

UNDERPAID CLERGY.

SOME OF THEM RECEIVE LESS THAN A DRAPER'S CLERK.

The Trials and First Reward of an English Curate in the Eighteenth Century. Extracts from a Diary Which Tell a Dismal Tale of Privation.

A great deal is heard from time to time about the underpaid clergy. It has been recently said by an English writer that "there are many clerics in holy orders who receive less than clerks in linen draper's shops." This is especially true in Europe, where the clergy, or at least the curates, are paid such miserably poor stipends that but for the generosity of the parishioners they could not live.

In the United States, too, the clergyman, usually a college bred man of talents and refinement, receives a salary altogether out of proportion to his calling and his ability. This remark does not apply to the clergy in the large cities, to many of whom are paid very large salaries. In New York city, for example, it is said that there are 100 ministers who receive salaries of \$10,000, and many of them have rectories or parish houses free in addition. But in the country towns, east and west alike, the minister who gets \$2,000 is a rare exception. Many, perhaps the majority, do not receive as much as \$1,000. While the reflection may not prove of tangible benefit to these underpaid servants in the highest of callings, still it is interesting to know that in a social and in a financial way, and in the self-respect consequent upon these conditions, the clergyman of today is vastly better off than the chaplain or curate of a century ago. In point of abject poverty there are no vicars of Wiltshire today, nor any clergymen who figure as jesters or buffoons, as did many of the more favored ones of Goldsmith's day.

The following extract from The Gentleman's Magazine of 1766 shows how poor was the lot of the curate of that time:

"Monday—Received £10 from my rector, being one-half year's salary; obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked 11 miles. Item—The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for £15 a year.

"Tuesday—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betty nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

"Wednesday—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown. Item—Child my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

"Thursday—Received a note from the nobleman at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half penny. In a struggle what to do, the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarreled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future, and the butcher sent us word that he heard it take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections these, but a want of humility is in my opinion, a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve one another, and we consequently do not more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

"Friday—A very scant dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart and burst into tears. Mem.—Never to contradict her as long as I live, for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy performs an act of virtue, superior to the value of a kingdom.

"Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied and excessively hungry; no more money than twopence half penny in the house, but you see the goodness of God! The strolling player, whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend put a £50 note in my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of £300 a year."

An Indian's Diplomacy.
I heard a good story of a celebrated Indian potentate who took an English peer, who was staying with him, out shooting. Truth to tell, the peer shot so very badly, and the eastern prince was so very puzzled to combine oriental compliment and empty gamebags. At last, with a low bow, he said, "Your excellency shot splendidly, but God was very merciful to the little birds!"—London Gentleman.

SOME OLD TIME GAMES.

Many of the Present Day Sports Were Borrowed From the Past.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as bill and even was also a favorite with the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British museum. There is also the game of draughts, which was played on a checkered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draughtmen and boxes made of rough pieces of clay, but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved iron headed draughtmen and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay, the arms and legs being jointed with string, and therefore movable. They had a favorite game called Chytriad, which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of today under the well known name of pass in the corner. In France the game is called quatre coins, or four corners. Both in the old game and in the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In ancient Greece he wore an earthen pipkin on his head and was called pot; in France at the present day he is the engard, or simpiton, and by us is called puss.

To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favorite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusements and the playthings of the very early ages has been maintained in the toys and games in use today.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Save the Forests.

Some years ago the government of Bavaria sent a skilled forester to study the conditions of timber growth in the United States. While here he made the remark, as if speaking of a matter generally known and accepted:

"In 50 years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably prefer American kinds we shall begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

What an instance of scientific foresight, and withal what a warning! Perhaps it is not yet too late to grow on our own lands the timber we shall need a generation or two hence, but if we are to do so it is time to take rigorous steps to stop reckless forest destruction and to encourage scientific cultivation.

While our government sells outright its forest lands for \$2.50 an acre, France obtains almost exactly the same sum yearly from each acre of its forest land by sales of timber. We spend our capital, France makes an income, and safeguards its capital.

Palissy, the famous French potter, who was wise in other things as well as in porcelain, declared that the neglect of forests in his day was "not a mistake, but a calamity and a curse for France." That country has since learned the lesson. When will ours follow its example?—Youth's Companion.

Cotton Gins.

Some recent improvements in cotton gins are claimed to insure much greater economy and efficiency than have hitherto been attained, the difficulty being now overcome of obtaining the full length of the various staples on account of the parting of the entire length of the fiber from the rollers. As now improved, the machine is so constructed as to allow all changes for meeting these various lengths in staples to be made without even having to stop the operator from his work, whereas the gin now in use not only necessitates the stopping of the machine, but requires a great amount of time in which to effect the change. Another improvement in this machine is an appliance in connection with the inner blade, consisting of a spring which allows it to give when the pressure of cotton passing through the roller is too severe, thus preventing the inner and outer blades from coming in contact with each other. The great wear of the roller is by this means saved.—New York Sun.

Mickey and Con.

A book minded action of the Verdant Isle was seeking intellectual food at the public library and could not quite make up his mind as to the particular literary repast he wished to make. In his hesitation he wandered over to the case where the freshest volumes of the library's store are displayed for the stimulation of mental appetites. Here he saw a book whose title satisfied him that he had found just the thing he wanted. It was "Mickah Clarke," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Approaching the attendant, he said: "Please give me 'Mickah Clarke,'" by Con Doyle, out of that cupboard."

He got the book, but the expression on his face when he came back with it 10 minutes later proved that he had mistaken the nationality of his hero.—Boston Herald.

Cherfulness.

That cheerfulness can be cultivated is well illustrated by the story of a lady and gentleman who were in a timber yard, situated by a dirty, foul smelling river.

The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell!"
"Pine boards?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"
"No, thank you," the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards."
—Raim's Horn.

Stacked Against Him.

Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich.
Waitress—Not
Traveler—Hadn't you better give me that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

When Learning Was Required.

Atreus Fabert, who in the seventeenth century became a marshal of the French army, lived in an age when learning was despised and mere animal courage won the plaudits of court and people. "The king has no need of philosophers in his armies," said one who knew the signs of the times. "He wants soldiers, stirring, active and resolute men. Debutants are only useful in the schools."

It was at this period that the Marquis of Crumail, at a critical moment, addressed his rear guard, imploring them not to ride away from the field, and his eloquence was at once destroyed when some one cried: "He has written a book!"

"I need my pen with my sword," said a noble of the time to a poet, and the remark was promptly:

"Then I am no longer astonished that you write so badly."

But young Fabert, who became a private at the age of 14, was determined to master all the branches of his profession from the simplest to the most complex. He fulfilled all his practical duties perfectly, and at the same time studied with unflinching zeal. He taught himself the rudiments of geometry, fortification and drawing. He read history, studied German, Spanish, Italian and Flemish and was always eagerly seeking to improve his knowledge of geography.

"It," he used to say, "is as necessary to an officer as arms are to the soldier."

The result was that when France needed the service of a trained mind and well disciplined will Fabert was at her service. Moreover, he was the first marshal who rose from the ranks.—Youth's Companion.

A Commencement Costume.

A pretty commencement gown may be made of white embroidered muslin, the tiny flower being done in white, and upon close examination proving that it is a forget-me-not. The skirt, which is full and round, is best made of a yard and a quarter of material, and is finished with five narrow "milliner's folds" of white satin. A quarter of a yard above these are three narrow folds, and a quarter of a yard above these is one. The bodice is round and belted in with a broad, white satin belt laid in fine folds like those on the skirt. Just in front, where it fastens, are four white satin ribbon bows knotted in the square style, so that they look like forget-me-nots themselves.

The gown is open at the throat, turned over in very broad revers, faced with the muslin and outlined with Irish lace. The collar has the intricate necessary to keep it in place hidden under folds of the satin, reaching quite to the elbows, and below them fall frills of Irish lace. The gloves are white, and the slippers are white satin and the stockings white silk. The hair is parted in the center, drawn back and arranged low on the neck in a loose knot—Isabella Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

The first sight of Gibraltar is, I think, disappointing. It means so much, and so many lives have been given for it and so many great ships sunk by its batteries, and each great power has warred for 1,500 years for its few miles of stone that its black outline against the sky, with nothing to measure it with but the fading stars, is dwarfed and spoiled. It is only after the sun begins to turn the lights out, and you are able to compare it with the great ships at its base, and you see the battlements and the mouths of cannon and the clouds resting on its top, that you understand it. And then when the outline of the crouching lion that has faced all Europe for a hundred years comes into relief you remember it is, as they say, the lock to the Mediterranean, and even while you feel this and are greedily following the course of each rampart and terrace with eyes that are tired of blank stretches of water some one points to the sun line of mountains lying after the sun below the red sky of the sunrise, dim, forbidding and mysterious—and you know that it is Africa.—Richard Harding Davis in Harper's Weekly.

Spontini's Decorations.

Casparo Spontini regarded himself in the light of a demigod, and when in aspirations crowded upon him he donned a wide, togalike gown of white silk with a border of gold and a fez of white silk embroidered in gold, from which a heavy tassel hung down. With great dignity he sat down before his desk, and if a fly which he penned his music he rang the bell impatiently for his servant to remove the obstacle. Spontini owned no many medals and decorations that they could no longer be accommodated on his breast. At a grand musical reunion at Halle an old musician remarked to a comrade, "See how many decorations Spontini has, while Mozart has not one." Spontini, who overheard it, replied quickly, "Mozart, my dear friend, does not need them."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Lucky Pins" the Fad.

"Lucky pins" are the favorite little gifts of the hour, and several special "advertisers" are used to signify good fortune to the wearer. The mysterious virtue of the horseshoe has long been recognized, and of late years the mistletoe sprig has been considered equally fortunate, while all of them are thought to acquire new virtues. This, with the "Campanello Margherita," which is the facsimile of an ancient gold bell found during the present excavations near Rome and presented to the queen of Italy, are the popular mascots of the day. The sides of the latter bear the inscription, "Toti Com. Voo Tet," of which this is the translation: "I (little bell) was made against fascination."—New York Tribune.

Reason For His Affectio.

The Wife—Do you really love me more and more every day?
The Husband—Yes, darling, for you do not play the piano nearly as much as you used to.—Vogue.

VIOLETS.

The woodbine calls, the shadow flies,
The sun comes golden from the east
Across the meadow as I stray
For you I take the path I tread,
To scatter violets with my dew
Which only bloom, my love, for you
For you, my love, alone for you!

The grasses bend, the dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine
The soft wind steals with promise sweet
To ting'le white petals at my feet
And lift the leaves from violets blue,
Hidden to wait, my love, for you
For you, my love, alone for you!

Blue as your eyes, which hearts beguile,
Their faint perfume sweet as your smile,
I gather them, with sweet prayer
That they my passions may declare,
Their petals pale, their stained with dew,
May tell how I love you
For you, my love, alone for you!

—Donahoe's Magazine.

It's Human Nature.

A well dressed man got on the sixth avenue elevated the other day and groped along for a strap, which his companion finally placed in his hand. As the former seemed quite uncertain of his footing and was being partially supported by the latter, people stared at him rather hard under the impression that he was intoxicated. He was not, however, but wore a handsome ring, heavy gold watch chain and other jewelry. Passengers jostled him considerably as he swayed from the strap and pretty soon it became evident to those in the vicinity that instead of being intoxicated the man was blind. A young lady made the discovery and immediately arose and motioned the blind man's companion to take her seat. When this had been communicated to the blind man, the latter turned in the direction of the lady and raised his hat respectfully, but declined the proffered courtesy. His companion was moved something in his ears—most likely that the lady was both young and handsome—for the afflicted man began pluming himself and finally turned by changing hands on the strap so that the young lady might get a more definite view of a rather fine face. He straightened up his rings, settled his collar, felt to ascertain whether his coat was buttoned and pulled down his cuffs—just as a vain man usually makes a show of wanting to make a good appearance.—New York Herald.

Soft Words.

One of the most curious of current beliefs is that of hypocrisy lurking in pleasant manners and sincerity in those that are rough or stern. It seems a relic of our Puritan forefathers, but it certainly is out of place today. One is foolish, or very innocent, to give heed to more than the letter of society courtesies. But, on the other hand, the wish to please is a good sign in itself, and the willingness to hurt, by word as well as by deed, is a bad sign in itself. Selfishness is, far more than hypocrisy even, a usual failing. And there is small hope for the habitually self absorbed rough speaker, while there is always a chance that the soft manner may sink into the heart. To those who tell us that soft words better no parsnips, we may retort, oil is also better for a wig than vinegar. If proverb is mean anything, it is because there is one for every side of a question.—Exchange.

Old Time Railroad.

It is sometimes a matter of surprise to find what mighty good locomotives running has been done in times past when the locomotive was a far inferior machine. The death of Daniel M. Fisher, an old and retired engineer of the New York and New Haven, recalled the fact that in 1859 he carried President Taylor's message from New York to New Haven—about 80 miles—in an hour and 20 minutes. The engine burned wood. The switches were locked. The messenger sat on a box in the engineer's tender.—New York Advertiser.

A Modest Request.

Joe—You know that \$10 I lent Brown, three or four months ago.
Sam—Yes.
Joe—He hasn't paid it back and can't, and I think you ought to "go havers" in the box with me.
Sam—What have I got to do with it?
Joe—He was on his way to get it from you when he struck me, and I saved you \$10. Under the circumstances, don't you think you ought to save me \$5?—Detroit Free Press.

Journalism In Serbia.

Journalism in Serbia is a peculiar institution. The Schumadski List, which has the reputation of being the leading newspaper of the kingdom, came out one day with the following announcement on its first page: "Owing to the intolerable laziness of our editor in chief, Mr. Zrak, who spends his nights in feasting and sleeps the whole day through, our number this week is only half its usual size."—Philadelphia Record.

An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris has adopted a plan for securing his money which is respectfully submitted to bankers and bondholders generally. Every night he deposits the daily receipts of his exhibition in the cage of the most ferocious of his animals, and he has never lost a penny.

It has been estimated that a gold coin must be handled 2,000,000,000 times before the impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, and a silver coin 3,350,000,000 times.

Since his installation as grand master of the Freemasons, now nearly 19 years ago, the Prince of Wales has granted 1,027 warrants for new lodges.

Whenever there is friction there is heat. Hammering a nail rod until it is red-hot or forging a nail without fire are feats of the blacksmith.

The newspaper laborers in the house press gallery now sit on nice revolving piano stools. They are very popular.

30 X 80

The above figures represent the dimensions of the New Store Room in the Stone Block. In this room is carried everything conceivable in the line of

DRY GOODS.

Boots, Shoes, China, Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, &c.

A very convenient place for merchandising.

Flour, Grain,

and Feed bought by car load.

Take the elevator to go to second floor which is

30 x 50

and on this floor you can see a nice line of CARPETS, and such other goods that first floor will not accommodate. All goods purchased for CASH, and will be sold at prices that will compare favorably with all competitors.

Molasses, Syrup, Baskets, Willow ware, &c., are carried in the cellar. The dimensions of which are

30 x 80.

30 x 80.

G. S. GOOD,

PATTON, PENNA.