

MOTHER LOVE.

A mother sat holding a child in her arms. The white light of dawn and played on her face...

Time passes fast and the babe that she held in her arms grows to a young man...

Edison's Uncompromising. Genius is not always appreciated. Every day life, and the inventor, scholar, or scientist is often unwelcome among his associates.

Are There Not Modern Balzacs? When the caricaturist was engaged in illustrating Balzac's novels he came upon a difficult and involved passage...

A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO. It was on the evening of Monday, the 25th of July, in the year 1712, that two middle-aged men came out of White's coffee-house...

Why, Mr. Buckley, said Steele, your narrow passages and close rooms remind me of the printing of Ben Jonson, who kept his press in a hollow tree...

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of every day, and not even want that copy more than three days before publication. Think of that, gentlemen, a half-sheet every day. A hundred years hence nobody will believe it.

That, sir, with all submission, is actually impossible. And surely you are joking when you talk of the vulgar learning to read, and taking delight in reading. Reading will never go lower than our shopkeepers. I think that the people would read a hundred years hence, if they had the ability. They must have books especially suited to their capacities. They would read your 'Vision of Mirza' and know something about your 'Sir Roger de Coverley'.

There is in Bloomington a man who never got off a joke successfully in all his life. He has often tried, but always ignominiously failed. The other day he came to the conclusion that he had thought out a pretty good one, and sallied forth to play it on some of his friends. He soon met Mr. Plantman, the undertaker, and slipping him on the back, inquired: 'Say, Jar, why am I like a cannon?'

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Representatives of the Spanish Government have lately visited Sheffield and placed an order for the plant necessary to produce gun forgings of the largest kind. In Spain there was already in course of construction large steel and iron-works, which will have the advantage of being near the famous hematite ores of the Biblos Mountains. A Sheffield company is arranging for a local engineering establishment for a supply of plant capable of producing the heaviest possible forgings. The plant, it is stated, will cost at least \$200,000, and it will be necessary to raise additional capital for the purpose.

The Pilgrim Mothers. New England phrases that ought to be allowed to drop decently out of geography. It has a political meaning, and if you come to science New England is geologically older than the old country; and as to the Pilgrim Fathers one is always reminded of the very paper mark of the New York City. She said: 'We are all the time hearing about those horrid old Pilgrim Fathers and their sufferings and religious heroism. Even Mr. Hemans had to write about them. I should like to know why there is no consideration for the pilgrim mothers; they had to stand all the hardships the fathers did, and the fathers into the bargain.'

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Wakenful Sermons. A popular minister was asked the other day how it was possible for him to preach a new sermon every Sunday year after year, and to find something new to say. 'Doesn't it give you a great deal of thought and trouble?' 'Oh, no,' was the reply. 'It is a mere matter of habit. My sermons have never kept me awake five minutes.' 'Ah!' said the other, 'that, then, is probably the reason why they don't keep other people awake either.'

Behind the Scenes. It is said that the most certain way to take attraction out of a drama is to spend an hour behind the scenes, and the most effectual way of sickening a person desiring to become a circus rider, is to take him to the dressing-room during a performance. One who has been there, says he saw performers preparing for their respective acts, and while they were naked, were seen upon their bodies, in every conceivable place, formidable bandages and plasters. These were for sprains and bruises, of which every one had his share—and no small share at that.

Four dollars. 'Two plunks. Now, as we climb this mountain in front, see, in the near distance the lonely cabin of the only original George Washington mine in this township. Mark her toolboxes, axes and eyelets there, and as we glide along, catch a glimpse of the white-coated mucker through the swinging door, chucking poker dice with the blacksmith for keeps.' 'Well, you ride up here with me and I'll do it for \$2.'

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when you get there, and don't use your napkin as a bib. Don't play with the table implements. Take soup from the side of the spoon. Keep the handles of your knife, and fork exactly in the palms of your hands. The fork is used to convey all food to the mouth that does not require a spoon. The knife is only used in this way by the low-bred people. If, however, you happen to get in such a party, use the instrument as the rest do. He who addressed us was a true gentleman. It is better to eat separately with a fork, and never gnaw green corn out of the cob. Cut it off with a knife and eat it with a fork. Cheese is never touched with the fingers, but eaten with a fork on a bit of bread. Bread should be broken.

Crutched people never better a large slice of bread and bite into it. Never let your own knife and fork help you, or put your own knife into the butter or salt. Remove fruit bits and skins from your mouth with the left hand. Finally, if you would not well abroad be careful to observe the proprieties at home.

A man would appear like a gentleman, he must walk, stand, and sit like one. In all cases he should avoid all appearances of self-consciousness. There, among strangers, he will stand erect, and still, and not loiter or fidget on a chair.

Never stop long to converse in the street. Don't smoke in public places where there are women unless such is the custom of all frequenter. A cigar in a man's mouth in the daytime, on the street, vulgarizes his appearance. Remember that a gentleman is always introduced to a lady, never otherwise unless in the case of the President.

Do not play cards among strangers for money, always keep a lookout for the opportunity of doing a courtesy. An observance of these hints will enable most men to appear well.

What boys have done other boys can again accomplish. Eight out of every ten of our rich men were poor boys and made their own way. As for those who began life with plenty of money, not one out of eight has been anything like a success. Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, St. Louis, and every other city contains men who began life working for smaller wages than will ever be offered to you, and who now worth from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 apiece. Some of the old growers will tell you that it was all in luck. Don't you begin your career by believing in luck. It leads to the poor-house by the straight road. What the lazy man calls luck is simply diligence, economy and management.

Rick out the latest poorest man in your town and you will find him growing all over luck. When he comes to explain his career you will see that he planted potatoes and waited for luck to come around and hoe them white. He sat on the grocery steps and talked politics. The ill-luck he grows about him comes more through his own blunders and bad management than from any other cause. Diligence makes luck; economy makes luck; honesty makes luck; it is to late in the day to make the world believe that some folks were born to rich and others to be poor. It rests solely with the boy and man.

Five or six years ago I happened to be in a railroad office, the other day I entered and applied for a position. The head clerk, to whom the boy applied, looked him over from head to foot, and said, 'I'm going to give you a chance.' 'I'm going to give you a chance,' he said after the lad had departed. 'Don't you have a dozen applications every week?'

'Yes, but when a boy of his age has the courage to walk into an office and apply for a position, he has something in him.' The boy was given a place as messenger with a salary of \$3 per week. 'I was in the same office the other day, and where do you see I found him? The head clerk had been promoted, and this boy was in his place, and his salary had risen from \$3 per week to \$190 per month! Was it luck? No, it was diligence and faithfulness had promoted him step by step, and the same things will take him higher and higher, until he will surely fill the position of Superintendent of the road.

Do you remember of reading of the boy 'Sam' at one of the big iron foundries in this city? One day, after a tramp of over 100 miles—having run away from a poor-house where he had been for two or three years—he entered the yard of the foundry and asked the first man he met for work. 'You'll do,' sneered the man, and he looked down upon the lad in contempt, 'what could you do?' 'I can do anything,' said Sam. 'Learn the trade.' 'Pooh! Who are you?' 'Sam.' 'Sam who?' 'Sam who wants to learn a trade.' 'I'm going away before the dog bites you.'

But Sam walked into the shop, asked for the foreman, and made application in such an earnest way that he was given a place. For a few weeks he made himself useful in running errands, and himself turned to tools, and was made an apprentice. This is his third year, and he is not only providing himself a skillful mechanic, but he has saved a goodly sum of money, and he has a book of shares of his wages, and carries a bank book. He could not read nor write when he entered the shop. He evening have been taken up with study, and today he writes a good hand, can figure rapidly, and is a fair hand at drawing patterns. He has a lot of it. Had he been impatient and shilly-shally he would have been a laborer to-day instead of a diligent mechanic.

Nine cases out of ten the boy who is thoroughly determined to make something of himself will succeed. He may have to encounter rough usage, but the resolution which carried him out into the world will carry him safely through any crisis.

Chesley T. Decker has been issued in this country about 350 patents on play billiards, and they play billiards as they play cards, ten points of gossip for every point in the game.

HOW IS A BOY TO START FOR HIMSELF?

'What troubles me,' writes a boy from Georgia, 'is how I am to get a start in the world. I am 16 years old, have a fair common-school education, but no money and no chance to learn a trade. Put yourself in my place and tell me what you would do.'

There are a good many difficulties about making the start you speak of, but there are no grave reasons why you shouldn't get along in life. First, if you want to learn a trade, and no chance offers at home, widen your field. Almost every day I meet a boy who left Southern Indiana on foot with \$5 in money and walked to Detroit in search of a place to learn a trade. He was penniless when he reached this city, but his frank face and straightforward talk made him friends, and in a week he was an apprentice to a tin-smith. He is now in the last year of his trade and the other day when I asked his employer how he liked the boy he replied: 'From the end of his first month with me I could trust him with my whole business. He is honest, diligent and correct and when his time is out I'm going to give him an interest in the business.'

If you have no leaning towards a trade, and no work offers at home, you must find it elsewhere. If you do not want to spend your days as a laborer you must make up your mind in advance of any step to be diligent and faithful—to be honest and economical. By observing the first three maxims you will hold any place you may secure, and have the good will of your employer to follow you into new fields. By observing the fourth you can, in a few years, accumulate sufficient capital to enable you to enter into business for yourself.

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Do you remember of reading of the boy 'Sam' at one of the big iron foundries in this city? One day, after a tramp of over 100 miles—having run away from a poor-house where he had been for two or three years—he entered the yard of the foundry and asked the first man he met for work. 'You'll do,' sneered the man, and he looked down upon the lad in contempt, 'what could you do?' 'I can do anything,' said Sam. 'Learn the trade.' 'Pooh! Who are you?' 'Sam.' 'Sam who?' 'Sam who wants to learn a trade.' 'I'm going away before the dog bites you.'

But Sam walked into the shop, asked for the foreman, and made application in such an earnest way that he was given a place. For a few weeks he made himself useful in running errands, and himself turned to tools, and was made an apprentice. This is his third year, and he is not only providing himself a skillful mechanic, but he has saved a goodly sum of money, and he has a book of shares of his wages, and carries a bank book. He could not read nor write when he entered the shop. He evening have been taken up with study, and today he writes a good hand, can figure rapidly, and is a fair hand at drawing patterns. He has a lot of it. Had he been impatient and shilly-shally he would have been a laborer to-day instead of a diligent mechanic.

Nine cases out of ten the boy who is thoroughly determined to make something of himself will succeed. He may have to encounter rough usage, but the resolution which carried him out into the world will carry him safely through any crisis.

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