

GUITEAU'S STATUE.

WHAT A SCULPTOR SAYS OF THE ASSASSIN—A HUMAN RATTLENAKE.

Upon the fifth floor of the Corcoran building, on Fifteenth street, across from the Treasury Department, a curious group were gathered about a figure posed in the attitude of Guiteau, the assassin, just before he fired the fatal shot at President Garfield.

To-morrow night an exact reproduction of Charles Guiteau, the assassin, dressed in the clothes worn by him when he made the attack at the Sixth street depot, will be shipped to New York.

The successful agent gave Guiteau a check for \$350 for the suit worn at the time of the assassination and the one worn during the trial.

McDonald, the sculptor, is a curious man. His high cheek bones, blue-gray eyes, sharp nose, his blue-black, close cropped side whiskers, and a tall, angular figure stood out as typical features in the man who looks like a professor in some country university.

"How did you find Guiteau's figure?" was asked. "He has the figure of an athlete. You know I stripped him and measured him carefully at all points.

"Do you think him sane?" "Certainly, but he is a human animal in his appetites and his passions. In order to learn the habits and peculiarities of an animal confined, you must go to his keepers.

"A rattlesnake?" "Yes, sir, there are men in that prison who have grown gray in watching prisoners made up from all classes of criminals.

"I have," added the Professor, "examined his head from a phrenological standpoint. He has absolutely no love, no gratitude, no sense of decency, no courage, while self-esteem is enlarged abnormally.

"Was he patient under your examination?" "Oh, yes, just because it gratified his vanity. He thinks that the American people are anxious to see him, and he was proud to get out on exhibition, if it was only in effigy.

Do you think I am a fool? A violent man once asked of the Rev. Dr. Bethune. "Really," replied the Doctor, "I would not venture the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it.

When a couple make up their minds to get married it may be called a tie vote.

A FALSE charge of stealing twenty-five cents drove an Illinois girl insane.

"Harp of a Thousand Strings."

Century Magazine for April.

About thirty years ago there appeared in the New Orleans Picayune a sermon which attracted immediate attention and secured wide currency. It was at once recognized as a genuine transcription. It purported to have been delivered by a volunteer preacher, who, making his livelihood as captain of a flat-boat, happened to "lay up" over Sunday by a Mississippi landing.

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one o' them as believes an education is necessary in a minister of the Gospel; for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be edicated; and although I says it as ought not to say it, in the State of Alabama, where I live, there's no man what gits bigger congregashuns nor what I gits.

"There may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar is some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists, but, as far as I sees, it's better to have a hard shell than no shell at all.

"I am not a-gwine to tell you adzactly whar my tex is to be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revelation; and ef you'll go an' search the scriptures, you'll find not only my tex thar but a good many other texes as will do you good to read, and when you shall find my tex you shall find it to read thus:

"An he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick."

"My tex, my brethering, leads me, in the first place, to speak of sperrits. Thar is a great many kinds of sperrits in the world. In the first place, thar's sperrits as some folks calls ghosts and thar's sperrits of turpentine, and thar's sperrits as some folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good a article of them kind o' sperrits on my flat-boat as was ever fatched down the Mississippi River but thar's a good many other kin' o' sperrits, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But, I'll tell you what kind of sperrits as are ment in the tex, my brethering. It's FIRE. That's the kind of sperrits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now, of course thar is a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the first place, there's the common sort of fire you light your pipe with, and there's the fox-fire and camphire, fire afore you're ready and fire-an'-fall-back, and many other kinds of fire; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering. It is Hell-fire! An' that's the kind of fire a good many of you are coming to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin' 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Now, the different sorts o' fire in the world may be likened to the different persuasion of Christians in the world. In the first place, we have the 'Piscopalian. And they are a high-sailin' an' a bifalutin set, and may be likened onto a turkey-buzzard a-flyin' up in the air, an' he goes up, an' up, until he looks no bigger'n your finger-nail an' the fust thing you know he comes down and down, and is a-fillin' hiself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of the road, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Then thar is the Methodist and they may be likened unto a squirrel a-climbin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from grace to grace till they gits to perfection; an' so the squirrel goes up an' jumps from limb to limb and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, klerfummix, for they is always fallin' from grace; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"An' then, my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah. An' they have been likened to a 'possum on a simmon-tree; and thunders may roll and the yearth may quake; but that 'possum clings thar still, ah; and you may shake one foot loose, an' the other's thar, ah; and you may shake all feet loose, an' he wraps his tail around the liub, an' he clings, an' clings forever, for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

Irreligious as this may seem, grotesque and preposterous, it is not overstated. In the old time, and on the borders of civilization, such sermons were by no means uncommon. They are still to be heard in the "back settlements," as they are called; and, while those who make them pass for what they are worth as preachers, their sincerity goes unchallenged and unquestioned.

Electricity vs. Steam.

ELECTRIC RAILROADS LIKELY SOON TO BE AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

To all intelligent persons it becomes every day more clearly evident that electricity is to be in the future the great controlling force of the world—the source of light, of heat, of power, of motion. In different parts of the world scientists are at work upon the vast and complicated problems involved, and by degrees slow, but steady, important progress is being made.

Some time ago the Scientific Times made some observations upon the experiments looking to the divisibility of the electric light that were being made by Mr. Hathaway, of the corner of Grove and Tenth streets, Jersey City. Those experiments are not yet concluded, but this paper has now the pleasure of announcing that the same gentleman has devised an even more important system still, whereby electricity can be made to take the place of steam on surface and elevated railroads.

This system is possessed of capabilities that will result in revolutionizing the railroad system of the world, and Mr. Hathaway's name is destined to go down to posterity emblazoned with fame such as now belongs to Isaac Watts, Franklin and Stephenson. His method of transit is governed by electricity in every particular. The electric power is contained in the locomotive that draws the cars, and the latter are to be lighted and heated by electricity.

The electricity will not be stored, as proposed by some experimenters, but will be generated as required. It is calculated that with a train of sixteen loaded passenger cars a speed of from sixty to eighty miles an hour will be attained. At the same time the mechanical appliances will be so perfectly under control that collisions will be wholly out of the question. The saving of cost, it is estimated, will be largely reduced as compared with steam. Various sources of annoyance and danger will also be wholly done away with, including the hissing and puffing of steam, the danger of fire from sparks, and so on. Mr. Hathaway has devoted a great amount of study and experiment to the solution of the problem involved and he has scientifically demonstrated the feasibility of his system. It is probable that a company will be formed to introduce it into practical use, and fortunate indeed will be those capitalists who first perceive the tremendous money-making possibilities that are involved in the solution of the problem of electric railroads.—N. Y. Scientific Times.

Success.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands, like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle—there is such a din—such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, Come! But the voices of the Past say, Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainly, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing, and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition, to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us. To be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices!

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well what you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointment—no nasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—Hyperion.

Registered Letters.

The question is often asked, "What is the difference between a registered letter and any other?" The difference is that a registered letter does not go in the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside the mail-pouches every person through whose hands it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on passing it over to the next transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always liable to show who is accountable for its loss. The responsibility rests on the man who has signed a receipt for the registered

package, and who is not able to produce the package or a receipt from somebody else for it. The safest way to send money is by money order. Where it does not go to a money order office, it should always be sent in a registered package. Money ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no possible way of tracking such a letter.

JOHN PENN'S HEIRS.

VALUABLE PROPERTY AWAITING THEIR CLAIM IN EASTON.

A sensation was caused at Easton on Saturday by the discovery of a very ancient deed, the terms of which reveal the fact that "The Circle" which, with its fountain and shade trees, adorns Centre square, is really the property of the heirs of John Penn. From the spot where "The Circle" now is, twenty years ago the county commissioners removed the court house buildings, and in doing so they made a breach in the condition of the grant and caused a reverter of the estates to the heirs of John Penn. The deed is dated September 28, 1764—the fourth year of the reign of King George III.—and is under the hand and seal of John Penn, Lieutenant Governor of the Province. The property is described as part of the manor of Fernor, in the then newly erected county of Northampton, and is granted to John Jones, Thomas Armstrong, James Martin, John Rinker and Henry Allshouse, and their heirs, "in trust, nevertheless, to and for the erecting thereon of a court house for the public use and service of the said county, and for no other use, intent or purpose whatsoever." It was to be held in free and common usage by fealty only in lieu of all other services, "yielding and paying yearly unto us, our heirs and successors," upon the first day of March in every year "one red rose."

The law is well settled that such a deed conveys a base or determinable fee—determinable in the non-performance of the use. And it vested in the heirs of John Penn a reversionary interest in the whole fee simple, which became the absolute fee when the court house was removed. The Circle in the public square in the borough of Easton, Northampton county, evidently belongs to the heirs of John Penn, some of whom are living in the city of Philadelphia, the descendants of the Livingstones, who intermarried with the Penn family. These Philadelphia heirs lately asserted their rights as reversioners in the case of a property in the city of Allentown, granted by William Penn for the purpose of erecting and maintaining thereon a county jail. The jail was removed and the property reverted. It was necessary to clear the title that the Penn heirs should sign a release. It is quite likely that they will assert their rights as reversioners with regard to "The Circle," which with its fountain and shade trees, ornament Easton's public square.

FACT.

History, it is said, repeats itself—so do stories. "Pshaw!" exclaims some learned man, as he sees in the morning paper a fresh anecdote, "I read that fifty years ago, and it was then ancient." Perhaps he did, and yet the anecdote may be true as told, though not singular. The critic should remember the rule, as true of men as of mechanics, that like causes under similar circumstances always produce the same effects.

Some years ago a story went the rounds, which told how one of the keepers of the Hartford Insane Asylum saved his life by his ready wit. The keeper had taken a patient, supposed to have been cured, to the roof of the Asylum. While they were enjoying the magnificent prospect, the patient, who was a large man, seized the keeper's arm.

"Let us jump down and surprise the folks below!" he said. The keeper, seeing that the man had suffered a relapse, coolly replied: "Nonsense! any fool can jump down. Let's descend and jump up. That'll astonish them."

"Won't that be jolly! Come along," answered the patient, thrown off his guard. Before he could try the feat, he was securely confined.

Now, a similar story, with different details, however, is told of Sir Thomas More, the good Lord Chancellor whose head Henry VIII took off. He was seated one day on the roof of his house, when a madman suddenly appeared at his side.

"Leap, Tom, leap!" he shouted, seizing More by the shoulder. Looking him calmly in the eye, the Lord Chancellor said, "Let us first throw my little dog down, and see what sport that will be."

In a moment the dog was tumbled over the parapet. "Good!" said More, with feigned delight, "now run down, fetch the dog, and we'll throw him off again."

The maniac ran down, and More summoned his servants to secure him.

KALAMAZOO, according to Eli Perkins, appears to have peculiar clericalism to say the least. One is said to have announced that "services will be held in this church next Sabbath, Providence permitting, and it isn't good fishing in the river;" while another gave out a notice as follows: "The Lord willing, and there being on minstrel troupe in town, there will be a prayer meeting in this church next Thursday evening."

Gen. Albert Pike.

Albert Pike is a wonderful old man, being now far advanced in life and of a most striking and venerable appearance, with his long, snow-white hair and beard, and his tall, erect and statelily figure. A great lawyer, "the greatest Free Mason in the world," a poet, journalist, historian and soldier—having commanded a brigade of Indians in the Confederate army during the first year of the war—his life has been so checked and eventful, so full of incident, adventure and versatile achievement, that his biography, when properly written, will read more like some Oriental romance, some "wonderous tale of Araby," or story of the "Admirable Christie," grown old in wonderful successes, than the actual biography of an American backwoodsman—a fine old Arkansas gentleman, all of the modern time," to parody the title of one of his celebrated convivial songs.

Among his many titles to fame was that of a Nimrod—a mighty hunter of the Southwest—and it was hereby that he became a great hero among the Indians west of Arkansas, who voted him the freedom of their splendid hunting grounds, always giving him a rousing tribal or national welcome on his annual visits, and finally making him "great chief" over them. They called him "Big Thunder," or something of that sort, because in his hunting expeditions he always carried along a four or six-pound howitzer, regularly mounted, with which he mowed the gregarious prairie game of all kinds by the hundreds and thousands. Although a native of Puritan New England, Gen. Pike has always been like Sergeant Prentiss and other Northern men who came South before the war, more of a "Southerner," apparently, in feeling, tastes, habits and opinions than Jeff Davis or Aleck Stephens—as much so, in fact, as that royal roysterer, that miraculous paradox, Bob Tooms, himself.—Richmond State.

Lord Beaconsfield's Social Qualities.

Of loyalty to his political friends he was a model, and nothing did more to secure his command of the party than its sense that his professional honor, so to speak, could be implicitly relied upon. Toward his wife, a warm hearted woman older than himself, and inferior to him both in birth and education, he was uniformly kind and indeed devoted. The first use he made of his power as Prime Minister was to procure for her the title of viscountess. A story used to be told how, long ago, when his political position was still far from assured, he and his wife happened to be with the chief of the party and that chief so far forgot good manners as to quiz Mrs. Disraeli at the dinner table—not malignantly, but with a spice of satire. Next morning Mr. Disraeli, whose visit was to have lasted for some days longer, announced that he must leave immediately. The host besought him to stay, and made all possible apologies. But Disraeli was inexorable, and carried his wife off forthwith. To literary men, whatever their opinions, he was always ready to give a helping hand, representing himself as one of their profession. Success did not turn his head, nor make him assume the airs of a grand seigneur. In paying compliments he was singularly expert, and made good use of his skill to win friends and disarm enemies. He knew how to please Englishmen, and especially the young, by entering into their tastes and pleasures, and, without being what would be genial, was never wanting in bonhomie. In society he was a perfect man of the world—told his anecdotes apropos, wound up a discussion by some happy epigram, talked to the guest next him as he would to an old friend. In short, he was excellent company. But he had few intimates; nor did his apparent frankness unveil anything more than he chose to reveal.—JAMES BRYCE, M. P., in The Century for March.

Perry Belmont in Congress.

The greatest surprise in Congress is Perry Belmont, of Long Island. His father is August Belmont, the rich banker and agent of the Rothschilds. It was supposed that the money of Belmont here secured his election, and that the young man was as big an ass, as namby-pamby as the sons of rich men usually are. People who believed this expected nothing from him beyond loling in his seat and ogling the pretty girls in the gallery. Well, he isn't any such a man. He is a young fellow, about thirty years of age medium height, slender in figure, dark complexion, and rather distingue in appearance. He is as modest as a girl and as studious as a bookworm. This will doubtless surprise people who have known him only as a society man. He is a fair lawyer and a hard worker. He speaks several languages fluently, and is just the kind of man to be trained in diplomatic circles. He is not hide-bound in politics, though a Democrat. My word for it, Belmont will make his mark here, not because he has money, but by virtue of close application and good common sense.

The most popular religion is that which teaches us to walk quietly along, what the negro called "the broad road and narrer paf of life."

If you must dabble in shares, try plowshare. Now other kind pays so regular dividends.

An Agnostic Prayer.

The Rev. George C. Miln, of the Unity Church, Chicago, opened his service last Sunday with the following prayer:

"We turned our feet from the common path of life into the seclusion of this sacred hour, made sacred to us by our own intentions. At least for a little while we bid farewell to the fret and worry of our daily life, to the burdens which we in silence carry, and to the trivial pleasures which do so much to dissipate our fine energies and purposes. We came here to find rest, to find light, to gain strength for the duties which are before us. We come here that by the planting of holy purposes we may grow stronger and nobler in all the ways of life. May the stillness of this moment breathe a sweet serenity into every heart. Looking backward, we may learn to regret with scorn all that has been unworthy of us—all pettiness, all littleness, all counselling with the ignoble and time-serving motives. Looking forward, may our aspirations reach after the highest ideals for ourselves and for our fellows. May we be above hopelessness, above despair. May we look into the future with calmness and determination, prepared for its duties and for whatever conflict may await us. And may our inter-communication lift us into a realm where we shall be emancipated from suspicion and misinterpretation of each other. We do not forget the poor. They are always with us. May we help the poor, the blind, the sick, and they who are beaten down by the trampling of many feet in all the ways of life. O, that our hearts may at least be full of sympathy and our hands always full of help for such! And may we look with yearning eyes for the coming of that day in which there shall be no pain, nor crying, nor weariness of heart! Amen."

A Sympathizing Caller.

How the President enjoys his office is told in a story just out, of a Missouri politician and lawyer who, in company with a Senator from this State, called on the President a day or two ago. The western politician, after he had been introduced to the President, said:

"Mr. President, I am very glad to meet you. It is the first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing you; in fact, you are the first President I ever saw. You look fatigued."

"Yes," the President replied, "I am annoyed very much, but the rush will be over pretty soon, I hope."

The western statesman then resumed: "I have often heard of you, Mr. President as being a very fine ward politician. I presume you had rather be out whooping the boys up than here, being as you are annoyed beyond measure for office?"

The President laughed and said "Yes."

A LAND WHERE MEN WERE THE WEAKER VESSELS.—The London Times in summing up the condition of men under the civilization of ancient Egypt, remarks: "This is a picture to which no pendant can be found in the history of any other highly-civilized race, whether ancient or modern. In it we behold a world in which the balance of domestic power is reversed. The woman owns all and rules all; the man is a helpless dependent, and both are the property of the priest. A more insignificant and pitiable object than the Egyptian paterfamilias can hardly be conceived. As a child he was the property of his mother; as a married man he was the pensioner of his wife; as a corpse he belonged to his Choachyte (priest), who could sell him, mortgage him, or will him away at pleasure. Born or unborn, married or single, living or dead, he was never his own property or his own master. To speak of him as a man and a citizen would be a figurative expression. He was a marketable investment, like a house, or a piece of land, or a Government annuity."

"ANYTHING taken place, to day?" asked Mr. Frelinghuysen, as he walked in and elevated his boots to the top of the cabinet table. "Nothing," replied Mr. Arthur, without looking up from the tantalizing pages of the patent office report. "There were lots of fellows here who wanted to take it however." Thus doth the oasis of innocent mirth lighten up the barren waste of official life.—Boston Transcript.

"WELL," said a child, "if the hairs of our heads are all numbered, the numbers must get awfully mixed up, for lots of women wear hair that grew on some one else's head."

DR. STROTHER, a Kentucky lecturer, holds that the Garden of Eden was the Mississippi Valley, and that Noah's ark started from Manhattan island.

Up in Wisconsin it costs \$240 to sell a cow as "gentle," and then have her kick the dairy maid clean through the window of the barn.

"Why do you hide, Johnny?" said one boy to another. "I hide to save my hide," replied the other, as he hid away to a secret spot.

"MAMMA, do you know what the largest species of ants are? You shake your head. Well, I'll tell you. They are elephants."

NEVER judge a man by his clothes. His tailor may probably have a suit against him.