

Real Distress.

A railroad conductor, the other day, paid out of his own pocket the fare of a woman who was hastening without ticket or money to her husband's death-bed in a Philadelphia hospital, at the same time conveying to her the impression that the fare was paid by a man who sat behind her and had expressed his sympathy. That person promptly put the credit, where it belonged, and subsequently took occasion to ask the conductor why he had waived his own claim to the woman's gratitude. "My dear sir," was the reply, "when you have been a conductor for ten years, and been 'beaten' and snubbed by nine hundred and ninety-nine different specimens of travelling humanity, you will learn to do your duty and be satisfied with that alone. That woman's distress was real but possibly nine out of every ten I meet with similar stories will be professional dead beats and frauds of the first water. If a conductor does a humane act now and then, and the public hear of it, a few will compliment him and praise him for it, but for the next six months every tramp and shyster along the road will strike his train and endeavor to cheat him out of the fare by working upon his feelings."

A Poor Match.

"You think that 'ere woman with the three children belongs to that man a-talkin' with her?" asked the old sea-captain. "No; no woman could have lived so long as that with a man and appear so much above him in her whole make-up! There's a lot of stuff talked about folks bein' mismated, but they ain't nothin' in it—nuthin' genuine under cover, I mean. Folks as come together natural, without any compulsion as they do around these parts, air about equal in most respects. When a woman takes to a low man there's somethin' low stowed away in her cargo, and *vice versa*; and when there's a public smashup, it's the cussedness of both coming to a climax! at least that's my opinion, after sixty years, observation."

Children's Questions.

Children are often very troublesome in asking questions, and they should be taught not to interrupt conversation in company; but this being understood, it is not desirable to refuse to answer questions which an active child must ask so often, to be able to learn the whys and wherefores of daily life. By giving due attention to these little troublesome questions, a child's truest education may be in process. To be sure, there are parents, who, having solved these little mysteries, become indifferent to them, and cannot look upon the eager restlessness of their children with due consideration, or sympathize with their desire to penetrate causes and trace effects. By paying heed to these troublesome questions, however, a child may learn many facts, for his education commences with his interest in what you may consider too trifling for you to notice. Children hunger after new things and new ideas. They will learn with pleasure facts of history or of science from the lips of parents or teachers, which would seem drudgery if learned by rote from books, and they take great delight in listening to the conversation of intelligent people; therefore they should be allowed to remain in the drawing-room or the library, if they will not interrupt the conversation, and are taught to conduct themselves properly. Many a man owes his success in life to the conversations he has listened to in his father's home, when his parents had not the least idea he was old enough to take any interest in what interested them; but his young mind was drinking in

draughts of wisdom which were of incalculable benefit to him. On the other hand, there are men who have learned the iniquities of life while listening to the conversation of their elders, and have had cause to rue it all their lives. Children are not like dogs; they must learn to follow in the footsteps either of the just or the unjust—learn to be good or learn to be evil.

The Wayside Inn.

The following touching lines of sympathy were written in a letter to a friend on the death of his mother, by Co Ingersoll, recently:

"There is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done—when the sun touches the horizon—when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and the future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn.

"Life is a shadowy, strange, and winding road, on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle with its lullaby of love to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is 'good-night.'

"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under the snow in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the years."

A Romantic Affair.

A writer in the *St. Louis Post* tells the following curious story:

In the audience at Uhrig's Cave the other night a couple were pointed out to me who have a very singular history, if all the world says about them is true. They are married, and as far as the human eye can discern in the gaslight on a fair summer night, seem to be happy. The lady, though has silver hair, and appears to be over fifty. She is a stately, matronly female, and her dress of complete black adds to the majesty of her appearance. Her husband does not look to be over thirty, is a handsome man of the brunette type, and dresses like a broker or a cashier. He is not in business here, however. The remarkable phase of the story is that about twenty-one years ago a gentleman of exceeding wealth died in Cincinnati, O., leaving all his fortune to a young woman whom he had adopted and educated, and who at the time of his death was with her sister in Paris, where she had spent most of her years. The news was sent to the French capital, and the cable message falling into the hands of the older sister, she withheld it from the young one. Gathering up all the valuables, and taking all the money the two possessed the older sister fled to this country, and, representing herself to the Court under the other sister's name, succeeded in establishing her identity, and was awarded the fortune. Nothing was ever heard of the sister in Paris by letter or in any other way, and this woman has since held undisputed title to the property. Her husband was the son of her gardener, to whom she took a strange but lasting fancy. They live in Cincinnati, but are now here at one of the hotels.