SUNRISE AMONG THE HILLS.

'His mercies are new every morning and His com

The sea moans in blackness of darkness-

Lo! sudden-a gleam on the mountains-

There may be a wreck ere the light.

erou touches the clouds with sun-fingers

His mercies are new every morning,

Heavy and long is the night.

The shadows are fleeing away;

And opens the gates of the day.

His mercies are new every morning.

The mariner breasting the gale;

And oh, His compassions ne'er fail,

To the timid sheep cropping the herbage,

The child, born to love and to laughter,

The sinner, whom tears cannot shrive,

The mourner left "sleeping for sorrow."

His mercies are new every morning !"

In the joy of our youth-time we sung;

And we'll sing it till bursts the grand music

- Dinah Mulock Craik, in Congregationalist.

Too Busy.

A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.

"Mother! mother!" cried my little

Willy, coming in upon me, as I sat busily

work, "I've lost my arrow in the grass

He was just ready to burst into tears

from grief at his mishap. "I'm sorry,

dear," I said calmly, as I went on with

"Won't you go and find it with me,

mother?" he asked with a quivering lip,

"I'm too busy, dear." I replied

"Jane can't find it." said the little

"She has looked all over, and can't

The tears were now rolling over his

face. But I was too busy to attend to

Willy. L was embroidering the edge of

a little linen sack that I was making for

him, and that, for the moment, seemed

of more importance than the happiness

"No-no." I replied. "I'm too busy

to go down stairs. You must take better

care of your arrows. Go and ask Ellen

"Ellen says she won't look for it."

"There! there! don't be so foolish as

"Won't you go and find it for me,

"No indeed, Willy. I'm too busy now.

"But I can't find it. I have looked."

"Then go and look again," said I,

Willy went crying down stairs, and I

heard him crying about the yard-for

some ten minutes, until my patience

"Buch a to-do about an arrow! I wish

-'Ellen, won't you make me another

arrow? Here is a stick," I heard him

ask of the cook, in a pleading voice.

something else to do besides making ar-

The child's crying was renewed. I

felt vexed at Ellen. "She might have

made him the arrow." I said. "If I

wasn't so busy I would go down and

make him one myself. But I must get

And I sewed away more rapidly than

before, The crying went on. Willy

had lost his arrow, and his heart was al-

most broken. Unfortunately, I was not

in a mood to sympathize with him. An

arrow, to me, was a very little thing,

and it worried me to hear him crying as

if his heart would break over a loss so

"Willy!" I at length said, calling out

of the window, "you must stop that cry-

"I can't find my arrow, and nobody

will make me another," replied the little

"That's nothing to make such a dis-

"I want my arrow. Won't you come

The crying went on again as before,

and I soon lost all my patience. Lay-

ing saide my work. I went to the head

turbance about!" I said. "Go and find

trifling as that of an arrow.

something else to play with."

and find it for me, mother?"

"No, not now, I'm too busy,

"No indeed, I shall not! I've got

I'd never bought him the bow-arrow!"

said I, moving unessily in my chair.

But Ellen replied rudely-

this sack done.

to cry at the loss of such a little thing

as an arrow," said I, in a reproving voice.

Willy was now crying outright.

mother?" he urged, still crying.

Go and look for it again yourself."

find it. Won't you come, mother, and

gently shaking him off. "Go and tell

"Tell her to go and look again."

The sick man who wakes up alive!

"His mercies are new every morning!"

We sing yet with faltering tongue.

That all earth's faint anthem stills,

And we see the Day-star arising

Above the eternal hills.

d can't find it."

as he laid hold on my arm.

Jane to find it for you."

find if for me ?"

of my child.

to find it for you."

"I'm ashamed of you!"

egan to give out.

fellow in a choking voice.

my work.

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Bernwell C. H. S. C.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SEILS

ONE CAMPED VOLE "Papa, what is the tariff" asked a Congressmen's little boy. Gasing compassionately at the youthful knowledge seeker and sadly shaking his head,

the father replied: "My son, I cannot tell a lie. I de not know."-Buffalo Express.

A SILBROR SERT FOR. A golden-haired Silestoe put its bead

in at a door. "Did you send for me?" "Of course I didn't," replied a mar in a long apren.

"A messenger boy said somebody along here wanted to see me.' "Well, 'twa'n't me; I'm a barber. Maybe it was the merchant next door. I heard him say he was going to quit

advertising."-Chicago Nesse. COMMERCIAL STATISTICS. A young gentleman of Austin, whose

finances were not in the best condition. and whose reputation for industry and sobriety was not much better, applied to an Austin merchant for a position of salesman. He had hardly had time to get fairly into the office, when he can out very abruptly. "Did the boss hire you as salesmen ?"

asked a friend who was standing outside. "No, but he wanted me to travel."_ Austin Stftinge.

BOTH WERE BOOK. A guest entering hurriedly surprises a man and wife flushed, indignant and di-

"What's the matter?" he asks. Husband (triumphantly)-"We settling as to who is boss !"

Guest-"Have you settled it?" Wife-(victoriously)-"We have !" Both-"Me !"-Thereler's Magasine.

CAN WEIGHT TALE ? Dumley was making an evening call

and the nice little bay of the family had Mowed to remain up a little later lult in the conversation, "can whisky talk " "Certainly not," said ma; hand ?" "Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley and I wanted to know what it said,"-Chicago Tribune,

When Gen. B. P. Butter was a young

man, two girls, dwelling in the same boarding-house, were simultaneously in love with him. Both ladies were sitting in the parlor one evening and Ben was making violent love to one of them. much to the chagrin of the other, who founced to the plane and song "Book of Ages" at the top of her voice, laying particular stress on the line: "Simply to thy cross-eye cling."-Life.

MUTUAL CONCE

A young gentleman from Highes, while calling on his girl land, usual for her hand and heart, and was scooped. He told her he had semething on his mind for a long time, but was afraid she would get mad. She wanted to know what it was then, and he made he promise not to get mad. Bays he: "I have two brothers in the peniton

"That is nothing," replied she. "I have two prothern in the Arkennes Log-plature,"—Booseville (Mo.) Topic,

SAFE PROM MINING

Jones I see Has hes been singht!" Smith-"Yes; he made a greek w

take in traveling themen and instead of staying as him to be the bound of the bound

'Oh I of source it would not have lone for him to have stayed at his realdence, but I know a place only a square

off which nobody over thinks of enter-ing. He could have slipped in there and

'To what place do you refer?' Eno's in the next street,"

"A store !" Why would he be safe from discovery there?"

"The proprietor does not advertise," Evening Call

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN TO "Did you know pape when he was a boy ?" asked a Somerville usehin of his mother, as she deled him out helf a

dozen of strawberries at the table. "Why, what a question, skild! Our-tainly not. I didn't know your page. until he was a young man. Why

you ask?" "Oh, 'couse I wented to know,"I sites

"What for Pa of our for this ye "'Oanse you give him more sto rice than you give me, and you to know

'I did look, but I can't find it." "Go and look again, then." "I have looked, but it ain't there."

And then the crying went on again. To Willy the loss of his arrow was a real titude to bear his trouble patiently. But I was not in a state of mind to feel with

"Stop that crying instantly," said I, as the worrying sound came again upon my eats. "I won't have such a noise in

But my words had no effect; they did

not produce the arrow. Willy cried Unable longer to endure the sound. and also thinking it wrong to let him indulge the habit of crying, I laid my work aside, and going down stairs, took hold of him resolutely, saying as I did

"Now, stop this instantly !" The child looked up to me with a most distressed countenance, while the

tears covered his face. "I can't find my arrow," said he with quivering lip. "I'm sorry-but crying won't find it.

Come up stairs with me." Willy ascended to my room. "Now don't let me hear one word

more of this. The next time you get an arrow take better care of it."

There was no sympathy in my tone; for I felt none. I did not think of his loss, but of the evil and annoyance of crying. The little fellow stifled his grief, or rather the utterance of it, as best he could, and throwing himself at full length upon the floor, sighed and sobbed for some ten minutes. A sigh, longer and more fluttering than usual, aroused my attention, and then I became aware that he had fallen asleep.

How instantly do our feelings change toward a child when we find that it is asleep. If we have been angry or offended, we are so no longer. Tenderness comes in the place of sterner emotions. I laid aside my work, and taking Willy in my arms, lifted him from the floor, and laid him upon my bed. Another long, fluttering sigh, agitated his bosom as his head touched the pillow. How reprovingly came the sound upon my ears! How sadly did it echo and 'e-echo in my heart !

"Poor child !" I murmured. "To him the loss of an arrow was a great thing. It has disturbed him to the very centre of his little being. I wish, now, that I had put by my work for a few minutes until I could have found his arrow, or made him a new one. I would have lost no more time in doing so than I have already lost. And, after all, what is a little time taken from my work to the happiness of my child? Ah, me! I wish I could learn to think right at the right time. Dear little fellow! He was so happy with his bow and arrow. But all was destroyed by the untimely loss, which I could have restored in a few moments. Unfeeling-unnatural mother ! Is this the way you show your love for your child?"

I stood for nearly five minutes over my sleeping boy. When I turned away, I did not resume my sewing, for I had no heart to work upon the little garment. I went down into the yard, and the first object that met my eye was the lost arrow, partly concealed behind a

rose-bush, where it had fallen. "So easily found!" said I. "How much would a minute given at the right time have saved! Ah, me! We learn too late, and repent when repentance is

of little avail." It was an hour before the deep sleep into which my Willy had fallen, was broken. I had, in the meantime, resumed my sewing, after having lost fully half an hour in consequence of being unwilling to lose a few minutes for the sake of attending to my child, and relieving him of the trouble that had come upon him. The first notice I re-celved of his being awake, was his gratified exclamation at finding his lost arrow beside him. All his past grief was forgotten. In a few minutes he was down in the yard, shooting his arrow again, and as happy as before. No

trace of his recent grief remained. But I could not forget it. With me the circumstance was not as the morning cloud and the early dew. The sunshine that came afterward did not dissipate instantly the one, nor drink up the other. I was sober for many hours afterward: for the consciousness of having done wrong, as well as having been the occasion of grief to my child, lay with a heavy pressure upon my feelings, T. S. ARTHUR.

A Heavy Cannonading.

The Fredericksburg Standard says: John Russell, colored, was engaged in plowing near Alum Spring, on Saturday, and had to set fire to the stubble so it would burn off. While the fire was burning near the bank of Hazel run, he says it occurred to him that he ought to unhitch his horse and shelter himself behind a tree near by from some danger he knew not of at the time. This thought so impressed itself upon him that he did unhitch and took a stand near the tree. He had been there but a few minutes when a loud explosion took place, followed by another and another in rapid succession until the eleventh one had taken place. John says he was terribly frightened, and for some time pieces of shells and balls, etc., fell all around him. It is supposed that a pile

A CORRESPONDENT Writes: Will you please inform me when straw hat can be worn without exciting comment? Certainly. Strawhats can be worn withont exciting comment when they are worn on the head. But when they are worn cavorting along the street in agale of wind you must expect a remark or two,-Philadelphia Call

PRINCELY ECCENTRICITIES

THE WAY THE GUESTS WERE RE-CRIARD.

How a Noted New Yorker Dispensed Itte

[From the New York Times.]

of attempted smuggling, the guests proceeded to Mr. Havemeyer's residence. and were struck speechless at the sight

before the entrance. If the arrival did not take place near his dinner hour, the party was beguiled. as it elected, during the intervening time, with a sailing or fishing excursion. or some other out-door amusement. It was at the dinner hour, however, that the farcial climax was reached. The guests were ushered into the dining hall with great formality by Mr. Havemever himself. When all were seated the host placed himself at the head of the table and tapped a silver bell. Instantly doors flew open on different sides of the room. and in filed what seemed to be an imposing visitation of military commanders, but really waiters bedecked in the grudy uniforms of Austrian and Prusian Generals, French Marshals, and officers of other effete European monarchies. The semblance was complete down to the smallest particulars. The mimic officers were helmeted and plumed apurred, besworded, and epauleted But to heighten the caricature each generalissimo bore aloft upon his gloved and uplifted hands a dish of sumptuous and

savory viands. But there the farce ended. There was no caricature about the cuisine. Those who have had the good fortune to sit at Mr. Havemeyer's hospitable board would have to go far to find a more sumptuous table. The peculiar features with which he encompassed his hospitality were regarded at the time as the mactment of a clever satire on foreign pomposity and certain existing domestin oustoms,

At the meeting of the Bociety of the Army of the Potomeo Gen. Horace Por-

ter, in his address said : "It is nearly a quarter of a century one vast military camp, and man felt

that he lived again in the heroic ages. "Burke once said no war ever left nation where it found it. It was eminently so with our war. It found slavery; it left freedom. It found treason; left loyalty. It found the lens and and when this secession; it left a redeemed and regencrated Union. It found the name of American citizen a byword and a reproach in the world; it left the name American citizen the proudest passport that man can carry throughout the nations of the earth. The great lessons of the war are ever present with us. The record of its battles has passed into history and the scroll on which that history is written has been securely lodged in the highest niche of the temple of

VERY YOUNG MASONS.

Right Rather Frightened Bays Led Blind folded into La Sincerite Ledge. The ceremony of Masonic baptism and adoption of children was performed in the Grand Lodge room by the French lodge La Sincerite, of New York. This ecremony has rarely been performed in public in this country, and the great hall was crowded with invited guests of the lodge, including many ladies and

paper thus describes the affair : given signal, eight boys were brought their ages ranging from three years to ten. Some of the boys looked a little frightened, and grasped their parents' hands rather tightly. Brother Herdet received them at the top of the steps, and at a given signal the bandages were removed from the youngsters' eyes, evidently much to their relief. They looked about in a dazed way, and timidly walked upon the platform. The youngest, to the great amusement of the audience, stoutly resisted being put in the place where he was expected to stand. His mother was obliged to go

monies. and where they knelt. The youngest confirmed, the members of the lodge

The children were then invested with the aprens and jewels of Masonry, all of them but the youngest being highly pleased with their regalia. The youngest, however, was again obstreperous and had to be persuaded by his mother. and possibly by surreptitious candy. Finally the youngsters were all settled. Then they were all consecrated, and the orator of the lodge, Brother Lellemand. made an address. Brother Charles T. McClenachan explained in English that La Sincerite Lodge had pledged itself to guard and protect these little children and see that they were educated in Free Masonry, to restrain them from vice and keep them from the snares that surround the young. The ceremony of the washing of hands was not intended to interfere in the slightest degree with any religious faith, but was symbolic of approaching the throne of divine grace

with pure hearts. Manuring Pear Trees. Pear trees often suffer for lack of proper fertilizers. The correct way to manage pear trees is to apply each autumn a dressing of well decomposed stable manure, leaf mould, a little gypsum or lime and muck, this to be forked in around the extremities of the roots. Of course, on rich soils this compost is not necessary, but on poor lands a dressing of well rotted compost twe inches deep will prove of value. Avoid fermenting manures for fruit trees. Also avoid the common error of permitting the trees to degenerate for want of plant food for several years and then apply an immense quantity. This plan induces an unnatural growth which is liable to be seized with disease. By the way, a good plan when manure is required is to apply the compost one year and wood ashes or ground bone the next." Pear blight remains more or less of a mystery to horticulturists. Trees grown on over-moist or too rich soil that stimulates to a late second growth are liable to blight, Avoid damp soil for pear trees and do not apply summer top-dressing that is liable to stimulate too late growth. Eastern horticulturists say to graft or bud the Kieffer on pear stock: it does not thrive when grafted on quince stock.

A Washington Crank.

The Philadelphia Press says : That remarkable crank, Maurice Pinchover, who has haunted the halls of the Capitol at Washington so long and to whom Ben Perley Poore gave a national fame by putting his picture in the Century Magazine, is dying in an mane asylum at Washington. His pet delusion was that some member of Congress, usually the Speaker, had swindled him out of millions of acres of land. How often he has come storming around the House of Representatives and been forced out nohe was never more violent than to pound with the big tin case in which he carried the title deeds to his fictitious estates whoever ventured to disagree with him Then his crankism took a more dangerous turn and for fear that he might do harm he was committed to the asylum in which he will probably take leave of life. He is an interesting mental wreck. Nobody knows anything of his antecebut it is evident from his talk in lucid moments that he has been a highly educated and intelligent man.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

HOW THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PUBLIC WAS ABUSED.

that the entrances to the Panama canal

are to be open to the sea, without any

looks or other hindrances. This, indeed

may have been the primitive intention

of the originators of the scheme, but a

more thorough study of the question

has shown that though it would be pos-

sible to construct the canal under those

conditions, there are forcible reasons for

closing the canal with a look chamber

at the extremity where it will join the

Pacific ocean. It has been ascertained

that the tides in the Atlantic and Pacific

differ very materially. At Colon, on the

Atiantic, the difference between high

and low water mark is not more than

fifty-eight centimetres, whereas at

Panama, on the Pacific, the average va-

riation in the height of the water is four

metres, and is sometimes not less than

six. Moreover, high water at Colon is

about nine hours later than at Panama.

The maximum difference which could

exist between the level of the waters of

the two oceans would therefore be equal

to half the height to which the tide

rises at Panama, on the Pacific. As re-

gards the above-mentioned difference in

the tides at Colon and Panama, all the

above-stated facts have been well known

for the past half a century. Fifty years

age Col. Lloyd, who ran a line of levels

from sea to sea, made known to the en-

gineering world the above facts, and

they must have been known, or should

have been known, by the French engi-

neers who made the preliminary survey.

for Count de Lesseps some four years or

more ago. Since Cel. Lloyd's survey.

the American engineer who laid the line

of the Panama railroad must certainly

have rediscovered these facts in regard

oceans. However that may be, the pres-

ent engineers of the canal company

have only very recently discovered that

they cannot make this an absolutely

"sea level canal." That is a natural im-

possibility. They have greatly abused

the confidence of the public and the in-

nocent subscribers to the capital stock of

the "Interoceanic Canal Company," by

promising an open, unlocked "see

level" canal, at a certain (and compara-

tively cheep) cost, which promise served

as a basis to catch contributions for the

The Marshall Statue.

It is half a century lacking a year since

the movement was started to erect in

Washington a monument to commemo-

Locks Most be Built at Both Bads of the Most people are under the impression

gentlemen in evening dress. A local The members of the lodge formed open rank in the centre aisle with crossed swords held high, while, at a in blindfolded, led by their parents,

upon the platform and assist in the cere-The sponsors of the children took the solemn obligation to aid the children to the utmost in performing the duties of Masonry. Then the children were in turn taken to the font and baptized by washing of their hands, and thence to the altar, whereon was a blazing fire, of the eight kept up his reputation, and continued to amuse the audience by stoutly resisting, and his mother was obliged to join the circle at the altar. Next the members of La Sincerite Lodge took the solemn vow binding them to accept the children, which was duly rising and clapping their hands in uni-

> rate the services of Chief Justice Marshall. The memorial has taken the form of a statue by Story, which was lately unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. Hereafter visitors to the national capital may view the striking features of the great Chief Justice, but not all will realise how original and unique is his title to the honor now paid him. It is not simply because he was profound lawyer or a great judge, but because of his achievements in a field of public service which, when he entered it. was as new as it was important. He became Chief Justice when, for the first time in modern history at least, the fundamental law of a nation had been embodied in a written constitution, and hence when, for the first time, a judicial tribunal was called upon to expound such an instrument. The science of constitutional interpretation then had its origin, and Marshall was its founder. Without the aid of guiding authority or precedent he laid the foundation on which the body of our constitutional law as since judicially developed has been built up. The work of Marshall, therefore, differs from that of any other judge, American or foreign, for the reason that he was the great pioneer in a new department of judicial labor. His greatness lies in the extent, the importance and the success of his services in this field.

No Paper Next Week.

AN EDITOR WHO DOES NOT MAKE TH SAME MISTAKE TWICE.

[From Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

We have no desire to brush the down off the peach, but it becomes necessary sometimes. Occasions are not rare when citizens request us, personally, to place their names on our subscription list. Occasions are not rare when some of them positively refuse to pay for the paper when the collector calls upon them, avering that they had never ordered it sent to them. An instance of this kind happened last week, when an alderman requested us, personally, to send him the paper. We not only did that, but gave his business a slight introduction to our readers who live in his vicinity, not a thousand miles from Fourth avenue and Harrison street. The collector called upon him and he declared that he knew nothing about it and had never ordered it, yet admitted that he had read the article with a great deal of relish. The alderman, who, by the way, does not represent the ward in which his branch store is located, will get no paper this week, yet we do not consider that we have wasted any sweetness on the desert sir, for in the future

SEVENTY YEARS OF PROGRESS Mr. Beecher Gives the Baptist Conferent Some Memories of His Life.

At the Baptist Conference held in New York, Henry Ward Beecher said: "During my journey from Amhe: st to Boston, after graduating and while on my way to Ohio, the driver on the stage pointed out to me a bank of earth, and said: 'That's a railroad, I guess they call it.' That was the Boston and Worcester Railway, and it was the first I believe, with the exception of a small railway between Quincy and Boston, that had ever been constructed. It took me ten days to go from New York to Cincinnati. I rode from Albany to Schenectady with Martin Van Buren, and as soon as it was known that we were on board we were saluted with salvos of artillery from every place that we passed, and that will account for the fact that I have

been making a noise ever since. "Looking at our railway system for hundreds and thousands of miles, I think that this iron road has been, under God, the means of changing the civilization of this country, both socially and politically, and it has had great infinence saide from its other associations

in war and in peace. "The most important applications of steam have been in my time, and to-day the rivers are miserable democrata, looked down upon by the aristocratic steam road everywhere. Then the whole telegraphic system has been in my day, and the telephone, which I don't yet believe in. Although faith is the evidence of things not seen, things heard and not seen require more faith. Then the development of the electrical machinery, which has been the post-boy over land and under the sea, and is now coming to bring light everywhere. Then, when I was in college and had some love letter to write, I could write on a sheet as big as a newspaper, but if I put in a bit of paper as large as my ittle finger they charged me double price. It was first 25 cents, then 184 cents, then 121 cents, and it was a great triumph when we could send a letter for 10 cents or five cents. So I have seen the problem of cheap postage solved in

my time. "The discoveries of Daguerre have been of great benefit in science and art, In my own case I don't know whether, from the representations of my own face taken when a boy, I am glad or not, but I would give all I am worth if the discovery had been made in my mother's time. Every minister should preach to his congregation that it is their duty to have the photograph of each child taken once a year until it is twenty-one, and then the children will take care of the

matter themcelves."

Soapstone Flour. In Congressman Green's recent speed before the U. S. House on the adulters. tion of food and druks he mentioned some of the doctored articles that are offered for human consumption. They included glucose syrup, scapstone flour, coccanut-shell and red lead pepper and so on. Among these the flour said to be made largely of steatite or scapstone seems specially queer, and Mr. Green spoke of it in this fashion :

"Now, sir, what would be your inferende, if told by the proprietor of one of these saponaceous quarries, as I have been, that he finds a ready sale for al the scapstone flour that he can grind, 'And who are your customers?' 'Chiedy commercial millers and sugar refiners." But at least it is consoling to reflect says a Washington correspondent, that

at the recent price of grain it must have become a somewhat less lucrative investment to mix even pulverized stone with

What Caused a Disaster.

men lost their lives, is now attributed to the presence of a great deal of fine coal and coal dust on the floors of the mine. This dust mingled with air constitutes an explosive mixture which can be fired by the approach of a flame of any kind. In the Pocahontas mine, where this dust was very abundant, there was no lack of opportunities for the introduction of flame, as it was customary to use a great deal of powder in blasting out the coal. Some of the powder was undoubtedly wasted by the inexperienced miners and mingled with the fine coal, thus adding to the danger. A locomotive with an open fire was also being constantly run into the mine. It is considered certain that there was no fire damp.

NOT THAT KIND OF A BOY. - A couple of pretty tourists came down the lake in the steamer Vermont the other day. and while promenading the deck one of them suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Nelly, claimed the other, expectantly and gasing around among the scattered passengers, "There-out on the water; just to the right of the steamer's bow." pshaw!" was the disappointed reply. "I thought you meant a real, live, smart, good-looking New England boy. I've seen all the wooden boys I want to in New York this winter.

Every part of the soul, if it comes to those who order the weekly will pay for any largeness of it when they and the bluff don't go, through discipline

The explosion in the Pocahontas Mine in Southwest Virginia, by which so many

of the tairway and called down-"Come, now, Sir! There's been enough of this crying, and you must stop it" "I can't find my arrow," returned

"Well, suppose you can't; will crying bring it? You must take better care of our things. Little boys must look the way they shoot."

grief, and he was too young to have for-

Mr. Henry Havemeyer, whose sanity is to be inquired into by a commission. has long been known to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances as a jolly good fellow and a princely host, and to this circle the announcement of his unfortunate mental condition, if it does not come wholly as a surprise, will at least be received with unfeigned regret. Mr. Havemeyer entertained freely at his house in New York city, but it is chiefly on his entertainments at his country

seat that his fame for hospitality rests. His country seat is on an islet known as Havemeyer's Island, in the Great South Bay, on the Atlantic shore of Long Island. Upon this property, which Mr. Havemeyer obtained by purchase a number of years ago, he set up a model country establishment and instituted a princely and in many respects unique system of entertainment. Communication with New York is had chiefly by way of Babylon and the Long Island Railroad, and for the conveyance of his guests between the island and Babylon Mr. Havemever provided himself with a fine steam launch. He frequently entertained parties of ladies and gentlemen. but "stag parties" were his particular delight. When a stag party approached the island in the steam launch its members were astonished, not to say startled. by a salvo of artillery from a masked battery near the landing. The surprise of the guests was increased on landing to find a corps of tormenters attired as United States Custom House officers. rushing for their baggage, and insisting on the formality of a rigid examination of portmanteaux and bandboxes. Being finally, and after all the delay ordinarily experienced by New Yorkers refurned from a European trip, acquitted

of uniformed and armed sentries pacing

A Quarter of a Century.

since the first gan was fired on Sumter. It was not a loud report, but it was the most significant abot over fired from cannon's mouth. Its sound awoke a sleeping North, its cohers aroused to the frenzy of war a powerful people; its reverberations did not cease till they had reached to foreign shores and told the whole world that the Great Republic was at war. Then every man, woman and child in the land became a worker in the cause which neved the nation's soul. Then same the nighty gathering of that yes army. The doors of the workshops were dosed, the fields were deserted. Armed men poured down from the hilltops and surged up from the valleys. The whole land became