Mallet's first visit to the United States of America was at the close of the war. He was introduced soon after his arrival to Gen. W., and passed some time with that great and good man at his seat, Mount Vernon. Among other flattering marks of attention, Gen. W., when he and Mr. M. were alone in the library, asked him whether, since his arrival, he had seen any man capable of writing a history of the great contest just then ended. Mr. M. with his usual presence of mind, answered: "I know of one, and only one, competent to such an undertaking." The general eagerly replied: "Who sir, who can that individual be?" "Caesar (said Mr. M.) who wrote his own commentaries." The general bowed, and added: "Caesar, it is true, wrote his own commentaries; but, I sir, know the atrocities committed on both sides, during this unhappy war, to have been much and so many that they cannot be faithfully recorded, and were better buried in oblivion."

Water-Power Applied by Wire.

(London Paper.)

M. Marcel Deprez, French electrician, who has identified his name with the transmission of power by electricity along wires of small diameter, has just concluded a series of experiments, the results of which appear to possess no small practical value. At the distance of fourteen kilometres (that is to say eight miles and three-quarters English) through a wire only two millimetres thick, and utilizing a mountain stream at Vizille as a motive power to work a dynamo machine of his own invention, M. Deprez was last night able to light 110 Edison lamps in the town hall at Grenoble. Large crowds were present, and were greatly impressed.

THE "VAN-DEN-BELTZ" FAMILY.

An Old Lady of New Brunswick (N. J.) Tells of a Heirship Family's Antecedents.

(Chicago Herald.)

The old lady sipped her tea complacently. "Cornel Vanderbilt's people," she went on, half retrospectively, "were not, of course, people that we would have been apt to know personally," and she smiled at her granddaughter. "Of course I hear a great deal of their doings now, but it makes no impression on me, except as illustrating the power of money and impudence."

At this point The Herald maid ventured to ask if the Vanderbilts had really not descended from an ancient Dutch family called "Van der Bilt." "No sir," thundered the old lady. "I have seen this statement going the rounds before, and it is an impudent assumption. The old and honored name is Van-den-Belt—a mixture of Holland and Flemish. In the sixteenth century it was simplified to Van Den Belt. Those who came to Long Island finally got it down to Van-Belt, and now the old family are known as 'Van Pelt.' The Vanderbilts—I don't know where they came from. They claim—or at least, Abram Wykoff, who knew him well, when Cornel used to keep the old tavern down there, that 'he was Dutch, but didn't know how much Dutch he was.'"

"What are your reminiscences of the original Vanderbilts?" The Herald correspondent ventured to ask.

"Oh, I hardly know—let me think. You see my family never knew them, of course. Dear, dear, no. If they had not got so rich, and in everybody's mouth, I suppose I would have forgotten them altogether. Let me see—and the granddaughter filled up another cup of tea. The kind old lady sipped it, the while deep in thought. "I was born eight miles from here, and I was 12 years old when I came in town to school. Then the 'Raritan house' was in full blast. 'C. Vanderbilt, proprietor,' I remember was on a big sign. We school girls, I know, for several summers used to go down town past the steamboat docks and up on Shuneman's hill, to pick blackberries. We were always a little shy of Vanderbilt's hotel, for even away back in those days it was rough. But old Mrs. Vanderbilt was kind and good, and when she wasn't too busy scrubbing and so on, she always had a kind word for us. She was a young woman then, and vigorous, and how she did work. Of course we girls from 'up-town' didn't dare to let anybody know that we ever spoke to any of the inkeeper's people, but she was good to us. Many a glass of milk I've had from her. But I never liked to see her serve out rum to people. She did that while 'Cornel' was away. The boy—the first boy, William—he's now the great William H., I remember well as a chubby-faced little chap about 10 or 11 years old. His father used to bring shad up in his shallop in the spring—Hudson river shad. Mrs. Vanderbilt used to have a market for it always and the boy would deliver it about. I know in our old boarding-school we never could get shad in the spring till Capt. Vanderbilt's shallop got in. Since they're all got so rich, a story came out that young Vanderbilt's veritable old basket in which he used to carry the shad is still in existence here, but that is untrue. The boy never had a basket. He carried the shad strung on a hickory 'withe,' such as they used to have in the old days. I remember it well."

"When did the Vanderbilts leave New Brunswick, madam?"

"Oh, that I couldn't tell you. I left school about 1833, and I believe they were here then. I remember hearing it said that more children were born here, but then, you see, we never knew them at all—they were, of course, not our circle. Since they have grown so rich we naturally know of them and hear of them, and remember who they are, but that is all. I remember old Mrs. Vanderbilt most kindly. She was a good, motherly woman, and, by her thrift, excellent sense and untiring industry, I've heard said, she made 'Cornel's' fortune. I am glad to have seen you, sir. You will excuse me now. While I always like to talk of old times, I'm just now a little tired."

Mistaken Charity.

(Linnell's Club.)

"De charity of Detroit has bred a race of beggars who will nebbel leave us. It has added to de loafersim an' encouraged de idleness an' general shiftlessness. It has said to de heads of families: 'Idle de summer away an' you shall be supported durin' de winter.' Go ask de poor superintendent if de same person don't return 'yar after 'yar? Ask him if men an' women have not come to look upon a 'poor' fund as deir right, an' if dey don't demand deir allowance, instead of asking for it? Charity filled de kentry wid tramps. When charity tried to undo its work de tramps began to burn barns an' murder women an' children. Charity has encouraged a drove of 500 beggar children to march up an' down ebery resident street. It has wasted its tears upon brutes of men an' its prayers upon hardened women, an' its money has gone to feed people so vile an' wicked dat de stato's prison ached to receive 'em."

Family Funeral Time.

(Texas Siftings.)

The Lampton family is in one respect one of the most unfortunate in Austin. They have lost by death five or six children, but the births are pretty much in the ratio of the deaths, so that the family is far from being childless. A few weeks ago there was another death in the family, and the undertaker's assistant called at the house. A small boy met him at the door.

"Is your pa in?"

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I want to ask him when the funeral will take place."

"You needn't see him then at all, if that is all you want. I can tell you that. Pa always buries us at 4 o'clock in the 'afternoon.'"

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

(Joaquin Miller.)

Is it worth while to juggle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we fear at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we juggle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feed
When a fellow goes down beneath his load
On the heather.
Pierced to the heart, words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than weal.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We gave him a fish instead of a serpent,
'Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-DAY.

(Elliott Hopkins.)

When Love's white stars had dim'd amid
Dark benevolences in the haze,
And in the charmed dark, close hid,
The nightingale poured forth her pain;
When winking raindrops had dim'd
Their golden fringes to the light—
Heaven's starry world on world overhead,
Love's world on world within outspread—
Her hand in his she shyly put,
And in the porch they said "Good-night."

And when with meeting steps they bruised
The earliest dews beneath their feet,
And Love's delicious shame confused
Their gaze with consciousness too sweet,
That hid in feigned indifference,
Yet dashed her cheek with rosy dew,
While all his thoughts stood up to sing,
His praise who made so sweet a thing,
Then thrilled through every happy sense,
He touched her hand and said "Good-day."

But now so deep, so wide a sleep,
Has sunk the seat of their content,
It hath no shore to break its sleep,
Or lose it into ravishment;
No silver reach of morning gray,
No golden edge of fading light,
But hushed their hearts as brooding birds,
Their lips by no good wishes stirred;
For by his side 'tis all "Good-day,"
And in his arms 'tis still "Good-night."

The "Leader" Editor's Future.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The flag has dropped on ponderous journalism. The great, good-natured public will put up with much, but it will not have a daily magazine at the breakfast table. It will read a paragraph between its ham and eggs, but it hasn't time for a review—the eggs would get cold. When this old hat was new, some hundred years ago, the public bankered and hungered for long editorial articles. It doesn't do now. It has more sense, and, besides, the world has moved a peg or two. When the public reads a long article nowadays it must be larded with news, not some man's opinion warmed over a dozen times. This being the case, the thought as to the future of the powerful "leader" writer is a saddening one. What ever will become of the man with the brow like Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill and the throbbing intellect? There is a grave chance that there will not be enough wood piles to go round.

Jay Gould's Library.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. Gould's library is one of the most remarkable things about that remarkable man. Not only does it contain all the standard classical works on history, science, finance, and the usual collection of romance, fiction, and poetry, but in certain glass cases, well guarded with strong wire network outside, tomes of immense value and great age, and many an inditio princeps which would delight the heart of a bibliophile. This room is the one place which is thoroughly sacred. It is the holy of holies of the millionaire, the mysterious chamber which Bluebeard forbade even the wife of his bosom to enter. No person except Mr. Gould is allowed to touch his precious books, even his factotum, Morosini, avoiding that dangerous ground. With all his business cares Mr. Gould is a close student, and is singularly well versed in general literature. A well known New York lawyer once said of him that he was the best authority on the law of corporations in the United States.

An Editor's Incapacity.

(Gath in Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Besides, in our editorial offices there is too often an absolute incapacity to deal with the people and the physical facts of the day. The man engaged in writing his daily yard-stick of editorial becomes a closet character. He loses the hardihood to drink through his eyes the true influences of the time. He squares his world by some Utopia in his library. The greatest revolution of modern times, that which arrested true liberty and the true happiness of man, was incited by Rousseau from his closet, where he apparently depicted the world as he saw it in some beautiful camera above the roof; and when he came out into the world, because it was not all as noiseless and exquisite as that reflection, he indicated all the regular influences of his time as tyrants of the globe. Nervous, so constituted that he could not mix with men, he wanted human government adapted to his delicate tympanum and retina. The madman's vision inflamed France, and self-government became a hideous incandescence.

Utilizing the Water Power of Falls.

(Inter Ocean.)

It is proposed to utilize the water power at the falls of the Potomac, a few miles above Washington, for the purpose of lighting that city by electricity. The plan is to put a cluster of powerful lights upon the top of the Washington monument, which is 400 feet high, and this will give the city a condition of perpetual moonlight. The experiment will be interesting and valuable, and ought to be encouraged. The idea of supplying motive power for all New York by wire from Niagara falls has often been talked about, and the Potomac scheme, if successful, will demonstrate its practicability.