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Look Up, Not Down.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy bells may be ringing,
Not a song you' l hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these same sorrows,
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows,
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! yon mole-hill seems a mountain;
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power;
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and loyal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor.
Not for one alone woe's vials,
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather;
May we have—Oh let us pray—
Faith and patience for to-day.

—*Advance.*

Elsie's Three Offers.

The last touch was given to the dainty toilet, and escaping from the hands of mamma and maid little Elsie Baird went slowly down the polished stairs, buttoning the last glove as she went.

"Just a little while more and it will begin," she thought. "What fun it is to be grown up! I am glad now that mamma wouldn't let me go to the Rogers ball in the spring. It's a great deal nicer to have my own the very first, and not—Oh!" with a sudden scream of delight, as the turn of the landing brought into view the hall below, lamp-hung and flower-festooned, with orange-trees and white-budded laurestines veiling the corners; and screening the musicians' stand a tall bank of fair and rose-red camellias, to which Cousin Robert and the gardener were at this moment putting the last touches. All these wonders had been evoked since Elsie went upstairs for her preparatory nap. No wonder she cried, "Oh!"

"It is fairy-land! It is too beautiful to be true!" she called down over the balustrade.

"Just so," responded her cousin from below—"quite too beautiful to be true," looking admiringly at the slender vision in fleecy white as it came sweeping down, and noting each point, the dimpled shoulders, the tender bloom, the fluffs of golden hair which played around that sweetest face, in which child and woman seemed to blend so wonderfully. "Well, Elsie, I call that well got up. What! three bouquets! How are you going to manage with them all, may I ask?'

"Do I look nice?' said Elsie, twisting her head round to survey her train—that long delightful incumbrance which to her imagination seemed the visible badge and diploma of young ladyhood. "I am glad you like my dress, Cousin Robert. And isn't it fun?—about the bouquets, I mean. They all came while I was asleep. This big one is from Harry Blount Did you ever see such a monster? He must have cut every flower in his mother's greenhouse. And such a note as came with it! 'Dear Elsie, wear it for my sake.' Now, Cousin Robert, imagine my wearing such a thing!"

"It is rather like a prize cabbage," remarked Robert, surveying the huge bouquet with a critical eye. "Well, who sent the others?"

"This one I am really proud of," said Elsie, dimpling with satisfaction. "Major Strange sent it, and it's exactly like the bouquets which all the other girls have, and makes me feel really and truly grown up; only it is a pity that none of the flowers have any stems. And I hate those wires; they look so cruel."

"And the third, which you are holding so tight?"

"Now that one really is remarkable," said Elsie, blushing not a little. "Mamma would hardly believe it. See how exquisite it is! all white rosebuds, with just this little border of heliotrope to give a color. So appropriate—don't you think so?"

"Highly appropriate to a child's funeral," remarked her cousin, grimly. "You needn't show the card; I know the fellow."

"I don't believe you've guessed right at all," pronounced Elsie, waving the card triumphantly above her head—"'The Rev. Cyril Forsythe.' There! Did you ever? I know, of course, that it's all meant as politness to me and mamma, but it's great fun all the same. Bouquets, and engaged already for the german! What will come next? Cousin Robert, what if I should have an offer!"

"Do you particularly want one to-night, Midget?"

"Oh, no, not to-night; but some day I think it would be nice to have one. Now what shall I do with my flowers? I can't carry them all."

"It's rather like coals to Newcastle to give you another when you can't dispose of those you have already," said Robert. "Still, here's a posy which I had brought you myself."

"Charming!" cried Elsie, throwing her fragrant load on a table and seizing the dewy mass of scarlet bloom which he held out. "You always hit on just the nicest thing. These are the only ones that look at all well with my dress. See!" holding the flowers against her snowy bodice with great effect. "Mayn't I carry these, Robin dear?" coaxingly; "they look so much the best."

"Robin dear" demurred, though he kissed the little gloved hand as a token of gratitude for the preference. It was finally settled that all the bouquets should lie together on a little table, and that Elsie should give each an airing in turn during the evening.

With an inaudible sigh Robert Baird watched his darling as guests arrived, and the music began to sound from behind the camellia screen. The soft round cheeks he loved grew rosier; the sweet, delighted eyes glowed with excitement; Elsie, his pet and treasure, was fairly launched on the fair but treacherous sea of society, and a sense of loss and deprivation seized his spirits.

The old homestead, of which he was joint owner, had never looked upon a prettier scene. Outside, the moonlit piazzas were sweet with honeysuckle, the gardens beyond twinkled with Chinese lanterns, across the soft dusks and shadowy vistas forms in white flitted, gay laughs broke the dewy silences. Dear little Elsie had done the honors prettily by mamma's side; but now the tide of incoming guests slackens. Some one offers his arm. She is going off to dance at last, thinks Robert. But no; the young rector is surely not a dancing man. On his arm, his flowers in her hand, Elsie vanishes. And Robert, with a face which is a little sad and not a little savage, turns away, and spurs himself up to his hospitable duties.

"It is very good of you," said Mr. Forsythe, softly, as they gained the piazza, "to give the first dance-time to me. It is better than anything else could be to be here in this starry silence, under heaven's arch, and with you!"

Elsie was much awed and impressed. Was this the way in which clergymen talked to young ladies? How nice it was! She had been a little afraid that he would ask her about her soul, and Elsie did not know much about souls as yet.

Still, she was a practical little damsel, and having gazed up at "heaven's arch," and seen only the piazza roof, she ventured to say: "Didn't you ever care about dancing, Mr. Forsythe?"

He looked down serenely at her from his height of six feet two, but did not seem offended with the question—only saintly—which Elsie noted with relief.

"Not very much," he answered, gently. "And my time is so full of other and graver duties that it is small matter of regret to me that the church has set the seal of her disapproval on such pleasures in the case of her ordained servants, whose life work is, or should be, solemn and engrossing."

"Is there really a law against dancing, then?" asked Elsie, timidly.

"Not for such as you. To a fair young life like yours such amusements, when partaken of in moderation, are natural and harmless. And for myself there are many compensations—the privilege of ministering to the aged and sorrowful, of sharing their joys and consoling their griefs, and, sweetest of all, the close relation which I bear to my flock."

Elsie murmured an assent. She felt a little as though she were in church. Still, it was undeniably gratifying.

"Yes," continued the low, fervent voice, "it is a world of contrasts. This evening I am here sharing in this scene of gayety amid all that makes life enjoyable. This afternoon I spent by the bedside of a dying woman, glad to fold her tired hands and rest after the burden of life, even though she left her children to struggle on alone. I hope I was able to support and strengthen—"

"Oh," interrupted Elsie, "that must have been poor Mrs. McCraw! Is she really dying? How sorry I am! Mamma is going to take one of the children to keep as our housemaid, and she hopes to get little Jenny into the Home. Oh, I am sorry Mrs. McCraw is dying on the very day of my party!"

"Yes, dear Miss Baird, it is a world of contrasts, as I said. Death and life, sickness and health, poverty there, luxury here, and heaven over all."

"I am so sorry," cried Elsie, bewildered. "I can't help it. I am young and happy, or I was before you talked so," she added, with a little pout. "But I don't forget that there are sick and poor people, and mamma never does. She is as good as she can be to them; really she is, Mr. Forsythe."

"Indeed, dear child," in a tender tone, "I know it well. Your mother is one of my precious helpers and friends; and I would stake my life that you, in your maiden bloom and happiness—which heaven forbid I should in any way seek to shadow—will also give yourself to every good and holy work. I have watched you grow up under my eye a polished stone of the temple, and no fairer vision has ever been granted to cheer my lonely life. And Elsie," he added, still more softly, "there is no hope so dear to me as this—forgive me that I speak of it; I cannot refrain; the wish is too near my heart—that in the future, which seems at this moment so near and so fair, you may forever lean as now on my arm. Suffer me to lead and support you. Come and brighten my home with your lovely presence, and be to me the best gift that God ever bestowed on man."

Elsie drew her hand away and stared at the young divine with frightened eyes.

"An offer!" she cried, breathlessly. "Are you making me an offer?"

"What else, dear child?" he responded, with some heat. "And in return will you tell me—"

"Oh, please don't—please," she cried, in horror. "I don't know anything about such things. I'm so little—so young, I mean. Mamma wouldn't like it. I know she never allows me to talk about offers."

"Angelic diffidence," replied her tormentor. "You are right. It is to your mother that I should have appealed. You permit, then, dearest, that I should make her the judge between us, and come at another time for my answer? You can whisper it in mother's ear, in the shelter of mother's arms, can you not, little startled bird? Shall it be so, then?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Elsie, frantic to escape. "Mamma will tell you all about it. Don't say any more to me."

Off she dashed out of the starlit, rose-scented evening, into the protection of the glare, the crowd, little recking of the long, black, tightly buttoned figure with clasped hands and eyes raised to "heaven's arch" which she left behind. She was prettier than ever, with her flushed cheeks and shy, dazzled eyes, and was seized on at once by a series of expectant partners.

Dance succeeded dance. Young Harry Blount, sulking in a corner, and watching his rivals with a pair of glowing, jealous eyes, suddenly gave a great start. He saw Elsie lay down the white bouquet which had affected him as scarlet affects a bull, take up his flowers—yes, his!—and carrying them in her hand approach his lurking-place. She made a saucy little courtesy, and said: "Mr. Blount, I believe this is our dance."

"Elsie, what a fool I am!" cried the boy, ready to kiss her white-slippered feet in his revulsion of feeling. "Have I really been hanging about here like a tramp, and forgotten that?"

"You really have, Harry," replied the little belle of the evening. "You have neglected me shamefully, and I feel dreadfully about it. Now to atone, don't let us dance at all, but just sit down and rest." Then noticing a look of blank disappointment, she added quickly, "Or rather let us have a short walk, and then go and hide somewhere and have some coffee—if mamma isn't looking, that is."

"So we will," said delighted Harry. "I know of a capital seat—on the south piazza."

"Anywhere else!" cried Elsie. "I hate that piazza. I never want to see it again."

"That's a good one, when you've been there half the evening with that parson! Did he bore you so dreadfully, poor little Elsie? I always knew he was a prig."

"Mamma likes him," responded Elsie demurely. "And so do I—in the pulpit."

The two children—for they were little more—enjoyed their walk, and then sought a refuge behind the curtains of the deep bay window in the hall. Elsie sank back on the cushioned seat with a sigh of fatigue, too weary for more than half attention to Harry's talk. He was paying her outrageous compliments, she vaguely thought, but she was used to Harry's nonsense, and she idly picked his bouquet to pieces while meditating on her late extraordinary interview with Cyril Forsythe. Suddenly she came to herself; Harry had taken her hand. When? She didn't remember. Had she been half asleep? He was saying, in a strangely agitated voice: "I know they will all say we are too young, but I think that's the best of it. It is lovely to begin young, to spend our whole lives together; and I am almost ready for college, and after that I shall step right into the business, and very soon there will be plenty for us both to live on."

Elsie stared. "Why, Harry, I don't understand you. What are you confiding to me? It sounds like a love affair. Who is the devoted damsel who is to wait till you get through college, and have something to live upon?"

"Elsie," cried the mortified Harry, "you are perfectly unfeeling."

"I'm not unfeeling a bit. But really and truly, who is it? You haven't told me her name."

"I thought you understood me," said the boy, humbly and bitterly. "You looked so pleasant, and never said a word to stop me. Of course you know that I never cared a button for any girl in the world except you. I've been waiting over so long for the right time to speak, and to-night you looked so stunning somehow, and so kind—Now, Elsie"—pathetically—"don't tease me any longer, but tell me that you will."

"Will what?"

"Wait for me, care about me, marry me some day," blurted out the luckless lover, appalled at her changed look.

"Harry Blount," said Elsie, awfully, rising in majesty to the full height of her five feet two, "I never was treated so in my life. You have all conspired to make me perfectly miserable at my first ball." Her bosom began to heave. "If you say another word of the kind I'll never speak to you again;" and with blazing eyes she swept away, leaving her boy-lover crushed in a heap behind the curtains, and wondering whether noose or poison were the speediest way of getting rid of his wretched existence.

After this the evening was a weariness, but supper came at last, and following supper the german. Here things took on a brighter aspect. It was impossible not to enjoy dancing with such a partner as Major Strange, hero of all the girls of the neighborhood, and when, at its close, Elsie, a bewitching paper cap on her pretty head, little flags and ribbons fluttering from various parts of her dress, and her arms laden with flowers, stood exchanging gay good-nights with the departing guests, she was ready to allow that life was not all a burden or balls a failure, and that being a grown-up young lady, though it might have its drawbacks, had also its advantages and indisputable joys.

In the midst of her contentment, however she became aware of a form hovering outside the door, a face of mute, reproachful wretchedness, and her heart smote her. Slipping from mamma's side, she made her way to poor Harry, and put out her hand.

"Do forgive me, Harry," she whispered. "I was perfectly horrid, and am ashamed of myself; but you don't know how much I had to vex me this evening. Shake hands, and let us be friends again, just as we used."

Under the gentle pleading eyes Harry's rancor and misery melted in a moment, and "hope sprang eternal" in his breast, for "just as we used" meant a great deal more to him than to Elsie. He nearly crushed the small peace-making hand in his vigorous grasp, and Elsie went back smiling and relieved, only to meet another hand, a terribly expressive pressure, a pair of eyes bent upon her from an immense height, and to hear the fervent murmur, "To-morrow, early to-morrow, I shall see you. Till then good-by, and God bless you, Elsie, my best treasure!"

Elsie grew white as a ghost. Really? Was to-morrow really to bring this dreadful fate upon her? Had she promised without knowing it? Could nothing save her?

"Elsie! Elsie!" cried somebody, and Elsie flew like the wind out of the room. She had no courage left to face eyes and questions. "Where on earth can the child be?" queried Mrs. Baird, perplexed and annoyed, as the last guest departed. "Robert, please see if you can find her, while I attend to having the house shut for the night."

Robert's eyes were keen. He had watched the fluttering exit, and went straight to the piazza. Nothing was visible at the first glance, but a little sob smote upon his ear, and making one stride to the darkest corner he lifted up a poor little white heap, and saw Elsie's face wild and wet with tears.

"Elsie, darling child, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Robin, Robin dear! do take care of me," cried Elsie, hiding her face in his breast. "Don't let that hateful man come to-morrow and tell mamma that I like him. I never did; I hate him."

"What man? Don't cry so, my pet. Nobody shall tease you so long as I am alive. What man was it?'

"Oh, you know—the man who sent me that ridiculous bouquet."

"Harry Blount?'

"No, no," cried Elsie, with a half-hysterical giggle. "He did it too. But I soon made an end of him. It was the other horrid creature—Mr. Forsythe, you know. He declares he'll go to mamma to-morrow, and she'll be so displeased with me. He'll tell her I said I would marry him, and it's a story. I never did, and I hate him and his church and everything about it. Oh, what shall I do?"

"I'll settle that young man," replied her cousin, cheerfully. "And I'll talk to mamma. So don't fret any more, little heart. So you had your wish to-night, Elsie—four bouquets and an offer."

"Two," corrected Elsie, with a sob; "that ridiculous Harry."

Cousin Robert laughed aloud.

"Oh, don't!"—piteously. "It was all so horrid! But I am quite comfortable again, now that I have you to take care of me, Robin dear. There's nobody like you. If I had only had hold of this good old coat sleeve all the evening none of these unpleasant things would have happened. Oh, Robin, do devise some way so that I need never go out of your sight again. I hate being a young lady. Offers, indeed! As if any man in the world were worth your or mamma's little finger! Can't you arrange it so that I need never have another offer, Robin?"

Robert stooped suddenly and kissed the little upturned face. "There is this way, darling," he said; "I'll make you an offer myself, and if you say 'Yes,' no one else ever shall."

"Are you in earnest? Do you really mean that? Isn't it just because you feel sorry for me? For really and truly—though I never thought of it before—this is just the one thing in the world I should like."

"Do you really mean that, my darling?" cried Robert, unable to believe in his good fortune.

"Of course I do. There never could be any one in the world for me to care for as I do for you. It is just perfect. Mamma and you and I, on and on, as it has always been, only a thousand times better."

Five minutes later and Mrs. Baird appeared on the scene. "What is the matter?' she exclaimed, in a peremptory, agitated voice. "Elsie, how you look! Are you ill?"

"Sit down, Marian," said Robert, holding out a warm, brotherly hand, but by no means unloosing the little clasping arms of his newly won treasure. "I will tell you all about it. This poor little thing has had a horrid time. She never wants to go to another ball, nor to church either. She has had four bouquets and three offers; she has accepted them all, and now she doesn't know what to do. So the long and short of it is you will have to give her to me."

Tableau!

"But she is so young?" queried the anxious mamma, as, the first shock over, the pros and cons began to troop before her mind's eye, much to the advantage of the pros—"so very young, and she has had no experience."

"Oh, yes I have—terrible experiences this very evening," protested Elsie; "and I never expect to feel young again."

And with her mother's laugh the compact may be said to have been sealed.

On a Mexican Farm.

We are in the midst of a level valley, with gently sloping mountains on all the boundaries. The leading crops are maize, barley and maguey. The tlachiquero goes around every day, with his donkey carrying wine skins, collecting the sweet sap from the maguey to make the pulque. He pours it into vats of skin in his department to ferment, treats it in his own way for a fortnight or more, and then it is ready for sale. We see sometimes forty plowmen come in and unyoke their teams of an evening. The agricultural implements of the larger sort in use are American, but plows, spades, picks and the like are manufactured at Apulco, near by, more cheaply. There are interesting homemade wooden forks and shovels yet remaining. Among the rest the veritable Egyptian plow, of wood with but an iron point, is much more in use than the modern sort. And for its purpose of turning shallow furrows and plowing between the rows of maize it appears, to tell the truth, not ill adapted. The ground is treated by irrigation, no less than eleven large dams, one of them creating a lake two miles long, being formed for this purpose. The portions of land used for cultivation are taken irregularly in various parts of the estate, according to their proximity to these. Each has its name, as Las Animas, San Antonio the Larger, San Antonio the Less.

But it is a grazing country, and the chief industries are the raising of animals and the making of butter and cheese. The greater part of the cattle are hornless, which is effected by a simple process of searing the tender horn when sprouting, after which it does not increase. The idea is worth attention by American farmers and those who have to do with the transportation of cattle. The calf here remains with its mother under all circumstances. It is a quaint sight at milking-time to see it lassoed fast to its mother, whose hind-legs are also lassoed, waiting, by no means patiently, the conclusion of the ceremony. Each of the departments is under the command of its own chief, and an accurate supervision and record is made of the whole.—*Harper's Magazine*

SUNDAY READING.

A Happy Custom.

It is related by travelers, as an instance of how little the customs of Eastern nations have changed during many hundreds of years, that in the fields of Palestine the very same words may be heard now as in the days of Boaz and Ruth.

When the master enters the harvest field, he salutes his reapers just as Boaz did:

"God be with you."

And the peasants respond always in the same words:

"God bless thee."

It is a happy custom, that may well see no change. We should all do well to use this ancient salutation:

"The Lord be with thee."

Religious Intelligence.

The British Wesleyan Missionary society appropriates annually $2,500 for the support of evangelistic work in France.

Seven hundred conversions are the result of seven weeks' revival work in Cincinnati under the leadership of the Rev. Thomas Harrison.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been in Glasgow, Scotland, where they have held large meetings and have met with great success in their work.

In August next the Moravian Brethren will celebrate the third jubilee of their mission among the heathen, 1732 being the year in which Leupold and Dober set sail for St. Thomas and the West Indies.

There are seven Baptist associations, with one hundred churches, in Canada. Only 181 baptisms are reported, being less than two for each church. This is the smallest number of baptisms reported since 1853.

Dr. Hartzell, of Louisiana, made the statement in the Chicago Methodist ministers' meeting, that near Houston, Texas, there are half a million colored people without a single school of any kind under the guidance of any church.

The Presbyterian synods now conform to State lines. That of Pennsylvania heads the list with 131,051 communications; that of New York has 130 374; Ohio has 68 336; New Jersey, 45 957; Illinois, 42,286; Indiana, 27,678; Iowa, 20,812.

In the first decade of the Methodist Episcopal church there was one minister to every 190 members; in the fifth decade the proportion was one to 284 The present proportion is one minister to 147 members, against 142 in the ninth and tenth decades.

The National Bible society, of Scotland, have placed in the hands of Dr. Somerville, at present on an evangelistic tour in Germany, 50,000 copies of portions of the New Testament for gratuitous distribution. Dr. Somerville declares that the supply is considerably smaller than the demand.

From the "Baptist Hand Book for 1882" we gather that there are now in the United Kingdom 2 586 churches, 3 395 chapels, 1,101 361 sittings, 295,035 members, 46,321 Sunday-school teachers, 433,801 Sunday-school scholars, 1,885 pastors in charge and 3,247 evangelists. There has been a decrease in pastors and evangelists of late years in the denomination. According to the grand totals, there are now throughout the world 28,505 churches, 17,683 pastors or missionaries, and 2,473,088 members. Upward of $1,000,000 has been spent in Great Britain during the year upon new or improved places of worship.

WISE WORDS.

Belief is not in our power, but truthfulness is.

Some men's attack is safer than their protection.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.

The grumblers never work, and the workers never grumble.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and the evening will find something done.

Most of our misery comes from our fearing and disliking things that never happened at all.

If anything is possible for man and peculiar to him, think that this can be attained by thee.

What is really momentous and all important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone and hence become the scourge of busy people.

He who troubles himself more than he needs grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence but in the very act; for the consciousness of well-doing is in itself ample reward.

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

The Glossograph.

The London journal, *Iron*, gives an account of another addition to the many scientific wonders of recent years. Herr A. Gentilli, of Vienna, has invented an instrument—named by him the glossograph—consisting of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. The vibration is transmitted to pencils, which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may fitly be termed glossography, is produced, based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants.

Not Knowing.

There are some souls who, plodding on their way,
Strive wearily to see the path they tread,
And fear each step they take from day to day,
Since they must blindly walk where they are led.

Among this weary throng I moved one day;
The road seemed long and drear; I could not see;
My foolish heart was sad because the way
Was veiled in God's own blessed mystery.

There came unto my heart a message—lo!
A "still small voice" within the voiceless night—
"Peace! Follow Me," not knowing where I go;
And blameless Master surely leads aright.

Now fearless on I go, still toward the goal,
Not knowing what awaits me, yet content,
Since I know, past all doubting, that my soul
Is going on the way the Master went.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One touch of malaria makes us all achin'.

The paper-hanger's business is very stuck up.

Eternal vigilance is often the price of an umbrella.

Crows never complain without caws. That's where they are sensible.

Inquirer—Where is the best place to learn to sing? The desert.—*Boston Post.*

Lent ought to pass very rapidly—there are so many fast days in it, you know.

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

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* has discovered that prize-fighters are addicted to holding "Pound Socials."

"There' music in the heir," sorrowfully exclaimed the young husband, as he reached for the paregoric bottle.

She told him that she could read his mind like an open book, and then softly added, "blank book."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The most popular book agent lives in Philadelphia. When snubbed, he gets mad and immediately goes off, saying, "I'll never speak to you again."—*Philadelphia News.*

"Can't you trust me, darling?' murmured Spilkins to the daughter of Moneylender. "Not without real estate security," replied Isabella, absentmindedly.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The English language is supposed to consist of about 60,000 distinct words. Of these, ordinary people use only from 500 to 3 000, great orators perhaps as many as 10,000, and lightning-rod agents and directory canvassers 50,963.—*Middletown Transcript.*

A goat within a courtyard chanced
Just as from window fell
A legal tome, its goatship glanced,
And goodness it pell-mell.
"That beast is like to Tennyson,"
Quoth a wag of pithy pate.
"Why?" asked another. "'Cause," said he,
"It is the law 'o ate."

—*Rome Sentinel.*

Captain Percival, a Cape Cod mariner of the old school, was once awakened in his bunk by a shipmate with the announcement that the vessel was going to eternity. "Well," replied the captain, "I've got ten friends over there to one in this world; let her go," and he turned over and went to sleep again.

Fortunes of the Barings.

The Barings have been among the most famous of English bankers. They are of German stock. There is a kind of ecclesiastical flavor about them. Their English founder was a Bremen pastor, who settled in this country. His grandson married the niece of an English archbishop. One of his descendant became bishop of Durham. The money was originally made in the rich, profitable clothing business in the west of England. Ashburton gave a title in the peerage to the chief of the house of Baring. It has been a rule in the house that when any one of them has got a title he goes out of the business. Sir Francis Baring, the first great banker, who, dying in 1810, left a fortune of $2,000,000, had three sons—Thomas, Alexander and Henry. Thomas succeeding to the baronetcy, gave up the business. Henry had a rather romantic reputation as a lucky gambler, who was frequently able to break the bank of a gaming table. He was the amazement of beholders when he would sit down at a gaming table at the Palais Royal—before such tables were happily abolished—with piles of gold and note before him. The reputation of a successful gambler was hardly suited to the intense respectability of the firm, and Mr. Henry was induced to retire from the business. Alexander Baring, often known as "Alexander the Great," sustained and extended the fortune of the house. He went to America, and there, the richest banker in England, married the daughter of the richest citizen of the United States. One of his magnificent transactions possess a historical importance. After the conclusion of the great European war he paid down a sum of £1,000,000, by which France was freed from the occupation of Russian, Austrian and German armies. "There are six great powers in Europe," said the Duc de Richelieu—"England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia and Baring Brothers." In 1835 he was made Lord Ashburton. Two of his sons held the title, and each successively retired from the business. The head of the firm, Thomas Baring, became chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Melbourne's ministry, and another member, Lord Northbrook, has been governor general of India.—*London Society.*

The newly completed observatory on Mount Etna is 9,000 feet above the sea-level, and the clearness of the atmosphere at that height leads astronomers to expect some important observations.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

A report was made in regard to the extent of the suffering in the Mississippi valley, and a bill appropriating $100 000 was passed to aid those in distress....Mr. Call addressed the Senate upon Chili-Peru matters, as presented by his pending resolution in favor of a settlement of the controversy by the United States, and recommending a congress of governments of North, South and Central America in Washington to secure some just method of settlement of all questions between them, claiming that our commercial interests were to be substantially benefited by intervention to prevent the disintegration and practical extinction of Peru.

A bill appropriating $20,000 for a monumental column to commemorate the battle of Monmouth was passed....Mr. Garland spoke on the necessity of a levee system along the Mississippi river. Mr. Jones, speaking in regard to the extent of the present inundation, said that a rough calculation he had made showed that the lands in Missis-ippi, Arkansas and Louisiana now under water or in daily danger of being submerged produced in 1880 a total of 750,063 bales of cotton, the value of which, at the ordinary market rate of $45 a bale, was $33,752,835. As to the sugar crop the water would cause its total destruction throughout the inundated region. He favored the appropriation of $15,000,000 to rebuild the levees. The bill was sent to the committee on the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

Several petitions relating to the Mormon question, the floods in the Mississippi valley and civil service reform were presented and referred....Mr. Garland, from the committee on the judiciary, reported a bill amending the statutes relating to a quorum of the supreme court of the United States; calendar. It provides that a majority of the court shall constitute a quorum, instead of six justices, as at present, and prohibits any justice from sitting on a case on appeal on which he has acted in a circuit court.

The House amendments to the Senate joint resolution making a further appropriation to relieve the sufferers by the Mississippi overflow were taken up, and the first, increasing the appropriation by $50,000, was concurred in. The other, which directs the use of a portion of the appropriation for the hire of laborers to strengthen threatened levees, was non-concurred in. Mr. Logan addressed the Senate upon the measure introduced by him to appropriate and expend the entire income derived from the internal revenue taxes on the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits for the education of all children living in the United States. He said the proposition was to distribute pro rata to the several States and Territories according to population as shown by the census returns, an amount aggregating under the present rate of taxation about $70,000 000 a year. The proposed distribution on the basis of population, he said, would give the Southern States nearly $10,000,000 a year for their schools. The bill was referred....On motion of Mr. Edmunds the Senate, by a vote of 40 yeas to 15 nays, passed an amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill restoring the franking privilege to Senators and Representatives.

House.

A select committee on women suffrage, consisting of Messrs Camp, White, Sherwin, Stone, Hepburn, Springer, Vance, Muldrow and Shackelford, was appointed....The speaker presented a memorial of the legislative assembly of Utah complaining of the baseless and monstrous exaggerations under which the people of Utah are placed in jeopardy and threatened with the deprivation of the right of local self-government; saying that the aim of the persons who have started these rumors is to gain control of the wealthy and prosperous Territory of Utah, and to manipulate its finances, and that they have succeeded in arousing the ire of the clergy and through them the anger of many people against the large majority of the people of Utah; and urging that it is impolitic and unstatesmanlike to disarrange the political machinery of the common wealth in an effort to punish the alleged offenses of a few individuals. Congress is therefore asked to suspend action upon Utah affairs until, by a committee of investigation, the facts are learned and a tangible foundation is laid for rational proceedings. The memorial was referred to the committee on judiciary....Mr. Butterworth, from the appropriations committee, reported the army appropriation bill, appropriating $27,431,693....Mr. Cox, of North Carolina, presented a bill proposing a constitutional amendment to prevent bigamy and polygamy with in the States.

The Senate anti-polygamy bill was passed after a sharp debate by a vote of 199 yeas to 42 nays.

The Senate bill making an appropriation for the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi river floods was amended and passed. As amended the bill appropriates $150 000, and authorizes the secretary of war to expend "such part thereof as he may deem advisable for labor only in strengthening levees of the Mississippi where there is danger of immediate breaks at points in his discretion," etc.

Mr. Willis spoke in favor of and Mr. Taylor in opposition to the anti-Chinese bill....Upon motion of Mr. Belmont a resolution was passed that "the committee on foreign affairs be directed to demand from Jacob B. Shipherd, of New York, copies of all correspondence between himself and any person or persons whatsoever, and all other evidence in his possession tending to show what said Shipherd did or attempted to do to enforce the claims of the Peruvian company or to induce the United States to enforce these claims against Peru."

What a Volcano Can Do.

Cotopaxi, in 1833, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1854, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tungurangua, one of the greatest peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1337, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 32,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1703, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface and measured nearly 1,000 000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1816 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79 the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1600 Etna disgorged twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles.