

CONTRADICTION

My lady's lips, so curved, so soft, Have dealt to me a cruel "No"; Now shall I, thus denied and scoffed, From out her beautiful presence go? Not so!—Protho! lips, your lovely scorn Within my breast shall plant no thorn; Till deep I've gazed "neath lashes black Which hide her wondrous eyes from me, And in response there flashes back A glance which shall my arrows fly. Curved brows are lips whose answer be. To wound, to rend, mayhap to slay, Deep wells are eyes where truth doth lie— They will to me her heart betray. Dark tender eyes, your light denies The proud lips, and rapture lies Within those pure, clear depths for me, Not snowy-lid, nor jetty lash. Can longer hide the flow and flash Of love's tide welling full and free, Red lips, to naughty mocking lent, Kisses shall be your punishment.—From "The Centauree."

BOSTON WOMEN.

A New View of Femininity at the Modern Athens.

Letters to San Francisco Argonaut.

A friend who has made a reflective study of women in two or three countries, says that when he is at liberty to choose his second wife he will come to Boston for her, for no where else are there such nice girls. He goes on to say that the best class of Boston girls have the fine complexions and good manners of English girls without their inanity; they are noble and witty as French women, without their frivolity; they dress with a blending of Philadelphia quietness and Parisian taste; they are affectionate as southern girls, without their vicious temper; they flirtatiously without compromising themselves or anybody else; they are charming comrades in maturer years, and, by their taste and piquancy, keep their place with husbands and sons after they have passed into the region of neuralgia and white shawls. It takes courage to assert such an opinion in a world of pretty women, and it should not be given without reason.

This picture is directly opposed to the popular idea of the Boston woman—a gaunt female in spectacles and bright blue veil who has the plumpness and complexion of a dried codfish; prying, viewy, censorious; who talks about the "values of the inexorable" and the "contingency of the infinite." Unfortunately, she is not extinct; but, like the elk and moose, she grows scarcer year by year. Perhaps she has the reputation of being the typical New England woman because she is pervasive in society as of a permit, and, for all practical purposes, of pecking and prying, one of her "goods" as a dozen. She is the woman who worried the blue out of youthful skies by anxiety about damp shoes for healthy young people who gloried in being soaked by summer rains, and who gazed with awe at the "dunk" of the sand in his toe-nails. Her horror of good fare was unutterable as her dread of heresy, and who prescribed "healthful" desserts of rice and West India molasses or corn-starch custard in place of mince-pie and plum pudding. It was she who distilled into the "society" the duty of being dutiful to your maiden aunt, "because she has a lot of money, and when she dies, if you please she shall leave you some." "It was she whom I heard say to a young arthor happy over his new book just out: "I see you put in a chapter on the "published, didn't you?"—and to woman of good descent, not so rich as she might be, who wanted the family coat of arms copied for a relic: "Are you sure it wasn't a lively coat instead of a coat of arms copied for a relic, now?" For this kind of creature, the "society" of making a brutal speech for any consideration, and held spite with a rancor and canker you wouldn't believe. This kind of a woman is the lineal descendant of feudal matron and vice. She came of the families that hung the Salem witches and drove Quakers into the wilderness, and had the unlovely physical result of cramped distorted ways of living, of sapsless, stumpy fare, cold, aching bed-rooms in stuffy, smelly houses, the poddiness and inhumanity of whose habits yet linger in rank savor about their old beams and plaster. Thank heaven, the happy race is dying out between "liver" and pneumonia.

There are two styles of modern Boston girls. One style embraces a luxurious sort of dandyism, rather dazzling in girlhood, with peach-and-creamy cheeks, round contours, liquid, gazing eyes, and hair like black satin, and she is a sumptuous later beauty. It is odd, but you will find more of these large, glowing, imperious black eyes in and around Boston than you will in any city of the south. It comes of a strain of rich, hot cavalier blood, that is responsible for most of the dandyism in the world. The New England stories, and a good deal of the latter underlies the decorous surface of New England to-day, especially among the old families. It is the romance of self-will and rivalry—there is little love romance left in the world. One dark-eyed, old-school-bred beauty, who was once for a man who was in debt to her own brother some thousands of dollars, borrowed on his note of hand. After the brother's funeral, while the rest were at the grave, she hunted up the note among the dead man's papers, tore off the signature, and delivered it with indignation to the cool remark: "There was no use minding a fuss about it. I know of a woman with the profile of liberty on the coins, who, tired of her old, over-fond husband, went off to the sea-side in summer, passed herself as a widow and the husband in brief visits as her uncle, actually married a young second husband out of Boston family, and lived within fifty miles of her old home for two years before the trick was found out. Then the busy contrived to make the first husband mortgage his property and give her half he was worth before he was done with her. She had some shameful secret of his money-getting in her keeping, and this was the price of her silence. The wealthy old bachelor, Ben Wright, whose ten or twenty wills made such work for the probate court, not long ago, was a firm believer in the divine right of rich people to please themselves. He had a partiality for pretty women, especially for one gay young married woman, wife of a stock-broker, one of the new people; and when the doctor ordered him down to Florida for the winter, what does he do but write up to her, first, asking that she should be allowed to come down and take care of him? Down she flutters with trunks and tolets bewitching, installed herself at his side, and at last got him to make a will in her favor, giving her the bulk of his millions. The family threatened to put her letters in court, and a compromise was made, and she got a hundred thousand or so. Her husband is remarkably pleased

with the financial ability of his wife, and both move in the safest of gay society. The world is wide, and as one lady of irreproachable notoriety said, "if you shut sinners out of society you don't always know whether it is they or you that are outside the most. I don't make such persons my bosom friends, or ask them to my house, neither when I meet them do I feel obliged to sit as judge and jury on my fellow-creatures," which expresses the amiable sentiments of society to a pleasant people in general.

Leaving out the flawed peaches, there is another sort of Boston girl, delicate of complexion, with bright, expressive eyes, and face all gay, with quick intelligence, swaying figure, dancing step, and style more simple and perfect than that of any other women made. She does not transfix you with repartee, like your clever Californians; she hasn't so much of the bounding manner of the New York girl. Away from the men, she isn't sentimental as the Alabamian, who is quite capable of nodding "Marmite" to you at any time, nor does she tolerate poems of the St. Louis-Milwaukee order. She is the kind of girl her father takes comfort in talking to, and never needs snubbing from her brother to keep her in order. She isn't turned out to order by the dozen, like those insipid model young English ladies who come over traveling with their papas and mammas, and who give you the idea of needing to be kept in boxes all their lives. The Boston girl is made to order and the pattern broken. The voices of well bred young women here are distinctly alike, and they are turned so often to greet friend, whose soft, tunable voice I could have sworn to and found a stranger, that it is more frequent than amusing. Perhaps from something I have said before, you get the idea that a Boston girl knows how to dress. She doesn't wear palm-leaf cashmere suits with ten-inch fringes on the street, like the tip-top Denver girl, or cross gingham in ruby velvets, like the gorgeous young cattle-queen aforesaid. She frequently wears rubbers, and writes on postal cards sometimes, "I am never tempted to take her for an actress or a parlor-maid out. You see her walking down the common with her gray-headed papa mornings—be on his way to business; she, with her embroidered bag of books, on her way to lessons—both chatting like good comrades. Her mamma does not find it necessary to send a French maid with her every time she goes out alone; at least only the stock-brokers (the new people) do that, and nice work the girls and the maids together make sometimes. The smart American girl savors enough mischief without having a French dress to teach her any more than she knows already."

Boston is a woman's city, where they come and go with an independence highly convenient to all concerned. The mammas can remember when it was not etiquette for ladies to visit the Athenaeum, and when they went without an escort, and they are not likely to wish their daughters under any such restrictions. The fine slender girls I meet stepping across the common to their lessons, with that deer-like carriage of the head that suits their soft, serious eyes, and their faces which have the innocence of thoughtful, well-informed child dressed in plain English suits of forest-green cashmere, with close capes, furry hat and feather, trim to the tips of their frills, gloves, and boots, are an order of young ladyhood one could bear to see. If their mammas wish to have a game dinner over at Point Shirley—which is across the bay for San Francisco—they make up a party and have, if anything, a better time than their husbands who are left at home in the next room, as happened once. Women in society go to opera and theatre unattended and uncriticized. As one envious girl said: "New York people of family think they can't go anywhere without the carriage and a guard of honor; here the nice people think they can go everywhere and anyhow. What's the good of being better family than everybody else, if you can't do as you please?"

Small Waists.

From the New York Hour. There is no end to the vagaries and delusions of lovely women, but of all her follies the worst and most persistent is her infatuated belief in the necessity for a small waist. Other fashions have their day and pass away to the limbo of vanities, but the small waist is perpetual. No woman, that ever we heard of, has the temerity that tight lacing is comfortable or agreeable; and no man who ever put his arm around a natural waist, or who has the ghost of a notion of what is beautiful and becoming, has ever accorded it any dignity but condemnation. It was said by a woman in the "society" of the New England stories, and a good deal of the latter underlies the decorous surface of New England to-day, especially among the old families. It is the romance of self-will and rivalry—there is little love romance left in the world. One dark-eyed, old-school-bred beauty, who was once for a man who was in debt to her own brother some thousands of dollars, borrowed on his note of hand. After the brother's funeral, while the rest were at the grave, she hunted up the note among the dead man's papers, tore off the signature, and delivered it with indignation to the cool remark: "There was no use minding a fuss about it. I know of a woman with the profile of liberty on the coins, who, tired of her old, over-fond husband, went off to the sea-side in summer, passed herself as a widow and the husband in brief visits as her uncle, actually married a young second husband out of Boston family, and lived within fifty miles of her old home for two years before the trick was found out. Then the busy contrived to make the first husband mortgage his property and give her half he was worth before he was done with her. She had some shameful secret of his money-getting in her keeping, and this was the price of her silence. The wealthy old bachelor, Ben Wright, whose ten or twenty wills made such work for the probate court, not long ago, was a firm believer in the divine right of rich people to please themselves. He had a partiality for pretty women, especially for one gay young married woman, wife of a stock-broker, one of the new people; and when the doctor ordered him down to Florida for the winter, what does he do but write up to her, first, asking that she should be allowed to come down and take care of him? Down she flutters with trunks and tolets bewitching, installed herself at his side, and at last got him to make a will in her favor, giving her the bulk of his millions. The family threatened to put her letters in court, and a compromise was made, and she got a hundred thousand or so. Her husband is remarkably pleased

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is one of the most important items of a woman's dress. But nothing is uglier than a hand crammed into a glove which it was never meant to wear. To wear a glove which crowds the palm into a shapeless heap and cramps the fingers into uselessness. The original defects of the hand are not remedied in the least; they are only warfed or dressed so as to reduce its apparent size. Women usually try to reduce the actual size, and then dress as if the reduced size were the natural one. They do not deceive a practical eye, and the deception they achieve is dearly bought by loss of health and irremediable collapse of the figure at a later period. If the matter is treated by normal proportion, the matter would be trivial. But no woman who begins the process ever stops at that point so long as she has a friend with a waist smaller than her own.

Of course in theory the doctors should warn people of the mischief they are doing. They should point out that the young lady's little ailments are aggravated if not caused by the liberty she is taking in anatomy. They should warn her and her parents that they are destroying the power of the muscles intended by nature to brace and support the figure, and preparing for a collapse in later life that will defy disguise. But doctors, like other people, are very much what the public makes them. They have their money to make, and their practice to extend, and they are not going to incur some private reprobation by becoming John Baptists crying in the wilderness. They will give general warnings about the evils of tight-lacing, but if their patients do not choose to make the application for themselves, the doctors cannot afford to make inquiry which is pretty certain to be resented.

PRESENTMENTS.

A Couple of Curious Incidents—A Wife Saves Her Husband—A Sister Drowned.

Washington Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

"It may not have been fifty years ago," said a gentleman whose years did seem to warrant the belief that he was in active life much longer than fifty years ago, "and it may have been longer, when Dr. Linn was the colleague of Col. Benton in the United States senate. I was reminded by a chance circumstance only a few days ago of an incident in which he and Mrs. Linn played a part. She, like her husband, was a great favorite for many years in Washington society, and deservedly so—not more on account of her personal attractions than her intellectual qualities. On the occasion when the incident to which I am alluding occurred Senator and Mrs. Linn were the guests at the formal dinner by the president at the white house. Early in the evening Dr. Linn, feeling somewhat ill, concluded to remain in his lodgings. Mr. Webster calling at the moment, he was requested to escort Mrs. Linn and convey the president's regrets at not being able to be one of his guests. At the proper hour Mrs. Linn, escorted by Mr. Webster, was conveyed in her carriage to the white house. The company had not been long seated at the table when Mrs. Linn remarked to Mr. Webster, by whose side she was seated, that she feared she had not done right in leaving the doctor and that she felt an inclination, if she could do so without marring the occasion, to return to her hotel. Mr. Webster made some observations to her husband on the bed of departing then, saying that if she felt so disposed she could leave at an earlier hour than the rest of the company. So strongly did the impulse to go grow on her that soon after she made it known to Mr. Webster, and so urgent was her request that he, as she requested, and quietly made known to the president her wishes. Mr. Webster accompanied her to the carriage, and at her request returned to the table. Her instruction to the driver was to proceed rapidly to her home, and to drive as fast as she could. She was to drive faster. Arriving at the spot, without waiting for the groom to open the carriage door, she in the quickest manner opened it herself and hurried to the room where she had left her husband. On entering she beheld her husband on the bed and the clothes in flames. A moment more would have been too late. Dr. Linn was in a stupor, and in some manner which was never perfectly explained, the bed-clothes had taken fire. He was ill for a number of days. His life was saved apparently through his wife's presentment, which I think was as remarkable as any on record. Mrs. Linn related the facts to Mr. Webster, in my presence, on his calling the next morning."

I am reminded by this," said another of the company, "of what the Hon. N. P. Talmadge, many years a senator from New York, and for a considerable time the colleague of Senator Wright, told me several years after he had retired from public life. He had moved to Fond du Lac, Wis., where he became a spiritualist of the school of Robert Dale Owen. "One morning," said the ex-senator, "my daughter, with much agitation, informed me that she had during the night seen in her sleep a steamer on Lake Michigan go to pieces in a gale, when a large number of persons were drowned, and among them her sister, whose return home from New York was expected about that time. All the particulars were vividly impressed on her mind, and were narrated with the greatest minuteness. It was the season of gales, late in the fall. I was and am now a believer in presentments. Talking a hasty breakfast, my daughter and myself started in a carriage for Sheboygan, the port near which the vision located the disaster. It was a drive of several hours. On reaching the place we found the entire community out on the lake shore drawn thither by a wreck. The propeller Phoenoe had been wrecked the night before in the fearful gale. Between 50 and 100 lives were lost. Among the lost was my daughter. The particulars were in nearly every respect as they had been previously related. The facts were substantially in agreement with the vision, or "presentment." Mr. Talmadge was all the more firm in his belief in supernaturalism after that, and with Mr. Owen pursued his investigations into its mysteries, which the latter related subsequently in his book entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

The Nebraska legislature has just passed a bill providing that one of the two assistant physicians of the state asylum for the insane shall be a woman. They hold their terms for six years.

AGE AND THE INTELLECT.

The Time of Life at Which the Best Work Has Been Done.

From the Boston Courier.

"The richer a nature," says Carlyle, "the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School—John ever trim, facile and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the university. The quickest and completest of all the vegetables is the cabbage." This slowly developed "Sir Walter Scott of the university" was 34 when he made his first draft of "Waverley," and was 43 when he rewrote and published it. Nearly every one of those tales, which conferred immortality upon him, was composed after he had reached the age of 46. He wrote the "Heart of Midlothian" at 47; the "Bride of Lammermoor" at 48; "Leaves of Montrose" and "Ivanhoe" at 48; the "Pirate" and "Peveril of the Peak" at 50; the "Tales of the Crusaders" at 54, at the "Chronicles of the Canongate" at 57.

Carlyle was forty-two when he published the "French Revolution," the first work of his to which he formerly put his name. The publication of this work was, it is true, delayed, owing to the burning of the manuscript of one volume through the carelessness of Mrs. Taylor, to whom it had been loaned by John Stuart Mill; but if that mishap had not occurred Carlyle would have been over 40 when his work could have appeared. His "Cromwell" was published when he was fifty, the first two volumes of his "Frederick the Great" when he was 63, another two when he was 67, and the last two when he was 69. Swift was 69 when he published "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly no work of his before he was 57. Tennyson was 50 when his idyls "Elinea," "Vivien," and "Guinevere" were published, and was about 62 when he completed the series with "Gareth and Lynette." Macaulay was 48 when he issued the first of his "Essays in History," "Henry England," and the third and fourth did not appear till he was 55. Good as are the essays of his early manhood, they pale when compared with this work of his mature years.

John Stuart Mill was 53 when his essay "Utilitarianism" was published, and 56 when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism." Milton was certainly more than 54 when he began to compose his "Paradise Lost." He was 59 when he sold it to Simmons, the bookseller. George Eliot composed "Middlemarch" between the ages of 46 and 54, and "Daniel Deronda." Bacon was 59 before he published his great work, "The Novum Organum." Cowper was over 59 when he wrote "John Gilpin" and "The Task," and Defoe 58 when he published "Robinson Crusoe." Darwin published his "Origin of Species" when he was 50, and his "Descent of Man" when 62. Grote wrote the larger part of his "History of Greece" between the ages of 52 and 62, and Hallam occupied nearly the same period of life with his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe." The two works by which Shakespeare had survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," were composed when he was 46, and on a sick bed from which he never rose.

Longfellow gave us "Hiawatha" when 48, "A Tale of a Wayside Inn" when 58, and wrote "The Englishman" when 59. Motley completed "The History of the United Netherlands" at 53, and after that gave the history of "John of Barneveld," which he published when he was 60.

Frenchmen have produced very remarkable books long after the noonday of life. Laplace did an extraordinary amount of mathematical work after three score and ten, and Victor Hugo scarcely "got under way" before he was 50. He published "Napoleon" at 51, "Les Chateaux" at 53, "Les Miserables" at 57, "The Toilers of the Sea" at 54, "The Man Who Laughs" at 67, and "The Annals of a Terrible Year" at 70. The great physicist and mathematician Ampere did not begin to devote his attention to the phenomena of electro-magnetism till he was 46, and it was from 51 to 53 that he published his "Observations," a work characterized as has been said, by profound thought and extraordinary philosophical sagacity. Racine was 59 when he wrote his drama of Esther, 52 that of Athalie, the finest production of his genius, and a masterpiece of dramatic eloquence. Thiers was 65 when he completed his "Consulate and Empire," and "Chateaubriand 63 when he published his "Etudes."

Carlyle had passed his 58th year before he published the first part of "Don Quixote," and was 78 when he issued the second part. He and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Small Farming.

Hayseed in the hair is supposed to be the distinguishing mark of rural innocents who fall into the snares of city sharpers; but though aggravated cases of this kind are constantly reported, there is no evidence that long hair ever actually sprouted on soil. But precisely that might yet be seen, for Martin Small, a well-known farmer in the English Parish of Chapwick, lately found a considerable crop of grass springing up all along the back of one of his sheep. It is contended that long exposure to rain had caused the seeds, which might easily have been taken up from the hay with which the sheep was supplied, to germinate in its warm and dirty fleece.

The Struggle for Mastery.

It is related that the late confederate, Gen. Harry Gilmore, who had broken off interperate habits, once found himself in New York with an overwhelming desire for a "cocktail." He struggled valiantly for a time and was several times on the eve of succumbing. He felt as if no wealth would be too much to give for a drink. But knowing the consequences he rushed to his room, fell on his knees at a chair, and began to pray, strong and long; that the Lord would take out of his mouth that intense thirst, and out of his mind its insane waywardness. In the midst of his prayer it suddenly came to him that the temptation was over. He took off his clothes, went to bed and had a refresh-

ing sleep of about three hours. When he got up again the desire had passed away.

Facts and Fancies.

The statute books of Kentucky still retain the provision that "no person, while he continues to exercise the functions of a clergyman, priest, or teacher of any religious persuasion, society or sect, shall be eligible to the General Assembly."

The Lewiston Journal announces that the Washburn Memorial Library at Livermore, Me., will be completed about the 1st of September, and that the address upon the occasion of its opening to the public will be delivered by ex-Gov. Long of Massachusetts.

A tint of the art world: She had just visited the studio of an artist famous for painting interiors and she was going into raptures over his work. "Then you think him a great painter?" "Delightful! So much feeling. Such good color. His insides are just too charming for anything."—Life.

Tennessee presents a novelty in temperance legislation. By a law just passed, it is provided that liquor shall not be sold to minors or to husbands who are habitual drunkards without the written consent of parents or guardians, or of wives.

The annual yield of the lead mines of the world is estimated at 400,000 tons, of which the United States furnishes one-fourth, or about 100,000 tons. Spain takes the lead of all lead producing countries with 120,000 tons; New Granada supplies most of the quota from South America, and Mexico, Canada and Australia make up the rest of the grand total.

A traveler in the Holy Land noticed a woman, heavily laden with domestic utensils, toiling up a high hill, while her husband, selfish, proud, and lazy and useless as an American Indian, rode by her side on a donkey comparatively free from burdens. The traveler stepped up, moved by pity for the poor woman, and asked the man why he didn't relieve her and put some of the implements on the donkey's back. The man coolly informed him that he didn't have to pay anything for a wife, while a donkey cost him 20 francs.

Fortunately for judges, lawyers and witnesses, a convict seldom keeps his promise to "get square" with the person whose rulings, argument or testimony sends him to prison. But a tragedy of that basis was recently enacted in the Italian village of Cheval-Blanc, though with a result very different from what the convict expected. Ten years ago a laborer was convicted of manslaughter chiefly by the evidence of a peasant, and when he left the dock he declared that he would come back and take his revenge. About a month ago he was released and straightway proceeded to carry out his threat. But the witness had been warned, and shot him dead just in time to save his own life.

It is "the thing" for the newly arrived American immediately to rush out and buy a hat, an umbrella, a long-tailed English Newmarket coat and an overcoat, an English accent, and intonation—say he will be "at one" such an hour; pronounce either ever; talk of nothing but "puns" and of millions as glibly as dollars. He affects everything English, and the height of his ambition is to be taken for an Englishman; and there he sits and boasts and brags and makes an ass of himself; and all the time is under the impression that he is creating a sensation. He generally is, but of quite a different kind from what he supposes.

New Hampshire is no longer a state for farmers, for of the 142,468 persons who were found by the census taker of 1880 engaged in business, that is, earning their own living, less than one-third, or 44,400 were at work upon the farms, while 58,037 were employed in manufacturing, 11,735 in trade and transportation, and 28,206 in the various professions, which range from clergymen to bar tenders. The state is credited with 610 physicians, 640 clergymen, 352 lawyers.

Wide Spread Popularity of "Home Sweet Home."

The explanation of the wide popularity (if we may use the word so debased) of the one song of John Howard Payne is to be sought for in its universal applicability to the human race. Only among bestial degraded races of mankind do we find no trace of attachment to home. It is difficult to say whether the home feeling is divine or merely human, or even purely animal, since we share that sentiment (if it be a sentiment) with the creatures whose dumb inarticulate cries are taken for an Englishman; and there he sits and boasts and brags and makes an ass of himself; and all the time is under the impression that he is creating a sensation. He generally is, but of quite a different kind from what he supposes.

One of Mr. Blaine's Stories.

The Washington Critic reports Mr. Blaine as telling the following story in answer to an inquiry as to his opinion of President Tyler's administration: "During Mr. Tyler's administration the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of France brought to Washington a very handsome barouche. Mr. Tyler took a great fancy to it, and for some time contemplated buying it for his own use. He had an Irishman for his coachman. So he concluded one day he would call Pat in and ask him what he thought of the idea of buying the barouche. Pat was sent for, and when he came into the presence of Mr. Tyler the President said to him: 'Pat, have you seen that barouche of the French Minister?' 'I have your honor.' 'I have been thinking some time of buying it. What do you think of it?' 'Yer honor, it is a very nice concern.' 'But, Pat,' said Tyler, 'it would not look very well for the President of the United States to be riding around in a second hand barouche, would it?' 'Well, yer honor, you see you are a sort of second-hand President.'

The murders in the United States last year averaged two a day, the executions two a week.

JEWISH PERSECUTION.

Inside History of an Event That Horrified the Civilized World.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Last month in every paper published within the limits of civilization appeared a telegram from Morocco announcing that a shocking outrage had been perpetrated on no fewer than eight Jewesses. This sudden outbreak of Jew-baiting under such distinguished auspices sent a shudder of horror through the world. If "British representatives" took to flogging Jewish maidens naked in Moorish market places, where could the hapless children of the chosen race hope for immunity from the ruthless hatred of their persecutors? Fortunately for the credit of the British name, the publication of the details of the outrage entirely clears Englishmen from any share in the crime; and, as for Jew-baiting, it turns out that the "British representatives" who acted so abominably was so far from being animated by religious bigotry or race prejudice that he was himself a Jew both by creed and descent. The whole story, however, is so suggestive that it is worth while reproducing its leading features from that unexceptionable authority on all Jewish matters, the Jewish World. In the little Moorish town of Casablanca there lives a Jewish family named Amiel. The head of the house, earned his living by acting as interpreter for the British Vice-Consul, was much troubled by the dissolute conduct of his two sons. Like Hopland and Phineas, they grieved the soul of their father by their scandalous debauchery. Their intrigues with certain well-known Jewesses of light repute were a constant source of sorrow to the old man, and one night at the end of January, when the youngest returned unusually late from a carouse with their companions, he ventured to expostulate with them. They replied by firing a couple of pistol shots at their father, who, being thoroughly alarmed by the attempt upon his life, fled in haste to the Bashah, who at once sent a detachment of soldiers to the would-be parricides. There was a stiff resistance, but eventually the young Jews were captured and imprisoned. The next day they each received 600 blows with the bastinado in the presence of their father. His wrath, however, was by no means quenched, like other fathers who have to mourn the wickedness of unrepentant prodigals, his indignation grew hotter and hotter against the sirens whose charms had wrecked the virtue of his sons. He applied to the Bashah to arrest all the Jewish women of bad repute to whom he attributed his children's sins. The Bashah called the Jewish Sheikh, furnished him with a force of soldiers, and gave him a warrant to arrest every Jewess whom the Jew Amiel reasonably suspected of complicity in the ruin of the young Jews who had just been bastinadoed. The Jewish Sheikh, armed with nothing but, took the soldiers, and that night hunted out in their beds the eight Jewesses whose sufferings have horrified Europe. Of these eight, one is declared to be a Jewish girl of unimpeachable respectability, as, indeed, is not unlikely a Jewish maiden, desecrated in Morocco can hardly be expected to escape the blunders into which the police charged with such duties constantly fall in more civilized lands. Of the other seven they were, to say the least no better than they should be. Next to the whole eight were straggled into the market-place, face downwards. A Moor held each hand, another stood upon their shoulders, and they were severely flogged by relays of soldiers. One of them is said to have gone mad during the process. When it was over, the wretched women were bundled into jail pending their expulsion from Morocco. The American Vice-Consul, himself a Jew, interfered, and they were released. That is the whole story, and a very disgusting and horrible story it is, but anything more absolutely different from "persecution" could hardly be imagined. The man Amiel was a Jew, his sons were Jews. The arrests were made by the Jewish Sheikh at the suggestion of the Jew Amiel, and the punishment was inflicted on the Jewesses by the Moors solely at the request of the Jews. Whether Amiel is a fitting person to "represent" this country even in the best character of interpreter, is another question.

A Boy's Experience.

The late Edwin D. Morgan, the war-governor of the state of New York, was a Yankee of the kind we read about in books. When he was a lad of seventeen he bade good-bye to his father's farm in Berkshire, Mass., and made his way to his Uncle Nathan's at Hartford, Ct., having a capital of 37 1-2 cents, and a good head for figures.

Uncle Nathan kept a grocery store, and took the boys into it at a salary of sixty dollars a year and his board, to be increased to seventy-five the second year, and to one hundred the third. In two years Edwin learned the business, and his uncle sent him to New York to buy goods, particularly corn, an article which New England then had to import. Uncle Nathan generally laid in two or three hundred bushels at a time.

"I have bought two cargoes of corn," said he on his return, "and probably the vessels are in the river now." "Why, Edwiel" cried the prudent old gentleman, agnast, "what are we going to do with two cargoes of corn?" "Oh," said the young man, "I have sold all of it that you won't want at a profit, and could have sold three cargoes if I had had them. I stopped in at the stores as I came from the stage-office and made sales."

"The next morning the young operator took the broom as usual, and was about to sweep out the counting-room when Uncle Nathan said,—"I think we can find some one else to do the sweeping here. A man who can go to New York and buy two cargoes of corn and sell them without consulting his principal, can be better employed than in sweeping out a store."

Uncle Nathan took him into partnership forthwith, and, five years after, Edwin founded a grocery house in New York, which still exists, after having enriched its founder and several associates. His strong point was judgment. He made few mistakes.—Youth's Companion.

That was a bold man, a defendant in a recent divorce suit, who said that he would rather marry any of the women in the world than pay \$5,000, the amount suggested as a compromise.

Sergeant Boston Corbett, the man who killed the assassin of President Lincoln, is living in Kansas, engaged in the cattle business.