

a diplomat, suffered in this way. On the other hand, to the men that care more about doing real work than getting credit for it, the variety of opportunity gives immense increase of power. It is difficult to estimate the moral force of which George William Curtis, for instance, has been the source. People have had time to forget—so much quiet work has been done since—the aggressive power which he displayed in the early days of the Republican party, when he “stumped” the East for Fremont in 1856, and at the Chicago Convention in 1860, electrified the convention and the country by his successful appeal for a bold and fearless platform; and even his early literary work, as “Nile Notes” and the “Potiphar Papers” have been thrown into the back-ground by his later work as a journalist. But there are few men who, in all the years since, have been able to show the moulding power on public opinion and particularly in relation to the younger men who are to make the future, a power which has increased with each year of partisan abuse and rallery. His trenchant editorial work in *Harper's Weekly*, is meantime supplemented by the quiet influence upon men and manners exerted through the *Evening Chair of Harper's Magazine*. This intermittent editorial work, and the constant calls upon his time for public service and addresses have perhaps kept him too much from distinctively literary work, so that it is pleasant to note that he will contribute to the Christmas Number of the *Magazine*, as its leading article, an essay upon “Christmas,” in which he contrasts the English good cheer of Christmas with the grim Puritan distaste for the day now so thoroughly a thing of the past even in New England.

PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

“Say, mister,” said the bad boy to the grocery man as he came in burying his face in a California pear, “it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it.”

“What's that?” said the grocery man turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. “Get away from there,” and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was printed, “Take one.” “I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chromos of a new clothes-wringer, for people to take one, and by gum, the wind has blown that sign over on to the basket of pears, and I suppose every darn fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business. Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?” and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

“No, sir-ree,” said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, “I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same, though,” and the boy put up his hands like a prize fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.

“O, say,” said the grocery man, confidentially, “there is a rumour that our minister is a reformed prize-fighter, and an old maid that was in here yesterday says he has been fighting with your pa. Do you know anything about it?”

“Know anything about it? I know all about it. It was me that brought about the meeting between them,” and the boy dodged away from an imaginary opponent in a prize ring, and tipped over a barrel of ax helves.

“You see, me and my chum have a set of boxing-gloves, and we go down in the laundry in the basement and box with each other evenings. Since I got the Irish boy to box with pa, last summer, and he pated pa in the nose, pa has not visited the laundry to see us box, but last night the minister called to talk with pa about raising money to pay the church debt, and they heard us down stairs warning each other with the gloves, and the minister asked pa what it was, and pa said the boys were having a little innocent amusement with boxing gloves, and he asked the minister if he thought there was any harm in it, and the minister said he didn't think there was. He said when he was in college the students used to box in the gymnasium every day, and he enjoyed it very much, and got so he didn't take a back seat for any of them. He said the only student that ever got the best of him in boxing was one who is now preaching in Chicago, and he was the hardest hitter in the college. Pa asked the minister if he wouldn't like to go down cellar and see the boys box and he said he didn't mind, and so they came down where we were. I felt really ashamed when the minister came down, and was going to apologize, but the minister said he considered boxing the healthiest exercise there was, and if our people would practice more with boxing-gloves and dumbbells, there would be less liver complaint, and less need of summer vacations. Me and my chum boxed a couple of rounds, and the minister told us where we made several mistakes, and then pa got excited and wanted the minister to put on the gloves with him. But he said he was out of practice, and he did not know but it would cause talk in the church if it should get out that he had been boxing with one of the members, but pa told him nobody would ever know it, and it would do them both good, and so the minister took off

his coat, let his suspenders hang down, rolled up his sleeves, and they put on the gloves. I tell you it was fun for us boys, and I enjoyed it better than a circus. Pa is a pretty hard hitter, but he hasn't got the wind that the minister has. Pa pranced around, and the minister kept his face guarded, 'cause he didn't want to have to preach with a black eye, but pretty soon pa made a pass at the preacher and took him ‘biff’ right on the nose, but he rallied and landed one on pa's stomach, and made pa grunt. The blow on the nose made the minister perspire, and he was more excited than I ever saw him when he was preaching, and he danced around pa until he got a good chance and then he landed one on pa's eye and the other under pa's ear, and pa gave him one on the eye, and they clinched, and the minister got pa's head under his arm and was giving it to pa real hard, just as ma and three of the sisters of the church came down cellar to see ma's canned fruit, and the minister got pa's legs tangled and threw him against ma, and they both went into a clothes basket of wet clothes, and ma yelled ‘police,’ and she scratched pa on the side of the face, and the minister turned suddenly and one glove hit the deacon's wife on the bangs and knocked the hair off, and the minister was excited and he said, ‘whoop! I'm a bad man. This makes me think of when I was on the turf,’ and the women yelled murder. Ma picked pa out of the clothes basket, and held his head, and wiped his bloody nose on a pillow case, and pa was mad at the minister for striking so hard, and the minister said he shouldn't have struck hard only pa pated him on the nose, and pa said it it was no such thing, and referred to my chum, who was referee, and the women all said it was a perfect shame to see a minister descend to become a slugger, and I guess they are going to bring the minister up before the committee and bounce him. We all got on our coats and went up-stairs, and finally ma furnished some court plaster for the minister's nose, and he went home with two of the sisters, though they insisted that he should wear soft gloves, so if he got on a boxing tantum on the way home he couldn't hurt them.

The minister felt real bad about hurting pa, and pa says that he will never attend church again, as he should feel all the time as though the minister would be liable to escape from the pulpit and knock him out in one round. If the women had kept out of the cellar nobody would ever have known anything about it, but it is all over town now. Say, do you think it is right for a minister to hide his talents under a bushel, or should he put on gloves when members of his church want him to?”

“By gum, I don't know,” said the grocery man. “But if I was a minister, and could box, and anybody went to putting on any scold's over me, I would, at least I think I would, from the light I have before me now, knock his two eyes into one. What's the use of learning to box, and then allow folks to boss you around. I have seen some ministers go around in a meek and lowly manner, taking slack from every deacon in church, and being made to feel as though he was an object of charity, who could whip the whole congregation in a fair, stand up fight, and I sometimes think if such a minister would get on his ear and knock a few of his persecutors down a couple of pairs of stairs, they would have more respect for him. But it is fashionable for ministers to seem to be dependent sort of people, and I suppose it always will be.”

“Well I must go and get a couple of oysters to put on pa's eyes, to take out the black,” and the boy went out and put the sign ‘take one’ on a pile of dressed chickens.—*Peck's Sun*.

OLD JAKE VS. CHEESE.

Some years since I was employed as warehouse clerk in a large shipping-house in New Orleans. One day a vessel came in consigned to the house, having on board a large lot of cheeses from New York. During the voyage some of them became damaged by bilge water, the ship having been leaky, consequently the owners refused to receive it, as it was not as the bill of lading said—delivered in good order and well conditioned—they were, therefore, sent to the consignees of the ship, to be stored until the case could be adjusted. I discovered a few days afterward that as perfume they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in June, and reported the same to the concern, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled and send all that were passable to Beard & Colborn's auction mart, to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to the swamp. I got a gang of black boys to work on them and they soon stirred them up.

Presently the boys turned out a big fellow about three feet across the stump, from which the box had rotted off, and in the centre a space of ten inches was very much decayed and appeared to be about the consistency of mush, of a bluish tint, which was caused by the bilge water—the boys had just set it upon its edge on a bale of gunny bags—when I noticed over the way a big darkey from Charleston, S. Co., who was notorious in his quality in the line I had seen him and another fellow the night previous practising. They would stand one each side of a hydrant, some ten yards distant, and run at each other with their heads lowered, and clapping their hands on they hydrant would butt like veteran rams. A thought struck me that I might cure him of his bragging and butting, and have sport also; so I told the boys to keep dark, and I called old Jake over.

“They tell me you are a great fellow for butting, Jake?”

“I is some, massa, dat's a fac', I done butt de wool 'tiredly orf ole Pete's head las' nite, and Massa Nickols was gwine to give me goss. I kin jiss buck de head orf ob any nigger in dese parts myself, I kin.”

“Well, Jake, I have got a little job in that line for you when you haven't got anything else to do.”

“I is on han' for all dem kin' ob jobs myself.”

“Well, you see that large cheese-box, there?”

“I does dat; I does myself.”

“Now, if you can butt a dent in it you shall have it.”

“Golly, massa, you foolin' dis nigger?”

“No, I am not, Jake; just try me.”

“Wat I you gib me de hull ob dat cheese if I butt a dint in um?”

“Yes.”

“Gorry, I'll butt um wide open, I will myself—jiss stan' bak dar, you Orleans niggers—clar de track for ole Souf Carlina, I's comin' myself, I is.”

Old Jake stepped back some fifty feet and went at it with a good quick run, and the next instant I heard a dull, heavy sound, a kind of splash, and old Jake's head disappeared from sight, with the top jiss visible on the other side as he rose with his new-fashioned necklace, the soft, rotten cheese oozing down all around him as it settled down, so that just his eyes were visible from the center of it. Jake's voice was scarcely audible and half smothered as he vainly tried to remove the immense cheese.

“O-o-o, 'ere, massa, took um orf, O-o-o, bress me, lif um up, oh! oh!”

Meanwhile I was nearly dead myself, having laid back on a cotton bale, holding myself together to keep from bursting, while the boys stood around old Jake paying him off.

“Massy sikes, how dis niggers breff smells; you doesn't clean your teef, ole Jake.” “Well, you is a nasty nigger, dat's a fac'.” “Well, you is de biggest kin' ob Welsh rabbit, you is.” “What you git your har grease?” And thus the boys run old Jake, half smothered, until I took compassion on him and told them to take it off, Jake didn't stay to claim his prize, but put out growling: “I dun' got sol' dat time, I'se a case ob yaller fever, I is, myself.”

Old Jake was never known to do any more butting in the vicinity after that.

THE CLAN CAMERON.

It is admitted that Don Cameron's health will not admit of his resuming his senatorial duties, and there is a growing suspicion that he will soon send in his resignation. The only other Pennsylvanian eligible to the senatorship is old Simon Cameron, who recently celebrated the 105th anniversary of his birth by running a mile in four minutes and skinning the cat backward over a horizontal bar eleven times in succession. The constitution of Pennsylvania, as drawn up by William Penn early in the last century, provides that none but a Cameron shall be a representative of the State in the National Senate, except by and with the consent of the oldest surviving member of the Cameron clan. This provision was inserted by Mr. Penn as a tribute of gratitude to Simon Cameron's father, old Angus Cameron, for having loaned Penn \$4 in continental money at one time when Penn was getting over one of his periodical sprees with Potunk-tank, the bibulous chief of the Mohawk Indians.—*Chicago News*.

MORE REALISM WANTED.

“Good day, gentlemen.” A rather pretty young lady stood in the doorway of the Chicago *Tribune* editorial rooms and gazed in graceful expectancy after announcing her presence.

“Do you object,” she continued, “to my talking to you gentlemen a little while on a matter which may be of interest to you?”

“I don't,” replied the horse reporter.

“The purpose of my visit was to call your attention to a work of art I am engaged in selling,” and she unfolded a picture which represented two boats lying along alongside of each other on a placid sheet of water, one containing a young man and the other a young woman.

“Is that the work of art?” asked the horse reporter.

“Yes, sir.”

“What's the name of it?”

“The title is ‘On the Lake,’ and it is considered a very fine picture,” continued the young lady.

“I suppose so. I see the young man has got hold of the young lady's hand. What's that for?”

“Why,” said the visitor, blushing violently, “he is—that is, I suppose—they seem to be—why, the man is making love to the young lady.”

“Oh!” said the horse reporter, “he is seeking to win her young affections, eh?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the fair art merchant, “I suppose that is it.”

“But what is he lying down in the boat for? Has he got the colic?”

“No, sir,” was the reply, followed by more blushes. “His position is one of negligent ease, made so by the artist in order to more fully carry out the thoughts suggested by the picture.”

“Well, I don't know,” said the horse reporter. “Maybe you're right, but it doesn't look natural. I guess he's sort of crouching down

that way in case the girl's father should happen to be over there on the shore of the lake with a gun.”

“Perhaps,” said the young lady, unrolling another picture, which represented a pair of lovers standing under a tree, “you might like this. It is entitled ‘One Heart, One Thought.’”

A POPULAR NOVELIST.

The story of how E. P. Roe found his right place in the world, as a writer of religious novels, would make an interesting illustration for one of Samuel Smiles's pleasant books. He was an army chaplain during the war, and afterward became pastor of the little church at Highland Falls, near West Point. A new church was needed, and to build it the pastor himself went pluckily to work to raise the money. The summer visitors at the Point did their share, but there remained a gap, to fill which Mr. Roe began to lecture about the country on the facts of his army life, but without any notion that he was a writer of fiction. Meanwhile the Chicago fire occurred, and under the strong spell of a desire to visit the scene, though without special purpose in view, he made a ‘forced march’ by railroad, and reached there while the ruins were still smoking. In his study there are some curious relics of the fire in the shape of china, which he found in the ruins, on which the intense heat had burned in a smoky iridescence. Out of this journey there gradually developed “Barriers Burned Away,” his first work of fiction. It was published in 1872, and at once had an enormous sale. Up to this fall he had published nine novels—missing only two years, when he issued, instead of a novel, his “Success with Small Fruits”—and their sales aggregated 346,000 copies. The tenth novel, “His Sombre Rivals,” utilizes his experiences of the war; and the season's sale of this and the previous books promises to bring the total up to 400,000 copies—an extraordinary result for little over ten years of literary work. At the usual return of 10 per cent., this would come to \$80,000, but this, which represents very nearly the high-water mark of successful authorship is, after all, little in comparison with the returns of successful business men. Mr. Roe's method of work has been peculiar. He writes his MS. in a huge ledger or hand-book, and usually finishes a novel under tremendous pressure, sometimes shutting himself up in a room in a New York hotel, and driving away on a diet of beefsteak and coffee, allowing himself only the recreation of an evening of good music, till his book is finished. This method occasionally results in a visible carelessness of construction, which his readers, however, easily forgive. Besides writing novels Mr. Roe has been very successful as a grower of small fruits, and does one of the largest businesses of the country in strawberry-plants. His present residence and fruit farm is at Cornwall, on the side of old Storm King. He is now finishing a story of a novel kind, the plan of which was suggested to him by the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and which will begin in the forth-coming Christmas number of that periodical, and run, in company with William Black's “Julith Shakespeare,” for a year. The title is “Nature's Serial Story,” and the life (and love-making) of a country home is followed month by month through the year, with careful studies of the out-door phases of nature, of plant and animal life. Mr. W. H. Gibson is associated with Mr. Roe in this work, and has been making studies for lavish illustration in the neighborhood of Storm King, where the scene of the story is realistically placed. His pictures will be supplemented by figure-illustrations from Mr. Frederic Dielman, who drew “A Girl I Know” in the mammoth *Harper's Christmas* of last year. Mr. Roe's books have also had considerable sales in England, sometimes with, often without, profit to him; but his American returns alone would have made him, had it not been for his having some of the misfortunes of others, the owner of what for an author might be called a considerable fortune. But his own satisfaction seems to be rather in the good the stories have been to others, in their thousand-pulpit power, than in the returns they have brought to himself.—*Literary World*.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

The famous red spot that for five years formed an interesting feature on the planet's disk faded rapidly away during the last winter and spring, and has not been seen since the middle of May, when it was exceedingly faint. No one can tell if it will be seen again, for no one knows the cause that produced it. If any vestige remains, it is safe to say that it will be found by some of the eagle-eyed observers who are diligently scanning the face of our giant brother. Interesting telescopic observations have been made on the Jovian disk that give positive indications of an atmosphere enveloping the huge planet. Satellites and stars when occulted disappear and then flash up again. This phenomenon has been frequently observed, and can be explained by the intervention of clouds in the planet's atmosphere. In the case of occultations, clouds may intercept temporarily the light of satellites or stars, which may flash up again as soon as the clouds have passed. In the case of satellites eclipsed by the shadow of Jupiter, the flashing up at intervals of the light of the satellites may be caused by their passage through darker regions in the penumbra of the planet's shadow due to such clouds.—*Scientific American*.