

**ONE BY ONE.**

Though from the boughs to which they've long been clinging,  
The Autumn leaves are dropping one by one.  
Yet from their dust, new forms of beauty springing,  
Shall smile again in Summer's gentle sun.

Though one by one the peary drops of morning,  
From drooping flowers on viewless pinions  
Will rise to see the gorgeous clouds adorning  
With glowing arches of celestial dyes.

Though one by one the stars are fading slowly  
That all night long kept vigil in the sky,  
The distant mountain peaks, like prophets holy,  
Proclaim that morning's light and song are nigh.

Though with slow steps go forth the sower sowing,  
And on earth's lap his precious treasure leaves,  
Yet comes the harvest, with its joyous reaping,  
When shall be gathered home the ripened sheaves.

Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish  
Withdraw from ours, the cold and trembling hand,  
And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish—  
They yet shall greet us in a fairer land.

Yes, from all climes, where'er the faithful slumber,  
"Ninth scorching suns, or arctic snow and frost,"  
Shall rise in myriads unnumbered,  
All, all, shall meet—there shall not one be lost.

—(Chambers' Journal.)

**Personalities.**

John Hall, in the *Philological Journal*, gives the following good advice about personalities:

"Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects, but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others.

There are times when we are compelled to say, 'I do not think Bouncer a true, honest man.' But when there is no need to express an opinion let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings.

There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere all pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity."

**The Way to Wealth.**

"The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse," he that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use.

After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut your friend's purse forever. Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income.

If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience. In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality, that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do and with them everything.

**MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

[Rose Garfield Clemens, in Literary Life.]

In Belmont there lived a lady of rare beauty, by name Portia. Her father, dying, bequeathed her a large fortune; also three chests made of gold, silver and lead. There were many suitors for fair Portia's hand, and the will of her father stipulated that the one fortunate enough to select the chest containing Portia's portrait could claim the lady for his bride. Portia's fame was wide spread and she had many suitors among lords of high degree.

In Venice lived Bassanio, who longed to win the fair maid of Belmont, but feared to make the attempt because he lacked fortune. Antonio was his friend, a monied merchant of Venice, and a man generous of his wealth. To him Bassanio made known his desires and asked the loan of three thousand ducats for three months. Antonio told him frankly that his wealth was all at sea, but he could borrow the amount upon his credit. Bassanio goes to Shylock, a rich Jew and money lender, and asked him for the loan of three thousand ducats, naming Antonio as his bondsman. Having full knowledge of Antonio's wealth, the Jew accepted the bond after much deliberation. During the controversy Antonio joined his friend. The Jew was jealous of Antonio because he was like himself a money lender, and hated him for his christianity. Antonio asked no interest upon his loans, and this had long since aroused the hatred of the Jew. Their hate was mutual, yet the Jew assumed the manner of a friend as Antonio approached. Antonio repulsed him with dignity, but the Jew still proffered his friendship, offering to lend the money without interest, but with affected modesty, desiring the privilege of taking a pound of flesh from the body of Antonio in case the money was not returned upon a certain day two months later. Antonio accepted the offer and the bond was signed.

After the departure of Bassanio for Belmont, Shylock's daughter Jessica, despising her father's acts, determined to leave his house, marry her lover and become a christian. She carried out her determination, taking with her many jewels of great value and large sums of money. Shylock, discovering the theft, was wild with rage, and mad with shame

because his daughter had fled with a christian. He suspected Antonio as an accomplice, and swore revenge, declaring he would have a pound of Antonio's flesh—would cut out his heart to bait fish withal.

Old Neptune favored the Jew, for Antonio's ships were lost at sea, and Bassanio in the midst of his pleasures at Belmont, having won the heart and hand of Portia, received a letter from Antonio, who related his misfortunes and told of his approaching death in forfeit of the bond, saying at the close: "If your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Portia witnessed the emotions of her lover as he read the letter, and at its conclusion was curious to learn what "steals the color from Bassanio's cheek." He told her all, and her womanly heart was moved with sympathy for her lover's friend. She urged him to hasten to Antonio and pay the forfeit, even if the sum was six thousand ducats, and Bassanio obeyed.

Shylock closed his ears to all entreaties, and cried aloud that he would have his bond. In despair, Antonio urged his friends to let the Jew alone, and prepared himself for death. His only wish was that his friend Bassanio would arrive in time to see him pay his debt. The day for the trial of Antonio came, and a vast multitude assembled in the court of justice. The Jew was alone and friendless. He swore he would have the pound of flesh, and naught else. Bassanio was present, and offered twice the sum he borrowed, but Shylock spurned the compromise. "The pound of flesh which I demand is dearly bought, and I will have it," cried the Jew.

Portia's maid disguised as a lawyer's clerk entered the court, and presented to the duke of Venice a letter from Ballarior, a learned lawyer whom the duke expected to be present at the trial. The message told of Ballarior's illness, and recommended a young doctor of Rome, who accompanied the messenger. The young doctor of Rome was the fair Portia in disguise. The duke bade her welcome, and the trial proceeded. The alleged young doctor of laws informed the Jew that the law allowed him the pound of flesh. The Jew was rejoiced, and Antonio and his friends were in despair. The young lawyer further said, that in securing the pound of flesh, if Shylock shed one single drop of Antonio's blood, his lands and goods should be confiscated. The Jew, horror-stricken at this threat, agreed to accept the six thousand ducats. The court replied that once he had refused the money offer, and his only course was to take the pound of flesh, but that in making the attempt to take the life of Antonio, the Jew was guilty of a serious crime, the punishment of which was that half his wealth should go to Antonio and half to the general government, and further, that the offender's life was the property of the duke. The duke spared the life of the sneaking Jew, and willed one half his wealth to Jessica and her lover, Lorenzo. The Jew retreated in shame to his home to live a hermit's life. Later, three of Antonio's ships came back from sea, after long and perilous voyages, and brought him wealth and happiness.

**A Talk With Boys.**

[Detroit Free Press.]

A boy who has no desire or opportunity to learn a trade or select a profession may secure a fair situation at many other things.

A light and nearly always profitable business is that of confectionery, and it can also be started on a small capital. Here, too, one would do well to secure experience in an established house. A confectioner must make the bulk of his candies to make any money, and as an ice cream parlor has become a recognized attachment, he must know all about ice cream.

There is still another light and easy business which can be managed by a boy having a little capital. It is that of picture framing, but the boy who has no skill with tools can make no money out of it. There is hardly a village in the country without its picture framer, and cities the size of Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo support scores of them. The frames are now made entirely by large manufacturing companies, and are bought by the foot. A boy who can handle saw, rule and miter-box, can do all plain framing. The stock can be had on three months' credit if he has proper backing, and he can have thirty to ninety days' time on chromos and engravings.

For a boy who is clever with tools and machinery there is money in the manufacture of shelves, brackets, paper-holders, and other ornaments and conveniences made of wood. I know a young man who started in the business six years ago with a tread-power bracket saw and \$1 worth of stock. His shop was his mother's kitchen, and he worked one entire week on a bracket which he sold for forty cents. I paid him a visit in his shop the other day and found twelve men and boys at work at the various machinery, which was driven by a ten horse-power engine. He is now selling his work all over the United States and filling orders from London and Paris. That capital of \$1 has grown to \$20,000.

I am not one who believes, with the majority, that boys have no heads for business, and that they must have no show until they reach their majority. But I tell you just as plainly that the boy who goes into business, either for himself or in the employ of others, must make his mind up to certain things: He must be honest and truthful above all else. He must be on time, study the art of pleasing, avoid all bad habits and keep himself free from all associates who would pull him down. Our best business men are our most upright citizens. Vice may be backed by tens of thousands of dollars, and yet failure will be inevitable.

**How Some M. Ds. Live.**

An English paper gives some of the curiosities of medical life. One doctor lunched every day at a castle where the household is very large and his chances for a patient excellent. He makes some of the best company in England, and chances a guinea for each attendance.

A very wealthy man near a large city cannot bear to be alone at night, so an eminent city physician gets \$5,000 a year for lodging in the house.

One young doctor has \$2,000 a year for looking after the health of an old lady. She is to be inspected three times a day, but is as "strong as a horse," and so perverse that he has great trouble with her.

**NO SHE REFUSED HIM.**

Last night, with in the little curtained room, Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,  
And silver lights came stealing through the gloom,  
You told the tale that women love to hear:  
You told of love, with firm hands clasping mine,  
And deep eyes glowing with a tender light,  
How mere a thing, but your heart's resolve I knew,  
And then, indeed, my heart's resolve I knew,  
Last night, last night.

Ah, you had much to offer, wealth enough  
To glide the future, and a path of ease  
For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough,  
New friends—life calm as summer seas,  
And something (was it love) to keep us true,  
And make us precious in each other's sight?  
And then, indeed, my heart's resolve I knew,  
Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dress and puff!  
Only for one, like yours, could I say,  
"I would be twenty times myself."  
Only for one, and he is far away!  
His voice came back to me, so distinct and dear,  
And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight.  
The present faded, but the past was clear,  
Last night, last night.

If others answered as I answered them,  
We would hear less, perchance, of blighted lives;  
There would be truer women, nobler men,  
And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives;  
Because I could not give you all my best,  
I gave you nothing, and I know it true,  
You may thank Heaven that I stood the test,  
Last night, last night.

—(Boston Transcript.)

**A Florida Disposition.**

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

We say good night to Aunt Katy and drive on. The sky is peculiar to Florida on such a night—a steel blue, with thousands of tiny fleecy clouds like daisies, flecking its bosom, and under which the moon looks and laughs like a beautiful face through a bride's white veil.

We pass through a lane, on the right of which we see glimpses of water through clumps of young oak and come presently to the Jackson orange tree. All the Jacksons are out on the porch of the little brown house—father, mother and babies—and there hang the clustered oranges, from three to four thousand, on that grand old tree. Old Well, perhaps twenty years have roughened its bark; and after Jackson is dead, and his children, and his children's children, somebody will pluck the golden fruit from those same limbs, for it has seventy-five years yet in which to reach its prime. Jackson comes up, and with his hands full of silver goes back with baskets and ladder, and presently we are paring and eating the luscious fruit.

"Perhaps do ladies would like some sugar-cane," Jackson says, pocketing his money. "I got it wid ten jints, five cents a stick." Of course we are all clamorous for sugar cane, and the gentlemen of our party busy cutting the big sticks into sections. Maybe you don't know what a feast we had on oranges and sugar-cane away out at the wild woods of Florida.

**Lincoln and His Assassins.**

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

Manager John Ellsler, of the Opera House, probably knew John Wilkes Booth as well as any man now living. He was not only intimately associated with him in theatrical affairs, but was also his partner in oil speculations.

"Here are dozens of letters from Booth," said Mr. Ellsler this morning. "They are in regard to our oil transactions. We operated on the bank of the Allegheny River, opposite Franklin, and Booth was there a great deal. In 1864 he wrote to me to come to Franklin, and I joined him in July. We were there until he left his engagements in September. I have had one theory in regard to Booth's actions. He knew Lincoln well, and always spoke kindly of him. Time and again I have heard him allude to Mr. Lincoln as 'Uncle Abe.' They frequently met and had conversations.

Booth was a man whose word was his bond. He would sacrifice everything and go through fire and blood to keep a pledge. I have always thought that he took to drinking, and while in his cups joined some society or went into some plot; that lots were cast to decide who would carry out the plans, and that Booth was the man to whose hand fell the assassination of President Lincoln. His regard for his promise led him to carry out the plot, and he would have done it if he had been deputed to kill his own father.

About two weeks before the assassination an Eastern company offered \$75,000 for the property owned by Booth and myself. Booth's attorney agreed to have a great many times, but got no answer. He was in Washington, but must have been so engaged in the plot that he did not think of anything else."

**THE WAY TO SUCCEED.**

[Philadelphia Post.]

The true secret of success is in being master of the situation, and strong in the consciousness that you can do at least one thing well—as well as it can possibly be done. This applies to every calling and every condition of life.

There is always a demand for skilled doctors and lawyers, as well as for skilled artisans and workpeople, and so there will be as long as the world lasts. They always have as much as they can do, and as the busiest people invariably have the most time, they can always contrive to accomplish twice as much as others.

The outcry about over-population, and about the ranks of every profession and trade being overcrowded, is partly owing to the fact that the legions of the unfit stand idle and incapable, waiting for luck or good fortune to come to them, but not knowing how to set to work and conquer fate for themselves.

A happy or fortunate chance, or combination of circumstances, may present itself, but if we are to take advantage of it, we must have clear visions to perceive it, energy to pursue, and skill to improve and make the most of it.

There is no time in life for lounging about and taking things easily; if we intend to succeed, there is always something to be done, and when that is finished something else crops up, or grows out of the previous piece of work.

Another essential element of success is briskness—a very different thing from the burry which has given rise to the expression, "the more haste, the less speed." Things that are done briskly have a crisp freshness about them that is worth a good deal, and the worker is left unfatigued, and ready to go on again.

The consciousness of "something attempted, something done," as the poet puts it, gives him new nerve and courage, and he goes on rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

**Thoroughness** need never be impeded by prompt and swift action, and although "slow and sure" has passed into a proverb, it is not one of universal application. Punctuality also goes a long way towards insuring success, and the time saved by it is marvelous.

Life contains twice as many possibilities for those who finish their task at the appointed moment, and begin again without the waste of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, as it does for those who yawn and look around them, and occupy many precious minutes in getting up the resolution necessary for the next.

There is nothing so inspiring as success. It brings the merry heart that "sings the habit of his endeavor if its arrival be tardy, we know very well whether we have deserved it, and all things come round to those who can wait.

There are very few circumstances over which man has no control; he can to a great extent order his own life and take care of his own health, and, as occupation is eminently healthy, the busiest people rejoice most in this best of blessings.

He can refrain from self-indulgence, and always keep himself well in hand and ready for anything that may turn up. He can act in the living present, and not waste his time in regret for his doing so in the future.

People do not grow weary of well-doing when they see what it leads to, and he who aims at the moon shoots higher than his fellow who merely aims at a sparrow in a tree.

Let us set one goal before us in whatever we do, and with the same persistence, and reliability will surely conduct us to the winning-post, and enable us to realize the substantial pleasure of success.

**How "Gath" Learned to Use the Weed.**

As soon as the American boy is born and has been a few times flogged, and has played truant once or twice, he thinks it necessary to smoke or to chew. The first superb experience he has is that of getting sick over tobacco.

I can well remember when my mother sent me on a certain occasion with a small tin can, such as was then up to our manufacturing quality, to bring some milk or cream home to flavor the coffee.

An elder son of thunder had given me that afternoon a small piece of tobacco carefully knifed off his plug. He recommended that tobacco as entirely innocuous, and the proper thing to begin upon.

As I went along with the milk-can I nibbled at the tobacco. There was something in it indulgent and enticing, yet not wholly wholesome. By the time I got home with the milk such movements were going on in my head that no battle I have ever seen matched with them.

I got down on a log—for they were charmed for them at least—we have found something genuine, original and natural.

**The Senator's Daughter.**

[Cleveland Leader.]

She came into the three-cent car as it was going up Pennsylvania avenue with a full load of passengers, and without a word of thanks plumped herself down into a seat politely given her by a young colored man. She had diamonds in her ears, a staidish cloak upon her back and beneath this shown out a dress of flowery velvet brocade.

Her bangs were cut in the latest edition of fashion's dictates, and her nostrils dilated almost contemptuously as she pressed her dress carefully away from the cheap threadbare but clean coat of her colored neighbor. She evidently thought herself on a plane many degrees above him, and when she handed him her change in three coppers I noticed that she was careful that her hand should not touch his. She held it so far off, indeed that one of the pennies dropped, and, falling between the ole, net-like crate of the floor, reposed secretly a copper in the midst of a sea of tobacco spit.

The young lady with an angry glance looked up at the man, and said, "Can you pick it up?" He politely stooped over and made the attempt, but it was impossible. As he touched the coin, it slid further into the filth, and without saying a word he reached up and paid the young lady's fare out of his own pocket.

As for her, she noticed that the coin was still there. She glanced at it and said nothing, not even a thank you. As the car rolled on the passengers silently drew comparisons, and I can tell you they were not in favor of the Senator's daughter.

**Holding a Buffalo's Tail.**

[Youth's Companion.]

Artemus Ward said that whenever he saw a rattlesnake's head looking out of a hole, he passed respectfully by at a proper distance, reflecting that "that hole belongs to that snake."

If the two gentlemen who figure in this adventure had taken time to think, they might have concluded not only that "that tail belongs to that buffalo," but that the whole yard belonged to him—and wisely kept the other side of the fence.

A buffalo bull is, as a rule, a safer animal to admire at a distance than to pat on the back.

The Manitoban Free Press says that the other day a party, consisting of Mr. Henry Kelley, merchant of St. Louis, Thomas Brown and J. M. Ross, drove out to Stony Mountain to see Redson's menagerie and view the premises generally.

The buffalo attracted Mr. Kelly's attention particularly. In an enclosure was an old bull, solitary and alone. Mr. Kelly thought he would like to fraternize with the monarch of the plains and pat him pleasantly on the back. He accordingly leaped into the enclosure with a cheerful smile, and approached the gloomy brute with an easy nonchalance that made him the envy of the spectators. In the meantime, Mr. Ross and Mr. Brown, on the other side of the fence, winked unostentatiously at each other and waited for developments.

Presently came Mr. Kelly's loud dreamy up to the bull, called him a name or two, and patted him on the back. It is said that the majestic animal actually turned pale at Mr. Kelly's audacity, but the report lacks confirmation. The buffalo eyed him for a moment or two with stoical indifference, and then made a lightning pass at him

**A State Governed by Women.**

[Boston Republic.]

Among the colonial possessions, or, more correctly, dependencies, of Holland, there is a remarkable little state which, in its constitution and original costume of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights.

In the island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent state. The sovereign is, indeed, a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex.

Another entirely dependent upon his state council. The highest authorities, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. These amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which swings very gracefully at their side, and also a musket, which they are able to discharge at full gallop. The capital of this little state lies in the picturesque part of the island in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kept fortresses.

**Life on the Levees.**

[Cor. Portland Transcript.]

The levees which skirt the river front of New Orleans afford many interesting sights to the observer of human nature, both in the day time and at night.

The lowest sum of the city make the levees, in the vicinity of the cotton-boat landings, a place of resort and a place where they can lie out in the warm rays of the semi-tropical sun and bathe themselves in its glory to their heart's content without molestation from anyone.

Along the front of the levees, which slope gradually to the water's edge, the negro element congregates perpetually, day and night, and as soon as one of the monster Mississippi cotton-boats makes a landing, they rush to it in their desire to help roll off the bales of cotton and receive therefor a small amount of money and a large amount of plausibility from the mate, who is proverbial in the region of the Mississippi for the inventive faculty of originating new and horrible invectives, which are hurled at poor Sambo in massive and unheeded quantities. This is not the best of their efforts to get the negroes' latent and sometimes never-resuscitated activity into play. I have often seen one kicked clear into the river, upon which he would arouse himself sufficiently to swim in upon his levee and return to his work, it is needless to say, with renewed energy."

**The Hypocrisy of Conventionalism.**

[New Orleans Picayune.]

The world is so old, men as a rule are so apt to shape itself in the molds of the schools of the day that a voice perfectly natural and fresh surprises almost as much as it delights us.

The ancients enjoyed an advantage in that they wrote before the great art of writing had been invented, says Lichtenberg. There are standards of taste, canons of criticism, decrees of authority that the present and the worldly-wise will never dare defy.

A genius, brave in the consciousness of his strength, may now and then venture to set them aside; but mediocrity, however ambitious, will always copy. The ever would not be so lamentable were this insincerity and intellectual timidity confined to literature.

Conventionalism rules the world. In the conversation of these who are ordinarily called cultivated people the same old cut and dried opinion, the same old stock of silent quotations, and set phrases even, are reported ad nauseam.

One might suppose that people got their talk as the parents do, by imitating, out of a hand-book of etiquette. But now and then we find a child of nature who is not afraid to speak right out his or her own honest and simple opinions, and however crude, however wide of the mark they may be, we are always charmed for them at least—we have found something genuine, original and natural.

**Bill Ny's Philosophy.**

[The Ingleid.]

To the young the future has a rosette hue. The rosette hue comes high, but we have to use it in this place. To the young there spreads out a glorious range of possibilities.

After the youth has indulged for an intimate friend a few times, and purchased the paper at the bank himself later on, the horizon won't seem to horizon so tumultuously as it did beforetime.

I remember at one time of purchasing such a piece of accommodation paper at a bank, and I still have it. I didn't need it any more than a cat needs eleven tails at one and the same time. Still the bank made it an object to me, and I secured it. Such things as these harshly knock the fluff and bloom off the cheek of youth, and prompt us to turn the straw-bow bottom side up before we purchase it.

Youth is gay and hopeful, age is covered with experience and scars where the skin has been knocked off and had to grow on again. To the young a dollar looks large and strong, but to the middle-aged and the old it is a mere trifle.

When we are in the heyday and fix of existence, we believe everything, but after awhile we murmur, "What's that you're givin' us," or words of a like character.

Age brings caution and a lot of shop-worn experience purchased at the highest market price. Time brings rain retreats and wisdom, teeth that can be left in a glass of water over night.

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Along the front of the levees, which slope gradually to the water's edge, the negro element congregates perpetually, day and night, and as soon as one of the monster Mississippi cotton-boats makes a landing, they rush to it in their desire to help roll off the bales of cotton and receive therefor a small amount of money and a large amount of plausibility from the mate, who is proverbial in the region of the Mississippi for the inventive faculty of originating new and horrible invectives, which are hurled at poor Sambo in massive and unheeded quantities. This is not the best of their efforts to get the negroes' latent and sometimes never-resuscitated activity into play. I have often seen one kicked clear into the river, upon which he would arouse himself sufficiently to swim in upon his levee and return to his work, it is needless to say, with renewed energy."

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