

THE THREE AGES OF BOYS.

CHAPTER 1.—"IT'S A BOY."

His advent is heralded in the brief but strong sentence just quoted. No matter what hopes have been indulged in concerning girl babies, there is something in the pithy announcement "It's a boy," which dispels all fanciful dreams and sets everybody on a prose basis. His very voice, as it utters a defiant war whoop in the grand army of humanity, tell the story to experienced years. The visions of a dainty girl darling very soon vanish before this positive piece of prose, who kicks his sturdy heels through the delicate pink socks intended for his sister, and who grows red as a turkey cock's head at Thanksgiving times when he is expected to show off before callers. He persists in an abnormal development of nose and puffiness about the eyes, along with several other tricks known only to interested parties. Parents and nurses become reconciled and accept them on trust, seeing no other alternative. He emerges from his puffy and rosy obstinacy to a roly poly wide awake thing of beauty, which is a joy fully one-half of the time. There is a process from infancy to little boyhood, a sweet time, when the man-child is half baby, half angel. In the clear depths of his innocent eyes is a world of hope and trust and love. His white brow is as fair as a freshly-opened lily, and his lips as sweet as hermes roses. He is most witching at this age, for the peculiarities which mark the *enfant terrible* are yet undeveloped. He is an armful of love and beauty and promise and dread and hope. Love him while yet there is no guile on the tender lips, and no sin in the unwritten soul, no touch of the world upon God's finished work.

CHAPTER 2.—GUT UP OLD HORSEY.

"Mercy, what a noise! Look at that chair, with a string tied on the arms and made fast to the writing desk and flower stand, all to be driven tandem by that young imp in knit shirt and fancy hat and shoes! Who upset that work-basket? and, good gracious, what work has been made with my wool and thread! There's the *Graphic* torn to scraps and stuffed in the cuspadore with my screw-driver that I lost a week ago. What is he doing with that cat? and, dear me, if he hasn't thrown Grandma's spectacles into the grate."

Where's Harry? Run to the kitchen and see. All the eggs are broken in the basket of folded clothes, and the milk for pudding has been fed to the cat and dog. Bridget Lannigan is in a towering rage, and says, "That's the use of shavin to kape clane wid such a young devil furnist yer!" Miss Frigidity Fussbunch calls, and is horrified by being requested to "be a horse and let Harry ride straddle to Boston." She is questioned, also, on many delicate points. He gets very close to her and asks what that white stuff on her face is, and what makes her wear such a funny little hat.

A few years of this juvenile terror and then there appears another stage of the boy. He gets a fever only appeased by marbles. It is useless to head off this phase; if it is shut off in one direction it breaks out more violently in some other. It goes through a period of six or seven years and costs much mortified pride. He is afflicted with rats, pigeons and other boyish complaints, which are harmless, but annoying. He brings in dirty steel traps to amuse his sick sister, who grows worse under it, and in his solicitude he straps his legs fast to six feet of stilts and stoops to enter the door of her room, to the horror and dismay of his mother. He brings little notes home from school, which he tries to explain in a favorable light, but fails to convince his parents that it was "only because Bill Wilson dropped his slate on Abe Hennegan's toes and made me laugh." He carves his awkward initials on old Mrs. Williams' cellar-door, and she threatens his arrest. He goes to see "Humpty Dumpty," and goes home and throws real brickbats at his aunt, and Bridget is met with a battering blow from his hand when she is bringing in the coal. He makes

life a burden and home a snare and delusion. He tears the comforts in more ways than one, and slits the pillow-cases to match them. Gradually he leaves off his hurly-burly life and imperceptibly glides into

CHAPTER 3.—"WHERE'S MY BLUE TIE?"

"Where's the blacking brush? I am going to a little surprise and won't be home till eleven. Is my percale shirt done up nice? I wish you'd make my collars stiffer. I don't thank some one for throwing my coat down and getting it wrinkled all up. How do you like this hat? Think it looks better than my soft ones." You will find the pigeon boxes all deserted about this period; not a rat trap cumbers the back yard; the woodshed theatricals are all ended; the stilts are put away; kites forgotten; window glass is in perfect safety. The dust has filled the rude initials in Mrs. Williams' cellar door, and there is an uninvited quiet all around the house; chairs stay in their places, and pantaloons will no longer bear cutting over for the boy. He gets them now out of new stuff, and mother's cut will not satisfy him. He is not in the way now, and there is a heavy pain in mother's heart as she thinks he will never need her much any more. The innocent eyes have a deeper meaning in them now. They have taken into their depths the reflection of a face younger than mother's, and life begins to look real to them.

The world is full of homes where these pictures will be recognized and hung up as family portraits—homes where there are no sounds of young voices now. They grow away into the great world so soon, and we put away the nameless feeling of desolation as we do the cast-off toys of their childhood; and when the evening of life approaches the heart goes back along the line of time, and is once more with the children in the dear old long ago.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS.—The man who does not furnish his family with a paper stands in his own light. Money spent this way brings more interest than money invested in a bank. It pays a man to take a paper home with him, and if his wife can't read, it would pay him to teach her. The man who thinks a woman does not need to read a paper, that she is as well, if not better without one, is a man of purely animal proclivities, a man that would degrade woman to an existence like his own. There is scarcely any woman but enjoys reading her paper. She may pass over the financial or glance lightly at the political; but in nine cases out of ten she will see something that a man will overlook. Occasionally we hear of a woman who "has no time to read," and who "never looks at a paper." The prejudiced or unthinking may commend such a woman's industry, but any one who thinks will rather condemn her lack of system, which leaves her no half hour for self improvement and entertainment.

TO INDUCE SLEEP.—Dr. Binns, in his "Anatomy of Sleep," recommends the following means of procuring sleep: "Let the person turn on his left side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line from the head to the shoulder should form; and then slightly closing his lips, let him take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action, that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The patient should then depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and he sleeps."

A lady asked the Judge what she would say in court if she were asked her age. The blunt jurist replied, "Say, Madam, what I believe would be the truth, that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

WASHINGTONIAN RELICS.

A fresh collection of Washington relics recently arrived at the national capital includes a variety of household furniture, mirrors, candlesticks, china, plated ware, etc., the robe in which Washington was christened, a guitar which he presented to Nellie Custis, his private ledger, a half-length portrait, miniatures of General and Mrs. Washington by Trumbull and numerous other articles. There is no doubt of the authenticity of these relics, which have been in possession of the Lewis family since the death of Washington, having been received originally by Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, his adopted daughter and the wife of his nephew.

The February number of the *Magazine of American History* is exclusively confined to unpublished Washington matter, comprising original documents, letters and notes. It opens with "Washington's Opinion of his General Officers." This paper is entirely in Washington's autograph, and was prepared by him for his use in the cabinet in 1791, when the defeat of General St. Clair on the Miami indicated the necessity of a change in the command of the army. Next follows a tabulated statement of Washington's household expenses in 1789, from the original (also in the New York State library), which was drawn up with scrupulous minuteness, to serve as a basis for a compensation to the President of the United States. A *fac simile* page accompanies each of these papers. The editor contributes a brief sketch of the "old yellow house," known as Washington's Pompton headquarters, the scene of many a festive scene during the days of the New Jersey campaign. It still stands on the old road—the thoroughfare of the revolution—from New Windsor to Morristown. A fine view of the house illustrates this article.

The title "Original Documents" begins with a genealogical account of the Washington family of Holland and Germany, founded in the middle of the 17th century by James Washington, brother of General Washington's great-grandfather, John Washington, the first emigrant of the name to Virginia. This curious paper was communicated to the New York Historical Society by the Hon. Frederick Kapp, long a resident of New York. Second in order comes the proceedings of a council of war, convened at New Windsor, June 12th, 1781, the commander-in-chief presiding, when arrangements were made for the campaign which terminated in the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Next we find the most important contribution made to the history of Washington since the publication of Sparks' edition of his writings in the seventy letters now first printed, covering a period from 1754 to the close of 1779. Considered alone, they afford a complete insight into the rare qualities of the citizen, the soldier and the man. As a reprint, the contemporaneous accounts of Washington's farewell to his officers is given, and the editor shows that they all originated in the report of the touching scene made by Rivington, the Tory printer, in his *Gazette*. A fine steel plate engraving of Frances' tavern, still standing, and a view of the long room where the meeting took place, are appropriate illustrations.

IMMORTAL TRUTH.—Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who ensnared them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes their witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness and integrity and righteousness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

SOME people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.