THE DEFECTIVE NAIL.

BY SAMUEL BAXTER FOSTER.

I looked at a carpenter nailing, one day.
Some weatherboards on in a workman-like way.
And I noticed the claw of the hammer he clapped
To a nail which the moment before he had tapped,
And, drawing it out, threw it by with a jerk,
Took another instead and went on with his work

'What's that for?" I asked him, "Have nails grown so cheap
That you toss them away as too worthless to keep?"
'No," he answered, "it bent in the driving, and so,
Lest it make a bad place, to the ground it may go,
We draw while we're able," he said, with a grin,
"For we can't pull it out, once we hammer it in."

When the nail has been followed by one that was good,
I noticed beside it a dent in the wood—
The mark had been made by the base of the claw
Thro' the strong force exerted the bent nail to draw;
And there the depression, to eyesight quite plain,
Tho' twice painted over will doubtless remain.

No marvelous incident, certainly; still,
It set me to thinking, as little things will,
How habits, like nails, be they wrong ones or right,
Can be drawn from their places when hammered in tight,
And, though drawn ere they sink to the head, leave behind,
By their drawing, some traces on body and mind.

When a young man seeks money and nothing beside,
And, quoting Ben Franklin, his meanness to hide,
Does small things for pelf, and with dark greedy hand,
Shows the crown overhead, petty gains to command,
Tho' it end in that wealth he is anxious to win,
He has struck a bent nail and has hammered it in

When a girl shows the world that she surely thinks less
Of her culture and conduct than gadding and dress;
When she eagerly seeks for a confab with those
Whose talk solely runs upon dresses and beaux—
Neglecting home duties some gossip to spin—
That nail will give trouble if once hammered in.

When you see your neighbor's small faults through a glass
That makes them too large for the censor to pass,
And with sense of their wickedness, righteously hot,
Calls one a miser, the other a sot—
You are handling a nail that may crooken to sin—
Like a corkscrew 'twill twist if you hammer it in

When a man, or his wife—sister—mother—the same
Too eager to blow the dull coals to a flame,
The faults of their neighbors bring closer to view,
Repeating the stories they've never proved true,
Their nail has a flaw, is ill-shapen and thin,
As they'll find to their cost when they hammer it in.

Enough for the lesson. The nails that we drive
Not through boards that are pulseless, but frames that are alive,
Examine them well, closely scan ere too late,
Should they prove of firm metal well-cut and quite straight,
Regardless of sneering, or clamor, or din,
Place each where it should be and hammer it in.

Old Abe's Boyhood.

The following interview, held in Paris, Ill., about two weeks since with Dennis F. Hanks, by Rev. Robert McIntyre, of Charleston, regarding the early life of President Abraham Lincoln, and which appeared in the Charleston *Courier*, will be of great interest. Uncle Dennis, as he is familiarly known, makes his home in Paris with his daughter, Mrs. James Shoaff:

"I found him hale and erect, ready to recount for the benefit of a younger generation, the incidents which marked the youth of the martyred president. His name is Dennis Hanks, and he is a cousin of Lincoln. Uncle Dennis, as he is called, is a typical Kentuckian, born in Hardin county, 1799. His face is sunbronzed and plowed with furrows of time; a resolute mouth, with firm grip of the jaws, broad forehead above a pair of unweariable eyes. The eyes seem out of place in the weary, faded face; they glow and flash like two diamond sparks set in ridges of dull gold. The face is a serious one, but the play of light in the eyes, unquenchable by time, betray the nature full of sunshine, and elate life. A sidewise glance at the profile shows a face strikingly Lincoln-like, prominent cheek bones, temple, nose and chin; but, best of all, that twinkling drollery in the eye that flashed in the White House during the dark days of the civil war. To our query he replied cherily:

"Certainly, certainly,' sir, I'll talk to you about Abe. I kin talk, too, bein' as I'm the only livin' man that knows all about him."

"How old was Mr. Lincoln when you first met him?"

"About twenty-four hours—hardly that. I rikkilect I run all the way, over two miles, to see Nancy Hanks' boy baby. 'Twos common then for connexion to gether in them days to see new babies. Her name was Nancy Hanks before she married Thomas Lincoln. I held the wee one a minnit. I was ten years old, and it tickled me to hold the pulpy, red little Lincoln."

"When did you move to Indiana?"

"When Abe was about nine. Mr. Lincoln moved first, and built a camp of brush in Spencer county. We came out a year later, and he then had a cabin up and gave us the shanty. On this spot Abe grew to manhood."

"How far apart were your cabins?"

"About fifteen rods. Abe killed a turkey the day we got there and couldn't git thro' tellin' about it. The name was pronounced Linkhorn by the folks then. We was all unedducated. After a spell we learned better."

"In the 'Life of Lincoln,' published after his nomination, it is stated that you taught him to read."

'Yes, sir, I did. I taught him to spell. read and cipher. He knew his letters pretty wellish; but no more. His mother taught him his letters. If ever there was a good woman on earth she was one, a true Christian of the Baptist church; but she died soon after we arrived, and left him without a teacher; his father couldn't read a word."

"Is it possible he had no schooling?"

"Only about one quarter, scarcely that. I then set in to help him; I didn't know much, but I did the best I could."

"What books did he read first?"

"Webster's speller. When I got him through that, I only had a copy of Indiana statutes. Then he got hold of a book; I can't rikkolect the name; maybe you kin if I tell you somethin' et was in it. It told a yarn about a feller, a nigger or suthin, that sailed a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drawed the nails out of his boat, an' he got a duckin' or suthin, I forget now."

"That is the story of Sinabad in the Arabian Nights."

"That's it, that's the book. Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head and laugh over them 'Rabian Nights by the hour. I told him it was likely lies from end to end, but he learned to read right well in it."

"Had he any other books?"

"Yes; I borrowed for him the 'Life of Washington' and the 'Speeches of Henry Clay.' They had a powerful influence on him. He told me afterwards, in the white house, he wanted to live like Washington. His speeches show that; but the other book did the most amazing work. He was a democrat, like his father and all of us, when he began to read it. When he closed it he was a Whig, heart and soul, and he went step by step until he became leader of the Republicans."

"Will you describe him when a boy?"

"Well, he was at this time not grown, only six feet and two inches high. He was six feet four and half when grown—tall, lathy and gangling—not much appearance, not handsome, not ugly, but peculiar. This kind of a fellow: If a man rode up horseback, Abe would be the first one out, up on the fence and asking questions, till his father would give him a knock side o' the head; then he'd go throw at snowbirds or suthin', but pondering all the while.

"Was he active and strong?"

"He was that. I was ten years older but I couldn't rassle him down. His legs was too long for me to throw him. He would fling one foot upon my shoulder and make me swing corners swift, and his arms so long and strong! My! how he would chop! His axe would flash and bite into a sugar tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fallin' trees in a clearin you would say there were three men at work by the way trees fell. But he never was sassy or quarrelsome. I've seen him walk into a crowd of sawin' rowdies and tell some droll yarn and bust them all up. It was the same when he was a lawyer; all eyes, whenever he riz, were on him; there was suthin' peculiarsome about him."

"What did you teach him to write with?"

"Somehais he would write with a piece of mertcoal or the point of a burnt stick on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the county town, and I made ink out of blackberry briar root and a little copperas would eat the paper after awhile. I made his first pen out of a turkey buzzard feather, them's good for pens. We had no greese them days. After he learned to write he was scrawlin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the creek bank, and leave it till the fresh would blot it out."

"Did you have any idea of his future greatness?"

"No; it was a new country, and he was a raw boy; rather a bright and likely lad, but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were all slow goin' folks, but he had it in him, though we never suspected it."

"Did he take to books eagerly?"

"No; we had to hire him at first. But when he got a taste it was the old story—we had to pull the sow's ears to get her to the trough, and pull her tail to get her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory—wonderful. Never forgot anything."

"What church did Abe attend?"

"The Baptist. I'll tell you a circumstance about him. He would come home from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor, and repeat the sermint from text to doxology.

I've heard him do it often."

"Was he a religious man?"

"Well, he wasn't in early life a religious man. He was a moral man, strictly—never went to frolics, never drank liquor, never used tobacco, never swore. But in after life he became more religious, but the bible puzzled him, especially the miracles. He often asked me in the timber, or sittin' around the fireplace nights, to explain scripture. He never joined any church or any secret order."

"Did you move with him to Illinois?"

"Yes; I bought a little improvement near him, six miles from Decatur. Here the famous rails were split that were carried around in the campaign. They were called his rails; but nobody can tell about that. I split some of 'em, and we had a rail frolic, and folks came and helped us split. He was a master hand maulin' rails. I heard him say in a speech one day about these rails, 'If I didn't make these, I made many just as good.' Then the crowd yelled."

"Were you his crony and companion?"

"Yes, I was the only boy in the place, all them years, and we were always together."

"Did you ever visit him in Washington?"

"Certainly. There were some folks arrested in Charleston, and I, for their folks' sake, went on durin' the war to get 'em free, for it was best. I got there and found the white house surrounded with soldiers. I went up to the door to get in, and a reporter (means reporter) stopped me and said: 'Who do you want to see?' I said: 'Mr. Lincoln.' He said: 'You cant see him; it ain't the time of day yet.' I said: 'I'll show you if I can't, I haint come here from Illinois for nothin'.' He grinned and showed me the door of his office. Outside was a heap of fellers waitin' to git to see the president. I opened the door kinder soft, and at the other end of a big room sat Abe at an old desk worth about six bits. ,Hey?' I hollered, 'you're a pretty president, ain't you?' He looked up and said, 'well Dennis, is that you?' and made a run and just gethered me. When I could git able to talk, I said: 'I don't want no office, Abe.' He said most of 'em do, Dennis, and smiled kinder tired. I told my errand, and he said to come up next morning and he would fix it. We talked an hour as friendly as ever about long-gone times, then he told me to go down to the house and see Mary, that's his wife. She's dead now, poor soul. I knew they were too highfalution' down to Mary's for me, so I went to the tavern and put up. Next morning I went up and Abe had an armload of indictments, and he said: 'Take these over to Stanton and he'll fix it.' I said, "Abe I don't know where the plagueoned place is.' So he called a reporter standing by and said: 'Take these to Mr. Stanton.' Pretty soon Mr. Stanton in a bob-tail coat came in. He didn't want to let 'em go, but Abe made him sign 'em. When Stanton went out I said: "Abe, if I was as big as you are, I'd take Stanton over my knee and spank him.' He laughed and said, 'it is not easy to keep my cabinet all in good humor.' I left an' came home an' never saw him again. The next spring he was killed."

"When did you hear of his death?"

"The day after he was shot. I could not believe it. I went about saying surely it isn't so. I mind it all like it was yesterday. Twenty years did you say? Twenty years? It all comes back so plain to-day."

—The other day two prisoners stripped stark naked, lathered themselves with soap, and slipped through the bars of the Birmingham Ala., prison.

EIGHT OUNCES.

The Youngster Which Lately Made its Appearance in New York.

New York World.

There was an increase in the number of tenants living at 490 Third avenue, New York. Up to 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning there were only twenty-six persons in the house, all of them asleep at that hour. Mrs. Anna Vieing gave birth to a little stranger, so little that even the smallest sunbeam that crept through the half-closed shutters was larger than the new comer. It was a girl, and, as weighed by the attending physician by the old fashioned scales, pulled down just eight ounces.

An eight-ounce baby, alive and kicking, was a thing so uncommon for the doctor's practice that he sank back into a chair astonished, then arose disappointed and laid the child by its mother. It was scarcely eight and three-fourths inches long from the crown of its head to its feet, fully developed. It cried lustily, just as a much larger baby would.

Mrs. Vieting is the mother of four well-developed children, the eldest being a stout lad 16 years old, who works as a plumber's helper. There is nothing unusual about the other children, who are of the ordinary size. Mrs. Vieing is 34 years old, a typical German woman, with a round fleshy face and red cheeks.

The eight ounce baby is an exact counterpart of an ordinary child. When born its little head measured one and three-quarter inches from forehead to back, but it gradually swelled out until it assumed the size of a ten cent ball. Hair not less than an inch long covered the scalp, and a stray wisp hung down over the ear, which was perfectly formed. It was almost too small to be measured.

Such a chubby little face, with sparkling, pea-like eyes, was probably never seen. The mouth looked like a stretched button hole in a lady's glove, and the nose was the size of a small china doll's. The rest of the baby was round and chubby, with soft, velvety muscles. The arms and legs were perfect, the little fingers and toes were equipped with tiny nails, and, as the doctor put it, the baby had every thing but teeth. The foot measured three-quarters of an inch from the tip of the great toe to the heel. A sheet of letter paper would have covered it completely, and a bed in any ordinary cigar box would have been almost too big. It took a long time to convince the neighbors that it was a real live baby and not a curiosity for a dime museum.

The doctor carefully wrapped it up in a pad of wadding and instructed the nurse to place a hot-water bag at each side. A bottle of sweetened water and barley juice was prepared and the little one took a perceptible quantity of nourishment. When the doctor left the house both mother and child were doing nicely.

This strange story was reported at the bureau of vital statistics late in the evening, and Dr. Nagle and his staff of physicians visited the little one. They picked her up and examined her with open eyes. She was alive and well. During the excitement attending the presence of such an august body of medical gentlemen the nurse forgot to renew the warm water, and for over twenty hours the baby lay in its wadding sheath. The absence of the artificial warmth produced a chill. It grew weaker and weaker, and at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, after living exactly thirty hours, the baby died, as Dr. Roach says, through the negligence of the nurse. Medical literature contains no record of a paralle case.

Healthful Vigor for the Girls.

Mrs. Livermore says, in one of her lectures on girls, "I would give to girls equal intellectual and industrial training with boys. Yes, and give them equally good health, too." When your girls are suffering from paleness and debility, it is a sign that their blood is poor and thin, and that they need Brown's Iron Bitters. The only preparation of iron that can be taken safely. Miss Burton, Chestnut steet, Louisville, Ky., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of rheumatism when everything else had failed."

Advice to a Young Man.

Bob Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Give the poor man a chance? My son, the poor man takes about all the chances without waiting to have one given him. If you give him any more chances than he takes he will soon own everything, and run the Ohio man out of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him, and hold him down, and give the rich man a chance. The poor man has had things his own way too long. He has crowded the rich men out But for the poor man this old world would have cast anchor 6,000 years ago, and be covered with moss and barnacles to day, like a United States man-of-war. George Peabody was a boy in a grocery; Edgar Allen Poe was the son of strolling player; John Adams was the son of a farmer; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow chandler; Gifford, the first editor of the Quarterly *Review*, was a common sailor; Ben Johnson was a bricklayer; the father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was a child of poverty, the eldest of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a boy of all work, too poor even to have a regular trade; Grant was a tanner, Lincoln a keel boatman and common farm hand, and the Prince of Wales is the son of a queen. It is his misfortune, not his fault, he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, that's all there is of him; he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a prince; be glad that you didn't strike it the first time. If there is a patch on your knee and your elbows are glossy there is some hope for you, but never again let me hear you say that the poor man has no chance. True, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of any kind; he deserves to have none, but the poor man monopolizes about all the chances there are. Put Laban and Jacob in business together anywhere, and in about fourteen years Jacob will not only own about four-fifths of the cattle, but he will have married about one-half his partner's family. Go to, my son, let us give the rich man a chance.

A merchant of Peabody advertises for 100,000 dozen of chickens.

The Work-Basket.

When the lamp is lighted and the table, with its crimson cloth, drawn out and the work-basket brought forth, then the evening in its cheerful beauty really begins. With mother in her accustomed seat, her busy hands employed in making, or mending, in order that "the auld claithes may look a'maist as weel as new," or with dainty needle tracing some embroidery that shall form a gift for some loved one, how pleasant and harmonious is the picture. That little willow receptacle at her side contains all the delicate implements of her labor, the tiny, mysterious helps and conveniences which ingenuity has fashioned for her use, and the skilled needle-woman knows so well how to gather about her. Whether of steel or ivory, silver or moroco, each little trifle has its special mission. There are numberless spools of cotton, linen and silk, which childish hands are wont to tangle, while the beeswax often bears the imprint of little teeth. There are buttons for use and for ornament, and tiny bags, to explore which was often a reward of merit. In fact there is a host of small accumulations, which makes its occassional upsetting a matter of dire dismay.

But there is still more within. Though invisible, a store of thrift, a fund of neatness, skill and ingenuity, which is drawn upon daily and hourly, but always with a happy result, and the certainty that it is unfailing. Much of the love and devotion, the patience and goodness of woman seeks expression in the work of her hands. To accomplish with the needle some article whose use or beauty is obvious, where every stitch is set with a blessing or a prayer for an absent loved one, is a pure satisfaction and sometimes a relief to an overburdened heart.

Fruit Eaters Need no Doctor.

Rural New Yorker.

We were struck recently by the remarks of a doctor friend of ours, who said no one thing will do so much to make people independent of the medical profession as the daily free use of fruit. He had noticed that those farmers in whose family fruit was regularly and largely consumed seldom needed his services. We thought what a pity that every farmer in the land could not be convinced of these truths. It is a deplorable fact that farmers' families do not enjoy that robust health that country air and outdoor life, with plenty of exercise, should give. It is also a fact that living on farms whose rich acres are acheing to produce abundant crops of the varied fruits, but very few have plenty, and many never have any fruit, except it may be an occasional apple. The standard food in a majority of farmers' houses consists largely of bread, butter and meat (mostly pork) fried in grease, and where pastry is used, it has lard in large proportion in its composition; and this food is eaten at least twice, and, in many families, three times a day, year in and year out. Is it any wonder that they are not more healthy, and that their prevailing diseases are such as indicate an over consumption of greasy food? If fruits were expensive or difficult to raise there would be some excuse; but there is no part of the country without plenty of varieties adapted to its soil and climate, and just such as are fitted by nature to both nourish and cleanse the body, and no more skill is required to grow them than to grow corn or wheat.

Why is it that so few farmers make any attempt to provide an adequate supply of what would add much to their pleasure, and save many times its cost in doctors' bills, to say nothing of the sufferings and loss of their dear ones? We entreat you, decide just now not to let the spring pass without planting a fruit yard. Surely it is better to grow fruit than to be continually dosing with medicine!

To Check Bleeding.

Medicus, in Good Housekeeping.

The natural process by which bleeding is stopped is the formation of a blood clot, which plugs the orifice of the divided vessel. When an artery is divided the cut end retracts or shrinks so that the formation of a clot is facilitated, but the blood current is so strong, unless loss of much blood has diminished the force of the circulation, that it hinders the coagulation. It should therefore, be the aim of an assistant to check or stop the flow from the artery in order that the beginnings of clot-formation may not be swept away by the current. This may be accomplished by pressing upon the orifice of the vessel in the wound, or by pressing the edge of the wound firmly together, or, in cases where this is not easy and efficient, by compressing the artery which supplies the part from which the hemorrhage is taking place in some part of its course between the heart and the injury. The main arteries supplying the head lie in the neck, one on each side of the windpipe, where their pulsations may be readily felt. In case of a wound of an artery in the neck, the cut end of the vessel should be compressed with the finguer, if possible, or the artery, both below and above the wound, should be pressed firmly backward against the backbone. Unless skilled surgical aid can be speedily obtained, there is little hope of saving life in case these great vessels are wounded.

Jay Gould Resorts to a Straddle.

Philadelphia North American.

An amusing incident occurred at the fair given this week at the New York Metropolitan opera house for the benefit of the saleswomen's hospital. When Jay Gould came in all the ladies made a rush for him, soliciting his subscription to chances for chairs, paintings, books pictures, needle-work, etc. Mr. Gould subscribed to everything most liberally. When he came to a book containing autograph fac similes of letters from Washington and others, to be presented to President Cleveland or ex-President Arthur, according to which one should get the most votes, Mr. Gould found the vote at that moment stood a tie. After some little hesitation as to which of the two he should vote for, he finally decided to give ten votes to each, and handed his money to the fair canvasser of votes, who said archly: "Mr. Gould, in Wall street they would call such a vote a straddle, would they not?" Mr. Gould laughed heartily, as did every one who heard the young lady's words.

What He Wanted.

New York Sun.

A Kentuckian called on the president the other day, with a view of obtaining an office.

"Well, sir," said the president, who was busy, "What will you have?"

The Kentuckian's anxiety in behalf of his object and the rather abrupt manner of the president confused him somewhat and he stammered out:

"M-make it the s-same as be-before."

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