

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Dennis McCarthy, State Senator and ex-Congressman, died in Syracuse, New York, on the 14th.

The condition of Henry Watterston, who is sick in Louisville, was reported very critical on the 14th. His ailment is acute meningitis.

John B. Mannix, ex-assignee of the estate of Archbishop Purcell, was arrested in Cincinnati on the 13th on a charge of having embezzled \$350,000 of the estate. He was committed in default of \$110,000 bail. Some time ago an examination into Mannix's management of the affairs of the Archbishop's estate revealed the fact that a large sum had been lost in purchase of stock which afterward depreciated in price.

Disastrous floods are reported throughout New England, in consequence of the heavy rains. The total rainfall at Boston was nearly six inches in two days, and the Old Stony Brook was swelled beyond its bounds, inundating a section of the city about half a square mile in extent to a depth of from three to nine feet. Six hundred houses were damaged to an extent estimated at over \$100,000, and mill and other property to an extent of about \$135,000. The damage to other portions of New England, through the breaking of dams, flooding of streets, etc., will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars at the lowest estimate, and may amount into the millions. In Franklin, Mass., alone, there is a loss of over \$100,000.

Great excitement is reported among the people on and about the cattle range of the Kansas and New Mexico Cattle Company, in northwestern Colorado, because of the killing and wounding of Mexican sheep herders by cowboys employed by the cattle company. Governor Ross, of New Mexico, has offered rewards ranging from \$100 to \$500 for the capture of the perpetrators of the outrages. The Governor has replied to a communication from E. Carlisle, President of the company, that "the testimony of Carlisle's own employes, (taken recently in a police court) showed conclusively that they were the aggressors." The Governor also recites that in the trial of some of the cowboys for murder their acquittal was brought about by the terrorizing of the court and witnesses by their armed companions. The managers of the company, two brothers named Carlisle, are said to be unattractive Englishmen, and it is believed they will appeal to the British Minister.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, has received a private despatch from Rome announcing the transfer of Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, Delaware, to the vacant see of Savannah, Georgia.

In the Senate of New Jersey, on the 15th a special committee of three was appointed to investigate the alleged sale of oleomargarine and other imitations of butter in the city of Newark.

The U. S. Court of Claims on the 16th decided that an naval officer on duty on board a training vessel, which remains in port, is entitled to sea pay. In 1882 the Secretary of the Navy decided that such officers were entitled to shore pay.

J. B. Mannix, ex-assignee of Archbishop Purcell's estate, was on the 15th released by Judge Johnston, in Cincinnati, on a writ of habeas corpus, the bail in his case being reduced to \$50,000 and bondsmen obtained.

The total loss by the flood in Boston is now estimated at \$1,000,000. Other losses in Massachusetts are estimated as follows: At Newton Upper Falls, \$20,000; Malden, \$50,000; Taunton, \$250,000; Braintree, \$50,000. In Rhode Island, losses are reported of \$25,000 at Geneva, \$80,000 at Bellefonte, and \$70,000 at Woonsocket.

In the Virginia House of Delegates on the 16th, the Railroad Commissioners' bill, providing for three commissioners instead of one, as the law now stands, and making railroads amenable to Circuit Courts on complaint of discriminations, was defeated by a vote of 45 to 43.

Speaker Carlisle will appoint Mr. Findlay, of Maryland, on the Committee of Banking and Currency to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Curtin.

James T. Dubois, U. S. Consul at Leipzig, has resigned, to engage in private business in this country.

The President on the 16th nominated William J. Foulson to be Postmaster at Flemington, New Jersey.

Henry Watterston continued to improve on the 16th.

The funeral of Horatio Seymour took place on the 16th, in Utica, New York. Services were held in Old Trinity Church, and the interment took place in Forest Hill Cemetery. Bishop Huntington officiated at the services, assisted by Rev. C. H. Gardner and other clergymen. The pallbearers were Colonel Frederick A. Conking, of New York; Walter S. Church, of Albany; George F. Comstock, of Syracuse; Senator Francis Kiernan and William J. Bacon, of Utica. Business was suspended in Utica during the funeral, and previous to the obsequies the body was viewed by thousands of the deceased statesman's fellow citizens of all creeds and conditions. After the funeral a memorial meeting was held in the Opera House, at which the Mayor presided and Governor Hill made an address.

The fund for Mrs. Hancock was on the 16th increased to \$25,565. George Small, of Baltimore, sent a contribution of \$250. The Grant Monument Fund in New York has reached \$115,195.

The Cabinet on the 16th considered the propriety of urging legislation to indemnify the Chinese sufferers by the recent outbreaks in Wyoming and Washington Territories. Claims for damages by the anti-Chinese riots at Rock Springs, Wyoming, last fall, have already been filed with the State Department.

About twenty Republican Senators met on the 17th in caucus, and adopted resolutions submitted by Mr. Edmunds respecting the right of the Senate to information from the heads of executive departments.

Charles E. Sutton, Republican, was elected Mayor of Wilkesbarre, on the 16th, by 350 majority. There were nine candidates for Mayor in the field, the principal rival of Sutton being General William H. McCartney, recently defeated as the Republican candidate for District Attorney.

Through trains now run between Boston and Providence on schedule time, but it is uncertain when they will run to New York. The floods, however, are subsiding throughout the greater portion of New England. It is estimated that 6000 persons have been temporarily thrown out of employment by the freshet in Lowell. There is great distress among the people of the flooded district in Boston, and much sickness is expected.

The President on the 17th nominated James B. Groome to be Collector of Customs and I. Freeman Raisin to be Naval Officer at Baltimore; Frank L. Phelps Srvevator at Lacrosse, Wisconsin, and Pendleton King Secretary of Legation at Constantinople.

The Senate on the 17th confirmed George M. Stearns to be U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts.

The Senate of New Jersey on the 17th passed the Arthur Kelly Bridge bill by a vote of 11 to 5. Ayes—Messrs. Brinkerhoff, Carter, Chase, Cranmer, Griggs, Herring, Livingston, McBride, Moon and Fancoast. Nays—Messrs. Fish, Miller, Nichols, Vanderbilt and Youngblood. The Local Option bill was favorably reported in the House.

By an accident on the Ohio Central Railroad, near Point Pleasant, West Virginia, on the 16th, two passengers, named Searles and Humphreys, were killed, and several others were slightly injured. The passenger car fell into a stream and the passengers were drowned.

Rear Admiral English retired on the 16th, and Rear Admiral Simpson on the 3d proximo. Their retirement will promote Commodores William T. Truxton and William K. Mayo to be Rear Admirals, and Captain John Irwin to be Commodore.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

In the U. S. Senate on the 15th a bill was passed, granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Julia D. Grant. Mr. Mitchell gave notice that on Tuesday next he would call up the bill for the abrogation of the Tri-ty permitting the immigration of Chinese. The education bill was discussed, pending which the Senate went into executive session, and when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 16th the Education bill was discussed by Messrs. Jackson, Maxey, Pugh, Blair, Coke and Hawley, and then went over. On motion of Mr. Frye, Monday next, at 2 o'clock, was appointed for the consideration of the resolution reported by him from the Committee on Foreign Relations expressing the sense of the Senate to be that no further "Fishery Commissions" should be appointed or provided for. The credentials of Senator Gorman, of Maryland, were read and filed. Mr. Mahone's resolution calling on the Attorney General for information as to district attorneys in Virginia was agreed to. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 17th Mr. Morrill introduced a bill in aid of education in the States. Mr. Hoar introduced a bill appropriating \$250,000 for the erection of a monument in Washington to General Grant. A bill was passed providing for the punishment by fine or imprisonment, or both, of trespassers on Indian lands. The bill for the allotment of lands in severalty to the Indians was considered. The Blair Educational bill was discussed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the House on the 15th a number of bills were introduced under the call of the States, among them Mr. Morrison's Tariff bill; bills by Messrs. Felton and Henley, of California, to abrogate the treaties permitting Chinese immigration; by Mr. Bland for the free coinage of silver; by Mr. Clardy, to establish a mining bureau; by Mr. Pultizer, granting a pension of \$5000 a year to the widow of General Hancock; by Mr. Breckenridge, for the issue of coin certificates, and by Mr. Miller for the issue of small bills for circulation. A resolution, offered by Mr. Hanbeck, of Kansas, for the appointment of a special committee of eleven to investigate the charges made in connection with the telephone litigation was referred, together with an amendment by Mr. Pultizer, extending the scope of the investigation to the Committee on Rules. The Fitz-John Porter bill was discussed, pending which the House adjourned.

In the House on the 16th, Mr. James from the Committee on Coinage, reported adversely Mr. Bland's bill for the free coinage of silver. It was placed on the calendar, Mr. Bland obtaining leave to file a minority report. He said the House would be asked to consider the bill at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Clardy, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across Staten Island Sound, and establishing it as a post road. Mr. Riggs, from the Post-Office Committee, reported a bill compelling all vessels of the United States to carry the mails to and from foreign ports, when offered to by officers of the United States. Mr. Laird, from the Committee on Military, reported the bill authorizing the President to raise two regiments of volunteer cavalry in New Mexico and Arizona, for the suppression of Indian hostilities. Mr. Taylor, from the Post-office Committee, reported adversely the bill granting pensions to Postal Service employes who have been in the service for twenty years. The Fitz-John Porter bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, supported the bill, and Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, opposed it. The discussion was continued in an evening session.

In the House on the 17th a bill was passed providing that all homestead settlers within railway limits restricted to less than 160 acres, who make an ad-

ditional entry under the acts of March and July, 1879, shall be entitled to have the lands covered by the additional entry patented without any further cost or proof of settlement and cultivation. The Atlantic and Pacific Land Grant Forfeiture bill was considered. The Fitz-John Porter bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. The bill was supported by Messrs. Laird, of Nebraska; Oates, of Alabama, and Weber, of New York; and opposed by Messrs. Kelley, of Penna., and Thomas, of Illinois. Pending debate the committee rose and the House adjourned.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Our opinion of a man is likely to be determined by his opinion of us. We find self made men often, but self unmade ones a good deal oftener. That laugher costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency. The most beautiful thing in human life is attainment to a resemblance of the Divine.

Make but few explanations; the character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating. Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves glorious and in heaven immortal.

Crosses grow anchors; bear as thou should'st thy cross, and that cross becomes an anchor too. One truly Christian life will do more to prove the divine origin of Christianity than many believe.

Time with all its celebrity moves slowly on to him whose whole enjoyment it is to watch its flight. When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world. No jest can be quite so bitter as that one which runs laughingly along on the edge of an ugly truth.

The wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses, that he is loved and blessed by. Death should not be considered an evil, when we long for it in the excess of our misfortunes or our joys.

We know what to do with our joys, but we do not know what to do with our sorrows or with our hardships. Love mankind with all your souls, and you will feel no difficulty in using patience, forbearance and forgiveness.

It is Colton who says that "men will wrangle for religion—write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but—live for it."

There is no advantage to be gained in murmuring or complaining at our lot in life and grieving over our hard experience. No matter how purely and grandly we live to-day, there is no denying that we may live more purely, more grandly to-morrow.

Honor is the basis of character, and character is the basis of all true success; therefore esteem truth above all other possessions. A debt is a very stubborn thing and always succeeds in having its own way. The more you attempt to contract it the larger it gets.

If a man is honest he does not need to tell of it. Sterling virtue can afford to keep still, but sly dishonesty has a very busy tongue. A celebrated philosopher used to say: "The favors of fortune are like a steep rock—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

There are men who no more grasp the truth than they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message through the electric wire on which it perches. Men will cheerfully give up their property, to save the life of the body, and yet, for the sake of property they will sacrifice the life of their souls.

Fuller very beautifully said that "he who spends all his life in pleasure is like one who wears nothing but fringes, and eats nothing but sauces." Every man is born for heaven, and he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not.

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering. One hour with Christ is worth an eternity of all earth's joys, and communion with him is the best, the surest and the most ecstatic feast of the bliss of heaven.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of a friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust. Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, and not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We did not know the scars.

If you were as willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own house as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world. Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

When a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with a worse grace than the ungenerous; first, because it is against his nature; and, secondly, because it is out of his practice.

We little know how much in the way of indirect influence we exercise in being lights of the world. We do not need to obtrude our light forcibly upon men. Light is always best when it exercises a silent influence.

The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right forms the rule of his behavior; deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menacing taunt—the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

At the Gate.

Oh, love, I see your bonnet light Already shining like a star; I had so much to tell to-night; I wish our walk were twice as far! The eyes that watch in skies above Seen kindly smiling on us, love.

The latchet of the little gate Lifts half-reluctantly, as though It knew what secret longings wait Deep in my heart some sign to show That bids them tearlessly to rise And seek an answer in your eyes.

And while unconsciously we stand Together here, a moment's space, The gentle pressure of your hand, The shy expression on your face, Comes like Love's messenger in quest Of what so long ago you guessed.

Beneath those leafy vines the dew Has lately kissed, a silver gleam Of moonlight falling over you Makes you the image of a dream That comes forever in my sleep As if a memory to keep.

A vision fair who never speaks; But in the smile I always see Steal softly o'er the rounded cheeks There seems a message sent to me Be you its kind interpreter, And whisper to me, love, of her.

For you, it is, when I am blind, Of whom I dream; and now, awake, Beloved, tell me I may find It true when slumber's fetters break With but her smile take leave of me, And I shall know its mystery!

MY COMMODORE.

I was returning from the postoffice feeling decidedly out of sorts; for the bulky parcel in my hand was the MS. of a long story from which I had hoped great things; and here it was back again with a polite note from the editor suggesting so many alterations that I had grimly resolved to stuff the whole thing into the stove as soon as ever I reached home.

It was a blustering March day. The wind was impudent to the last degree and played such rude capers with my draperies that I could hardly get along. As it whisked me about the corner my feet slipped on a bit of ice. I threw out my hands in a frantic effort to regain my equilibrium, and was conscious of a sustaining arm about my shoulders, while a hearty voice said in my ear:

"Steady, my lass!" I looked up with some asperity, feeling my dignity ruffled by this free and easy address, and saw a big man with a handsome beard sweeping his broad chest, and growing nearly to his eyes, which were dark, and clear, and shining with a rare good humor.

He was dressed in a suit of dark blue flannel with the brightest brass buttons. He wore no overcoat, and looked as if he never needed one. There was a breezy, hearty look about him that suggested the sea.

My father had been a sailor. I softened a little, bowed, thanked him, and hurried on. I was only a common-place scribbler, and made a modest living for my mother and myself.

Mother was an invalid, and our lives were so quiet and monotonous that trifling incidents amused us. Accordingly, after discussing the fate of my unlucky MS., I told her of my little encounter, and we named the stranger the "Commodore," laughed over him a little, and dropped him from our minds.

Two days later I entered a crowded horse-car at the same time with an old Irish woman who carried a heavy basket of eggs. My Commodore sat in one corner, and rising at once, seated the old creature as carefully as though she had been a duchess; giving me such a bright smile of recognition that I returned it in spite of myself.

"Age before beauty, little lass," he said in his big voice. Before I could put on my dignity the car was off the track, bumping over the pavement in a most intolerable fashion. I clutched at a strap, but felt that same steady touch upon my shoulders, while the Commodore said:

"You'll need your sea-legs for these breakers!" Was there ever such a ridiculous man?

I colored furiously, and then nearly strangled in the wild effort to smother a laugh. But he smiled at me so innocently, and seemed so unconscious of giving offense, and so thoroughly at peace with the whole world, that it was utterly impossible to snub him. I left the car at Pearl street, not expecting to see him again.

But the fates willed otherwise. Coming from church one Sunday evening, in the first of April, I found to my dismay that it was raining and blowing furiously.

I had no umbrella, for the evening had promised to be fair. Gathering up my skirts preparatory to making a desperate dive into the storm, I heard a friendly voice exclaim:

"Why, if it ain't my little lass!" I glanced up to see that man in all the glory of his brass buttoned blue suit, beaming at me from under a huge umbrella.

My first impulse was to run away from him; but he seemed to have no suspicion of this, for drawing my hand within his arm in the most matter-of-fact way possible, he said:

"My umbrella is big enough for two, so if you'll steer the ship, little woman, I'll be proud and happy to see you home."

What could I do? The wind was dashing the rain about in little, vicious sheets, and my companion, intent upon retaining fast hold of his umbrella, was perhaps unconscious of the fact that he was keeping an equally fast hold of my hand.

"This is pleasant," he observed in a moment's lull of the storm, as he beamed at me over his stalwart shoulder. "I've often thought I should like a little woman of my own to sail with me through fair and stormy weather. Whew!"—as a sudden gust threatened to turn his umbrella wrong side out—"if its going to blow in this way I shall have to furl my royals."

It was impossible to resist the inclination to laugh at him; but after I had recovered my gravity, I said as coldly as possible:

"I think, Mr.——" "Try Dexter," he suggested cheerfully, "John Dexter." "I think Mr. Dexter," I went on with increasing hauteur, "that I need not trouble you to escort me home."

I endeavored to disengage my hand, but he retained it with gentle force. "Why, it's no trouble to me, my girl; don't you see that I like it?"

"Well, I don't!" I exclaimed desperately. "Perhaps you do not know that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty. It is very rude in you to address me as you have, or to claim my acquaintance whatever, simply because you prevented my slipping on the ice that day. If I had not known by your speech and your dress," here I flashed a scornful glance at the brass buttons, "that you were a sailor, I should have requested the protection of an officer. But my father was a sailor, and I remember him as outspoken and frank, though always a gentleman."

I emphasized the last word, and as we passed under the glare of a gas-light I could see my Commodore dash darkly red above his magnificent beard. But he still retained my hand within his arm as he kept steadily on.

"You can stop that, little woman," he said gravely. "If I had been bold or rude to you, it was, as you say, because I didn't know any better. But as it's too stormy for you to be out alone, I am bound to see you into port now, and in the future if I should meet you I'll try to carry less sail."

He said no more but sheltered me carefully from the driving storm until we reached my home. "Good-night," I said, feeling rather conscience-stricken as I gave him my hand. He held it a moment in his broad, brown palm. "Good-night, little woman, and good luck to you," he said, with grave kindness; "and remember always that a sailor loves and respects a good woman above every earthly thing, even if he can't talk like a story book."

Then he went swinging away through the wind and the rain while I ran in to tell mother of my evening's adventure, feeling sure that I should never see him again, and feeling also a little sorry.

But I met him in the postoffice the very next morning, and was about to give him a gracious bow of recognition, when lo! he passed me with head erect, eyes front, and a general air of rigidity oppressive to look upon.

Tears of mortification sprung to my eyes; but I winked them away and rated myself soundly for being so foolish—a rude, uncultivated sailor, what was he to me, anyway?"

My dear mother died in the following summer, and left me lonely indeed. A year after her death, feeling the need of rest from writing, I engaged myself as nursery governess to two little girls who were to go abroad with their parents.

My expenses were to be paid, and I would receive a fair salary; and the change of scene and occupation promised to be delightful to me.

My young charges were quite sea-sick for a few days, which kept me a prisoner in the cabin; therefore we were in mid-ocean when I made the discovery that my Commodore was among the "Columbia's" passengers.

He looked as big and brown as ever, and was dressed in the inevitable blue flannel and brass buttons. A strange feeling which I was powerless to control, swept over me at the sight of him.

He was standing a little way from me talking very learnedly with one of the ship's officers about "trade winds," and "latitudes," and "soundings," etc., etc.; but he seemed to become suddenly aware of the intense gaze which I had fixed upon him, for he looked up.

Would he know me? He started, flushed, hesitated doubtfully until I gave him a little smiling nod; then took off his hat with an expression of such radiant satisfaction that his companion looked with some curiosity in my direction.

That night we were overtaken by a terrible storm which crippled our vessel so that it was impossible to control her; and after drifting for hours at the mercy of the elements, she struck upon some ledges which skirted an island.

When it became evident that the ship was sinking, a panic seized many of the passengers and the officers had all they could do to keep them from

swamping the boats as fast as they were lowered. When I reached the deck with one of my little pupils clinging wildly about my neck, I saw my Commodore assisting frightened women and children into the boats.

He looked the personification of coolness, and my own courage rose at the sight of him, although many around me were shrieking wildly, and many others sprang into the sea only to be swallowed up by the hungry waves.

"Try to be brave, my darling," I said to little Nellie, as I gave her into her father's arms. His wife was beside him with their other little girl, who cried out: "Save Miss Annie, papa!" Mr. Burton looked back at me. "I will come back for you, if possible, Miss Lynde," he said.

I made no answer, for the swaying crowd swept them away from me, and the tumult was too great for my voice to be heard.

For a little while I stood alone, and then John Dexter was beside me, buckling a life-preserver around me with deft fingers. "There's no room in the boats for us, my girl," he said quietly, "but you are a sailor's daughter, and need not fear a salt water bath."

"What must I do?" I faltered. "You have only to keep quiet and trust to me. There will be no danger if you do not struggle. I am going to swim to the shore with you. When we strike the water you must hold fast to my shoulder—the preserver will be a help to both of us. Remember not to cling about my neck. I will surely save you. I am a good swimmer, and we are not far from the shore."

He threw off his hat, coat and boots as he spoke, and taking my hand, led me to the side of the vessel. I endeavored to obey him. His quiet, matter-of-fact voice gave me a strength and courage which I know was not natural.

I remember thinking, as we stood there hand in hand, waiting a proper time to make our leap into the raging water about us, that my Commodore was a splendid looking man, with his steady, dark eyes, and magnificent beard sweeping his broad chest. He did not seem rude, or insolent, or ridiculous to me then; the bluff manner, the queer speech, the big hands and the brass buttons were all forgotten in the conviction that my Commodore was a hero.

"Now little woman!" he called, as a great, hissing wave swept back from the doomed vessel; and over we went. It seemed to me that we were in the water hours, but it was only a short time, though I was thoroughly exhausted and unable to stand when we reached the shore.

For twenty-four hours the "Columbia's" survivors were huddled upon the rocky atom of land awaiting rescue. It was worth something to see John Dexter, minus coat, hat and boots, encouraging weary, fainting women, dandling crying babies, quieting frightened children.

"Who is that man?" asked one forlorn mother. "He is an angel!" This appellation for my Commodore amused me exceedingly; but I kept growing prouder and prouder of him all the time.

We were rescued at last by a homeward bound vessel. One evening, when we were nearing New York, I took occasion to thank him for his bravery, and to apologize for my foolish estimate of him long before.

He listened to me uneasily for a while, but at last broke out abruptly: "Stow all that, little woman; it sounds as if you were saying good-by. I wish——" Here he sighed profoundly and tugged at his beard with one brawny hand. "I wish we might always sail together. If you remember, I said something like that to you once before, but you didn't seem to take to the notion."

"I did not know you then," I explained, laughing a little, and turning aside my flushing face. With his two great hands upon my shoulders, he turned me to the right-about, looking at me with big, honest eyes.

"See here, my girl," he said gravely. "I don't know anything about the fine ways of the world, but I have loved you tender and true since the first day I laid eyes on you. I don't follow the sea now; I have a snug little bit of money laid up, so that I can give my wife a comfortable home. Will you have me?"

Would I not? Was I not the happiest woman in the universe when he kissed me? I am his wife now, but I do not allow him to wear blue flannel and brass buttons.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment. Two microscopists, Dr. Nussbaum and Dr. Gruber, have artificially multiplied infusoria by cutting them in halves, each half becoming a perfectly developed animal.

Evil thoughts, those birds of ill-omen may alight anywhere, but you may be sure they never stay where they are unwelcome. Some things, at least, are optional with you, and neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil can compel you to entertain unwholy thoughts or desires, if you do not choose to do so.