

AT LINCOLN'S HOME.

ON THE CAR, 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.

he was taking, we mounted a couple of 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 gossiping chat.

with his pants rolled up above his knees, trying to get a flat boot over. The boot had been built at Sangamon town, 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 boot over very well, so the owner concluded he might as well start his store in Salem.

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 irresistibly brutal; they beat their women, and from such savagery emotional reaction is inevitable, and goes by the name of love.

Colonel Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel Webster, was born in this town, and both his father and 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 to 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.

"Dis ain't nothing to the tings I had in my stocking," remarked the irrepressible 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 looking-glass," went on the young woman ecstatically, "and a—"

Social Affinities.

Daniel Webster's Father.

Her Capacious Stocking.

Home Life in Austr'ia.

Money-earning Wives.

In the Fish Market.

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 to distant members of the family, who come to Vienna to spend Christmas and the carnival season. The children, governess, tutors and servants occupy the upper story, but we "maids" generally sleep in an outer room or corridor beside our respective mistresses. We rarely 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, and when strangers are shown through the palace, as they often are, in the absence of the family, no one would suspect that the exquisitely carved oak ante-rooms could assume bedroom costume in two minutes and a quarter.

Club-houses, whence women are rigorously excluded, never lose their allurements for men; few homes can compete with these successfully; the joys of the club-house seem to the average man to be perennial. 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.

The fish markets in Norway are worth seeing. We went to one in Christiania. The fish men and women were all seated in their boats and alongside the stone pavements, shut in from outer water by great logs. Servants and housewives, with great tin baskets hanging on their arms, were bargaining for the day's dinner. Codfish, mackerel, eels and lobsters were in abundance. Anchovies—or a small fish so-called—might almost be counted by the million. The fishwomen, with their loud voices, were contending with their customers—as they have from time immemorial, and will to the end—about price. Now, one male believe 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 of the fish was out of sight, swimming in the holds of the small boats, whence they were fished out with nets as they were required. These early mornings in the fish market are one of the distinctive sights in Norway; where people and customs join hands for the benefit of the traveler.

Compliments and small fishes are often found in shallow places.