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A DAY IN NEW YORK. A NOVEL EXPERIENCE. The stranger from Chicago, in every truth, had just parted with his last five cents—no, not to relieve a beggar in the street, as heroes of romance sometimes do, but for a rank ham sandwich, which, though soiled and upped with day before yesterday's roll, and venerated with mustard of singular ferocity, had been to him as modern manna in the great wilderness of New York.

Grand Opera House building. With much inward trepidation, but presenting an outward show of virtuous confidence, combined with a certain air of lofty scorn, which he rightly surmised to be a concomitant of theatrical character, he was about offering to the doorkeeper the pass which he had picked up in the park, when his eye fell upon its original owner, who, with a fashionably dressed lady, stood disconsolately without the gate. There was but one thing to be done.

Washington market on a Saturday night is a sight not to be forgotten. The stranger had hours in which to view its peculiarities before train time. He mistook the ferry and met his brother at nine as he alighted from the train, for he did not know at what hotel his relative meant to stop or what ferry he intended to cross.

Not if She Knew It. The door bell of the Vanity house rang at about eight o'clock the other night, and Mrs. Vanity said, excitedly, to her husband: "There, Charles, I just know that the furniture man was coming with the new bed room set we bought to-day, and if it is I just won't receive it, that's all."

There is a growing tendency on the part of some of our young people, who visit or dwell in our cities to put on airs. Like a second-hand suit of clothes, the 'airs' are often misfits. Instead of that honest manliness which should characterize the citizens of a republic we find a sneaking, silly, adoring aping of the fashions and foibles of the effete aristocracies of the Old World.

Who is he? Why at home he is plain Bill Smith, whose father is a hard working farmer struggling to make both ends meet. With a false kindness he gives his son a few dollars and sends him to New York to see life. All the gloss and glitter of the young fellow can easily be rubbed off, and his ways are but 'beggarly airs.'

the conquest she has made and puts on more 'beggarly airs' than would the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens. She would not for the world have any one believe that she teaches school. Oh, no! But why? Is there any disgrace attached to earning one's living? Rather the opposite; but it is so high-toned to appear to be able to live without work. Alas! for our Republic that such is the case. It is the ambition of our young men to get a clerkship in a bank or mercantile office in the city, and when they get a week's vacation they return home sporting sham jewelry, cheap, trashy rings, and wearing loud-patterned clothes—all done to impress others with the importance of the young man who 'is in business in the city.'

Then there are others who put on 'beggarly airs' by pretending they are better off than they are. An acquaintance drinks champagne, so must they; a friend pays a dollar and a half to see some star actress, so must they even if they have to run into debt to the landlady of the boarding-house. They haven't stamina enough to say 'I can't afford such an expense.'

AN IRISH FAMILY. Hard to meet a Rent Bill of Seventeen Dollars a Year. A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writing from Ireland, says: One of these carts coming by was in charge of a man and a woman who willingly stopped to talk, and as we rested under the thorny hedge and Flo shared her luncheon with the woman, I asked her all manner of questions. She was a very good specimen of her class, the wife of a poor, very poor farmer. She was barefooted, Her gown of cheap woolen material. A big flimsy brown shawl covered her shoulders. Above it rose a strong neck, a shapely head covered with reddish hair that had a wave in it, and that was loosely knotted behind. Her face was freckled, sustained, weather-beaten, her blue eyes smiling. Her person was clean, her clothes poor to the last degree, her feet looked like huge red and yellow lumps of leather and gresle.

They, she and her husband, lived six miles from Killarney. They had a bit of a farm. 'Four cows keep' of land, that is enough land to graze year in and year out four cows. In this instance—for a cow's keep varies according to the richness of the land—their farm consisted of eighteen acres. Most of it was rocky; there was a bit of bog from which they cut turf to sell and for their own fire. They managed to raise enough potatoes for their own use most years.

For this farm they paid to their landlord £3 10s. a year—\$17.50 of our money. Besides the rent they paid all the taxes on the land and poor rates besides. They had ten children, most of them large enough, only there was no work for them to do. They lived in a wild country spotted with small farms as unproductive as their own; there was no town nearer than Killarney, no place for the boys to get work. Sometimes some of the little ones got a little schooling. For this they paid the teacher a shilling and a quarter. Their food was only potatoes, milk and stir about—mush made of yellow American cornmeal. Some of the children had never tasted meat in all their lives, nor worn a coat. The bit of white bread Flo gave her was the first she had tasted in a year, and she only "tasted" that, slipping the rest of it into the bosom of her frock to take home to the "babbits."

The load of turf, about two barrels, would sell in Killarney for 10 pence. With the ten pence they would buy meal. The donkey that drew their little cart was worth \$4. Rival Painters. 'Talking about quick work,' said the artist, 'I painted a complete landscape scene in three days recently.'