

AUTHORS' CHILDREN.
LITERARY GENIUS SELDOM TRANSMITTED BY PARENTS.

The Majority of the Children of Literary People Seem to Have Little Aspiration in the Parental Direction—A Few Exceptions.

Richard Henry Stoddard has but one surviving child, a son, who, though his mother is a poet likewise, and a woman of rare intellect, betrays no sympathy with literature. He manifests, however, considerable artistic taste, especially in the line of decoration, but he is not disposed to develop it. His bias is in favor of the stage, albeit he has shown no histrionic ability whatever. He has been for two seasons with Lawrence Barrett's company, though wholly in a subordinate capacity, seldom having any words to speak. He seems to be indolent, and indulgence frequently goes with the artistic temperament.

Louisa M. Alcott, as an instance, is strictly domestic. The eldest of a number of daughters, with a transcendental father—A. Bronson Alcott—immediately impractical, an incessant dreamer and an invalid mother, the care of the household, even to the earning of money for its daily needs, devolved on her. He had no sons, but he imparted to his daughter Louisa some of the qualities of his mind, balanced by common sense and an understanding of the world. For her to have married when she was young—she is 53—would have been to desert her family, to leave her father either to starve or to the charity of a few admiring and sympathetic souls.

LONGFELLOW'S CHILDREN.
One of his friends was Longfellow, also a genial student, a man of constant meditation, almost a cloistered spirit, but one who knew that money is essential to existence, and believing that the laborer is worthy of his hire. He had three daughters and two sons, among whom there is not an author or poet of any kind. Ernest W., is an artist of repute; and the other, Charles, was an officer in the Union army during the civil war, and has since been a gentleman of leisure, living on his income. The sole unmarried daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, is decidedly of a scholarly turn, pursuing at home and abroad various advanced studies.

Ernest Harto has sons, the eldest of whom is on the stage, having become conspicuous of the footlights, without any reasonable prospect of ever shining behind them as they shine before him. Another has, or had, some kind of connection with a weekly newspaper in the city, but has come no nearer to any form of literature. Harto has never, I suspect, tried to cultivate in his children any disposition toward his own trade, which has not prevented him, when most actively cultivated, from incurring a heavy burden of debt. He is not painfully domestic in his habits.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has sons, now about 30 years old. They are said to be intellectual and witty, like their father, but, at latest advice, had exhibited no alarming tendency to manuscript making. Their papa may prefer that they should confine their writing to signatures of checks. They are not likely to secure, as he has done, a rich patron (Henry L. Pierce, of Boston), who, being a teacher, is so much in the habit of furnishing a liberal income. But for him the world would not go so pleasantly with the Aldriches.

E. C. STEINMAN'S TWO BOYS.
Edmund C. Steinman has two sons. One of them, Frederick, through the imprudence and overconfidence of a young man admitted to partnership with his father, was instrumental in getting the brokerage firm in serious trouble three years ago. Since then he has retired from Wall street, pursuing another sort of business. His nearest approach to literature was acting for a brief time as a salesman in a Broadway bookstore. His bent is financial, and outshining surely has but a slender relation to finance. The younger son, Arthur, a graduate of Yale, has been for several years his father's private secretary and literary assistant, and is understood to have aspirations in the paternal direction.

William D. Howells has, I believe, one son, who may be inclined to make writing a profession in due time by the remembrance that at present his papa turns not far from \$20,000 at least five-fold what most clever and noted authors can earn by the greatest diligence and determination.

Jonquin Miller has two daughters by two wives, but no son on whom he may practice, as he has tried to practice on the general public, the transparent sham of being a gifted barbarian, all genius and no kind of education. He is really shrewd and very practical, and his affection of peculiarity, with his perpetual insistence on his assumed idiosyncrasies, do not add to his attractions.

Mark Twain (Clemens) has sons who will be more likely to imitate him in his love of money getting by mercantile methods than in being funny at the highest prices. Among all the authors I am acquainted with Henry James and Julian Hawthorne are among the very few who have inherited literary talents from their fathers. Julian has made more in a year than Nathaniel Hawthorne made in his whole life, and yet he has never been able to meet his expenses without depending on a very elastic credit system. He has six or eight children, mostly girls—Poesima in Chicago Times.

Anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall.
My friend Dr. Hay related to me an amusing anecdote of Marshall's simplicity. The doctor's father, when a boy, was employed as a copyist in the clerk's office, and one morning with a bundle of papers to Marshall's residence. Having reached the square old mansion, which is still standing not far from the Capitol, he knocked at the door, and the great judge opened it, walking in his stocking feet, in order not to disturb his invalid wife. The youth was very much abashed at being thus suddenly confronted by the famous chief justice, who gravely invited him to come into his study and wait while he examined the papers.

The boy followed in fear and trembling, and the judge looked over the papers. Then he carefully folded them up, turned round to the shrinking boy, and said:
"Your name is Jimmy Hay, is it not?"
"Yes, sir," faltered the boy.
"Well, Jimmy," continued Marshall, rising slowly, with a friendly smile, "let us go into the backyard and have a game of marbles."
I have no doubt he enjoyed the game of marbles as much as the boy.—Youth's Companion.

Sleeping on the Roof.
Out in Humboldt on the long stage routes they have the stages fitted with bunks on the roof, which they rent out at \$1 a nap to sleepy travelers. On smooth roads the sleepers rattle along reasonably well, but going over the rough and tumble sections they dream of earthshakes, cyclones and shipwrecks. A netting is lashed over them to keep them from bouncing overboard.—Virginia Enterprise.

Germanizing the Poles.
The work of Germanizing the Polish provinces is being pushed forward rapidly. Nineteen new districts are being formed, and no schoolmaster is appointed unless he has completely mastered the German language—Foreign Letter.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

What shall we do with this great love of ours, Now that we know our pathways must divide— This living fire that the flame devours, This water that flows on the an angry tide?

How, my friend, forevermore our lives must part, My path leads there, and yours the other way, What shall we do with our fond love, dear heart? It grows a heavier burden day by day.

How, my friend, in all earth's caverns void and vast, There are not depths enough to hide it, dear, Not even the mighty storehouses of the past Could cover it from our own eyes, I fear.

How, my friend, why, were the contents of each ocean Merged into one great sea, too shallow then Would be its waters to sink this emotion— So deep, it could not rise to life again.

How, my friend, in all the furnace flames below It would not in a thousand years expire; Nay, it would thrive—expand—exult and grow; For from its very birth it fed on fire.

How, my friend, yes, yes, that is the only way— Give it no food of glance, or word, or sigh; No memories, even, of any bygone day, No crumbs of vain regrets—just let it die.

Starvation is a painful death; long hours, Of gnawing hunger like the pang of hell, And if we, too, die with this love of ours— If our hearts break—why, it is just as well.

THE BONES OF THE DEAD.

Disturbing the Mortal Remnants Deposited in Private Burying Grounds.

How shocked some of the grand magnates of old New York would be if they could come back to the city and sit around awhile to see how their bones are treated. For instance, gross and plebeian men, in jumpers and clay pipes, have just, with coarse and unfeeling picks and shovels, poached upon the private preserves of the mortal remnants of the mighty Lisenards, of the ancient regime. At least this is the explanation that the police have filed upon as the proper one for forking up, in a cellar excavation on Lisenard street, of a large assortment of osseous remnants of humanity. Eight skeletons have so far been dug out, all lying at one level, and all with their heads piously to the west, that the resurrected eyes might by no mischance fall to see the Son of Man coming in glory from the east. The site was a part of the Lisenard farm, and it is supposed that the bones were laid away in a private burying ground there so long ago everybody's descendants had forgotten all about it.

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Antiquarians knew that the bones were those of the de-something-or-others, an old French family that had once been the representative of all that was high toned and wealthy in the neighborhood. That was ten years ago. Now the gravestones have fallen over a wash of brackish water, and the spade where the need to stand, the passengers never notice the place any more, and the antiquarians are forgetting that there ever was such a family. In another ten years the brush, weeds and gravestones will be cleared away, the piece built over by the railroad's side tracks and the antiquarians will be dead.—New York Cor.—Chicago Herald.

Snow Shoe Thompson's Remarkable Feats.
If not the swiftest, it was universally conceded that, even up to the time of his death, Thompson was the most expert snow shoe runner in the Sierra Nevada mountains. At Silver Mountain, Alpine county, Cal., in 1870, when he was 43 years of age, he ran a distance of 1,000 feet in twenty-one seconds. There were many snow shoes at that place, but in during Thompson surpassed them all. Near the town was a big mountain, where the people of the place were wont to assemble on bright days in winter, to the number of 300 or 500. The ordinary snow shoes would go part way up the mountain to where there was a bench, and then glide down a beaten path. This was too tame for Thompson. He would make a circuit of over a mile, and come out on the top of the mountain. When he appeared on the peak he would give one of his wild high Sierra whoops, poise his balance pole, and dart down the face of the mountain at lightning speed, leaving all the heretics from top to bottom, and gliding far out on the level before halting.

Snow shoe Thompson seldom performed any feat for the mere name and fame of doing a difficult and daring thing. Yet W. P. Merrill, postmaster at Woodford's, Alpine county, writes me as follows in speaking of some of Thompson's achievements: "He at one time went back to Genoa, on a mountain, on his snow shoes, and made a jump of 180 feet without a break." This seems almost incredible, but Mr. Merrill is a reliable man, and on many years Thompson was his near neighbor, and a regular customer at his store. Thompson doubtless made this fearful leap at a place where he would land in a great drift of soft snow. I spoke of this feat to Mr. C. P. Gregory, formerly Thompson's neighbor in the mountains, but at present a resident of Virginia City, Nev., and he answered that although he had never heard of that particular leap, he did not doubt what Mr. Merrill said. "I know," said Mr. Gregory, "that at Silver Mountain he often made clear jumps of fifty and sixty feet."—Overland Monthly.

Advice to a Young Husband.
A father on the occasion of his son's marriage gave him a little special advice: "You are going to be married, my son; and you will wish that your wife should be quiet and submissive to you in all matters. Follow the advice which I now give you. Procure a cat, and one night after your marriage so arrange that the animal shall be in the sleeping room at the time when you and your wife retire to rest. You will go to the room as usual, and on entering it you will pretend to be very much surprised and annoyed that the cat should be found there, and you will draw your sword at once and slay it. Your wife, of course, will be terribly frightened, and from the sight of the slain cat, and a hint from you that she will fare likewise if she is not very careful over herself, you may depend upon it that she will be the proper, dutiful wife that she should be."—From the Persian.

Against Removing Mummies.
Dr. Schweinfurth, the explorer, protests against the practice of removing Egyptian mummies where they will crumble in unpropitious climates. He has no objection to examining them on the spot, in the interest of history and science, even though they be the remains of kings.—Harper's Bazar.

Arnon Burr's Advice.
Arnon Burr, in a recently discovered letter, advised a friend to whom he was giving "private instructions" to "speak of yourself in the third person when you wish to be consulted that you are the person in question."—Miles & Hayley.

General Advertisements.

THE DAILY HERALD.

To-day, September 1st, 1886, is issued the first number of THE DAILY HERALD, a morning newspaper, to be printed for the proprietor under contract by the "Press Publishing Company," Merchant street, Honolulu.

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The DAILY HERALD will follow a straightforward, consistent, independent and moderate course in the discussion of public affairs. It will not be the servile organ of any clique, faction or party. At the same time an earnest support will be given to measures promotive of the public welfare, and to individuals or organizations that may appear in the political field, with claims to popular confidence backed by worthy records and unassailable principles.

The undersigned would, however, rather point to his record as a journalist in this city for the past two years, as conductor of the *Daily Bulletin*, than make promises that, in general estimation, are valueless until justified by performance. He can only pledge himself to do his best to produce a thorough, an influential, and in every way acceptable, daily newspaper.

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Honolulu, Sept. 1, 1886.

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Cases Lard, Cases Butter, Cases Soap

Cases Coffee, Cases Tea, Cases Sugar

Cases Flour, Cases Meal, Cases Corn

Cases Beans, Cases Rice, Cases Corn

Cases Potatoes, Cases Apples, Cases Oranges

Cases Lemons, Cases Limes, Cases Peaches

Cases Pears, Cases Plums, Cases Cherries

Cases Apples, Cases Peaches, Cases Pears

Cases Plums, Cases Cherries, Cases Raspberries

Cases Strawberries, Cases Blueberries, Cases Raspberries

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