

IF YOU KNEW.

Oh, if you knew how very sad and lonely, How drear, how homelike, how mournful I. Sometimes down the street, for that thought only.

You'd just pass by. If you but knew the thoughts that germ and And blossom in sad hearts, with one bright glance. One look up to my window you would throw. As if by chance.

And if you knew to checkeek soul the healing That comes from the mere presence of an- You'd rest a moment 'neath my doorway, feel- ing For a lone brother.

But if you knew I loved you, if you knew it, With what love, how deep, how tender, dear, You'd know—your very heart would make you fit— Straight to me here.—Anon.

Handsome Presidents.

Justly enough has it been said that "no man ever was elected President of the United States because of his good looks." Many of our Presidents never could have been nominated for office had had beauty been an indispensable qualification in our National Chief Magistrate.

Washington was a man of imposing presence, and it would have been admitted that he was better looking than most men, even by an observer who was not under the power of the spell cast by his great name.

Life of Josiah Quincy, "I was curious to know how my father's recollections of the personal appearance of Washington agreed with the popular description, and pictorial representation of it with which we are all familiar. He was not an imaginative man, and never dressed his heroes in colors of fancy.

President Lincoln was of an ungainly figure, but he had a good head and a most expressive face. He, too, had an affair of the heart, and a friend of his told us that he had never seen or heard of a stranger one, and that the Drury Lane theater is the largest theater in London.

President Adams was a very tall man—as tall as Washington—and this, a drawback on his figure when he was young and strong, was highly favorable to his appearance in later life. He was, even in youth, an impressive man, with a good, but not a handsome face.

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age than was the fact. He had a calm expression, a penetrating blue eye, and looked like a thinking man. He was dressed in black, bald on the top of his head, powdered, of rather protuberant person in front, small lower limbs

Of President Monroe we have two accounts, one representing him as tall and insignificant, and the other as short and more insignificant. The life of him by the competent person, could be made a more interesting work than that of any other President we had in the sixty years that separate the outgoing of John Adams from the incoming of Abraham Lincoln.

President John Quincy Adams was a small man. We saw him about the time he had entered his 70th year, when many days had told upon him, making him stoop.

The handsomeness of all our Presidents was nearly done. President Fillmore. We saw him at Tonawanda (western New York) some years before he became President, and not at first knowing him; and we thought then, as we think now, that he was a most striking specimen of masculine beauty.

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What John McCullough Saw in London.

Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, has returned to New York after paying a visit to London partly for pleasure and partly to make arrangements for a season next spring. To a reporter of the World yesterday he said he had been delighted with his trip to the old world.

"I left here for London," said Mr. McCullough, "on the 5th of June, in company with Mr. Sothorn. My idea was to look around and see what was the best theatre to play in. But the first thing I was to go and see Henry Irving in the Merchant of Venice at the Lyceum Theatre."

"What is your opinion of Irving?" "I can hardly describe my feelings with regard to him. There is a notion that he is the pet of a certain number of men. But he has a great hold on the middle classes—the kind of people who pay two shillings for a seat—and every artist in London takes a pride in him."

"Does he take all the credit of a play to himself?" "No; he suggests all the artistic phases of the play, arranges the scenery and designs the costumes. I saw him first at 'Slylock.' He takes a different view of the part from any other man I have ever known. I liked it best the second time."

"What are your impressions of the American actors?" "I can only say that in artistic taste he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession. In the way of producing things on the stage in the best manner I have seen, he is an unapproachable. Two weeks ago to-night I supped with him. At noon of that day I saw the entrance to the pit of the Lyceum crowded with people who waited until 6:30 to get in."

"How do you like the English actors?" "I like them very much. I believe if these three people come over here they would make their fortune, and I advised them to come. Their play is a light little French thing of the time of the revolution, and it is perfectly pure."

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Scenes of Whittier's Childhood.

A little more than a mile out of town we pass three beautiful sheets of water, the most noteworthy of which formerly bore the name of "Great Pond," to distinguish it from its lesser neighbors, but not many years since it was re-christened "Kenosza," the Indian name for pickerel, with which it abounds.

Keeping by the beautiful lake, with its lofty and irregular shore, wooded on the side opposite us to the water's edge, we take a road to the left which soon brings us to the veritable old home, a two-story house with a large chimney in the center. The small square porch at the side of the house, and particularly the stone step, must be noticed, for it was "on this door stone, gray and rude," that the "Barefoot Boy," Whittier being himself the hero of that poem, enjoyed his "Bowl of milk and bread."

Near the house and crossing the road is the little street which bears the name of "Snow Bound," which in summer "laughed" for the "Barefoot Boy," and whose constant ripple was ever "through the day and through the night whispering at the garden wall." Here, between house and barn, the well which became a "fenceless drift" in the "Snow Bound" winter, and here the old barn to which, after tunneling the drift, they went to the relief of the "prisoned brutes," and where "The oxen lashed their tails and looked, And the sheep their heads and necks, And the house stands in a hollow, and the roads about it form a sort of irregular triangle, and by driving back and forth you can get not only the views given in the picture of the scene, but others equally attractive. On the drive toward the house and near Kenosza lake, is a short street, which it is worth while to drive down; you can easily return to the main road. Here you will find a picturesque, one-story house, with a porch in the center, reaching to the roof. I think you cannot fail to recognize it from this description. It was the home of Mrs. Caldwell, the "elder sister" of the poet, of whom he writes in "Snow Bound": "Oh, heart sore-tired! thou hast the best That Heaven itself can give thee—rest. Rest from all bitter thoughts and things! How many a poor soul, in the night, With these beneath the low green tent, Has wept himself to sleep, and then, On the return drive you will wish to see the spot where the school house of Whittier's childhood and of the poem entitled "In School Days" stood. In this poem, you will remember, he has howled the devotion of the little girl with "Tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of grieving, Who said, 'I wish that I spent the whole, I hate to go above you; 'Because,' the brown eyes lower fell, 'You were a mother, and I was a son.'"

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A Fiendish Trick.

The aristocracy of the Tenth Ward were shocked recently by the report of the terrible battle between Timothy Dooley, the chivalrous Fourth street coal-heaver, and Edward Mulcahy, the genial Jesuit street asphaltum-roofer. The trouble was caused by some insidious and black-hearted enemy stealing a nest of game eggs from Dooley, and substituting therefor the same product of a duck. The game eggs were supposed to contain in embryo the choicest spirits that could wield a gaff. Mulcahy had reluctantly supplied them at a dollar apiece and intimated that they couldn't be purchased at any price if it hadn't been for the illustrious union of the Dooleys and Mulcahys early in the thirteenth century. "No Connaught man could get a smell of 'em, Tim," said the impulsive chicken-raiser, who prides himself on having come from Cork.

Under the circumstances great care was taken of the eggs. The incubation was intrusted to the most sedate hen in the ward, and soon after her patient look appeared to have been crowned with success. Mr. Dooley was the first to notice the exhilaration of the trust-worthy hen, and hastened with the news to Dooley, who was still in bed, recovering from the effects of a Democratic speech in Greenock station. "The chickens are all out, Tim," said she. "Glory be to God," was the pious reply. "An' how do they look?" "Begor, they look very quare, Tim; they're as yellow as Chinyman, an' the eggs bakes on 'em as flint as a fender."

For the first time since the big earthquake Dooley got out on the wrong side of the bed and forgot to bless himself. As he made tracks to the yard the fantastic croak of his stiver would have challenged the admiration of a Pinto Indian. "It bates the devil," said he, as he pulled out one of the chickens and cast a critical eye on it. "It bangs Bang-ager," he muttered, as he pulled out another specimen, and looked agast at the yellow down. Mrs. Dooley, who was an interested observer, chipped in: "What ails those chickens, Tim? They're all shtuck together. What happened their bakes, Tim? Did the hit sit too heavy on 'em? Faith, they're the queerest looking chickens I ever see."

"They're ducks, he ever see," said Dooley, and he retraced his steps to his bed-room, and dressed himself with the portentous calmness of a man about to step down to Pine street and part with Union Con. on a rising market. The remainder of the story is too easily told. The victims of the lowest-down trick were five chickens on the liberal portions of a noble sport, unfortunately met in fifteen minutes by all the watches in town except those of the Howard street conductors, which made it six minutes and a half. Said the unsuspecting Mulcahy: "How is the clutch of eggs, Tim?" "Clutch, ye thavin' vagabond, I'll clutch you!" And he did. Officer McGuffey, who arrived too late to witness the duel, testified from his careful inspection of the battle-ground, in his conviction that the fight was the liveliest seen in the ward for ten days back—and that's saying a great deal for it.—S. F. Chronicle.

A divorce suit is pending in Brooklyn entitled Trice against Trice, the parties being colored, conducted with which there are some curious stories. Both sides claim a decree, the wife, who is the plaintiff, on the ground of the defendant's unchaste conduct, and she the accused on the ground that when he married the woman she had a husband living in Africa, no less a person than the King of the Ashantees. About the year 1865, a tall young black from Africa found his way to Brooklyn. He could not speak English, but he acquired the language rapidly, and he was soon known in the Siloam Presbyterian church, into which he happened to fall, that he was Albert Agamon, the eldest son of the Ashantee king. He had heard in his country of the great world beyond, and had set out, like the prince he was, to see it. It was to be an object of great interest to the female members of the church, but escaped all their snares until the plaintiff in the present suit, then a comely colored woman, smiled upon him. He married her, and she became a princess. They lived together in harmony for some years, and a little prince was born, who is still a resident of Brooklyn. In the meantime the prince became an ardent Christian, and he desired to preach. After a while he was persuaded that established among his native people, and with this as his mission, he set out on a visit to his early home. Upon reaching the gold coast, he wrote back to his father, the King, who was growing feeble and desired his first-born to be near him, ready when death came to receive his mantle. This was the last ever heard in Brooklyn from Prince Agamon. After several years had elapsed, the Brooklyn Princess was married to Chas. Trice, who is now a waiter at the Rockaway Hotel.—N. Y. Times.

The Story of Four Law Students. In the law office of John C. Spencer, at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1831-2, were four young law students, to fortune and to fame unknown. Under the careful guidance of Mr. Spencer they were duly admitted to the bar in 1834, and one of them at once struck out for the West, locating at Cleveland. Here he stuck fast, and while waiting the expiration of the 6 months required by the Ohio laws before a citizen of another State can practice in her courts, he was surprised by a call from his three fellow students. They were looking for places to hang out their shingles. "Well, one of you can stay here with me; another of you can go further to this little French village they call Detroit, and the other can push on to a new place they call Chicago, on the site of old Fort Dearborn." After a little consultation, this plan was finally agreed to. The one who went to "the little French village," was George C. Bates; he who went further on was Stephen A. Douglas, who made a mistake and went to Springfield instead of Chicago; and while he was remaining in Cleveland was Henry B. Payne. This was in 1834. The young man who thus planned out the career of his three companions was E. H. Thompson, now of Flint, Michigan, who told us the circumstances. Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

Father Farrell's Estate.

It is the mercantile sense of that word he did not gain it at all. It was given to him. His friends, including the trustees of St. Joseph's church, desire this to be understood, in order that his true character may be made plain to all.

The property was given to Father Farrell in Alabama State bonds by personal friends, who were not of his faith, when the bonds were not of as much value as they are now. The basis and true reason for the gift was Father Farrell's love for his country. Although he was educated in Southern States, he was a warm supporter of the Government. In the darkest hours of the war his voice was clear in upholding the union. His patriotic impulses led him to the front, where he labored in hospitals and on battle fields. The gift was made so delicately that an effort, made yesterday, to learn the names of the donors or the occasion of the presentation, failed, though inquiries were made of friends who were long intimate with him.

It was not long afterward that the friend made a fourth visit. He came to see the father of his child, and to see the \$80,000 in five-twenty's. This, of course, proved very profitable. It is said, however, that this friend was not among those who made Father Farrell the gift referred to.—N. Y. Sun.

A CANDID DARKEY.—An old darkey, who had "put away" watermelons every summer for sixty years, stood in front of one of our grocery stores eyeing a pile of that fruit. The merchant, who sat in the door, noticed the wistfulness of the African's gaze, and finally asked, "Don't you want to buy one of these melons, uncle?" "How much you axed for one, boss?" inquired the African, still keeping his gaze on the melon. "Twenty-five cents," replied the merchant, getting up from his chair and stepping to the side of the hunk. "What you gib me one-half pur?" asked the darkey, taking a step toward the pile. "Fifteen cents," replied the dealer, lifting one in his hands. "What'll yer sell me a slice?" asked Africa. "Ten cents," said the merchant, holding up a slice. "What you ob?" continued the darkey. "Five cents, answered the merchant, as he picked up a knife and started to pluck out a piece about two inches square. "Hold on, boss! I see an honest niggar. You say you want a slice for five cents. Well, sah, if I takes a bite ob dat melon you'll be settin' 'heah in a powful study an' er' word 'nuff 'bout 'come ob de balance ob it. Now, boss, heah's ob de two cents. Der ain't nuffin 'mean 'bout me when it gits up watermelons." He took the watermelons and went off to hunt the shade.—Tallahassee Floridian.

THE USES OF WATER.—Water-power for household purposes has been brought into use at Zurich. Frowood, for example, is used in many places in the city, in driving a Gramme machine for the purpose of electric light. Water is sold very cheap in Zurich; but there are perhaps other towns in which this, so to call it, domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced. A turbine, having about four inches in diameter has for some time been sold. Its office is to work a sewing machine. An indiarubber tube is attached to the ordinary water supply—a similar tube acting as waste pipe to the nearest sink.

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Rupture CURED. From a Merchant. DAYTON, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, San Francisco.—Sir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year ago has proved a most successful remedy for my rupture, and worn dozens of different kinds of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, and were injurious to my back and spine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe, and is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords me so much pleasure. I can and do advise all both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy and wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expect to be cured, but an satisfied and happy with the comfort it gives me to wear it. It was the best \$10 ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merit. I remain, yours respectfully, J. B. BURNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements. MARTINEZ, CAL., Feb. 17, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes it is the best Truss ever offered to the public. Yours truly, J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D. Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Institute. SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: You ask my opinion of the relative merits of your Patent Elastic Truss as compared with other kinds that have been tested under my observation, and in reply I frankly state that from the time my attention was first called to their structure through highly mechanical and philosophical construction, together with easy adjustability to persons of all sizes, ages and forms, I was struck with their special features, and I have since had several cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to use yours, all acknowledging their entire satisfaction, and commending them as highly favored by the possession of one of the improved Elastic Truss. Yours truly, BARLOW J. SMITH, M. D. Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California Street, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE CURE. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: I am truly grateful to you for the wonderful cure you have effected on my little boy. The double Truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture, and both sides in a little over six months. The steel truss had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside, though his rupture was a Truss. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject. Yours truly, 638 Sacramento Street.

California Elastic Truss Co. 702 Market Street, S. F. HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK CO. CAPITAL \$1,000,000. General Office and Manufactory, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Pacific Branch, 211 and 213 California St., San Francisco. CHAS. H. DODD & CO., PORTLAND. Agents for Oregon and Washington Ter. HALL'S PATENT CONCRETE FIRE-PROOF SAFES. Have been tested by the most disastrous conflagrations in the country. They are thoroughly fire proof. Their interior is beyond question. Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, they are not overstocked in any country, there is not a single instance on record wherein one of them ever failed to preserve its contents.

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