

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

"Blue Sky Everywhere."

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our hearts good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a picnic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstasies for several days. But the appointed morning broke forth no glad sunshine, no song of birds, no peal of mirth.

There was every prospect of rain; even hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"Oh, look out for the blue sky!"

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I do not care, mother," said he, when the tedious day had numbered all its hours; "if I haven't seen it, I know there is blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky such as only greets us after a storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice, "there is blue sky!" then the little head bowed for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother," exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, 'cause you see there ain't no place where it could have gone to. God only covered it up with clouds, didn't He?"

Religious Intelligence.

The Roman Catholic church has sent fifty missionaries to equatorial Africa.

The Baptists have in the State of Ohio 635 Sunday-schools, 8,736 officers and teachers, and 53,284 scholars.

It is said that nearly half of the strength of the Presbyterian church in the United States is in the States of Pennsylvania and New York.

The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society has just sent out seventeen women missionaries to India, thirteen of whom go out for the first time.

The Protestant Episcopal church in Oregon has sixteen rectors, twenty-six churches and missions and 1,040 Sunday-school scholars. The communicants number 785.

Mr. Ingersoll, according to the *Christian Union*, knows no more about the Christian religion than a boy would know of a chestnut from pricking his fingers with the burr.

A novel baptism occurred at St. Charles, Ill. A lady, who was lame and unable to walk, was taken into the water in a buggy, handed to the clergyman and properly immersed.

The Wilmington (Del.) Female Bible society is sixty years old, having been organized on December 22, 1821, five years after the formation of the American Bible society. The subscribers last year numbered 237.

Of the 3,598 Presbyterian churches on the roll of the general assembly 2,075 received no new members last year, while 647 churches received only one each and 550 two each. The total increase during the past year over the year before it said to be less than one-half of one per cent.

Monster gatherings of the officers of the Salvation Army from all parts of England were recently held in Exeter hall, London. "General" Booth, in addressing one of the meetings, said they had now 230 stations, 235 corps, 470 paid officers, and their income was now \$250,000 a year, against \$20,000 when the work began five years ago.

An Extraordinary Funeral.

There was an extraordinary character in Yorkshire at the beginning of the present century named Jimmy Hirst, of Rawcliffe, who was a well-known figure at Doncaster and York races. When Jimmy had made his fortune as a tanner he resolved to cut the tan yard and "set up as a swell" for the remainder of his life. The first step he took to that end was to procure a handsome oaken coffin, furnished with a folding lid, which was let into the corner of his parlor like a cupboard and filled with provisions and liquor. When Jimmy Hirst died, rich and full of years, he left directions in his will that he was to be buried in the aforesaid coffin, and that his body was to be carried to the grave by eight old maids who were to receive half a guinea apiece for their services. The eight old maids, however, were not forthcoming, and eight bachelors were engaged at half a crown a head to do duty as bearers. The motley procession was headed by bagpipes and a fiddle, and the country folks flocked in by hundreds to pay their last respects to Jimmy Hirst, of Rawcliffe. He died in 1826. Mr. Ellis King, who lived in King's Bench Walk some eighty years ago, kept his coffin in his chambers filled with wine and spirits to be drunk by his friends on the day of his funeral. The coffin occupied a prominent place in their room and was always solemnly looked at by the company. Nothing before the funeral was so common as to see

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A poultice of fresh tea leaves moistened with water will cure a sty on the eyelid.

For earache, dissolve asafoetida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear, then cork the ear with wool.

According to a French medical journal whooping cough has been successfully treated by Dr. Barety, of Nice, by turpentine vapor.

Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* advises people to try a newspaper over the chest, beneath the coat, as a chest protector in extremely cold weather.

The white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain on a piece of lint, and be changed as often as it becomes dry.

A lump of fresh lime, the size of a walnut, dropped into a pint of water and allowed to stand over night, the water being poured off from the sediment and mixed with a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, forms a good wash for scurf in the head. It is to be applied to the roots of the hair.

A Novel Little War Ship.

A New York paper says: There now lies at the wharf of the Delaware and Hudson Canal company at Hoboken a very modest-looking little vessel which Captain Ericsson has constructed and christened "The Destroyer," which, it is claimed, will make ineffectual and of no value for offensive warfare those expensive and heavily-armed vessels, the pride of the navies of the old world. With this innocent-looking little craft he proposes to completely wipe out of existence, if opportunity offers, the best vessels extant, made upon the system of which he was the father.

The Destroyer is a craft of iron, whose hull, even as she lay light on the water, was almost entirely submerged. When ready for service but little of the hull would be above water. The house, which is situated well astern, is of iron, but no attempt has been made to make it impregnable, as with the house entirely shot away, the Destroyer is just as seaworthy and capable of performing the work required of it. Below the house it is as well protected as any armored vessel afloat. Its dimensions are 130 feet long, 11 feet deep and 12 feet wide. These unusual proportions are to give her a high rate of speed, and as her lines are exactly alike in both directions she can move ahead or astern with equal facility. The simple horizontal engine of 1,000 horse-power resting on a surface condenser of about eight feet square, the hydraulically controlled rudder, the novel steering apparatus, and the torpedo gun are all below the surface of the water, and as they are protected by armored plates of improved construction, with a special device to protect the machinery from shots fired at the exposed portion or front of the boat, her inventor asserts with confidence that she is indestructible save by sunken torpedoes or boats of her own kind. A frigate's launch is larger than she, yet the frigate itself in a contest would be wholly at her mercy, for the immense craft could not be handled quickly enough to get out of the way of the little death-dealer no more than can the ponderous elephant escape from the insignificant little fly that so terribly annoys it. The armament of The Destroyer is a single gun situated just above the keelson, in the forward part of the boat, and its muzzle opens directly into the sea, being protected from the rushing in of water when not in use by a permanent valve hung by an elbow joint to the stem of the vessel, and which is opened or closed by a piston operated at the breech of the gun. When the gun is to be fired this valve is raised, and stands out of the path of the projectile. How, when the valve is raised is the water prevented from rushing into the muzzle of the gun? is a query that naturally arises. And the inventor provides against this emergency by the use of a sectionally constructed temporary valve of wood and rubber cloth, which tightly fits the muzzle and is placed in the gun before the projectile is, and shattered to atoms when the torpedo starts on its errand of destruction. "Water must rush in when the projectile leaves the gun, and so sink the vessel," says the critic as he looks at the working model. Certainly it would but for the fact that as soon as the projectile is fired out the gunner closes his permanent valve and shuts off the influx, which can only be through the gun itself. What comes in runs out through the breech and drips through a grating into the bilge below, from which it is pumped out by a steam siphon placed at the side of the gun. So far the explanation is satisfactory, and it is made doubly so by the initial experiment, which showed that the permanent valve can be closed after the gun is fired, and but very little water be shipped, though there was a strong tide running directly toward the muzzle at the time of the experiment.

A SENATOR'S REMINISCENCES.

Ex-Senator Hendrick's Recollections of Prominent Members of the United States Senate.

An Indianapolis (Ind.) letter gives the particulars of an interview held with Ex-United States Senator Thomas A. Hendricks. During the interview Mr. Hendricks gave interesting reminiscences of some of the prominent men whom he had met in the Senate. He said:

Many senators whom I met at that time were men of marked qualities. Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, was one of the most ingenious and plausible debaters I have ever heard. He was then a senator, greatly respected, and exercised a decided influence; in his character and policy he was decidedly conservative.

Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, who is yet in the Senate, was then in the prime of his manhood, courteous and elegant in his manner, never giving offense, always devoted to his party, and very successfully taking charge of its interest.

I met with no man in the senate whose qualities interested me more than Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania. He was modest and retiring, but when called out by duty, a debater of rare ability, philosophic in his habits of thought, not combative, punctilious, holding a strong position and exercising much influence in the Senate. During his term he prepared a very interesting work, outside of his senatorial labors, on the subject of "Minority or Proportional Representation." It is the ablest work on that subject that has come to my knowledge. Mr. Buckalew was singularly retiring, modest and democratic in his habits.

His colleague, Mr. Cowan, was always listened to with interest. He was a dashing debater, and came into any controversy when it was at the highest, and was able to maintain himself against much odds. He came into the Senate a Republican, but became very restless under party discipline.

One of the most interesting characters in the Senate of that day was Garrett Davis. He was a war Democrat from Kentucky. I think he was the most fearless debater I ever heard—not always the most considerate for the cause he advocated.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, was perhaps the finest orator in the Senate. During the first part of the war he was a conservative Republican. By his convictions of right, and by extreme hostility on the part of others to his political position, he was carried into the ranks of the Democratic party, and became one of the strongest advocates of the Democratic cause. As a friend he was sincere, as an associate charming.

Mr. Fessenden was then at the height of his very distinguished career. I think Maine has never been so ably represented in the Senate. As a debater he was very remarkable—quietly, attentively, he listened to those opposed to him until he appreciated exactly the field of the fight; then, without note, book or authority, he made his reply so clearly that he could not be misunderstood, and I never knew him to leave a point unanswered. I do not mean that his answer was always successful, but it was always able. He was one of the great men of his party, and held great influence until he found himself compelled to separate from it in his vote against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Governor Gimes represented the State of Iowa. I never saw a purer man in public life. The influence of his able and excellent administration as governor of Iowa did much to establish the State permanently as a Republican State. He, too, separated from his party on the impeachment question. John P. Hale, of Maine, was very much observed at the time I went into the Senate and very much spoken of. He was a brilliant man, but not a student, as I thought, and he had come to repeating himself.

Mr. Henderson was a young senator from Missouri, a good lawyer, a strong debater, and very sincere in his convictions. He also separated from the Republican party on the impeachment question.

Reverdy Johnson was the ablest lawyer in the Senate. I have never heard any one who so readily, and without special preparation, announced his legal propositions and supported them by exact reference to the authorities.

For a part of the time Henry S. Lane was my colleague. He deserves to be held in high estimation by his countrymen. Passionate in his politics, but sincere and truthful, with few superiors as an orator.

John Sherman was not then frequent in his addresses to the Senate, but always the same, well prepared, and left his views distinctly impressed upon the mind of the body.

The most distinguished member of the Senate was Mr. Sumner. Many of his speeches were political essays rather than debates. He was a man of great learning, capable of exhaustive research, thoroughly in earnest, never politic, never avoided a question to accommodate a friend or foe, not even to save his party; he stepped at once to the front edge of a question and required feeble

and more timid partisans to follow. I have said, and I suppose I was correct, that at his death he left more of his sentiments embodied in the laws of the country than any other man.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, was in many respects a distinguished man. As a debater he was very able, as a lawyer very eminent. He was chairman of the judiciary committee, and reported many of the most important bills touching the relations of the races and the reconstruction of the States. He, too, left the Republican party upon the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Mr. McDougal, of California, was a brilliant and attractive man, although not a man of much influence in the body. Some of his speeches made upon the spur of the occasion without preparation were as remarkable as you find in the best collection of literary gems.

If I had a *Globe* I would like to refer you to one or two exquisite specimens. I remember one occasion when the bill was pending in the Senate upon the President's veto of the admission of Colorado. If all the senators were present it was known that the bill could not pass. Senator Wade called the bill up (he being chairman of the committee on Territories at the time) late in the evening; some senators were not present: Mr. Dickson, senator from Connecticut, a supporter of the veto, it was announced in the Senate, was sick, and that he could not safely attend. Mr. Wade expressed the thought that if Providence had favored the measure for the admission of that State, it was proper for its friends to take advantage of that circumstance, and so he insisted that the bill should be taken up and passed upon. Just then McDougal came into the Senate, and without taking his seat, but standing by his chair, he replied so completely, so powerfully, in a few sentences, as to settle the fate of the bill for that night. After McDougal took his seat Mr. Wade could get but one or two to second him in his efforts to take the bill up. I cannot give you McDougal's speech. It can hardly be repeated. His illustration of his abhorrence of the sentiment he took from Persian mythology—the spirit of good and the spirit of evil—the spirit of good that brought to mankind all blessings—the spirit of evil that poured upon the race its many curses; and the sentiment he condemned he compared to the latter, but in such beautiful, strong and classic language, and in every respect so forcible, that the proposition to take the bill from the table received no support.

Governor Morton entered the Senate after the middle of my term. He soon took rank as one of the ablest leaders of his party. He was extreme in his expressions of political hostility—strength and earnestness were the characteristics of his speeches.

A Captive in the South Seas.

Australia is ringing with the story Luigi Boero, lately rescued from the South Sea savages. Captain McLaughlin, who explored the Solomon group, discovered a white man naked among the savages at Bonka Island, and counted seventy war canoes, each containing forty armed savages. After considerable stratagem he got alongside a canoe containing the white man, who was ultimately, with some difficulty and danger, ransomed for three American hatchets. He was an Italian named Luigi Boero, and had been for fifteen months a captive with the savages. When he found he was about to be liberated he embraced Captain McLaughlin in an agony of joy. Boero, with five mates, left Liki harbor to go on a cruise in an open boat. Three days afterward they struck a reef, the boat was broken, and they fell into the hands of the natives. He got separated from his companions, whom he only once afterward saw. All were treated worse than dogs. They were the slaves of every one, and made to do horrible work, always treated with the greatest ill-usage and obliged to work naked in the sun, with their skin peeling off. Captain McLaughlin, after rescuing Luigi, sailed for Bougainville and other islands, where he heard of another white man in captivity, but was unsuccessful in rescuing him. It is supposed that this unfortunate Italian is the only survivor of the six.

Sleeping Apart.

"More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is so roused in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the climator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law."—"Laws of Life."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

New York city has appropriated \$1,000,000 for street cleaning in 1892. Her police will cost \$3,300,000, the fire department calls for \$1,464,850, the schools will have \$3,500,000, the department of charities and correction can be run for \$1,312,500 and the department of public works will command \$2,389,900.

The city of Klingenberg, in Lower Franconia in Germany, not only imposes no municipal tax, but every voter receives an annual dividend from the city treasury of a sum ranging from \$22.50 to \$25. The city recently celebrated the Sedan anniversary by giving every citizen fifty cents, with fifty cents extra to every soldier of the war with France.

The New York *Hour* says that "Sidney Dillon, one of Jay Gould's partners, is about to build the costliest and most ornate private residence on this continent. It is to be erected at the corner of Fifth avenue and Seventy-sixth street, and the house, with the grounds surrounding it, will cover thirteen full city lots, four of which will be on Fifth avenue."

A pathway only eighteen inches wide is cut into the side of Slate mountain, near Leadville, at a height, over an almost perpendicular chasm, of 1,500 feet. Few men who use it have strong enough nerves to walk upright, but instinctively crouch or "coon it," as the local saying is. The foolhardiness of James Zern in attempting the passage when the ground was a glare of ice may, therefore, be imagined. He slipped, fell, and was dashed to pieces on the frozen ground more than a quarter of a mile below.

The king of Ashantee, like his neighbor, the despot of Dahomey, is an adept at human sacrifices, but the latest exploit attributed to him, of killing two hundred young girls in order to get their blood for mixing mortar in the repair of a building, is almost past belief. In civilized countries, monarchs, to be sure, rend tens of thousands of young men to die in the battlefield in order to build up and cement their power with warm blood, but the barbarities of the ruler of Coomassie are of a different sort. The eagerness for inflicting violent death is, however, such a passion with the Ashantees, as their wars with the Fantees show, that probably this latest atrocity on the Gold Coast does not produce much emotion there.

The Italian newspapers have fast increased in number of late years, and for a half-century show a progress which in a measure has kept pace with the other countries of Europe. Previous to 1797 there was not one journal in the entire country. In 1836 there were only 185, and of these 110 were published in Rome. Now there are 1,454, of which 149 are dailies, but Rome no longer has the lead. It is Milan, with 216, that comes first. Rome then follows with 147, Naples with 114, Florence with 110, Genoa with fifty-six, and Venice with thirty-two. Rome has eighteen daily papers, Naples sixteen, Palermo thirteen, Milan twelve, Florence nine, Turin six, and Venice five. On an average, there 8,000 readers for each Italian newspaper.

The New York postoffice has a man whose business for the past twenty-five years has been to decipher bad addresses. He has collected directions of the various cities of the country, and is said to know all the streets and a great number of the residences of New York city. Some time ago a foreign letter came directed to "Patrick Mahoney, first house in America." The letter was from Ireland, and after the usual inquiries, the clerk learned the time that the vessel bearing the letter arrived. As an experiment, he placed it in the hands of a carrier, who was instructed to deliver it at the end of — pier. The house was a sailors' boarding-house, and strange as it may seem, Patrick Mahoney was found. When the letter was opened the only contents were found to be a draft for \$400.

Calcutta was recently thrown into a state of intense excitement by the arrival of the great Moulvi Hadz Ahmad, who is credited with the possession of miraculous powers enabling him to cure all diseases which flesh is heir to. His process is very simple. The people assemble with earthen pots of water; he passes among them and breathes upon the water, and forthwith it is impregnated with curative properties. Enormous crowds follow the man wherever he goes, and not only Hindoos, Mohammedans, but even Christians of all classes join the ranks. He is in easy circumstances, and exacts no fee or reward of any kind for his services; his personal character is above reproach, and his influence is always used in favor of law and order. He is a Mohammedan preacher and a great authority upon points of Mohammedan doctrine.

In reference to the recent great demand for Confederate bonds, it is stated,

that a Washington gentleman well known in Southern circles says of the Confederate fund that the Confederate disbursing officers had altogether a very large sum on hand, which they were too honest to appropriate and pocket, and if they retained it, the United States government, it was feared, could seize it. So they placed it in the hands of honorable Englishmen as trustees, to hold for a term of years, and then to dispose of it as seemed most just. At the head of these, it was understood, was Lord Haughton. The Bank of England is probably only the depositary and agent of the trustees. The bonds issued approximated \$800,000,000. Probably not one-third are now in existence. This money in England was the product of cotton, etc., bought and paid for with bonds.

The editor of *Nature* says that "many Arctic authorities are of opinion that the days of great and expensive national Polar expeditions are passed, and that the money thus spent would be put to much better use by being devoted to the carrying on of a continuous series of observations. At various points around the Arctic area observations will be established as near as practicable to the pole, where a continuous series of observations will be taken, according to a common prearranged plan. These observations will be connected with meteorology in all its departments, with terrestrial magnetism, the aurora borealis, atmospheric electricity, the movements of the ice, biology, combined with geographical exploration where practicable. After a year or two of such observations we may then be able to compare and coordinate Polar conditions with those which prevail in regions further south. A vast array of data must necessarily be accumulated that cannot but be turned to valuable account by science."

What is known in California as "the debris question" has finally got into the courts, and injunctions and counter injunctions are being exchanged, to the manifest profit of the lawyers. The mines of the hill country bordering on the Sacramento valley are worked by washing out vast quantities of sand, clay and gravel. The debris chokes the streams flowing into the Sacramento. The country is frequently inundated, and extensive tracts of arable land are covered with silt, to the destruction of all agriculture. The farmers have procured an order issued from one of the courts directing the sheriff of Nevada county to shut off the water of certain mines, the owners of which had been previously enjoined from prosecuting their work. Another court has issued a temporary injunction restraining the sheriff from shutting off the water. At this point the matter rests, and it is difficult to see how any solution of the question can be arrived at so long as the prosecution of the two industries appear to be incompatible with each other.

A Jamaica Breakfast.

Strange as it may seem at first-sight, everybody in the West Indies eats very large meals. The climate is so hot that you must take food freely to make up for losses, and the appetite has to be stimulated by a great variety of dishes, as well as by the copious use of those very insidious capsiacums and the still more delicious little red and yellow bird peppers. A few of these tempting fruits are placed in the salt cellar at every meal, and with the brilliant tropical flowers which invariably garnish the table in pretty specimen vases they give a general air of pleasant, esthetic refinement to the whole arrangement.

Breakfast is a really solid and substantial repast, usually put off until 10:30 or 11, the pangs of pressing hunger being stilled before the early morning canter by a cup of coffee in the bedroom. With it comes sometimes a cassava cake, one of the best Jamaican institutions, made by the negro villagers from the roughly scraped meal of the arrowroot plant. This meal is rolled into a thin paste and then baked hard and dry into round cakes, about the thickness of a Scotch oatmeal bannock, but much more delicate in taste. Thus refreshed, one manages to get over the time till 11 o'clock breakfast, and then the table in a hospitable planter's house positively groans under the weight of its viands. Most of them are fearfully and wonderfully made, I must allow, but their variety is certainly astonishing.

Tea, coffee, claret, and, above all, rum and water; fish, fresh and salt, and twice laid; meats, hot and cold, fresh and salt; pepper-pot, and eggs in abundance. As a rule, the meal consists of two or three courses, ending off with curried chickens or curried fish, over which a couple of soft-boiled eggs are broken on each plate. "Bombay ducks," those queer little Indian dried fish from the Indus, sometimes accompany it on the epicure's table. They are baked quite hard in the oven, and then broken up to eat with the curry. To finish all, more marmalade, home made or imported, to the square mile, is probably eaten in the West Indies than in any other part of the British dominions. *Belgravia*.