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JOB WORK.

Love Song.

If I were a violet, a sweet, white violet, Growing in the sun and in the dew, Struggling through the cold spring time, Hard-bested by cruel time, I should surely blow for you.

A Parable.

Once there was born a man with a great genius for painting and sculpture. It was not in his work that he was born, but in a world very much like this in some respects, and very different in others.

A Wilted Antocrat.

I doubt if ever a man made himself more obnoxious to the traveling public brought into contact with him than did Jason Warrenton, whilom station-master on the Maine and on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.

Extravagance.

It is not often that we find in the daily press words more timely and more true than the following from the New York Daily Times:

The Science of Naval Warfare.

A correspondent writing of a recent reconnaissance of the Turkish fleet to the eastward of the Dardanelles, says: "Before concluding I may say a few words respecting the admirable manner in which the concentration of the enemy's fire was managed."

The Power of the Czar.

If I were to sum up the cardinal fault of the Russian army in three words I should say it is the total "want of initiative."

Farjeon, the V.

Benjamin Leoopold Farjeon, the rival in literary little street near eastern district, and, while at home, he has been a wand-globe. His of French mother an E does not mean those of most are extremely good, that he was annually. G there are still i sister, and they comment to his son, and the m themselves, is u on both sides, reputation has b growth, is saving, but it is the cul- culture and special training from boy- hood, and his work is a passion. His father was a gentleman of unusually high attainments, and his mother was an educated woman. He learned the trade of compositor, but soon gravitated into the editorial chair, where most of his life was spent until his reputation as a novelist became so great that his work in the new direction obliged him to abandon his profession. His best editorial work was done at Danvers, New Zealand, where he went at the time of the opening of the gold field, and started the first daily paper in what was then an unknown land. The Octavo Times when started was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper, but such was the energy and ability of its management that before a year it had, by various additions, grown to the proportions of the London Times. While the paper was still young its office was located with all it contained, one Saturday night. The only other printing office in the city belonged to a Scotchman of very strict religious views, who would not allow his office to be used on Sunday. Determined to issue his paper on Monday, Mr. Farjeon and his men, with the assistance of the police, broke into the Scotchman's place, and the paper had been printed before its owner found out that he had taken forcible possession. Energy of this sort assured the progress of the paper, and has made Mr. Farjeon's success in whatever he has undertaken. Readers are apt to gain impressions of an author's personality from his writings, and such impressions are very usually correct. Mr. Farjeon, as a man, is such the same to those who delight in his readers in books. So great is this that a stranger to him and his books finds an unalloyed interest in the hearty, friendly way in which his acquaintances talk of him—and those who know him cannot help talking of him. He is frank almost to boyishness, and is extremely sympathetic. His work has been the dream of a life and his success is its realization. With such a passion and absorption he he, work, and so keenly sympathetic is he, that he fell in love with his heroine while he was engaged on "Joshua Marvel," and when she died, which became necessary in the finale of the story, as he finished the sentence he fainted away, and remained unconscious for an hour. When he awakened it was with the words addressed to a brother who was standing beside him, "I loved her." But he is thoroughly manly, and indulges in boxing, riding, shooting, fencing and billiards with all the energy he displays in his work. He is an inveterate smoker, and his bachelor quarters back of the Strand and overlooking the Thames Embankment, which he deserted for a wife in June, was full of pistols, field-glasses, tobacco-pipes, and similar articles as if he had been the Bohemian he was not. He is a theatre-goer and has written several plays, which have been favorably received, and it is understood that his own dramatization of "Griff" will be presented in New York. The works which have made his reputation are "Griff," "Joshua Marvel," "Blade of Grass," "London's Heart," "Bread and Cheese and Kiosks."—N. Y. Graphic.

The True Civil Service Theory.

The theory of our institutions is plain; it is that government is an agency created for the good of the people, and that every person in office is the agent and servant of the people. Offices are created, not for the benefit of those who are to fill them, but for the public convenience; and they ought to be no more in number, nor should higher salaries be attached to them than the public service requires.

The Duchess's Watch.

When Queen Victoria was about thirty years younger than she is now, she was inclined to be very exact in the way of business, and more especially in the way of promptness to appointed times and places. Seven years ago, a green, four years old wife, and three years a mother, she felt probably a more weighty dignity resting upon her than she has felt since. And yet no crust of dignity or royal station could ever entirely shut out her innate goodness of heart.

The Social Organization of Ants.

Let us suppose that, having no previous acquaintance with the subject, we were suddenly informed, on good authority, that there existed in some part of the globe a race of beings who lived in domed habitations, aggregated together so as to form vast and populous cities; that they exercised jurisdiction over the adjoining territory, laid out regular roads, executed tunnels underneath the beds of rivers, stationed guards at the entrance of their towns, carefully removed any offensive matter, maintained a rural police, organized extensive hunting-expeditions, at times even waged war upon neighboring communities, took provisions and reduced them to a state of slavery; that they not merely stored up provisions with due care, to avoid their decomposition by damp and fermentation, but that they cultivated the soil and gathered in the harvest. We should unquestionably regard these creatures as human beings, who had made no small progress in civilization, and should ascribe their actions to reason.

Grace Greenwood at Home.

Luce Stone visited Grace Greenwood at her home in Concord, which she says is "a neat brick house, covered all over with vines, the door-yard was green with grass, soft as a fresh mat on Boston Common. In June, a Thrift and a cherry tree grew by the brick fence, while elm, ash, cotton-wood trees were all along her sidewalk. Grape vines and strawberries in abundance were in their appropriate places, while flowers, rare and beautiful, filled every available place. This vine-covered and shaded house, in its cozy parlor, a fine library of standard books, well bound and set in a handsome book-case. There is a piano and a violin; engravings and paintings on the walls, around which the climbing fern and many another wildwood growth twines in and out. The bay window on one side, and the broad mullioned window on the other, attract the passer, by the bright flowers in one and the green and growing plants in the other. The neat dining-room holds a table of plants, and the cozy living-room, with its open fireplace, looks out over a great wealth of color from choice places in view. Order, neatness and comfort are everywhere. The mistress and owner of the house, not only makes this hospitable home a thing of beauty and of comfort, but strong, sensible, executive and consecutive, she carries on a large, profitable business, and helps to organize and arrange all the suffrage work for this great State."

De Minimis Non Curat Lex.

The circuit judge was aided by two associate judges, whose judicial services were paid for at the rate of three dollars for each day of session, no mileage or other expenses being allowed. The grade of professional ability likely to be called out by such a rate of compensation may be imagined. When it happened that the judge, because of some legal disability, had temporarily vacated his seat, the elder of the two associates presided, and on such occasions judge and counsel not infrequently came into collision. An example of old date, which went the rounds of the bar at the time, occurs to me.

De Minimis Non Curat Lex.

"There is a legal maxim applicable in this case, to which I invite your attention," said the judge, "de minimis non curat lex." Here he paused, intending, doubtless, to add the translation, but ere he could do so, the judge broke in: "Come, Pudge, none of your Pottowatmy! Give us plain English."

De Minimis Non Curat Lex.

"No, no, sir, it is too late; if you had brought it to me at first, we might possibly have used it sharp enough for you to use a little while with great care; but it is past help now." The judge ran frantically around the country, trying to borrow a similar instrument from some one. But one of the most remarkable peculiarities about these sets of instruments given by the ruler of this world I am speaking of was, that they were of no use at all in the hands of anybody except the one to whom the ruler had given them. They were not fitted to his hand; he could not make the kind of stroke he wanted to make with them. So he went sadly back to the ruler, and said: "Oh, sir, I am most unhappy; I cannot execute this beautiful design for your state."

De Minimis Non Curat Lex.

"But why cannot you execute it?" said the ruler. "Alas, sir," said the unfortunate man, "my eyes and accident one of my finest tools was so rusted that it cannot be restored. Without that tool it is impossible to make this state."

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