

## The Quest for the Beautiful.

Three searchers after the Beautiful met,  
And they voiced the wall of the longing  
hearts.  
The world of thought was so strange a net,  
And a circle of bluish ruds eases not  
Round the glorious group of arie.  
"So we'll turn to nature," the savants said,  
"And find it was a grace indeed—  
A grace that no stinging impart."

And one starting forth sought the unmeasured  
sue.  
Entranced, he gazed on the bounding wave  
That curled and tossed its white cap free.  
And threw back the glint of the sun in glee.  
"At last," he cried, "that beauty I crave  
My dull eyes find!" but a soul-laden ship  
Is caught by the waters—goes down in their  
grip.  
"Ah, the ocean is naught but a grave."

Another bent toward the great city, where  
The glit-bedeked domes, the high-lifted  
towers;  
Where dark streams of men through wide  
thoroughfares twice,  
While floating about rose a soft curling line  
Of the smoke from a thousand fierce fires.  
"I've found Beauty," he shouts. But when  
closer he stares,  
And sees all the city's foul crimes and dull  
cares,  
He murmurs: "Yet blights undermine."

The third to a wide-spreading plain made his  
way,  
Where long, level lines tired the onlooker's  
eye;  
Where the emerald earth-pillows motionless  
lay  
Bare on rank, and the lush grasses gay  
Stippled far to the low bounding  
And with life—joyous life—shone the broad  
leagues of sod.  
"I have found," cried the sage, "the true glory  
of God.  
Faultless beauty that brightens each day."

"The sea has its glory, but thoughts of its woo  
Make the heart of the traveler sore;  
The city is wondrously bright, that I know,  
Yet its grace is a fragment of time and show.  
'Tis rotten enough at the core;  
But the richly-embroidered prairie, with health-  
laden air,  
Stands abundant in promise, surpassingly  
fair.  
The source of beauty below."  
—Charles Morau Harger.

## A Famous Confederate General.

Gen. Longstreet is writing a book on the war, says a letter from Gainesville, Ga. As he finishes a chapter he sends the manuscript to Washington to have all dates and figures verified from the official records. "I expect both sides to pitch into me," he says, "and I am taking time to be certain of my statements."

There is little doubt both sides "will pitch into him" if he writes as he talks. Frankness is one of the General's strong characteristics. But no element of recklessness enters into the operation of his mind. He is outspoken, but deliberate. His life since the war has been such as to relieve him of prejudices in favor of the side he fought on. He is "out of politics entirely," to quote his own language, and out of adulation with his old army associates. But at the same time there is no trace of disappointment, of malice, of bitterness in his manner. Under such conditions he sits down to write his narrative of the war. And it will be history.

Having led the life of a soldier from the time he entered West Point up to the time the states seceded, Longstreet stepped into almost the highest position at the very outset of the civil war, and he saw hard and continuous service to the end. It was Longstreet's corps which, on the second of the three days fighting on and about Chickamauga, jumped from the cars on which they had come all the way from Virginia, 15,000 strong, and rushed into battle from Ringgold, enabling Bragg to drive Rosecrans back on Chattanooga. It was Longstreet's corps that covered the retreat of Lee at Gettysburg. It was Longstreet everywhere in Virginia, from Bull Run to the end, and then at Appomattox Longstreet was the one selected by Lee as the ranking officer to go and arrange the preliminaries of surrender.

The moist atmosphere of New Orleans gave Gen. Longstreet the rheumatism, which was aggravated a good deal probably by a bad wound received in the storming of Chapultepec. Since he came to Gainesville his health has improved. He is a busy man at 66. A short distance out of "the metropolis of northeast Georgia," as the city is called, the general has a farm of one hundred acres, with a large old-fashioned mansion. The house stands on an elevation in the midst of trees and shrubbery. From the upper gallery there is a grand view of mountain scenery, Kennesaw and a dozen other wooded peaks being in view. The general's farming is confined mainly to the care of a vineyard of scuppervions, and other varieties of grapes, to which he gives a good deal of personal attention.

Gainesville is a popular summer resort for the gulf states. The altitude insures a right temperature which often sends the new comer prowling around at 2 o'clock in the morning for more bed-clothes.

There are iron and sulphur springs scattered through the mountains. People who have ills, and people who imagine they have, summer here for the waters. Some years ago a Minnesota man came down here and built a large hotel, the general furnishing some of the capital. The property fell into the general's hands in the course of time. He has usually rented it. This year he opened it, and has had a great colony of summer boarders from the low country to look after. A son attends to the details, but the general comes in from his vineyard every day to see that his guests are comfortable.

At the battle of the Wilderness a ball tore through his right shoulder, and the wound left the arm partially paralyzed. For a long time after the war he could only write by moving his whole arm for each stroke of the pen, and even then had to assist the stiffened member with his left hand. Concluding that this would never do, he set to work to learn to write with his left hand, and now does all his extensive correspondence and literary work in that way.

He looks his improved health. His face is ruddy. His eyes are bright and he walks firmly. The long, heavy whiskers are as white as snow. His publishers have put him under injunctions not to talk about the contents of the book.

## English Love Of Sport.

Hares are also formed on purpose to be good sport, and make a jolly good dish, a pleasant addition to the ceaseless round of mutton and beef, to which the level of civilization reduces us. Coursing is capital, the harriers first rate. Now every man who walks about the fields is more or less at heart a sportsman, and the farmer having got the right of the gun he is not likely to become to some extent a game preserver. When they could not get it they wanted to destroy it, now they have got it they want to keep it. The feeling coming up again—the land reasserting itself, Spain you see—down with feudalism, but let us have the game. Look down the long list of hounds kept in England, not one of which could get a run were it not for the good-will of the farmers, and indeed of the laborers. Hunting is a mimicry of the medieval chase, and this is the nineteenth century of the socialist, yet every man of the fields loves to hear the horn and the burst of the hounds. Never was shooting, for instance, carried to such perfection, perfect guns, made with scientific accuracy, plans of campaign among the pheasants set out with diagrams, as if there was going to be a battle of Blenheim in the woods. To be a successful sportsman nowadays you must be a well-drilled veteran, never losing presence of mind, keeping your nerve under fire—flashes to the left of you, reports to the right of you, shot whistling from the second line—a hero amid the ceaseless rattle of musketry and the "dun hot breath of war." Of old time the knight had to go through a long course of instructions. He had to acquire the *manège* of his steed, the use of the lance and sword, how to command a troop, and how to besiege a castle. Till perfect in the arts of war and complete in the minutiae of falconry and all the terms of the chase, he could not take his place in the ranks of men. The English country gentleman who now holds something like the same position socially as the knight is not a sportsman until he can use the breach-loader with terrible effect at the pheasant shoot, till he can wield the salmon rod, or ride better than any Persian. Never were people—people in the widest sense—fonder of horses and dogs and every kind of animal than at the present day.—*The English Illustrated Magazine.*

## Swiss Glaciers Growing Again.

Conformably to the laws of advance and retreat of glaciers, it is said those in the valley of Chamounix, Switzerland, are now beginning to advance. The lower extremity of the Glacier des Bossons is "not more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea," and is going still lower. During the last three years this lower extremity "has advanced at the rate of fifty yards a year." It is said that "a grotto cut out of the ice in May, 1866, a quarter of a mile from the extremity, has moved down more than sixty yards." Although other Alpine glaciers, which cannot be so definitely observed, are known to be increasing in width and height, it will require many years of the present speed "before they occupy ground which within the memory of living persons they once covered."—*New York Hour.*

## WIT AND HUMOR.

In the bright lexicon of Wall street one of the largest words is "Fail."—*Life.*

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot."—*Chicago Living Church.*

The Journal's ideal reckless man is the one who does not take off his hat when speaking to a railway official.—*Lincoln Journal.*

It is a sweet, revengeful thought, that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited on by some of the other waiters.—*Washington Critic.*

If Robert Garrett wants to repair his shattered fortunes let him take the place of one of his sleeping-car porters for a few runs.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Col. Higginson has written a paper on a new kind of bonds—the "New England Vagabonds." They are coupon bonds—cut off from society.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The average woman thinks a great deal more about the condition of her crimps than she does about the condition of her soul; and the average man wouldn't like her half so well if she didn't.—*Somerville Journal.*

"In the Mexican church choir no woman is allowed to sing," says a correspondent. There are a great many church choirs in this country where women don't sing. But unfortunately they try.—*New York Tribune.*

The kind of a political party that this country needs most is one embracing a plank which prohibits candidates giving away cigars that cost less than five cents each, or three for a dime.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

Drawing-room car: First porter (in a hurry)—"Another washout!" Second porter (excitedly)—"Where, where?" First porter (as he disappears through the next car)—"On the clothesline!"—*Boston Herald.*

"What does a diploma mean?" is the heading of an article in an exchange. It means that the boy has bled his father's pocketbook just about as long as the old man will stand it. Sometimes it means a good deal more.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Young Mt. Waldo (to Miss Breezy)—"What a soft, beautiful complexion your friend Miss Wabash has, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy—Yes, and don't you think, Mr. Waldo, that it is even more so on one side than it is on the other?"—*New York Sun.*

The mind cure has already abolished all disease. Nobody has any disease; the trouble is simply they think they have. Another society is to be started to enable people to lift themselves up by the straps of their boots.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mrs. Minks—"Does your boy show any particular bent yet?" Mrs. Binks—"Yes, indeed. He'll be a noted scientist some day." "Do you really think so?" "O, there's no doubt of it at all. He always uses the biggest words he knows."—*Omaha World.*

Inspector Byrnes tells about protecting Wall street from professional criminals. What the community requires is a rigorous law to protect a confiding public from the legalized Wall street thieves. It is unjust to bound a bunco-man while they are at large.—*Jewelry News.*

Nothing is more discouraging to an average man than to read about the weighty proceedings and learned discourses of the doctors at Washington, and then reflect that all the physicians he ever met have failed to make his liver work rhythmically and smoothly.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Hayseed?" asked Miss Lilybud. "The tuber rows, marm, the tuber rows," said the good old man, for it was he, shouldering his hoe and marching down to the potato patch. This might be considered a pun de terrible. Excuse my French.—*Burdette.*

A Parisian paper is authority for the statement that Prince Bismarck does not care to act as a mediator on the Bulgarian question. It is probable that Bismarck has been reading somewhere about the fate which has befallen certain base ball umpires in this country.—*New York World.*

Here is the longest correct sentence of "that's" which we have yet seen: "I assert that that, that that, that, that that that person told me contained, implied, has been misunderstood." It is a string of nine "that's" which may be easily "parsed" by a bright pupil.—*Journal of Education.*

Miss Litewater (on the bench at Long Branch)—"Ah, Mr. Kowpon, I love the sea, and next to that I love the free and boundless West. Do you take any interest in the West, Mr. Kowpon?" Kowpon (just from Wall street)—Only the usual rate. Ten per cent in Dakota and Montana, and 7 to 8 in the other Territories.—*Harpers Bazar.*

Catherine Owen has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now; but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt she will find that about \$10 more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but trimming and making cost like sixty.—*Norristown Herald.*

Omaha hotel man—"You are a wonderfully lucky boniface, just think! You have kept a hotel at Saratoga for five seasons and never had a scandal yet." Saratoga hotel man—"No luck about it. It's good management." "Management?" "Yes, sir. I never allow my clerks to give a man his wife's letters or a woman her husband's letters."—*Omaha World.*

Not long ago a well-known artist sent to a lady whom he had met several times one of his best pictures, handsomely framed, as a souvenir gift. The next day he received a note from the lady, in which she thanked him for the picture, but begged to return the frame, as she made it a rule never to accept anything valuable as a gift from a gentleman.—*New York Tribune.*

"In making up a party for a traveling excursion," said Charles Dudley Warner to a friend who was planning one, "always be sure to have it include at least one ignorant woman. She will ask all the questions you are ashamed to ask or think you don't need to ask, and you will secure the benefit of a vast deal of information you would otherwise lose."—*The Epoch.*

A Chicago millionaire who has traveled a great deal is visiting in Lincoln just now, and at a social gathering last evening a charming young lady commenced to question him. "You have traveled extensively?" "Yes, a great deal." "Were you ever in Greece?" "Why, yes. I made my money in Iard. I have a corner in that kind of grease now."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"Yes," said Mr. Smirk to a young man who had ventured to praise his daughter's appearance to him, "yes, her mother and I sometimes presume to consider her rather a fine figure. Speaking as a person with an eye for art, I may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest that her outline is graceful and correct. I am naturally proud to have a daughter who is constructed upon the best models."—*Philadelphia News.*

"Well," said the Car Stove to the Rotten Bridge yesterday, "you have had a pretty busy summer, and have hustled a good many people into the mysterious beyond, but your work is tame after all. You don't give them a taste of the hereafter. Just wait a few weeks and see me broil 'em." And they joined arms and walked down to the manager's office to tell how much they were saving him every year.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

## The Great Farmer of Mississippi.

The speech of General Miles, of Mississippi, delivered casually from his place among the privates, was the notable speech of the Agricultural convention. General Miles is a typical figure. He is representative in the very best sense of all that was best in the old-fashioned Southern gentleman. He is a model of the civilization of that day, which our critics say was weak in its training for adversity and precise methods. General Miles, handicapped at the close of the war by a debt of \$200,000, bearing 10 per cent. interest, has paid every cent of that with twenty crops, how they were pitched, how cultivated, how harvested, and how sold, would make a story worthy of letters of gold. The general process he gives in his speech, and in words that every farmer should heed. It is the old story—old as the hills, as true as truth—that home raised supplies make the farmer rich—and all cotton makes the farmer poor.

George Meredith, the famous English novelist, is a handsome man between 50 and 60 years of age. His hair is gray, his features well cut and expressive, and his manner vigorous, unaffected, and pleasing.