

TELL ME SO.—TO S. R. M.

BY JULIA H. MAY.

If by any word
Dropped from my careless lips to you, unheard
By all beside;
Or, if by any tone
Discordant to your tuneful ear, alone
Your heart is tried;

If by any act
Thoughtlessly done by me, your life has lacked
One pleasant thing;
Or, if by any song,
Borne on the echoing wind from me, along,
You ceased to sing;

If by my word alone,
Or a st. or song, or inharmonious tone,
Less sweetness you have known,
Tell me so.

And, if by any word,
Dropped from my trembling lips, which you have
Heard
And told me not;
And if, by any tone,
Sweet to your ears, perhaps to yours alone,
And unforget;

And if by any deed,
Done for your help in time of greatest need,
No matter how;
And if by any prayer
Sent from my heart for you on the upward air
And answered now;

If by any word or deed,
Or song, or prayer, you have been blest, I plead
Remember my heart's need
And tell me so.

Tell it, but do not press
My hand in fond caress;
Tell it, but do not use
Many long phrases such as others choose;
Tell it just as you go,
Only a word, you know,
But tell me so.

WHY EDMUNDS DOESN'T LIKE HAYES.

It is a well-known fact that Senator Edmunds and ex-President Hayes have long been on unfriendly terms. Edmunds would have nothing to do with Hayes during the Presidency, and between the years of 1876 and 1880, he called at the White House as seldom as he could. This fact was noted at the time, and the high-toned reason was given that Edmunds did not believe that Hayes was equitably President, and that he would not do anything to condone the "fraud." But this was not the true reason. The real cause was far different. I give it now for the first time to the public as told by one of the parties interested to a friend of mine.

It lay in the appointment of Hoyt M. Wheeler as United States District Judge for Vermont. About the time Hayes was inaugurated, the District Judge whom Wheeler succeeded died. Edmunds was the big Vermont man here then, as he is to-day. He appointed and removed men almost at pleasure. Mr. Edmunds is also a lawyer, and in this capacity he has for years served the Central Vermont Railroad, as its counsel. Every one knows that the Central Vermont Railroad is the biggest corporation in the State; that it makes and unmakes politicians, and that the Legislature generally does what it demands. The Central Vermont has a great deal of litigation, and it is of interest to it that it have judges prejudiced in its favor. Senator Edmunds being its counsel, the road relied upon him to see that a proper man was chosen by Mr. Hayes. But Senator Edmunds was not consulted in the choice. Why not?

The reason, so I am told, was as follows: The little Railroads in Vermont objected to the Great Central gobbling up everything, and they especially objected to having a Central road man on the bench. When Hayes was elected they counseled together and decided to see if they could not prevent this. To this purpose they sent a Mr. Hickok, a wealthy old citizen of the State, who was related to Mrs. Hayes' cousins—the Burchards—to Washington to attend to the matter. Hickok, who, as I said, is a wealthy man in his own State, and who has nothing to do with politics and cares less about them, came here to the Capital, ostensibly on a visit, to see his new relatives, whom the Nation has delighted to honor. He stopped with his cousins, and as he was really cultured and jolly, and had also a tongue as smooth as the blarney stone itself, he at once jumped into high favor. The Burchards were proud of their distinguished, gray-haired visitor, and they invited Mrs. Hayes down to meet him. Hickok praised the President in high terms, drew favorable comparisons between him and Madison and Adams, and in short won the heart of the President's wife. She asked him finally if he would not like to become acquainted with Mr. Hayes. Hickok bowed low and crossed his hands on his breast in an ecstasy of delight, as he replied: he certainly would, but he had not expected such an honor.

Mrs. Hayes, more flattered than ever, appointed an hour in the afternoon of the following day for an interview.

The day came, and the courtly Hickok was led into the President's sanctum. Here he continued his flattery, putting it sweet but not too thick, and applauded Hayes' southern policy very highly. He showed a thorough understanding of national matters and told Mr. Hayes how he was greatly beloved in Vermont. The interview took a wide range and lasted over an hour. As he turned to go, after bidding the President good-day, he came back, as though by

an after-thought, and said: "By the way, Mr. Hayes, you have a Federal appointment to make in our State."

"Ah!" said President Hayes, "I had not noticed it. What is it?"

"The District Judgeship is vacant," replied Hickok.

"I remember now," replied the President. "I will see to it this week. I will write a note to Senator Edmunds to-day. It is customary, you know, to refer these things to the Senators of the various States."

"Yes," replied Hickok, hesitatingly, and then taking a seat beside President Hayes, whom he knew now quite well and dropping his voice into a confidential tone: "It might be best for you to see Edmunds, but the people of Vermont think Mr. Edmunds should not be consulted in this appointment."

On the President's asking the reason he said: "Senator Edmunds is the lawyer for the Vermont Central Railroad, and this railroad now has, or will have soon, cases involving large amounts which must come before the United States District Court, over which this judge must sit. We think it hardly right that Edmunds should choose his own judge."

"I see," replied President Hayes; "but whom shall I consult?"

Hickok thought a good while, and then named one after another several Vermont men. At last, apparently as a sudden inspiration, he spoke of Secretary Evarts, "Evarts," said he, "knows the State well; he is a native of the State, and knows everybody in it."

"All right," said the President: "I will refer the matter to him."

It is but a step from the White House to the State Department, and Hickok, as he walked out of the steps of one, walked into the other. He met Evarts, and told him much how the matter stood. Evarts does not like Edmunds, and he took the bait hungrily. He asked Hickok whom he should recommend, and Hickok after speaking of a number of other men, adroitly recommended Hoyt M. Wheeler, and Evarts concurred in his opinion that he would be a good man.

President Hayes saw Evarts that day, and the result was Wheeler's name was sent into the Senate.

As yet Senator Edmunds suspected nothing. But the day of the nominations before the openings of the Senate he chanced to turn over the list of names lying on the clerk's desk. As he saw that of Hoyt M. Wheeler, district judge of Vermont, he was thunderstruck. The short-hand man did not take down his language then uttered, but I am informed it was full of brimstone. The shock was such that it kept him away from the White House and President Hayes out of his friendship.—*Carp in Cleveland Leader.*

FULL DRESS.

A fashion item says: "Black silk stockings will be generally worn by gentlemen for full dress."

There! that settles us! We have been an ardent votary of fashion, blindly obeying her behests, and appareling ourselves according to her dictum. (Ah, we can do it when we choose, but this ends it. When she says that a man shall perambulate the street and attend the Italian opera with nothing but a pair of black silk stockings, a high hat and a little humility thrown on as a button-hole bouquet, we are compelled to desert the ranks and become a looker-on in Venice.

Of course there are advantages clinging to this sort of a suit, and we duly appreciate them. It would be exceedingly comfortable in summer, but in winter we fear that there would be a few discomforts. There would be no off-buttons to fuss about; and in some particular cases where a man is hurried to get there, he would be more apt to meet the engagement than if he had a lot of clothes to fool with; but on the other hand, when he wanted a chew of tobacco or to look at the time, he would have to back up against a wall or a lamp post and lift his foot up to get at the plug, or watch, in his stocking pocket. He would have to be very careful how and where he sat down; enough accidents happen as it is with the present style. It would effectually break up picnics, and a school-teacher would have to keep his desk loaded with arnica and other soothing drugs. It would relegate to private life the ambitious cow-boy revolver and the retiring prohibition pistol.

There would be a little sameness in the color of his goods, and the style won't suit all parties, either. A splendidly-formed John L. Sullivan sort of a fellow could wear it with great effect, and get all the girls mashed on him; but it would be very trying and discouraging to a living-skeleton-sort of a man to be called Billy Mahone, and perceive medical students taking notice of his works, and pointing out to each other how his diaphragm auscultated with the lumbago of his verticular.

It would probably operate more against the hotel clerk and bar-tender than any other class. The diamond-cluster pin and shirt-studs would have to go on the programme somewhere, and we believe it would take some little time and patience to drill holes into the breast-bone for their accommodation. The only individual to whom this style would be a blessing, but not in disguise, is the tramp; but even to him there would be bitterness in the cup if the farmer insisted on wearing heavy boots. There would be no way of padding himself with the softening rock.

Yes, fashion has gone too far, and we must sadly, yet firmly, give her the farewell. We have pinched our feet, and made our legs resemble the stricken deer's—done all that she has ever commanded until now. We regret that we must do so, but our duty is plain; and so, while her faithful followers don the full dress black-silk-stocking, and sweep arrogantly by, we will fold our ulster around us like the Arab, and steal silently away among the back numbers.—*The Judge.*

A WARNING TO NEW CONGRESSMEN.

"Jim-jams!" said a gentleman the other day. "There is nothing frightful about jim-jams. I had 'em, and it is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life."

"That is queer," said the reporter.

"Not at all. Jim-jams is supposed to be a sort of demoniac arrangement with nothing but snakes and scorpions in it, but that is a mistake. The whole thing is this: Delirium tremens is produced by drinking too much whisky. I drank too much whisky and got the 'jims.' I didn't know I was getting them, but the bar-keeper did. I sat down in the bar-room one day and began to pick imaginary bugs off my hands. The barkeeper suggested that I had better go home. I did so and shortly after getting there I was a first-class lunatic, by means of a number one dose of Jim-jams. Three gentlemanly neighbors came in and sat on me and smoked and talked and enjoyed themselves. I didn't know exactly what was going on, but I had a faint idea that it was a sort of go-as-you-please picnic in which I was left. I saw no snakes but I saw turkeys. They came in through the window and marched around my bed in single file. I asked some of them a few questions in a friendly way, but they never said a word, and at the same time I felt that there was no animosity between us. After a while they left but soon came in again; this time each turkey had a monkey on his back, and each monkey seemed to be in a hilarious condition, and wanted to have fun. I guess I laughed over that. The gentleman who sat on my legs and scratched matches on the soles of my feet to light their cigars said I laughed. My wife cried, however, just to be contrary. Then the turkeys went out, and every monkey way carrying a red, white and blue parasol when they reappeared. I never had so much fun in my life until about one hundred and fifty brass bands commenced to play, and each band was playing a different tune. I was trying to get them all to play the same air, but it was no good, and I got so exasperated that the three gentlemen had to sit on my legs worse than ever. However, I came through it, but feeling like a dish cloth and looking as though I had had been through a threshing machine."—*Arizona Journal.*

CANADA AND THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

These Islands, or Kingdom of Hawaii, in consideration of their location and commercial importance, are creating considerable attention as a market for our manufactures, being on the highway from this Continent to the Asiatic, and may be properly termed the half-way house of the vast Pacific. As our Canadian Pacific Railway becomes completed and we seek the Asiatic trade, we are bound to be brought into close proximity with the kingdom—and especially the Port of Honolulu, the Capital of the group of islands. Last year the Two Cousins, across the border, placed in this market close on \$9,000,000 worth of manufactured goods and the greater portion coming from as remote ports as those of Montreal, Quebec or Halifax, viz., New York, Philadelphia and Boston. A consular service has already been established in Canada with Mr. C. Elliott Anderson at Ottawa as Consul-General from whom all information can be obtained, or from the following Consuls, viz: Mr. Allan O. Crookshank at St. John, N. B., Mr. George Fraser at Halifax, N. S., and from Mr. Dickson Anderson, of Montreal.

BILL NYE.

Everybody knows Bill Nye, the humorist, by reputation, at least. Cerebro-spinal meningitis has been wrestling with him for many months, and Bill has had a tussle to keep out of a coffin. His illness compelled him to sever his connection with the Laramie *Boomerang*, and to resign his postmastership at that place, and move to another locality in hopes of once more regaining his health. He is now at Hudson, Wisconsin. In a private letter to a newspaper friend in Omaha, he says: "I have decided that my duty is plain. It is to keep moderately quiet for a year, anyway. I've good offers from St. Paul to Portland, and from San Francisco to New York, including Chicago and Detroit, but this year I'll write a few sketches per week at mighty good figures and get the balance of my North American spine into shape. Then I'll see what I can do for a steady thing, whether I'll lecture or go to horse-trading. I am comfortably fixed here, within twenty minutes' ride of St. Paul, with a dozen trains a day each way, two being Chicago trains. My health is greatly improved since I crossed the Missouri, and last week I heard with much joy that my Candidate for the Laramie post-office has been appointed, though 99 out of a possible 100 at Laramie said when I came that it could not be done."—*Omaha Bee.*

MISCELLANY.

"Sense and Non-sense at Bristol" was the phrase with which one of the papers summarised the great Colston ceremonial. This pithy way of dealing with political meetings would save us columns of dry reading if it were generally adopted. "Mirth and Madness at the Mansion House" might describe the great metropolitan corporate jockeying. "Paltry Palaver at St. Stephen's" could be made to apply to a useless debate in the House. "Pipeclay and Pettiness" could be the caustic remark appended to a court-martial.

The poet Whittier ought to be one of the poets of Christmas, because his quiet spirit is so much in sympathy with the "solemn joy" that underlies the merriment of the day. His contribution to the Christmas Number of *Harpers Magazine* is virtually a Christmas poem, for it tells anew the story of "The Supper of St. Gregory" and of his beggar guest, who proved to be the Founder of the Feast Himself. The closing lines are among the finest the Quaker poet ever has written:

"Unheard, because our ears are dull;
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him."

The succeeding (January) Numbers of *Harper's* will have a fine portrait of Whittier, and a richly illustrated paper upon him from the pen of his friend Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

It is understood that the unseemly proceedings on the commencement of term at the Courts of Justice, and the subsequent remarks of the Chief Justice upon receiving the Lord Mayor, have led to a determination to consider the feasibility of constructing some more dignified approach from the great hall to the courts. The procession on the 2nd, so long as it was in the great hall, appeared to much advantage; but arrived at the end of the hall it disappeared into crypts and spiral staircases and galleries with a loss of dignity due to the obvious deficiencies of the building. If it should appear possible to construct a staircase somewhat approaching in grandeur to that at the end of Westminster Hall, by which the judges could approach the courts as a procession would there enter the Houses of Parliament, it is thought that possibly the House of Commons would not be unwilling to vote the necessary sum of money for such works.

BISMARCK has one foe to whom he has to give way. It is chronic catarrh. This enemy has at last compelled the "Iron Chancellor" to surrender his beloved cigar and glass of wine. His royal master, Kaiser William, holds out better. He still enjoys his wine and tobacco. It is remarkable that, although he has long been famous as one of the most vigorous men of his time, William I. was an exceedingly feeble child. It was not, indeed, until he gave himself up to military exercises that he became robust. The Kaiser has always been a very moderate man, and to this day his dinner rarely consists of more than five dishes, from which he makes a choice. Although the cellars of the imperial palace at Berlin are full of the finest wines of all countries, including the famous vintage of the famous years 1620 and 1659, "of which the bouquet alone is a poem," the Emperor rarely touches them, and usually contents himself with a glass or two of somewhat ordinary Moselle.

MATRIMONY has strange chances, and a marriage that will take place in January is an example. During the last season two dinner parties had been arranged in, let us say, Arlington Street, to one of which a young foreigner of distinction had been invited. He arrived from his hotel in a hansom, the driver of which made a mistake, and deposited him at the opposite residence. Monsieur de B—— entered just as the right point for announcing dinner was reached and, being mistaken for another guest, went down in due order, finding as his left hand neighbour a young daughter the house. In after-dinner intercourse it was found he had joined the wrong party, and explanations, both here and opposite, were given. The short time together, however, had plunged the young foreigner (who fortunately had both means and position) and his fair young neighbour so deeply in love that he received permission to continue the acquaintance, which will end in marriage and the departure to a continental home of a bright young English girl.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.
No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me."

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles!"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.