RELICS OF LINCOLN.

INTERESTING SIGHT FOR THE TOURIST VISITING WASHINGTON.

The House In Which the Martyr President B[illegible] His Last—How the Lincoln R[illegible] Were Secured—A Public Spirited Enterprise—Whittier's Sentiment.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 3.—No tourist visiting Washington should fail to see the house where Lincoln died. Ever since the terrible assassination of the president in Ford's theater the house has been used as a residence. There was nothing to indicate that in that house Abe Lincoln breathed his last except a small tablet on the front wall bearing this inscription:

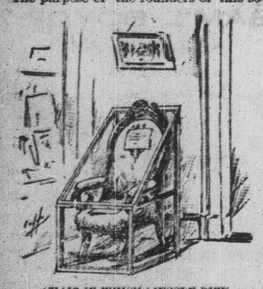
A. LINCOLN
Died in this house
April 15, 1865.

At one time the locality was looked upon as a very desirable place of residence, but today it is the very heart of the business center. It is directly across the street from the old theater where Wilkes Booth fired the fatal shot that made a nation mourn.

The Memorial Association.

The theater seems to have been fated ever since the terrible tragedy. For many years no one would use it. Finally the government took it, and of late years it has been used for clerks of the war department. The dreadful calamity of Ford's theater, where many clerks lost their lives, is still fresh in the minds of every one. Prior to that it was used as the Medical museum.

Congress has been urged from time to time by patriotic citizens to buy the house where Lincoln died; but, as usual with our national lawmakers, they did nothing about the matter. Finally convinced that congress would not act, a number of patriotic citizens met and organized the Memorial Association of the District of Columbia. Their purpose was to raise the money to purchase the house where Lincoln died and to place therein the many relics then scattered all over the country. They finally succeeded not only in raising the money to purchase the house, but have paid heavily for every relic of the martyred president they could find, no matter where. The purpose of the founders of this so-



CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED.

ciety cannot be too highly commended. They have joined themselves together with the object of cultivating historical interest and strengthening that reverence for the man who made our historic past upon which a lasting reverence must depend.

They do not intend to stop at the work of giving to the public the house where Lincoln died, but will endeavor to have tablets placed on the outer walls of all houses throughout the city of historic interest to writers. It is ill wind which blows no one any good, for the Memorial association have reason to be grateful to Governor Altgeld, who pardoned the anarchists. In Springfield, Ills., stands the house where Lincoln lived from 1846 until he came to Washington as president. After Mr. Lincoln left it the house was leased by a man named Tilton, who occupied it all during the war. Tilton permitted strangers to go through the house, and over 70,000 visitors registered their names while the Tiltons lived there. When Mrs. Lincoln died, the property came to Robert Lincoln, afterward secretary of war. He rented the property to O. H. Oldroyd. To the latter great credit is due. He immediately set to work to gather about him every relic of Lincoln he could find. This collection he placed in the old homestead and opened it to the public. When his five years' lease expired, Mr. Oldroyd made a trip to Washington and succeeded in getting Secretary Lincoln to deed the property to the state of Illinois. In accepting the gift the state agreed to keep the house in repair, to pay the salary of a custodian and have the house open to inspection of visitors. Mr. Oldroyd was appointed to this place, taking with him all his valuable relics of Lincoln. He held the position until Altgeld was made governor. Then he was discharged, taking with him all his relics. This is how the Memorial association has been able to accomplish their praiseworthy labor in the short space of one year. They purchased the Oldroyd relics, and in addition have secured many others from relatives and friends of Lincoln living in different parts of the country.

Interesting to the Curious.

Lovers of the antique and the curious can be satisfied to their hearts' content. There are mementos in the old house on Tenth street from the very day of Lincoln's birth to the unhappy night of his taking off. A series of old magazine cuts beginning with Lincoln's birthplace in Hardin county, Ky., goes on through the family removal six years later and the final settlement of the Lincolns in Decatur, Ills. One picture shows the raft on which his father was carrying two barrels of whisky to their new home. This, together with $20, was the price received for their old farm. In 1831 Lincoln struck out for himself, going to New Salem. There it was that he began his political career by serving Uncle Sam as postmaster. Lincoln went into business, but did not stay long, trade being distasteful to him. The only memento of this period of Lincoln's life in the Tenth street house is a wooden stand, irregular and inartistic and difficult to describe. Whittier wrote this inscription for it:

Let man be free! The mighty word
He spoke was not his own,
The spirit of the Highest stirred
His mortal lips alone.

Lincoln's Loves.

Lincoln fell in love for the first time in New Salem, becoming engaged to Ann Rutledge, who died in 1835. Seven years later he wooed and wedded Elizabeth Todd. When the Lincolns were about to leave for Washington, they decided to sell all their furniture. Some of it was given to Mr. Lincoln's sisters, of whom he had three. Afterward Mr. Oldroyd purchased them, but he had to pay a big price for them, as the three sisters, who were spinsters and milliners, were thrifty and knew only too well the value of a dollar. There is the hat worn by Lincoln when assassinated, the chair he sat in and innumerable other relics of his eventful life. Altogether it is one of the most interesting places in the nation's capital to visit.

J. H. BEADLE.

SOME MOUNTAIN RED MEN.

Remnant of a Great Tribe Dwelling in Peace and Comfort.

[Special Correspondence.]

QUALLA RESERVE, N. C., May 3.—There are a score or two of idle, drunken Seminole Indians left in southern Florida, the remnant of a strong and warlike tribe which was beaten and driven beyond the Mississippi more than a century ago. The only other Indians in the southern states between the Atlantic and the Mississippi are the 500 or more Cherokees who, since the rest of the great tribe was sent west by General Jackson, have occupied this reservation of some 50,000 acres in a series of the most beautiful valleys in all the Indian range.

Through this splendid reservation there flow the Ocowe and Ioco, two clear mountain streams, the tributaries of which are filled with trout. These mountain Cherokees in wealth, culture, obedience to law and everything that indicates civilization are abreast if not in advance of their neighbors, the white mountaineers of the Black, the Balsam and Great Smoky ranges. These Cherokees have good farms, churches, schoolhouses, fair roads and such mechanical industries as are essential to their own wants.

Here, walled in from the rest of the world by cloud kissing mountains, as is the tiny nation of Andorra, we have an independent republic, with its own laws, customs and its regularly elected chief, all as distinct and separate from the great state and nation about them as Andorra is independent of France and Spain. The new chief is elected for four years, like our president, with a salary of $500 a year and traveling expenses when he ventures on state business outside the domain of Qualla.

In this republic there are political parties without political impurity. The Baptist and Methodist churches claim nearly all the adults as communicants. In no part of the country is the marriage vow more respected than among these little known Cherokees, and drunkenness and divorce are practically unknown.

Like their brethren of the Indian Territory, the Cherokees of Qualla have their own written language and their own alphabet, invented by that wonderful man, the Indian Cadmus, Sequoia.

While the white mountaineers of this part of North Carolina are an unimaginative and legendless race, the Cherokees are a most poetic and romantic people, and with every stream, valley, precipice or mountain peak there is some legend or myth connected that lifts it out of the stupid and often grossly vulgar nomenclature of the whites and gives it an added charm by associating it with some stirring event or heroic character of the past.

An Englishman whom I met down here, and who, being at Asheville, near by, was induced to come over, declares that Qualla is the most beautifully romantic place he has ever seen, and that the Cherokees are by all odds the most interesting people he has ever met, yet outside this neighborhood there is not one American in ten thousand who knows anything about the place or the people.

Although good Christians, the Cherokees at Qualla, like their kinsmen beyond the Mississippi, still retain many of their old tribal rites, which once had and still retain some religious significance. They have just finished a series of dances and festivities, intended to propitiate the powers that control fruition, which always precede their planting of crops. After the harvest is in, I am told, they have what is known as their "corn dances," which I am assured "it is worth crossing the continent to see."

While tours are being made to the Yellowstone and to even as far away as Alaska, here is a place, within easy reach of all eastern cities, which for the beauty of its surroundings and the interest of its red inhabitants is unequaled by any part of the great republic, and yet even its name and its whereabouts are practically unknown to our people.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Stripes and the Figure.

Striped materials have been generally regarded as especially suited to very stout women as tending to diminish their apparent size, but here as elsewhere "it is a poor rule that won't work both ways," and stripes that run round and round will reverse the tendency of stripes that run up and down. If one will give an appearance of increased slenderness and height, the other will give an appearance of increased girth. Probably this fact is what made striped stockings so popular when they were in vogue a few years ago. A skirt of such material made to flare slightly at the bottom will modify a lanky woman's appearance more than one would believe possible without seeing her variously gowned.

WEARY.

I'm old, and the hoar of life's hurtling
Has bleached my brown hair till it's white,
And teardrops that sparkle like diamonds
Have stole from my eyes their old light.
And low, where old mantles are gleaming,
I laid what the world gave to me:
But high, where the pure ones are waiting,
My treasures again will I see.

Tonight I have heard strains of music
That floated away long ago,
But some myrtle spirit has caught them
To chant to me now, soft and low.
I heard an old story tonight, too,
That memory lingered to tell,
Of youth that built castles in indair
That crushed hopes and dreams as they fell.

I've seen an old picture of sorrow—
A vessel that sank in the sea—
But safe in the harbor of heaven
A fair sailor boy waits for me.
I listen in dreams for his footsteps.
I almost can see his white hand
As it lifts from my heart life's dark shadows
And points me to his spirit land.

O Time, I am weary of travel!
Life's pathway is lonely for me;
And breezes that whisper about me
Seem filled with a voice from the sea.
And now I am tired—so tired—
And some night I'll lie down to rest
And dream till I wake in the morning
In peace in the home of the blest.

—Florence Bailey Farnsworth.

The Screaming Habit.

No two persons hear exactly alike. The human internal ear is best described by likening it to a grand piano. That instrument has a key for every note; the human ear has a nerve filament for every tone and its variations. Did I say for every tone? That is a mistake. Some pianos have seven octaves, some have eight; some have better tone in one portion of the keyboard than in another. Exactly so with the human ear. Some persons hear acutely; they catch sounds that to others are but silence. Some tones strike the ear drum, but are not conveyed to the brain because their corresponding nerve filament is missing. We know of defective hearing, but we do not apply our knowledge to our reasoning when we are stating our opinions or impressions. To some a high note is a positive pain, and to such ears a soaring soprano will do nothing but shriek. Others will detest the lower tones. Animals are moved out of their wonted calm by the sound of certain notes.

It should be our endeavor to cultivate tones of softness and sweetness. A low tone is the voice of comfort and consolation, of deepest, most sacred emotion. Our society women should do all they can to counteract the screaming habit of Americans.—Di Vernon in San Francisco News-Letter.

THE RESURRECTION.

Cardinal Gibbons Says Nature Suggests Its Reality.

Nature itself suggests the reality of a resurrection. The winter and the spring are a lively figure of our death and resurrection. We have observed during the past winter how the rivers were frozen and motionless; the branches of the trees became sapless and leafless; the flowers of the field were withered; the birds of the air had ceased to cheer us with their song. All nature was silent beneath her pall of snow. But now, in the spring, the sun's heat quickens all things—the river glides once more free in its channel, fresh buds and leaves clothe the lifeless branches, the faded grass puts on a fresher, tenderer green; flowers bloom again, and birds come forth from their winter hiding places to chant again their matin and evening song to their Creator.

In all this what a striking figure we have of death and resurrection! Christ Jesus, who is called the Sun of Justice, will exercise upon our bodies the same influence which the material sun exerts on visible and created objects. When he shall come in dread majesty to judge the world, he will raise to life all that were dead. The blood frozen within us by the icy hand of death will again flow in our veins by the vivifying influence of the Son of God. Those bones upon which the rains and snows of centuries shall have fallen will stand erect and be clothed with flesh, even as the trees of the forest with leaves, and that voice which was hushed in silence will again find utterance and be ever afterward engaged in singing the praises of the Almighty. It matters not whether our bodies were buried in consecrated ground or cast into the ocean to become the food of fishes, or whether our bones are left to bleach in the desert, or whether our flesh was reduced to ashes and cast to the four winds of heaven: those scattered parts will again be gathered together by the Omnipotent, for he who created us out of nothing can form us again. "It is easier," says Tertullian, "to remake from old material than to create anew."

It Signifies a New Bonnet.

To five-eighths of the feminine world Easter time means bonnets. Out of the stormy days of March, back of the ashen pallor of Lent, between the garlands of floral profusion that bedeck the brightness of the day, starts into life the peerless conception of a new bonnet, to "dazzle when the sun is down and rob the world of rest." A woman may forget to pray, but she will not forget to plan for a new bonnet all through Lent. And when Easter morning dawns it is not by the devoutness of her mood nor the sanctity of her mind that you may mark her from afar, but by the newness and the freshness of her bonnet. As she sits in her pew on the glorified and blessed day it is not her gentle air of piety nor the downcast glance of her pensive eye that attracts your attention so much as the sumptuous satisfaction that rewards the glance that acknowledges the peerless perfection of her bonnet.

Easter Weddings.

A number of choir boys singing an epithalamium walking up the aisle before the bride is a new and very beautiful Easter fashion. A favorite entertainment for Easter is a christening. Christening parties are becoming very important functions in the art of entertaining. Roman Catholics are many of them so anxious for the salvation of the little new soul that they have their children baptized as soon as possible, but others put off this important ceremony until mamma can go to church, when little master is 3 weeks old. Then friends are invited to the ceremony very much in this fashion:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton request the pleasure of your company at the baptism of their infant daughter at the cathedral Monday, March 30, at 12 o'clock. At home after the ceremony, 14 West Ellicott square."

SPRING TILTED HEELS.

An Arrangement That Makes You Think You Are Walking on Air.

A poorly dressed, keen eyed old man who looked as far as the typical country tin peddler got into the clothing department of the Grand Central store a few days ago, and dropping a small bag on the floor said he had something new. Such a sum as appeared to be the Grand Central, and soon a number of others gathered around. He told the old man to sit at the back of the bag and explained that he had something that would put new life into the men and would give their walk the elasticity and spring of their youth. One or two of the men smile broadly and turned away, but the old man said, "Hold on a minute, here it is," and rumbling into the bag he pulled out a stout spiral spring.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the old man, "I put these here springs into the heels of your shoes, and the weight of the body in walking comes upon these springs instead of on the tough leather. You are just walking on springs, you see. I put them in at 75 cents a pair. Does any one want to try a pair?"

One of the clerks took off his shoes, and the old man bored a hole about a third of an inch in circumference in the inside of the heel. Into this hole he dropped one of the springs. The spring projected quite a little above the surface of the inside of the heel of the shoe.

Then he fitted a stiff piece of steel, arched slightly like a bow, over the spring, and then he replaced the leather lining of the shoe over the piece of steel. The other shoe was fitted in the same way and then the old man said, "There, young man, see if that isn't one of the great things of the age."

"Gee! that's like walking on nice springs," said the clerk. "It gives a fellow an idea that he is walking upon air," testified the clerk as he took a trial trip around the room.

"Yes, it is one of the things of the age," added the old man. "Anybody else want 'em?" he queried. Soon he was doing a profitable business, and as he worked he remarked: "It's one of the things of the age. It's a great idea. I'm going to get it patented as soon as I get money enough, and I'm thinking a joint stock company to carry on the business. I'm working on it now, and some day after the company is organized there will be money in it."

The old man appeared to have great faith in the success of his idea, and he smiled happily at the men's shoes. Then he packed his belongings in his bag, thanked the men for the money he had earned and left.

The men who had their shoes fixed all believe in the old man's idea, though they are doubtful as to the success of his stock company. They say the spring lessens the jolting a man gets over the rough pavement and gives quite a little extra elasticity to his walk.—New York Sun.

Children at Table.

There is one thing that a child should be taught from the time it is old enough to sit up in the company of its elders, and that is a refined code of table manners that no future influence can change in any way. It is hard to overcome the habits of childhood, even though the associations of youth are entirely different from those that left their mark on the first years of existence. Therefore to instill correct demeanor one must begin when the baby brain is unfolding and receptive.

No one can estimate how very much a person is judged by the sort of conduct which characterizes the prosaic eating and drinking that is part of the daily routine. The graceful handling of a fork, the dainty way of sipping one's soup, the knowledge of what this, that and the other table ornament is for, stamp a man or woman at once as being used to good society and is the greatest help to the awkward and the shy.

No matter how lovely a woman may be, if she eats with her knife the illusion is dispelled, and, no matter how great or honorable the man, if he will persist in drinking out of his saucer his fame counts for naught.

It is in the little things of life that either condemn or elevate us in the opinion of others, and table manners are as essential a part of the education of a gentleman or gentlewoman as the deeper lines of thought and learning.

A mother cannot be too careful with her child in this particular. Teachers of dancing and deportment may come in later years, but the first rudiments of table etiquette should be engraved while yet the baby sits in a high chair and does not know a fork from a spoon.—Philadelphia Times.

France Wins Her First Football Game.

Football has suddenly become exceedingly popular in France, and there is no undue anxiety shown with regard to the rough ways which are somewhat necessary. There are many capital clubs, and a game always draws a very large number of spectators, who take a deep interest in the progress of the doings. On Monday last there was an international game played at Becon les Bruyeres between the English Rosslyn Park club and the Stade Francais. The play was all through very spirited on both sides, but the issue, certainly due to the great smartness of the French, was in their favor, the score of the Stade Francais being three tries (nine points) to three tries (eight points). This is the first game of football won by a French team, and the victory was welcomed by great and prolonged cheering, in which English and French voices equally joined.—London Court Journal.

Survival of an Old Superstition.

The old theory that lighted fires in the streets had power to drive away a pestilence has long been exploded, but the mayor of Bordeaux evidently believes there are occasions when public fires of this kind may be used with advantage. It appears that there is much poverty just now in Bordeaux, as, alas, elsewhere, and the mayor, being seized with pity for the condition of the unemployed, has had huge coal fires placed in certain parts of the city during the recent severe weather. The fires, which were placed, of course, only in the poorer quarters, gave much satisfaction, and thousands availed themselves of them to warm themselves, while some people even did their cooking by them.—London News.

It Makes the Hair Grow.

Thirteen miles southeast of San Diego, Cal., is the location of a spring whose waters have the wonderful power of restoring the hair to bald scalps. We quote a statement made concerning it by the California board of health: "We must acknowledge that this water, from the evidence that has been brought before us, has made hair grow on scalps that were entirely bald. Of this we have had several examples on persons whom we have known for a number of years, and who, until after they had used the waters of this spring, had given up all hope of ever again having a full head of hair."—St. Louis Republic.

THE QUESTION.

HE.

I asked her today.
But she gave me no answer,
Neither word would she say,
Though I asked her today
In the most approved way
Of the modern suitor.
I asked her today.
But she gave me no answer.

SHE.

He has spoken at last.
Shall I take him or leave him?
At my feet he is cast.
He has spoken at last.
If his hopes I should blast,
Would it really grieve him?
He has spoken at last.
Shall I take him or leave him?

HER MAMMA.

Is he rich, as they say,
Or a penniless rascal?
I must find out today
If he's rich, as they say.
For she's not said him nay.
And again he may ask her.
Is he rich, as they say,
Or a penniless rascal?

—Yankee Blade.

At the Nice Race Meeting.

A race meeting is much the same all the world over, and the Nice gathering can hardly be called the exception.

There is the same noisy crowd and crush at the railway station—the races are held at Le Var, some few miles out of Nice proper—and the familiar line of beggars, blind, halt, lame and more so, as ready with curses as blessings—all the way from the station to the course.

The three card trickster, the fortune teller and the whole brotherhood of the ring, each with bag and board, the latter bearing an English name, as a rule, are to be seen, each in his appropriate place. The sun may shine with greater regularity and brilliance and the landscape with its slim rows of eucalyptus trees look more delicate and fragile than we are accustomed to, but otherwise all has the appearance of the "correct card."

It is a charming little course at Le Var, and in fine weather it would be difficult to find anywhere a more representative gathering of beauty and fashion than may be seen in the paddock on a big day.—Pall Mall Budget.

[illegible] Mendicancy.

Mendicancy would appear to be almost as profitable in the outlying suburbs of Paris as in the city itself, where beggars sometimes die leaving substantial legacies behind them for their next of kin. Victor Hayet, aged 49, was supposed to be one of the most destitute and almsworthy inhabitants of Joinville-le-Pont, where he dwelt in a hovel by night and begged on the roads by day. For the past week he had disappeared from sight, and the police, having been communicated with, went to the hut, burst open the door, as there was no answer to their knocks, and found Hayet dead on the floor inside. His body showed no marks of foul play, and it was clear that the man had died suddenly from heart disease. In a dirty cupboard of his miserable room was found a parcel of bank notes amounting in value to £720. The mendicant's dog was heard howling in the cellar. The animal was half mad with hunger, and it choked itself eating a lump of bread thrown to it by the policeman.—London Telegraph.

She Did Her Part.

Edith—I hate that Mr. Wilson.

Sadie—Why, what has happened? I thought you liked him ever so much.

Edith—He said I couldn't whistle, and just to show him I could I puckered up my mouth, just as sweet and round, and what do you think he did?

Sadie (blushing)—How should I know?

Edith—Well, the little fool just let me whistle.—Boston Home Journal.

Illiterate Statistics.

A few men were discussing the progress of education in this country.

"You're doing a good deal of talking here," said one, "but I'll bet any man in this crowd a new hat that here in London there are at least 50,000 persons who can't speak a word of English."

The crowd was staggered at first, but recovered in a moment, and hat bets were made. Then it was suggested that some one should go after the statistics.

"Before you do that," said the man very coolly, "I want to bet £1 apiece all round that there are twice that number that can't read and write."

Again the crowd felt the pressure of a bluff, but it rallied soon, and every man who had a sovereign put it up. The newspaper man stood to win eight hats and £6. The man to get the statistics was about to start.

"Hold on," said the man with the iron nerve. "I can tell you now who the first 50,000 are."

"Tell us," was the unanimous command.

"Babies under one year," was the reply, "and under four years for the other 100,000."—London Tit-Bits.

Opened Twelve of His Arteries.

BERLIN, Jan. 13.—Hermann Guttman, a surgeon from Nuremberg, committed suicide here by opening 12 main arteries in his head, arms and feet. He was addicted to the morphia habit.

Hoyt May Wed Miss Miskel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—It is understood that Charles Hoyt will marry Caroline Miskel, the beautiful leading lady of the "A Temperance Town" company.

A Key That Weighs Seven Pounds.

An old and curious key and lock are attached to the door of Temple church, in Fleet street, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is 18 inches long, and, unlike other keys, it was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for it. Both key and lock have been in use since the crusades, the church itself having been built by the Knights Templars.

English as She Is Written.

The following interesting communication was received by a prominent silver house a few days ago:

Dear Sir I rite this Day of lord 1894 I wish to act as an agences for Your in this country to sell Silver Weard for you Please send med catalog and I will Sen in wyared at once Ocala Fla — — — — riter.

It is to be said that no jeweler of that town bears the name of the "riter."—Jewelers' Circular.

THE MODE IN WAY OF MOVING.

Scene of Its Performance Was Noted by a Sixth Street Jewelry Mover Into Town.

"We cannot [illegible]," said the man who moved from the suburbs, "the vans we moved in now. The whole [illegible] the men who moved us. The whole household was astir early that morning, [illegible] waiting for the vans. The main road by which they would approach ran parallel to the street in which we lived and in plain sight. Soon after 7 o'clock we saw the vans coming, three of them, each drawn by four horses, and all well closed up, a decidedly orderly and business looking procession. They swung around through a cross street and down our street and halted near the house at 7:10. They had told us at the office that the vans would be there at 7 o'clock. Inasmuch as they had had 12 miles to come and it had rained the night before 7:10 didn't seem like a half bad bluff at it.

"A man came down and located the house, and then the two head vans came and backed up to the walk in front. On one side of the house there was a driveway which ran back past the rear of the house, with a loop there around a little oval grass plat. There was none too much room in this driveway, which was not designed for four horse teams, but when the rear van came down the driveway swung his leaders and came in as if with the large confidence of a man who has a good team and knows how to handle it. He rounded the oval and halted with his team headed toward the street and the rear end of the van on a line with the rear of the house. When the vans were all in position, the horses were blanketed, and then the men were ready.

"There were six men altogether, and they were all powerful, able bodied men. The house was a 2½ story Queen Anne. The men stripped it in two hours and without any fuss or commotion whatever. At 9:30 the last padlock snapped on the last van door, and the drivers mounted to their seats and hauled out into the road again, once more in line. Then all hands settled down in their seats, and everything was ready for the start. The great arks were very heavy now, and it was no light work to move them. There was a little picturesque plunging at the start, but they were good teams, every one, and they soon had the vans in motion, and after that they walked with them as though they were [illegible] on wheels. A few moments later we saw them once more out on the main road, moving now toward the city.

"Four hours later we caught sight of them again. We were then on the train bound for the city and approaching near it. We saw the vans on a road at some little distance from the railroad. They were as well closed up as a wagon train would be under escort in an enemy's country and moving forward.

"Not very long afterward we stood on the steps in the land of brick and mortar and saw the procession, still well closed up, appear around the corner. They came up at a trot. It took a little more time to unload than to load, but not much. Soon we heard the last padlock snap again, this time on the last of the empty vans. Once more the procession lined up, moved off and disappeared.

"And left us to settle. It is something of a job to settle, as those who have tried it know, but if anything could make that work seem lighter it would be the exhilaration of moving in the modern way."—New York Sun.

Too Much For Him.

General Meerscheidt-Hullessem, an old and experienced officer of the bluff type, has several times differed with Emperor William's criticism of parades and maneuvers, and the general did not take pains to conceal his opinions. One night the emperor and the general met at a ball, and it happened that the same forenoon the emperor had again criticised the general's troops, deprecating the veteran officer's want of coolness. During the evening the emperor jokingly remarked to the general, who is a bachelor:

"My dear general, you want to become less excited, and," pointing to the ladies, he added, "you ought to marry."

"I beg your majesty's pardon," retorted the general, "but I beg to be excused. A young wife and a young emperor would be too much for me."—Berlin Letter.

A Book's Quaint Title.

A year or two ago there first appeared in Germany a little book entitled "Darf die Frau Denken?" ("Ought Woman Be Allowed to Think?"). It went through a number of editions in a short time, a rare thing to happen in the fatherland, at least in this department of literature. Though small and without any new ideas or issues, it seemed to have had a decided effect in winning favor for the woman rights movement, at present occupying the best minds of a nation as conservative as the German. The writer, a lady, attempts to show that woman is not created for man, but for her calling, and to work out her own destiny on equal terms with man. Hence all educational apparatus and institutions ought to be opened to her.—Baltimore Sun.

The Statue of the Angel Moroni.

A statue of the angel Moroni surmounts the capstone of the tower of the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake City. The figure is of gigantic proportions, being 12 feet 5½ inches in height. It reminds one of a picture of Gabriel blowing the trumpet on the last day and is supposed to represent the Mormon angel bringing the gospel to the children of men. The incandescent lamp above the angel's head is 222 feet from the pavement below.—St. Louis Republic.

An Anthem.

This definition of an anthem is accredited to a British workman. Undertaking to explain the meaning of the word to an inquiring friend, he began, "Well, if I said 'Bring me a pickax,' that would not be an anthem, but if I said 'Bring—bring—bring—bring me the pick—pick—pickax—bring me the pick—pickax' that would be an anthem."—New York Times.