

What Came of It.

(Helen E. Starrer in Chicago Weekly Magazine.)

Mr. Smith missed the train by just one-half minute and he was in a furious temper over the matter. He lived in the suburbs and went into the city every day to his place of business. Not once in three months did such a thing happen as his being late for the train, but on this occasion he felt like declaring that half the time he had to rush himself clear out of breath to reach it or else miss it. He was in that exasperated state of mind here when he wanted to blame somebody, abuse somebody; a state of mind which, in a condition of development a little nearer the savage, would impel to acts of cruelty towards any thing or any person on whom anger could be wreaked. Of course the person on whom he could most quickly and with the least impunity cast blame was his wife. It was all her fault. Why couldn't she manage household affairs so that he could get his breakfast earlier? He worked like a slave at his business ten hours a day, he gave her full control of the house and furnished money to run it; she had a servant and it was pure and utter shiftlessness in her that breakfast could not be ready in proper time. Thus soliloquized Mr. Smith, as with anger-flashing eyes he saw the train disappear in the distance.

It was a full hour and a half till the next train; it was nearly half a mile back to Mr. Smith's house. He nervously paced back and forth for a few moments before the depot, debating in his mind whether he should wait there for the next train or go back home. As he mused his anger grew. He would go back home; he would give his wife such a "blowing-up" as she would remember for months. She should feel that it was no light matter to have breakfast five minutes late. He turned his face homeward and stamped heavily along with the air of a man determined to do a desperate deed; his face was flushed with anger and his eye gleamed fiercely.

But as he hastened along somehow or other his absorbed attention was diverted by the song of a bird in the trees that lined his path. He looked up involuntarily. How brightly the sun was shining! The trees were putting forth their tenderest green; so was the grass. He noticed the fragrance of the apple and plum blossoms; he distinguished the peculiar strain of a bird he used to hear in boyhood. He had listened to that bird when he had walked in the meadows with the pretty, shy young maiden whom his heart was bent on winning for his wife. She was his wife now. She was the mother of three rosy, active children; they were his and hers. She was not so pretty as she once was. She was thin and careworn. The plump rosiness and merry smile were for the most part gone. But what a good, true wife she had been to him! And on this bright, sunny, beautiful morning he had been meditating the sharp words he could say to her, and all for a trivial little loss of an hour from business. Mr. Smith's face slackened; his countenance relaxed, his heart melted. On such a morning he could not, would not mar the harmony and beauty of the sunshine and birds and the green things growing. No; if he could not speak kindly words he would hold his peace.

As Mr. Smith neared his house he felt a certain shirking from meeting his wife directly. He almost felt that he might betray on his countenance some of the harsh thoughts he had been thinking. So he went around the side of the house and entered a kitchen door. Bridget was standing with a perplexed and distressed air over the open stove in which smoldered a dark, dying fire.

"What is the matter, Bridget?"
"Faith, sur, and it's the stove that breaks me heart entirely. The grate is broken and the stove-pipe smokes, and when I strive to make a quick fire, here's the way it serves me."
"Well, Bridget, I believe that's all my fault. Your mistress has asked me many times to bring a new grate from the city and also to have a man come and clean out the stove-pipe and chimney. I will put this down in my note book and bring the new grate this evening, and Pat McFinn shall come this very day and fix the pipe."
"Oh, thank you, sur," said Bridget, with a brightening countenance, "and could you have the cistern fixed to?"
"The pump has been broken a long time and it takes so much of me toime and keeps back the work so I be drawing water wid a rope."

Again Mr. Smith's conscience smote him. How often had his wife asked him to have the cistern fixed.
"Yes, Bridget, I will have the cistern fixed also this very day."
"Well, sur, thin I think I'll stay. I was just tellin' the mistress that I wouldn't work any longer with such inconveniences, but if the stove and cistern are fixed a poor girl can get along."

Mr. Smith made another memorandum in his note book and passed on through the dining-room towards his wife's room. He noticed that her plate indicated an untasted breakfast. Softly he opened the door of their room. His wife started up hastily with an expression of alarmed inquiry. Her eyes were wet with tears. The baby, still in his night-clothes, was fretting in the cradle, while a little 2-year-old, partly dressed, tugged at her skirts.

"And so you missed the train—breakfast was late, well, I can't help it—Bridget is going to leave, too," and the poor little woman covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs and tears. She fully expected angry complaints from her husband, and in some vague way she felt that she was to blame. She could not compass everything, and the babies were so troublesome. Oh, did every young mother have so hard a time as she did?
"What, darling, what's the matter?" said Mr. Smith, putting his arm around her.
"Come, I think it is mostly my own fault. I have come through the kitchen and I find Bridget has so much trouble with the stove being broken and the chimney bad that I wonder she can get breakfast at all."
"I ought to get up in time to see that you have your breakfast early," sobbed the poor little woman. "But Bridget is so cross this morning and I—I am so tired."
"And no wonder, darling, that you are tired, with the care of these big babies, wearing on you all the time. You have no business to have any care of the breakfast at all, and you shall not have after this. You need your good morning nap and you shall have it. Bridget is all right. I'm going to get that broken stove fixed and the cistern, and then if Bridget can't get the breakfast in time without you we'll find some other way to do. Come now, cheer up and I'll help you to dress these rogues. I have plenty of time before the next train."
How wonderful is the effect upon the physical nature of a spiritual impulse! How quickly can an uplifted and strengthened spirit energize and strengthen the body! Everything seemed instantly changed for the poor, dejected little Mrs. Smith. She laid her cheek against her husband's, then rested her head on his shoulder. How precious and dear was his love and strength. Her eyes brightened and her cheeks glowed. Her weariness and depression which had been utter misery gave way to a delightful feeling of repose and loving happiness. In the midst of the most prosaic surroundings her heart was full of the finest and most inspiring emotion.

"Dear, dear love, how good you are!" she said. "How you have changed the aspect of everything for me this morning. Had you reproached me as many husbands would have done, I would have sunk in deepest anguish. Your sympathy makes me strong—strong and happy."
Releasing his wife with a tender kiss, Mr. Smith took the baby from the cradle and merrily drew its little stockings and shoes on its little plump, kicking, restless feet. Then he brushed out the other little fellow's curls and buttoned his shoes. Willie, the oldest, had slipped out of the house, and Mr. Smith went to look for him, and found that he had taken advantage of an insecure lock on the gate to run off up the street. Bringing him back, Mr. Smith got the hatchet and in a few minutes had fixed the gate so that Master Willie couldn't open it. His wife smilingly opened the front door and seeing what he had done exclaimed: "Oh, I am so relieved to find that Willie cannot get out of the yard. It has been such a source of annoyance that I could not keep him in."

And now it was time to start for the next train if he stopped to order the stove man and the pump man to do the promised work. So, gaily kissing his wife and children once more, Mr. Smith started for the depot. And as he walked along with a light and joyful heart he mused:
"How cheap a thing is happiness, after all, and yet how easy to turn it into misery! If I had given way to my temper this morning I could have gratified a momentary impulse of unreasonable anger and left behind me saddened and discouraged hearts. If I had not learned of and remedied the discomfort and inconvenience caused by my own negligence, weeks and months of domestic chaos might have followed. Thank heaven for the influence of the song of bird and scent of flower, and thank heaven, too, for all the gentle influences and sweet affections that can make the most uneventful life a blessing. Dear, good wife! and dear little children! Thank God I have left them happy this morning if I did miss the train."

A Chinese Soldier's Rations.
On the banks were several battalions of infantry, encamped in good tents, all laid out in first-class order, properly pitched and nicely entrenched. The whole arrangement was on the European system. I went ashore among the tents and saw the evening meal being served out. The rations consisted of rice, pork, fat, vegetables, and fish. Each man got a huge bowl of the mixture. All the men sat down around the bowl, each with his chop-sticks ready for action. There was no ceremony. Every soldier filled his cup and then began to fill his mouth. In a few minutes nothing was to be seen but clink and chop-sticks moving simultaneously. A dead silence had fallen on the camp, and till the attack on the rations was over not a Chinaman spoke.

Then there was a movement toward the camp-fires for hot water, to be poured over the tea leaves, of which each man seemed to have a supply, and after this camp merriment and talk, for the serious business of the day is over. I found the soldiers had had one meal like that in the early part of the day, and that the two rations were all they got, but they were quite contented and happy, and looked in very good condition. I learned that one secret of their happiness was the abundance of pork fat served out. At Hangchow it appears that the authorities were more than usually free with this felicitous accompaniment of a Chinese soldier's dinner.

Only the Hired Girl.
A little 3-year-old was out in the garden, when she stepped on a beetle and killed it. The gardener, in a sympathetic tone, said to her: "Perhaps that was a mother beetle gathering food for her children at home, and they may suffer with hunger," when Ida replied with apparent honesty, "I guess, Uncle Frank, it was not the mother I killed, but was only the hired girl."

Bonded to Stick.
I remember how the jockeys used to ride in the olden days. They had no saddles, and each man who mounted a horse was required to wear home-made linen pants. A vial of honey was poured on the back of the horse, and the honey coming in contact with the raw linen, formed an adhesion sufficiently strong to keep the rider in his position and enable him to ride with safety.

A MARYLAND ESTATE.
How the Negroes Were Provided for—Their Allowance of Food and Clothing.
Fred Douglass, in his autobiography, thus describes the management of a Maryland estate, in the times of slavery: "The men and the women slaves on Col. Lloyd's farm received as their monthly allowance of food eight pounds of pickled pork or their equivalent in fish. The pork was often tainted, and the fish was of the poorest quality—herrings—which would bring very little if offered for sale at any northern market. With their pork or fish they had one bushel of Indian meal, unbolthead, of which about 15 per cent. was fit only to feed pigs. With this one pound of salt was given, and this was the entire monthly allowance of a full-grown slave, working constantly in the open field from morning till night every day in the month except Sunday, and living on a fraction more than a quarter of a pound of meat per day and less than a peck of corn meal per week. The yearly allowance of clothing consisted of two tow-linen shirts, such as the coarsest crash towels are made of; two pairs of trousers, one for summer and one for winter; one winter jacket, and one pair of yaru stockings, and only one pair of shoes. The slave's entire apparel could not have cost more than \$8 a year."

An Old Physician's Views.
I believe, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it. It is rather in the fact that those who are supposed to fall in physical health by its use, or who use it to excess, do so because they create by their course of life or labor a morbid demand for the stimulant. I have already shown how a board of trade man may rush off to get a drink to prevent a reaction from excitement. It is so with many other vocations. Take a compositor on a morning paper. He will work all night, and have his slumbers broken in the day. He rises unrefreshed. He must work again, and, utterly prostrated, suffering from nervous losses, he drinks to restore himself. He continues this course for years, and becomes a wreck. Whether from the drink or the work for which he may have been constitutionally unfitted I could not say, unless I could determine what would have been the result had he followed either course and left the other alone.

A Plea for Little Men.
Surely the anthropometrists will do harm if they encourage the craze of tallness. It seems one ambition of mothers that their boys should be tall. Napoleon and Wellington and Nelson were short. The Romans dominated Italy because individual physical inferiority made them perfect their organization. To say that the English is the tallest race is simply to say that they are hewers of wood and drawers of water for the rest. The tallness of Saxon invaders proves little. Although reach was of more importance in the days of sword and ax than now, the tall Saxon did not in point of fact oust the shorter Celt or Neolithic except in places where command of the sea gave him power to concentrate rapidly. It is to organization, sanitary education, etc., and not to tallness, or even to weight, that one race must look to beat another now, as in the days when Rome beat the mountaineers. But if we are to admire physical condition, surely we should be taught to look to size round the chest in men, and to size, where size is wanted in women, and not to tallness in either case.

One of the Serious Wants.
In the carriage-makers' convention in New Haven, Conn., after the committee on apprenticeship had reported in favor of restoring the old system of indenturing apprentices until they reach their majority. Mr. John W. Britton, of New York, said: "One of the serious wants of this country and of our trade is good boys. Our boys are deteriorating, as are our men. The greatest difficulty we experience in New York is that of getting boys who have brains and are willing to learn a trade thoroughly. The example of men who have made millions in a few years is held up before our boys in school, and the boys become inflamed with the notion that they must make their millions and be able to found cross-roads colleges before they die. So they eschew trades and become poor professionals."

The Authorship of "Old Grimes."
The New York Tribune has been trying to fix the authorship of the pathetic ballad, "Old Grimes." The weight of the testimony is in favor of Albert G. Green, a graduate of Brown university and author of "The Baron's Last Banquet." There is a pretty well authenticated claim, however, that the author was a student of the Vale college during the presidency of Dr. Dwight. In those days the janitor of the institution was an eccentric character, who wore "an old brown coat," and was called by the students Professor of Dust and Ashes. He died, and the claim is that one of the college rhymesters wrote the lines in question, which were sung by a lot of heartless students who assembled for that purpose on the roof of the college building.

A Useless Habit.
The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing, which is habitual with many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation. A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers.

A Warning.
A Boston editor became "a walking encyclopedia of historical and biographical knowledge" and then died. People should not try to be encyclopedias unless they expect to be soon laid on the shelf.

BEWARE, PROUD WORLD.
Beware, proud world! now thou deapest
The humblest of thy creatures, lest
In melancholy's sinless mine
He chance upon a steel divine
Whose edge shall cleave your torturing
chain,
And break your captive gods' relentless
reign.

Two Ways of Doing It.
A celebrated singer told me this week two stories of the elder Bennett. When Parepa first came to this country she called at the Bennett mansion and presented a letter of introduction which she brought from Europe. Mrs. Bennett, who was a dressy and rather magnificent society lady, received her in the parlor, and, after welcoming her, bore her to the library where her distinguished husband was at his desk. "Father," said Mrs. Bennett, "father here is Mme. Parepa, come to ask the protection of our paper."
Mr. Bennett expressed his pleasure at seeing her, but Parepa bridled perceptibly and exclaimed earnestly: "No! no! Pardon me! You surely mistake. I do not come to ask the protection of The Herald, but only to present a personal letter of introduction from your friends."
Constraint and embarrassment followed. Mrs. Bennett was angry. The call was short. And The Herald never gave a word of cordial praise to Parepa till both her host and hostess were dead.

How Londoners Dress.
The streets generally were thronged with people, principally gentlemen. English ladies seem to walk but little in the streets. The London gentlemen are a fine looking set of men. They dress remarkably well, wholly in Prince Albert coats and white vests and ties. They wear the glossiest, most shining hats, which we call "stovepipes," which make them look taller and better dressed than the "beanoops" of America. Nearly every gentleman has either a rose, jasmine or a tuberosa in his button-hole. It may be their dress or their hats that give the impression, but English gentlemen look taller than Americans. Their physical development is good; their faces handsome; their features clearly cut. Most of them are clean shaven, except a small mustache and neat side-boards. There are very few beards to be seen among the better class of young Englishmen.

The streets of London are enlivened with red-coated soldiers. They are a fine looking class; their dress very bright in color and well cut. On the streets they usually wear a cap, resembling a smoking cap, which they jauntily perch on one side of the head, and in their hands carry a lithe or slender walking cane. Their walk is very regular and their bearing military; and on account of the number one sees they contribute quite a feature among the city sights.

After Nineteen Years.
On the 21st of June, 1864, a young lady residing in Frankfort Ky., sent a letter addressed to "Lieut. J. K. P. South, Company D, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, Lewis' Brigade, Wheeler's Division," which was forwarded but never received by Mr. South. After the war the letter came into the possession of Rev. E. C. Gurrant, of Mount Sterling, who placed it in a box with a number of other mementoes of his comrades of the "lost cause," where it was discovered by Mr. W. F. Haven, editor of The Mount Sterling Sentinel, who forwarded the long missing letter to Mr. South, who received it one day last week. The fair writer at the time she wrote the letter was the betrothed of Mr. South, but is long since married to another man, and now resides in Louisville. Lieut. South is the father of a family residing in Pa. Mr. South intends to send the long-sealed letter after he reads the contents to the lady as a reminder of their former friendship.

Thaddeus Stevens' Grave.
Stevens had purchased and paid for lots in the "Lancaster" cemetery before he knew that its charter limited its tenants to those in whose veins ran no African blood. He then negotiated for ground in "Woodward Hill" cemetery, but ascertaining that they, too, didn't think a black man good enough to moulder to dust in their graveyard, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that they're a set of fools, too?" Mrs. Smith says that the directors then offered to have the obnoxious limitation stricken out of Stevens' deed, but the old man declared he would have nothing to do with them or their cemetery, and that he would rather be buried in Potter Field. And so this consistent champion of the oppressed turned to the less pretentious burial ground, where he now lies, beneath that graven tablet whereof all the world knows and honors.

Progress in Medication.
Since the time of our fathers great changes have taken place, all in the region of the diminution of the volume and number of drugs administered. Doses are getting smaller, pills are dwindling in size, and are now growing so beautifully less as to be at no distant period their final, blessed extinction without hope of re-irrection. Drops are substituted for table-spoonsful, and effervescing salts for the black draught of still blackberry. The whilom bolus, monstrous size and nastiness, is an extinct thing, and what pills still remain are dwarfed forms over the old-fashioned coats of varied hue, or solves in the selective
We must plunge, Ned

returned to Jan. 1st, and
a very fine stock of
and examine the

LEXINGTON.
The Old-Time Athens of the South—The Commercial Centre of the West.
[A. K. McClure in Philadelphia Times.]
I find myself for the first time in Lexington, the home of Clay. Grand as it is in the associations which gather about his illustrious name and career, it is not the Lexington that called the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" to seek home and fame in the Kentucky wilderness. When he turned his youthful face toward the setting sun in 1797, and cast his lot in the outpost of civilization, the Lexington of that day was regarded as the future inland commercial centre of the south and west. It was baptized as the camp-fire of pioneers, by the patriotic impulse that welcomed the news of the Lexington battle in Massachusetts, and Virginia culture and refinement came to the land of Boone and made the new Lexington the Athens of the west. Clay and Polk both came from the Old Dominion to rise with the most promising and cultured people of the new commonwealth, and both honored it in later years, in the senate of the United States. And their dreams of social and commercial pre-eminence for their new western home, long seemed to be certain of fulfillment.

Before Clay had reached national distinction as Commoner, Lexington had become the great commercial centre of the west, with Cincinnati, Louisville, and all the near west and south seeking it as a wholesale trading depot. Its law and medical colleges rivaled even the great cities of the east, and its temples of learning were the pride of the nation. Transylvania university was the Yale of the south, with its charter from parent Virginia ante-dating the independence of the colonies. The population of Lexington was once three times that of Louisville or Cincinnati, and it was the centre of southern intellect, refinement and elegance. It has furnished the most illustrious line of statesmen of any city or county in the union. Nine residents of Fayette county have borne the high commission of proud Kentucky to the United States senate, and among them were such memorable names as Clay, Marshall, Breckenridge, and last, though not least, the present Senator Beck, who cast his first vote for Clay in 1844; and twice that number have made the name of Lexington familiar in the house of representatives.

But commerce is shifting as the sands of the sea, and the Lexington that Henry Clay dreamed of and saw in commercial and social pre-eminence three score years ago, is now, as compared with that day, another sweet Auburn, grandest in the fragment memories of festive greatness. The steamboat's hoarse song was heard on the Ohio; commerce fled to worship at new altars, and the city lots which sold at fabulous prices in the suburbs of Lexington, have long been gathered back into heart-some and bountiful blue grass farms.

I spent a most interesting and instructive morning here with one of the few surviving contemporaries of Clay when Lexington was the boasted Athens of the west. Benjamin Gratz has braved the storms of ninety winters. He tells of Philadelphia when a city less than the present Louisville and of Lexington as the boasted inland city of the continent. He once pointed to Transylvania university in its grandest distinction as part of his own work, and he shared every joy and sorrow of Henry Clay. His eyes are sightless and his fine form bowed by the weight of years, but his face brightens with almost the fervor of youth when he tells the story of the devotion of Lexington to the gallant "Harry of the West." The city of Penn that he left to become part of the future metropolis of the west now has nearly a million people within its limits, and the western metropolis, founded so hopefully in the heart of the beautiful and bountiful blue grass region, is to-day a pretty village, rich in legend and tradition, richer in the nation's records of enduring fame, but with all the glory of early dreams departed.

Fault of Our School System.
[R. F. Butler.]
We school the children too much; that is to say, we keep them at school all the year round; we continually force their perceptive and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties. In other words, they don't reflect upon what they have learned or attempt to apply it in their own minds. We cram them with too many studies. How else is the fact to be accounted for that a child in the country, having but four months' schooling in the year, will come to Boston more matured in his education than one who has had nine months' schooling in the year? In our city schools there is too much teaching and too little learning. By that I mean to say that the great press of studies placed upon the young mind by oral teachings for a few minutes at a time, and a different study most every hour in the day, tend to break up the continuity of the pupil's thought, and the oral addresses and lectures receive but little attention from the tired minds of the pupils.

Another Fashionable Craze.
Just now it is said to be a craze among the fashionable ladies of New York society to own valuable cows, paying for them sums varying from \$6,000 to \$16,000. They affect a glass of milk night and morning, which is quite as expensive as the masculine cocktail at that rate of investment.

The High School Translation.
"You ought to be in our room now," said Amy; "we have a teacher that rules the roost."
"Well," replied the high school girl, "I'd be ashamed of myself. You should say, 'Governs the horizontal perch on which the fowl repose,' not 'rules the roost.'"

Voltaire: I never was but twice in my life completely on the verge of ruin—first, when I lost a lawsuit; and, secondly, when I gained one.
Baron Nathaniel Rothschild takes dinner on golden plates.