AT LINCOLN'S HOME.

ON THE CARS, April 15, 1881, "I want to find Mr.Spears." "Mr. Spears?" "Yes, Mr. Spears."

"What Spears?"

"I don't remember the first name, but I was told he lived a little west of the

depot." "Is it J. Q. Spears?" "I believe that's it—J. Q."

"John Quincy?" "I presume John Quincy." "I don't know whether it's John Quincy Adams or not," said the boy. "but it's John Quincy sure, and he's up at the store. I'll show you." Thus saying, he kindly piloted me across the street and into a corner

store, where I found the object of my search.

This, be it known, was Thursday morning, in the town of Talulu, in Menard county, about 200 miles south of Chicago. A pleasant place it is, with a rich country surrounding it, and a population of excellent people, numbering about 700 of ordinary men. It is, of course, not or 800.

This was Lincoln's old stamping ground, and a few miles away was Salem where the great President first began life, and first showed some of those qualities which afterward made him famous.

There used to be a mill, a store or two, and a hotel or two at Salem, but nothing now remains save the cellars of the first and a dilapidated old building where Lincoln used to board, but which is now used as a stable. The In-ter Ocean had heard that there were many old settlers around Talulu who knew Lincoln as boy and man, and Mr. Spears had been mentioned as a gentleman who could give many facts about garded as authority. He got the sobri-him himself and could put one on the quet of 'Honest Abe' by refusing to act him himself and could put one on the track of securing much information from others.

So I introduced myself to Mr. Spears and explained my errand. I found him a most intelligent man, a wealthy farmer whose land adjoins the village, and one who entered heart and soul into the

spirit of my enterprise. "Yes, I can help you," said he, "but although I knew Mr. Lincoln very well, there are others who can give you more interesting incidents connected with his career than I am able to give. I, of course, was much his junior, but he was a great admirer of my grandmother, Mrs. Mary Spears, who was quite celebrated as a doctress here about the time Lincoln made his appearance, and he used to visit her regularly every week and talk to her by the hour. While there I saw a great deal of him. But come with me a door or two away," continued Mr. Spears, "and I think I can show you some memeptoes of him."

We went into the store of Messrs, Bell Bros., and these gentlemen kindly brought forth an old-looking case containing many of the instruments with which Lincoln used to work when acting as deputy surveyor in that part of the country, and which had come into their possession. They are very primitive-looking tools now, but Lincoln did good work with them, and his surveys were always considered reliable. There are some maps and town plats also in the possession of the Bell Bros. that originated with Lincoln, and all these souvenirs of the great man are preserved with

he was taking, we mounted a couple of with his pants rolled up above his horses a few minutes later and rode out a few miles from town to the residence of W. G. Green, Esq., one of the wealthiest and best known farmers in the West. We found Mr. Green at his home, which stands in a beautiful location, overlooking a large natural park and commanding a view of his great farm of 1400 acres which lies around it. He welcomed us with gentlemanly hospitality, and when the object of my visit was made known, stirred the glowing coals in the grate and sat down to a quiet and

gossipy chat. "Take a cigar," said the host, and then, with wreaths of smoke curling upward toward the ceiling, he entered upon a

most interesting account of his acquaint-anceship with Abraham Lincoln.

I have always had the impression that Lincoln's various promotions were sur-prises to him, but after hearing of him from the lips of an old and intimate friend, I am satisfied that he began his life in that quiet nook of the great earth at Salem intent upon making something of himself beyond the ordinary ambition to be supposed that he looked to achieve world-wide distinction; but he knew he had something in him above the commonplace, and that visions of great achievements appeared to him can scarcely be doubted. He did not see just how and when the road would be opened-and who does-but he felt the strength and power of intellectual conquest in him, and every knoll he climbed showed him another height which he felt that he had abundant strength and will to surmount.

"Lincoln's wonderful power and influence over men," said Mr. Green. "was felt as soon as he came to Salem. He was always popular and always reas judge at horse races unless he was left free to decide the question fairly, and not according to the jockeying system then in vogue. Prior to his coming the race was won by the man luckiest in choosing a judge; afterward the best horse took the race, no matter who the owner might be. After quarreling for hours over judges, the owners of horses who had each been trying, perhaps, to get a friendly adherent to act as umpire, would finally settle down on Lincoln, and then everybody said: 'Now look out! This means a fair race, and the best horse must win.' '

"Where did Lincoln learn his survey

ing," I asked. "Took it up himself," replied Mr. Green, "as he did a hundred things, and mastered it too. When he acted as surveyor here he was a deputy of S. M. Neal, and not of Calhoun, as has so often been said. There was a dispute about this, and many sketches of his life gave Calhoun (Candle-box Calhoun as he was known afterwards during the Kansas troubles, and election frauds) as the surveyor but it was Neal." Mr. Green turned to his deak and drew out an old certificate, iu the handwriting of Lincoln, giving the boundaries of certain lands, and signed "S. M. Neal, Surveyor, by A. Lincoln, Deputy," thus settling the question. Mr. Green was a Democrat, and has leaned toward that party all his life, but what he thought and thinks of Lincoln can be seen by an indorsement on the back of the certificate named, which is as follows: "Preserve this, as it is from the noblest

knees, trying to get a flat boat over. The boat had been built at Sangamontown, and the owner, with some goods aboard, had started to go down the river until he struck a favorable town in which to open up. They couldn't get the boat over very well, so the owner concluded he might as well start his store in Salem.

"Lincoln went to work for a man named Kirkpatrick, who promised him \$13 a month. Ten was about the usual price, but Lincoln was very strong, and Kirkpatrick, who ran a saw-mill, said it would save him buying a jack-screw to handle the logs with if he got Lincoln, so he promised to pay him \$13. When they came to settle up, Kirkpatrick wouldn't pay but ten, and Lincoln was pretty mad. By the way, that led to the first oath I ever heard Lincoln use.

"I don't know but it was the last, too. You see, about that time the Blackhawk war broke out, and we organized a company. The adjutant came over from Springfield, and the men-about 100were drawn up in line. The adjutant told us that the Governor would appoint the field officers, the colonel, major, etc., but we could elect our own captain. We had understood this, and there were two candidates-Lincoln and this same Kirkpatrick. When we were in line the adjutant asked the candidates to step ten paces in front of the men, and when Lincoln and Kirkpatrick came out he told us that all who wanted Lincoln should form a line by him, and all who wanted Kirkpatrick could go to his side. I was very eager for Lincoln, and the minute the word was given I ran and stood at his elbow. The others followed, according to their choice, and in forming the two lines they became rather crooked, every one wanting to see how many each candidate had. Lincoln was so tall he could see over all our heads, and when the last man had taken his place, and before the adjutant had counted noses, he saw that he had triumphed, and he slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Bill! I'll be d-d if I hain't beat him!"

"I think he was more pleased at beating Kirkpatrick, and thus in a manner getting even with him for his dishonesty, han he was in seuring the captaincy of the company.

Mr. Green paused here, and I ventured to try again to get something of Lincoln's social life.

"You and Lincoln were young men together, Mr. Green," said I, "and, of course, were going to parties and gatherings of various kinds. Do you remember any incidents connected with them?

"Well, yes, I suppose I can recall some.

"Was he "waiting" upon any girls in the neighborhood then?" Mr. Spears remarked that he thought

Lincoln didn't go around among the young ladies much. "Not much," responded Mr. Green. "He was very bashful; but I remember a case or two that may be worth telling." "Was he ever engaged to any lady

hereabouts?" "Yes, he was going to marry Mary Owens, a distant relation of mine, but the match was broken off."

"How was that?" "A very silly thing. It all came about in this way-

But I find there is too much to tell in

Social Affinites.

The belief is so widely held that all men like all women that it has come to be regarded as a self-evident truth. But a little observation shows that the belief may be erroneous; that it cannot by any means be accepted in its universality. Indeed, there is reason to doubt whether in high civilization, the reverse of this may not be sustained. In a state of nature the sexes are indisputably drawn together; they are mutually dependent; each gives what the other lacks; their co-relation is a need no less than an affinity. They are forced by instinct as well as meagreness of environment to like one another; a certain affection is begotten of requirement. They quarrel violently; the men are irrepressibly brutal; they beat their women, and from such savagery emotional reaction is inevitable, and goes by the name of love.

In enlightenment, amid the epicurean-ism and artificiality of great cities, sexes are more separated; their spheres are distict; their duties and their pleasures do not clash. Men have their daily round; women have theirs; the two need nothing in common unless they be so inclined. What a host of men there are in every commercial center who seem to have no association with women. They are very justly called men's men, as others are called women's men, because these are forever dangling after petticoats, and appear to be bound by fluttering ribbons. The men's men are not bachelors or widows only, as might be surmised. Many are husbands and fathers, in the sense at least that they have been married and have had child ren; but they are never seen with their wives; their marriage rests not on proof, but on tradition. They are not misogy nists-misogyny is usually a transiont condition, tending to the opposite ex-treme; they do not even disapprove of women as a body or in the abstract; they simply feel no interest in them personally and keep out of their company. They fail to like women. If they were com-pelled to be much in their society they would dislike them heartily, and would in time become bitter foes. Women tire

and annoy them, and these men preserve mental peace by letting women severely alone. The fault is with the men; but the absence of all partiality for the other sex is undenied and undeniable. It may be said that this dislike of women on the part of men is the result of the artificiality of modern society; that if men did not cultivate false tastes were not corrupted by dissipation and unwholesome pleasures, they would not have such feelings. Unhappily for this argument, their indisposition to the other sex is unmistakably manifested in childhood, when nature reigns supreme. Small boys of a healthy, normal kind hardly ever like girls of their own or any age. In truth, they detest them, so far

as eagerness to get away from them can express detestation. They cannot be induced to remain any time in their company on any terms. Their presence is an annoyance, and to be forced into it would be a chastisement. In many rural schools, in fact, boys are made to sit with girls as a punishment, which usually proves effective in preventing the recurrence of the offense of which sult, and usually brings on active hostil-

Daniel Webster's Father.

Colonel Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel Webster, was born in this town, and both his father end mother were of the original Kingston stock. He greatly resembled his illustrious son. Personally, both were of remarkably dark and swarthy hue. In his youth he served in the French war, which General Stark considered the only war New Hampshire was ever engaged in that was really worthy the name of a war. New Hampshire sent four regiments to the army that captured Louisburg, and Colonel Ebenezer Webster was undoubtedly "there." When the Colonel moved from Kingston he settled in that part of New Salisbury which is now called Franklin. And Daniel Webster said he there sent up the smoke of his pipe and log hut chimney at a point nearer the North Star than that occupied by any other of his Majesty's subjects. Webster combined the occupations of farmer and inn-keeper, a combination common in those days. On the lonely, thinly settled roads of the frontier almost every well-to-do farmer was known to travelers as a person ready to entertain man and beast in the most hospitable manner for the most reasonable compensation. The rest of the settlers could be depended upon in an emergency to offer all they had for the relief of passing travelers. Hawthorne, in his beautiful story of the ambitious guest, wherein is detailed the oft told Willey House tragedy, speaks of this general open-house life that prevailed in upper and central New Hampshire in old times.

Mr. Webster took an active part in public affairs, and at the breaking out of the Revolution led a Salisbury company of volunteer soldiers to Cambridge. Sub squently he fought at White Plains and Bennington, and was at West Point at the time of the treason of Arnold. He continued in service till the close of the war, and left it with the wellearned rank of Colonel. After the war he was several times chosen Representative to the Legislature, and was made Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which position he retained to the end of his life. He was remarkable for his integrity, his sound common sense and his unswerving patriotism. Take him for all in all, we must concede that this town has never produced a man more worthy of respect, or one who could more safely be held up as a model for the young men of this or any other day. Colonel Webster died at the age of 69, Daniel Webster at 70, Ezekiel, said by his brother Daniel to have been the and somest man he ever saw, at 49. The Websters do not seem to have been a ing scornfully; "because there isn't a long-lived race. A restless, untiring ac- word of truth in what that girl is saying. long-lived race. A restless, untiring ac-tivity characterized them, and they were inclined to wear themselves out with hard work. The great Daniel was an old man at 60; his father had gone through more at that age than most men of far more advanced years, and Ezekiel at 40 was one of the most eminent lawyers in New England.-Boston Journal.

Money-earning Wives.

It is frequently a subject for thought and conversation as to why professional women-actresses, milliners, dressers. makers, teachers, etc .- have so much they have been guilty. "You are a reg-ular girl," is one of the severest things a frequently observed that the husbands: boy can say to another; so severe that it of money-earning ladies are idle or lazy, is taken, as it is intended, as a gross in- or both, or are dissipated, or else shrink into quiet onentitie

Her Capacions Stocking.

"Dis ain't nothing to the tings I had in my stocking," remarked the irrepresa-ible Arianna, slipping herself upon the edge of the bed and arranging her bare toes comfortably on the back of the chair which had served her as a stepping stone

"Really?" cried Madge, in surprise looking up from her treasures; "what did you have

"O, I had a looking-glass-a big look-"Yes, dey do, Mars' John; and you

oughtn't to say nonsense, when you ain't seed it. It was as fine as any lookingglass in dis here house.'

"How big was the stocking," asked Gerald.

"Dat's just it; it were bigger'en all these stockings put togedder. De truf am, Santa Clau' had such a lot of big tings dat he just had to stop and sew up a sheet!"

"A sheet?" cried all the children, in amazement; what else did he put in it?"

"Well," said Airy, "dere was de looking-glass and a pair of new shoes wid real cotton shoe-strings; and a wax daul wat shuts its eyes and den opens 'em, when you say boo! quick; an'a new jews-harp; an' one dem tings like Mars' Gerald's dat you play music on, only a heap bigger'n hisn; why, its bigger 'an mel

"Oh, Airy," cried Gerald, looking rather disconsolately at his accordeon, "is that really true?"

"Oh, well, dere's lots more; dere was a hoop skirt."

"Oh, Airy, what a funny present!" "You jes' wait till you see me wearin" it. You won't think it funny den. An'

dere's a pocket-handkerchief! Den dare was a lot of fine books, all bibles, wid picters and cows and sheeps an' alligators."

"Go on Airy," said Madge. "Its the queerest stocking I ever heard of; was there any more in it?"

there any more in it?" "Heaps!" replied Airy instantly; "heaps. Der was big red beads, as bis as you alls' fifty. " Den dere was candy and apples and straw-berries and cream, cheeses and fire-crackers and more looking-glasses."

"Dear me, Airy," interrupted madge, "Why did Santa Claus give you se many looking-glasses? You know you are not at all pretty."

"I'll tell you why, Madge," said John, who had gathered up his belongings and now stood at the foot of the bed, listen-Aunt Dilsie, what did Airy have in her stocking last night ?"

"Nothin' as I knows of, honey, but holes," remarked Dilsie, frowning at her offspring. "She always is got dem, an' de onliest way I knows 'er keeping 'em mended is to lock 'em up. W'at's dat gal been a-saying?" she continued, no-ticing the reproachful looks the children cast at Airy. "Mars' John, you can't believe one word dat comes out er dat believe one word dat comes out er dat gal's mouth; she can't talk de truf even in her sleep."-["Five Little Southern-

George Ellot's Face.

The face was one of a group of four, not all equally like each other, but all of the same spiritual family, and with a curious interdependence of likeness. These four are Dante, Savonarola, Cardinal Newman, and herself. We only know one such other group, and that consisted of three only. It is that formed of the traditional head of Christ (the well-known profile on a coin), Shakspeare and St. Ignatius Loyola. In the group of which George Eliot was one, there is the same straight wall of brow; the droop of the powerful nose; mobile lips, touched with strong passion kept resolutely under control, a square iaw, which would make the face stern were it not counteracted by the sweet smile of lips and eye. We can hardly hope that posterity will ever know her from likenesses as those who had the honor of her acquaintance knew her in life. Only acquaintance knew her in life. Only some world's artist could have handed her down as she lived, as Bellini has handed down the Doge whom we all know so well on the walls of the National Gallery. The two or three por-traits that exist, though valuable, give but a very imperfect presentment. The mere shape of the head would be the possible to represent it without giving the idea of disproportion to the frame, of which no one ever thought for a moment when they saw her, although it was a surprise, when she stood up, to see that, after all, she was but a little fragile woman who bore this weight of brow and brain.- [O. Kegen Paul, Harper's Magazine for May.

"There are a number of trees down here a httle ways," said one of the gen-tlemen, "that I have been telling our people ought to be preserved. When the surveying party was out the boys frequently took an axe and tried which could mark highest with it on the trees. Lincoln most always won, his great height giving him the advantage, and there are several trees in the woods near by which bear his mark high above all others. Some of our old citizens were with the party here, and remember the incident well enough to identify the trees.

"Lincoln was an ingenious kind of man," pursued Mr. Bell. "When he ing with Lincoln in the room where the was at my father's house one day my mother complained that she had difficulty in keeping the clock right, and and Lincoln said: 'Mr. Seward, let me never knew when it was correct. 'I'll fix you,' said Lincoln, and he went and made a medium mark on the floor, so opposite side of the table, and bowed in noon. That mark is on the floor yet, said, and shake hands with Green; I and it's as good a regulator now as it was nearly half a century ago." want you to know him; he's my old grammar master."

Nearly every one here who has come to middle age remembers something of Lincoln. I went over to the elegant not to introduce me that way. Why, farm-house of Mr. Spears and there everybody in Washington will be noticmet, beside his estimable wife, a couple of ladies, neighbors of Mr. quirements.' 'Never mind,' said Lin-Spears, who were quite ready to talk of Mr. Lincoln and give their recollections of him.'

"I remember," said Mrs. Rule, one of the ladies mentioned, "that Lincoln came to my father's once and did some surveying for which father gave him a deer-skin to 'fox' his pants with. Lincoln was much pleased with the trade.

"And afterward I remember," said Mr. Spears, "he concluded to have a pair of breeches made entirely of buckskin, and got them. They answered firstrate until they got wet one day, when they climbed half way to his waist, and never got down again."

"Are there any of Lincoln's old sweethearts around here?" I queried.

"I don't know of any now," said Mrs. Rule. "Lincoln was not much of a beau, and seemed to prefer the company of the elderly ladies to the young ones.

"But he went to parties and social gatherings, did he not?" said I. "Well, sometimes, but not often."

"You want to write a love story about him, I suppose," said the other lady, Mrs. Worth, smilingly.

"Yes, I'd like to."

"Well, Lincoln was a poor subject for romance. I'm afraid you won't succeed in getting anything in that line.

"Well, I ought to find something

here in his old home," said I. "He was very bashful," said Mr. Spears, "and about the gawkiest young man you ever saw. But the man to tell you if there was any love affair in Lin- there were but three ballots against him. coln's experience while here is Mr. Green, who lives a few miles from town, and was his earliest friend and companion. We will ride over there and see him."

of God's creation-A. Lincoln, the 2d preserver of his country. May 3, 1865. Penned by W. G. Green, who taught Lincoln the English Grammar in 1831. "So you taught him grammar?" said I,

after reading the inscription. "Well, yes," replied my host; "but not long. You never could teach Lin-

coln for a great while. I began with him, but in three weeks he knew more of the English grammar than I did, seewithout effort."

"An amusing thing happened after he was elected President," continued Mr. Green: "I was in Washington and talk continued Mr. Cabinet meetings are held, and there was a large table there. Seward came in introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Green, of Illinois.' Seward was on the his courtly way, but Lincoln was not sat. and when strangers are shown through that the sun coming in by the door his courtly way, but Lincoln was not sat-post would always tell when it was isfied. 'Come around here, Seward,' he

"I was very much embarrassed, and afterward said to Lincoln: 'You ought ing me and testing my grammatical accoln, 'I want them to remember you, and when I introduce you that way they'll never forget you on earth.' And he kept it up, introducing me to everybody we met as his grammar master." "You saw Lincoln frequently while he

was President?" "Yes, quite often, considering that my

home was here and his in Washington, When the internal revenue laws were about to be put in operation, Lincoln was told that this district would not submit to the tax, and that the agents of the gov-

ernment would be resisted. He sent for me and said, 'Bill, that's my old home, and it will not do have trouble

out there. Now, I want to make you collector; for I believe you can put

everything through peacefully." "Well, I said, 'Lincoln, you know I don't want any office, but if I can help you any I am willing to take it, tion of December 13th 1880 is preand so he appointed me and I went to work. I didn't have any trouble, the law was enforced and Lincoln was very much gratified.'

Mr. Green did not mention it, but it was no doubt owing to the fact that he was a Democrat of wealth and influence, that the scheme went through When he ran for the Legislature the first man, while the majority of his neighbors, including Green, were Jackson men. Notwithstanding this he sucmen. asked; as Mr. Green paused for a mo-

swine is shown to be prohibited by ment in his recital. "The first time I saw him," said he,

one letter, and I must defer a number of incidents and anecdotes related by Mr. Green for another article.-["G. A. P." in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Home Life in Austria.

The old palace which we inhabit in the Himmelpfort gasse is built around a large court, and we occupy the first and third floors. The second floor belongs ing and remembering every word he read to distant members of the family, who and often on the eve of twenty would come to Vienna to spend Christmas and the carnival season. The children, governess, tutors and servants occupy the upper story, but we "maids" generally slept in an outer room or corridor beside our respective mistresses. We rarely of school-girls' hearts. have beds, but we sleep on sofas or divans, over which a damask Turkish covering is thrown during the day, our wash bowls and soap cups hidden away in a superbly carved Louis XIV casket, the pelace, as they often are, in the absence of the family, no one would suspeet that the exquisitely carved oak ante-

> rooms could assume bedroom costume in two minutes and a quarter. Library, parlor, ante-room and diningroom are often used as sleeping rooms by families of the highest rank. A screen placed so as to hide the bed in the daytime, and guests are received in my lady's chamber. Of course there are families of sufficient wealth to have a palace all to themselves, but even among these such a lack of comfortable easy chairs and spring beds are enough to disgust an American. Long, narrow bedsteads, a straw bed and a moss mattress, with heavy linen sheets (a big coronet embroidered on them, of course) and a plumeau, which means a down bed, as coverlid, is sleeping accoutrement enough for a European. Indeed, our emperor has nothing better.

How Hogs May be Infected-Remodies.

The report on triching compiled by the late Passed Assistant Surgeon Glazier, of the Marine Hospital Service, forwarded to the Senate by the ex-Secretary tion of December 13th, 1880, is now passing through the press at the Government Printing office, and will soon be ready for distribution. The work was commenced in July, 1879, and nearly a

year was consumed in the collection of materials. The report deals with every aspect of the subject, states that nearly all animals may be infected by the dispeacefully. It is somewhat singular to note that some of Mr. Lincoln's warm-est friends were life-long Democrats. further shown that hogs kept in stalls in When he ran for the Legislature the first which trichinosed hogs have been kept time he was what was called an Adams will become infected, and that the only means of prevention of this disease among swine are, first, that the stalls or pens in which the animals are kept be ceeded, and in all his precinct, which kept scrupulously clean; second, the cast upwards of four hundred votes, swine must have good, clean food, and not allowed access to diseased meat of "Where did you first see Lincoln?" I any kind. The not uncommon practice of throwing dead poultry, rats or cats to

statute; and third, as soon as any ani im." "was in Salem, on the mill dam, that mal is suspected of disease it should be was in 1831. He was out on the dam, separated from the herd.

Girls are commonly spoken of ly endured because of the feminine beities. with supreme contempt, with a sarcasm designed to be withering, by nearly all boys from six to sixteen.

Boys do not reach the spoony stage generally until they are out of their teens; and then a little feminine society goes a great way with them. They cherish in a very awkward manner a stupid sort of sentimental attachment, but they retain their appetite for rough sports, prefer hanging cats, breaking streetlamps and tighting with other striplings, to kissing the rosiest lips that sixteen summers had ever sweetened, or holding undisputed possession of a score

tween 25 and 35, and even then they can other sex; but they rarely have the folly relapse; or if not marriage, the observaof reflection and with unassisted effort is self-sacrifices and endurance, but these prone to keep a man forever after, as he are not the money-carning wives we rewould probably put it, in the paths of fer to. These generally marry with all

That the great majority of men have and the wife who must provide. habitual presence. Even the men who admit their delight in feminine society are easily satisfied, not to say surfeited, hinder them from hankering after masouline friends and masculine modes of killing time. Club-houses, whence women are rigor

ously excluded, never lose their allurements for men; few homes can compete away from some woman who really needs with these successfully; the joys of the | it .- | New Orleans Times. club-house seem to the average man to be perenial. Incontrovertibly, all this is due to the ineradicable barbarism of our sex, to their inferior moral nature, to their animal instincts and selfish natures. Men are as well aware of this as women are. But their undeveloped morality, their lack of complete civilization, is not at issue. The question, "Do men, as a rule, like women?" is certainly an open one .-- | New York Times.

Compliments and small fishes are often found in shallow places.

lief that it is good to have a man around the house anyhow. It is certainly true that the husbands of money-earning women are generally the quietest and most unassuming of their sex-in their domestic life. To some, this condition may appear a cause for merrimont and ridicule, but in reality, it involves the seri-ous question as to whether it is good for a man to marry a woman who desires or will be forced to earn her share of their income in actual hard cash, and not by staying at home minding the house and economizing in groceries dry-goods, gas and fuel. A man who marries with this contingency staring him in the face risks a good deal concerning his domestic The period when men are fondest or least adverse to women is commonly be-ute a share of money carned by her own labor to the common household fund is naturally prouder of it than a man would seldom be absorb by one passion, or naturally prouder of it than a man would by many passions. At 40, having at that be, and naturally and womanlike, she age usually escaped the perils of matri-mony, they are firmly fixed in the rou-quently happens that this crowing bemony, they are firmly fixed in the ron-tine and habits of bachelorhood. Men comes irksome and embarassing to the are frequently very foolish, and make man. His responsibilities as a man, a themselves ridiculous enough, about the husband and father, are lessened, and and take on the ridiculous aspect more back goes something of his self-esteem, than once in an ordinary life-time. Their something of his self-respect and sturdy grand passion is apt to be short, and independence. His pride in himself and they are subsequently so sensible of his self-assurance receives a blow. We what has been its effort upon them, are know there are many worthless shirks so conscious of the ludicrous part they whose unmanly selfishness and lack of then played, that they do not repeat it. pluck have thrown the heavy burden of Marriage cures them of any tendency to providing for the home upon the slender shoulders of the brave and patient wives. tion of the conduct of others in similar | We know, too, how nobly a woman as circumstances. To have been once in sumes such duties when they arise belove, and to have climbed out by dint fore her, and we know of her marvelous

husband and father, are lessened, and with the burden that is lifted from his and massive that it would scarcely be

continually recurring spasms of tender-ness, of affection, of ardent love, for women, it would be idle and absurd to contradict; but this is very different from liking them generally or uniformly, from wanting to be with them, from ex-fingers in tasks that will bring remunera-tion to the the the time and the be connted by the million. The fish-women, with their loud voices, were contending with their customers-as they periencing pleasure or happiness in their tion, this money is hers, and not his, and have from time immemorial, and will to when he begins to look forward to her the end-about price. Now, one made earnings as a part of his income, he also begins to loss his pride in being the with it. Their highest raptures do not bread winner and protector of his family. Another and very strong moral reason why women whose husbands can and do support them should not seek "paid work," (excepting literary work, of course) is that they may be taking work

A corporation has been recently organized in Boston with a capital of \$1,000,000, to finish the bottoms of boots and shoes by a new invention. It is claimed that by the aid of the machine 600 to 800 boots can be finished by one

pected the children of men of worth will be like their fathers, for nobility is the virtue of a family.—[Aristotle.] Aristotle.

In the Fish Market.

The fish markets in Norway are worth seeing. We went to one in Christiana. The fish men and women were all seated common sense. The fact that he has the pretty dreams and hopes of wifehood in their boats and alongside the stone thereof, renders him merciless to all then, when it is too late, they discover that it is the woman who must be strong with great tin baskets hanging on their the direction of the same cause. arms, were bargaining for the day's dinbelieve to go away, when a desperate shriek would summon her back again, and fish and money would exchange hands, buyer and seller each looking thoroughly victimized. The sun was pouring his hot rays upon the sparkling water, in which boats were bobbing up and down. At the stem of each boat a great bough was raised, as large as half a tree, and under the shade cast by the leaves sat the fishwoman. The position was strikingly picturesque. The scene was lively and enlivening; the water was full of animation; a babel of voices went on around, chattering and bargaining interspersed with much laughter. Most Honorable descent is in all nations were required. These early morning greatly esteemed; besides, it is to be ex- in the fish market are one of the distinct