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The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot:
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the "troubles" we have had.

THAT GREEN SILK.

Mrs. Deacon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring together in mysterious whispers as they leaned over their mutual back-yard fence. Said Mrs. Deacon Lewis:

"Seein' is believin' or else I should say jest as you do, that it couldn't be true; but I jest stepped into Miss Badger's to see what she'd charge to fix over my black alpaca—I wa'n't in any hurry for the alpaca, but I kind of got an idea that there was somethin' in the wind and I thought meb be Icould find out what it was there—and there I saw it with my own two eyes, all over plait-in's and rufflin's that it seemed a barnin' shame to cut up good thick silk into, and fixed up in the back so't I couldn't have the heart to set down on it. And Miss Badger, for all she's so close-mouthed, she up and told me who it belonged to, and says I, 'You don't say so!' and says she, 'Yes, I do,' and then she pursed her lips up kind of provokin', as if she could tell a great deal more if she was a mind to. But I've got wit enough to put two and two together, if folks is close-mouthed, and says I right out—for there ain't nothin' sly about me--says I, 'Then Cordilly Brewster is a-goin' to get married.' And Miss Badger she never denied it."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Davis. "This has been a sing'lar year, what with the comet and the terrible happenin's all round; and now Cordilly Brewster settin' up to have a green silk dress, when she hasn't worn anything but bombazine and alpaca and her one old black silk for nigh upon twenty years. It's enough to upset anybody's ideas altogether, and make 'em think the world's comin to an end. Though I can't say that such extravagance looks much like the millenium."

Mrs Deacon Lewis shook her head in solemn censure.

"A good black silk would have been much more suitable and becomin' to a woman most forty years old, to say nothin' of the wear and the makin' over, and for a minister's wife—"

"You don't say that she's goin' to marry the minister!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis.

"Why, I suppose so, of course. Who can it be if it isn't the minister?"

"I never saw any sign of their keepin' company. Parson Greeley is too speritual to marry a woman that crimps her front hair with hot slate pencils; and she never put more than three eggs into those custards that she carried to the donation party. I should think more likely 'twas somebody that she picked up when she was down to Haverhill visitin', or John Parmenter, that used to keep company with her when they was young, and has kind o' been doin' it, off and on, ever sence."

"Oh, she wouldn't have John Parmenter, even if he had spunk enough to ask her, which he hain't. He is a good fellow, John is, but he'll never set the world afire, and he's been runnin' down hill terribly lately; has had to mortgage his farm, they do say."

"Cordilly's money would come in just right, then; but, as you say, I don't suppose she would have him. It's likely that's what's made John turn out so poorly, her not havin' him. But I can't really believe it's the minister. There's Sammy; let's ask him."

Sammy Greeley, the minister's youngest hopeful, who was engaged in "shinning up" a neighboring telegraph pole with the ambitious design of attaching his kite to the wire, descended somewhat reluctantly to the earth and obeyed Mrs. Davis' beckoning finger. Sammy was a freckled-faced urchin with a turned-up nose, the expression of which was contradicted by a pair of preternatnually solemn and innocent-looking blue eyes. In spite of his eyes Sammy was generally regarded as a "limb," and he and his three brothers, Moses, Hosea and Joseph, caused the old proverb concerning ministers' sons to be often repeated with somnle head-shakings by the townspeople.

"Sammy, is your father goin' to be married?" asked Mrs. Davis, with her hand affectionately placed on Sammy's shoulder.

"The old gent? He couldn't remember to. Nobody would have him, either. He's as bald as a door-knob, and he asks a blessin' anywhere along between the meat and the puddin'. And Joe and me would fix her, anyhow."

"Wouldn't you like to have him marry a nice, kind lady like Miss Cordilly Brewster? She would teach you how to behave—"

"Know how good enough now, and I'd wring her old parrot's neck! I don't believe it, anyhow, but I'm goin' to find out."

And off went Sammy, regardless of his kite, and burst, breathless, into his father's study.

"You ain't goin' to marry Miss Brewster and her old green parrot that swears, and have her always clearin' up and dustin' and losin' your papers, are yer?" demanded Sammy.

The minister turned from his sermon writing and regarded Sammy with mild amazement. Gradually his expression changed to one of perplexity. He removed his spectacles from his eyes to the top of his head and then he tapped his forehead with the tips of his fingers, as if to summon forth some straying recollection.

"That must be the very thing I was trying to remember! Wait a moment. I must have set it down somewhere."

And Parson Greeley drew from one of the pigeon holes of his desk some loose sheets of foolscap paper which had evidently been used as a diary. Several pages were devoted to memoranda; these the minister read aloud:

"'Mem.—To confute the infidel peddler's argument by St. Paul, and—

"'Mem.—To tell Deborah, mildly but firmly, that so much saleratus is not conducive to health.

"'Mem.—To punish Joseph and Samuel for unseemly conduct at prayer time.

"'Mem.—To admonish Brother Bates (gently) that he is becoming unsound in doctrine.

"'Mem.—To endeavor so far as lies in me to restore peace to the singing seats.

"'Mem.—To endeavor to exercise such a measure of wholesome restraint over Moses and Samuel that they may not become a cause of scandal to the neighborhood.

"'Mem.—To devote a greater measure of attention to worldly matters, such as applying blacking to my boots, and brushing my raiment.

"'Mem.—To consider prayerfully whether the use of hair-dye is incompatible with the principles of the Christian religion or the duties of the Christian ministry.

"'Mem.—That the singing reats are in the hands of God, and that He causes even the wrath of man to praise Him.

"'Mem.—To consider prayerfuliy the subject of contracting a matrimonial alliance with Miss Cordelia Brewster.'

"That's it! I knew I was not mistaken; and I felt that I had leadings from the Lord in that direction; and yet, in the midst of manifold cares and distractions, it wholly slipped my mind, weak and erring mortal that I am. But it may not yet be too late." And the minister seized his hat, giving it a hasty brush with his sleeve, and hurried to the door, turning, however, to lay his hand with unwonted tenderness upon his son's head, saying, solemnly: "Samuel, I thank you for this suggestion, and I would that I could perceive in you as lively signs of the workings of grace as I do of wisdom and discernment beyond your years."

Samuel, left alone, looked after his father with a most lugubrious face.

"For a feller to go and do it himself, that's the worst of it! I hadn't better let on to Mose and the rest that I did it! No more fun if she comes here; she'll want a feller not to tear his clothes and have his hair brushed every minute, and no pie or cake between meals. We'll make it lively for her, though—Mose and Hose and Jo and I."

All unconscious of what was in store for her Miss Cordelia Brewster was engaged in inspecting and admiring her green silk dress, which had just been sent home from the dressmaker's. Miss Cordelia was a plump little woman, with a pinkish bloom still lingering upon her cheeks, and no trace of time's frosting upon her chestnut locks. Why she had never married was a mystery. For ten years after her father, the village doctor, had died, leaving her a modest competence, the gossips had been on the lookout for signs of matrimonial intentions on her part. When she had passed thirty and was still Miss Cordelia, people gradually ceased to speculate about her. For some inscrutable reason they decided that Miss Cordelia meant to be an old maid to the end of the chapter. It was observed that even John Parmenter, who had somewhat indefinitely "hung round" her for years, "kind o' dropped off;" he no longer sat in the singing seats, where Miss Cordelia still serenely kept her place, despite the rivalry of younger choristers; so they were not so frequently thrown together, and he was seldom seen to walk home with her from the weekly prayer-meeting; his old sorrel mare was very rarely seen fastened to the hitching-post before Miss Cordelia's door of a Sunday night; and only once or twice had he been seen shyly to offer her a nosegay of southernwood and cinnamon pinks, which grew to great perfection in his garden, and of which, in her girlhood, Miss Cordelia had been very fond.

Many other admirers had Miss Cordelia, but she had turned a cold shoulder upon all, and seemed perfectly contented to live on in her comfortable old house, with trim box-bordered flower beds in the front yard, and lilac bushes crowding in at the windows, with her handmaiden Tryphosa, who was not, as her name suggested, a blooming and romantic young maiden, but an ancient and angular spinster, who believed in signs and omens, and always "felt" coming events "in her bones." Tryphosa was now gazing at the green silk with a melancholy expression of countenance.

"Green means forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it. And Seliny Wilson, that was merried in green, was laid out a corpse in it before the end of the year; and Mertildy Lyman, that was merried in a white muslin sprigged with green, and green bunnit strings, she had a drunken husband that fell off the haymow and dislocated his spinal column, and everybody knew her twins wa'n't bright; and—"

"But I am not going to be married in it, you know, Tryphosa," said Miss Cordelia, turning a merry face up to Miss Tryphosa's doleful one. "Perhaps it is only unlucky as a wedding dress. As for being forsaken, there doesn't seem to be anybody left to forsake me but you, and I am not afraid that all the green dresses in the world could make you do that."

"There ain't no luck about green nohow," said Tryphosa. "If 'twas lavender, now, or a handsome brown—"

"I suppose I really ought to have had black," said Miss Cordelia, meditatively; "but some way the spring coming on, with everything so fresh and bright, made me feel as I used to long ago, and I've made believe to myself—I wouldn't own it to anybody but you, Tryphosa—but I've made believe I was a girl again. And that's why I had this green silk."

"And that's why you've been putting posies in your hair. Well, it beats all what a difference there is in folks. Now spring puts me in mind of house-cleanin' and soap-bilin' and bitters—Land sakes! if there ain't Parson Greeley a-comin' up the walk, and nothin' but the old cropple crown for dinner, and all skin and bones at that, and he a-comin' in the yard this blessed minute!"

Miss Cordelia whisked the green silk out of sight, and smoothed her crimps demurely down, as she hastened to greet her visitor.

It happened that Miss Polly Watkins, who went about the village peddling a concoction known as Watkins' Unapproachable Liniment, was so fortunate as to be passing just as the minister opened Miss Cordelia's front yard gate.

"There! I knew well that there wa'n't never so much smoke without some fire. Miss Badger needn't think she could make me believe that green silk gown with a train didn't mean something. So it's the minister. Well, men-folks is terrible short-sighted creters. There is them in Westfield that would make him a good sensible wife"

Miss Polly was so unhappy as to go on for nearly a quarter of a mile before she met anybody to whom she could tell her news, and then it was only Dr. Ramsay, jogging along behind his old white horse, and between him and Miss Polly "there wa'n't," as she expressed it, "no great likin', no more'n there was apt to be between two of a trade." But still news was news, and Miss Polly could not resist the temptation of an opportunity to share it.

"Well, things do turn out queer!" said the doctor to himself, meditatively flicking a fly off his old white horse as he jogged along again. "I wouldn't have thought she would have had anybody, let alone the old parson. If I had thought— Why, I'm ten years younger'n he is and a sight better calculated to please the fair sex. And that's a snug bit of property of Miss Cordilly's, and she's a wholesome-looking, good-tempered woman, to say nothing of being handsome, which don't signify. I believe I can cut out the parson if I try. I always said I would die a bachelor, but it's a wise man that changes his mind."

And the doctor actually whipped his horse out of his accustomed jog into a lively trot, and everybody ran to the window, for the doctor in a hurry was a sight that the oldest inhabitant had never seen.

In the meantime Miss Polly had met Abner Phillips, one of the "black folks," who lived three miles from the village. But Abner could not have been more interested in Miss Polly's news if he had lived next door to the possessor of the green silk.

His homeward way led him past John Parmenter's house, and John was hoeing in his garden.

"Wa'al, now, Parson Greeley is goin' to do a pretty good thing for himself, ain't he?" drawled Abner, after the usual comments and inquiries concerning crops had been exchanged. "He knows which side his bread is buttered on. Parsons ginerally does."

"What is he going to do?" inquired John Parmenter.

"You don't mean to say you hain't heard? Wa'al, I declare, you don't know what's goin' on so well as black folks does! He's a-goin' to marry Miss Cordilly Brewster. He's turrible tejus, the old parson is, and she'll have to step around lively to fetch up them boys. But women-folks always does set by a minister."

After Abner had gone John Parmenter dropped his hoe and stood wiping his forehead with his handkerchief with a bewildered look.

"I don't know why I shouldn't have expected she'd marry, but somehow I didn't. I never thought of such a thing. I don't know why I should feel so about it. If I hadn't the courage to ask her when I was young and prosperous surely I couldn't now. I always began to be a coward the minute I came in sight of her. I never felt so before any other woman; but then I never cared anything about any other. Anyway, I can't rest until I find out whether its true or not. Cordelia can't object to telling an old friend. Madame Rumor rules this village, and she's very apt to be mistaken."

So John set out to call on Miss Cordelia. As he passed the bed of cinnamon pinks he found that, although it was early in the season, three had blossomed that very morning, and he made them into a little nosegay with some sprays of fragrant southernwood. And he was in such haste that he forgot to conceal them from the public gaze by a bit of paper, as—feeling that it was somewhat ridiculous for a stout old bachelor of forty-five to be carrying about little bouquets—he had done on other occasions.

The doctor was driving away from Miss Cordelia's door as John approached it, the horse going at his old-fashioned jog, as if there were nothing in the world that was worth hurrying for.

"I hope she isn't ill!" thought John, and then a sudden suspicion seized him. Here might be another rival, and a more formidable one than Parson Greeley. Were rivals springing up around him like mushrooms, when he had never thought of the possibility of the existence of one?

Miss Cordelia's cheeks were much flushed, and they grew redder still at sight of John's nosegay.

John, strange to say, did not blush or stammer as he presented it. Rivals seemed to be a wonderful stimulus to his courage.

"Cordelia, I heard that you were going to marry Parson Greeley. It isn't true, is it?"

There was something in the tone of his voice that made Miss Cordelia start. Was John going to speak, after being dumb so long?

"No, it isn't true," said Cordelia, and cast down her eyes.

"Nor—nor anybody else?" John was stammering now. Was his courage going to fail?

"No, nor anybody else," said Miss Cordelia. "That is—"

Tryphosa, coming into the kitchen from the back yard at that moment, saw a sight which caused her to drop the cropple crowned rooster, but just deceased, into her pan of dough.

"Elviry Kimball needn't have knocked me up at 5 o'clock this mornin' to inquire if that green silk dress had a train. I should think it did have a train!" said Tryphosa, grimly.—*Bazar.*

Electric Towers.

Among the serious obstacles that encounter the plan of securing illumination on a grand scale by means of powerful electric lamps raised on lofty towers, are the expense and difficulty of erecting such towers, and the awkwardness of the machinery required to lower the lamps for trimming and returning them to their lofty position. To do away with the latter difficulty entirely and to materially lessen the former are the objects of a light tower invented by William Golding, of New Orleans, of which the *Scientific American* furnishes an illustrated description:

Mr. Golding dispenses with stagings and the usual machinery of tower buildings, and raises his tower into the air by additions made at the bottom. The tower is a cast-iron cylinder, built up of short sections, and kept vertical while in process of erection and afterward by means of guys. The top sections to which the lamps are to be permanently attached, are put together first, and by means of an ordinary derrick are set vertically over a hydraulic press placed upon the intended foundation of the tower. The hydraulic lift raises the top section until a new section, say, five feet long, can be set underneath. While the lift is returning to admit a new section, the raised tower is held in position by a clamp and kept vertical by means of the guys. When the new section has been securely bolted on the whole is lifted another length; and thus by successive lifts and additions at the bottom the tower is raised until the required altitude is attained. Each section of the tower will be bored out before it is put in place, and have a diameter sufficient to allow the easy passage of a circular platform carrying the lamp trimmer, who will be lifted to the top of the tower by means of a piston operated by compressed air supplied by pumps or a rotary blower. The inventor thinks that the pressure need never exceed half a pound to the square inch. The cost of a 500 feet tower complete (without the lamps) raised in the way described is estimated at about $30,000.

The project of erecting such a tower for the purpose of illuminating the crescent-shaped water front of New Orleans is being agitated.

Indians' First Sight of the Ocean.

The Zuni chiefs were driven to the New York Mutual building on Milk street, and from the summit of the marble tower, which is 185 feet from the ground, they caught their first glimpse of the ocean. On emerging from the tower upon the balcony which surrounds it Mr. Cushing pointed out into the bay, and informed the chiefs that the ocean was out there. Amid many exclamations of delight, they repeated, very many times: "Show a ha!" which Mr. Cushing states is a superlative term, indicating the most profound veneration and surprise.

At first they seemed a little dazed, but as soon as they realized that they were at length in the presence of the much-longed-for "ocean of sunrise," they all fell simultaneously to repeating, in a sing-song undertone, certain prayers. These lasted several minutes, and during their continuance they threw to the winds handfuls of "prayer flour" they had brought with them—a mixture of fine sea shells and white corn flour. Having completed their devotions, the chiefs commenced to expatiate upon what they saw around them, particularly upon the tremendous extent of the pueblo of Boston.

Pointing to the line of the horizon of the bay, the chief of the five said "That is the black blue of the ocean, and that is the foam thrown up when it is angry. We have waited for many generations to see this which our fathers have told us of. We now see it. Passing wonderful are the things we see here. On one side the ocean, and on the other a world of houses. The whole world is filled with different tribes of men."—*Boston Post.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Experience proves that less injury comes to the eyes from the electric than from gas light.

Colonel Veniukoff, a Russian traveler, estimates that a third of Asia, as well as a thirteenth part of Europe, still remains to be explored.

The milky sap of many plants contains caoutchouc, suspended in the form of minute, transparent globules, these being frequently as small as 1-20,000 to 1-50,000 of an inch in diameter.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond finds overheated apartments to be a potent cause of nervous irritability. If we would preserve our amiability and our tranquillity of mind we should live in well ventilated rooms kept at a temperature of about sixty-five degrees.

Of the sense of taste Professor McKendrick states that the base of the tongue is most sensitive to bitters, and the tip to sweets. A substance must be soluble in the fluid of the mouth to create taste, but no definite relation has been found between the chemical condition of bodies and their taste.

Stars seen through the tail of a comet seem to increase in brilliancy. The French astronomer Ch. Andre explains this by an hypothesis that the comets are assemblages of bodies with solid nuclei which reflect and multiply the light, and suggests that the average dimension of these nuclei can be determined by studying the amount of increase in the brilliancy of the stars behind them.

LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

How Business is Conducted at the Nation's Headquarters.

We find in the Washington *Evening Star* the following interesting description of how business is now conducted at the White House: The White House under the present administration is truly a place of business, and is run on thorough business principles. President Arthur has set apart certain days of the week for special purposes, and all the employes know that nothing can be allowed to interfere with the regular work for each day. One day in every week the President has reserved for himself. Few people can realize the constant strain to which the President is subjected. It is absolutely necessary that he should have some relief from the pressure which is brought to bear upon him from morning until midnight. President Garfield gave himself day and night to the duties of his office, and the constant strain on his nerves and strength told upon him very apparently even in the short time that he held the office. At first Saturday was the day chosen by President Arthur when he should seclude himself from the crowd of sight-seers and business callers who daily besiege the White House, but as that day is the one when Senators and Representatives are most at leisure to look after affairs which necessitate a call upon the President (both houses of Congress usually adjourning over that day), he decided upon Monday as "his" day. Tuesdays and Fridays have long been "cabinet" days. Members of Congress, however, are received on these days from 10 until 12 o'clock. The latter hour is the time for the regular cabinet meeting. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are what are known as business days, when those who have business to lay before the President, or who merely wish to see him and shake him by the hand are received from 11 till 1 o'clock. The President generally breakfasts about 7:30 o'clock, lunches at 2, if the pressure of business allows him, and dines at 7:30 o'clock. About 4 o'clock he goes out driving. During the evening he almost always has a number of callers, either personal friends or officials, with whom he has appointments. When the last caller has departed the President usually devotes several hours to matters which he has set aside to be considered at this time, or which have been crowded over during the press of the day. It is at this time a decision is reached on many matters of weight, including frequently important appointments. The rules which have been laid down in the White House are not deviated from except in case of special appointment. In fact, business is done somewhat as it was under the Jackson and Grant regimes. It will be remembered that President Garfield's private secretary, J. Stanley Brown, acted in the same capacity for President Arthur for a time. Owing to the request of Mrs. Garfield that he should take charge of and arrange certain papers with a view to their use in the biography of the late President he was obliged to sever connection with the White House. Fred J. Phillips, a personal friend of President Arthur, succeeded Mr. Brown. Although President Arthur has a much smaller force of assistants than his predecessors, the work at the executive mansion is dispatched with remarkable promptness and accuracy. This is owing more, perhaps, to the signal abilities of Mr. Phillips than to anything else. He is a thorough man of business. The President has implicit confidence in him, and relies on him a great deal, and consequently Mr. Phillips succeeds in relieving him of much that would otherwise occupy his time and annoy him. The many callers whom he is obliged to see are disposed of with rapidity and satisfaction. The hungry office-seeker is not lured by a false hope, because of a disinclination to say no, but he is told at once whether there is any chance for him or not. When he is told no he understands it to mean no. Mr. Phillips' time is more than occupied. He is rushed. He has no relief and no time for recreation. No matter how busy, he always has a pleasant word for those who approach him. He is not only recognized as a thorough business man, but as a thorough gentleman. Mr. Crump is the steward of the White House. He came there with Hayes, and rendered valuable assistance during the late President's illness. Mr. Crump and the new French cook make the President's dinner parties.

The President's doorkeeper, Charles Loeffler, knows every person of any prominence. He never forgets a face. He is daily passed by crowds of people desirous of audience, but he knows how to discriminate, and his phlegmatic temperament keeps him level-headed. He came with General Grant. Arthur Simmons has been the doorkeeper of the private secretary's office since 1866, and he is likely to remain there for a good many years. Edgar Beckley, doorkeeper of the reception-room, came with General Grant. There are several messengers connected with the office. The President's mounted messengers, James Sheridan and Thos. Dolan, are daily seen riding through the streets. Albert, the driver, and Jerry, the footman, must not be forgotten. They were well known under General Grant's administration, when they looked well behind a fine team. They didn't seem to take much pride in President Hayes's turnout. It is very doubtful if President Arthur, who has a turnout befitting a President, will allow his driver to hold the reins in one hand and a large umbrella in the other. There is one man about the White House authorized to make arrests, Sergeant Dinsmore. Two other policemen are on duty at night. A police officer was first placed on duty there in 1864. Very little of Sergeant Dinsmore's time is occupied with police duty, however. He and the ushers, Messrs. Thomas F. Pendle, who came with Lincoln, and J. T. Rickard, have about as much as they can attend to in receiving callers, and showing what can be seen and answering innumerable questions.

SUNDAY READING.

Paying Debts.

One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail to the head and clinch it: "Men may sophisticate how they please. They can never make it right, and all the iniquitous laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and as deserving church discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or witholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet the obligation, ought to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Religious News and Notes.

The Presbyterians in Minnesota number 7,419.

The bishop-elect of Cuernanaca, the Rev. Prudenzio G. Hernandez, of the Reformed Mexican church, is a pure-blooded Indian.

The Rev. G. Hubert, a Baptist minister in Norway, has been sentenced to pay a heavy fine for having baptized a young person, both of whose parents were already members of the Baptist church.

According to the Irish church directory for the current year there are now 1,708 clergy in the Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland. In the census of 1861 there was 2,265, and the decrease, therefore, in the twenty years has been 550.

The will of the late Leonard Church, of Hartford, is not to be contested, Mrs. Church agreeing to pay the contestants $25,000. The estate is valued at $400,000. Two Congregational societies and the American Tract society will receive $4,000 each.

The annual statistics of the Moravian church in the United States show that there are now 9,697 communicants, a gain of 136; non-communicants over thirteen years of age number 1,530, and there are 5,307 children. During the year twenty-five were excluded and 943 "dropped."

Bishop Peterkin says that, contrary to the assertions of some, it is a very common thing for ministers to decline churches that are offered to them, with much larger salaries than they are receiving, because they are unwilling to give up a work in which they have become interested.

There are in the United States 3,239 Lutheran ministers. Of these, the largest number in any one State is in Pennsylvania, which has 550; Illinois has 365; Ohio, 340; Wisconsin, 265; Minnesota, 228; New York, 180; Iowa, 168; Indiana, 135; Michigan, 118. No other State has a hundred.

There are at the present day established in the Fiji islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned save by a single tribe.

The Capitalist and the Editor.

"I came in to ask," began a little old man in a whisper, looking as if fearful of being overheard, and drawing his chair close up to the editor, "if you know anything of the condition of the Nevada Bank?"

"No special information," replied the editor.

"Then you think it solvent—perfectly solvent?" demanded the little man, with intense eagerness.

"Certainly."

"Might I ask what its capital is—its paid up capital?"

"Three millions, I believe," said the editor, beginning to wonder what manner of man had floated against him.

"And," continued the man in black, tugging in nervous excitement at his thin and straggling iron gray beard, "what's the Nevada Bank's reserve—its reserve—that's what I want to find out?"

"Four millions, I think."

"And how is it invested—how is it invested?" He fairly gulped with eagerness as he glued his eyes upon those of the editor and awaited the reply:

"In United States bonds."

"Ah," he said, with a great sigh of relief, "I'm glad of that. Then"—here he looked all around to make sure there were no listeners—"then you think a man could safely intrust his money to it?"

"Why, certainly. There is no safer bank in the world. It has unlimited backing."

The little old man chuckled and took the editor's hand, which he shook almost gleefully.

"You have done me a great favor, sir," he exclaimed, "a great favor and I shall not forget it."

"It bothers you to be sure that your money's safe, I suppose, sir?" said the editor with that respect in tone and manner which every independent citizen instinctively assumes when addressing a wealthy man.

"Well—er—no, not just yet. The fact is," he cried with a burst of confidence, "I'm about to change my manner of life. I'm fifty-five to-day and have formed a resolution that henceforth I shall save my money instead of spending it, as I have done from my youth up, and I have suffered considerable anxiety about where to put my money when I get it In point of fact," he went on, his cadaverous face beaming, "I am just now excessively hard up, and if you could oblige me, sir, with the loan of a dollar until I am started on my new career you would lay me under a heavy obligation."

The editor staggered toward the club in the corner, but when he turned he was alone.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

Tears.

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.
—*M. F. Butts.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is one thing to be said in favor of knee breeches—they don't bag at the knees.

The nine that none of the league ball clubs care to tackle — strychnine.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A man who was formerly a nigh watchman refers to it as his late occupation.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Patti is thirty-nine years old, and has been just that old so long she is used to it, and it doesn't worry her a cent's worth.

Some epicures object to duck as a refreshment, because if the bird isn't well picked the consumer is very apt to feel down in the mouth.

Why, of course a dress coat is the proper garment to wear at a swell dinner. It doesn't button in front, and gives you a chance to swell.

"Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.

You are right in objecting to the principle that the bulldog is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it you'd better let him have it.—*Boston Post.*

"I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife in martyr tones.

An Italian lady knows forty languages and talks thirty-two, yet when she gets right mad this knowledge is of no use, for her husband can only understand one of them.

The 222d asteroid has been discovered, and the world moves right along as if man had no further mission here than making soft soap or whittling up shingles.—*Free Press.*

Our exchanges contain frequent mention of "pound sociables." We have no idea what they are, unless they are the kind of entertainment Sullivan and Ryan indulged in lately.—*Siftings.*

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. We are unable to give the figures for this country, as the Indians keep no records.

"Intelligent!" said the man of his setter dog, "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a dislike to a man and went and induced the man to kick him so I would lick the man! Fact, sir!"—*Boston Transcript.*

At a high school examination the teacher asked the son of an old ice dealer how many ounces there was in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the crop, the length of the summer and the heat of the weather, varying from 5 1-2 to 11 3-4, but never reaching as high as sixteen.—*Hawkeye.*

The duties of the genuine dyed-in the wool, simon-pure editor are multifarious and multitudinous. His work is not only to "do a little writin'," as is sometimes supposed, but to cull, to glean, to select, to discriminate, to decide, to foresee, to observe, to grasp, to explain, to elucidate, to inflate, to boil down, "to be, to do and to suffer," and several hundred other verbs, with a large number of districts yet to hear from.—*Newsdealers' Bulletin.*

Amending the Reports.

Our Continent proposes that the prosy *Congressional Record* be occasionally varied with rhyming paraphrases of the honorable members' speeches-something, for instance, after this style:

Then up rose Smith, of Florida, the best of the debaters,
And spoke about his measure for protecting alligators;
He showed how tourists shoot at them without regard for reason,
And asked to have it made a crime to kill them out of season.
Then Brown he moved amendment by inserting a brief clause
Compelling alligators not to operate their jaws;
But Smith he up and said of him who thought the subject comical,
That nature, when she gave him sense, had been too economical.
And Brown, responding briefly, wished to say in this connection,
That Smith, in guarding reptiles, had an eye to self-protection;
Then Smith he flung a volume of the Message and Reports,
And Brown was laid upon the floor a good deal out of sorts

Supplying a Demand.

A Philadelphia reporter has recently made a tour of the shops in that city where modern timber is turned into antique furniture for the benefit of persons who long to possess something to indicate that they had ancestors. One of the dealers said to him confidentially: "The next will be old family portraits. There's a man somewhere in this city who has been to Europe and bought up, in junk shops and other places, a lot of old canvases with heads on them. He got two or three clever young men to dress them up and copy them and make them up into sets, thus: Knights in armor, fifteenth century; man in a ruff, sixteenth century; youth as a cavalier or Puritan, seventeenth century; Pilgrim father, eighteenth century; Mr. Brown, of Spruce street, nineteenth century; set complete in harmonious frames, say $1,000. Cheap and excellent idea and are sure to take. Call again."