

Andrew Johnson's Sobriety.

Writing in the September Scribner of Andrew Johnson, the Hon. Hugh McCulloch says: "I was not present when Mr. Johnson took the oath of Vice President, in the Senate chamber, but the reports of his speech on that occasion amazed me. It was so different from what had been expected of him—so incoherent, so rambling that those who listened to it thought that he was intoxicated. "It was not," said a friend of mine the next morning, "a speech of a drunken man" and it is undoubtedly true. He had abstained for some days before he took the oath, and on his way to Washington had taken brandy as an antidote. On the day of his inauguration he was really ill, and was so weak as to resort to a stimulant. When he went to the Senate chamber, meeting Mr. Lincoln a day or two later, I said to him that the country, in view of the Vice Presidential appearance on the 4th, had a greater stake than ever in his life. He hesitated for a moment, and then remarked with unusual seriousness, "I have known Andy Johnson for many years; he made a slip the other day, but you need not be alarmed; Andy ain't a drunkard." He was nearly four years I had daily intercourse with him, frequently at night, and I never saw him under the influence of liquor. I have no hesitation in saying that whatever may have been his faults, intemperance was not among them."

The Origin of Tea.

Tea plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the gulleons and celestials blandly assert that the drink was invented by Chia Hong some five thousand years ago. A genetic version makes it sixteen thousand years ago, and gives the following account of earliest appearance: "In the reign of Yuen Tsin in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market-place, carrying a cup of tea in her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet from the break of day to the close of evening the cup was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people seized and confined her in prison. At night she flew through the prison windows with her little vase in her hand."

Tea was not heard of in China for three centuries and a half, when a "Fo-hi" priest is said to have discovered its use as a medicine. In the ninth century an old beggar from Japan took some of the seeds and plants back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built at Osaka a temple to the memory of those who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia have learned to love the drink, and use it at all hours of the day.

The honor of introducing the tea into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the seventeenth century tea became known among the "gens of quality" in Europe, and some Dutch traders carried quantities of sage (which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe) to China, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making a broad-eyed tea drinkers think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of very good tea, which was brought home in safety and without the loss of a single Dutchman.—St. Nicholas.

A Grateful Dog.

He was a brindle cur, and had been long about him to excite admiration, but, as he stood shivering under the "L" station at Fifty-ninth street, Third Avenue, his loneliness and misery drew a sympathetic glance now and then from a passer-by. He did not seem to be a city dog; he seemed too shy and ignorant of city ways for that, and he looked anxiously in the face of each one who came as if seeking a friend. One day he came. He tried to get on the surface car, but the conductor yelled and a passenger kicked at him; so he sneaked into the lee of one of the iron posts, and shivered miserably than before.

Two little girls came along, and stopped a moment to speak to the "poor doggie," who, a tempted a little wag of the tail in response. Then they patted him and spoke kindly to him, and so cheered the poor wail that he whined about them and whined for joy. A heavy cumbersome brewery wagon bore down upon them. With the rattle overhead and the babel of noise about them the two little tots did not heed the rapidly nearing danger, nor hear the shout that went out to them from the sidewalk; but the homeless dog did. Springing between the children and the advancing horses he barked, his shrill treble rising high above the clamor of the street. It was all done in a moment. The wagon rolled on; the children, spell-bound with fear, stood still; the dog, in a last desperate effort to repay the kindness shown him, hurled himself at the advancing horses. One child is brushed aside and the other is clutched by a friendly hand as the horses swerve at the dog's attack. The brewery wagon went on its way, rocking and swaying, and two tear-dimmed little faces peered out from the sidewalk at a little heap on the stones of the street. Their defender had given his life in grateful remembrance of their kindness.—New York Herald.

The Habit of Delay.

Some one has given the wise counsel that, in times of pressing emergency, when there is but a minute in which to act, one-third of that time should be devoted to thought. Certainly harm is frequently done by rushing into action without reflection; at the same time, an opposite evil of equal if not greater magnitude results from delaying the action which has already commended itself to the judgement. A large majority of the unfulfilled duties of the world is caused by the practice of delay. Good intentions are abundant; the ability and the will to carry them out are not wanting; but the habit of prompt action has never been acquired. Persons with this deficiency are wrecked in an emergency. Let the house be on fire or any sudden danger threaten them, and, instead of concentrating their mind upon the required decision for a portion of the time afforded, they spend the whole time in wavering considerations until the opportunity for action is gone, and the threatened evil that might have been averted overwhelms them.

In all business, this lack is most disastrous. Each day brings new problems to solve, new decisions to make, new duties to perform. Each one of these demands a certain amount of careful thought, but it also demands a final conclusion and prompt action. He who does not learn how to apportion these to the hourly necessities can not hope to succeed in his business, be it what it may. If he does not promptly act, time decides for him; the offer is withdrawn, the opportunity is gone, the chance has slipped away, and the dilatory man stands bereft of the power he might have wielded and the advantage he might have gained.

This habit of delay is fatal to all social well-being and happiness. In our relations with others nothing is more needful than to do quickly that which we are able to do for their comfort and pleasure. Much of this consists of little things, of which, indeed, the greater part of life is made up. A letter to be answered, a call to be returned, a friendly word of greeting, or congratulation, or warning, to be uttered, a temporary distress to be relieved, a noble charity to be aided, some cheering news to be communicated. These things are constantly occurring to our minds, and we mean to do them, but not quite yet. We wait a little while, and, meantime, the spirit that would have animated them dies away, and either they are not done at all, or, coming so late, they fall flat and unheeded.

When we are animated by evil thoughts or unkind desires, when we are prompted to revenge a wrong, to reproach a failing, to say bitter words, or to do cruel deeds, then is the time for delay. Then may we well wait, and suffer these baneful feelings to cool and better ones to take their place. But if there is

any righteous deed to be done, any justice to establish, any kindness to express, any love to manifest, any joy to diffuse, let us hasten to give it form and voice, knowing that there is neither time to waste nor procrustean in the blessed work of doing good.

A Mysterious Power.

The beauties of monopoly receives a further illustration in the manner in which the Standard Oil Company manages to maintain its mysterious power over the rates of freight on railways. After the Interstate Commerce law had stopped the rebate game the Standard began to pump oil to New York through its pipes, shipping it thence by water to seaboard cities in New England. But it could not compete with Boston refiners, who had a rate of 78 cents per barrel from Titusville. In the emergency the Standard prevailed upon the railway companies to advance freights from 78 cents to \$1 per barrel, which enabled it to cut under the Boston refiners. This advance would seem to have been made at the expense of the railroad companies, which have given up their traffic in favor of the Standard pipe. This state of affairs, says the Philadelphia Record, is incomprehensible from any standpoint of fair dealing. The Boston refiners are now considering the feasibility of sending their oil to Philadelphia and shipping it from that city to Providence, Boston, Port and Bangor and other eastern points. The rate on oil to Philadelphia is 45 cents per barrel.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

A Movement to Change the Manner of Selecting Jury Commissioners.

The Bar Association of Allegheny county has under consideration a bill, which it is proposed to submit to the Pennsylvania legislature, to provide for a change in the manner of selecting Jury Commissioners. The first provisions of the bill is that the Jury Commissioners, instead of being elected by the people every three years, as at present, shall be appointed by the Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties or Judicial districts, and be subject to removal by the courts. The second provision is that on complaint of ten or more reputable citizens, that any of the persons selected and drawn for jury service are not of good repute, it shall be the duty of the court to inquire into the facts, and if satisfied of the justness of the complaint, the names of the jurors objected to shall be stricken from the list.

It is something of a surprise that the bar of Allegheny should even so much as consider such a bill, much less recommend its passage by legislature. The first proposition—to the selecting of Jury Commissioners from the people and place that power in the hands of the courts—will certainly never meet with popular approval. That the present method of electing Jury Commissioners does not work satisfactorily in some localities may be admitted, but that is due to the fact that people themselves do not use proper judgment in electing Commissioners. On the whole, however, the system works well enough.

As to the second provision, that also has its objections. That there should be some sensible method of purging the jury list when it is apparent that it contains the names of unfit and incompetent persons, is admitted, but it can easily be seen that under the system proposed by the Allegheny bill the question of fitness for jury service might be raised by interested or designing persons against the very best and most competent men drawn for such duty. It seems to us that much more sensible and practical changes and reforms in our jury system could be suggested than those proposed by the Allegheny bill. One such might be advantageously effected by placing in the hands of the courts power to remove Jury Commissioners who fail to properly perform the duties devolving upon them, and who habitually fill the wheel with the names of bums and so-called "professional" jurymen. This is done in some cities and counties and there ought to be a remedy for it.

The November Meteors.

The earth is now passing through the great stream of meteors which has caused so many celebrated star showers in the historic period. If accurate records of these November displays in ancient times could be obtained the method of action

known as the Leonids, that have bombarded the earth would appear incredible and alarming. Happily for our planet, its atmosphere, many miles deep interposes over our heads an invisible shield, which but very few of these heavenly projectiles can penetrate. The large majority of them are meted and volatilized by heat developed in the arrest of their motion by the air.

The earth will pass this time through an attenuated part of the meteor ring and will not encounter its thickest part until 1899. While, therefore, no such star shower as was seen on November 13, 1866, can be now expected, meteors enough may be observed to show that we are in the orbit of the Leonids. If the weather is favorable a large number of meteors may be counted radiating from the constellation Leo, which rises about 9 p. m. The best hours for seeing what is to be seen will be after midnight, when the moon sets.

Don't.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of Pilgrim's Progress was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because of dullness at his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books. Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. Don't snub any one. Not alone because, some day, he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Episcopal Recorder.

Cigarette Made Him a Millionaire.

"But I want to say something more about Richmond. I found there Mr. Louis Ginter, of the famous house of Allen & Ginter, the largest cigarette manufacturers in the world, I suppose. I had not seen him for thirty-five years. I met him in New York in 1853, when he was a young man. He and a Frenchman were in the house-furnishing business. He lost everything by the war, and took a new start when peace was restored. It was then he and his present partner went into the tobacco business. Mr. Ginter is now reckoned a millionaire and I doubt not he is. He has just returned from a voyage to Australia, and is building a new residence to cost \$140,000. The one he lives in now is as fine as a palace. I am glad to see those Southern business men prosperous. I believe in the South. I believe in it more to-day than ever. If I were a young man I would go there myself. There is more outcome to the South than any other part of the Union."

The Boss Snake Story.

Recently Madison Jolly, a well-known negro of Green county, Alabama, was attacked by a rattlesnake. He threw his bundle down and made for the nearest tree, which happened to be a large persimmon tree loaded with ripe fruit, into which he quickly climbed, knocking off some of the ripe persimmons as he made his way up. When the snake arrived at the foot of the tree, instead of climbing up after the negro he began to eat the fruit which had fallen to the ground. After the snake had finished devouring all the persimmons in sight he began to coil himself around the tree preparatory to climbing it. The frightened negro, seeing the snake had eaten the fallen persimmons, gathered a handful and threw them to the ground, then the snake uncoiled from around the tree and began to eat the fruit the darkey had thrown down. This was repeated several times, when the darkey bethought himself of a small vial of morphine which he was carrying home to his sick wife. He split open several persimmons and emptied the contents of the vial upon them, and dropped them to his snake-ship, who immediately ate them. The snake acted like a charm upon the

snake, and he was soon lying helpless upon the ground. The negro climbed down and ran to a house near by and secured help and returned and dispatched the snake. The snake was eighteen feet long, six inches in diameter and had forty rattles. It had a button on the end of its tail, and had been the terror of Tubbs Creek swamp for the past twenty-five or thirty years.

What They Show.

The election returns show to us that the Democratic party on an honest vote has lost none of the strength that it had four years ago, and that in many sections it has gained votes. If its growth had not been diverted by the tariff alarm we have reason to believe that it would have swept the country. It gained in New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio. In the cities of Boston, New York, Albany, Newark, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago its majority was greatly increased and the Republican majority largely reduced. It carried Connecticut and New Jersey as it did before. It reduced the majority in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The Nerves and the Moods.

Nothing in nature is more marvelous than the network of nerves, constituting what we sometimes carelessly call our nervous system. Each nerve is a telegraphic cord in itself. Each is a part of whole complex and inimitable system of telegraphy by which messages from the headquarters in the brain are sent to the minute stations in the extremities. If this telegraph system of nerves were erected on diminutive poles outside our bodies, it would be a most peculiar exhibit.

Happily for us our nervous systems are, as it were, a harmonious arrangement of underground wires, carefully buried within us and deftly concealed from outside observation. We cannot see them, nor know whether they are too slack or too tightly strained. We can tell when they are disturbed, for neuralgic agony shoots along their course from station to station. When we are glum and dismal and lowspirited the telegraphic apparatus is out of order, and the nerve forces are demoralized. When nerves work wrong it is as when telegraphic poles are shaky or wires tangled or crossed, or currents irregular, or batteries confused.

According to the irregularity of our nerves, so are our irregular moods. If all is right, we are happy and cheery and sunny. But let the batteries blunder, or the currents cross, or the wires become entangled, and we are irritable, sulky, illtempered, or angry, as the case may be. In some of our distressful moods we pout and sulk, and misinterpret, and misunderstand. We take offence where no offence is intended, and we impute to others motives which are never conceived by them.

At times when the moods are out of sort, we think the whole world is persecuting us, and we, the afflicted objects of persecution, are above all, other human creatures singled out for martyrdom. There are circumstances under which most of us cant without insuperable difficulty, rise from the morbidness which is brought about by letting the nerves have their own way. Mental and physical diet has much to do with it. Brooding over real sorrows and imaginary miseries will make the best of us moody and wretched. Nursing griefs and affronts and telling the sad story of our woes has as depressing an effect as narcotic drugs.

Sleeping in unventilated rooms often produces chronic wretchedness, even if these rooms be furnished with the appliances of wealth and refinement. Association with grim persons is depressing and dispiriting. Good health, mental, spiritual and bodily, is worth working for. It casts out the malaria of moodiness and lifts us into the sunlight of joy. Good health is more easily obtained than most folks suppose.

A Queer Postman, Little.

A common cockroach was trained to act as a letter carrier between William Rodifer and Starlight Jack Ryan, convicts in the Southern Indiana Penitentiary. It is, probably the first instance on record, too, where there was any use found for the creature.

Rob fer occupied a cell in the tier just above the one where Jack was confined, and for a long time they had no means of communicating with one another. Rodifer was a daring fellow, but had not sufficient imagination to get up a plan of escape, and he relied on the bright mind of his friend, Starlight Jack, to suggest an idea.

One evening Rodifer noticed an innocent looking cockroach running on the floor. After watching its gambolings for a time he concluded he would use it. So writing a short note to his friend, he tied it to the cockroach's wing, and kneeling down on the floor, he put it on the wall under the iron balcony in front of his cell under-tray.

Jack noted the paper, caught the insect and read the note. Then he answered it and poked the little creature out on the wall from the ceiling over the door, where he released it. The roach went into Rodifer's cell and was caught. Then they fed and cared for it and used it in this manner for some months. In fact, it grew to understand its business.

It must have been a female cockroach, however, for one day it stopped to chat with a friend and was noticed by a warden. The note which was written in some sort of cipher, was taken off and the hospital steward, Dr. Sid C McClure, read it. Then the beetle was put on the balcony floor and it ran into Rodifer's cell. Thus the officials were kept posted as to the two famous jail-breakers.

After a time Jack began to suspect that something was wrong and added a postscript to his letter something like this:

If everything is right you will find a hair from my head in this note.

The warden read it, as did the others, but dropped the hair and lost it.

Never mind it, said Captain Craig, whose hair is red, put one of mine in it.

The answer came back: That last whipping must have been an awful one, Jack, for it has changed the color of your hair.

The scheming of these two worthies came to naught, however, and they served their terms.

Pack sums up the political battle in this way: "This campaign has been clean, in comparison with the campaign of four years ago. As far as Democrats are concerned, it is the fairest and most decent campaign they have fought in many years. On the Republican side, however, it has been a campaign of the grossest and most shameless misrepresentation—so gross and shameful that it seems ridiculous that it should have been addressed to grown-up men. It sounds absurd to say that the vote of a free people can be influenced by telling them that their president whom they themselves elected to office, has made a corrupt bargain with a foreign country to ruin the trade of his own, or that upon his re-election most of the mills and factories all over the land will shut their doors. Yet this is what the American people have been told, and have listened to; and what many of them have believed, or pretended to believe.

Mr. Higgins, of New York, the carpet manufacturer who proclaimed so loudly that the election of Harrison was the only hope for the continuation of his business and steady employment and good wages for his employee, now announces that he is going to discharge half his force and curtail production to a corresponding extent. This shows that there has been something the matter with his business besides the passage of the Mills bill by the House and the possibility of Cleveland's re-election, and he must be unhappy that he has not the latter as the excuse for his enforced reduction of work. Harrison's election seems to have done him no good, and he must be a very simple person if he supposed it would. What Higgins and Higgins' workmen really need is free wool and a chance to sell carpet where the wool comes from.

The election of the Democratic candidate for Governor of West Virginia is assured by a small majority, with a majority in the Legislature on joint ballot.