WOULD WE BE WILLING.

Would we be willing, if the summous came To countermarch this life, to live the same Once more? Say pain and joy, and poverty and wealth, Good days and dark days, illness and

Lived o'er?

The new life just as the old one had been; To find like friendship and the viler men, As yesterday? And would it pay? Life, like a play, Is relished as we go, from day to day-But stay!

Not many a play is worthy of recall; The actors one by one come on, and curtains fall:

They go away;
And shifting scenes, and music long and drear Grates on the listener's weary ear. We dread the play!

And so, as children tire of toys and sleep, At the close of life comes less and less to keep

Us here alway. And then so many that have gone before, And carried hopes to a brighter shore, Are saying come!

Those absent long, with anxious gaze, Leading and lighting the darkest ways, Would call us home. Would we be willing to refuse their prayer? Ah, no! Some day we'll greet them there-Some day

THE SECRETARY'S CRIME.

When Morris Irvin became sole heir of his deceased father's vast estate he was a delicate young man of twentytwo. He had inherited his father's frail organization, and the family physician gravely averred that the young heir had a more slender hold on life than even his father had, who lived to the age of forty- vo, an age, the doctor stated, Morris would probably never reach. But the hopeful young fellow did not appear to lossess such gloomy forebodings in regard to his future; he looked forward, as youth will, to a long and happy life, and made preparations.

Among his numerous friends there was one with whom he really appeared to be infatuated; one who had but to ask a favor of him to have it granted. This person was a young man named Harvey Clarke, a gay, handsome and very intelligent fellow of about Morris'

But the more staid citizen did not approve of this fellowship, for Harvey was not an exemplary youth, and his many mad pranks frequently shocked them. cut loose from Harvey, the young heir laughed them to scorn.

'What!" he exclaimed in derision, 'shake so good a fellow as Clarke? Why I would as soon cast aside my father's fortune. No, no, Harvey Clarke and I sail in the same boat, and when it sinks we will go down together, shall take him with me to Europe in a his health, month or two and install him as my confidential secretary as well as friend

of my bosom." True to his word, Morris did take the young scapegrace with him a month me his address," was the prompt relater on an extended European tour, to sponse. he disgust of those worthy citizens of Germantown.

Morris had turned nearly all his real estate into available funds, and placed for myself in regard to his physical these into the hands of his trusty law- state. He may believe himself restored yer, George Sharpless, a man whom his to health," the doctor reflectively obserfather had employed to attend to his | ved, "but I shall be the better judge of legal matters during his lifetime, and | that. I do not think he has the stamma no more upright and trustworthy man to become a robust man; he is even could be found in all Germantown than | more delicate than his father was at his this same George Sharpless.

The lawyer, too, disapproved of Har- he died. If Morris lives to see his thirvey Clarke, and advised the young heir | tieth year I am no judge of symptoms, to drop him, but it was all of no avail, | iet me tell you " Morris was very obstinate in this matter, and would listen to nothing of the kind, therefore, Mr. Sharpless resignedly yielded the point, yet secretly kept a Mr. Sharpless rejoined. close watch on Clarke's movements

while he remained in the vicinity Dut when he learned that Morris somewhat startling telegram: intended to take the young man with him to Europe, he once more entered a sembling Morris Irvin, but not Irvin protest, and came near quarreling with himself. Will write particulars." his young patron, therefore he ceased his importunities, hoping for the best, man of law, "What can it mean? Is yet fearing the worst.

A year passed and Morris wrote frequently to Mr. Sharpless, and in each let | case my suspicions against Clarke inter he lauded the young man Clarke, creased ten-fold." who was, he said, of so much use to him in strange lands, so self-possessed,

lawyer. "Cool and self-possessed. The suspense. very qualities an unscrupulous person may make use of to the detriment of letter was just this: He had seen a perone less so. I fear me, Morris will some son calling himself Morris Irvin, and day pay dearly for his imprudence," he Clarke was with him. But the doctor added with a dubious shake of the head. | declared that it was not Morris, and to

journ in Italy was highly beneficial to What had become of the young man

"Perhaps so," was the lawyer's dubious mental remark. "Possibly you will surprise yourself as well, or at least be surprised yourself."

What the lawyer meant by this ambiguous remark was not very plain, nor | matter did he attempt to explain the meaning friend to whom he had made the same remark.

"You may understand it some day without any explanation from me," he said, with a quiet smile, and more he would not say on the subject.

Eighteen months wore away and still Morris remained abroad. Lawyer Sharpless was really glad to hear that the young man had physically

there were other changes in Morris fraud while the detective was absent on which he did not like. He had mana- a "voyage of discovery" to trace the ged of late to frequent gambling places move nexts of the young men prior to and lost considerable sums, too, judging | the appointment of a substitute. by the frequent request for remittances. Mr. Sharpless suspected that Clarke

was at the bottom of this possibly he reaped a fair percentage of the money thus lost. In a word, he believed that young men from the day they landed in Clarke had entered into a conspiracy with some sharpers to fleece his master for their mutual benefit.

This suspicion may have been wrong, and Mr. Sharpless admitted that it might be, but his estimate of Clarke was of such a character that he would believe anything bad of him. Besides, the lawyer was a man of violent preju-

hitherto moral course of life. He ab- known him from his infancy." stained from disparaging Clarke since and therefore conveyed no hint of his

suspicions against the young man. Nevertheless, he resolved to either separate them or guard the young man | nounce their names. expense, to Europe to look after the explanation of the mystery. young men and watch over the interests of Morris Irvin if they so required.

He awaited with considerable anxiety Beard, and sincerely hoped that Clarke was not as bad as he feared he was.

tents ellayed his fears. The two young ing on the face of the detective as he fellows were then sojourning in Rome, the man wrote, and conducted themgaming places in the "Eternal City," ently in robust health, but looked quite as feminine as usual, being rather slen- the-woman. derly built and of diminutive stature, otherwise he appeared to possess strong vitality, and took considerable exercise, always in company with Clark , who, be it said to his credit, appeared to be devoted to hi master, if one may judge

by his manners. Now, while the above letter had a soothing effect on Mr. Sharpless' mind, a letter shortly after from Morris himself had a negative one. He wanted more funds. He did not say for what purpose, but he wanted money. The mere fact of his wanting cash was not bling creature. so startling in itself, for then was plenty and to spare to the young heir's credit; but only a monthbefore he had asked for a large sum, and now he wanted a

still larger. In fact, with ach request the amount increased. That is what rather staggered the attorney. What did it mean?

he asked himsel In the next letter to Jacob Beard he urged him to endeavor to ascertain how Morris managed to get rid of such large sums in such a comparatively short period, since he no longer gambled.

The answer was rather a perplexing one. Beard had beenvery vigilant, he wrote, and he failed to discover the mode used to spend those large sums. He had made cautious inquiries among Morris' acquaintances, and a l, with However, when they advised Morris to one accord, attested to the young man's steady habits and moral conduct. He and his friend, they said, frequently drove about the city in a carriage, visiting the places of interest, and for a wealthy young man Mr. Irvin was de-

cidedly modest in his desires. Doctor Hatfield called on the lawyer one day and s id that he contemplated and to prove that I mean what I say I taking a trip to Europe, to recuperate

"I wish you could be prevailed upon to call on Morris and see how he is," observed the lawyer, in great solicitude. "I shall certainly do so if you give "He is in Rome at present," the law-

"All right, I'll call on him and judge age, and he was ill for ten years before

"Well, go and see him, and send your report as speedily as possible for I am exceedingly anxious on his account,"

The doctor went, and instead of writing a letter from Rome he sent this "I saw Harvey Clarke and a man re-

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the good

from what I had suspected? In that soft laugh. How eagerly Mr. Sharpless now waited the doctor's letter. That it would

The substance of Doctor Hatfield's Once, in a letter to Mr. Sharpless, confirm this belief the young man did Morris dwelt upon the fact that a so- not recognize him when they met.

sustitute for some secret purpose. Mr. Sharpless sent a cable reply, and Mr. Sharpless sent a cable reply, and instructed the doctor to go at once to hunt up the next heirs to Mr. Irvin'- was a buck or a doe, but I jist showed old Swivel its hearins; he hollered at Scotland Yard, London, and secure a estate. couple of detectives to investigate the

This was done, and in the mean while when asked to do so by an intimate the lawyer set out for Rome. Reaching that city, he and the doctor met and they intended to pursue.

Both gentlemen managed to see the young man while Clarke was not near, and the lawyer at once pronounced him an impostor, nor did the fellow recog-

nize him A "spatter" of the detective hovered improved, and longed to see him; but in the vicinity to keep an eye on the

Several days after Mr. Sharpless had arrived in Rome, the detective, Harry Clive, joined him and announced that he had traced the movements of the England up to the present, and could not discover any "crookedness" in their actions; that the person calling himself Morris Irvin had presumably a right to

that name. "But, my dear sir," cried the perplexed lawyer, with some anger, "this fellow is not the son of my old patron. Mr. Irvin; of that, I am most positive. dices, and young Clarke came in for a share.

Mr. Sharpless wrote a letter of re
Mr. Sharpless wrote a letter of re-

monstrance to Morris, imploring him to | idea of Morris Irvin not knowing me is abjure the gaming table, and resume his simply preposterous-I, who have

The detective was deeply impressed it was so distasteful to the young heir, by the lawyer's words, and after a few moments' reflection he suggested that they (the doctor, Mr. Sharpless and himself) call on the young man and an-

against Clarke's evil designs, if any such existed, and to accomplish that he saw that such a movement would ter-This was assented to, for the lawyer secretly sent a trusty friend, at his own | minate in a denouncement, if not in an

They selected the hour after dinner as the most suitable, and found the impostor alone in his room at a modest inn. the first letter from this friend, Jacob They sent up fictitious names and entered his presence.

He gave one glance at the trio then utttered an exclamation, his gaze restdid so.

The gentleman approached the young selves uniformly well. If there were fellow with a peculiar smile, grasped him by the hair and with a dexterous he said, Morris did not frequent any to jerk snatched the wig off his head, his certain knowledge. He was appar- when a mass of long auburn hair fell down almost concealing the features o

"Red-heade | Moll, as I live!" exclaimed Clive, then sat down and laughed heartily at the sudden transformation of the affrighted girl.

"A woman!" cried both the others, in a breath, then the lawyer sharply "Perhaps "Red-headed Moll" will

deign to explain how she came to peronate Mr. Irvin?" "I have nothing to explain for I

"Where is your paramour?" asked the detective, sternly.

"Gone to post a letter." "Demanding more of his dupe's cash, doubtless." remarked the lawyer. Footsteps were now heard approach-

lawyer told him the game was up. He coolly seated himself, gazed from one to the other then laughed softly as he remarked to the girl:

"Moll, our little game is up, and we must submit with what grace we can." "You audacious rascal," cried the exasperated lawyer, "where is Morris

"Taking a 'ground sweat,' " was the the callous reply. While Mr. Sharpless was at a loss what the fellow meant by these irrev-

erent words the doctor, more compreensive, cried: "You mean, I presume, that he is no mere-

"Than mouldering dust," interrupted the heartless scamp "Dead!" exclaimed the lawyer, in horror.

"As a door nail," was the cool re-"You killed him," the lawyer burst

"Not at all, my dear sir;" rejoined the other, quite coolly, "ne died at Manchester as I can prove, and I had him huried under a lict Then I hunted up a 'sub' to personate him so that I would not lose my position as secretary. I saw this girl, [and concluded she would answer my pur-

"I made the proposal and she accepted, without, however knowing my secret, and the extent of her crime (if crime it may be called) is that she dressed in male attire and assumed the name of my deceased friend," "How long has he been dead?" asked

Mr. Sharpless. "Eight months," "And during all this period you have been drawing on me for money in his

"Yes: you see, Mr. Sharpless, you never gave me credit for being an upright and honorab e fellow, and I saw an opportunity for revenge for those uncharitable reflections on my character, and a fool only would have hesitated to take advantage of it. I am no there really a conspiracy afoot, different fool, I flatter myself!" he added, with a lot of fellers come up from the city

"I agree with you there, at all events," rejoined the lawyer, "for you are a most audacious knave.

'n due course of time the precious so courageous and cool in time of peril. bring startlag intelligence he felt assu"That is just it," dryly remarked the red, and he grew almost nervous in his proof obtained that Irvin had died a proof obtained that Irvin had died a was knockin' down consid'able. The oners could be arraigned for the graver

> magistrate, the girl-a common prosti- and the dogs soon started a deer. tute of London-was discharged from custody, with a reprimand, and Clarke was remanded for trial.

The money he had received after Irstronger, so much so, in fact, that he would surprise his acquaintances on his return.

"Perhaps so 2" was the lawrenger due to the law vin's death he had secreted in a belt in the vicinity of where me and Old bye, and returned to Germantown to blamed if I could hardly tell whether it

nost celebrated mines of Europe are in Norway and Sweden, and those had a long, private conversation, du- of Mexico and Peru are in the centre of ring which they marked out the course the chain of the And in the most cheerless regions of ps. stual snow; there are mines also in the north of Asia, but none have yet been discovered in Africa. The most productive mines in the world are those of South America and the United States. Native, or, as it is sometimes called, virgin silver. is not met with in masses, but in large patches, beautifully branching out from the central deposit, or sometimes extending into an entangled net. Herrera, the Spanish historian attributes the discovery of silver mines of Potosi in Peru to the fact of an Indian hunter having pulled up a shruk, and found its roots entwined with filaments of pure silver which turned out to be ramifications from an enormous mass of the metal. Silver is frequently met with in lead ore.

A Pike County Riffie.

An antiquated rifle stands in a corner of the gun room in "Mose" Westbrook's house in a cosy but isolated village in the Pike county, Pa., backwoods-a house once famous as a sportsman's inn and whose hospitality has been shared by as many of the country's celebrities, past and present, as ever congregated under any similar roof. The rifle is a relic and specimen of the earlier days of the gunsmith a art, and was made many years ago by a local artizan for the use of the late Judge Solomon Westbrook, father of the celebrated Pike county deer slayer, John C. (better known as "Baltus"). Captain Lafe and Mose Westbrook. John C. has served the county nine terms as Prothonotary and Captain Lafe has been sent by his fellow-citizens six times the Legislature. He moved into Monroe county two or three years ago to give some of the other boys a chance for political honors. As to the rifle, it is fitted with the old-fashioned swivel breech and is known the country round "Old Swivel." The original owner the gun laid low more than a score of deer before he stood it aside and departed for the happy hunting grounds. He died more than thirty years ago. Then Lafe took possession of it and stopped the career of every deer he raised it on, until the war broke out. Then bellaid it aside for an army musket, went to the front and came back a cap tain with a sword. He took up Old Swivel again and hunted with it until 1875, when he missed a deer with it one know nothing. Harvey Clarke knows day and laid the gun aside as worthless. all about it, ask him," replied the terof the township, took charge of it. He denounced the captain as a libeler of the rare old shooting iron and declared that it was "worth all the rest o' the guns in the country all put together." He said the reason Lafe couldn't hit anything with it was that he didn't know how to ing, and the next moment Clarke enter- shoot. Uncle Ira has taken the gun out A glance at the auburn tresses and on the dear trail every season since then, the presence of Doctor Hatfield and the until two years ago, when he had to go to Milford to help his nephew run a hotel there. As soon as he got there they elected him Justice of the Peace, and he hasn't had time to come up and use Old Swivel since. He is expected up now every day, however, to take the old gun out of the corner, burnish it up and go out and bring down a big five prong buck that is browsing around back of the High Knob, and which none of the hunters have succeeded in making bite the dust thus far this season. A Blooming Grove man was down to Milford the other day, and says he

heard Uncle Ira relating to a wondering group of callow hunters in the barroom of his nephew's tavern some glowng reminiscences of Old Swivel. There never was a gun like it, said he. "It wouldn't do for me ard Old Swivel to be in the same township, tor if we was there wouldn't be a deer left in five years. Me and Old Swivel never missed a deer yet, and I've p'inthim at 'em at long range and short range and I've banged him at 'em when there wasn't nothin' to see but the noise they

made sloshing', through the brush. But more noise in the brush, but when we walked over there we know'd there be an old buck or a big doe layin' there waitin' there to be skinned. Deer has been gittin' plentier and plentier since I came away from Bloomin' Grove. Why? Good enough reason. Old Swivel's been standin' behind that door at Mose's, and I've been settin' here tryin' 'sault and bat'ry cases and marryin' folks, and the deer has had a chance to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. Ye see, the gun wouldn't be no good in nobody else's hands and so it jist stands there waitin' for me. I'll be blame glad to see the old boy ag'in and I know he'll be glad to see me, and we'll go out together and show that buck back o' the Knob that

old times is come back ag'in and that

we won't take none o' his aggervatin'

"About the best day me and Old Swivel ever had was a year or two ago 'fore I left Bloomin' Grove. Lafe had and he was goin' to show 'em how to knock over deer. Lafe was in the Legislatur' then and had an idea that a man that was in the Pennsylvania Legislature could knock down anything, natural death, hence neither of the pris- party stopped at Mose's. Lafe he ingineered 'em, but I notice that me and During their examinatio before a killin'. We went over on the Shoholy don't know how many o' them fellers got a shot at it, but I know that there hadn't been a hair on it touched when it came tearin' 'long through the brush was killed we'd have to do it. The it and the deer laid down in its tracks. We walked over to where it stopped and found it was a big fat doe. I hung it up in a tree and was dressin' it when heard a big rumpus in the creek. There was a wide and deep place in the see the biggest buck I ever see swimmin' 'cross. I took up Old Swivel, the deer, let it climb out of the water Then I let Old Swivel speak up ag'in cen the old whopper he didn't know sea. Toward monring a strong breeze whether to laugh 'cause the buck was sprung up, and at daylight it was out killed or cry 'cause he hadn't killed it. of sight,

> a hoss, it's so all-fired big.' "That same day the boys sent a big

"'If twasn't for it's horns,' says he,

I'm durned if I wouldn't think it was

this bold hunter and bang! bang! went both of his high-priced bar'ls. The deer went right on and wasn't in much of a hurry either, fur he know'd by the sound o' the gun that it was safer fur him to be loafin' 'round there than it of his great age of 100 years and the unwas to take the chances of rnnnin' ag'n sumpin' more substantial in some other part of the woods. But the onfort'nit buck kinder lost his bearin's and on his way got within five hundred yards o' me and Old Swivel. He smelt us. but living to the age of 100 years. What it was too late. He went by us like a lightnin' express on the Erie Railroad, but Swivel spit at him too sudden and that made three that we took in and cared fur durin' the day.

"So there's a big buck pesterin' the community back o' the Knob, hey? Well, tell 'em I'll try to git up there fore the season's over, and me and Old Swivel 'll go out and have a little talk with him.'

So when the old man comes up the boys are expecting to have some sport. They want to hear the old gun making music once more in the woods, anyhow, and no one ever thinks of using it but Uncle Ira.

In Detroit Since.

A wholesale house in Detroit in which the firm consists of four partners, with a solid old gentleman at the head, took on a new traveler a few days ago. He was engaged and packed off without having seen the senior partner, and he | ing in New York. One of them, Mr. Edprobably didn't care a cent whether such a person existed or not. He was New York, and a resident of Hoboken. coming in over one of the roads on a recent Saturday, and had taken a seat in the smoker to enjoy a fifteen-center, when a fellow traveler asked him how business was, and what firm he repre-

"Business is infernal dull, and I represent the house of Black & Co., Detroit," was the answer. "Pretty solid house?"

"Oh, yes; but rather cranky." "Going to be with it next year?" "Well, that will depend. When I get in I'm going to ask for a position in the store. I'm fitted for almost any place there, and I'm going to push my-

"And then you'll work for promo-"You bet! and if things come around

right I'll have an interest in the old ranch inside of two years." "Eh! how's that?"

"Well, the old crank who furnishes the doubloons to keep the business booming has two marriageable daughters, and I'm going to be his son-in-law or break both legs trying. I've got the pluck to succeed, and you can bet a new hat on me any day in the year."

The conversation died away soon after that, and in a little time the traveler was left to the comforts of bis igar. He thought no more of the matter until he walked into the store Monday morning to report. The first man his eyes rested upon was his fellow traveler on the train, and the old gent had his hat off, and seemed very much at home. He bowed to the drummer, when Old Swivel spoke there wasn't no and he smiled, and he went to the door and called after him in a forgiving tone, but the man escaped, and has not been seen in Detroit stace.

An Iceberg at Sea.

At twelve o'clock we went below, said a sailor, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who went up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, one of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and freah, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck looking at it, and in admiring in vaand about them days the most of 'em rious ways its beauty and grandeur, but no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor and real sublimity of the sight. Its great size, for it Old Swivel went out with 'em to do the must have been two or three miles in circumference and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds, the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, covered its base with a white crest; the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness offence, bade the audacious rogue goods | deer was so far away from us that I'm | and approach, which added a slight element of fear, all combined to give it a character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color; its base was crusted with frozen foam; and, as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward stream right there, an' lookin' 'round I the north, so that we kept away and see the biggest buck I ever see swim-avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and, as we got to ieeward of and not wantin' to take advantage of it the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for the greater part of and git a good three hundred yard start. the night, Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and and the buck know'd the voice and we could plainly mark the long, regutumbled in the brush without waitin' lar heaving of the stupendous mass as to be told twice. I finished dressin' the its edges moved slowly against the doe and then went over to hang up the stars. Several times in our watch loud buck and make his tollet. He was so cracks were heard, which sounded as his face at the breakfast table instead big I couldn't budge him. I had to go though they must have run through of devoting his attention to her. Rusup the creek and find one of the other | the whole length of the leeberg; and | sia with a population of 100,000,000, hunters and git him to come down and several pieces fell down with a thunhelp me to hang the buck. When he dering crash, plunging heavily into the

Plate glass was discovered in an accidental way, in 1658, by a man named of Christianity. province or Roumelia, in Southern Turkey, where tobacco cultivation is almost the sole resource of the inhabitants both young and old

| Greek not more'n ten foot away from tobacco comes from the province or Roumelia, in Southern Turkey, where tobacco cultivation is almost the sole resource of the inhabitants both young and old

| Greek not more'n ten foot away from tobacco comes from the province or Roumelia, in Southern Turkey, where tobacco cultivation is almost the sole resource of the inhabitants of a portion of which found its way under a large flag-stone, which, when subsequently removed, was found to consist of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, four eggs, half a teacupful of milk, two teaspoon-quently removed, was found to consist of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, four eggs, half a teacupful of milk, two teaspoon-quently removed, was found to consist of a pound of butter, half a pound of butter, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, four eggs, half a teacupful of milk, two teaspoon-quently removed, was found to consist of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one po

A Long-Lived Family.

The recent birthday anniversary of Str Moses Montefiore has been and is widely commented on, partly because questioned authenticity of the record. And yet the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis was such a historical sceptic that he denied that there ever had been or could be an authentic case of a man made this scepticism seem the more strange was the fact that he was a 'double first" of Oxford and learned in human history. In America his treatise is regarded with doubt, in view of of the unquestioned records of the lives of centenarians here. Recent reports at the United States Pension Agency showed that in N. Y. district there were two pensioners who were the widows of Revolutionary soldiers. Some of the London journals regard the 100th birthday of Sir Moses of vast interest because "it is the only well-authenticated case of a man having attained the age,' whereupon a commentator of good authority ventures to say that "the United States alone can at this moment produce at least a score of centenarians as well authenticated by the parish registers and credible testimony as the Anglo-Hebrew baronet."

The world generally recalls Old Parr, of London, in regard to this matter of longevity. There are several direct descendants of Old Parr living or workward Parr, is a tailor in Nassau street,

He said recently:

"I am a direct descendent of Dr. Thomas Parr-'Old Parr'-the famous liver pill man of London. I myself am 63 years old, the father of 13 children, and I rather think that in work I can keep up with the boys in the place. The records of the family all show that Dr. Parr, at his death in 1765, was 152 years old. I think it altogether likely that he would have fived longer if he had not been petted by the King and court, so being led from his old diet and habits. Yes, 'high living' probably hastened his death."

"Do you know," continued Mr. Parr, 'I am sometimes afraid that I shall live to a very great age? It runs in the family.

"How old would you like to live-to 100, say?"

"No; about 120." The good-natured tailor laughed, and added-

"My father, John Parr, is now living in Liverpool, and is 98 years old. His father, John, who lived at Simon's Wood, Lancashire, died at 102 years, Father's great uncle, Isaac Parr, is now living in Regent street, London, at the age of 130 years, and Isaac's brother, James, now living in Sobo street, London, is, according to the authorities,132 years old. Two cousins of my father-John and James Parr-are new living in New York, both bakers and active men. I cannot tell their exact age, but it is not far from 98 years,"

in the Garden.

Such incidents have been the turning point in the fortunes of more than one family.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and, in fact, you even asked me to set 'em up." "That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?" "No, sir; no one has said anything to

"Well, what has caused the change?"
"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and, looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing. "'No; you be ma,' said the boy, and

I'll be pa. Now, you sit here, and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I hll my bottle.' "He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse. nodded idiotically at the girl, and sat down without saying anything. The

girl looked up from her work and said; " 'James, why will you do this way?' "'Whizzer way?' be replied. "Gettin' drunk."

" 'Who's drunk.' "You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, 'an we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money Don't you know you are breakaway. ing my heart?

"I hurried away. The acting was too lifelike, I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden."

Russian Newspapers.

How the average Russian woman must rejoice that her husband is unable to secure a newspaper in which to bury has but 776 newspapers and periodicals, while the United States with its 57,-000,000 inhabitants has 11,196.

Everywhere a Christian should be a positive power, so that wherever he carries himself, he will carry the power