

THE BEGGAR.

A beggar died last night; his soul went up to God and said: "I come unclean, O Lord, I died from want of bread."

HIS REWARD.

Dr. Chester, hurrying along the upper part of New York, still only half finished and seemingly with years of incompleteness before it, saw as he picked his way through the mud of an unpaved crossing a sight that made him furious.

A HOME IN VENICE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEAL ABODE IN THE CITY OF CANALS.

A Venetian Palace, its Treasures of Art and Personal Interest—A Few of the Many Ornaments, Pictures, Books and Bits of Rare Bric-a-Brac.

When some five and twenty years ago Sir Henry Layard resolved to make for himself, and for the treasures of art which he had gathered from the four winds of heaven, a home in Venice, he found, fortunately enough, that the Ca' (or Casa) Capello was just at the very moment at his disposal.

It was thus that the Ca' Capello came into the hands of Sir Henry Layard, and from that day it has been his home. Hither in the intervals of his ministerial duties, his missions and his visits to his English kinsfolk, he has returned with ever growing zest and affection.

It is barely possible to reach the Ca' Capello on foot. You may cross the Rialto and bear toward the left through and across a series of tortuous and intricate canals, but the two handsome gondolas, reposing on the broad bosom of the canal at the door of Ca' Capello, which has every right to be called the royal method of entrance.

The two sides of the house, one in the Rio di San Polo, the principal, with the porch on the Grand canal, give scope for a display of color which elsewhere might suggest garishness, but which in Venice, par excellence the city of many colors, is natural and pleasing.

As is common in Italian private residences, what we ordinarily describe at home as the ground floor is given up to the servants and the domestic offices of the establishment.

The dining room and the drawing rooms are filled, but not crowded, with beautiful works of art, including masterpieces of such painters as Gentile Bellini, Bonafazio, Sebastian del Piombo and many other famous Italian masters.

Sir Henry's own sanctum is on the upper floor of the Casa. Here are records and memorials of a more personal kind than were noticed in the lower reception room, and among them the Englishman does not fail to notice the framed certificate on illuminated vellum, headed "Challis, Mayor," which sets forth the bestowal of the honorary freedom of the city of London upon Austen Henry Layard.

Where the Sun Is Hot. A man down east, a selectman of his town by the way, bought a pound of nails, which he had wrapped up in a piece of brown paper, and a bright new tin pan, both of which he left on the seat of his wagon for a short time in the sun.

"I have no use for a man who lies," remarked an editor. "Well, I have," rejoined a publisher. "If you know a good liar send him to me. The Haggard school of novelists needs fresh blood."—Epoch.

A Voluminous Writer.

The quantity of work produced during his singular existence, from the time when De Quincey first began, unusu-ly late, to write for publication, was very large. As collected by the author, it filled fourteen volumes.

It was always writing, and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself. The greater part of De Quincey's writing was of a kind almost as easily written by so full a reader and so logical a thinker as he.

There are said to be but 135 of the famous gold dollars in existence. The first one of these ever coined is in the possession of Col. John A. Stephens, of Augusta, Ga., having formerly been the property of Alexander H. Stephens, ex-governor of Georgia and chairman of the committee on weights, measures and coins at the time these historic pieces were struck.

On one side are the words, "United States of America, 100 cents," on the rim and in the center these words, letters and figures: "Gold, metric, 1, G.; 16.1, S.; 1.9, C.; Grams 14.25." On the other side are the words, "E Pluribus Unum, 1873," on the rim, and in the center the head of a female, with the word "Liberty" across the brow.

Some men work because they love work and hate play. They do not shine in society; they have no conversation; the fair sex are not passing fair to their distorted vision; the white-washed ceiling of their office and its hazy fittings are more attractive to them than landscapes or Italian skies, and they are under the agreeable thrall of no diverting hobbies.

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While a Jersey City blacksmith was turning off horse shoes the other day a man stood in the door and watched him for a while, and then slowly advanced, stooped down and carefully picked up an old shoe which had been kicked aside weeks before.

"Who said it was?" asked the smith. "But that's where I've got dad. He picked up one yesterday, and we heard him holler seven miles. Dad says my skill is too thick, but I ain't hollerin' any to speak of, am I?"—New York Sun.

"I remember when we were in school together so many years ago you had a warm friend who was always praising your good qualities. What's become of him?" "Oh, we're friends still, but I never hear of his putting himself out to glorify me."

The Italian who comes to America does not adopt any new idea in the matter of weapons, but clings pertinaciously to his stiletto. In the city of Philadelphia within three years this weapon has been used in over sixty instances, and wherever it has been used against a revolver it has always won.

Mr. Humble—To err is human, to forgive is divine. Mr. Haughtier—Did you say "to forgive is divine?" Former—I did. Latter—Ahem! Then I suppose I must forgive you.—Chicago Times.

The Carthaginians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail driven through the center were issued in France by King John the Good in 1364.

PROGRESS IN ART.

The Evolution of the Artistic Sense in the Race—Religion's Part.

The history of the development of the artistic sense in the race is quite as surprising as that of the evolution of any other faculty or power, or of any great movement that may have had centuries for its culmination.

Primitive art in Egypt, Assyria and Phoenicia, with its grotesque images and incongruous ideas of beauty, served to excite the fears of the people, developing all the superstition of which they were capable, and thus became the source, not of moral education but of degradation and oppression of the intellectual life.

Religion was not the mother of superstitious art, for the latter really preceded the former, and became the mother of the superstitious symbols of religion. In this way the aesthetic principle, untrained and without subjective strength, ran to objective forms that discredited it, and really perverted the religious principle itself.

With the development of a refined aesthetics among the Greeks religion had another chance of expressing itself, but while primitive art tintured religion with superstition, Grecian art corrupted it, and in time extinguished its open manifestation. As neither the one nor the other in any way assisted in the purification of religion or the assertion of its teachings, Christianity finally appropriated it, and has both borrowed from it its entertaining power and conferred upon it its approval and benediction.

Art is not for religion, but for itself, and to be judged by what it is in itself, unrelated to other things. Thus its perfection, or imperfection, will be determined, not by its relation to religion, but by its own potencies and the ends it serves in human society.

Miss Horryup—Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

Mr. Holdoff—Troubles, Carrie! Of what nature, pray?

Miss H.—Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, "When is it to come off?" as if marriage was a prize fight.

Miss H.—I can't make any answer at all, for you see you haven't said anything to me, and—of course, I—

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.—Boston Courier.

There is something pathetic in the failure of the wits of political life. Thomas Corwin never ceased to attribute to his reputation of being funny his inability to compass the highest honors. He felt that his abilities and services entitled him to any honor within the gift of the people.

There has been considerable discussion of late on the probable usefulness of an electric tricycle, and it is stated that the invention of such a machine is now an established fact. This, according to report, has been affected by the use of a form of storage battery much lighter than the kind hitherto used.

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