

Poetry.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,
The far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshall off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No sicknesses, "Lore" and "Mouse,"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

Selected Story.

"BANG UP;"

—OR—

The Results of Advertising.

CHAPTER I.

"Anything over, Ben?"
"Not a dollar; I just paid the Journal's bill for advertising, which has pretty near cleaned me out."
"How much?"
"Forty-two dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Ben, I don't like to tell you that you are the biggest fool on the street; but you are."

"Wait, Joe, and see," returned the other, with a confident smile.

"Forty-two dollars for advertising!"

"Just so, and for three months' advertising."

The applicant for "anything over" gave a peculiar whistle to denote the length, breadth and depth of his astonishment.

This conversation occurred in the store of Benjamin Weston, a young and enterprising merchant, who had just commenced business on his own account.

The other person, who to use his own classical expression, was "bang up," and wanted to borrow \$50 to make up the amount of a note due that day, was Joseph Weston, a cousin of the other. They had been playmates in youth and staunch friends in maturity.

Though there was a great diversity of opinion in many topics, a strong sympathy existed between them.

They had commenced business at about the same time, and under nearly the same circumstances, both being obliged, for the want of sufficient capital, to mortgage the stock of their respective stores.

Thus far they had done well, and the prospect was that both would become wealthy and distinguished merchants.

They had married sisters, and occupied tenements in the same block. Their houses were furnished in substantially the same style and no material difference in expenditure. Both had been brought up to business habits, and educated into the principles of a rigid economy.

"Forty-two dollars for advertising," repeated Joe.

"And if I had money to spare, I would spend double that sum," replied Benjamin.

"What benefit do you expect to realize from it?"

"You are behind the times, Joe. Benefit? What a question! I expect to make my fortune by it."

"Humbug!"

"Look at Brandreth and Bonner."

Both humbugs."

"No matter for that; if these fellows have been able to make princely fortunes by advertising in humbugs, how much more so will he who deals in substantial realities."

"All gammon!"

"We differ; time will tell who is in the right."

"Seriously, Ben, you will ruin yourself if you go on in this manner. Forty-two dollars a quarter for advertising!"

"I shall spend a hundred the next quarter."

"Don't do it, Ben."

"How does it happen, Joe, that you are in the street borrowing money? I never did such a thing since I commenced business."

"How does it happen that you have not any money to lend?" asked Joe, with a smile.

"Because I have spent it for advertising."

"Better have spent it for opera and 240's."

"Wait Joe, wait."

"I spend nothing for advertising; but I will bet you the oysters that my sales for the last quarter are as large as yours are."

"I will take you up the next quarter."

"Why not the last?"

"Advertising is somewhat like planting potatoes; you must wait for the crops."

"Don't believe it, Ben. When I have a fifty spot that I don't know what to do with, I shall put it into my family. Buy a library, a new sofa, or things of that sort. I should rather go to the White Mountains with it, than throw it away upon the papers."

"You don't know your own interest, Joe!"

"Don't I? Some kind of business might thrive on advertising, but ours, never. Do you believe the women look into the papers before they go shopping?"

"Well, there was a lady in here just now, who said she saw such and such goods advertised by me."

"Pshaw! and on the strength of that you intend to spend \$50 more in advertising. Ben, you are crazy," and Joe Weston turned on his heels and left the store, assured in his own mind that his friend was going to ruin.

In his estimation such loose principles would eventually bring him to bankruptcy. But Ben was his friend, and he deeply commiserated him because he clung to such weak and pernicious doctrines.

CHAPTER II.

Business was prosperous with the young men. By prudent and careful management, each had not only made a living, but had been able to pay a small portion of the mortgage on the stock at the end of the year.

Joseph had the advantage of his friend in possessing a better location, and though his rent was somewhat higher, the difference was more than compensated by the increased facilities it afforded him.

If his business increased as it had done, he would be enabled to clear himself of debt in another year.

Under this encouraging aspect he ventured to expend a hundred dollars in addition to his furniture, which his wife insisted was absolutely necessary for their comfort and happiness. The house had been furnished altogether too plain for this progressive age, in her estimation. She was behind some of her friends, who, she was sure, were doing no better than her husband.

Joseph was a little obstinate at first; but then there was something so decidedly comfortable in a set of stuffed chairs and lounge, that he did not hold out his opposition. He was doing well and the expenditure would not seriously hurt him.

With a nice new Brussels carpet and the new furniture, Mrs. Weston's little parlor looked exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. Besides, it looked as though her husband was prospering in business.

It was so very nice that the young wife could not bear the idea of having the parlor shut up, so that no one should see it till the furniture had grown rusty, consequently she made up her mind that they must have a party.

Their friends had parties; why shouldn't they? It was stingy not to have one. Mrs. Weston was an eloquent debater, and she gained the day in this matter. It is true the party was not a very extravagant affair but it cost Joe some fifty dollars. In the meantime Benjamin had paid quite as much for advertising as his friend had for new furniture and the party. Joe laughed at him, and finally came to believe that he was insane, and would certainly come to ruin in another year.

Mrs. Ben Weston, too, felt decidedly unpleasant about the im-

provements which had been going on in her sister's house.

"Why can't we have a rosewood table and a set of stuffed chairs, Benjamin?" asked she pointing her pretty lips into a very unamiable position.

"Simply, my dear, because I cannot afford it," replied the philosophical merchant.

"How can Joe afford it?"

"I presume he knows his own business best."

"He has put over a hundred dollars into his house."

Ben whistled "T'other side of Jordan," and made no reply.

"Do, Ben, buy some chairs."

"Can't afford it."

"Yes, you can."

"No, I can't."

"You can afford it as well as Joe."

"Perhaps I can."

"Do buy some."

"I should be very happy to gratify you, but I cannot take the money from my business. A year hence, if business prospers with me, you shall have them."

"A year hence," pointed the wife.

"I must spend a hundred dollars in advertising the next quarter."

"How foolish!"

"Very foolish, my dear; but it must be done."

"That's the way you throw your money away. You can't catch Joe doing such things."

"True; but though he has the advantage of having a corner store, I paid three hundred dollars more on my mortgage note than he did."

"Then you can afford the table and chairs."

"Nay, my dear, I will not spend a dollar for superfluities while I am in debt."

Mrs. Ben Weston felt very bad about it, but her husband was firm, and she was forced to content herself with plain furniture.

Mrs. Joe Weston enjoyed her nice parlor until the novelty wore away, and then she discovered that there were a great many other articles wanted to make things look uniform. The two windows must have drapery curtains, a pier glass was needed, and some pictures were wanted to relieve the walls. Her husband, who had once exceeded the limits of his means, found no great difficulty in doing so again, and the things were bought. But Joe had some scruples about it. His notes began to be troublesome, and every day he was in the street borrowing money. His business, too, had not met his expectations. Instead of increasing in the ratio of the first year's experience, it hardly held its own, and the poor fellow began to have some serious misgivings about the future.

Before the year had half expired, he was obliged to introduce a rigid system of retrenchment into his family and business affairs, in order to keep his business expenses within his means.

CHAPTER III.

Another year had passed away in the business experience of the young merchants. The books had been balanced, and the results stood black and white before them.

Ben had followed up his system of advertising through the year. He had expended large sums, but made the outlay with judgment and discretion.

The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His store was crowded with customers; with genuine bona fide customers, and with but a small proportion of gadders and fancy shoppers. The newspapers had borne to the best families in the city and country full descriptions of his stock. His name was as familiar as "household words" in the dwellings of the rich and poor, of the farmer, the mechanic, and laborer.

Truly the harvest was abundant, and Ben rubbed his hands with delight as he cast his eyes over the figures which conveyed to him the pleasing results of his year's operations. He had the means, not only of clearing himself of debt, but also of gratifying his wife by

giving her all the new furniture she required, beside a handsome surplus with which to increase his business.

The new furniture was bought and set up; every debt was discharged, and the importers and jobbers were eager to give him unlimited credit.

One day while he was ruminating upon this pleasant state of things, Joe Weston entered the store. For some months past, the intercourse between the young merchants had not been as cordial as formerly. Joe's nice things had rather "set him up;" some of the upper ten had condescended to visit him; and he attended the "Almack" parties with his wife.

He was getting ahead fast in his own estimation, and cherished a supreme contempt for the slow motion of his friend. But when in the middle of the year, he found himself running down hill and discovered that Ben's store was crowded with customers, while his own was empty, a feeling of envy took possession of him. Ben must be underselling, he concluded, and sooner or later the consequences will appear.

The prosperous merchant could not but notice the dejected mien of his friend as he entered the store.

"How are you, Joe? You are almost a stranger, lately. Where do you keep yourself?" asked Ben.

"Business, Ben, business!" replied Joe, demurely.

"Good! Business before pleasure."

"Anything over to-day?" asked Joe; but the query was not put in that buoyant, elastic tone which had distinguished him in former times.

"A trifle; how much do you want?" returned Ben promptly.

"To tell the truth I am 'bang up.' I have got a note for four hundred to pay, and I have not yet raised the first dollar towards it."

"You are late; it is half past one now," replied Ben consulting his watch.

"Ben, I am in a tight place," said Joe, in a low solemn tone.

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it," and Ben's face wore an expression of sincere sympathy. "Nothing serious I hope?"

"I am afraid so."

"What can I do for you?" and the young merchant took down his check book and examined the state of his bank account.

"I can give you a check for three hundred, if that will do you any good," continued he, taking up the pen to fill out the blank.

"Thank you, Ben; you are very kind but I don't know as I ought to take it."

"Not take it? Why not?"

"If I should pay this note, there is hardly a possibility that I could get through the month."

"So bad as that? 'Pon my soul, I'm sorry to hear it."

"Smith and Jones advise me to make an assignment."

"How does it happen? I thought you were doing well?"

"Business has been very dull for the last six months. Haven't you found it so?"

"Well, no; it has been driving with me."

Joe knew it had; indeed, his present visit was not one to borrow money, but to prepare his friend for the "smash" which was now unavoidable.

"My sales have been light," continued he; "I can't account for it."

"I can look; here, Joe."

Ben took down his ledger, and pointed to the account "Charges," where the sums paid for advertising had been entered. On a slip of paper had footed them up.

"Five hundred and sixty-five dollars for advertising, Joe. That's what done the business."

Joe was astonished. It was quite as much as he had paid for fine things for his home and for parties, and the opera; but the investment had been vastly more profitable, inasmuch as, taken in connection with the careful management of his business and his economical manner of living, it had laid the foundation of his future fortune. It had given him a

good start in business, and a good beginning is half the battle.

Joe Weston failed and paid only twenty cents on the dollar. His fine furniture was all sold, and he was obliged to board out. But in his extremity, Ben was his true friend. He received him into his house, and when his business was settled up, took him into partnership.

The firm is now one of the most respectable and prosperous in the city. Joe, ever since he was "bang up," believes in advertising, and any one who opens the Journal, or indeed, any of the daily papers, cannot fail to notice the conspicuous advertisement of "Weston & Co."

Miscellaneous.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.

A DELIGHTFUL SPOT IN THE CENTENNIAL CITY—HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS.

THE CHANNING HOUSE.

West Philadelphia is well known to be the garden spot of this great metropolis, and probably it is not exceeded in beauty by any place in the United States. Its magnificent shaded avenues, handsome and stately mansions, surrounded by ample, highly ornamented grounds, have made it famous wherever Philadelphia is known, and visitors from abroad have declared it to be the most delightful spot within the limits of a city that the eye ever rested upon.

The New York Tribune very justly says of this locality that "its charming suburban appearance and its elevated situation make it the favorite quarter with all who intend passing the summer here."

Here the Emperor of Brazil has selected his imperial residence, expecting to make it his home during the continuance of the Exposition. He has secured a magnificent palace of white marble, at a rental of \$50,000 for the six months, and we have no doubt it is vastly superior to any palace in his own domain. In his immediate neighborhood are located a number of other foreign embassies; a square beyond him is the residence of Drexel, the celebrated banker, even more elegant in some of its details than the Emperor's home, and with beautiful grounds covering nearly a square in extent. Two squares further on, in the heart of that romantic locality, the Channing House commences, extending along Pine street from Thirty-ninth to Fortieth street, covering as fine a view as the eye could wish to rest upon. Just below are Woodland and Fountain Terraces, and further on is Woodland Grove in full sight. Nearer by are tasteful and costly private dwellings looking from spacious grounds with abundant foliage and clean shaven lawns, and the occasional toll of the monastery bells near by, gives a foreign aspect to the locality. The street cars of the West End Line pass the Channing House direct to the Centennial grounds, and returning by Thirty-eighth street, bring the passengers to the door again, while the lines of the Chestnut and Walnut street and Woodland avenue make direct communication every minute with the heart of the business portion of the city.

The Channing House is entirely new, and built of pressed brick with sand stone trimmings. It has accommodations for 500 guests, and upon emergency can accommodate 800. The rooms are all large, high studded and furnished with every modern convenience, and the outlook in all directions is upon cultivated and handsome surroundings. This house, we learn, will be conducted upon the European plan, and the price of lodgings will be one dollar per night or for the twenty-four hours. The cuisine will be under able and experienced direction, and the best meals will be furnished at the most moderate rates. This plan is the only just one for the guests. Many will wish to take their meals at different places during their visit, and it would be manifestly

unjust to charge them with meals which they do not have. The prices adopted by the Channing House are commendably reasonable, and it may safely be said that nowhere in Philadelphia can such accommodations be had for the price. A visitor who stops there need not make his expenses for lodging and meals more than \$2.00 or \$2.50 per day, while at the leading hotels, not half so advantageously situated, the cost is \$6.00 per day. We learn from the proprietors of the Channing House that applications are already being received for rooms during the Centennial, and it may be in place to say here that lodgings can be engaged now for any specified time during the Exposition, by communicating with the Channing Hotel Company, 720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, at one dollar per night, and thus all care taken from the minds of those who propose visiting the city during that time. This house is under able and efficient management and is controlled by gentlemen who are in the highest repute. That it will be liberally patronized there can be no doubt, and it will prove without question one of the most comfortable, convenient and satisfactory hotels in the city.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

A substantial dinner eaten during the hours of a business pursued with the eagerness it generally is in our stirring cities, is fatal to good digestion. This requires a freshness of bodily energy, a calmness of nerve, and an ease of mind which are seldom to be found in the bank parlor, the exchange, or the counting-room during their period of activity. The chop-house and restaurant system of dining, which have been adopted to economize time and supply the necessities of life which the niggardliness or unskillfulness of our American homes has failed to provide, are responsible for most of the broken-down constitutions and premature deaths of the business people of this country. The facility with which their ever-ready spreads can be reached, and such provisions as they offer consumed, does away with all the necessity of preparation for or deliberation in dining. With a hop, skip, and a jump the merchant is out of his counting-room, into the eating-house, and before the ink is dry in his ledger he is drenching himself with brandy and water at the dinner-table. With the sweat of labor and the tremor of business anxiety and excitement still upon him, he begins his hurried play of knife and fork, and it is so soon over that he is again at his desk before the effects of the care and work he took away with him have had chance to disappear. He has in the meantime almost unconsciously gorged his stomach, having filled it with everything at hand that it blindly craved for. Digestion—an operation which demands a concentration of nervous energy to which exhaustion and agitation of all kinds, and especially mental anxiety, are particularly unfavorable—is hardly possible under the circumstances. Business and eating can be carried on together, as may be daily witnessed in our mercantile quarters, but the result is sure to be some blow, sooner or later, fatal to health or life.—Dr. ROBERT TOMES, in Harper's Magazine for April.

When a widow presses your hand and tells you how she has made four dozen clothes-pecs last her twelve years, and she droops her eyes and says a paper of pins lasts three years, and she looks up and smiles a rosy smile, how on earth is a fellow to break away and leave that house and convince himself that she loves him only for his wealth?

There will be thirty-two of the Governments of the world represented at the Centennial, besides our own.

He who does not know foreign languages, knows nothing of his own.

Stately spring! whose robe folds are valleys, whose breast bouquet is garden, and whose blush is vernal evening.

Many a man saves his life by not fearing to lose it, and many a man loses his life by being over anxious to save it.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as well as labor does the body.

A singular fact that when a man is a brute he is the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes.

Fame—a flower upon a dead man's heart.

Valve the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 15 cent per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

Terms Cash.

BUSINESS IMPROVING.

He is an aged man, and keeps a fruit stand on Canal street. The other day when asked what he thought of the business outlook, he spit on an apple, picked up an old blue rag to rub with, and replied:

"Business is going to get up'n hump this spring."

"What are your reasons for thinking so?"

"A dozen reasons, sir," said the old man, as he plugged up a worm hole in the apple. "There's the political excitement for one thing. When politics is hot people don't care for expense. Then there's the Centennial. When a feller gets to hurrahing for the Fourth of July he'll pay five cents for an apple like this and never grumble a word."

He turned two or three oranges over to hide their weak points and continued:

"Winter wheat is getting on; the grasshoppers and tater bugs are all frost killed; business failures are getting fewer and folks are learning to be economical. Ah! I've seen a big improvement in two weeks past."

"You have, eh?"

"I have, sir. Two weeks ago folks would hang around here and price and stick up their noses at the best kind o' fruit and at night I would go home with a sad heart and say to Betsy, 'Betsy, the Lord only knows what's to become of this country.' But trade has revived, sir. Folks rush up, grab at the fruit throw down their shillings, and their coat tails switch around the corner like a cow's tail in fly time. It makes me feel good, sir, and I go home at night walking on my toes, a song in my heart, and I say to Betsy, 'Betsy, it would take mor'n seventeen panics to knock this country into a cocked hat.' Have one o' them lemons, sir."

[N. Y. Sunday Telegram.]

CROWDING CHILDREN.—"Ounie" asks the Tribune how old children should be before they go to school, and is there any danger in crowding them; if so, what is it? According to Froebel, a child should begin to go to kindergarten when two and one-half years old. At seven he begins his studies. In most, if not all the