McGinty.

Who is the man whose fame is sung
By rich and poor, by old and young,
Whose name is now on every tongue,
"McGinty."

His story everybody knows,
By day and night you hear his woes,
And how he wet his Sunday clo'es,
"McGinty."

In the morning papers you peruse
What seems to be a bit of news,
Only to find this gag ensues,
"McGinty."

When you reach home, your baby boy
Holds out to you his last new toy;
"What's this?" you ask; he cries with joy,
"MaDinty."

At church you hear the preacher tell
How Jonah in the water fell,
With sudden start you almost yell,
"McGinty."

Oh, why could they not let him be
"Down at the bottom of the sea,"
Where he'd not trouble you or me?—
"McGinty."

—*Puck*

Wing Tee Wee.

Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And She lived in the town of Tac.
And her eyes were blue,
And her curling cue
Hung dangling down her back;
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil,
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And O, Tin Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed on a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah, me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk,
So he downed his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tin Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid of the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea
And nevermore came back,
For in far Chinee the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

CHAPTER VI.

Tom had never heard his cousin preach, and, having found out somehow that he was to do so that night, remained, intending to return after the sermon, although he was to ride more than a dozen miles. He supped at the Ingrams', accepting, as if both were the same to him, the superfluous politeness of Will and the stiff reserve of Hiram. When it was time to go to the stand, he offered his arm to the hostess, who, taking it, said:

"You all see what a genuinely polite man can do. Tom, these boys, not since they have been here, has either of them proposed to take me to the stand."

"Why, Cousin Emily," said Will, "you have been so busy with culinary and other domestic affairs that I hardly believe you've been to the stand since the meeting began."

"Makes no odds, sir; you should have offered your services the same. But come on; they are already singing the first hymn. I wouldn't go now, but Mr. Ingram told me this evening as a great secret, which I hope it is no harm to reveal now, that Henry was to preach to-night. Viney will have to attend to the next table, as I've got to hear Henry, no matter how the supper goes."

As she moved off with her escort, Hiram, almost loud enough for Tom to hear, said to Ellen, "I'll bet my ears he don't go home to-night."

"Why, brother Hiram!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Come; let us be going," said Harriet, taking Will's arm.

This movement in punishment of his rude speech angered Hiram painfully. He spoke not, however, but, giving his arm to Ellen, followed the rest. Tom and Mrs. Ingram got seats about midway. The others seated themselves several benches behind them. The lad Jerry Pound, as if he would be seen in fine company, put himself immediately behind the two couples.

"Hello! Jerry," whispered Will, during the singing of the second hymn; "you here?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. May. Ma and Unk Allen, spite of us being pressed with fodder pullin', wanted me to come, and I thought I'd as well come and see the crowd and what's goin' on."

"Things haven't been as stirring and lively as usual this camp-meeting, have they?"

"No—no, sir. Unk Allen say the very old scratch is to pay in this congregation; but he say he mean to see if he can't head him before the meetin's over."

"Haven't got religion yourself yet, Jerry, it seems?"

"Not quite, sir," he answered, giggling. "Unk Allen been talkin' to me straight up and down when he could come up with me. I been dodgin' him because he talk so brash. He says I'm so fur gone, he's afeared salt couldn't save me."

"How would it do to try a little saltpetre, Jerry?"

"Oh, brother Will, do hush!" whispered Harriet. "You see Mr. Doster has risen."

Will at once subsided.

Henry Doster already had gotten some reputation as a speaker, although his efforts had been expended mainly among the humbler churches of the circuit. These not his cultured tastes nor his love and courtship had availed to make him neglect, even when, more than once, in order to fill an appointment, he had to swim his horse over a creek swollen by rains.

"He have the right sperrit about him," said one day good old Mr. Hood, who for thirty-five years and more had been fighting his way among "them Baptisses that jes swarms about and around Long's Bridge and Buff'ler Creek. He behave like he don't set hisself above the poorest and the iginantest of us all, and my opinion is, if his life's spar'd, he's goin' to weed a wide row in the pulpit."

That night, when he rose and looked out upon the vast audience before him, it was apparent that, besides the sense of solemn responsibility, he labored with much embarrassment. His face, handsome always, now had a beauty almost marvellous. The tinge upon his cheek, destined soon to deepen, already appeared, as, with some trembling of voice, he began. Pious as he was, man-like in all his instincts, he was not conscious of any reference to himself in the meditation that led to his text: "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." Yet, on its announcement, Will May mischievously winked at Hiram, and whispered, "He's aiming at us, Hiram."

"Please be silent!" whispered Harriet again, in pained remonstrance. Hiram answered not, but his grim visage as he looked at the preacher showed that he regarded himself as defied, if not already insulted.

It appeared soon that the speaker was competent to take all the benefit which the Roman master of eloquence had taught may be gathered from embarrassment by an orator, honorable, gifted, and duly inspired with a sense of the importance of his theme. His hair, worn long as was the habit then, trembled as he spoke with tenderness of the estate of poverty, the seeming mysteriousness of its ever-during existence in all communities, notwithstanding our Lord's tender commiseration, the necessity of that continued existence in accordance with the economy of Him who, instead of chiding, had dignified it, lauded, lived in it while in the form of humanity, blessed it in word and work, and warned mankind against maltreatment, even its neglect. He had been speaking but a few minutes when in was felt by all that a great light had risen newly in the Church. When he had gotten fairly to the discussion of his subject he poured forth an unbroken stream of eloquence to the end. Not dispraising riches, instead he highly commended efforts to obtain them by industry, frugality, and all fair methods, and for purposes reconcilable with the claims of charity and religion. He held up to scorn the miser, but the spendthrift he denounced with greater severity. Among many things, he said:

"We cannot but feel some compassion for the unhappy miser who, in his insane dread of want, denies to himself even the necessaries of his being. Yet at last is there not something of the remains of lost manhood in thus looking with apprehension, vain as it is, of becoming dependent in old age upon the charity of mankind? Indeed yea. Instead of him, even him, it is the spendthrift who, rioting in the inheritance devolved upon him from the industry of his forefathers, is of all most to be despised. The miser, as if he expected to live forever, works and saves, saves and works, in terror of dependence at some period remote, when his lovers and friends, few as they may be, will have departed and left him alone. In the case of such a man, along with what is less contempt than pity, we must mingle some respect for the relic of a nobleness that his own hands cannot wholly destroy. But the spendthrift! Counting not upon immortality in his earthly being, and not even upon the entire indestructibility of what others have gathered for his enjoyment, which he sees wasting continually in his profligate hands, he complacently expects its loss to be supplemented by earnings from the sweating labors of others, living or dead, and such a one of all men, seems to me the least af a man."

Fine was the peroration in which he compared the love of money, even when fairly obtained and neither meanly hoarded nor recklessly squandered, with other loves, as social, domestic, above all, the love of God, in which all true loves meet and by which they are regulated. During this splendid declamation, to some, perhaps to but one, yet certainly to her, his face seemed radiant as a seraph's. When it was ended he looked around for a moment appealingly, then, bowing low, sat down, and, immediately after his successor had risen, left the pulpit and disappeared. Simultaneously Tom, taking leave of Mrs. Ingram, retired, and, getting his horse, left for home.

The effect of the sermon all through its delivery was signal. Interjectional expressions, first few and constrained, became more frequent and audible in an around the pulpit and the enclosed space in front called the altar. Mr. Swinger's deportment throughout was interesting. At first his face indicated apprehension extremely painful. Soon he lifted his bowed head and looked with beaming face upon the audience, as the youthful orator went every moment higher beyond his most eager hopes. Fearing he might embarrass him by too hearty manifestations of delight, now he would bow his face low, covering it tightly with his hands, and now lift it on high and sternly contemplate the rafters above, or endeavor to peer through the darkness into the forest behind, as if not cognizant of what was going on before him or indifferent to it. Often he crossed his legs and recrossed them, or pressing his knees together held them fast in his arms clasped beneath, as if without such precautionary restraint they would kick, in front or back, the boarding from the pulpit. When the sermon was ended, with a voice heard in the stilly night more than a mile away, he shouted, "Glory be to God!" and it was echoed by hundreds of tongues.

Ellen and Harriet both rose in tears.

"Let's quit this place," said Hiram, rising, low, but his face livid with anger.

"Not yet," answered Ellen, wiping her eyes. "Go if you wish, brother, and Will also, if he's tired. Harriet and I can get back to the tent by ourselves."

"Oh, no," said Will; "let us stay, Hiram, and see them through. Old man Swinger is on his high horse, and we'll have some tall riding."

Hiram resumed his seat and, leaning back, looked with disdain at Mr. Swinger as he rose with both arms wide extended: "Brothin and sisters," he began, "the fact of the business is, I don't feel like ex'ortin' this here congregation, away up here in this here pulpit. We've been a-invitin' o' these people two days, and this make three nights, and we been polite as if we been a-askin' 'em to a weddin' or a candy-pullin', and up tell now and down tell now they been a monst'ous few that they have seem to keer no more for keepin' theirselves out of fire and brimstone nor not as much as when they tryin' to prize out one o' their waggins that's been stalided in a mud-hole. And the long and short of it is, I'm a-goin' to git out o' here and go to chargin' on 'em; and" (slightly turning his face rearward), "I want Henry Dawster—Godamighty bless his soul and body!—I want him when he rests awhile, and he see me a-wantin' o' help—I want him to foller me and charge on. Time he was a-beginnin' to learn how to charge, well as ockepy the pulpit."

Descending and slowly advancing, in language and tones mingled of disgust, admonition command, threatening, he roared: "All you everlastin' sinners and worldlyans, them among you that they feel that if you ain't anxious, you some ruther keep out of hell than go thar, I want you to come into this here altar here, and drap down on your marrer-bones and acknowledge to Godamighty ef not quite all, some of the biggest o' your meanness, and beg him if he can't be kind enough and condescendin' enough to spar' you. Come on," he thundred, as they began to pour in, "come a right along. It ain't yit quite too late, but it's a been a-gettin' late on you, and that rapid. O you money-gitters and you money-lovers, with your broadcloth and your high-heel boots, and them that's too stingy to buy 'em! O you that has land and niggers and horses and mules and cattle and sheep and hogs, and all the 'purtenances to them a-belongin', and a-expectin' all them to foller you to the grave, and wait on you and pomper you thar, and some of you the more you've got, the meaner and stingier you've got, and it's come to that that whut you've got does you no more good than the fifi' wheel of a waggin, and so the good-for-nothiner you've got, all of you come along; that's a right; come a right along! It may be a hard p'ints for the old ship o' Zion to take you all aboard with all your ongodly baggages of sin and wickednness she have to k'yar for some of the torndownishest among you. But come along; she'll take you on, even if you sink her. And them that mayn't feel like a-comin' plum in to the altar, let them knuckle down whar they sets, and we'll try to do somethin' for 'em even thar."

By this time he had advanced quite near where our party was seated. The girls, following Mrs. Ingram, who, at Tom Doster's departure, had moved and taken a seat by them, knelt upon the straw, and William May, half reclining, leaned his head upon the bench in front of him. But Hiram rose, and, standing erect, conspicuous among hundreds, confronted the preacher with menacing look. The latter, as he admitted afterwards, felt violently aroused all the native combative temper of his being before this enemy of all goodness, especially of his beloved Henry. He paused a moment, as if revolving how best to meet such audacious defiance of one of whose personal malignant hostility he was well convinced; then regarding him with scorn, burst forth thus:

"Yes; and you conceited, extravagant, impident young chaps, that I ain't shore but whut you're the triflin'est of the whole lot, that you do nothin' but run about and spend the money your daddies worked for, and died and left you, and a-spendin' it on nobody and on nothin' but your own k'yarcasses, and then mayby a expectin' to marry them that got prop'ty when whut you got is done squandered and gone I pass sech as you by as them that's made up their mind to go to the devil whut not; and if so be, why, go! and Godamighty, if He can, have mercy on your mean, ornary, good-for-nothin' souls!"

Waving his hand with contempt, he took another stride, when an object of nearer interest was presented before him. For several minutes Jerry Pound, not able to back himself through the pressing throngs, had been crawling, or so endeavoring, beneath the benches, and at this moment had risen, perhaps to get more air, climbing by one of the pillars of the arbor, behind which he tried to dodge from his uncle. When the latter espied him he laughed aloud, and with the fiercest glee shouted:

"Oh, you needn't be a-trying to dodge behind that thar post, Jerry Pound. Ye're like a rabbit that's ben runned into his holler, and you got to twist him out with a forked stick. To think, my own sister's son, that's made her peace with the good Lord a long ago, and with the egzample of sech a mother, and at sech a time when he see this people's hearts a-workin' up, and him a-tryin' to dodge the onliest uncle he's got, and hide behind the arbor post, ruther'n he'll have saved his everlastin' no-'count soul!—I declar' it's jest too bad for a body to put up with for any use under the sun. Ih hi! you dodger! You find you can't dodge to the extent you been a-countin' on. Once't or twice't before I didn't know but whut I had you; but you that slick and slickery that a body, same as a eel, they got to put sand in their hand to git a livin' holt on you. Come along here, sir."

Fastening his teeth together as if to restrain intemperate wrath and objurgation, he caught the fugitive by the arm and dragged him with such force that when he reached the aisle partially cleared by the people, he fell prone upon his kness. Then Mr. Swinger, seizing his coat collar with one hand, and with the other the trousers around his middle, and crying, "Cler the way thar for this waggin-load of iniquity!" made for the altar. Arrived there, he released Jerry's collar, and let his head come down quick but unhurt upon the abundant oat straw, saying, "Thar! anyhow you shall go through the motions!"

Then high above the cries of mourners and shouters rose the jubilant wail of Mrs. Pound, as, pushing her way within, she lifted her great turkey-tail and fanned her son, wedged among the kneeling multitudes. Mr. Swinger, panting, turned towards the pulpit and cried:

"And now, Henry, my boy, I ain't agzactly broke down, but I'm a-tired a-haulin' and a-totin' o' that mess. And yit," softening to the prostrate boy, "there is many a heavier load in this congregation than whut that poor orphan boy is, which he's hard-workin' as the days is long, and 'twer'n' for his playin' marbles of a Sunday and sich, ef he had grace he'd be the ekal of many that think theirselves far above him. But come along, Henry, and go to chargin' awhile tell my wind come fa'rly back. Whar's Henry?"

One of the preachers whispered that Henry had left the pulpit and the stand immediately after his sermon. The words of disappointment, if any were uttered, were silenced by the lifting of a hymn, during the singing of which many, in answer to Mr. Swinger's charge, and many more in spite of it, came and knelt within and around the altar.

Such was the beginning of a revival long remembered, in which many were added to the Church, among whom, I hardly need mention, was that reprobate Sabbath-breaker, Jerry Pound.

CHAPTER VII.

During the sermon of Henry Doster the attention of all persons, even those of moderate culture, had beenfixed by the power which an eloquence unrivalled in their experience must exert. He had transcended all expectation, showing at the same time that he had kept a reserve of strength yet greater. Many times during its delivery the girls most interested in his endeavor shed tears, Harriet as freely as Ellen. Even William May was touched with something like a generous enthusiasm, under the impulse of which, at the close, he said to Harriet:

"I didn't dream that he had such powers. It beat anything I ever heard."

When the charge of Mr. Swinger was over, smilingly he looked at Hiram, whose face was red-hot with resentment.

"Will," said the latter, "if Ellen wants to stay longer in this cursed place, you can see her to the tent. I want to speak to a person outside."

He left at once, and, passing out, made for the preachers' tent, and inquired for Henry Doster. He was answered that Henry on his return from the stand had thrown on his overcoat and walked out, saying that he would stroll for a while in the woods at the rear. Hiram walked back and forth for some time; then returned to the tent. The girls had retired. Never had he felt so wrathful. He believed fully that it had been preconcerted between Henry Doster and Mr. Swinger that this movement, covert in one, audaciously open in the other, was to be made upon him. In vain Will May, who said he suspected nothing of the kind, advised him to let the matter drop.

"Hiram," he said, "I'm afraid you are going to do something imprudent. Henry Doster alluded no more to you than to me, or to any other young man of our habits. He is too much of a gentleman to have meant anything personal of any individual in a pulpit discourse. As for old man Swinger, you worried him by rising when you did, and getting as it were in his path with threatening look. He can't stand a dare, being plucky to the backbone. Let's drop it and go to bed."

But Hiram sat before the tent for hours and brooded.

On the next morning Henry Doster came there to hold prayers and to breakfast. All met his courteous salutation with heartiness except Hiram, who, not appearing at prayers and coming to the breakfast-table after the blessing was asked, did not notice the reverend guest.

"Mr. Swinger came down heavy on sinners in general last night, Mr. Ingram," said a young man who sat near the host.

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Ingram; "the old gentlemen has his ways; but if there are any better men, I don't know where to go to find them."

"Some of his remarks," said Hiram, "were grossly insulting to me, at whom they were openly pointed. But he has not the education nor the breeding to behave otherwise. In this case I have no doubt he was put up to it by some one else."

Mr. Ingram frowned. Henry paused in his eating, his face pale and his eyes dilating. Ellen hastily retired from the table. Harriet, her cheeks slightly reddening, glanced momentarily at Hiram; then, having caught Henry Doster's eye, put her finger to her lips. Instantly he smiled, and addressed a remark to Mr. Ingram upon a subject so remote from Mr. Swinger that Hiram, anguishing from the contempt thus put upon his words, rose also before his breakfast was finished, and, as Henry was in the act of leaving the tent, said to him, abruptly;

"I wish to have a few words with you in private, sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Joyner. They told me at our tent last night that you had called for me, and it was partly for that I came here this morning. Shall we take a walk?"

"Yes, sir, wherever you say."

"We will go to yonder woods, then," he said, pointing beyond the preachers' tent.

When they had gone, Ellen said to her friend: "Oh, Harriet! Harriet! brother is beside himself. After that insult at the breakfast-table, there's no telling what he'll say or do when he gets Henry off to himself. I'm almost sorry I didn't tell him everything."

"It would have made matters worse, my dear. Be sure that Tom's counsel is the best, and don't be afraid but that Henry will take care of himself."

"Poor brother has started the issue, as I knew he would; but I did not expect it to come in that way."

"Nor I; yet it is the very best in which it could have come. It's just a piece of splendid luck; that's what it is. Oh, I'm so glad that Tom went home last night! Cheer up, little one. It will all come right, and the sooner for that very walk that Hiram is taking with Henry."

Then she put her arms around Ellen, and almost bore her to their chamber.

"Come straight with me and finish that breakfast, miss," said Mrs. Ingram, entering the room. Ellen obeyed, and neither referred to the occasion of her having left the table. Yet the hostess could not forbear saying to Harriet afterwards: "Somebody will have to put a strait-jacket on Hiram if his foolishness is not stopped. I've never seen Mr. Ingram so angry. He declares that but for Ellen and his mother he would have ordered him from the table and the tent. But did ever a man show the gentleman more beautifully than Henry Doster? I don't blame Ellen for being so in love with him; she just couldn't help it."

"He did indeed, Hiram is either worse or he has less sense than I thought. But he'll see that his conduct will have expedited what he hopes to prevent"

"How?"

"Never mind now. You'll see before long."

"I wish I hadn't invited him to this tent."

"I am glad you did, and thankful that he came."

The woods in the rear of the preachers' tent, to the extent of twenty acres or so, by immemorial usage were regarded as not to be entered during the camp except by the clergy or others accompanied by one or more of them. Hither these were wont to resort, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes singly, in the intervals of their service at the stand, for the sake of exercise and meditation. Thither these young men wended.

"The fall will soon be upon us, you notice, Mr. Joyner," said the preacher, pointing to the browning and yellowing of the forest leaves, as they were entering.

"My object," answered the other, "was not to discuss the seasons with you, sir, but——."

"I did not so understand your request for an interview," was the quick reply; "but I suggest that we postpone reference to the matter you have on your mind until we reach a spot where we may consider it without incurring risk of being observed."

"As you please, sir."

Nothing more was said by either until they had proceeded a distance of a couple of hundred yards, to a spot where was a dense growth of dogwood and crab-apple. Here Henry halted, and seating himself upon the trunk of a tree that had fallen, he looked up mildly and said:

"Well, sir, as your business seems urgent, too much so to be put off until I can get through with some rather pressing engagements, I am now at your service."

His calmness, so different from what he had expected, irritated Hiram yet more. He said bluntly, as he well knew how:

"I've been intending for some time to tell you, sir, that I wanted you to stop your visits to my house and your attentions to my sister."

"Why have you not done so, Mr. Joyner, before now, when you find me so preoccupied?"

"Because I have not had a suitable opportunity, sir. I intended to wait until the camp-meeting was over, and would have done so but for your thrusting forward last night that old ruffian to insult and outrage me, and I determined then to wait no longer. I sought you last night, but was not able to find you."

"So they informed me at our tent on my return from a walk. To whom do you allude in your use of the word 'ruffian'?"

"I allude, as in spite of your pretended ignorance you know very well, to old Mr. Swinger"

"I did indeed suspect that you were referring to that gentleman, startled as I was that a man young man as you would speak thus of one so much your elder, whom you must know to be held in much respect, indeed in much reverence, wherever he is known."

At that moment a slight noise among the leaves was heard, and a gray squirrel came tripping along and made for a large poplar-tree near by, in a fork of which was a nest. Arrived there, the pretty thing turned suddenly, ran up an adjacent oak, and, halting on one of the lower branches, commenced chattering earnestly, as if in admonition to the two men below. Henry Doster loocked up as, brandishing its full-spread tail, it continued to pour forth.

"Your attention, sir!" said Hiram, in commanding tone.

(To be Continued).

Successful Criminal Lawyer.

"Let me see, Blinker, you have been enjoying some experience lately. Is Keenset any good as a criminal lawyer?"

"Good? Not the word for it. He not only got me clean off of an indisputable drunk and disorderly, but had the policeman put away for a month for assault."

Stumping the Old Man.

"I'll send my boy to boarding school."

"What for?"

"Oh, he asks such infernal questions. He wonted to know last night if a shoemaker could breathe his last."—*New York Sun.*

Bud With a Thorn in It.

"How much older is your elder sister than you?"

"I don't know. She loses a year annually. I expect we shall be twins before long."

Storm Ahead.

"Fine night," said Smith to Jones as they came out of the club.

"Yes," answered Jones as the clock began striking the hour of 12, "it is a fine night, but I expect it will storm when I get home."

While on a trip through West Virginia some years ago I spent a few days in the little mountain-bound village of Hinton. In wandering about I happened on a little frame shop, far up on the mountain side, on the platform of which were seated the usual number of loungers. The exterior, front and side, was hung with numerous specimen articles of the goods for sale within, and the top of the square extension gable bore in letters over four feet long, extending across the building, the word "Store." They are a very pleasant, homelike people down there, and rather enjoy a joke, so after making a small purchase and conversing a while with the proprietor I asked him if it was the custom in that locality to make each canine carry a placard, "This is a Dog," when at large. He was puzzled at first, but, noting my upward glance, he ran his eye over the great display of goods and up to the big sign, and laughed heartily as he said: "Wall, stranger, that sign was a right smart waste o' work, wa'n't it?" I thought of the little Hinton store with the big sign when I read Mr. Mulock's "Loyalty" resolution yesterday. Is this "labeling" idea, this vociferous protestation of possession to be confined to loyalty only? or is it to be carried into business as well? Really, now, isn't it childish? Imagine a good M. P. going back to his constituents with a placard on his back bearing the legend: "I am the People's Model Representative," or "I am Something of an Honest Man," or perhaps "I'm a Dandy." These profuse protestations of loyalty are surely not necessary, and—but it may be as harmless a way of earning their indemnity as members can indulge in.

—"Her feet flew," read Ichabod, but Jonathan spoiled the climax by saying, "Then she must have had soar toes,"

WONDERS OF HUMAN MECHANISM

Movements of Nerves and Muscles in Playing a Piece of Music.

Science, says Sir James Paget, will supply the natural man with wonders uncounted. The author had once heard Mdlle. Jaëll play a presto by Mendelssohn. She played 2,895 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of these notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows and arms, says a writer in the "Popular Science Monthly," altogether probably not less than one movement for each time.

Therefore there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of these notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force at a certain time and with a certain duration. Therefore, there were four distinct qualities in each of the 72 movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all those were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and finger before it was moved, and by moving it of the sound and the force of each touch. Therefore, there were three conscious sensations to every note.

There were 72 transmissions a second, 144 to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. And then, added to that, all the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second, and during the whole of that time judgement was being exercised as to whether the music was being played better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the motioms which the music was intended to inspire.

A Foreign Opinion.

Presumably on the principle that of two evils one should choose the lesser, and that viceroyal courts are a bigger plague than divorce courts, the Chicago *Canadian-American* thus presents its views regarding the Foster-Chisholm alliance and the society gossip of Ottawa, winding up with a political prophecy:

A few years ago a well-known resident of Hamilton, Ontario, whose belief in certain theories found expression on many public platforms, created a tremendous sensation in the Province by suddenly leaving the country, to the regret of scores of friends, some of whom he had ruined by his speculations. A disgraced wife, with a family, was, however, equal to the task before her, and thereafter not a penny of D. B. Chisholm's money passed through the hands of Mrs. Chisholm, who pluckily engaged in literary and other work to keep the wolf from the door. The husband threw all the responsibilities on the shoulders of the wife and mother, and she, like a true woman, bore the burden uncomplainingly. Coming to Chicago a year or two ago, she obtained a divorce on the grounds of non-support and desertion. Shortly after she married the Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Finance for the Dominion. That is part of the story; the other is now coming to us in chapters. Society at the capital of the Dominion is creating it by dividing on the subject of Mrs. Foster's social status. One section adheres to the belief that there is no stain upon Mrs. Foster's character; and the other, with ears open to a hint from Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General, regard her as one of those horrid divorced women whom Queen Victoria would exclude from court. In some way or other it is supposed that Lord Stanley of Preston represents Her Majesty in Ottawa's society circles, and therefore Balmoral rules should be applied in Mrs. Foster's case, good woman though she is. In advocating such long-range ostracism some Canadians are making fools of themselves, as well as elevating Rideau Hall and its occupants to a place much above the level of native society. In the political world of the Dominion Rideau Hall is an unimportant factor; why should it be the dictator in anything? However, in ten years from now the Dominion will not be served by a Governor-General from the Mother Country.

Imperial Federation Officers.

At a meeting of the Imperial Federation Association, held in Ottawa yesterday, the following officers were elected:

President—Dalton McCarthy, M.P.

Vice-Presidents—Ontario, Alex. McNeill, M.P.; Quebec, Hon. H. G. Joly; Nova Scotia, Archbishop O'Brien; New Brunswick, Sir Leonard Tilley, the Lieutenant-Governor; Prince Edward's Island, Lieutenant-Governor Carvell; British Columbia, Lieutenant-Governor Nelson; Manitoba, Lieutenant-Governor Schultz.

Secretary—Casimir Dickson, Toronto.

Treasurer—H. H. Lyman, Montreal.

The follwing gentlemen were nominated to the Executive Council of the League in England: Mr. Sanford Fleming, Sir Alex. Galt, Mr. McGoun and Col. G. T. Denison, and Mr. Castell Hopkins and J. Herbert Mason, Toronto, were added to the Council in Canada.

The Festive Drummer.

Deacon—Young man, I think I will give you an order, but I much fear that you have not told the exact truth regarding your goods.

Drummer—Well, sir, the fact is I have not. Why, sir (sinking his voice to a whisper), were I to tell all the truth about those goods I'd be murdered for my samples before I reached the next town.

He Repudiated the Allegation.

Officer of the Law (to tramp)—You're my meat.

Tramp—You're mistaken. I'm nothing but skin and bones.

—Spare the rod and—catch no fish.

—Man's place in the cemetery is uncertain. It is settled by lot.

—The man whose wits go wool-gathering is lucky if he doesn't get fleeced.

—A race between Nellie Bly and Billie Nye might do for the next thing.

—Leo. XIII. will be 80 years old on March 2nd, should he live till then.

—We suppose the ship heaves to out of sympathy for the seasick passengers.

—Many an actor begins with big bill boards and ends with big board bills.

A million little microbes
Were dancing in the sun;
There came a bitter killing frost,
And then there was but one.

The lonely little microbe
Pouted his little lip,
And said, "I wish I, too, was dead,
Because I've lost my grip!"

—Charlotte Smith, of the Woman's Industrial League, bases her demand before the Ways and Means Committee for a tax of $1 a package on cigarettes on the alleged fact that smoking among women has increased 50 per cent during the past five years.

—If Henry George, the apostle of social reform, were penniless to-morrow he would have very little difficulty in getting employment as a typewriter. Several years' practice have enabled him to attain such a speed on the instrument as would put hundreds of professionals to the blush.

Michael Davitt is working up the formation of a labor society in Great Britain and Ireland. Eight hours and the Henry George taxation of land are in the platform.

BACK TO AFRICA.

The public men of the United States are puzzled about the negro problem. Few, if any, of them would care to go back to the old conditions under which the negro was enslaved, but it is ascertained that, on the whole, the present condition of the negro is worse than that which he occupied before his emancipation. The sense of freedom is worth a great deal, but it does not make up for the lack of food, clothing and shelter, a sufficiency of which hundreds of thousands of the colored people appear to be unable to obtain as free laborers. The New York *Bulletin* affirms that there has been no lack of consideration and of kind treatment on the part of the superior race, no neglect of effort to provide the means of education; on the contrary, the States have done what lay in their limited power to improve the negro's condition and social efficiency, and that equally from humane sentiment as from interested motive. But all such helps were powerless as against the qualities and instincts inherent to and inseparable from the race. The fundamental factor in the case is that the negro race was organically developed and mentally and physically limited under conditions of climate and soil which, on the one hand, made his wants few and simple and, on the other, required from him the minimum of physical and mental effort. When suddenly transplanted into entirely different natural conditions and required to supply, not the limited wants germane to his special nature and capabilities, but the much larger wants of a higher race and a higher civilization, he was put into conditions to which he was in every sense unequal. Under the compulsion of slavery, artificial pressure and the supervision of a higher race could force out of him a larger utility and productiveness than that which would have come spontaneously under native conditions. And even when slavery was abolished, he had a certain stock of practical knowledge and of industrial habits, acquired from his servile condition, which have contributed materially to his welfare. But these qualifications have to contend against a nature constitutionally indolent, passive, unambitious, improvident and indifferent to the stimulating wants of loftier races, and there has been a constant conflict between the inherent qualities and the acquired habits, in which the latter have been steadily losing ground. To-day, the problem with the Southern negro is how to provide not comfort, nor competence, but just so much of the plainest necessities of; food, clothing and shelter as is necessary to the degree of physical stamina essential to productive efficiency. He is making no progress towards conquering that problem: on the contrary, the prospect of his solving it seems to recede farther at every step. The landmarks show unmistakable evidence of retrogression. He is no longer able to provide a sufficiency of nutritive food; he cannot adequately protect himself against inclement weather; an unrestrained sexual immorality is spreading the seeds of enervating disease through a large proportion of the race; and thus there is in steady progress a process of physical deterioration which is constantly diminishing the value of the negro to society and therefore to himself. Concurrently with this tendency, the increase of the population is at a rate so high that the children suffer from insufficient nutrition and grow up into a maturity of feebleness that curtails their value for the purposes of labor, whilst the supply of labor is abnormally gaining on the demand.

One of the suggestions for the solution of the problem is the deportation of the negroes from the Southern States to their original home in Africa, where, it is argued, they would exercise a civilizing influence at a time when the commercial nations of Europe—England, Germany and Portugal—are endeavoring to open up and develop the "dark continent." The theory is that a colony of 100,000 Southern negroes, educated into white civilization and speaking the English language, might render important services as a connecting link between the extremes of a high civilization and barbarism. They might prove a valuable contingent for police or military purposes in regions where whites could not exist, and thus do their share towards civilizing the present inhabitants. But the remedy seems inadequate. A few hundreds of thousands would hardly be missed from the millions of negroes in the Southern States. Their places would be quickly supplied by the natural increase of population.

A peculiarity of the case is that the foreign-born white residents of the United States were instrumental in freeing the slaves. Judge Altgeld figures out in the February *Forum* that the election of Lincoln would have been impossible if the Know-Nothing cry of "America for Americans" had prevailed at an earlier period in the history of the country. The total population of the States in 1860 was 31,183,744, of whom 4,099,152 were foreign-born, and of the latter only 216,730 were to be found in all the eleven States which seceded. The remaining States had a total population of 22,313,997, of whom 3,882,422, or a little over one-sixth, were actually foreign-born. In every State carried by Lincoln there was a large foreign population, which was mostly, and in some States entirely, Republican, and which continued to be Republican down to a very recent date and if the vote of this class had been omitted in 1860, it would have reduced Lincoln's vote to such an extent as to defeat him in most of the States which he carried. The eleven States which in 1861 hoisted the flag of secession had a population of 8,726,644. Of these only 216,730, or about 2½ per cent., were foreign-born, and they were subsequently found to be Unionists. Will it turn out that the migration in the first half of the nineteenth century from Europe to the United States will be the cause of an equally great migration from America to Africa in the latter half?

Chief McKinnon has essayed a recommendation as to dealing with unfortunate girls who have become victims of man's lust and deceit. I am not offering an opinion on his plan, but the desire he manifests to do something in the matter is creditable to him. As it is now a single error, a moment of womanly weakness, makes the victim of masculine villainy a social outcast, denied even the opportunity of a Magdalene. Society owes it to itself to see that children so called into a hard world are cared for. And should the victim bear all the pain and disgrace, the shame of social ostracism, the sneers and insults of her betrayer's sex and the scorn and contempt of her own, while the author of her ruin moves in society's gayest throngs and is petted and feted and admired? Yet these animals have sympathizers ready to cry down any effort to help the fallen! There should be some means of placing these human satyrs in the social stocks and pillorying them as the exceptional monstrosities that prove the rule of evolution.

MANITOBA MATTERS.

The tower of Rat Portage Town Hall was destroyed by fire this morning.

Mr. Fraser, General Manager of the Winnipeg & Duluth Railway, and Mr. Donald Grant left this morning for St. Paul.

Mr. E. G. Conklin has been appointed Clerk of the Local Legislature in place of Mr. C. Sadleir, who resigned some time ago.

The remains of the late Capt. Wm. Kennedy were laid at rest yesterday in th parish churchyard of St. Andrew's.

One million two hundred and thirty-six thousand and three hundred bushels of wheat were imported into Winnipeg for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1889, against 938,600 bushels for the corresponding period of 1888.

Calthorpe, the English swindler who has been doing up people at Calgary, Vancouver, and Victoria, arrived here to-night. Just before leaving the train he swindled two passengers out of $10 each. Calthorpe was here last spring, when a Winnipeg blue-blood endorsed his cheque for $75, and had to pay it. The police are after him, and he will probably be arrested to-night.

Gathered Roses.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

But the bitterest sting of such a sorrow is to think she might have been saved! They saw the rose fade on her cheek and the eye grow dim. Had they but known of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, who can tell but she might still be with them, the sunshine of their home. Take the remedy in time, and you will find that consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) can be cured. The "Discovery" is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Beauty Powder.

Beauty powder? Well, there are seventy-three tints listed by beauty dealers. Not only is the complexion carefully studied, but the dress is put on and the pulverized rice or French chalk actually matches the tint of the fabric. Of greens there are fourteen powders; twenty-five browns were compounded for the cinnamon, amber, almond and seal shades so very popular last season, and pink brocades, mauve tulles and yellow crepes all have their complimentary tones in the beauty boxes.

Do you think the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy would offer, as they have done for many years, a standing reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure, if they did not positively know that the Remedy will absolutely and permanently cure Catarrh. Sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

The Talmage Sermon Fake.

If a few causal remarks by Dr. Talmage made to a fellow visitor to Mars Hill, occupying less than ten minutes of time, is expanded to a two and a half column "cable" sermon in American newspapers next morning, how much harder did the clerk in Brooklyn work who sends out the printed proof slips a week in advance to produce the same length of sermon when Talmage talked only five minutes in Liverpool?—*Rochester Herald.*

"I am little I know, but I think I can throw a weight of a hundred ton." So sang a proud banana peel. But Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are quite as powerful in meeting with and overthrowing disease. If you have rush of blood to the brain, dizziness, headache, constipation, indigestion, or biliousness, buy a vial of these little pills at once. One a dose.

Dental Note.

Stranger—Where does that new dentist have his office?

Policeman—You mean the one who pulls teeth without pain?

Stranger—Yes.

Policeman—Go right around the corner. You will have no trouble finding his office. You can hear his patients yell half a block away.

Filling up in Anticipation.

The teacher of a private school allowed her pupils only one drink in the morning, unless they had salt meat for the first meal. When one day a child asked for the second supply, she was therefore cross-questioned, "Had you salt meat for breakfast?"

"No," was the innocent reply. "But we're