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JOB WORK

Time Enough. Two little squirrels, out in the sun. One gathered nuts, the other had none. "Time enough yet," his constant refrain, "Summer is still only just on the wane."

Stephen Girard. Nearly every person who went to the Centennial talks about Stephen Girard. They knew somewhat of him before, but because they only read of him they did not feel much interest.

When he was sixteen years of age he settled in Philadelphia, and before he was twenty he married a servant girl, who was as pretty as a doll. Her name was Polly Lum, only seventeen years old, the daughter of a poor man who repaired vessels, a caulker by trade.

But pretty Polly had better have gone on cooking dinner, washing clothes, and mending, etc., for the marriage proved a very unhappy one. The young husband's temper was unmanageable—he was hard and stern and cold, and exasperating in his broken French and English.

At the time of his death, in 1831, his estate was valued at twelve millions of dollars, and by his will was all to be devoted to educating destitute children, and to the relief of the poor and distressed. As is too often the case in important matters of this kind, prolonged litigation was one of the deplorable results.

of Philadelphia; secondly, those of Pennsylvania; thirdly, of New York, and fourthly, of New Orleans. Generous provision was made for these poor children between the ages of six and ten years, and when between fourteen and eighteen years of age, they are to be bound out to learn trades or follow useful occupations.

The trustees are very watchful lest the will be violated or broken, though years ago they decided to introduce the Bible for the use of the pupils, not deeming such a step at variance with the will of the founder.

It is gratifying to know that the present President of that noble and humane institution is the President of the American Bible Society, a L. D., and a man of unblemished Christian character.

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after day and know that I am only a care to you. I go only that you may be happy. I am but a child; you will soon forget me, and think me as dead. But you will never know how dearly you were loved by 'Cora.'

"That was all. For the last ten years I have looked everywhere for my child wife, and have not found her. During that time I have learned to love her. It almost breaks my heart when I think that she has lost to me, whether she is dead or not. If I could but find her, and tell her that the man she loved only too well at last loves her! I would give my whole life to see her happy. But I fear that it can never be."

"I know of nothing to prevent," said Harry, "except my own selfishness. I fear you will not find me a very cheerful addition. Your promise of music wins me. Cora was a sweet singer."

"I am sorry," she said, "I ought not to have sung it, as it is connected with one of the saddest periods of my own life."

"You need not," she interrupted softly. "I know it, and have known it for a long time. 'You know it!' cried Harry. 'There are only three persons in the world who know it—René Woodward, my wife and myself. René could never have told you.' He had not been looking at her while she spoke; she had risen and stood by his side. Laying her hand on his arm, she said—

Russia and the Dardanelles. Let us now consider the fearful preponderance which Russia would gain by the possession of these straits, including of course that half of European Turkey bordering upon them. We have seen that the shores of the Black Sea furnish every facility for the construction of a navy of any required strength, and its waters afford ample space for its training.

With these approaches in her grasp, Russia might in ten years construct and discipline her fleet there, perfectly safe from molestation by the navies of Europe. Fleets built and equipped at Sebastopol, Kerfou, and Nicolai, could sweep through the Dardanelles, closed to all except themselves, enter the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, and dominate over their shores and over the commerce of every nation which has to use those waters as a highway.

Great Britain would be first and most immediately menaced; by this for a strong military and naval power established on the Bosphorus would hold in command the shortest way of communication with her possessions in India. The Car would hold in control the route by way of the Suez canal; or at least Great Britain could keep it open only by maintaining a vasty superior fleet on the Mediterranean; and it would be difficult for her to maintain there a fleet which would not be practically overmatched by one which Russia could easily keep up in the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

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Webster's Personal Appearance. Mr. Webster was a model of manly excellence, of the highly civilized type; he looked the gentleman perfected. His person represented the highest style of artificial breeding. Though the son of a plain farmer, he was, physically, the impersonation of the form produced by a descent from a long line of conquering, intellectual, out-of-door exercising race.

His body was strong and muscular, his chest full, his head large and firmly set upon his shoulders. His back was deeply indented, and his most careless pose suggested pride of carriage, which idea was confirmed by the natural elevation of his face. His manners, nevertheless, were singularly unpretentious, almost childlike. He never strode into the Senate, but sauntered in, as if personally unnoticed, and himself without a care or purpose. This manner, really so fascinating, concealed all outward show of his passing thoughts, or immediate intentions.

His eyes were of a deep, clear blue, and all of his mental resources were in hand, that he never was agitated or embarrassed. His repartee in the private parlor, or festive board, was as quick and bright as were his legal arguments in the Supreme Court unanswerable, or his elegance in the Senate unsurpassed. Before delivering a speech he often appeared absent-minded, and so conscious of the audience being surrounded by an audience. Rising to his feet, he seemed to gradually recover perfect self-possession, by assuming a quiet manner, which was aided by thrusting his right hand within the folds of his vest, while his left hung gracefully by his side.

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Fete Days in Paris. The Radicals are very anxious to have a national fete day, but there will be some difficulty in selecting one. It is related that when Lady Morgan visited Paris in 1829 she said to Lafayette, "Ah, Marquis, how can the French find their way among all the dates with which they spangle their conversation?" Which of these dates shall now be chosen to replace the 15th of August, or St. Napoleon's Day, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, is perhaps out of the question just now.

Since the taking of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, no fewer than twenty-seven famous dates have been added to the republican calendar. Among the most celebrated of these may be mentioned the 10th of August, when the Tuilleries was taken by storm; the 21st of January, when Louis XVI. was guillotined; the 31st of May, which witnessed the fall of the Girondists; the 21st of September, or Vendémiaire, proclamation of the Republic; the 9th Thermidor, which saw the end of the Reign of Terror and the fall of Robespierre; the 10th Vendémiaire, which beheld the appearance of Bonaparte on the scene of action, when he treated the factions to a whiff of grapeshot on the steps of St. Roch; the 18th Brumaire, when he assumed the chief power after first driving out the Chamber.

After the Empire and the Restoration, with their dates, came the three days of July which saw the downfall of Charles X., and next the 24th of February which witnessed the expulsion of his successor Louis Philippe, and the birth of another Republic. The Republic of 1848 has its dates, such as the 15th of May, when the Constituent Assembly was invaded by the clubs; the 5th of March, when universal suffrage was born; the three days of June, when Cavagnac smote the Socialists hip and thigh; the 10th of December, when Louis Napoleon was elected President; the 13th of June, when there was a revolt and Ledru Rollin escaped by a skylight.

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A Real Romance. A romantic case is a subject of inquiry before a commission held at the suit of the attorney general of Victoria and nine claimants, one resident in this country and the rest in America. The case is one of intestacy, and the question substantially raised is the legitimacy of the claimants. The amount of property involved is estimated at between £50,000 and £90,000. It was realized by one Patrick Cody, who, it is stated, was born in the old jail of Newgate in this city on St. Patrick's Day, 1816, and died in Australia on June 16, 1872.

The mother of the deceased was a servant, who was convicted of stealing plate which belonged to her master. She was sentenced by the then recorder of the city to seven years' transportation, and while awaiting the arrival of a convict ship at Cork to take her to New South Wales she gave birth to the deceased, who was baptized Patrick in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Michael, which has an entrance directly opposite that leading to old Newgate in Halston street. At the termination of her sentence his mother got "the run" of the country and married a freed convict named Buckley. Whether this second marriage was bigamous or not does not appear, but the Buckley's prospered. The woman died at an advanced age, and her memory is honored in poetry and prose in monumental marble in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Sydney. Her son, having been one of the earliest settlers in Gipps Land, amassed a very large fortune and bore a high character for benevolence and rectitude. After her death search was made for a will, but none could be found.

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THE HAVARD examinations for women will be held simultaneously in the first fortnight of June, '77, at Cambridge, New York, and Cincinnati.