IF YOU KNEW.

Oh, if you knew how very sad and lonely
How drear, how voiceless is my home am I,
Sometimes unloven the sweet, for that thought only,
You'd rest pass by.

If you but knew the thoughts that germ and grow
And blossom in sad hearts, with one bright glance,
One look up to my window you would throw,
As if by chance.

And if you knew to the sick soul the healing
That comes from the mere presence of another,
You'd rest a moment 'neath my doorway, feeling
For a lone brother.

But if you knew I loved you, if you knew it,
With what a love, how deep, how tender, dear,
You'd come—your very heart would make you do it—
Straight to me here.—*Anon.*

Handsome Presidents.

Justly enough has it been said that "no man ever was elected President of the United States because of his good looks." Many of our Presidents never could have been nominated for office had bad beauty been an indispensable qualification in our National Chief Magistrate. Washington was a man of imposing presence, and it would have been admitted that he was better looking than most men, even by an observer who was not under the power of the spell cast by his great deeds and great name. The popular idea of the father of his country comes from Stuart's portrait; and there is at least one competent authority that the famous painting is too highly idealized to afford a just likeness of the just man. In Mr. Edmund Quincy's noble "Life of Josiah Quincy," we find the following lively passage: "I was curious to know how my father's recollections of the personal appearance of Washington agreed with the popular descriptions and pictorial representations of it with which we are all familiar. He was not an imaginative man, and never dressed his heroes in colors of fancy. No man had a profounder reverence for Washington than he, but this did not affect his perceptions of physical phenomena, nor his recollections of them. My mother, on the contrary, was of imagination all compact,' and Washington was in her mind's eye, as she recalled him, more than a hero—a superior being, as far above the common race of mankind in majesty and grace of person and bearing as in moral grandeur. This was one of the few subjects on which my father and mother differed in opinion. He maintained that Stuart's portrait is a highly idealized one, presenting its great subject as the artist thought he ought to live in the minds of posterity, but not a strong resemblance of the actual man in the flesh. He always declared that the portrait by Savage in the college dining-rooms in Harvard Hall, at Cambridge, was the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington, though its merits as a work of art are but small. One day, when talking over those times in his old age, I asked my father to tell me what were his recollections of Washington's personal presence and bearing. 'I will tell you,' said he, 'just how he struck me. He reminded me of the gentlemen who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin County, in the western part of the State. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers. He had the air of a country gentleman not accustomed to mix much in society, perfectly polite but not easy in his address and conversation, and not graceful in his gait and movements.' From the recollections of Mr. (William) Sullivan, which, he published many years afterward, it would seem that the impression made upon him by Washington, who was the object of his political idolatry, was the same as that made upon his friend. He says: 'In his own house his action was calm, deliberate and dignified, without pretensions to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, as might be expected in such a man. When walking in the street his movements had not the soldierly air which might have been expected. His habitual notions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the interior, or in the surveying of the wilderness lands—employments in which elegance and grace were not likely to be acquired. It certainly was perfectly natural that Washington's manners should have been those of a country gentleman living remote from cities, he having been engaged in rural occupations the chief part of his life, and moving in a very narrow circle of society when he was called, at the age af 43, to the leadership of the Revolution.'" We prefer Mrs. Josiah Quincy's estimate of Washington to that of her husband, because she was a woman capable of forming opinions on all matters, and because women are far better judges of character than men; but Mr. Quincy's estimate is entitled to great weight.

President John Adams' portraits create the belief that he was a good looking man when young, and also in middle life. His grandson, Mr. C. F. Adams, in closing his "Life" of his grandfather, says: "In figure John Adams was not tall, scarcely exceeding middle height, but of a stout, well knit frame, denoting vigor and long life, yet, as he grew old, inclining more and more to corpulence. His head was large and round, with a wide forehead and expanded brows. His eye was mild and benignant, perhaps even humorous, when he was free from emotion, but when excited it fully expressed the vehemence of the spirit that stirred within. His presence was grave and imposing on serious occasions, but not unbending." A very good description of the man, and remarkable as coming from a relative, who was 19 years old at the time of the ex-President's death.

President Jefferson was a very tall man—as tall as Washington—and this, a drawback on his figure when he was young and slim, was highly favorable to his appearance in later life. He was, even in youth, an impressive man, with a good, but not a handsome face. He was a very fair man, and for every man of that complexion who is good-looking there are at least twenty dark men who are thus favored by nature. He was a polite and pleasing man, but he never insulted others by condescension. Mr. William Sullivan tells us that President Madison was "a man of small stature and grave appearance" when in Congress (1789-97), adding that "at the close of his Presidency (1817) he seemed to be a careworn man, and appeared, by his face, to have advanced to a more mature age than was the fact. He had a calm expression, a penetrating blue eye, and looked like a thinking man. He was dressed in black, bald on the top of his head, powdered, of rather protuberant person in front, small lower limbs (meaning spindle shanks) and grave in speech." Evidently not a beauty man, but he had capital brains.

Of President Monroe we have two accounts, one representing him as tall and insignificant, and the other as short and more insignificant. A life of him by a competent person, could be made a more interesting work than that of any other President we had in the sixty years that separate the outgoing of John Adams from the incoming of Abraham Lincoln. President John Quincy Adams was a small man. We saw him about the time he had entered his 70th year, when many days had told upon him, making him stoop. President Jackson would have had a handsome figure had he not been so thin and spare; but as we saw him only when he was riding on horseback—and he was a superb horseman—he may have appeared to be better looking than he was. His face was wan and thin, and his hair, which was abundant, though he was 66 years old, was milk white. President Van Buren we saw when he was 51 years old, he being then Vice President, and we thought he would have been handsome if his flowing locks had not been long before removed by the malignity of time. Baldness makes a handsome man ugly, and an ugly man uglier. President Harrison had the reputation of having been good looking in early life, and portraits of him in his age confirmed the belief that had come down. President Tyler really was a good looking man, but he was not very far advanced in years when he entered office. President Polk was paltry, and seemed to be feeble. President Taylor was rugged, but he had a good head.

The handsomest of all our Presidents was unquestionably President Fillmore. We saw him at Tonawanda (western New York) some years before he became President, and not at first knowing him; and we thought then, as we think now, that he was a most striking specimen of masculine beauty. The only men we have seen to be classed with him in looks are Mr. Webster in his forty-ninth year, and Mr. Hawthorne in his fiftieth year. Mr. Fillmore had the best figure of the three, but Mr. Webster had the better head, and Mr. Hawthorne's face was that of a god—in marble, and it was well set off by the best of black hair. President Pierce was a bland, pleasing man, but he would not have been noted for good look in a crowd. President Buchanan had a large presence, but his face often had a semi-simpering expression that did not match well with his portly proportions. Mr. Hawthorne, who was consul at Liverpool for much of the time that Mr. Buchanan was our minister in London, saw something of him, and wrote of him in his note book, on the 13th of September, 1855: "The tall, large figure of Mr. ——— has a certain air of state and dignity; he carries his head in a very awkward way, but still looks like a man of long and high authority, and, with his white hair, is now quite venerable. There is certainly a lack of polish, a kind of rusticity, notwithstanding which you feel him to be a man of the world. I should think he might succeed very tolerably in English society, being heavy and sensible, cool, kindly and good humored, with a great deal of experience of life." He was a bachelor—the only bachelor President we have had—which, perhaps, was the reason he took the dissolution of the Union so easily. It has been said that he had a love affair in his youth that turned out unluckily, like many another such affair.

President Lincoln was of an ungainly figure, but he had a good head and a most expressive face. He, too, had an affair of the heart, and a friend of his told us that he had never seen or heard of a stranger one, and that no romance contained anything more complete of the kind. "I do believe," he said, "he would have died had not the landlady relented." So one need not be a beauty man to suffer from the common fever of life. General Grant is a plain, short man, but in regarding him, so great are his deeds, men are affected much as poor Desdemona was when she listened to Othello's tough yarns, and half of which were probably lies. Mr. Johnson was a personable President, and President Hayes is far from being ill-looking. General Hancock is said to be handsome, and the portraits of General Garfield represent him as a man of fine appearance. 'Tis often said that women do not care for beauty in men as men care for it in women. It may be so—we know nothing about the matter; but good looks are passports everywhere, like good manners and good propriety. Yet it must be allowed that very handsome women frequently do marry very hideous fellows; and there is consolation in the fact, for misery likes consolation as much as it likes company. To adjust the balance between the sexes, many wise men marry very dull women, who make good wives of the "homely housekeeper" order—women who will wash well and wear better.

Father Farrell's Estate.

The will of the late Rev. Father Farrell, of St. Joseph's church, in this city, disposed of about $12,500. The broadness of view and tolerance of spirit which it indicated in the testator attracted attention at the time of its publication. There was also incidentally aroused some surprise that a parish priest should have accumulated so much money. The question has been raised by those who knew Father Farrell only by general reputatation, how he could have gained so much money from his position in St. Joseph's parish. The answer to this question is that he did not so gain it, and in the mercantile sense of that word he did not gain it at all. It was given to him. His friends, including the trustees of St. Joseph's church, desire this to be understood, in order that his true character may be made plain to all.

The property was given to Father Farrell in Alabama State bonds by personal friends, who were not of his faith, when the bonds were not of as much value as they are now. The basis and true reason for the gift was Father Farrell's love for his country. Although he was educated in a Southern State, he was a warm supporter of the Government. In the darkest hours of the war his voice was clearest in upholding the union. His patriotic impulses led him to the front, where he labored in hospitals and on battle-fields. The gift was made so delicately that an effort, made yesterday, to learn the names of the donors or the occasion of the presentation, failed, though inquiries were made of friends who were long intimate with him.

To show Father Farrell's confidence in the Government and his sense of duty toward it, the following is told: A friend came to him indignant because a debtor had insisted on paying him about $80,000 in United States paper money, then newly made a legal tender. He wanted to know what Father Farrell had to say about that. The priest told him that the transaction was past, and that it was idle to say anything about it; "but," said he "I can tell you what to do with it. Give it to Uncle Sam. Buy five-twenties with it." A second time his friend called with a repetition of his grievance. A second debtor had put off about $30,000 of the new legal tender on him. Again Father Farrell advised him to buy five-twenties. He shook his head and went away. A third time his friend called on him; this time to tell the priest to take the $80,000 and keep it for him. He did not know whom else to trust in those times.

"No," said Father Forell, "I don't want it; but if I should take it, I should let Uncle Sam have every cent of it."

Again the friend shook his head. "You won't let Uncle Sam have any of my money," he said.

It was not long afterward that the friend made a fourth visit. He came to tell Father Farrell that he had invested the $80,000 in five-twenties. This, of course, proved very profitable. It is said, however, that this friend was not among those who made Father Farrell the gift referred to.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Story of Four Law Students.

In the law office of John C. Spencer, at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1831-2, were four young law students, to fortune and to fame unknown. Under the careful guidance of Mr. Spencer they were duly admitted to the bar in 1834, and one of them at once struck out for the West, locating at Cleveland. Here he stuck fast, and while waiting the expiration of the 6 months required by the Ohio laws before a citizen of another State can practice in her courts, he was surprised by a call from his three fellow students. They were looking for places to hang out their shingles. "Well, one of you can stay here with me; another of you can go further to this little French village they call Detroit, and the other can push on to a new place they call Chicago, on the site of old Fort Dearborn." After a little consultation, this plan was finally agreed to. The one who went to "the little French village," was George C. Bates; he who went further on was Stephen A. Douglas, who made a mistake and went to Springfield instead of Chicago; while he who remained in Cleveland was Henry B. Payne. This was in 1834. The young man who thus planned out the career of his three companions was E. H. Thompson, now of Flint, Michigan, who told us the circumstances.

One pound of sugar stirred into fruit after it is cooked and while yet warm, will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter pounds added while the fruit is boiling. The reason of this is that sugar boiled with acid will be converted into glucose, and one pound of sugar has as much sweetening as two and a quarter pounds of glucose. Take notice and save your sugar.

What John McCullough Saw in London.

Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, has returned to New York after paying a visit to London partly for pleasure and partly to make arrangements for a season next spring. To a reporter of the *World* yesterday he said he had been delighted with his trip to the old world.

"I left here for London," said Mr. McCullough, "on the 5th of June, in company with Mr. Sothern. My idea was to look around and see what was the best theatre to play in. But the first thing I was to go and see Henry Irving in the Merchant of Venice at the Lyceum Theatre."

"What is your opinion of Irving?"

"I can hardly describe my feelings with regard to him. There is a notion that he is the pet of a certain number of men. But he has a great hold on the middle classes—the kind of people who pay two shillings for a seat—and every artist in London takes a pride in him."

"Does he take all the credit of a play to himself?"

"No; he suggests all the artistic phases of the play, arranges the scenery and designs the costumes. I saw him first as 'Shylock.' He takes a different view of the part from any other man's I have ever known. I liked it best the second time."

"Is his acting at all irregular?"

"He is better as an actor of peculiar things than as a tragedian. In The Bells and Charles I. he seemed to me to do as fine work as anything of the kind I ever saw. It seemed to me he might play one part well and another part poorly. Nature has not given him the swell of passion."

"What is the peculiar secret of his success?"

"I can only say that in artistic taste he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession. In the way of producing things on the stage in the best manner possible he is unapproachable. Two weeks ago to-night I supped with him. At noon of that day I saw the entrance to the pit of the Lyceum crowded with people who waited until 6:30 to get in."

"Who else is doing well in London besides Irving?"

"Toole. He is drawing crowds at the Folly theater in 'The Upper Crust.' Then Mr. and Mrs. Kendall and Mr. Hare are playing in 'The Lady's Battle' at the St. James' theater. This is the perfection of a performance. I believe if these three people come over here they would make their fortune, and I advised them to come. Their play is a light little French thing of the time of the revolution, and it is perfectly pure."

"What actress pleased you most in London?"

"Miss Terry, who played with Irving in the 'Merchant of Venice.' She was the most perfect Portia I ever saw."

"Have you any personal knowledge as to Mr. Raymond's reception?"

"Well, he himself was received most cordially, but the play was a failure. The people did not understand it. They could not form any conception of the Americanisms, and they wondered how a man like Raymond could appear in such a piece. So far as Raymond himself was concerned, he was called before the curtain and applauded, but 'The Gilded Age' fell flat. Miss Katharine Rogers played with him, but she wasn't good."

"Did Mr. Raymond say anything to you about the failure of 'The Gilded Age?'"

"Oh, yes. He took the matter very philosophically."

"What are Mr. Florence's prospects?"

"Very good, indeed. He and his wife will open on the 30th of this month in 'The Almighty Dollar.' Of course they feel somewhat nervous, because the play is so very American; but there is no doubt that they will succeed."

"How were Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin received in London?"

"The people liked 'The Danites' very much. Holfinshed, the manager, of the Gaiety—who by the way is a glorious chap—said at the Savage club breakfast that it was the best American drama he had ever seen. 'The Danites' started first at the Globe Theater, and is now running at Sadler's Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin will play there for some time, and will then go into the provinces."

"What is your own programme for England?"

"Well, as I said before, I went to England partly on pleasure and partly on business. I thought that by being there in person I could do better than by correspondence. The result was that I made arrangements with Augustus Harris, the manager of the Drury Lane Theater, to appear at the theater next April. Mr. Harris has just begun his career as a manager. I am to appear in 'Virginius,' and he promised me that the piece would be produced in the best style. Every scene and every costume is to be new."

"Who will form you company?"

"That I do not know. All I know is that the Drury Lane theater is the largest theater in London, that Mr. Harris is to select the company, and that everything is to be arranged in the best possible manner. I shall leave New York during the first week in April, shall play in London about a month, spend the remainder of the summer quietly without fulfilling any engagements, and will then return to the United States to carry out my engagements here."

"Will you appear at all in the play of 'Aurelian,' which Miss Dickinson wrote for you?"

"No; Miss Dickinson took the play out of my hands. It was a splendidly written play. I cannot say whether it would have been suitable for dramatic representation."

"What do you propose to do after your return to this country after your London engagement?"

"I will travel all over the country as usual. I shall open at the Fifth Avenue theater, on November 15th, in 'Virginius,' and will play for four weeks."

"The Savage Club breakfast, of course, was greatly appreciated by the Americans?"

"Why, just look at the *menu*. 'Complimentary dejeuner by the Savage Club to the Eminent American Actors'—those last three words in big letters—'in London, Friday, July 30, 1880.' Nearly all the actors in London were there. And what a time we had. Barry Sullivan presided, and Minister Lowell made a delightful speech. But of course you've heard all about it."—*N. Y. World.*

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM.—The New York *Indicator* says during the past ten years the railway system of the United States has nearly doubled in extent of mileage. During this period we have had six years of commercial revulsion and almost universal bankruptcy. It is not the extraordinary extension of our railway system alone that challenges attention, but the marked improvements that have been made in the many older roads, and especially in the so-called trunk lines. Wooden bridges have been removed and iron structures substituted in their stead; iron rails replaced by steel; the building of freight cars of double the capacity of the old ones, carrying twenty tons of live weight instead of ten, as formerly, and more substantial and thoroughly ballasted road-beds. These improvements, although expensive, are the first principles of economical management, and make it possible for our well-built and best equipped roads to do the largest amount of work at the least possible cost. As a result, many of our best roads are carrying freight at the present time at a profit, yet at rates that would not have covered the cost ten years ago. It is the completeness of this system in furnishing cheap transportation from the centers of the great grain growing districts of the West that has given such an enormous increase of American food crops, and enables us to successfully compete with all other countries in the world in the supply of food.

When a man is guilty of a breach of trust, when he loses the money of other people, or when a man makes a bad failure, showing large liabilities and insignificant assets, the matter is made notorious by publication and the talk of men, especially if the offender be a member of the church. But if a man is honest, if he makes an unusual exhibition of integrity, that receives only trifling notice, and nobody stops to inquire whether the virtue he exhibits is an example of Christian integrity or is due to the power of Scriptural truth.

Fashionable Fingers and Toes.

The idle, fashionable woman has taken to a new diversion. She polishes her nails. She extends her hand to you with great frequency nowadays, and always with the back upward and the fingers straightened out. That is because she wishes you to observe the nails, which shine like glass, and are of a delicate pink hue. Who knows what started this mania? Nobody can ever discover the origin of such things. The distemper breaks out somehow, and then extends from person to person. The New York woman of leisure, whether she be left in the city or is to be found at some near seashore resort, now spends about four hours a day at work on her nails. Her tool is an article somewhat like the wooden handles or holder for blotting-paper—a narrow strip of ebony, ivory or india-rubber, with a knob on one side and a surface of chamois skin on the other. Some of these polishers are fancifully made, and $10 is not an unusual price; but cheap ones do the work as well, and a home-made article answers the purpose. The best of them have a device for handily fastening in fresh strips of chamois skin, but tacks will do. The essentials are a polishing substance and plenty of industry. A mixture is sold in the stores at a pretty high price, and it has a beautiful name and label, but it is a simple composition of rotten-stone, oil and rouge. Anybody can mix it for herself. It is well to give these directions plainly, because nail-polishing will be sure to reach the west before many weeks and then the fair readers of *The Enquirer* will know how to do it. The stuff is daubed on the rubber, and assiduous friction does the rest. The rotten-stone and oil smooth and polish the nails, just as metal, bone, and ivory are made to shine by the workmen, and the rouge imparts a pinkish color. The enthusiastic industry displayed by the women in this summer amusement is wonderful. They rub, rub by the hour, usually in parties, making this employment take the place of needle work. There was once an old woman who scrubbed her kitchen floor until she wore her way through and fell into the cellar, breaking her back. Something like that will happen to these nail-polishers, for nails cannot thicken by growth as fast as they are now being scoured away. The polishing is not all done on finger-nails. Oh, no. The toe-nails of the belles are beautified, too. What is the use of spending time and labor in making their toe-nails pink and glossy? Well, some of them have husbands, bear in mind. But more than that, this is the season when most metropolitan women bathe more or less at the sea-shore, and show their feet in doing so. Time was when the female bather hid the corns, bunions, and little unshapeliness of her feet in slippers, or stuck them out of sight into the sand when not in the water. The attractiveness of the burnished nails are deemed by her to more than compensate for any blemishes, and so she takes pains to show her feet. The change is a marked feature in the surf scenes at the Coney Island, where thousands of women are in the water every afternoon. Many of them may now be seen sitting on the sand, with their toe-nails proudly glistening in the sun.

The increased attention to nails has naturally extended to their shape, and the greatest care is bestowed upon the matter of cutting them. Long and narrow nails are considered prettiest, and to give them the desired proportion they are trimmed somewhat to a point, while at the roots the skin is pushed and cut back as much as possible. Gloves are not worn at all this summer, even at the full-dress balls at Long Branch and Newport. Mitts of all colors, from white through the whitest hues to plain black, extend from the elbows to the knuckles, leaving the fingers exposed. There is all the more reason, then, for rendering those fingers sightly. Really beautiful fingers, if you will take the trouble to convince yourself by observation, are scarce indeed—much more so than handsome faces. The plump beauty has fingers as blunt at the ends as drumsticks, while the fingers of her etherially slender sister are just about as bony as a skeleton's. Thus it is a good year for pretty fingers that do not need a tight glove to squeeze them into good shape. Rings are more than ever in vogue. Bangle rings, with jingles to them, are about the only novelty in that line.

Bound to Boss the Funeral.

A policeman who was beating through "Kaintuck" one afternoon, was halted by a little negro man who had business in his eye and both hands tightly clenched as he said:

"Say, boss, am you gwine to be 'round yere to-morrer afternoon?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Waal, dar's gwine to be the powerfullest fuss up yere dat ole Kaintuck ever saw, an' you'd better hev about six pa'r o' handcuffs an' shackles ready."

"Why, what's the trouble now?"

"Truble nuff, sah. You see de old man Jinking, 'round on Illinoy street, am gwine to die afore night. Dat's settled fur sho', sho'."

"Yes."

"Waal, de ole man has axed me to sort o' boss de fun'ral 'rangements, kase he knows I'm solid on sich fings. Ize tended to fun'rals so long dat Ize got de hang of em, you see."

"Yes."

"Waal, dar's Dekun Allen, libin' ober on Calhoun street, one of the most pompous Africans in Detroit. Just as suah as a black man shuffles off de coil anywhar' aroun' 'heah de Dekun' he allus wants to boss de fun'ral 'bizness."

"Does, eh?"

"He does, sah, an' he's de poorest han' you eber saw. He can't start a hymn, nor make any sort o' speech on de shinin' qualities of de late deceased. Why, what d'ye spose de Dekun got off ober heah on Clay street at a fun'ral in Jinnary?"

"I can't say."

"Why, he said dat man cometh up like a flower an' am' cut down. De deceased wasn't a man at all, but a girl, an' de ideah of flowers coming up in Januon Sich ignorance, sah, needs rebuke."

"Well, what about this fuss to-morrow?"

"Waal, sah, Ize been requested to boss dat fun'ral. I'ze bin requested by de werry man who am gwine to form the subjeck of the sad occashun. De Dekum will be ober dar as usual, puttin' on scollops an' tellin' folks to stan' back and so on. He'll swell up an' walk 'round wid his hands behin' his back, same as if he owned de hull street, an' same as if I wasn't knee-high to a clothes-hoss."

"Well?"

"Well, sah, dar will be a rekonter between de Dekum an' myself. De werry minit dat he begins to swell up I shall shed off my Sunday coat an' purceed to mangle him widin two inches of his life! I'll do it—I'll do it, sah, if I have to go to State prison fur a tousan' y'ars."

"I wouldn't."

"But I will, sah! Ize gibben you f'ar warnin', sah, an' if you am not on han' wid a one-horse wagin' to convey de body of de Dekum to his late home it won't be my fault. Dat's all, sah—excep' dat I strike with bouf fists to once, an' dat de pusson struck at soon pines away an' dies. Good day, sah."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BEECHER ADVICE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher received a letter from a young man who recommended himself as honest, and close, with the request, "Get me an easy situation that honesty may be rewarded." Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor if you would be easy. Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic, neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detatched from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.—[Landor.

Scenes of Whittier's Childhood.

A little more than a mile out of town we pass three beautiful sheets of water, the most noteworthy of which formerly bore the name of "Great Pond," to distinguish it from its lesser neighbors, but not many years since it was re-christened "Kenoza," the Indian name for pickerel, with which it abounds. Whittier contributed to the christening ceremonies the sweet and musical poem which, in his published collection, bears the title of "Kenoza Lake." It closes with the exquisite and devout stanza:

And when the summer day grows dim
And light mists walk the silent sea,
Revive in us the thought of Him
Who walked on Galilee.

Keeping by the beautiful lake, with its lofty and irregular shore, wooded on the side opposite us to the water's edge, we take a road to the left which soon brings us to the veritable old home, a two-story house with a large chimney in the center. The small square porch at the side of the house, and particularly the stone step, must be noticed, for it was "on this door stone, gray and rude," that the "Barefoot Boy," Whittier being himself the hero of that poem, enjoyed his

"Bowl of milk and bread."

Near the house and crossing the road is the little stream, "the buried brooklet," of "Snow Bound," which in summer "laughed" for the "Barefoot Boy," and whose constant ripple was ever "through the day and through the night whispering at the garden wall." Here, between house and barn, is the road which became "a fenceless drift" in the "Snow Bound" winter, and here the old barn to which, after tunneling the drift, they went to the relief of the "prisoned brutes," and where

The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked.

The house stands in a hollow, and the roads about it form a sort of irregular triangle, and by driving back and forth you can get not only the views given in Hills picture of the place, but others equally attractive. On the drive toward the house and near Kenoza lake, is a short street, which it is worth while to drive down; you can easily return to the main road. Here you will find a picturesque, one-story house, with a door in the center reaching to the roof. I think you cannot fail to recognize it from this description. It was the home of Mrs. Caldwell, the "elder sister" of the poet, of whom he writes in "Snow Bound."

Oh, heart sore-tired! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself can give thee—rest.
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.

On the return drive you will wish to see the spot where the school house of Whittier's childhood and of the poem entitled "In School Days" stood. In this poem, you will remember, he has celebrated the devotion of the little girl with

Tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,

Who said,

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you;
"Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because," you see, "I love you."

You must take the road as you drive toward Haverhill proper (the homestead is in East Haverhill), which will bring the house on the left and the barn on the right. Soon after passing the latter, and on the same side of the road, you will come to the site of the school house, which has within a short time been torn down, much to the disgust of all tourists. Here, says one of his companions, Whittier used to sit and read Bible stories when the other boys were at recess. I can easily believe this of him, for his poems abound in Scriptural allusions that he uses with a skill which could only be gained by early familiarity with the Old and New Testaments.

A Fiendish Trick.

The aristocracy of the Tenth Ward were shocked recently by the report of the terrible battle between Timothy Dooley, the chivalrous Fourth street coal-heaver, and Edward Mulchay, the genial Jessie street asphaltum-roofer. The trouble was caused by some insidious and black-hearted enemy stealing a nest of game eggs from Dooley, and substituting therefor the tame product of a duck. The game eggs were supposed to contain in embryo the choicest spirits that could wield a gaff. Mulcahy had reluctantly supplied them at a dollar apiece and intimated that they couldn't be purchased at any price if it hadn't been for the illustrious union of the Dooleys and Mulcahys early in the thirteenth century. "No Connaught man could get a smell of 'em, Tim," said the impulsive chicken-raiser, who prides himself on having come from Cork.

Under the circumstances great care was taken of the eggs. The incubation was instrusted to the most sedate hen in the ward, and soon after her patient labor appeared to have been crowned with success. Mrs. Dooley was the first to notice the exhiliaration of the trustworthy hen, and hastened with the news to Dooley, who was still in bed, recovering from the effects of a Democratic speech in a Greenback meeting.

"The chickens are all out, Tim," said she.

"Glory be to God," was the pious reply.

"An' how do they look."

"Begor, they look very quare, Tim; they're as yellow as Chineyman, an' they've got bakes on 'em as fhlat as a felounder."

For the first time since the big earthquake Dooley got out on the wrong side of the bed and forgot to bless himself. As he made tracks to the yard the fantastic carelessness of his attire would have challenged the admiration of a Piute Indian.

"It bates the devil," said he, as he pulled out one of the chickens and cast a critical eye on it. "It bangs Bangsher," he muttered, as he pulled out other specimen, and looked aghast at the yellow down.

Mrs. Dooley, who was an interested observer, chipped in:

"What ails thim toes, Tim? They've all shtuck together. What happened their bakes, Tim? Did the hin sit too heavy on 'em? Faith, they're the quarest looking chickens I ever see."

"They're ducks, be hevins," said Dooley, and he retraced his steps to his bedroom and dressed himself with the portentious solemness of a man about to step down to Pine street and part with Union Con. on a rising market. The remainder of the story is too easily told. The victims of the lowest-down trick that was ever played on the liberal patrons of a noble sport, unfortunately met in fifteen minutes by all the watches in town except those of the Howard street conductors, which made it six minutes and a half. Said the unsuspecting Mulcahy:

"How is the clutch of eggs, Tim?"

"Clutch, ye thavin' vagabond, I'll clutch you!"

And he did. Officer McGuffy, who arrived too late to witness the duel, testifies that from his careful inspection of the battle-ground he is convinced that the fight was the liveliest seen in the ward for ten days back—"and that's saying a great deal for it."—*S. F. Chronicle.*

ROYAL BABIES.—The Spaniards are borrowing a great deal of trouble about the sex of the child soon expected to be born to the young king and queen. Newspapers are full of it, and in social and political circles little else is talked about. As if the question of sex were not enough, the Dons are speculating on several collateral issues such as what would become of them if the infant were to be a girl and Alfonso should die. The more the tribulations of the Spaniards are considered the more will the average American think that the republic, destitute as it is of royal babies, government midwives and sacred nursing bottles, is a great boon.

For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.—[Frederick Harrison.

SHORT BITS.

A lightning rod is attractive in its way.

Pinaphorism—Better late than hardly ever.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

Cold boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not over-boiled are the best.

There is a fortune in store for the genius who shall produce a boiler-iron shoe for the small boy. Something warranted to last two weeks is what is wanted.

A physician in Pierce county, Wisconsin, hired two pugilists to accompany him on a collection tour, and every man who could pay but wouldn't was soundly whipped.

Clerk (who was called to see the gas-meter): "Is yours a wet or dry meter, madam?" "Young wife, (who does not like to show ignorance)—"Well, it is rather damp, I'm afraid!"

The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens is reported to be in better health than for years past. He can now sit on a hotel piazza at the seaside without paper weights on his coat tails.

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhoods best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds; middle age conquered with a club, while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.

A gentleman at one of the hotels spilt some milk on his coat and wondered if it would leave a grease spot. "Grease spot?" queried the fellow-boarder. "Well, I should say no. Look for chalk marks when it dries up."

The Rev. Charles Dana Barrows, of Lowell, Mass., took some friends out on a coaching excursion. He drove very fast, the day was hot, and the exercise killed one of the horses, while the three others barely survived.

Little Johnny went fishing last Sunday without consulting his parents. The next morning a neighbor met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday?" Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

Speaking of the new mosquito netting, Mark Twain writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited flies club together and take it out of the minister."

A friend of Clara Bagnal, of Toronto, dressed himself to represent a ghost, and presented himself before her. She was of a nervous temperament, and the shock proved too much for her. She fell in a fit, only to awake a raving manic. For six years she was bereft of reason, and now she is dead.

Mrs. L. B. Walford is as charming in personal appearance as the greatest admirer of "Mr. Smith," and "Troublesome Daughters" could expect. She is apparently between forty and forty-five. Her handsome face ordinarily wears a calm, kindly, judicial expression, and humor lurks about the eye and mouth, denoting strength of character.

The following is a true story: "Some time ago ago one of our ironclads put into Vigo and duly saluted the fort. No return salute was, however, fired, and all on board were discussing the breach of etiquette, when a boat was seen approaching the ship, bearing an officer in a gorgeous uniform. On reaching the deck he explained the object of his mission, which was to request the loan of a little powder to return the salute, as they were unfortunately out of it on shore."—[London World.

It is a popular sanitary error to think that the more a man eats the stronger and fatter he will become; to believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn; to conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the greater is the benefit; to imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, regardless of the ulterior effects, despite the advance of hygienic science, these mistaken ideas remain—a monument to the public apathy concerning health matters.

Immoral Publications in France.

The government has at last commenced proceedings against obscene publications, which have of late assumed proportions unexampled under any previous regular government. New papers, illustrated or otherwise, are daily cropping up, the sole speciality of which is the publication of immoral articles or designs, and without energetic repression there is no telling to what length the thing would go. Even large-sized papers have owed their rapid success to this class of literature, and found subscribers in all sections of the Parisian world, and working girls and women may every morning be seen on the quays in the most popular quarters devoting their small savings to the purchase of sheets which they eagerly conceal, reserved for their mealtime rest.

Such literature is a nursery of depravity, and it is useless to proclaim in fine phrases the necessity of re-kindling the national forces, if a school of shameless vice is allowed to corrupt and enslave the masses. It would be unjust to impute this outbreak of licentiousness to the republic, for such attempts have been made under all governments by unscrupulous men, who have traded on unhealthy curiosity to make up for their lack of talent. Liberty of the press has obviously nothing to do with the question, for obscene literature can claim no privilege. It results either from a moral malady, in which case the government has a right to protect the public from this as from other contagions, or from a disgraceful speculation, in which case it comes within the law against indecency. Prosecutions are therefore no infringements of the liberty of the press, but simple disinfectants.—*London Times.*

A CANDID DARKEY.—An old darkey, who had "put away" watermelons every summer for sixty years, stood in front of one of our grocery houses eyeing a pile of that fruit. The merchant, who sat in the door, noticed the wistfulness of the African's gaze, and finally asked, "Don't you want to buy one of these melons, uncle?" "How much you axed for one, boss?" inquired the African, still keeping his gaze on the melon. "Twenty-five cents," replied the merchant, getting up from his chair and stepping to the side of the hillock. "What you gib me one-half fur?" asked the darkey, taking a step toward the pile. "Fifteen cents," replied the dealer, lifting one in his hands. "What'll yer sell me a slice fur?" asked Africa. "Ten cents," said the accommodating merchant. "A bite ob one?" continued the darkey. "Five cents, answered the merchant, as he picked up a knife and started to pluck out a piece about two inches square. "Hold on, boss! I'se an honest niggah. You say you gib me a bite for five cents. Well, sah, if I takes a bite ob dat melon you'll be settin' heah in a pow'ful study an' er wond'rin' what 'come ob de balance ob it. Now, boss, heah's de two bits. Der ain't nuffin' mean 'bout me when it gits up to watermelons" He took the watermelons and went off to hunt the shade.—[Tallahasse Floridan.

CLEANING OLD PICTURES.—Old engravings, wood cuts and all kinds of printed matter that have been turned yellow or got stained are restored by being immersed in javelle water for only one minute, without the least injury to the paper, if the precaution is taken to thoroughly wash the article in water containing a little hypo-sulphate of soda. For the preparation of javelle water, take four pounds of bi-carbonate of soda and one pound of chloride of lime. Put the soda into a bottle near the fire; add one gallon of boiling water; let it boil from ten to fifteen minutes; then stir in the chloride of lime, avoiding lumps. When cold, the liquid can be kept in a jug, ready for use.

The alternative is not between novels and no novels, but between novels and novels; and when, as in the case of some of Scott's noblest productions, the author has had a moral restraint upon himself, and is seeking not only the amusement but the profit of his readers, it is only the veriest prudery to object to them because they are in the form of fictions.

THE CAPTAIN'S PIANO.—A sea-captain, who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city with a view of buying her one, wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you, black walnut hull, strong bulk-heads strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging steel wire—double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of traffrail over all, 6 feet 1 inch. Breadth of beam 38 inches, depth of hold 14 inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against 10-year old boys and commercial drummers, or can be olewed up on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

DR. TANNER'S WONDERFUL LIQUID.—Dr. Tanner's divorced wife says that the fast was a humbug, as the water he drank contained some wonderful liquid found in South America, which can serve as food and drink. If he has demonstrated the existence of such a liquid, he has done something