

AT REST.

Poor girl  
Fold her hands, cross her feet,  
Leave her to her slumber sweet  
She hath earned it well  
Every day for many years  
Came had she for bitter tears,  
And they daily fell.  
See the hollows in her cheek,  
Marks of woe she could not speak:  
See her sunken eye,  
Worn and wasted is her frame,  
None too soon her slumber came  
Touch her tenderly  
Hard as iron was her fate,  
Life for her was desolate,  
Full of yearnings vain,  
Sympathy and loving care  
Fell not to poor Mary's share,  
Wake her not again.  
All she trusted faithless proved,  
Every creature that she loved  
Shortly changed, or died,  
Good is for her to rest,  
Seldom, sure, was human breast  
More severely tried.  
Often has she slept before,  
Dreaming woe was hers no more,  
Life and sorrow past;  
But from such delusive sleep  
Ever more she woke to weep—  
Peace is here at last.

Poor girl  
True and tender hearted one  
Hard it was that death alone  
Comfort had for her,  
Fold her hands, cross her feet,  
Lay her, reborn all white and sweet,  
In the sepulchre.

Augusta Moore in New York Mail and Express.

Thought He Knew Every One.

Tom Fletcher had the good fortune to be born in County Kildare, Ireland, and to emigrate to New York at ten years of age. At twenty-five he had attained a six foot physique, a big black beard and a clerkship in "uptown postoffice station Q."

Looking through the little brass bars of the general delivery one day he saw approaching Mr. Barney McGuffin, a fine old Irish gentleman he had known in boyhood. The old man was unchanged, but the boy had outgrown Mr. McGuffin's remembrance.

"I dunno, is it too late for t' stamer 'th' day?" said the old man as he poked a letter through the bars for "The Widow O'Brien, Curragh of Kildare, Kildare county, Ireland."

"An' is this to de Widde O'Brien that lives on d' Ballywink road?" said Tom in his best brogue.

"An' how the devil did you know she lived on d' Ballywink road?"

"Phat would Oi be doin' in de post office at Oi didn't know the Widde O'Brien lived on d' Ballywink road? Git away from d' widdy now; you've had y'r toime."

And the old man was frequently seen to stop on the sidewalk and gaze with awe and wonder at the man "what knowned everybody in Oireland."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

The Poet Riley and Mrs. Wilcox.

"Can you recall more than a single instance of a man of letters marrying a literary wife?" asked a Chicago writer the other day. "Browning? Yes, I know another instance which comes pretty near it. I do not think the fact is generally known, but James Whitcomb Riley, in the earlier days of his literary career, was a most ardent admirer of Ella Wheeler, the poetess of passion, and a favored suitor for her hand."

"Both the young people were poor, however, and neither had attained a national reputation at that time, although both had written some very charming specimens of verse. I do not know whether Ella ever intended to marry the young Hoosier poet or not, but I do know that young Riley was nearly heartbroken when their cordial relations were snuffed."—Chicago Mail.

High Sheriff Benjamin D'Israeli.

An Irish antiquarian has discovered that the "Benjamin D'Israeli, Esq.," who was high sheriff of the county of Carlow in 1810 was an uncle of Lord Beaconsfield. He is buried in St. Peter's church, Dublin, having died in 1814, aged forty-eight. This Benjamin, of whom none of the writers on Lord Beaconsfield appears to have known anything whatever, left a large fortune, and his will, which is preserved in the Dublin record office, is signed "Benjamin D'Israeli." Lord Beaconsfield once wrote asking for a copy of his uncle's will, but neither his name nor his father's appears in the document. Benjamin D'Israeli the elder was only the half brother of the author of the "Curiosities of Literature."—London Truth.

A French Tale.

Every householder in the capital of France is called upon to fill out a paper upon which there are questions regarding some of the internal machinery of the menage. The name of every person who has spent the night in the house has to be written out, and another point mentioned is the number of windows of which the house is possessed. It seems that the Elysee, the house of President Carnot, has 114, and the number of domestics employed twenty-six. —New York Evening Sun.

Animal Life at the Surface of the Sea.

The surface of the sea is alive with vast swarms of minute organisms, both plants and animals, and the Challenger investigations have shown conclusively that showers of these keep dropping day and night like a constant rain toward the ooze of the bottom.—Current Literature.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. It is one of the extraordinary developments of human nature, that while men can sympathize with each other, condole with each other, each individual suffers his own pangs and distress, and suffers them alone.

The sea urchin has five teeth in five jaws—one in each jaw—all the five immediately surrounding the stomach. The jaws have a peculiar centralized motion, all turning inward and downward, so that they also act as feeders.

Beautiful meteorological photographs of clouds and the aspect of the sky have been taken by reflecting the object in a mirror of black glass placed in front of the object glass of the camera.

LAWYERS AND LAW FIRMS.

Some Recent Developments in the Law Practice of the Metropolitan  
The practice of law in New York is not only a profession but a business. Many small factories occupy less room and employ fewer people than some of the great law firms of this city. Law partnerships have always existed here, but the large law firm with half a dozen partners, a host of clerks and a corps of office boys, all occupying a large suite of apartments in a tall office building, is a thing of comparatively recent growth. The office rent alone of such a firm would have been a handsome income for any but the most successful lawyers of fifty years ago.

The law firm that acts as counsel for a great local corporation employs forty clerks, all of them lawyers, graduates in law or law students, eight or ten "examiners" to collect evidence, four or five stenographers, from six to ten typewriters, four or five proofreaders, a cashier, a man in charge of documents and half a dozen office boys. The pay roll of such a firm must foot up \$800 a week. Law clerks are paid from \$500 to \$2,000 a year; stenographers from \$750 to \$1,000; typewriters from \$600 to \$800 and office boys from \$300 to \$400. The office rent of such a firm is not likely to be less than \$4,000 a year. Many smaller firms pay out \$5,000 a year in salaries.

One effect of this development in the practice of law is the lessening of business for beginners. When a law firm has half a dozen salaried lawyers at its call, even small cases are not despised. Many a suit involving less than \$100 is placed in the hands of law firms whose annual transactions may involve millions. The clerk that is set at such minor tasks may be a graduate of the best law school in the land or a lawyer ten years at the bar. Many a well educated and capable lawyer is unable to build up a practice in New York, and if nothing else presents itself such a man gladly accepts one of the better paid clerkships in a large office. He may know vastly more law than some members of the employing firm, for great law firms are not composed exclusively of great lawyers.

The important thing is that a man may be able to attract clients, and this he may do in a dozen ways not involving a knowledge of law. One man was admitted to partnership in an important New York law firm because it was known that he could bring a single \$15,000 fee to the office. Such a case, however, is rare.

The great law firms of New York do not attempt to maintain large private libraries. The libraries of the Law Institute in the postoffice building and of the Bar association in Twenty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, furnish facilities that make large office libraries no longer a necessity. When an important question involving an examination of authorities is to be looked up, a clerk is dispatched to the Law Institute, where he has ample opportunities to consult whatever book he may need.

Some of the most famous lawyers in town pass whole days in the library of the Bar association. Attendants are ready at a signal of an electric bell to bring whatever book may be needed. The place is absolutely free from noise and from the intrusion of clients. Some of the most famous cases of recent times have been prepared in this library. It is a favorite workshop at night and on Sunday. No liquors or cigars are sold upon the premises, but smoking is permitted in the parlor. In fact, the Bar association affords many of the comforts but few of the privileges of a club.—New York Recorder.

He Finally Reached School.

An amusing story is told of a pretty little Stockton schoolboy who makes it the rule to get to school rather late in the morning. The kind teacher, who had too much regard for the little fellow to punish him harshly, resorted to sharp lectures for his tardiness, but the whole some advice did no good, so she wrote a note to the little scholar's mother, telling of his shortcomings, and asking the parent if he could not be made to come to school early, as he was always tardy.

The next day the mother had her son up bright and early and started him to school early enough for him to make the round trip before school time. When the luncheon hour came the little chap arrived home happy and very hungry. But the first question put to him by his fond mother was: "My son, did you get to school in time this morning?" "Oh, yes, ma," said he. "I got to school early to-day—I got there in time for recess!"—Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.

Pitying an Official.

When M. Thiers, once president of the French republic, revisited his native town he found one or two old men who had been the companions of his boyhood some sixty years ago, and whom he had not seen since.

He asked one of them what he had been doing, to which the old man replied, with evident satisfaction, that he had been driving a flourishing trade in the boot and shoe line.

"And what have you been about?" he in his turn asked of M. Thiers.

The latter explained that he was the ex-president of the republic.

"What," ejaculated his companion, "are you that Thiers? My poor friend, how I pity you!"—New York World.

An Aesthetic Meat Man.

There is one practical soul just around the corner in the Rue des Petits Champs who points with pride to the crowds who gather round his establishment, drawn thither by the symphony in filets of beef, chops en papillotes and legs of lamb dreamily interspersed with palms and drooping pots of mimosa.—Paris Letter.

She Knew Him.

"I'd be glad to have you marry Harold, my dear," said Ethel's father, gravely, "if I thought he was a young man of pertinacity. I do not think he has what we call stickativeness."

"Oh, yes, he has. He proposed nine times before I accepted him," returned Ethel.—Harper's Bazar.

LONDON WATER PIPES.

THEY ARE NEAR THE SURFACE AND THE WATER FREEZES.

The People of the City and Suburbs Have Been Troubled with Frozen Water Pipes for Generations, but the Pipes Will Never Be Placed Deeper.

If it were not for the inconvenience and discomfort of the thing the plight in which London finds itself with its water supply frozen would be comical to a practical Yankee. The water pipes are frozen simply because the Briton has never profited by his experience of his native winters. Year after year they have freezing weather in London, and year after year London's water pipes freeze, burst, and there cometh a water famine.

The Londoner's water pipes freeze not because the weather is intensely cold, but because the pipes are insufficiently protected. Too often they are left exposed to all the winds that blow.

Entire districts in London, square miles, districts as large as many good sized American cities, had their water supply entirely stopped one winter. Imagine the inconvenience, even the distress and danger, attending such a condition of things! But the fault has been with the Londoner, and not with the weather. I passed through a district thus afflicted one dismal day, and saw the workmen digging up the road to get at the pipes.

In the street where these operations were going on the supply pipes for all the houses (the pipes running in from the water mains) were all laid within a foot of the surface of the ground. The water was frozen in all the pipes. Eighteen inches below the surface the frost had not penetrated. But the Englishman deliberately puts his supply pipes within reach of the frost.

A PRIMITIVE SYSTEM.

The pipes would never freeze if they were put a few feet under ground, for the frost in London rarely penetrates the earth more than a foot or two. But the Londoner does worse than this—he often runs the water pipe up the outside wall of his dwelling, without protection of any sort. He has another cheerful habit, which is fast becoming the fashion, and which is now put in practice in all the better class houses.

The drain pipes, at any rate those from the sinks and bathtubs, are carried down the outside walls, with a break at every story, where another inlet or outlet is made into a small open trough, from which another pipe leads down another story, and so on to the bottom, where the water flows into a gutter and thence into the sewer. The system fully accomplishes its object—sewer ventilation, but this could be equally well secured by a less primitive arrangement, and with one that would not freeze in the winter and cover the side of your houses with dirty ice.

When I said that the Londoner is not prepared for the annual freezing of his water pipes I did not adhere strictly to the truth. For the good gentleman is prepared in a certain way, or perhaps I should say that the water companies are prepared. And the preparation is peculiarly British, as you will see. When your street freezes up—that is to say, when it freezes down a dozen inches below the surface and blocks all the supply pipes, an official from the water company puts in an appearance, after a day or two, and has an apparatus fixed into a little hydrant close by the curbstone.

The apparatus consists either of a wooden or an iron pipe, as the case may be, which stands upright above the ground, and which has an inch faucet affixed to it. To this fount the entire neighborhood must come, with pails and pans and cans and jugs and mugs, and carry away the precious fluid.

WHY THE BRITON BEARS IT.

The water companies keep these primitive plugs in stock, some thousands of them, but it never occurs to anybody to place the supply pipes deeper in the ground and thus prevent freezing. This, then, is the way the Londoner, or his water company, prepares for the annual visit of Jack Frost. But the preparation is effective only when the water mains are laid well below the surface. When they are not there is a water famine throughout extensive districts, as at Brixton, at Hampstead and other places in London town.

Why not lay the water pipes deep enough?

If you had ever lived among these droll people you would not ask that question. The pipes have never been laid deep enough, and therefore never will be—not this side of the millennium.

The water supply of London is bad enough at its best. At its worst, in the winter, it is too bad for words. Nobody but these droll people would submit, year after year, to the ridiculous system of supply and the outrageous charges. But the Briton is a patient soul. He believes that whatever he has is the best of its kind, and he resents any suggestion to the contrary. A water supply that was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him; moreover, it is good enough for you. There's the rub of the argument. "It's good enough for you." Why, in the name of justice, should you, a foreigner, complain? Out upon you for an ungrateful alien.

Nevertheless, one has to suffer from this drollery. When he does not suffer he can smile. But that is the utmost he can do. You cannot change the habits of a nation. And you cannot induce 5,000,000 people to put their water pipes five feet under ground if they think five inches sufficient, and if they have had their five inches under ground for generations.—Boston Herald.

A Chivalrous Lad.

"Mamma," said Willie, "that little Susie Harkins called me a donkey to-day."

"What did you do?"

"Well, of course I couldn't slap a little girl, so I told Sister Mary, and she just scratched Susie out of sight."—Harper's Bazar.

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