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THE CENTURY
FOR '85-'86

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

More than 200,000 Copies Monthly.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

The War Papers
By General Grant and others.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

Serial Stories by
W. D. Howells, Mary Hallock Foote, and George W. Cable.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent worship, etc.

Special Features

include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Florida by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc. etc.

Short Stories

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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THE HOME.

What Bessie Saw.

This morning, when all of the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night,
Jack Frost had been making for me.

There were mountains, and windmills, and bridges and boats;
Some queer-looking house and trees;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant out off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all—

The cutest and cuningest dear little girl!
I looked at her hard as I could,
As she stood there as dainty—and looked back at me—
In a little white ulster and hood.

"Good morning!" I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister.
I was so glad to have her come visiting me
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then—can you believe it? the darling was gone!
Killed dead in that one little minute.
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that.
How could there be any harm in it!

But I am so sorry! for though I have looked
Fifty times at that window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She never can come back again.

And—it may be foolish—but all through the day
I have felt—and I know that I should—
Just as if I had killed her, that dear baby girl,
In the little white ulster and hood.

—*Carrie W. Bronson in Youth's Com.*

Influence of Husband and Wife.

For the sake of each other, husband and wife should try to acquire the inestimable art of making duty seem pleasant, and even disappointment not so blank and crushing. They should be to each other like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches.

In the correspondence of Edward Irving, who was almost the greatest genius of the Scottish Church, there is a touching and elevating letter to his wife, which young married people might read together with profit by the quiet fireside of their dear first home:

"O Isabella, I have a strong persuasion of the power of a holy will and conversation, in which, if we continue, we shall save not only our own souls, but the souls of them that hear us. My dearest, we must soon go to our rest, and our sweet infant also; and perhaps the Lord may not see us worthy to leave any seed on this earth. His will be done. Now rest in peace, my other part, and thou, sweet link of being betwixt us. Every twelfth day of the month, my loving and beloved wife, let it be your first thought and your last thought, that your babe is mortal, and that the father of the babe is mortal, and that you yourself are mortal. Do this that you may swallow up our mortality in the glorious faith of our immortality in the heavens."

If a generous hearted husband has to speak to his wife about her faults, he does it tenderly, humbly, unwillingly, sadly, yet with sufficient plainness not to have to do it twice over. In paining her he wounds his own flesh. The pain is necessary, but the hand of love so inflicts it that it quickly heals.

And here we may drop the hint that a Christian husband or wife influences not so much by direct exhortation, as by constant example. When Lord Peterborough had lodged for some time with Fenelon, referring to his example, he said at parting.

"I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

In the same way, when one of a married pair is a sincere Christian, the other may not be able to escape becoming the same.—*Quiver.*

Politeness.

If, as the poet says, "beauty wins without an effort," it may be said of politeness that it wins with very little effort. Politeness is worth cultivating, if only for the sake of policy. In every business it attracts and allures, while a rude manner repels and often drives away trade. Especially may this be said of any business which depends for success on the custom of ladies. Many a good customer is driven off by the rude manner of the employer or his clerks; for as a class, ladies are apt to resent in this way any want of politeness in those whose stores they patronize.

In no branch of trade and in no condition of life can we afford to dispense with politeness. It wins hearts and ensures attention. It is said of the statesman, John C. Calhoun, that no page ever performed a service for him in the halls of Congress without receiving in return the kindly and courteous "thank you, my son." The effect of this could be seen in the eager anxiety that these young messengers evinced to serve him. We are all familiar with the story of the great man who, on being reproved for taking off his hat in response to the bow of a servant, said, "Do you suppose I would allow a servant to surpass me in politeness?" "Politeness is a part of my religion," said a clergyman, whose politeness of manner had been remarked upon; and right well had this part of his religion served him. It never failed to draw dollars from the purses of the most miserly when he appealed to them in the name of charity and religion.

When politeness is inherent with some, the majority require that it should be taught them, along with other good lessons, while they are young. It is owing to the neglect of this early training that we see so much rudeness, especially among youths and men, even of what are known as "the better classes." In fact, the laboring man, who is never dignified with the title of "gentleman," is often far more of one than he who usurps the name because he dresses in broadcloth and lives in a mansion of brown stone. Who has not seen one of "nature's noblemen," soiled with the dust of labor, rise and give his seat in a street-car to a woman, while the gentleman has quietly and stolidly looked on from his comfortable quarters. They both have a right, it is true, to retain the seats they have paid for; but one, in keeping his, was actuated by selfishness; the other, in giving up his, was prompted by politeness.

Pope tells us, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" and it would be well for those who have the training of youth to consider this. We must bend the young twig as we would have it grow; and we must rear the child in habits of politeness if we expect to see the polite man. This branch of early education is apt to be neglected, and the want of politeness which characterizes the child at home distinguishes him abroad. We are apt to regard politeness as non-essential—something which can never aid us in fighting our battle of life. While the want of this quality may not prevent success, the possession of it sometimes ensures the boon, and even when failing to do this, it smooths the rugged ways of life, often making the desert blossom as the rose.

JAMES PYLES PEARLINE is highly indorsed by housekeepers and others who have tried it. No soap is required, and cleaning is done with a saving of much time and labor. All housekeepers should use it.

THE FARM.

Chief Crop of the Country.

BY E. P. ROE, IN AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

What May is for grass, and July for corn, these winter months are for the invaluable growing crop of boys and girls; and upon the care and attention given to this crop the future of the country, the lights and shadows of our own coming years, and the success of the boys and girls themselves, largely depend. The stock breeder looks carefully after the development and training of his animals, especially if thoroughbreds. Should not we with more solicitude try to make thoroughbreds of our children? Which do you visit most frequently and examine with most diligent interest, the developing animals, the grain fields, the fruit trees or the olive plants in the school room? Do you personally know the trainer there—his manner and methods? What morning and evening attention do your children get, save to know that the chores are well attended to? Do you father, and you mother, personally know where they are in the evening hours, who are their associates, what outside influences are moulding their characters? Do you know that they are developing as strongly, as symmetrically, as rapidly as they might?

I credit every reader of the *American Agriculturist* with understanding well that mind is the true stature of the man of woman. Are you content with providing shelter, clothing and food, and to see them add inch by inch to stature? One hundred and forty pounds of flesh and bone may not make a man; they may constitute an ill-natured, ignorant cad or boor. One hundred and fifty pounds of feminine symmetry do not make a woman, even though expensively clad. They may present a parody, a caricature, a false sham that will bring bitterness and disappointment to more than one heart.

Are the daughters, when receiving their bent in early age actually learning how to fill their future positions well—how to be wives, how to keep the house orderly and make it inviting; to help economize for rainy days ahead, to provide, perchance with limited means, a daily variety of inexpensive yet delicious, well cooked, healthful food? Much of the dyspepsia and ill health now prevailing is chargeable to lack of early training in the home circle

Boys taught to farm as well as to work on the farm, are far less anxious to leave home for town or city. Instead of mere treadmill drudgery day after day, enlist interest in the sciences related to farming with its endless variety. Show a boy that some of the finest minds and most eminent men in the world have been devoted to this calling. Interest him in a pair of blooded fowls or pigs, if not in larger animals, and let him have a pecuniary interest in their increase, however small, also in some crop that he aids in cultivating. Above all, incite him to learn how skill can make "two blades of grass grow where there was but one before."

Now, the long evenings supply just the opportunity for fathers, and mothers as well, to give personal and special attention to the most important product of the farm, the growing crop of boys and girls. The results of half hours thus spent will be a surprise to both yourself and the children. If your own early education was faulty and they teach you in some things, it will be all the more interesting to them.

Now is the time to enlist your sons' enthusiasm in your calling, perhaps to rekindle your own also. Go over the agricultural journals with them and let them see and know what live men are doing and thinking, and awaken emulation. Let a book or two about some part of your business, or the whole of it, be read to you by the boys. Draw out their comments and make your own. Remember the story of the industrious man who was ever repeating, "he worked only for his children." Indeed he worked so hard that he never had time to form their acquaintance, much less to help them to become men and women. As a result they soon scattered what he had gathered for them.

You want your children to sympathize with your life and work. Sympathize with their life and pleasures—the life and fun that you enjoyed at their age. A holiday with them now and then will not be lost time, it will be more than made up by increased efficiency in other days. You can thus renew your youth and give joy to theirs. Recall your own thoughts and feelings when at their age. A few holiday gifts within your means will bring unalloyed pleasure now, and for many days to come. Make a child happy and he can scarcely fail to be good. At the same time let him be initiated into the secret that those are most happy who add most to the happiness of others. Is your home not a happy one? Ask yourself what you are doing to make it happy. Be not like the publican, always sitting at the receipt of customs, taxing others. Subject yourself to a little examination.

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TEMPERANCE.

The Price of Two Drinks.

BY J. KNAIR WRIGHT.

"Remnants, three cents per yard! Whoop! Cheap enough! Goods is going down; hope wages won't go after them." Tom Dillon went on, hands in his pockets. What connected in his mind the brown calico sown with blue and yellow roses with the thin, wee, fretful face of his Betty? Betty was ailing that day, her mother said, and she had thought fit to whine and hold out wistfully her little hand when her father went off to work. The fingers in Tom's pocket held ten cents, price of his regular morning drink. By some mental process it occurred to him that ten cents would buy three yards of the calico; and that would make Betty a gown; and when she sat on his knee unfolding it at night, the cross, sickly face would grow childlike and gay. "She'll be more glad of the frock than I will of my dram," said Tom; and he turned back and asked for three yards of the calico. On the counter a basket held narrow white trimming, marked, "one cent." "Does that mean a cent a yard?" asked Tom. "Chip in a yard and bring the dime even."

"It will make a very neat dress, and the edge will trim the neck and sleeves," said the shop girl pleasantly.

"Just the price of a drink," said Tom, uneasily.

"If all men would use their drink money so, there would be less ragged children and discouraged mothers."

Well, Betty was not ragged, but she was shabby, and Nora, his wife, was getting to look listless and hopeless. Was it his fault? He never was drunk, never was drink cross. Ten cents in the morning, the same at night, now and then a Sunday afternoon tipple, and a Monday off when he felt dull and cross—not much over two dollars a week, on the whole year, in and out; that was all. It was "all" that made the difference between comfort and satety, and narrowness and anxiety at home. Tom did not realize it. He picked up his parcel.

"Suppose you buy the little girl a doll; these are only five cents," said the shop woman persuasively, holding up a doll. It was ten inches long, had staring black eyes, a tuft of tow with a gilt band atop for hair, short arms, straight, wooden legs, but it had features and a crimson complexion. Tom was not wise in dolls, and this looked fine to him; it would to Betty, who had no doll. He paid the nickel. "Half of to-night's drink gone," he chuckled, and off he went to his work.

The master was going about the shop that morning. He finally called out clearly: "See here, my lads, I don't wish to interfere with your private lives, but you are spending too much on drinks. Now, who has not had a dram this morning? Speak up."

"I never touches it," said an old fellow.

"I haven't had one," said Tom Dillon.

"And what have you in bank, Abram?" asked the master. "Six hundred dollars," quoth Abram, feeling rich.

"Well, I had no dram, because I spent the dime on a gown for Betty," said Tom. "I usually has a dram."

"It would be well if Betty stood always in the way of the dram; then each little Betty would have clothes, and schooling, and books, and a good trade or dowry. Say you spend two dollars a week on drams: if you put it instead in a box for Betty, and drew out what she needed each year until she was ten, she would have a balance of one hundred and four dollars. Twenty-five dollars a year would clothe her when little, and seventy-five would be laid up. Betty would be an heiress."

As Tom went home that night, he met a shabby old man selling oranges. "Halloo!" said Tom. "I've a nickel due to Betty in my pocket."

"Two for five cents," said old Tim.

When Tom went home he bestowed one orange on Betty and one on Nora. He felt as if he should excuse such generosity and delicate attention to his wife and child. "You see, old Tom worked in our shop once. But he got paralysis, and so he's took to selling oranges to keep him out of the poor house."

"What did he earn in the shop?" asked Nora.

"Say nine dollars a week, year in and out."

"How many years did he work there?"

"Thirty, I've heard say, replied Tom, innocently.

"And what did he spend on drams?"

"Well, he took a little more than I do; but he was not a drunkard, after all. Let's say about three dollars a week."

"Do you know what he'd have had if he had laid up that every week?" asked Nora.

"No; I'm not so good at schoolin' as you, my lass."

"Nigh eleven thousand dollars, without a mite of interest; but with interest he'd have gone away up to sixteen thousand or more. He'd have been a rich man now, not an orange peddler. A snug little house, a servant, good furniture, a warm hearth, a tidy table. Now what good does his drams do him, and he round in the cold and mud hobbling about, selling oranges?"

Betty in a beatific state, the flavor of the orange in her mouth, her doll hugged in her arms; Nora, looking cheery, diligently cutting and sewing the little gown—these represented to Tom Dillon the price of two drinks.

"What are you about, Tom?" some one asked at "nooning" next day.

"I'm making a box to hold my drams for Betty."

"Why, man, that child can [illegible]."

"She'll thrive on 'em su[illegible]," responded Tom Dillon.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

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