

Succumbed to His Wife.

Worcester Gazette:

In southern archipelago he fought the bloody combat;
He'd obtained and tamed the crocodile and found
him very tameable;
Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word
not a syllable;
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found
him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears
and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him
very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous makes that he
was very capable;
No bo-constructor could escape, for he was un-
escapable.

Just then the wife came in and said, "I'd think
it quite commendable
If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find
him very tendable."
The way she took him by the ear will make this
poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found
him very leadable.

The Farmer's Easy Time.

Chicago Post:

The bees have left the clover
And the season's work is over,
They're busy playing checkers, are the farmer's
hired men.
And the lively yellow-jackets
That in happy fashion, of
the most substantial order, the sidewalk
Has packed away his stinger till the summer
comes again.

"Tis now the honest yeoman
Idly loafs around his home and
Enjoys his three square meals a day in kingliest
content,
Or he visits in the city
And awakens people's pity
By telling them how hard he works and can't pay
up a cent.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS"

A Tale of the American Revolution.

From that moment the evening was like
a delightful dream to Betty. The music
sounded, and her heart and feet kept time
to its beat. She began to feel that people
were looking at her, that she was admired.
Gentlemen crowded around, and her ani-
mated face grew beautiful with the simple
pleasure of a girl's gratified vanity.

She was taken in to supper by young Mr.
Tilghman, who was painfully shy and
made amends for lack of conversation by
piling her plate with new supplies, the super-
being, in the most hospitable fashion, of
the most substantial order, the sidewalk
furnished with wines, where the gentlemen
resorted frequently during the evening to
refresh themselves and discuss politics, the
one absorbing topic which entered into all
things at this exciting time. Tom Rozier
was much in demand, as the last arrival
from the Old World, to explain European
views on the probable trouble.

Betty caught sight of him once or twice,
standing with what she fancied a preoccu-
pied expression, as if he had some secret
cause of anxiety. Once he saw her looking,
and smiled, when a strange anger filled her
that she should have been seen watching
him. He did not join the circle of her ad-
mirers, but, just before the minutes, came
up and begged the favor of being her part-
ner.

"Thank you, I am bespoken," she said,
tossing her pretty head, and danced it
with Mr. Philip Reed, who was the most
violent patriot in the country, a tall, large
man, and a noted drinker and high liver.
Will Ringgold hovered around her, helping
her into the coach when, immediately after
dancing the Sir Roger de Coverly, the party
dispersed.

The dawn was breaking as, well enveloped
in wraps, they descended the steps of the
hospitable mansion. Lights streamed from
open windows and doors, where the gentle-
man had assembled to see the ladies depart
in coaches, leaving them to remain and pro-
long the conviviality until daylight. As the
coach rolled down the road they heard the
sound of a bacchanalian chorus.

"Those men!" said Miss Stacy, admir-
ingly. "They're going to make a night of
it. Well, I protest, I've passed the most
enjoyable evening. La! Miss Bab, wasn't
Betty a prodigious belle, making a conquest
of all the beaux? What did you think of
our new spark, Tom Rozier?"

Miss Barbara was too exhausted by her
unusual exertions to reply, but sat nodding,
the dim light gleaming on her worn face
and closed eyelids.

Betty was fresh, and flushed with
triumph, humming some bars of the
tune to herself.

"I think," she said, speaking with sever-
ity, "that Mr. Thomas Rozier is a prig and
Mr. Will Ringgold a coxcomb—a mining
coxcomb and a conceited prig. But, oh, I've
had such a lovely time, Anastasia, my
darling!"

"That's all," said Miss Stacy, confiden-
tially, "that Tom is a Tory. There was a
quarrel after supper which may lead to
something serious. Some gentlemen were
in the dining-room drinking, and Philip
Reed called Tom a d— Tory, and Tom
slapped him in the face. They drew rapiers,
and would have fought it out at once, un-
less we patched up. I'm afraid Tom will
have trouble, though, for Mr. Reed's got a
real deal of influence in the Convention.
Such a pity!"

Betty leaned her head on her hand and
ed out at the gray morning landscape.
"He's a prig," she repeated, not so deci-
sively, "but handsome enough and manly,
I grant."

Then she wondered if this was the cause
of his troubled and preoccupied expression,
and began to hum the minuet again, vexed
at her own wonder.

CHAPTER IV.

After the party came two weeks of In-
dian-summer weather, when November
sighed and remembered June. Through
the calm days, when the earth in fulness of
matured beauty rested in a golden trance,
premonitions of impending change broke
into the usual quiet of country life.

From the village came the sounds of
drum and fife; mysterious strangers came
and went, who were said to be spies of
either party. Every shop was a debating
society and pandemonium, where every
man had a right to exercise the prerogative
of a free man, and to declaim for his own
pleasure, for or against resistance to Eng-
land. The Tories became less and less con-
fident and bold. Many who had been loud-
ers in their avowed allegiance to the old
and now powerless government left their
homes and sailed for England, while others,
whom Mr. Rozier was one, by their
assumed neutrality, became objects of sus-
picion for what was deemed their inter-
ested cowardice.

As was natural under such agitating cir-
cumstances, there were few gayeties to
follow the assembly at Lord's Gift.

After that unwelcome excitement, life, for
Betty, settled into a routine of which she
had never felt the lack of interest before.
True, Mr. Will Ringgold came to see her
several times, poured into her ear his poly-
glot compliments, and presented her with
verses: "To my Charming Fair," where
"ardent swain" rhymed with "pleasure's
train," and Miss Stacy kept them informed
of the affairs of the neighborhood—how
Mrs. Peca had boxed the jaws of a strap-
ping negro wench just from Africa, and
Miss Ramsey had gone riding with Tom
Rozier, making an elegant appearance, on
a white horse, clad in a mulberry-colored
riding-habit with a scarlet cocked hat; but
something was lacking which Betty could
hardly define.

She grew very restless during the long
mornings when she and Miss Bab sat op-
posite each other on the two horse-hair
sofas in the lower hall, each busily engaged
in sewing up the seams of homespun
trousers for the field-hands. Never,
thought Betty, did men have such long
limbs; they had the tallest negroes in the
neighborhood—sons of Anak. Her wear-
iness would gain the upper hand sometimes,
and she would follow her longing gaze out
of the open door to the garden and stand
on the hill, looking over the placid water
and the russet meadow promontories to the
melting blue of the horizon.

Returning, one noon from such an expedi-
tion, when the sun had kissed her cheek to
a deeper glow, and the soft breeze had
blown her hair into little tendrils and curls
around her asp, she found that Bab had
disappeared from the sofa, the trousers
bundled under a cushion, and heard the
sound of a man's voice from the parlor,
which she entered with some trepidation
as to her long, white apron and unruly hair,
that increased as she heard Miss Clem
mention Tom Rozier's name, and saw his
tall form rise between her and the window.

He laid his hand on his heart, and she
made a step backward on the polished floor.
It was but an instant, but, in that time,
her quick eyes took the never-to-be-for-
gotten impression of sunshine on a bowl full
of yellow chrysanthemums on the window-
sill, and against the blue sky, a keen, dark
face, earnest and strong, the face, not of
"a conceited prig," but of a brave, honest
gentleman, as she felt him to be.

Then, because of the fair day and the
flowers, a bird somewhere near began to
sing. Tom raised his powdered head, and
Betty seized herself in a prim, upright
chair, where a stray sunbeam touched her
throat and cheek.

Another sunbeam pierced the shadowed
room, brightening some of the accessories—
oblong mirrors with carved, gilt frames,
three-cornered mahogany tables supporting
grotesque china ornaments, and straight
chairs reflected on the shining floor.

"Well," said Miss Clem, contemptuously
overlooking the interruption, "I do not
doubt but that the classics are necessary to
a gentleman's education, by giving an idea
of the letters and the polite arts of the
Greek and Roman civilizations; but,
prithes, why not have a tutor at home?
I never went to Oxford, but, under the
direction of my father, at the age of ten I
had mastered Cornelius Nepos—"

"Yes, but, Miss Clem, we do not all pos-
sess your natural advantages," said Tom.
With a courtly bow: "I am sure that I
have learned something by having travel-
led."

"And there is Will Ringgold," said
Betty, speaking for the first time, "is he
not a shining example of foreign training
and polish?"

"A fair case of showing
"How much a fool that hath been sent to roam
Exceeds a fool that has been kept at home,"
laughed Tom. "But he is not a bad fellow,
Will, only his trip to France, and his intro-
duction and acquaintance among the beau
monde there, hath somewhat turned his not
over strong wits."

"Indeed, he seemed to me very pleasant
charactered and of a most polite address,"
charitably interposed Miss Bab, who was
almost obscured by the harpichord.

"But such a coxcomb," said Betty, "his
ma foi's and grimaaces!"

"There is some good in him; but, if faith,
I can't like a fellow that's not enough of a
man to enjoy a run after the hounds, but
must sit at home and cap verses like a
mincing French abbe!"

"Enough, enough," was the fiat of Miss
Clem, listening frowningly. "I vow I do
not know what to make of you young people
nowadays, with your talk about character,
and this quality, and how people feel. No
doubt, a hundred years from now they will
be writing books about the symptoms of
the mind, and what the hero and heroine
think! All fiddle-faddle! Take a man for
granted, and let well enough alone."

"A saying, my dear madam, which is
often urged as an excuse for negligence and
sloppiness," interrupted Dr. Wells, who
had entered the room behind her. The
reverend gentleman was, at first sight, far
from conveying the impression which his
learning and goodness inspired in those who
knew him better. As is often the case, the
precious soul was enshrouded and hidden in
a defective casement. Short and fat, with a
broad face, hooked nose, and little eyes, he
looked even swarthier and more untidy
than was natural by the contrast of the
snowy powder of his bob wig, traceable on
his upper lip, and falling over his shabby,
black clothes.

"Humph!" said he, "Tom Rozier here!
Quite opportune. Sir, I wish to enter a
formal protest and complaint against that
white, bound, serving-man of yours—Pere-
grine, I think they call the varlet." The
little doctor was quite excited, dancing up
and down, his eye flashing fire, and speak-
ing in a high, pompous squeak.

"I hope, sir," said Tom, respectfully,
"that the fellow, who is a pernicious wretch
and bubbling over with pranks, has not
dared to molest you?"

"Molest! I do not know what you call
it, then. Why, look you. As I was walk-
ing here, ruminating on the beauty of the
day, the glory of God, and many such kin-
dred subjects, here comes along this fellow
of yours on a sorry nag—"

"Confound him!" cried Tom. "He
must have stolen it. I've got no such nag
in my stable, and he's wont to be a good
judge of horses!"

"That is neither here nor there. The
varlet rides in front of me, pulls off his cap,
and speaks very respectfully, so I stop.
"Sir," said he, "I have long had a master of
conscience which only you can heal, a reli-
gious point that, for my peace of mind, I
must have settled. I am aware of the dis-
advantage and publicity of our present
meeting, but, if you will give me the benefit
of a few minutes' explanation, you may
make me a reformed man." The rascal
spoke so engagingly that I feared he might
have some crime on his conscience, as I
halted, for his little behaviors one of my
cloth to refuse ghostly aid. "Speak," said
I, "my son." "Well, doctor, the point is
this: Can a man marry his widow's sister-
in-law?" "Certainly not, certainly not,"
said I. "If there is one point upon which
the canons of the church and of civil law
are explicit, it is this. Then I proceeded
to give him certain authorities and judge-
ments of various tribunals and councils,
deduced from a long course of reading;
until I began to see the absurdity of my
standing in the road arguing a knotty
ecclesiastical point with a groom, by the
fellow's eyes beginning to twinkle, and, by
the soul of me, had I not been a clergyman
and he on horseback, I'd have punished
him for his impudence, and applied my
ougel to his pate!—I animated upon him
with great severity. But the fellow
reasons well and is a cunning rogue. I
can't help smiling at his waggery."

The doctor was in a broad grin, which
burst into a good-natured laugh, in which
he was joined by Tom and Betty.

"I'll charge him with it, sir," said Tom,
"and he shall apologize; but the fellow
means no harm. He has lived from hand
to mouth in most of the countries of Eu-
rope, been in many services, and picked up
a deal of the odds and ends of learning."

"We will appeal to the doctor," said
Miss Clem, reverting to the argument
which she dearly loved, especially when she
was pitted against the masculine intellect.

"Doctor, I hold that the education of
young men here should be conducted in the
country where they are to live, and that
education in England serves to unfit them
for their own home."

"But, Miss Clem," urged Tom, "England
is my mother-country, my home. Surely
we, here in the provinces, should feel that,
and wish to know more of our parent."

"A parent who is at best but a step-
mother," declared Miss Clem. "No
mother ever burdened her offspring with a
tax so disproportionate to their strength as
England has laid upon us."

"But we owe her allegiance," said Tom.
"I will always feel that. No doubt the law
will be repealed; if not, we can take mea-
sures to lighten this tax, which I, with you,
think unreasonable, by cutting off superflu-
ous luxuries and by encouraging home
manufactures."

"No plan of non-importation will prove
available. We will be driven to extreme
measures, even to resistance. The policy
of England has ever been, with us, that of
extortion, and the result will be final alien-
ation."

"Say the policy of the Ministry," inter-
posed Dr. Wells, pacing restlessly to and
fro, scattering snuff with zealous enthu-
siasm. "Now, Tom," he continued, "which
are you, patriot or Tory; for your country,
or for supporting the action of the Min-
istry?"

"Sir, answered young Mr. Rozier, with a
proud gesture of his handsome, well-set
head, "I cannot conceive that there will
ever be but one course open to his Majesty's
subjects; allegiance to their oath of fealty.
As scrupled as matters look at present, they
will, no doubt, be satisfactorily adjusted;
and, if not, why, as loyal subjects, we must
submit to the rights of taxation."

"But! my boy, you are wilfully blind
not to see whether matters are tending, that
no active man can idly withdraw his sup-
port from what he thinks right; or will
you emulate the stupid clown of whom I
read the other day? When the Royalists
and Parliamentary troops were encamped
just before the decisive battle of Marston
Moor, when the civil war had been raging
for five years, a horseman, galloping over
the country, came across a countryman at
work."

"Well," cried the Cavalier, for
which side are you, King or Parliament?
"Why," gaped the husbandman, staring stu-
pidly, "is there two fall out?"

"Ay, sir, and at that very battle my an-
cestor, tall fighting for the king, and his
great-grandson went into exile following
the fortunes of Charles Edward."

All parties were becoming excited, and
the air was rife with one of the disturbing
political debates imminent at all times and
in all places.

"The time is coming, Thomas Rozier,"
said Miss Clem, solemnly, "for you to make
your final choice and abide by it. Will you
be a tame coward, submitting to all that
these scornful masters over seas may choose
to impose upon you, or will you, like an
other Brutus, be handed down to a glorious
posterity as one of those patriots who,
against overwhelming odds, chose to suffer
odium as a traitor—death, maybe—draw-
ing your sword in defence of your liberty
as a man and freedom from galling slavery."

The moment was electric with excite-
ment. Tom had risen, his head thrown
back, facing the earnest little group to
whose opinions he was antagonistic.

"It," he said, quietly, "is comes to the
choice of determining between my estates,
comfort, and a happy future, such as I have
always anticipated, and exile in poverty;
and if the former is to be gained by treach-
ery and disloyalty to my king, by subvert-
ing all laws of peace and order, I will
choose exile, death even, before such dis-
honor. God grant that I will never be in
such a predicament; but if it comes I shall
not stain the roll and record of my ances-
tors, who have fought and died for their
king—loyal gentlemen, a line never soiled
by treachery or sedition!"

His eyes were glowing. As he passed
they rested on Betty, who felt the nobility
of his words, and as though another sun-
beam had entered the room. There was an
awkward moment. Tom made a low bow,
to leave the room.

"Hem!" coughed the doctor, nervously.
"I fancied you were thus affected—one of
those who believe in the 'divine right of
kings to govern wrong.' Not that I myself
doubt the right of kings, and that they de-
rive their prerogative direct from divine
power, for the Church holds—"

"Hark ye, Tom Rozier," cried Miss Clem,
"I like you none the less for saying what
you think, like a man. You have a right
to your opinion, only be out with it, and
don't be a neutral, a nonentity. Come
again when you choose. You've got sense,
and there are too many fools in this neigh-
borhood for the sensible ones to quarrel, be
they Tories or patriotes."

"Betty," said Miss Bab, who was much
discomposed, and wished to make the vis-
itor feel at ease, "put on your hat and walk
down with Tom to the landing, and as you
pass by the store-room, stop and get some
cookies."

At this reminder of their youthful days
and the panacea which Miss Bab had ad-
ministered to their every woe, Tom smiled,
and seeing that Betty hesitated, said:
"Will you not come?" with the desired
effect, for Betty arose and left the room
with him.

CHAPTER V.

When they were a few steps on the
sunny lawn, Miss Clem put her long face
out of a window and called after them:
"Tom Rozier, remember to come again,
and we can discuss the matter more logi-
cally."

On a shady bench by the kitchen wall
sat Uncle Moses, his corn-cob pipe in his
mouth, and several lank hounds capering
around him. He rose and shuffled toward
them with a bow-legged, shambling gait,
peculiar to himself.

"Lord A'mighty! Mars Tom, yer en't
hez grov. An' wuz't you a mischievous
boy? I minds me er de time Jed's baby
died, an' dey couldn't find de coffin no whar,
no whar, an' I come down ter de creek, an'
dar was de coffin an' you a paddlin' round
de creek as happy. Hal he! I'spec Mars
Rozier den giv yer each anoder wal-
lopin'—looking sadly sympathetic, and
ending in a chuckle of delight. "Hal he!
but yer wuz a lin' er Satan." At the men-
tion of his supernatural enemy, the sable
Pharisee heaved a deep sigh.

"Uncle Moses has a trying time with the
devil," explained Betty.

"Deed I has, Ma'ta Tom, a mighty close
fight wid him. Sometimes I gets him
under my feet, an' den I jes' stamps on
him."

"Stamp on the devil!" exclaimed Tom,
with an air of horrified surprise. "Don't
do that, old man. Think how strong he is.
Better make friends with him, and not
make him angry."

"Dat de truf, massa; dat's de truf."
Leaving them to determine Uncle Moses's
future relations with the powers of dark-
ness, Betty ran into the house for a mo-
ment and returned under the shade of a big
straw hat, for the autumn sun was hot.

The air was balmy, laden with the out-
door murmurs which sound like summer,
the clatter of the kitchen yard, clucking of
fowls, noise of children's voices, and all the
indecipherable hum of the country lying low
and level and golden under the deep sky.

"For de Lord's sake, massa," pleaded the
old man, "gimme some terbacker fur
my pipe. I ain't got none in de world."

"I haven't any in this coat, Uncle, but
I'll send you over a pound."

"Bless yer, massa, de Lord will shorely
bless yer. I ain't got a bit in de world."

"That is a way the old man has of sal-
ving his conscience," said Betty, as they
walked along. "He has a pocket which he
calls 'de World,' and when there is no to-
bacco in it he fancies he is telling the
truth."

The old rascal, laughed Tom, "I have
a mind to give him two pounds for his
shrewdness."

Tom was rather moody and silent as
they went along the path through the field.
He looked very fine, Betty thought, in his
coat of deep claret color, buckskin breeches,
and high-topped boots, which he restlessly
bit with a switch. His brows were bent,
and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I regret," he said, "that such an is-
sue should have arisen, but, under the cir-
cumstances, no man of honor could with-
hold his view; and, by heaven! I cannot
conceive how any man of honor can hold
one view of the subject. Had I, before
leaving England, imagined that affairs here
were in such a crisis, nothing would have
induced me to return; but"—looking
around—"it is a lovely and a peaceful
land, and I failed to be home. Betty,
you have not fulfilled your aunt's bequest.
Where are my cookies?"

"I have them here," said Betty, diving
into the depths of a capacious pocket and
extracting several; at which they both
laughed, and Cassius, rejoicing in the pos-
session of one, tore on wildly down the
path.

Betty had felt rather constrained with
him before, and awed by the travelled
young gentleman's polish and courtliness,
but this demand put them on their old,
familiar footing. War might be imminent,
but it was hidden in that future which is
full of delightful possibilities to youth, and
they laughed and were happy for no better
reason than that they were young.

Cassius turned his attention to chasing
the shadow of a buzzard sailing with per-
fect poise over the fields, yellow with stub-
ble and swarded corn. Betty looked up at
it, and her lips moved as she repeated
something to herself.

"What is that you are saying?" asked
Tom, curiously.

"Only a silly charm: 'Hail, lonely buzz-
ard, hail! Who shall I see between now
and this time to-morrow night?' Then you
make a wish, and don't look at the
buzzard again, and you will see whom you
wish for."

"Pon honor, that's a pretty easy way of
seeing one's sweetheart. And you wished
for—whom?"

"Oh, I can't tell you. It wouldn't come
true."

They had reached the landing, two wood-
en steps to the water, where a row-boat
lay. Tom leaned against the scarred trunk
of a weather-beaten pine-tree, while Betty
seated herself on a stone in the sunlight,
Cassius resting his head on her knee, seem-
ingly satisfied by this communion with a
higher nature.

(To be Continued.)

He Was Very Quiet.

Buffalo News: Old Doctor—How do you
get along with your husband no
Maguire?

Mrs. Maguire—Very nicely—Very nicely,
thank ye. He's dead.

"Canadian Minister" is Good.

New York Press: Sir Henry Tyler, a
Canadian minister, said in a recent speech
this reciprocity in coal between Canada
and this country is under negotiation.

A novel expedient has been adopted by
Sir Frederick Roberts to improve the
shooting of the men under his command in
India. For every bull's eye made by a
soldier in his regulation practice at the
butts a sum of money is given him from
the public funds, the amount being payable
at the close of the shooting.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

How a Woodstock Boy Was Lost and
Found in Nine Ways Than One.

Five years ago last summer, says the
Owen Sound Advertiser, two Woodstock
boys whose heads had been turned by a
course of dime novels ran away from home
equipped with a revolver and a stock
of remarkable ideas about the world. One of
these lads was Fred W. Bale, the son of a
well-to-do contractor in Woodstock, and
about 15 years old. On leaving home he
changed his name to Wood. The pair
walked some twenty miles from home, and
then took the train to Port Elgin, then
escaping detection. From Port Elgin
young "Wood" came over here, and was
engaged by M. Forhan to work on his
place, where he stayed a year and a half.
He then drove cattle for Mr. Kennedy
and other buyers for a year or so. On
the 1st of December, three years
ago, he engaged with Mr. C. A.
Fleming as janitor of the Business Col-
lege, finding good metal in the youth Mr. Flem-
ing the following July approached him, where
he readily acquired the business, and bids fair
to be an excellent printer. He has all along
been a trusted and valued member of his
employer's household. Whatever longings
the youth may have felt for home and
friends have been combated in his mind by
a settled conviction that his relatives could
no longer care for him. No one here knew
that the name of Wood was an assumed
one, though he made no secret of having
run away from home when a boy. Two
weeks ago, however, in attending the
special services in the Disciples Church
young Bale experienced that marvellous
change which always sets the wanderer
back into right relationships, human and
divine. The secret could no longer be kept,
but the poor fellow, still doubting his wel-
come, wrote to his mother over the name
of C. Wood, asking if she would like to
hear news of her runaway son. Any
mother who reads this can imagine what
sort of an answer the first return mail
brought. The eager mother and family
could not wait a response, and closely fol-
lowing the letter came young Mr. Bale to
learn what news he might regarding his
lost brother. He canvassed the different
families of Wood or Woods in town, and
was finally set right by Archie Trout, of the
Business College. We will leave our read-
ers to imagine the surprise with which he
greeted his brother and the genuine plea-
sure of the meeting to both. That was a
week ago Saturday. The following Mon-
day Fred went home with his brother, and
after a week of happy re-union with his
relatives returned last night. Mr. Bale
had been out on the Pacific coast ex-ecut-
ing railway bridge contracts for the past
three years, and was not expected home at
present, but when the brothers reached
Woodstock they found the father there be-
fore them. Fred deserves credit for the
bravery with which he has "roughed it,"
and the good use he has made of his later
opportunities.

Clergymen's Big Pay.

The following information regarding the
salaries of some of the clergymen of New
York and Brooklyn is believed to be
authentic: Dr. Morgan Dix, of Old Trinity,
has \$15,000 a year, and his assistant \$6,000;
Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church,
has \$15,000 and a house the rental of
which is worth \$5,000 more; Dr. Greer, of
St. Bartholomew's, receives \$19,000, and
being wealthy retains nothing of it for
himself; Dr. Brown, of St. Thomas', has
\$15,000; Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's,
has \$10,000, and like Dr. Greer gives it all
away. A dozen episcopal parishes pay
from \$4,000 to \$8,000, and the bishop re-
ceives \$15,000. Among the Presbyterians
Dr. Hall draws \$13,500; Dr. Paxton, \$12,
500; Dr. Parkhurst, \$8,000; Dr. Taylor,
\$15,000; Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian,
has \$10,000. Dr. Talmage receives \$12,
000 from his congregation and doubles
this income in literature and the lecture
field. Dr. Abbott is paid \$8,000. The
pastor of the largest Methodist Church
has \$5,000 and rent of an elegant par-
sonage; and the Methodist bishop receives
\$5,000.

LIVERPOOL, England, is said to have the
best paved streets in the world. The
American consul there notes that the
laying of the impervious pavement which
was adopted in 1873 for the carriageways
of the city has been continued without
intermission, and is still in progress, re-
sulting in nearly 1,750,000 yards superficial
of impervious carriageway pavements and
a saving by the execution of this class of
work unprecedented in municipal experi-
ence. Among the regulations are these:

1. Permission is never given to private com-
panies or persons to cut through the pavement
in any street for any purpose. When such work
is necessary the city corporation will do it in
its own thorough way, and the interested parties
must pay the entire cost.
2. All the street railway tracks (trams) are
laid and owned and kept in condition by the
corporation, and the company leasing them for
traffic pays an annual rental of 10 per cent. on
their cost. The manner in which these rails are
placed is fully shown in an illustrated report of
the former City Engineer, who says: "The
Liverpool city lines as now laid are conclusive
proof that when tramways are well designed and
properly constructed they do not form the
slightest impediment, even to the narrowest
wheeled vehicles."

The streets are divided into three classes,
the pavement designated as first class
being usually laid down in the main streets
in the central parts of the city where the
traffic is heavy. The principal material is
granite, both for roadways and footways.

LEARNED IT BACKWARD.

"V stands for Voter," the schoolboy remarked,
as he stood squarely facing the line.
And he thought of the freeman with ballot in
hand.

A power that was semi-divine.

The boy grew in years and he found out at last
How wrong one's first lessons may be;
An hour at the polls gave him plenty of proof
That the voter oft stands for a V.

—Columbus Dispatch.