

POOR BOYS' RECORD.

A list of them who have become Presidents of the United States.

The second President of the United States, John Adams; was the son of a farmer of moderate means, who was compelled to work constantly for the support of his family.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in extreme poverty. He grew up in the woods of North Carolina, living in the home of a relative, where his mother worked to support herself and her three children.

James K. Polk, the eleventh President, spent his early days on a farm in the wilderness of North Carolina. His father placed him in a store with the intention that he should enter mercantile life; but his dislike for business was so great that at the age of 18 he was sent to the Murfreesborough Academy to fit him for college.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. When he was 14 years of age he was sent away from home to learn the business of a clothier. But five years later he entered a law office, and at the age of 23 was admitted to the bar.

James Buchanan was born in a small town of the Allegheny mountains. His father was poor, and by his own exertions he made his way to Dickinson College, where he graduated with the highest honors.

It is well known that Abraham Lincoln was the son of parents who were the poorest of the poor. Till he was more than 21 his home was a log cabin. His attendance at school was limited to a few months. From early life he was compelled to depend upon himself not only for his living, but also for his success in his business and his profession.

At the age of 10 Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor. Previously his mother had supported him by her own labor. He was never able, it is said, to attend school. His education he gained by his own efforts at night, after working all day at his trade, and by the help of his wife.

The early home of Gen. Grant, also, on the banks of the Ohio, more than fifty years ago, was without many of the comforts of civilized life. Till he was 17, when he was sent to West Point, he lived the life of a common boy in a common home.

James A. Garfield, like so many of his predecessors, was born in a log hut. When he was 14 years old his father died. The family was poor. When he had hardly entered his teens he was doing a man's work in the harvest field. He learned the carpenter's trade. He worked on the Ohio canal. He was determined, however, to have an education, and, leaving his plane and his sledge, he worked his way through the preparatory school, and, with some help from friends, was able to graduate at Williams College.

The lives of many of the President prove that no boy is so poor but that he may hope to attain the highest honor which the American people can give.

MARVELS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Prof. Young, the mathematician and astronomer, gives us some concrete illustrations of the marvels of the universe that are fascinating in their way. The traveler who would make the circuit of the world in eight days would require nearly twenty-four years to circumnavigate the sun. The sun's surface is nearly 12,000 times, and its volume greater than that of the earth. If the earth is represented by a three-inch globe, the sun, on the same scale, will be more than twenty-seven feet in diameter, and its distance 3,000 feet. If the sun were hollow, and the earth at its center, there would be room for the moon 240,000 miles away, and for another 190,000 miles beyond her. The mass of the sun, that is, the quantity of matter contained in it, is nearly 330,000 times as great as that of the earth. This mass is about 750 times as great as the combined masses of all the planets and satellites of the solar system; it is two octillions of tons. The attractive pull of this tremendous mass upon the earth at a distance of nearly 93,000,000 miles again transcends all conception. It is thirty-six quadrillions of tons; in figures thirty-six followed by seventeen ciphers. If gravitation were to cease, and steel wires were used to hold the earth in her orbit, each wire being as large as the heaviest telegraph wire (No. 4), it would require nine to each square inch of the earth's surface, and the whole upward hemisphere of our globe would have to be covered as thickly as blades of grass upon a lawn. A man who on earth would weigh 250 pounds, would at the sun weigh nearly two tons, and be unable to stir. A planet as far away as the nearest fixed star, which is more than 200,000 times more remote than the sun from the earth, if not disturbed by any other attractions, would still be governed in its motion by the sun, though, if moving in a circle, nearly 90,000,000 years would be required for a single revolution. If the motion seems slow it is because the distance is so vast; but the planet would still be held so powerfully in its orbit that it could only free itself from solar attraction by darting away with a velocity of more than 300 feet a second.—Boston Advertiser.

DE LESSEPS' LOVE STORY.

The Pecher Lloyd says that Ferdinand de Lesseps has been an Othello, though without the miserable ill-fuck of Shakspeare's swarthy hero. Lillo Othello, he won his present beautiful wife by the narration of his adventures and dangers. M. de Lesseps is now on the verge of 80, but in spite of his great age he retains the hopefulness and freshness of youth, and he has been compared, in this respect, to Pythagoras, Titian and Alexander Von Humboldt, and even to those heroes of Indian legend who enjoy their life twice over. At the age of 68, M. de Lesseps was left a widower, and had a troop of grown-up sons and daughters. Some few years after, it was reported, to the amazement of the world, that the lively septuagenarian had married a young Creole maiden of astonishing beauty who has since brought him six children. In a certain Parisian family, where M. de Lesseps often visited, there was a bevy of five sisters. The old man delighted to gather them around him, and relate stirring episodes from his travels. One day, while speaking of his experiences in Palestine, he said that he had undergone great dangers and difficulties among the Arabs, because they could not conceive how a man could live without a wife. The prettiest of the sisters innocently asked, "Why, then, do you not marry again?" "Because I am too old," replied M. de Lesseps. "Besides," he added, "if I were to fall in love with a young girl, it would be absurd to think that she would fall in love with me." "Who knows?" observed the questioner. Lesseps told his young listeners about the rose of Jericho, which, after being dried, and placed in these roses, and presented it to the young girl. In a few days she appeared with the reblossomed rose in her hand, which she gave to the honored guest, saying at the same time: "See what a miracle the water has effected upon the rose; it is the blooming of love in old age." Their eyes met, and M. de Lesseps, believing that his Desdemona had a meaning in what she said, quietly said: "If you really think that you dare venture to share the remaining years of an old man, here is my hand." But for this marriage it is very uncertain whether the bold projector would have undertaken the laborious task at Panama. She is always at his side, and has been his chief help and support throughout his arduous conflicts with politicians, money-lenders, inquirers and laborers.—London Echo.

THE LOCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Great Britain's possession of the rock of Gibraltar is a relic of a bygone age. It has for many generations been an ornament of the least agreeable side of European politics. Gibraltar is by position a Spanish fortress, and its name is a synonym for impregnability. Why, then, should it be occupied by a foreign power? No theory of fair play can be accounted for, but not till recently has a British love of justice seen anything improper in it. Agitation for the recovery of the fortress is now in progress in Spain, and the English Radicals to a considerable extent sympathize with it. Sentimentalism, however, is not alone at the bottom of the talk of surrender. Modern modes of warfare are such that Gibraltar is not indispensable to British glory. Its harbor is poor and is commanded by the guns of other forts. No force could take Gibraltar, it is admitted, but that does not increase its importance to England, for at this day a rendezvous for the Mediterranean fleet of ironclads is of more importance than a land fort not connected with good anchorage ground for vessels of the class which compose the British navy. There is a harbor on the African coast suitable to receive the largest fleet of the largest men-of-war, well guarded by fortifications, and accessible to supplies from abroad. The changes in fifty years in the art of war would make this port equivalent for Gibraltar. It is not strange that the moving spirit of Spanish nationality mourns for the recovery of the historic fortress.

WORTH PANNING.

When Lever, the novelist, was residing near Dublin, the Eleventh Hussars arrived in that city, and their notoriety made them a great attraction, owing to the fact of Carignan being their Colonel, and the numerous duels and quarrels that had occurred in the regiment. After a levee at the castle, one of their officers, Lever recounts, was walking down Sackville street, one sunny afternoon in his full dress, and he was met by two Irishmen fresh from the country. Quite staggered at the glittering and gorgeous apparition clanking toward them, they riveted their eyes on the blazing gold, blue and crimson figure, and, with a wondering gaze, the one exclaimed to the other, with a sharp snarl in his ribs and look of exquisite fun, "Begorra, shouldn't I like to pawn him!"

LIFE AT LEADVILLE.

I know a man here whose Eastern home has every modern luxury. He has made \$40,000 in the camp, and is worth well toward half a million. He lives in a two-roomed cabin. The furniture consists of three chairs, two ruder benches, one old stove and a large table. There is a pile of ore in one corner, a pile of wood in another, and a heap of blankets, gunny-sacks and old clothes in the third. The rear room contains a small but very select assortment of kitchen utensils and household supplies placed within easy reaching distance of the stove. This gentleman and his partner do their own cooking and household work, but the way in which they do it would make an Eastern housekeeper faint.—Leadville letter.

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WHY IT'S MEN THE COIN.

A reporter asked James N. Sampson, the veteran detective at the Sub-treasury, to what the Government detectives attributed the sudden increase in the number of clipped and punched coins, which has attracted so much attention of late. Mr. Sampson said that it was perfectly well known that nine-tenths of the punching was done in this city by Cubans. A number of silver coins were clamped together in a roll, and in less time than it takes to write an account of it a hole is drilled through the whole lot. The value of the silver obtained by punching a hole of usual size in a coin amounts to about one-twenty-fifth of the value of the coin, so that for every roll of twenty-five quarter-dollars the value of one quarter-dollar is obtained in a moment by running a drill through the roll. Mr. Sampson says, also, that many of the punched coins come from Mexico and South America, where our silver coins circulate freely, and rarely escape mutilation. Several attempts have been made of late years to break up the systematic punching of coins, but with little success. Only two convictions for the offense have been made in ten years. Mr. Sampson remarked that, while the business of punching and filing coins was almost wholly in the hands of the Cubans, the business of sweating gold coins by shaking them up in a buckskin bag is attributed by the detectives to the denizens of Chatham street. By shaking a bag containing 100 eagles for three hours the result in gold dust will be worth about \$20. Mr. Floyd, the chief clerk of the assay office, said that the Government rules relating to light-weight gold coins were defective, and tended to keep such coins in circulation. When a gold coin less than twenty years old is abraded to more than 1 per cent. of its value, it is stamped with an "L" at the Sub-treasury and returned to whoever offers it, instead of being sent to the mint. The object is to force the holder to take it to the assay office or mint to be sold at its real value, instead of which it goes into circulation again. The trouble is that Congress has never made any provision for redeeming mutilated or even abraded coins. Many persons think that all pieces that have been worn down beyond redemption in actual service should be deemed at par. The difficulty is to tell when a piece has been worn smooth through use or brought to that condition by sweating or other artificial means. Mr. Floyd considers that the mutilation of silver coin does not need Government interference, because unlike the abrasion of gold, the mutilation of a silver coin can be detected at once, and it rests with the public to drive such coins out of circulation.—New York Evening Post.

FLATTERING A QUEEN.

Queen Elizabeth loved flattery, and on one occasion her passion was fully gratified, as the following anecdote, told in the New York Ledger, testifies: "When the Duke de Villa Medina came at the English court, he was present, and took part at a tournament given by Elizabeth, where his gallantry and manly beauty made him the observed of all observers. At the close of the sport, as the Duke came near to the Queen, she said to him, pleasantly, that she would like to know who was the chosen lady of so gallant a knight; whereupon he shook his head and would not further answer. "But," persisted Elizabeth, "there must be, somewhere, a lady whose beauty and perfection of character gives to her a deeper place in your heart than is yielded to another?" "Ah! yes, gracious Madam, there is one such." "And may I not know who she is?" "The Duke reflected a moment, and then answered that he would inform her on the morrow. "And on the morrow he sent to the Queen, inclosed in a box of sandal wood and mother-of-pearl, a small mirror. "Those who know Elizabeth's character can imagine how deeply this bit of flattery must have touched her."

A PRIZE FOR ORIGINALITY.

"William, you have again come up unprepared!" "Yes, sir." "But from what cause?" "Laziness, sir." "Johnson, give William a good mark for unpreparedness." "Bates, you proceed." "I have not prepared, too, sir." "But why not?" "From laziness, sir." "Johnson, give Bates a bad mark for plagiarism!"

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

There is a story told of a blunt old sea-captain who was noted for his extreme personal plainness. Being present at a party, he had taken no part in the dance, as his hostess had some difficulty in providing him with a partner. At last she led him up to a piano and staid spinster, at the same time whispering a few words of apology in his ear. "O, you needn't make any apology, madam," said he, with alacrity. "Any old thing is good enough for me."

A FEARFUL DISEASE.

There is at Brussels a curious case of chronic drowsiness. A man about 45 years of age, apparently in perfect health, has lately been attacked by an irremediable tendency to sleep. As soon as he stops walking or seats himself even to eat, he falls into a deep slumber. All the remedies prescribed by the leading Belgian physicians have failed to produce any effect upon him. This is said to be the first case of the kind in Europe, although such cases are by no means rare among the negroes of Guinea, who call them Nolevau.

MEMORIES OF MOUNT VERNON.

During a war, while the blood-battle on the Potomac were being fought, the Southern and Northern troops fraternized on this spot, and not a shot was fired nor a blow exchanged on the domain of Mount Vernon. It was neutral ground. The soldiers exchanged coffee and tobacco and lolled amicably together under the trees, then went back to shooting and killing each other as soon as they were off the sacred ground. The most irreverent scuffer must walk with reverence through the ancient frame house in which so much of our history is embalmed. Hanging in the hall is the great key to the Bastille, sent to Washington by Lafayette, and near it is the General's field glass, hung on its rack by Washington himself and never disturbed. Of all the memories of Mount Vernon none are more interesting than those of Eleanor Custis—poor Nelly, who died at 22, and was her stepfather's pet. In one room stands her harpsichord, an immense machine, just the size of a grand piano of the present day, with two banks of keys like an organ. Beside it are some ancient blue chairs embroidered by her dear fingers a century ago. In the grounds stands her rose bush, beside which, tradition says, she received her first offer, and which the guileless and credulous of her sex are persuaded to walk around six times to bring a similar event about. One of the ingenuities of the Regents of Mount Vernon was to resemble as far as possible the rag carpets which were the floor coverings in Martha Washington's day, and for that purpose scraps of the rag carpets were sent abroad to be as nearly simulated as possible. And way up high, under the roof, is a little hip-roofed, domer-windowed rookery, which, after Gen. Washington's death, his widow chose as her own room, because it was from that window only that a view could be had of the hideous brick tomb in which the mortal part of the General lay.

GLYCERINE.

The name is derived from a Greek word signifying "sweet," and has reference to taste. As oil consists of acids and glycerine, the latter is obtained by separating the oil—the same is true of fat—into its component parts.

The uses of glycerine are becoming more and more extended and valuable. There is no application that is better than a few drops rubbed daily over the hands, to keep them moist and smooth. The hands should be first moistened with water, as the glycerine otherwise absorbs moisture from the skin.

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JOHN J. KNOX, Comptroller of the Currency.

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