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DON'T KICK.

Here's a piece of advice I'll give to you, bub,
Old man, old woman or chick;
No matter what comes, no matter what goes,
Don't permit yourself ever to kick.

If the world, as it gravely goes jogging along,
Throws the thorns in your path, fast and thick,
Dodge all that you can, and step on the rest,
But of all things, I pray you, don't kick.

If you throw yourself into political strife,
And get hit with a political brick,
You will show your good sense by holding your jaw,
And never once making a kick.

If you play for a winning and draw out a blank,
And some other chap makes the thing stick,
Just swallow the dose like a good little man,
And, for Heaven's sake, don't make a kick.

Take things as they come, they'll be right in the end,
If you're hungry, rich, beggar or sick,
You'll only be wasting your valuable time,
If you use it in making a kick.

And if, in the end, when you pass in your checks,
You're gobbled right up by Old Nick,
And go where there's lots of fire and no drink,
You'll be a darned fool if you kick.
—[Mort Wood in San Francisco Post.

Quality of Pleasure.

Philadelphia Ledger.]

It is a crude and imperfect idea of pleasure that gauges it only by its quantity. The distinction between one pleasure and another is not merely one of degree, but of kind. Just as by common consent we give rank to the various parts of our nature, calling some higher and some lower, so the pleasures which follow from their satisfaction must fall under a similar classification if we would estimate them correctly. This is manifest when we compare those at widely different extremes. Mr. Lecky says truly: "No multiple of the pleasure of eating pastry can be an equivalent to the pleasure derived from a generous action." It is not that the latter is necessarily more keen or intense; that may or may not be, according to the character of him who experiences it. To the selfish epicure the former would convey a much greater amount of pleasure than the latter; while the benevolent man's experience would be exactly the reverse. But in both cases, and under all circumstances, the pleasure of a generous deed, however faint, is of a far higher and nobler kind than that of the gratification of the palate, however intense; thus its quality which is permanent, not its quantity which is variable, should constitute its claim for preference.

This, however, is in direct opposition to the ordinary practice of many persons. The question "How much pleasure will such a thing afford me?" is a more frequent one than "Is the proposed pleasure of a worthy and elevating nature?" Contrast the pleasures of health and vigor with those of dissipation and excess. They are of an entirely different order. The devotee of the latter chooses what will bring to him the most immediate gratification, and thus degrades himself lower and lower. But could he be brought to choose, instead, the higher kind of delight—that of the free step and the clear brain of bounding health, the lower kind, which wars against it, would soon become distasteful. So with the pleasures of idleness compared with those of industry, of wasteful expenditure with judicious thrift, of dishonest gains with an unsullied honor, of crimes committed under the misnomer of liberty, with the life which finds true freedom in obedience to just laws; on the one hand the pleasure is degrading and ruinous, on the other it is uplifting and progressive.

As a general thing, we may place the pleasures of the mind above those of the body, and those of the moral character on a still higher plane. None, however, are to be despised or sacrificed, except as they interfere with and destroy those of a higher type. This it is which teaches moderation in their pursuit. For directly any pleasure, however lawful in itself, becomes excessive, it sacrifices those which are above it, and, in doing so, pronounces its own doom. Real enjoyment consists far more in the proper balance of all the faculties than in the larger development of any one alone. For instance, the ardent pursuit of knowledge, valuable though it be, if carried on to the exclusion of due regard for health, or to the neglect of practical duties that press upon the conscience, not only defeats what is superior to itself, but digs away the very foundation upon which it is standing, and leaves its victim a wreck and a failure.

The same is true of all pleasures when followed for their own sake, to the exclusion of other and important matters. After all, the highest, the best, the most permanent pleasures, are those which are not sought, but which come from the faithful fulfilment of life's duties and obligations. Indeed, the eager search after pleasure in any direction is always fruitless, because it implies a condition of mind to which enduring happiness is a stranger. Selfishness and enjoyment may dwell together for a brief season, but the latter will soon wither away under the scorching influence of the former. It is by recognizing and respecting the quality of pleasure rather than its quantity, its kind rather than its degree, its source rather than itself, that we learn to appreciate the truth that the purest and most enduring happiness is but the natural effect of the wisest, worthiest and most noble life, and is always inseparable from it.

Mrs. Cleveland's Rooms.

National Republican.]

If you should take the President's house and run a line through it from north to south, at the end of the library, you would cut off Mrs. Cleveland's part of the mansion from that of the President's. She has five bedrooms, and they are all large and airy. Just off from the library there is a cozy room which used to be known as the girl's room, and it was in this that Nellie Grant lived, and Nellie Arthur occupied it during the last presidential term.

The President's bridal chamber is the state bedroom, and it looks different now to what it did when Mrs. Cleveland first came into it. There are more home touches, and the dressing table always has its flowers. When President Arthur was here he had his wife's picture, which hung on one of these walls, wreathed with roses every morning. Now the roses are everywhere about the room, and the gardener has done his best to make it look beautiful. There is a wide lounge, or divan, at one side of the room, and the bed is of rosewood, with a great canopy of silk brocade in gold and silver above it. A rich Turkish carpet covers the floor, and there are a number of easy chairs scattered about the room. Great chunks of wood lie upon the highly polished brass andirons, and the mantel is covered with a heavy velvet cloth of a soft, dark red. There is a tidy on one of the armchairs bearing the inscription in red, white and blue silk: "God bless our country and our President." It was in this room that the Prince of Wales slept when he visited this country, and if Victoria dies soon enough the bridal chamber of President Cleveland will have been the only guest chamber in the United States that has slept a king.

Some of Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

Century for July.]

I know of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

My dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

Independence is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

All political parties are made up of foxes and geese—about 5,000 geese to one fox.

Parliamentary Divisions.

DECISIVE VOTES OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

St. James Gazette.]

For purposes of comparison with the division on the home rule bill the following results of some of the larger and more decisive divisions that have been taken in the House of Commons during the last half century will be useful:

1829—Catholic emancipation bill passed by 320 against 142.

1831—Lord John Russell's reform bill rejected by 301 to 301. On reintroduction it was carried by 367 to 231.

1832—Third reading of Lord John Russell's reform bill by 355 to 239.

1833—Mr. Daniel O'Connell's motion for the repeal of the union between Great Britain and Ireland was rejected by 520 to 58.

1835—Election of speaker. Liberal nominee rejected by 316 to 306. Motion by Lord John Russell for devoting surplus of Irish Church revenues to popular education carried by 322 to 289.

1839—Bill for suspending Constitution of Jamaica carried by 294 to 289.

1840—Vote of want of confidence in Lord Melbourne's ministry rejected by 308 to 287.

1841—Defeat of the government on the franchise question by 300 to 289. Proposal to reduce duty on corn rejected by 317 to 281. Vote of want of confidence in government carried by 312 to 311. After a general election Sir Robert Peel defeated the government on an amendment to the address by 360 to 269.

1846—Sir Robert Peel's motion for remission of the duty on corn carried by 337 to 240.

1850—Vote of censure on the government carried by 310 to 264.

1851—Protectionist motion of Mr. Disraeli defeated by 281 to 267.

1852—Lord Derby's ministry defeated on a test division by 305 to 286.

1857—Mr. Cobden's motion for inquiry into our relations with China carried by 263 to 247.

1858—Lord Palmerston's conspiracy bill rejected by 234 against 215.

1859—Mr. Disraeli's reform bill rejected, 1st of April, by 330 to 291. June 7, ministers suggested in the speech from the throne that the question of parliamentary reform should be postponed. To this the Marquis of Hartington proposed an amendment, which was carried by 323 to 310.

1861—Sir John Trelawney's bill for abolition of church rates read a second time by 281 to 166; but on the third reading there was a tie—274 for and 274 against. Mr. Gladstone's motion for repeal of paper duty carried by 296 to 281.

1862—Motion for abolition of Church rates rejected by 287 to 286.

1864—Mr. Locke King's county franchise bill rejected by 254 to 227. Mr. Baines' bill for lowering the borough franchise rejected by 272 to 216.

1865—Mr. Baine's reform bill defeated by 288 to 214.

1866—Mr. Gladstone's reform bill defeated in committee on Lord Dunkellin's amendment by 315 to 304.

1869—Mr. Gladstone's bill for disestablishing the Irish Church carried by 368 to 250.

1871—Abolition of purchase bill carried in the Commons by 289 to 231.

1873—Mr. Gladstone's Irish university bill rejected by 289 to 284.

1877—Mr. Gladstone's resolution on the Bulgarian massacres rejected by 354 to 223.

1878—Lord Hartington's motion condemning removal of Indian troops to Malta rejected by 347 to 226. Mr. O. Morgan's resolution on the burials question defeated by 242 to 227. Mr. Trevelyan's motion for parliamentary reform negatived by 271 to 219.

1879—Sir C. Dilke's motion for the recall of Sir Bartee Frere from Zululand negatived by 306 to 246. Mr. Trevelyan's motion for parliamentary reform negatived by 291 to 226.

1881—Motion censuring Mr. Gladstone's government for abandoning Candahar rejected by 336 to 216. Motion censuring government for restoring the Transvaal territory to the Boers rejected by 314 to 205.

1882—Arrears of rent (Ireland) bill carried by 283 to 208.

1883—Second reading of affirmation bill rejected by 292 to 289.

1884—Mr. Gladstone's franchise bill read second time by 340 to 210.

1885—Vote of censure on Mr. Gladstone's government for abandonment of Gen. Gordon negatived by 302 to 288. Mr. Childers' budget rejected by 264 to 252.

1886—Mr. Jesse Collings' amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech carried by 329 to 250.

For The Topers.

A COUPLE OF PALATABLE SUBSTITUTES FOR ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

Philadelphia News.]

You likely number among your friends or acquaintances some hearty old chap who has "taken a drink of good whisky before breakfast for forty seven years, and couldn't eat without it." Now at the risk of having this worthy but prejudiced person laugh himself into a state of apoplectic red-facedness, let me suggest that as old as he is, he may yet find a substitute—not only a cheaper one, but one that will never coax him to take more than is good for him. Take any man who is in the habit of looking in the bottom of the glass for "pure sociability" at intervals from noon until midnight, and for stomach comfort before he breaks his fast in the morning, and let him, after he has arisen and dressed, repair to a drug-store instead of a bar-room. He has no appetite. He does not feel as though he were "all there." Instead of a cocktail let him ask the druggist to prepare a mixture of these ingredients and quantities, which, when mixed together, shall constitute a single dose:

Chloroform, five drops.
Tincture ginger, half teaspoonful.
Compound Tincture Cardamon, two teaspoonsful.
Water, one wineglassful.

Swallow that slowly—take five minutes to do it. You will be surprised to find that in about fifteen minutes the "all gone" feeling will have disappeared. A gentle, pleasant warmth is felt in place of the gnawing sensation, and in a very little while there are decided symptoms of being hungry. A repetition of the dose inside of an hour, in case the attack the night before was very severe, will do no harm. A cup of black coffee twenty minutes after the first dose is an excellent thing to follow with, provided the patient is not of a particularly nervous temperament.

You will find some men whose nerves become unstrung upon very slight alcoholic provocation, and such men are prone to try similar similibus curantur racket. The best thing for a case of that kind is the drug store again. Here is the dose:

Bromide of potassium, thirty grains.
Celerina, two teaspoonsful.
Elixir valerianate ammonia, two teaspoonsful.

I'll guarantee that you will never resort to whisky again after you have tried whichever of these doses that may suit your particular case. As soon as you feel able to eat, make your breakfast of oatmeal principally for two or three days. On the day after taking the first dose, invest in two Havana oranges and substitute the juice for the pick-me-up tonic. If the stomach rejects the oranges as too sweet, throw them away and try the tonic again, but eventually return to the fruit.

This treatment will begin to show its effect in a very few days. Instead of that uneasy, uncomfortable feeling there will come a vigor and a natural exhilaration that will brighten the eye and quicken the step. A brisk walk around the block, if you live in a brick and mortar section, will not come amiss. I would even go so far as to advise a five minutes exercise with half-pound dumbbells. Grasp them firmly and strike out as though you intended thumping somebody. All that is needed is faith and a little perseverance, especially perseverance. Three weeks will bring the faith.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—Bob Ingersoll recently was talking with an old colored woman in Washington upon religious matters. "Do you really believe, Aunty," said he, "that people are made out of dust?" "Yes, sah, the Bible says dey is, an' so I b'lieves it." "But what is done in wet weather, when there's nothing but mud?" "Den I s'pects day make infidels an' sich truck."

An Eastern young lady has had her name changed to Notoriety, because so many men like to court notoriety.

Secretary Lamar's Story.

HE MADE A GOOD HIT AT HIS OPPONENT, BUT GOT IT ALL BACK.

[Washington Dispatch in Chicago News.]

Colonel William R. Morrison, Senator Butler and one or two other gentlemen were seated in Secretary Lamar's office one morning, when the conversation turned upon the joint debate between Gordon and Bacon, the rival candidates for the Governorship of Georgia. "It reminds me," said Secretary Lamar, "of an incident that occurred during a similar debate between Governor Alcorn and myself when we were making the race for Congress immediately after the war. Alcorn, if you remember, was a very finicky person about his dress, and I have no doubt if the term 'dude' had had an existence in those days it would have fitted Alcorn exactly. We were speaking one day at Hazlehurst. I saw that Alcorn had made a good impression, and that it was necessary for me to counteract it if possible. There were probably a thousand people in the audience, most of whom were a rough, homespun class, and it occurred to me that by appealing to their prejudices I might hit Alcorn a good one under the belt, so to speak, that would be more effective than anything I could say. And so, after I had got along pretty well in my speech, I turned to Alcorn and asked the audience if they wanted to vote for a man who was so notoriously vain that he had to be dressed like a tailor's dummy before he allowed people to see him. 'While, on the other hand, fellow citizens,' I continued, 'I, who ask for your suffrages, am a plain, unassuming man like yourselves. I sport no fancy scarf pins or patent leather boots, but, to again institute a comparison between us, I wear the hickory shirt of our ancestors and clothes of the same homely material.' The crowd cheered the sentiment and I saw that Alcorn looked provoked. At the conclusion of my remarks Alcorn arose. 'My opponent,' he said, 'has seen fit to criticise my style of dress and compare it unfavorably with his own. It is true, ladies and gentlemen, that I exhausted all the resources of my wardrobe to appear before you today. I felt that it was the highest compliment I could pay you. I did it as a matter of respect for you. If I did not entertain these sentiments of high regard for you I would come among you as Lamar has—unshaven, unkempt and shabbily attired. I leave you to judge which of us deserves the most at your hands.'

"If the audience had indorsed my sentiments they fairly howled their approval of Alcorn's. The women were especially enthusiastic. I saw I had made a mistake, but it was too late to correct it, and so I laughed it off as best I could. But Alcorn's ready wit saved him, for in the election which followed a few weeks later he defeated me by a small majority, and an analysis of the vote showed that in the town of Hazlehurst, they had supported Alcorn almost to a man."

Two Opinions.

The opinion of the woman whose husband has a good garden:

"Does a garden pay? What a foolish question! Of course it pays. It pays better than any other part of the farm. Why? Because so much can be grown in it that the family can make available at all seasons of the year. It isn't a mere summer institution—this garden of ours. When summer ends we have vegetables to use the same as we had during the growing season, for we always raise enough to last until garden stuff grows again. Think of the variety the garden gives our bill of fare: Corn, cabbage, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, parsnips, squashes, onions, saisify, beans, beets, turnips, radishes—why, if you were a woman with a family to cook for and you wanted something to make a 'change with, you'd see where the advantage of having a garden came in. With these vegetables to draw from a woman can so vary the bill of fare from day to day that the men folks won't be complaining about the 'same old grub from one week's end to another.' But isn't it cheaper to buy than to raise? See here. How much money do you suppose I'd have to expend on vegetables if we had to buy all we used? I'll venture to say that I wouldn't get $5 for that purpose through the year, unless I kept it back from the butter money. Men folks don't like to buy garden stuff, but they do like to eat it. Thank goodness, my husband has sense enough to see the advantage of a garden. I don't know that he likes to work in one, but he sees that it pays, and he is not regarding the pleasure of his appetite alone, but considering the financial aspect of the case, when he raises vegetables. He knows that what we eat from the garden costs less than other things we would have to buy if we had no garden."

The opinion of the man who doesn't have a garden:

"Do I have a garden? Not much. Catch me puttering round in one. I'd rather go down to the corner and sit round the grocery store or saloon all day long than make a garden bed. It's all foolishness. You sow the seed, and half won't come up, and what grows gets smothered by weeds. Why don't I pull 'em up? I don't have to. I can work on the farm, but I won't work in the garden. Why? Because it don't pay to—didn't I tell you that before? But wouldn't it pay if I worked it the same as I do a field? I don't know. I don't care to know. But don't I like vegetables? Of course I do. Do we buy any? Well, no, not to speak of. We can't afford to. Don't I get tired of pork and potatoes and bread the year round? Well, yes, I do, and it seems as if my wife might give us a change sometimes, but she don't. If she did we'd 'spring out' with a better appetite, and not have to take "bitters" and such stuff. She always harps about a garden—a garden! but I just put my foot down and tell her she don't get me into that trap. No sir, I won't bother with one."

True Beauty.

A woman famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society, once said: "If I have been able to accomplish anything in life, it is due to a word spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by my old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

One day the French teacher, a gray haired old woman, with keen eyes and and a kind smile, found me crying.

"Qu' as-tu, ma fille?" she asked.

"O madame, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me but did not contradict me.

Presently she took me to her room, and after amusing me for some time, she said, "I have a present for you," handing me a scaly, coarse lump, covered with earth. 'Ugly,' did you say? Very well, we will call it by your name then. It is you! Now you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two."

I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight.

"Ah," she said significantly, "who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that little rough, ugly thing? But it took heart, and came out into the sun.

It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that, in spite of my ugly face, I, too, might be able to win friends, and make myself beloved in the world.
—Youth's Companion.

IRREGULARITY in the amount of food given or consumed dries up a cow; so do worrying, fast driving or excitement of any kind. An animal that produces milk is as sensitive as her product, to external influences.

The Georgia boy who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony added: "Possrip—If he is a mule please ty his behind legs."

That Uninteresting Boy.

The following plea for the uninteresting boy, which we take from a popular magazine, is worthy the attention of all mothers. Our boys, if they are unattractive and uncouth, contain the material of which manhood of the next generation must be made, and the mothers who find their children in this formative period "uninteresting" and therefore, through neglect and indifference, lose their influence over them, have much to answer for if this manhood turns out to be of poor quality:

Two young mothers were one day following with their eyes the movements of a little girl 3 years old. "What an interesting age," said the mother of the little girl; "but how some children outgrow it. My boys now are just as uninteresting as they can be." The other mother heard this statement with surprise, and looked with more than common interest ever after at the two little boys that had ceased to be interesting to their mothers.

There is no doubt that many people of both sexes agree with the speaker, and pass by the boy of 8 or 12, or of an age ranging between these figures, with an indifference that is not only peculiar and pathetic, but is hard to understand.

Suggestive as may be the interchange of thought between our babes and ourselves, fascinating as it is to watch the gradual development of intellect, and to get answers to the questions, "What are your thoughts, my baby? What in the world of sense has most impressed you? Are you like papa, like mamma, or like some one else?" These same questions asked of the intelligent boy of 10 will receive answers that are full of enlightenment and that will induce thought. To be content with observation of infancy and of early childhood alone is to be satisfied with the well-sounding title of a book, and to give no heed to the wisdom of its pages.

Gentleness and patience are qualities greatly needed by the mother of a boy. She might be helped by the politeness and good examples of others, but often she is called to sympathize with her son on account of affronts offered to him by his superiors. It is no uncommon experience for a boy that goes on an errand, and will make his wants known and pay his money quite as readily as his father would, to be met in store or office with a salutation that chills the marrow in his bones if he is a timid boy not well padded with flesh. "Here, boy, get out of here! What do you want, anyhow?" are brutal words and ought never to be used.

Many a boy often exhibits in his daily life many qualities that ought not to be measured by the same high standard by which grown-up virtues are measured. Awkwardness and noise are to be expected—noise, because a healthy boy cannot live without it; a boy that is growing so fast that his hands and feet seem larger at dinner than they were at breakfast cannot be expected to handle knife and fork with grace, and the lengthening feet may hit against a chair or table legs without conscious sin.

There are weighty questions surging up in these undeveloped brains. A question asked of a mother at bed time, the tender hour that a true mother will court as a bit of life well lived, if spent with her children, will sometimes reveal a startling clearness and depth of thought. Such a question should be answered seriously and sincerely. "Mamma," said one of these boys, 10 years old, to the mother of whom he dare ask any question, "mamma, I often ask myself what are we living for, anyway? Does God keep us for pets, as we keep cats and dogs, or does he like to see fighting going on; as boys do sometimes?" On another occasion, after hearing some conversation in regard to church debt and those who had no voice in contracting it being obliged to help pay, the boy said: "Mamma, I think it is wrong for a church to get into debt. It is like firing off a gun on some people you don't know anything about."

To say that a boy like this (and he is not an exceptional boy) is not interesting, that he is not capable of appreciating gentle treatment, is to say, with the calm air that ignorance blissfully assumes, that black and white are exactly the same.

Flowers in the School House.

Among the many refining influences which a thoughtful teacher may bring to bear on her scholars there is nothing more potent than a taste for flowers. The same taste that will give a touch of refinement to the poorest cottage throws a much needed grace over a bare schoolroom. And the children will soon begin to take pride in their teachers floricultural efforts, whether it takes the form of winter window plants or outdoor summer gardening. As a general thing, the builders of a country school-house seem to pitch their tent on the most barren and sterile spot in the neighborhood, so outdoor gardening is well nigh an impossibility. So the gardener must make the most of a sunny window. The plants may be contributions from parents who possess them; usually the children are very proud to supply "Teacher" with what she wants, if it is in their power. Simple plants of easy culture may be chosen; the ever popular Wandering Jew is always pretty, and is not easily discouraged. Oxalis is another nice thing, while scarlet geraniums are always neat and thrifty, and turn their smiling faces to their grower through every change of season.

It is not merely for their intrinsic prettiness that we value flowers in the school room; they will attract and retain the interest of the scholars in a marked degree. If the teacher possesses an intelligent knowledge of plants, she can give most entertaining object lessons on this theme. We do not mean the analytic botany so many graduates possess—that is merely the bleached skeleton of the subject. To engage the attention of children, one should know plants intimately, and enjoy their confidence—study after the system enjoined by Mr. Squeers: "When a boy knows b-o-t-t-i-n-n-e-y means a knowledge of plants, he just goes out and knows 'em." By a sort of anecdotal knowledge of botany and floriculture, a teacher can both interest and instruct. And the refining influence of dainty blossoms cannot be overestimated. It may not turn rough boys into Chesterfields all at once, but it will be a change in their material lives, and it will help to satisfy that craving for beauty which is the natural dower of every girl.

Little Sermons for Hot Days.

Contentment is better than money, and just about as scarce.

The selfish man has most presence of mind. He never forgets himself.

Vanity rules the fools, and often makes simpletons of those who know better.

What we believe is right is more often so because it grinds our ax than otherwise.

Money is a handy commodity, and it takes enterprise and self-denial to get much of it.

He is the most slow in making a promise who is the most faithful in the performance of it.

A man protesting against error is in the highway toward uniting himself with all men who believe in truth.

Wickedness may prosper for awhile, but in the long run he that sets all knaves at work will pay them.

True bravery is shown by performing without a witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

Failure, after long perseverance, is much grander than never having a striving goood enough to be called a failure.

As we grow in years and experience we become more tolerant, for it is rare to see a fault we have not ourselves committed.

JUDGE ELLETT is the strongest judicial name in Tennessee. He is a fine combination of sagacity, deep learning, firmness and decision.—Memphis Appeal.

FLOORED ON RUSSIAN.

He had studied every lexicon from Ancient Mede to Mexican,
Knew Assyrian, Sanscrit, Greek;
Knew the shape of sword and sandal of the Visigoth and Vandal,
And the old Etruscan features and physique.

He could write a song or sermon in old Celt or ancient German,
And sing Italian songs and roundelays,
Describe Tiglath-Pilezer, the herbivorous Neb'chadnezzar,
And all the kings and queens of olden days.

He knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus and the monarchs of Epirus,
And gave scholarly descriptions of their deeds.
He could lend an added splendor to the ancient witch of Endor,
And describe the early monarchs of the Swedes.

But when he turned to Russian, he reeled with the concussion
Of a word that parched and paralyzed and stung;
For Ivan-Adamowski Shanki-Ranoff-Peter-Squoshkie
Completely tied and tangled up his tongue.
—Tid-Bits.

THE CHEAP SPARROW.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

You see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprel. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, won't he care for you, an immortal?

A TRUTH WE FAIL TO APPRECIATE.

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but can not realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that, when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with His presence, but can not understand how He encamps in the crystal palace of the dew-drop, or finds room to stand, without being crowded, between the alabaster pillows of a pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet? We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting Him there to act out His stupendous projects; but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because He so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough! but no more certainly than He is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! but no more certain truth than that He decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that He sits down beside you to-day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

In the first place: God chooses for us our occupation. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regreting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God—a beneficent God, a kind God, a loving God—arranged all these circumstances by which you are made what you are.

Hugh Miller says: "I will be a stonemason." God says: "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw our temperament, and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for.

I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands, and the wheels, and the springs are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jewelers and say: "Overhaul that watch, and teach the wheels, and the spring, and the hands to mind their own business."

You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plow that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best; and so it is with the Lord. He calls us up and points us to that field for which we are best fitted. So that the lesson for to-day, coming from this subject, is: "Stay cheerfully where God puts you."

OUR PLACE OF DWELLING.

I remark further: That God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in, seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and He selected just that one house as better for you than any one of the ten thousand habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof, and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say: Proverbs iii., 33: "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

OUR FRIENDSHIPS.

I remark further that God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it God sent that friend just as certain as he sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outpost of heaven to greet you at your coming. You always will have friends—warm-hearted friends, magnanimous friends—and when sickness comes to your dwelling, there will be watchers; when trouble comes to your heart, there will be sympathizers; when death comes, there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands, and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. O, we are compassed by a bodyguard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends! He has not behaved well.

OUR TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

I remark again, that God puts down the limit to our temporal prosperity. The world of finances seems to have no God in it. You can not tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down, the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children. My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will: "Romans viii., 28: "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in different directions. This hand is rolling off this way, and another hand another way; one down and another up. You say: "What confusion in a factory!" O, no! all these different hands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well-being. Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage, is often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart, if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say: "O, Lord! I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into thy hands." That is what religion is good for, or it is good for nothing.

AN OLD PROVERB.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about. things that you can help; and second, things which you can not help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you can not help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so desponding upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm; and although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results. Do not have any idea that you can over-step the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably and employ usefully and control righteously; and at the end of 1886 you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you $100 for every penny beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and He is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity; and He will do it in the best way.

THE WAYS OF HIS WISDOM.

Your little child says: "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you say, "it is a sharp knife and you will cut yourself." He says: "I must have it." "But you can not have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats his children. I say: "I wish, Heavenly Father, to get that." God says: "You can not have it." I get angry and say: "I will have it." God says: "You shall not have it:" and I do not get it. Is He not kind and loving, and the best of fathers? Do you tell me there is no rule and regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me.

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons: "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says: "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it; and henceforth consider yourselves subordinate." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes to our shop or our store, and says: "Things are going wrong; I come to take charge. I am master and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates.

It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he can not do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up, and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and cleansing the slate says: "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and He rubs everything out and says: "Begin again!" Is He not wise and loving in so doing?

THE TROUBLE.

I think the trouble is that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Nassau Bank, or the Park Bank, or Fulton Bank, or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that? I want to bring this truth close up to the heart of those people in the audience who have to calculate rigid economy, who are perplexed how they will make the old garment hold out a little longer, with whom the great question is not which is the best investment or the most lucrative security, but how shall I make the two ends meet? To such people I bring the condolence of this Christian truth.

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the Promised Land. You can see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success, through this river and across that sea? but, blessed be God! the path always comes out at the Promised Land. Mark that! Mark that!

UNDER DIVINE SUPERVISION.

I remark again: That all those things that seem to be but accidents in our life are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmless and anchorless. You say: "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that event which startled your whole household with sorrow, God met with perfect placidity, because He knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit; and to many a Christian down is up. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted, the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains—one chain reaching through all eternity past, and the other chain reaching through all eternity future; so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A MISSIONARY, COMING FROM INDIA to the United States, stopped at St. Helena while the vessel was taking water. He had his child with him. He walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and falling instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had He allowed His servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven, God will demonstrate His mercy.

I hear a man say: "That idea belittles God. You bring Him down to such little things." Oh! I have a more thorough appreciation of God in little things than I have in great things. The mother does not wait until the child has mashed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruises, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, but comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of His mercy.

Going up the White Mountains some years ago, I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains, I thought can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a blue-bell down by the mule's foot on my way up Mount Washington, then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

AN ANSWER FOR THE SKEPTICAL.

There is a man who says: "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a nack of undeastanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor and see only the raw materials, and I ask: "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor;" and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says: "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carsied out." I do so, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience, we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say: "Just and true are all thy ways." It is all right at the bottom. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

THE LORD DIRECTETH.

Some of you have been disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments—but whatever have been your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law, and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West: all the circumstances of life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grassblade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth, that "five sparrows are sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

Learn to be Useful.

Boys, when you come into the house for your meals and find the dinner or supper not quite ready, and your mother and sisters hurrying around, warm and tired, instead of standing about in the way, leaning against the sink or tilting back in your chair against the buttery door, you should take hold and help the women folks. At first, may be, you wont see any way that you can help them, unless you were brought up to work occasionally in the house. Try an experiment to-morrow. Come in a few moments before dinner time and watch the steps your mother takes in putting the finishing touches to the meal. See her lifting the heavy kettle of potatoes from the stove and holding it, with great effort, at nearly arm's length, carry it to the sink, and then lift it again to drain off the water. Certainly, you could do that for her. You can take the pot of meat or beans from the oven and thus save much of her strength; you can set the chairs up and run down the cellar for the butter or bread: you can glance over the table and see if a knife or spoon has been misplaced in dishing up the dinner, and if so, quietly replace it. Wouldn't this be a better way than after the family are all comfortably seated at the table, to loudly announce, "Marm, my knife and fork's gone—guess you mean for me to eat with my fingers to-day," and then mother has to spring up, no matter how stiff and tired she may feel, and run to the cupboard and bring her great boy his knife. When you notice the vinegar cruet, the pepper or salt box, or any dish has been forgotten, get up quietly and get the same before your mother has a chance to. See if she can't sit in peace at meal time and not be continually getting up for articles. Things will be forgotten in the best regulated families.

An Irishman, eating his first green corn, handed the cob to the waiter and asked, "Will ye plaze put some more banes upon me sthick?"

Mrs. Partington, speaking of one who died from hard drinking, remarked: "Yes, sir, dissolution has brought many a man to the grave."

OFFICER TUITE'S HORSE.

A Day Full of Sorrows for a Policeman Who Had a Kind Heart.

"A policeman's life is not always the soft snap it appears to be on its face," said Officer Jim Tuite of the 27th precinct to a New York Sun reporter. "There is almost always some little thing cropping up to spoil a fellow's calculations when he makes up his mind to have a good time during his off hours. Now, not long ago, I was on duty on Church street, and about 5 o'clock in the morning I noticed wandering aimlessly along the dilapidated remnants of what had once been, probably, a fair specimen of a horse. As it is generally pretty quiet around that neighborhood early in the morning—until the ferryboats begin to pour in their quota of busy life—I concluded to lead the old frame to the station house. It was nearly time for my relief, and as I had made up my mind to have a nice little time, accompanied by my wife, that day, was glad of anything to help kill time. I brought the animal to the station, and then went out to be relieved. On being released from duty I hurried back to change my clothes before going home, when Capt. Berghold, who had been sizing up my friend, said:

"'Officer Tuite, you had better take that old nag up to the pound at 92d street; we have no room for him.'

"Here was a pretty how-dye-do. The idea of leading that disreputable old beast six miles through the city was fairly appalling. There was an eccentricity about his wind and moisture about his nostrils that was very repulsive to the sensitive organs of a 27th precinct cop, and the prospects of such a companion for several hours disgusted me. But it had to be done, and the sooner the journey was completed the better. I went a couple of blocks with my charger, and then hired a bum to lead him to the pound. I took the elevated railroad up myself and reached there in good season, but had to hang round about four or five hours waiting for the rest of the parade. At last, a little after noon, I sighted the pair coming leisurely up the avenue. I was possibly a little irritated, and may have made some hasty remark regarding the speed they exhibited on the journey; be that as it may, I had no sooner paid my assistant than he eloped with a swiftness that proved he had been husbanding his strength all the way up.

"The horse looked pretty well used up, and gave me more than one reproachful glance as I led him to the gate of the pound. In response to my summons the keeper came out, and, after casting a critical look over my four-footed companion, said:

"'See here, young feller, you'd better take that old wreck back to where you got him from. He's got the glanders, and I can't take him in.'

"What do you think my feelings were when I heard that? I took about fifteen minutes for vigorous refreshment, during which there were many uncomplimentary reflections on horses, glanders, bums, and pound-keepers. What was I to do? The horse looked as if he would never weather the difficulties of a return trip. I dared not shoot him for fear some crank would claim him, place an extravagant value on him, and sue me for it. A happy thought struck me. I would leave him at the Eighty-fourth street station house and skip. I tried it, but the sergeant in charge wouldn't have it. He told me he guessed I'd have to take him back to Liberty street.

"Great Scott! wasn't I mad?

"Finally the sergeant, who seemed to sympathize with me, suggested that I telephone down to the office of the S. P. C. A., at 23d street, explaining the predicament I was in, and they might send up an officer of the society to shoot my tormentor. I acted on the suggestion, and late in the afternoon the armed official arrived and took a weight off my mind by adding some to the body of my disgusting charge. I arrived home that evening in time to go on duty again."

The Penalty for an Old Joke.

I met ex-United States Treasurer John C. New as I was strolling along the avenue recently and indulging the gastronomy of the eye, says a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He has been stopping at the Riggs. Not long since I heard a curious story told by one of Gen. Grant's closest friends, who had it direct from the ex-President. Senator Morton called to see the President one day, and, being a cripple, Gen. Grant came down stairs to see him. Finding that his visitor was leading up to the subject of patronage, Gen. Grant suggested that they go round to the stable and see a new colt that had just been bought. Morton did not seem averse, and when his servant had lifted him into his coupe he asked the President to take the place by his side. They reached the stable in due time. The new colt was trotted out. His good points were all indicated by the President, who was a fair judge of horse-flesh.

"What do you think I gave for him?" he asked the Senator.

"About $300," replied Morton, who knew nothing about horses and cared less.

"Wrong," said the President, "I paid $600."

"I'd rather have the money," exclaimed Morton.

"Strange; but that's exactly what the man said of whom I bought the horse."

"How so?"

"I offered him my note for three months," answered Gen. Grant, evidently much pleased that he had worked off a favorite story in new shape on the Senator from Indiana. But he suddenly ceased smiling as the latter retorted: "If you offered that to a horse jockey I want you to offer the vacant treasurership to John C. New of my State."

The directness of the request staggered the President, and he replied:

"I have already about promised the place to Senator Conkling for a friend of ours in New York"—naming the name, though I do not recall it at this moment—"I can't disappoint him, you know."

"And you can't puff off an old joke on him as you have on me," was the bland rejoinder.

At this the President laughed heartily and John C. New received the appointment a few days later.

Washington's Modesty.

There is a story told of Washington's first appearance as a member of the House of Burgesses. He was something more than a new member; he was the late Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia army, the foremost man, in a military way, in the province; he had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne. So the House resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military services he had rendered the country. The Speaker, Mr. Robinson, rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a little speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the house. Every one applauded and waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood, blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough, and he could even say what was necessary to Mrs. Martha Custis; but to address the House of Burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks—that was another matter! Not a plain word could he get out. It was a capital answer, and the Speaker interpreted it to the House.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he. "Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."—*Horace E. Scudder, in St. Nicholas for May.*

They Were Just "Niggers."

The colonial secretary of one of the British West India colonies was in New York not long ago and boarded at a fashionable up-town boarding-house. One day he met a gentleman whom he had known on the island and took him and his wife home to dinner. As the guests of a distinguished official they were treated by the other boarders with great consideration at the table and afterward in the parlor. When they had gone their entertainer asked the people to guess to what nationality they belonged. Some thought they were Spaniards, on account of their dark color; others that they were Italians; all agreed that they were elegant and accomplished. "I'll tell you," said the official, throwing himself back in his chair in high enjoyment of the situation, "they are just what you people here call nothing but niggers!"—*New York Tribune.*

A Michigan lumber company has purchased thousands of acres of timber land in Louisiana and Mississippi at $1.25, which they say will equal the timber lands of Michigan and Wisconsin.

HER LITTLE HAND.

Her little hand, so soft and white,
Like an imprisoned bird to-night
I held within my own.
The beauteous maid I long had wooed
And for that little hand had sued
Till hope had almost flown.

At last in mine it trembling lay,
I felt its fluttering pulses play
Soundless melody;
For liberty it scarcely fought,
It was a prisoner, I thought,
That wished to be set free.

The trembling captive I caressed,
The velvet fingers softly pressed,
While her fair face I scanned,
Then, as her color rose and fell,
What joy was mine to hear her tell
I'd won the little hand.

Oh! little hand, so soft and white,
Whose touch can thrill me with delight,
Oh! will it ever be
That that fair hand, with satin skin,
Armed with a broom or rolling-pin,
Will terrors have for me?

Artemus Ward.

Calling upon Mr. Lincoln on one of the darkest days in the late war, I was surprised to see upon his mantel-piece a couple of volumes—one a small Bible, the other Artemus Ward, his Book. "Do you read Artemus Ward?" I asked him. "I don't read anybody else," he answered, with a smile on his care-worn face: "he is inimitable." In the plain building before which we are standing the inimitable showman first set up his "wax figgers;" and if we enter here we may encounter the assistant editor of the *Plaindealer*, who was the associate and intimate friend of "A. Ward" when the latter was the city editor of this journal. He has many anecdotes to tell of the genial showman. He describes his appearance, when he first came to the office, as decidedly rustic. He was, he says, long and lank, with flowing hair, and loosely fitting coat, and trousers too short in the legs and bagging at the knees. His humor was irrepressible, and always bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He was a wag—nothing but a wag—but in that line a genius. He could see only the ludicrous side of a subject. Going away once on a short vacation, he engaged this gentleman to perform his work during his absence. He carefully instructed him as to his duties, and in doing so drew from his pocket a tow string about a foot and a half long, and told him he must furnish that amount of copy per day, leaving on his desk the measure as a reminder of the quantity. About this time he was called upon to respond to a toast to the Press at a Ben Franklin festival held in Cleveland. He rose to his feet, hung his head for a few moments in silence and, then sat down, having said nothing. In his account of the festival in the next day's *Plaindealer* his speech was reported by a blank space of about half a column of eloquent silence.

This gentleman remembers that soon after "A. Ward" entered the lecture field he was invited by a theatrical manager in San Francisco to deliver a course in California. The season being close at hand, the manager asked him by telegraph: "What will you take for forty nights in California? Answer immediately." Ward answered immediately, by telegraph, "Brandy and water." The joke was noised throughout the State, and the result was, when Artemus went there to lecture on his own account, he was met everywhere with overflowing houses. While engaged lecturing in the West, he wrote this gentleman the following epistle:

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I want you to do me a favor. I relied on one of my men to save me the press notices. He didn't. Will you collect them for me at once, and send them to me at the Bates House? Now this is taxing your good-nature, but you'll do it for me—won't you, George? Do you know that you remind me more and more of the noble Romans? I don't know who they were, but you remind me of them; you do, indeed. And could I have appealed to one of those noble Romans to cut out some press notices for me in vain? I guess not. Go on, young man, go on. Deal kindly with the aged. Remember that we are here for only a little while, and that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Intoxicate the shunning bowl. Support your county paper. Love the Lord, and send me those notices. Write likewise. And now, kind sir, farewell. Farewell.
"'When other lips and other hearts—'
"Your'n, my pretty gazelle,
"A. WARD."
—*Edmund Kirke, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

The Cheerful Man.

Your habitually cheerful man is an old fraud and a liar. He is well-dressed, while his children are the rag-bags of the neighborhood. He has a dollar for cigars when his wife wears a bonnet six years old. He passes for a whole-souled fellow with the public, but is a fault-finder at home. You'll see him taking the cool breezes on the river, while his family are weltering in a stuffy house on some back street.

I want to see a man grin when there's anything to grin at, but when Green gets up in the morning and declares he hasn't had a meal fit to eat for the last three months, and that he can't see why his wife is always groaning around and his children always whining, he has no business to stop the first man he meets, with a smile clear back to his ears, and shout out:

"Why, old fel, how solemn you do look! Brace up, man—life is worth the living ten times over!"

I used to reverence Green. He had a grip of the hand like a carpenter's vise—he had a voice as bland as June—he'd make a consumptive believe that nothing more than a sore heel was the matter. I used to lie in ambush for him just to hear his hearty voice and see his serene countenance, and I'd go about my day's work wondering what sort of a guardian angel he had. I found out one day when a policeman had to go in and stop him from beating his wife.

When you find a man who can grin over the servant girl's jumping out at an hour's notice, with wife flat in bed and the children having a scarlet fever look around the eyes, don't you off on a fishing trip with him. When a man can soar among the angels with bill collectors ringing his doorbell—last week's grocery bill unpaid—the children wanting shoes—the rent running behind and his wife coughing all night long, he's an infernal old fraud and ought to be kicked. When a chap who has frozen the children, jawed the cook and blasted his wife as a sort of morning tonic before leaving the house meets you about a block from the gate and is troubled because you haven't got your angel's harp on your shoulder, keep your hand on any stray half-dollar you happen to have about you. He's mean enough to steal chicken broth from a boy with a broken back.—*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

It is not generally known, but the Duchess of Teck, born Princess Mary of Cambridge, and a granddaughter of George IV., is of as high lineage as her Majesty, Queen Victoria. At one time there were only two lives between her and the throne. She is unfortunately married and unfortunate in appearance, being enormous in size; but, despite this disfigurement, she carries herself with a grace and dignity that make many say she would have looked a queen better than the wearer of the crown. She has, indeed, a more royal bearing and a finer charm of manner than any member of the Queen's immediate family. Married to the pauper son of a morganatic wife of a German duke, her portion from Parliament is £5,000 a year, a sum which she finds insufficient for the demands of her station.

A Disgusted Soldier.

An Irishman serving in the United States army in Texas and belonging to the infantry was in the habit of standing with his toes pointing inward, to remedy which the Sergeant continually addressed him while on parade with, "Stick out your toes, Patrick." It took Patrick years to acquire the habit of sticking his toes out. Just about the time he had succeeded he was transferred to the cavalry, where his habit of sticking out his toes interfered much with his usefulness as a horseman. The Sergeant was continually calling to him: "Stick in those toes, Patrick," much to his disgust, and he exclaimed with some emphasis: "Divil take such a service. For five years it was nothing but 'stick out your toes, Patrick,' and now it's 'stick in your toes, Patrick.' There is no plazin' the blackguards."—*Texas Siftings.*

During the last ten years there has been an increase of 300 per cent in suicides in Russia. Intemperance, higher price of food, and pessimism are given as the chief causes.

Do be natural. A poor diamond is better than a good imitation.