

It is all very well for health journals to tell people who are restless and unable to sleep at night to place the head of their bed toward the north, but it does no good unless you take the baby to the other end of the house and place its head against the south.

Theodore Hook addressed the following lines "To Mr. Blank, who put over his door 'Pen and Quill Manufacturer':"

"You put above your door and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first, you well may feel a pride;
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills, your words are somewhat loose;
Who manufactures quills must be a Goose!"

A correspondent from Boston writes us to know what the word "Nihilist" is derived from. We are surprised that such ignorance should exist in such a town as Boston. The Russian assassins are called Nihilists from the river Nile. They are dirty, like the water of the Nile, and have sudden up-risings. Like the Nile, their sources are unknown. Nobody knows where their head is, and it is not healthy to try to find out. If you do not think this is the right answer you had better hunt up a Nihilist and make him tell you all he knows.—*Texas Siftings*.

A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seat-mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it." The young man slid out. At the next station the old man poured out his hot coffee into the saucer to cool. "Look, ma," said a snickering girl, "at that old-fashioned way of drinking." "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "and it was old-fashioned manners not to notice it." The elderly gentleman finished his journey in peace.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I ain't got enough sense to vote at a ward election," remarked old Isom, yesterday. "Why?" asked a bystander. "Yer see, a nigger what keeps a bacon store at the udder end ob town give fifty cents premium on a silver dollar made last year. I tuk a dollar wid de correck date, an' going to de store, handed it ter him, and tole him ter gin me de premium. He looked at de dollar, handed me fifty cents, an' drapped it in de draw'r. I tuk de fifty cents, an' co. on up town. I have just discovered dat I'as out fifty cents. I repeats dat I ain't got sense enough ter vote, an' de Newnited States can hab my freedom back at any time de Secretary of War will notify me ob dat fact."—*Little Rock Gazette*.

"The truth is," said Mr. Haberdasher, as he leaned back in his easy chair and put his feet up on the desk, "the girls are lazy, and if we gave them stools to sit on they would shirk their work and loll around half the time. I never encourage habits of idleness. 'By industry we thrive,' you know. Jack here; hand me the paper and then run over to Maduro's and get me half a dozen of his best Havanas;" and then he leaned back so the cushion would fit well in the small of his back and proceeded to look over the "Political Outlook" while the head clerk said, "Certainly, sir," and went back to his desk.

"Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a twenty-dollar gold piece?" asked a man with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand, of a well-dressed individual. The man addressed ran his hand nervously into various pockets and replied—"Well, now, I declare! Can it be possible that I was so careless as to drop that coin? Yes, it's gone. I must have lost it right here, where we stand." The man opened his memorandum book, took from his vest pocket the stub of a lead pencil, and said—"Will you favor me with your name and address?" They were given, and the questioner started on, when the well-dressed man cried—"Hi, there! Where's the money? give me my gold piece." "Oh I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this where thousands of dollars are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and the river I found seven men that lost twenty-dollar gold pieces, and I expect to run the list up to two hundred before I reach the City Hall. Good-day, sir."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the bedside—Authors."

Mr. Tennyson's eye sight is so impaired that he cannot read much.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne intends to take up his abode in New York next fall.

The next volume in the English Men of Letters series will be "Gray," by Edmund W. Gosse.

"Ouida" thinks that the serial form of publishing a novel compels the writer to sacrifice form and harmony.

Jacob Abbott wrote alone one hundred and eighty volumes, and was editor or joint author of thirty-one more.

A memorial volume on the late D. G. Rossetti, as artist and author, will be published by Macmillan & Co. next winter.

One of the longest of literary careers was that of William Ainsworth, whose first novel was printed in 1825 and his last in 1881.

None of Longfellow's children, all of whom are now in adult life, have ever shown any indication of following the literary life.

Bret Harte has written a paper of reminiscences of Longfellow, which appears in German in a Vienna newspaper, and in English in *Good Words*.

Mr. Darwin's life is to be written by his son. Darwin left an autobiography, and a sketch of his father. Prof. Huxley is also going to write a biography.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Germantown, Philadelphia, in order to write the authorized life of Longfellow.

Mr. John Morley, who has been trying to do too much, and whose work has, therefore, suffered, will retire from the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* in November, but will retain the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mr. James Thomson, one of the English "consummate" poets who received much extravagant praise a few years ago lately died in an English hospital. Mr. Thomson's chief poem was called "The City of Dreadful Night."

John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, were present at the opening of the Birmingham Central Library. The former, in a speech, dwelt particularly upon the growth of literature in America. He recommended the study of the American poets, especially Whittier, the best gifts of whose genius were on the side of freedom. He also recommended the study of Bancroft's History of the United States.

A *Boston Herald* writer says that Mrs. Stowe "composes with perfect facility, her thoughts flowing so freely and uninterruptedly, and her pen being so obedient to their course that her manuscript always goes to the printers in its first draft. She never goes back to revise or correct, and does not even take the trouble to read over what she has written." No writer ever lived who could pursue this course with impunity.

The seventieth birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was celebrated on June 14, by a garden party given at ex-Governor William Claflin's home in Newtonville, Mass., by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., her publishers. The good lady had the pleasure of listening to poems by Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, J. T. Trowbridge, Rev. H. F. Allen (her son-in-law), Miss Charlotte F. Bates, Rev. E. Paxton Hood, and Mrs. James T. Fields; speeches by H. O. Houghton, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Judge A. W. Tourgee; and letters by G. W. Curtis, Prof. J. A. Harrison, G. W. Cable (formerly of the Confederate army), Mrs. R. H. Davis, Dr. S. I. Prime, Judge Neilson, of the Beecher-Tilton trial, T. K. Beecher, editor Richard Smith, of Cincinnati, Olive Johnson, and J. W. De Forest. At the conclusion Mrs. Stowe made a little speech, closing with the following sentiment: "Let us never doubt of the future of this people, but believe that anything that ought to happen is going to happen."