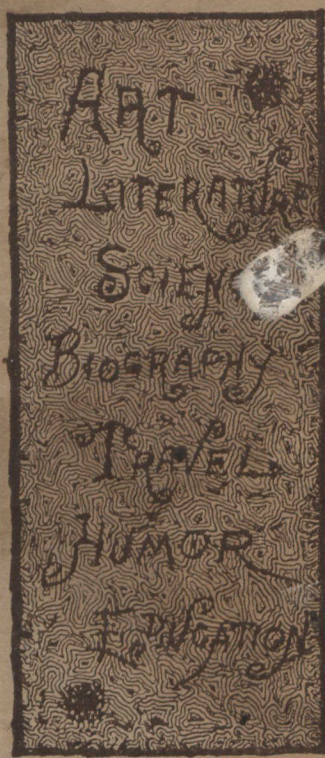



George Yapp

George B. Keyes

The HOME and SCHOOL Supplement



An Illustrated
Monthly 
Magazine

Edited by

Seymour Eaton

\$2.00 per year.

20 cents per No

THE SUPPLEMENT Co.

TORONTO CAN

BUFFALO N Y

George B. Keyes

THE NEW ARITHMETIC.

NAME OF THE AUTHORS.

7 We print below the names of a few of those who have assisted in the preparation of "The New Arithmetic." Did space permit, we could give the names of hundreds of others whose work has been embodied in this new text-book.

Prof. D. E. Lantz, Mathematical Master Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.
William Marigold, Head Master Normal School, Wiltshire, England.
Superintendent W. H. Slms, Goshen, Ind.
John Tait, Mathematical Master Collegiate Institute, Collingwood, Ont.
Principal W. A. Beer, Academy, Callensburg, Pa.
E. P. Rowell, M.A., Head Master Grammar School, Sacramento, Cal.
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Miss Clara Villing, Institute of Holy Angels, Fort Lee, N.J.,
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W. P. Goudle, B.A., Derby, England.
Michael O'Kelly, Head Master Louisburg Normal School, Westport, Ireland.
Edward Allen, Head Master, Rushen School, Isle of Man.
Thomas W. Halfhead, M.A., Grammar School, Colne, England.
Professor J. W. Elliott, Principal Normal School, Cassville, Pa.
William Grant, C.M., Head Master Public School, Farquhar, Dornoch, Scotland.
Professor J. W. Welton, Principal Business College, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Professor D. Lewis, Superintendent of Education, Fairfax, Mo.
Dr. J. W. Carlyle, Mathematical Master Provincial Normal School, Toronto, Ont.
Principal J. T. Slater, Parliament Street School, Toronto, Ont.
B. F. Hoover, Superintendent of Education, Smithville, O.
Thomas Kirkconnell, Mathematical Master High School, Vankleek Hill, Ont.
Principal J. A. Wilmot, 17 Woodbine Street, Cleveland, O.
Thomas Watts, M.C.P., College School, Cambridge House, Baldock, England.
Professor H. A. Sherman, 307 East 9th Street, New York City.
Professor A. R. Martin, School Examiner, Gavers, O.
Richard Lees, Principal Model School, Lindsay, Ont.
Samuel Price, Head Master Wedmore Normal School, Weston Supermare, Somerset, England.
Dr. N. H. Tarrant, 1324 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Principal G. H. Howard, Grammar School, Berthier en Haut, Que.
Professor S. D. Waterman, Principal High School, Stockton, Cal.
J. W. Westervelt, Principal Woodstock Business College, Woodstock, Ont.
Wallace Rodgers, M.A., Principal Victoria Grammar School, Melbourne, Australia.

THE PRICE OF THE ARITHMETIC.

Single copy for examination - - - - - \$1.00

A large number of Colleges, Academies, High Schools, Seminaries, Business Colleges, and a few State Normal Schools, have adopted "The New Arithmetic" as a regular text-book. We make special terms for first introduction. Write for particulars.

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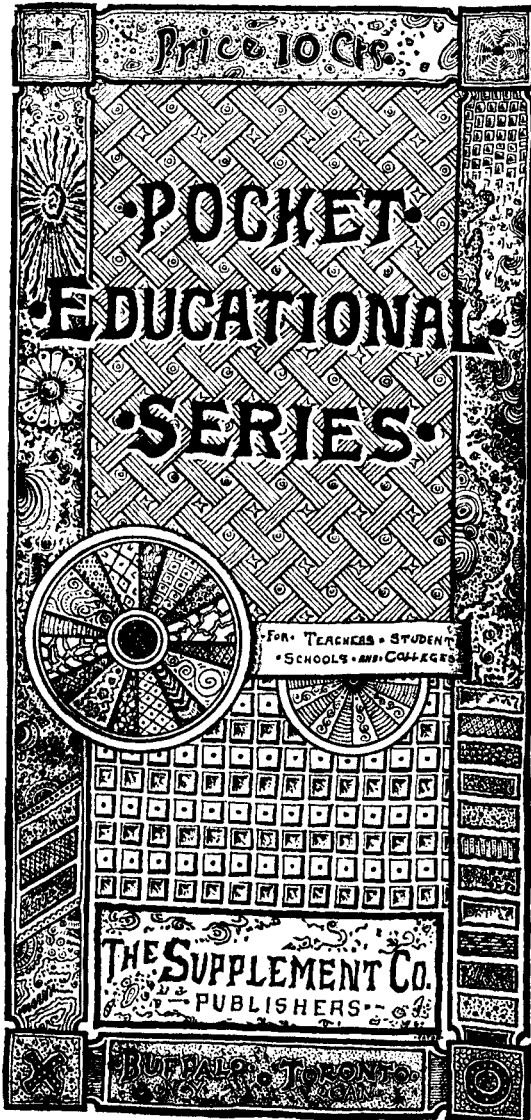
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The accompanying illustration is a reduced fac-simile of the cover of the paper editions of our Pocket Educational Series.

Every reader of this magazine can testify to the fact that we give excellent value for the money asked. In undertaking the publication of this new series of books we not only intend giving teachers and students better value for their money than ever before, but we intend giving the schools of America something entirely new in educational textbooks.

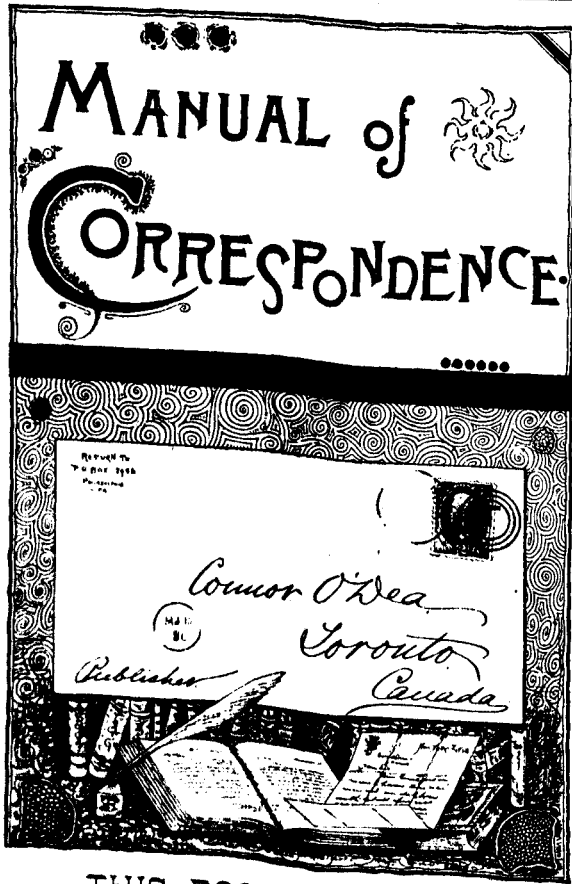
We print here the names of a few of the books which we have already arranged for.

- No. 1.—Graded Exercises in English. Part I.
- No. 2.—Graded Exercises in English. Part II.
- No. 3.—Hand-book of American Literature.
- No. 4.—The American Night School Arithmetic.
- No. 5.—Practical Exercises in Measures and Measurements.
- No. 6.—Graded Exercises in Algebra. Part I.
- No. 7.—Graded Exercises in Algebra. Part II.
- No. 8.—Graded Exercises in Geometry.
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The several numbers of the series will be neatly bound in paper and in cloth. The paper editions will sell for 10 cents a number and \$1.00 a dozen, and the cloth editions at 20 cents a number and \$2.00 a dozen. Each number will consist of from 60 to 100 neatly printed pages. The paper used will be good, and the binding will be unique and attractive.

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PRICES: Cloth Edition, 50 cents; Paper Edition, 35 cents.

American trade supplied by THE SUPPLEMENT CO.

CONNOR O'DEA, Publisher, Toronto, Canada.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

MARCH, 1886.

THE sort of education which the state owes to each of its members would not only train that average mind to its highest general capacity, but would find out the sort of practical faculty most pronounced in each pupil, and train that to the best advantage.

DON'T fail to read "John True's Decoration Day" in this number. It is, without exception, the best story that has ever appeared in our monthly. If you are a teacher, read it to your pupils some Friday afternoon.

NO MAN has a right to say "the world owes me a living," but every child may say "the world owes me the knowledge of a craft by which I may earn my living."

MR. O'DEA'S "Manual of Correspondence" promises to be a very valuable work. Schools and colleges, both public and private, have long been in need of a reliable text-book on this very important subject.

OUR magazine is now leading the educational papers of America. Long established and reputable journals are beginning to find out that teachers have had about enough of the long-winded essayist's "How to teach the young idea" "What to teach" is a question of far greater importance.

AN advertisement of Mr. O'Dea's "Manual of Correspondence" appears in this number. The work is now in the printer's hands, and will be completed at a very early date. Nearly half of the book

will be made up of beautifully engraved plates, showing the various forms and styles of letters, both business and social. There will be numerous hints and exercises in capital letters, abbreviations, spelling and grammar, invitations, excuses, notes of apology, telegraph messages, circulars, social letters, memoranda, and business letters—in short, it will be a complete text-book for all grades.

WE have a few copies of Volume III. of the SUPPLEMENT beautifully bound in cloth, with gold stamp and red edges, which we will sell for \$2.50 a volume. This volume contains the numbers from September, 1885, to February, 1886, inclusive.

NOT all the moral paragraphs ever composed on the Dignity of Labor will do so much to make labor honored as the one fact that it has a place in our general system of education, and must be studied by intellectual methods.

OF "Heads and Faces" the Boston *Traveller* says: "Taken at length, it is one of the most complete books on face-study that has been issued by its publishers, and it is a book that must create a demand wherever it is seen." Price 50 cents. Address THE SUPPLEMENT Co.

SEVERAL of those whose names appear in our list of *workers*, published in January and February numbers, have written us to say that nearly every mail brings them educational papers, literary magazines, recent publications, and much miscellaneous educational matter. We hope

this will not cause them any annoyance. The fact is, the SUPPLEMENT makes monthly visits to about two hundred leading publishing houses of America and England, and we presume that wide-awake business managers look upon our list of workers as very valuable property. Their object in sending sample books, magazines, etc., is, we have no doubt, to introduce them to active, enterprising teachers.

IF good ventilation is to be found anywhere in the world it should be found in the schoolroom. We had better starve a child's brain than taint his blood.

OUR Graded Exercises in English we hope to have ready for mailing when the next number of this magazine goes to press. The other numbers of this pocket series are in hand. We expect to have about ten numbers ready when schools open after the midsummer holidays. We are not making any special announcements regarding the subject matter of these books. Teachers know pretty well the character of our publications. Advance sample copies of each number will be sent out to all SUPPLEMENT workers.

THERE are in our schools many teachers whose intelligent devotion to their work cannot be repaid by either money or praise.

IF any reader does not yet know what that black spot was for, he can have it explained for one dollar—sent to apply on his SUPPLEMENT account.

THINGS are turning out just as we expected. Thousands of our readers appear to have been aroused to active work, and names of new subscribers are pouring in in hundreds. We must soon draw the line. We wanted our subscription list doubled, but we cannot go beyond this. The SUPPLEMENT is cheap at two dollars.

Those who get it for one year at half price get better value than publishers usually give. We may make another liberal offer next season, but we cannot make any more this year. Those who do not take advantage of the offer now open will have to do one of two things: pay two dollars, or do without the magazine during 1886. Few who have read our prospectus for the current year will care to do the latter. Don't fail to show this number to as many of your friends as you can reach.

WE have several new books in preparation. Some of them are advertised in this number. Others will be announced next month. Advance sample copies will be mailed to all teachers whose names appear in our list of workers.

THE time seems to have come for this country when men and women must be prepared for their life-work by the public schools or not at all.

WE call the attention of our readers to an advertisement of *Good Housekeeping* in this number. This semi-monthly is, without exception, the most beautifully printed journal that reaches our table. It is sure to become a regular visitor at every home where it makes "first acquaintance." There is no magazine published in America more likely to please good, sensible girls, wives and mothers.

THIS number of the SUPPLEMENT is not as rich in illustrations as some numbers have been. The story has taken up more space than we expected, and as a consequence the other departments are somewhat crowded.

WE have made arrangements with the publisher for the control of the American sale of the "Manual of Correspondence," advertised in this number. Mailing prices, cloth edition, 50 cents; paper edition, 35

cents. Special terms in quantities to schools. Advance sample copies will be sent out to SUPPLEMENT *workers*. Address, THE SUPPLEMENT Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

EDUCATION, in a free country, is not a privilege, but a right, and every citizen has a right to the best.

PLEASE note that our special offer to secure new subscribers closes April 20. All new subscriptions must begin with this number—the first of Volume IV.

READ carefully the advertising slip which you find in this number.

IN this day the youth of average abilities, turned out to earn his living with only the old-fashioned school equipment, has not been treated justly. He has received his little quota of text-book facts and rules, which he will soon forget, because he has never been taught to associate them with practical, every-day doings. He knows that 360 degrees make a great circle, but what a degree is for, and what earth or heaven wants of a great circle, he has never been taught. He knows that "a prime number is one which has no integral factors," but it doesn't seem to help him a bit in making change at the counter.

IN January and February numbers we published the names and addresses of subscribers whom we take the liberty of calling *workers*. This month we add a few more names to the list. Advance sample copies of our publications will be mailed to all of those whose names appear in this list, and from time to time we shall mail them free copies of miscellaneous publications. Advance copies of "Manual of Correspondence" and "Graded Exercises in English" will be mailed at an early date. We hope that we will have a large number of new names to add to our list

next month. Below are the names of those who have favored us with clubs since the issue of our February number.

George Bigelow, Aultsville, Ontario.
 O. H. Carns, Box 78, Ewart, Mich.
 Rose Ernst, 414 W. Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
 J. Porter, Rockford, Ontario.
 R. G. Marshall, Stoney Creek, Ontario.
 George W. Sine, Stirling, Ontario.
 R. J. Nidderly, Hampton, Ontario.
 R. Coates, Burlington, Ontario.
 Superintendent A. W. Kennedy, Hubbard, Ohio.
 E. L. Ware, Box 1087, Springfield, Mass.
 R. C. McGinn, 14 Third St., Baltimore, Md.
 C. Macpherson, Prescott, Ontario.
 Sarah A. Graham, Smithville, Ohio.
 John Spence, Brooklin, Ontario.
 W. H. Hudson, Box 19, Napier, Ontario.
 Viola M. Jenne, 68 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.
 M. J. West, Winona, Minnesota.
 H. M. Holler, Letts, Iowa.
 Ada E. Boyd, Mamaronock, N.Y.
 Miss I. E. Brewster, 21 East St., Pittsfield, Mass.
 M. Dippell, Waterloo, Ontario.
 Louie Lane, Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario.
 F. L. Sikes, Sciotoville, Ohio.
 P. Ahern, M.A., Pembina, Dakota.
 Miss H. H. Dorritee, F.G.S., Baltimore, Md.
 Superintendent A. E. Wardner, Macon, Mo.
 J. T. Fisher, Chester Hill, Ohio.
 W. W. Jardine, B.A., Newcastle, Ontario.
 C. E. Living, 8 Peter St., Ottawa, Ontario.
 A. Scott Cruikshank, Hamilton, Ontario.
 S. D. Alexander, Jacksonville, N.B.
 George E. Johnson, Milford, Ohio.
 Bertha L. Cook, Norwich, N.Y.
 Cora Perry, Le Mars, Iowa.
 Superintendent J. R. Weathers, Cannelton, Ind.
 Miss M. E. Campbell, Youngstown, Ohio.
 George H. Seymour, Merkel, Texas.
 Professor J. R. McCollum, Goldfield, Iowa.
 Helen A. Dewey, Normal, Ill.
 Susie R. Platt, Tiffin, Ohio.
 S. Mansfield, Wappinger's Falls, N.Y.
 L. A. Dollinger, Tipppecanoe City, Ohio.
 O. White, Delmer, Ontario.
 E. S. Franklin, York, Neb.
 L. E. Grennon, Oxford, Ohio.
 George Hall, Stoutsville, Ohio.
 S. M. Martin, Bowling Green, Mo.
 W. S. Allen, Matteawan, N.Y.
 Superintendent C. K. Wells, Marietta, Ohio.
 Superintendent W. Richardson, Ph.D., Sedalia, Mo.
 C. H. Taylor, Hamilton, Mo.
 Superintendent D. K. Bond, Blair, Neb.
 A. Hendry, Niagara St. School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Superintendent M. C. Hall, Auburn, W. Va.
 W. S. Strickland, Amelia, Ohio.
 U. A. Buehner, Wilton Grove, Ontario.
 William Beattie, Peterboro', Ontario.

(Continued next month.)

IN response to several inquiries regarding the **Examination Manual** which we publish, we print below an outline of the

subjects treated. There are in the book nearly **two thousand** questions and exercises, adapted to all grades of pupils from the primary school to the university. The following are the subjects:—

Literature,	Book-keeping,
Grammar,	Music,
Arithmetic,	Elementary Mechanics,
Dictation,	Hydrostatics,
Geography,	Dynamics,
History,	Chaucer,
Composition,	Geometrical Optics,
Drawing,	Shakespeare,
Algebra,	Trigonometry,
Natural Philosophy,	Analytical Geometry,
Latin,	Agilent Geometry,
French,	Mental Arithmetic,
German,	Science of Education,
Euclid,	History of Education.
Chemistry,	

The price of the "Manual" is 50 cents.

Mr. H. C. WRIGHT, of Wright's Business College, Brooklyn, N. Y., to a recent letter about the introduction of "The New Arithmetic" into his college, puts the following postscript:—"I need not tell you that I am more than pleased with the SUPPLEMENT."

A REAL teacher cannot be taught "how to teach." If the *how* does not come naturally, then the teacher is not a teacher, and the sooner he or she go at something else the better.

"THE NEW ARITHMETIC" is being introduced into new schools and colleges every week. A few days ago we received a large order from San Antonio, Texas. Orders are received regularly from Alabama, California, Iowa, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. The boards of education of several towns have adopted the work as a regular text-book. Few educational text-books have met with similar success in such a short time.

A GOOD DOLLAR'S WORTH.—To any reader of this number who sends us *one dollar* we will mail two copies of each of the following books:—"Short Stories and Sketches" and "Heads and Faces."

Who are They?

LAST month we printed this question under a group of ten portraits—Cleveland, Grant, Lincoln, Garfield, Twain, Edison, Mrs. Stowe, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier—and offered a cash prize of ten dollars for the most novel answer.

We placed the entire correspondence and contributions in competent hands for decision, and the award has been decided in favor of Miss Ellen Hull, Caledonia, Ont., to whom ten dollars has been mailed. We know nothing of Miss Hull more than that she is a subscriber to our magazine, and that she complied with the conditions of the competition.

We publish below a few extracts from other contributions, and also the names of a few of those whose contributions are worthy of mention. We are sorry that our limited space will not permit more of the answers to appear in print.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the announcement of our second competition, which will be found on page 28 of this number. Note carefully the conditions required.

Ellen Hull, Caledonia, Ont.

What faces those upon the page
With impress deep of thought and age?
This great one sang the "Psalm of Life;"
This other, mid the din and strife
Of surging crowds, told how to die,
Like pagan dreamer down to lie:
Whittier, too, gentlest of his kind,
Great teacher of the heart and mind.
Our martyred Presidents behold,
And him of heart serene and bold,
Who led our arms to victory
And conquered Southern chivalry;
Cleveland, our country's latest choice;
Mark Twain, with humor's laughing voice;
Edison, of electric fame,
And Harriet Stowe, a household name.

Miss E. M. Pierce, East Jaffrey, N. H.

Lincoln and Garfield were martyrs two,
Loved by many and hated by few.

C. C. McPhee, International Bridge, Ont.

In faces here a nation's typified,
Like faces of prismatic diamond bright.
Its ways their lustre cast on every side,
When placed beneath the world's historic
light.

Of a nation's faithful guardians, here are four.
Now Cleveland, sentinel, keeps watch around,
While Lincoln's, Grant's and Garfield's duty
done,
They rest on "Fame's eternal camping
ground."

Loved Longfellow and Whittier, thou art here;
And Bryant, too. Each loved and honored
name
Shall brighter shine as year rolls after year,
Carved side by side upon the scroll of Fame.

And thou, Mark Twain, of mankind most
unique,
Your splutt'ring pen-scratch makes a thou-
sand smile—
Your theme: man—funny, multiform and weak,
Who, travestied, is bettered all the while.

Good Mrs. Stowe, whose pen became a power
To raise a people bound, and haste the day
When an unshackled race should bless the hour
That Freedom o'er America held sway.

Last, Edison, who nature's vast machine
Has made do duty for a world's great need,
Who searched and found and moved the hidden
wheels,
From darkness brought forth light, from sloth
brought speed.

Thus do we find a nation typified—
Authors, inventor, statesmen most profound,
And martyred soldiers resting side by side,
Whose deeds are known and named the world
around.

L. Ada Goudey, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Now hev, or heven't I, gessed them ten?
One is a worman, the rest air men—
That's plain as the nose on my face.
Ther's Bryant, Whittier, Grant—that's three;
Harriet B. Stowe is the only she,
An' that makes *four* in the race.

Then Longfellow, Lincoln an' Garfield makes
seven—

All of them's ded and air gon tew heven;
They wock no more among men.
Clemens an' Cleveland an' Edison's left;
They air men of solid weight and heft,
And they jest complete the *ten*.

R. C. Schermerhorn, Poland, N. Y.

Who came forth, the nation's pride,
Was beloved by all on every side,
By the assassin's bullet suffering died?
Garfield.

Who wrote "The planting of the apple-tree,
Where children come with cries of glee?"
A poet of the land was he.
Bryant.

Who so loved the children dear,
That even in his declining year
He never failed their joys to hear?
Longfellow.

Who was the newsboy, keen and bright,
Who lighted the darkness of the night,
By means of the great electric light?
Edison.

L. L. H. Austin, Napoleon, Ohio.

The trinity of State, no greater was seen
From the coming of man, nor can be, I ween,
Garfield and Grant, chieftains in state and in
strife,

The world's adoration, the acme of life.
But the last of these great and foremost of men
Is Abraham Lincoln, who, with one stroke of
pen,

Burst the shackles of millions of slaves from
the knee,
And, regardless of color, made humanity free.

Wm. Beattie, Peterboro', Ont.

I mark the face I know the best,
He sailed across the main, sir,
And wrote "The Innocents Abroad;"
He is not one, but ———, sir.

Below a lady's gentle face,
Whose features many know, sir,
Most books by hand are writ, but hers
By H — — B — —'s toe, sir.

I see a hero tall and lank,
Whom freemen long shall think on;
Both rails and slavery he split;
His country's saviour, — — —.

A soldier, statesman, scholar too;
He won his fame these far fields.
The nation's copious tears were shed
When victim's fate was — — —.

Miss Kate Nye Murphy, Marysville, Cal.

While walking *along* with *Ed* and his *son*, I
happened to hear a sound near by in a *field*.
Hastening to the spot, I discovered a poor *fel-
low* with the *tears* streaming down his eyes.

Mrs. M. H. Wolf, Birmingham, Iowa.

Cleveland, the central figurehead,
Is head of the nation, too;
Garfield, Lincoln and Grant, now dead,
Were each in the selfsame pew.

Whittier speaks of "The Barefoot Boy"
As a monarch blest of men,
And "Robert o' Lincoln" frisks about
At the point of Bryant's pen.

Longfellow sings with longer breath
Of Evangeline's sad fate,
Of Hiawatha brave and true,
And of others good and great.

Flanking the right is Sir Mark Twain,
Whose children are good and true,
And "neighbor Harriet Beecher Stowe,"
Who truthfully says so too.

Maggie M. Gubbins, Lake View, Ill.

Who are they in your portraits ten?
With one exception they are men
Who are dear to every American heart,
For their noble lives—thus set apart.
The lady's Mrs. Stowe—the old slave's *pityer*;
The poets are Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier;
Cleveland's the living of the statesmen four,
For Garfield, Grant and Lincoln are no more.
Now, to *lighten* our darkness we've Edison's
brain,
And to *lighten* our cares we've the humor of
Twain.

Fannie Cheseboro, Box 234, Stonington, Conn.

From Cleveland—first in power and place,
The nation's hope to-day—
The author of "The Innocents"
Has calmly turned away;

While Bryant, with leonine port,
Looks down upon the line,
More stately than his statelier verse,
Grand as a mountain pine.

The martyred Garfield's face reveals
His pure, heroic soul;
His name is written on our hearts,
As on Fame's glorious roll.

And he whom late a nation held
Fast in its warm embrace—
The victor on a hundred fields,
Yet pleading still for peace.

The oak wreath on his bier at last
Shadowed the steadfast face.
Forever, in the march of years,
His name shall hold its place.

Chas. R. Bonham, Streetsville, Ont.

Ah, men of fame, men who can boast
An honored name from coast to coast,
How grand to see ranged side by side
Thy faces free from jealous pride!
How deep we search each face for lines
That show us where some virtue shines!

Well chosen thought that placed them so!
Alike they wrought with pen or blow,
Or swayed by words a nation's mind,
And bound with cords that strongly bind
A nation's heart, a nation's pride,
To them whose fame spreads far and wide.

Pass on to view the long-lost face
Of one whose name I need not trace;
'Tis wrought with gems on purest gold
In every heart where love takes hold—
God's own poet, whose inspired words
Sang Nature's songs like God's own birds.

Ah, turn we now with bounding joy
To view our own dear country's boy,
Who, speeding o'er the flashing rail,
Construed his plans or sold his mail,
Or when by chance he seized an hour
His study then was lightning pow'r.

Miss Rachel A. Lewis, Chester Hill, Ohio.

I will begin with our statesmen four,
The living and the dead;
They form the central group you see,
With Cleveland at the head.

The soldier brave, the "Silent Man,"
You see upon the right;
Ne'er turned his back upon the foe,
Nor feared the thickest fight.

Fought on till victory was won
By the gallant "boys in blue,"
Then took his pen and wrote again
The fearful struggle through.

Grace H. Smith, East Sullivan, N.H.
Mrs. M. F. Hughes, Media, Del. Co., Pa.
Miss Mary Eyman, Homerville, Ohio.
Nellie B. Powell, Canton, Ill.
Adelaide Simpson, Christiansburg, Va.
A. E. Miller, Berryville, Ohio.
Myron Ryder, Ceresco, Mich.
D. B. Hamilton, Crow Butte, Neb.
C. A. Miller, East Baltimore, Md.
D. Reece Cummings, Turkey, Ohio.
Mrs. Ed. Jennings, Pinconning, Mich.



William Cullen Bryant

THE SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. IV. No. 1.

MARCH, 1886.

WHOLE No. 22.

William Cullen Bryant.

BY W. H. HUSTON.

A STORY has been handed down from feudal times of an old knight who, knowing that his time of death was come, summoned his vassals, called for his armor, donned it, and died as he had mostly lived—plume on brow and spear in hand. There is something stirring in the thought of such a death. To die in harness and at the post of duty has always been the wish of the best of men. There are few, however, that are fortunate enough to deserve the words—

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him,”

as did William Cullen Bryant; and, though the circumstances of his death are peculiarly sad, it is doubtful if he would have wished them different. His last day of conscious life—May 29, 1878—differed little from its predecessors. In the morning he sat in the editorial room of the *New York Evening Post*, as had been his custom for over fifty years. In the afternoon he addressed an immense gathering in the Central Park of New York, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini, the great Italian patriot. Those that heard him speak at that time will surely never forget the scene. On an elevated platform stood one of the first poets of the age, surrounded by the wealthiest and the best men of New York. Eighty-four years of age, he was remarkable for the contrast between his locks, as white as snow,

and his seemingly unabated strength of body. No wonder that his words were listened to with reverence, and that long and earnest applause greeted him when, advancing from beneath the umbrella held over his head to protect him from the rays of a summer sun, he turned towards the statue and uttered these noble words:—

“Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the imperishable renown of thy original, remain for ages yet to come, where we place thee, in the resort of millions; remain till the day shall dawn—far distant though it may be—when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind.”

An hour after uttering these words—surely worthy to be the last public utterance in a life spent in the cause of liberty and progress,—when entering the house of a friend, he fell backwards upon the steps of stone, and was taken unconscious to his home, where he lingered, with rare intervals of consciousness, till the 12th of June.

The news of his death was not received with that expression of sadness that might have been anticipated; for the event was not unexpected, and besides, Bryant was not a popular poet. There were many, however, whose grief was all the deeper because they knew that he had passed away before he had received his due measure of praise, and who were confident that

the coming generations will be better able to appreciate him than was his own.

Few men ever possessed a mind and tastes so well balanced as Bryant's. A true poet, he was yet a man of great business capacity; firm in his opinions and strong in his convictions, he was ever gentle and tolerant; opposed to frivolity and levity in any shape, he was in sympathy with every healthful amusement, and was known as one of the best art critics of the metropolis. The stern and rugged parts of his character were his in common with his ancestors of the Bryant family, whose names—Stephen, Ichabod, Philip and Peter—indicate sufficiently their leanings towards Puritanism. From a grandmother, Silence Howard, he inherited the lighter and finer traits, his poetical powers, and his love for all sorts of beauty.

Bryant was remarkable even from the day of his birth, which took place in a log house at Cummington, Massachusetts, in the year 1794. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was alarmed at the abnormal size of the child's head, and knowing no other way to prevent its growth, instructed two of his students to immerse the boy every morning in cold water. As he grew older he showed plainly that his big head was not for nothing. He rapidly learned all that his mother could teach him, and was then passed on to his father, and afterwards to an uncle. Like Coleridge, he profited most from the teachings of his father, who encouraged him in his earliest efforts in verse-making. When only ten years old he wrote translations of Latin poets, which were thought worthy of a place in the local paper. Remarkable as this "lispering in numbers" was, it is less so than his production at the age of fourteen of the "Embargo," a satirical poem. So much doubt was cast upon the possibility of so young a poet producing a work of such maturity of thought, that his friends were compelled to make a

public statement of the fact. Even now it is hard to believe the account. The poem is also worthy of remembrance from the fact that its keynote is that of all Bryant's subsequent work as poet, editor and citizen. Listen to these words:—

"E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride!
She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound
A motley throng obedient flock around;
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings."

How applicable to the state of political affairs in any of our capitals at the present day!

Unlike most poets that have written in boyhood, Bryant was a persevering student of good ability. He tells us that in two calendar months he began the Greek alphabet, passed through the grammar, and read every book of the New Testament in the original. Not bad for a boy! He first left home to go to Parson Hallock, of Plainfield, who prepared him for college. One of his brothers relates that Cullen would often, in his visits home, recite prose and verse of his own composition. It will be a mistake, however, to look upon the boy as a mere book-worm, for he was fond of the sports of boys, was a prize runner and excelled as an angler. He himself tells us that he enjoyed the raisings, apple-parings, corn-huskings, sugar-bees, and cider-making so common in his boyhood.

In 1810 he was sent to Williams College. He spent here a year marked by great success in his studies; but tiring of college discipline, which, unfortunately, is always the most galling to the steadiest and best boys, he left with the expectation of attending lectures at Yale. He pursued his studies for some time, preparing for matriculation at this institution, but ultimately gave up the idea of attending, principally because of the

heavy financial outlay necessary. He then turned to law. It was about this time that he wrote his best known work, "Thanatopsis" (a view of death). Eighteen years of age at the time of its composition, he kept it in his desk for four years, when it was published in the *North American Review*. In 1815 he was called to the Bar, and began at Barrington a practice extending over ten years. During this period two important events in his life occurred: he was married and he published his first collection of poems. Both ventures were successful. In 1825 he was persuaded to give up his lucrative law practice to go to New York to devote himself to literature. Accordingly, in 1825, he accepted the position of editor of the *New York Review*. Next year he received the appointment of assistant editor of the *New York Evening Post*, a paper with which he remained connected till the time of his death. The remainder of his life passed on uneventfully, being occupied by the performance of his editorial labors, and by the effort to improve his mind in study and travel. His poetical labors never ceased, and poems kept flowing from his pen. Of these several appeared in the *Talisman*, an annual in which he was interested from 1827 to 1830; others were published in magazines, and afterwards collected in book form in 1832. An English edition, with an introduction by Washington Irving, was quite successful, winning the praise of so severe a critic as John Wilson, of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Between the years 1834 and 1867 he made six trips to Europe, and was improved by his study of its people, languages, and institutions. He also travelled in Cuba and in his own country. In all these journeyings he wrote to the *Post* letters which were widely read at the time, and have since been published in book form. Like all his prose they are clearly, simply, carefully and entertainingly written.

As he grew older his influence grew great, and no literary or æsthetic undertaking was considered complete without his support and co-operation. When, in 1864, the Century Club of New York tendered him a reception on his seventieth birthday, the literary men and women of all America were delighted to be present, or to send their words of congratulation to him whom they all regarded as "a high-priest at the altar of nature, singing its praises in most harmonious numbers."

At an age when most men look upon their life's work as practically finished, Bryant was still in harness, using his great engine, the *Post*, in favor of good government and public morality; nor did he cease his poetical labors, though he probably thought his powers were failing, as the following words, written in answer to a request for a poem, seem to indicate:

"Besides it is the December of life with me. I try to keep a few flowers in pots—mere remembrances of a more genial season which is now with the things of the past. If I have a carnation or two for Christmas, I think myself fortunate. You write as if I had nothing to do in fulfilling your request but to go out and gather under the hedges and by the brooks a bouquet of flowers that spring spontaneously, and throw upon your table. If I am to try, what would you say if it proved to be only a little bundle of devil-stalks and withered leaves, which my dim sight had mistaken for fresh, green sprays and blossoms?"

It was this consciousness, perhaps, that induced him to devote himself, in his seventieth year, to translation—a work that does not tax the mind so much as does original poetry. In 1870 appeared his translation of Homer's "Iliad," and in 1871 his "Odyssey" was published. Both these works have taken a high place amongst the many translations of these epics. The poems, however, that he produced during the last years of his life are in no way inferior to his other work. His "Centennial Ode," "The

Flood of Years," and "Among the Trees," are very fine, and were all written after he had reached the age of eighty. His last poem of any length, an "Ode to Washington," is one of the finest things in our language. Subjoined are a few stanzas:

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows;
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face
Or slacken his majestic course.

As an editor Bryant has shown a sceptical age the possibility of a man *successfully* turning his back upon all that is base and degrading in party politics. Had he desired he could have obtained from either of the great American parties nominations for positions in the government of the country, but he preferred to remain unfettered by party obligations, and thus retain the liberty to support the right and oppose the wrong, no matter from what quarter they came. Even if those that follow his example be few, he has at least demonstrated the possibility and dignity of independence.

As a poet Bryant has not as yet received his meed of praise. What great poet was ever appreciated in his lifetime? But the day will come when he will take

his place as the first distinctively American poet of this century. Other poets have been affected by American feelings and ideas, but Bryant is great as a cause and not as an effect. Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell are rungs in a ladder of which the highest is as yet Bryant. When the broad valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific slopes teem with an English-speaking race, then will be seen how broad was his theme, how ennobling his thought. If *American* means anything it means broad, liberal, unfettered, and cosmopolitan. Such was Bryant and such are his writings. He was not a poet of a district or a class. Broader than New England feelings, unlike his fellow poets, he disdains to mingle with his songs of nature and of freedom anything in praise of "culture" or of caste. He sang, too, for all mankind. More than any other American poet he has dealt with the mysteries of life—the noblest and fittest theme for poetic work—and that he has treated these in such a way as to comfort and encourage many doubt-laden hearts is his best tribute of praise. The very fact that "Thanatopsis," "Inscription to the Entrance to a Wood," "The Planting of an Apple Tree," "To a Waterfall," "The Land of Dreams," "The Waning Moon," and "The Rivulet," have each been by some considered his greatest poem, proves only how varied and how well-sustained his efforts were, and indicates to some extent how many were the chords of the human heart that vibrated to the music of his words.



John True's Decoration Day.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

JOHN TRUE came home from his work one day with a slower step than usual. It was a June day in 1861. John True lived in Dogberry, a Massachusetts village. He was a house painter by trade, and had on his working clothes, which were not becoming, being of an unassured bleached cotton-color to begin with, and splashed with conflicting tones of paint, in which red had obtained a murderous predominance. But John had one of the figures that conquer clothes; he swung easily at the hips, carried a straight shoulder, and put down an elastic foot. He had curly hair, and the indefinable expression in the background of the eyes, belonging to a man who has a happy home.

It was not a sharply individualized home, being a cheap white house, like other cheap white houses in Dogberry; too heavy in the brows, too narrow in the cheeks, uncertain in the jaws, and of a chilly expression. It had white shades and a white fence, and an acre or two of land, wherein nature seemed to relieve herself in a gasp of green, and to dash up the deep sepia loam where the potatoes grew, in a riotous outburst of personal feeling. There were currant bushes in the garden, and a tall cherry tree, which budded late, now pale with drooping blossoms. As the master of the house came up the front yard he stopped to examine the cinnamon rose-bush, and looked over at the cabbages in the southwest corner.

A child's voice came through the open door and windows—a little boy's voice; he was singing; he sang one of the Sunday-school hymns taught in the emaciated (white) meeting-house on the hill beyond

the village. The result of his musical effort was somewhat to this effect:

“My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere;
Ven wy shoullda ma-a-ma,
If twyalaypere?”

Another voice sounded clearly within, but that one sang a wordless lullaby, “sh-shing” to sleep a gurgling baby; and neither the coo nor the lullaby struck a false note against the shrilling song of the theologically minded little musician, who piped on gloriously.

John True, out by the cinnamon rose-bush, said to himself:

“Happy to-day, aint they?” And then, when he had said it to himself, he said it aloud to the roses:

“The folks seem happy to-day, don't they?”

Nobody from within had seen him yet, and he lingered about, fussing with the bush. In general, he held that the floral kingdom was created for the amusement of the female mind; cabbages called for a certain masculine force. But he picked a rose-bud clumsily, before he went to examine the cabbages, which he did with a vague attention that overflowed upon the potato patch; he had a sense of strengthening his character by concentration upon these sturdier facts. It took him a good while to get into the house.

He came at last, with what seemed a reluctant step, in which there was this curious thing to be noticed, that he trod softly, like a man who is afraid that he shall wake the sleeping. Yet clearly the baby had nothing to do with it, for little Mrs. True's was one of the exceptionally

blessed households in which the baby's nap is not a thing of terror and a gloom forever to all mature existence. As a rule, the more noise you made the better the True babies slept.

The door was open, as I said, and John True stepped in on tip-toe. A rag mat, clean enough, but very old, lay in the little entry; he looked down at it as he entered, wiping his feet, which were dusty dry, with mechanical patience. The mat had a blue flannel rose on it, touched off in black alpaca on one of the petals where the flannel had given out. A child's tin horse, without a head, stood in the entry, and trundled about when his foot hit it.

The little tinkling noise betrayed his presence, and the lullaby in the inner room stopped abruptly. A woman's voice said:

"That you?"

"It's me," said John. He hung his hat up and stood hesitating. The little boy was singing with piercing shrillness:

"Wy shoulda ma-a-ma
If twyalypere?
My omeizzen Ye-ev—"

"Sh-sh, Tommy!" interrupted the woman's voice, dropping on meanwhile contentedly into her lullaby, "Go see who that is in the entry, Tommy. 'Sh-sh-sh-h, my dear! Lie still and slu-umber!"

Tommy checked himself in the midst of his religious aspirations and ran to the door, where he stood peering—a pleasant little rogue, well built and red; he had on a green gingham apron, and had been eating gingerbread. Tommy said:

"W'y, it's Pupper!" with the eternal surprise of childhood, to which all things are forever new. His father patted him on the head, and said:

"There, there!" while he re-hung his stained straw hat, which had tumbled down. The hat was brown, and had a row of air-holes perforated about the crown—a new fashion then. True began to

count them as he stood staring. The child crept back and tugged at his mother. True heard him tell her that "Pupper" didn't kiss him, but only patted him. The mother crooned on to the gurgling baby.

"I believe I'll change my clothes first," called John, without entering the room.

The lullaby stopped short.

"Why, John?"

John flushed, and went in at once. As he entered the room, details blurred and slipped away before his eyes; he perceived chiefly that the windows and blinds were open, and the late summer light came quivering into the western corner of the room where the woman sat with the baby; the child fell heavily back upon her long, maternal arms away from her half-draped breast. The light blinded her a little, and she moved out of it, holding up her face like a Madonna to the Lord. John kissed her with the silent reverence with which even a house-painter, my esthetic friends, may kiss his wife when she gets one of these aureolas about her.

"Now, Father," she said, with sweet mock reproach in the voice of a woman to whom clearly reproaching is not natural, "you may go change your clothes! The idea! I guess it would have been the first time for twelve years, wouldn't it, Tommy? Think of Pupper stopping to clean up before he kissed us, Tommy!"

"I'd got an extra daub on to-day," said John True, glancing down at his unbleached cotton blouse and overalls. "I've been to work to Seth Grimace's. There seemed to be such lots of—red."

He went away into the shed and hung up the splashed and spattered clothes. It took him longer than usual to "clean up," a process which he conducted by the aid of the yard-pump and kitchen roller. Some of the paints especially would not come off his fingers, even for the turpentine.

"I hate to paint a red house," he said.

His wife called him two or three times to supper before he answered :

"Yes, yes, Mary," and with a deep breath joined himself to them. He felt all the dear and delicate currents of daily life sweep him on. It was like any other supper after all. He sat, shining and soapy, at the head of the pine table. Tommy was beside him ; the baby was well asleep in the sitting-room. Their mother had brushed her hair and sat smiling. She talked about the doughnuts and the hash. He eat both with relish—he felt very hungry. Everything seemed to be going on, and would go on forever.

"Where's Sissy?" asked John suddenly, laying down a pickled cucumber that was already melting at his lips.

"Why, she's gone to the Sunday-school picnic, you know," said Sissy's mother. "She wore her pink cambric. I gave her some of that cold mutton, with the sausage and pie. I made her take the umbrella, in case it should rain. She won't get home before nine. Jenny Severby went with her."

"They've got a letter from Severby. He ain't wounded much," said John absently. He was thinking about Sissy, and to himself he said : "One less."

He was glad Sissy was at the picnic, and yet he wished, too, that she were at home ; an empty place made the table look so. He finished his pickle, and took another doughnut.

"I hain't had squshed pienough," announced Tommy at this juncture. This was a point upon which Tommy and his mother cherished differences of opinion, and a gentle domestic flurry celebrated the controversy. It was difficult even for his parents to conceive the inconceivable, so far as to believe that any boy *could* cry louder than Tommy. John ate on calmly ; he was used to it, and Mary had a way with the child. He wondered sometimes which grogery he should have selected, if he had married a scolding wife. Simp-

son's has its advantages, but Joe's was farther from home. This was the deepest metaphysical speculation in which John True had ever gone adrift. He pursued it dreamily now, as Tommy, subsiding from agony to theology, as so many wiser than Tommy had done before, struck up again :

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere ;
Ven why shoulda ma-a-ma
If twyalsypere?"

"What is that boy singing?" asked his father.

"Why, its plain enough, I'm sure," said Mary, in a gently reproving tone. "He says :

'My home is in Heaven,
My rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur
If trials appear?'

It's easy enough to understand the boy. He speaks very plain, I'm sure he does. I think he's going to have a beautiful voice when he's old enough. Let's send him to singing-school, John, shan't we?"

"I guess I'll go and get my smoke," said John. But he came back in a moment, fumbling awkwardly in his pocket, whence he drew an abject-looking cinnamon rosebud, which Tommy had freely sat on more or less during the evening meal.

"I meant to have put it in your gown before supper, Mary." John came bashfully up, and held the flower between his thumb and little finger.

His wife said : "You dear old thing!" for he did not often give her flowers. He was not one of those men. She put the rose in her bosom coquettishly, and nodded at him. A fine color flowed over her face. She felt ten years younger, and looked five. She began to sing as she washed the dishes, on a full Baptist-choir soprano, merrily joining Tommy in the statement that his home was in Heaven, till it seemed to become a general family joke, they were all in such spirits about it.

John listened to them as he sat smoking on the back door-steps. He looked over the potato-field; the arms of the cherry-tree leaned around the corner of the house toward him; the chickens came up and pecked confidently at his boots, but the rooster disliked tobacco, and kept at a distance. Tommy came out and strangled him from behind with two little green-checked arms. The child's kisses produced the effect of a vertigo upon the man. He got up to put away his pipe, and stood staggering.

His wife came out and talked about the cherries and the chickens. She hung upon him, and they wandered about the little yard and garden till the sun sank behind the meeting-house belfry, and the currant leaves looked no longer like thin gold, but like thick agate or lava, and drooped with dew. In the sky, purple forms, like banners, came up and on, and the mists in the valley moved solemnly, as if they had been thoughts. In the fading of the day the woman's face seemed to grow shrunken and desolate.

"You look thin," said John.

"I don't *feel* thin," said Mary.

It seemed she was not thinking about the sunset, but about the potatoes. She had many questions. Should they plant pink-eyes next year? How did the new fertilizer affect the cabbages? Mightn't she have a fuschia and three geraniums under the L window? Tommy must have a swing on the cherry tree. In the fall where should we put Sissy's teeter-board? She'd been promised one in September. And when should the chicken-house be painted red? And, John, could we get a rabbit for Tom? And, John, did Sissy grow so fast that we must cut her hair?

"Don't you think it's getting a little damp?" asked John.

He spoke in the high throat-voice his wife was used to when he had the tooth-ache. She said:

"What! that old wisdom at it again?

Poor fellow!" and reached up to pat him upon the cheek before she took the boy in.

He watched them as they went. Tommy, half asleep, leaned heavily, tugging at his mother's bright calico dress, which in the dusk had faded to a gloomy color.

Mary half lifted, half led the little fellow. The baby woke, and cried faintly from the dark house.

John True stood under the cherry tree and stared after them. He did not smoke any more. He felt the delicate white blossoms falling to the ground around him.

He was a man to whom nothing had ever happened. The impossibility of change was like the remoteness of death. He tried to fix his mind upon the passing hour. He thought of little things. It occurred to him that he would go into the house and look at the green check on Tommy's apron.

The lamps were lighted before he got in, and he groped dizzily toward them through the heavy, sweet-scented night air, across the narrow yard. His wife glanced at him as he came in, but did not at the moment speak. She had brown eyes and brown hair, and always looked prettier by lamp-light. She had put the cinnamon rose into her hair because the baby snatched at it.

John sat down on the hair-cloth sofa in the sitting-room while Tommy was being put to bed. He felt like a visitor in his own house. Tommy kissed him good night hilariously, and said his prayers for Pupper in a metrical manner, closely resembling the tune of "Three Little Kittens," and replacing by an emphatic Amen the historic "basket of saw-aw-dust."

Then Sissy came home from the picnic. Sissy was a tall, bleached girl with freckles, and wore her hair in two long braids behind. She did not look like her mother or her father, but like a queer great-aunt who made an unfortunate marriage. It was necessary to talk a great deal about

the picnic, and Sissy had lost the umbrella.

John remembered that he had not collected his mind by counting the squares on Tommy's apron, which had disappeared with Tommy; it seemed that a great opportunity was lost.

But Sissy too was tired, and would go to bed. When she came to say good night, her father asked her how old she was, and Sissy told him she was eleven, and her mother said:

"Why, John! what a funny question!" And John said nothing at all. And so, presently, Sissy too had gone to bed, and her mother went up with her; and John said he would finish his smoke.

He did not smoke, however, but stood in the sitting-room where they had left him. When he was quite alone he stretched his hands with one mighty, pathetic gesture above his head. The awful power of a human home was on him; he felt as helpless before it as the child in the cradle. His soul shot out tendrils everywhere; he could have clasped the tall rocking-chair, the baby's sock that had fallen beneath it, the old mat that stood before his wife's sewing-chair, the scraps of her work scattered about. Her voice and Sissy's came from the bedroom above. Tommy was singing himself to sleep with a droning sound:

"My ome—izzen Ye-ev-ing."

"I'll bet the chap that wrote that never had one to his name anywhere else!" cried John True.

Mary came down stairs. As she entered she glanced at him, but said nothing.

She moved about with gentle bustle, picking up scraps of cloth and spools, and the children's playthings; she drew the green paper shades, and smoothed the worn red table-cloth, and pulled her rocking-chair around away from the light.

"Wy shoulda ma-a-ma!"

sang Tommy, and so sank into his first

nap, from which he aroused but once to ejaculate—

"Twyalsypere!"

in a firm voice, before silence settled for that summer night upon the cheap white house.

Mary True sat beside her husband in the quiet room; she was run-and-back-stitching the seam on a red delaine dress for Sissy.

"It's her fall dress," she said, "but I thought I'd begin. I made it over out of that one of mine—do you remember, John?"

"I guess so," said John, with a mighty effort of the imagination. "It looks as if I had seen some woman wear it. I guess I remember it, Mary."

"Why, *John!* It's the dress I had made up one wedding-day two years ago to surprise you in. And, John! you kissed me three times extra in it the night I put it on, and said I looked younger than Clara Severby. I should think *even* a *man* would remember that!" with great contempt.

"Why, yes, I *said* I remembered it," replied John, meekly. "Clara looks old," he went on, "since Severby—are you going to send Sissy to the High School, Mary?"

"I—have always thought we would educate Sissy," said Sissy's mother, speaking slowly. "And John, dear—"

"Well, Mary?"

"Don't you suppose—"

"Don't I suppose?"

"Don't you think we might, *somehow*, manage—other folks do that ain't better off than we are—don't you think we might—if I didn't have any new dresses, John, only the children's things—and if we didn't have much doctoring—don't you think we *might* send him to college?"

"Send who to college—Severby?"

"I *meant* Tommy," said Mary, hanging her brown head, "but I know it's—"

"Yes, Mary, it is," answered John in a deep voice. "The boy must work—like his father—he must help you—he must help us all. God must help us all."

He got up and paced the little room, shook off her hand; then, returning, lifted her work-worn fingers, with the courtliness of love, close to his set, strong lips.

The woman had dropped her sewing now. Sissy's red dress-waist fell to the floor. Her mother, after a moment's silence, picked it up, folded it methodically and laid it away for the night.

"I think I'll go and see if the children are covered up," she said lightly. "It has changed to the east."

The rocker of her little sewing-chair creaked as she moved; Tommy half waked and called her; and, from the inner room, she could be heard hushing the stirring baby in inarticulate, beautiful, maternal polysyllables. The east wind drove in at the open front door, and sounds from the distant village, broken, stirring and solemn, came in.

Mary came back soon enough, and they sat together and talked of many things. Her thoughts ran wild with the future that night: what trades the boys would like; how old Sissy would be when she married; whether he, John, would grow tired of her, Mary, when she grew old. They talked about a new oil-cloth in the entry and the prevention of profanity in a boy like Tom. They discussed the lining to the kitchen stove and the last lie that Sissy told. They considered the price of rump-steaks and whether, if John were a church-member, he would have family prayers. They talked of when he must have new shirts and how long they had been married. They criticised the old rooster and the new minister. They spoke of the pudding they would have to-morrow and the good they would have done if they had been rich people. They spoke of the last time they were cross to

each other and of how they would love each other forty years to come.

John got himself through it all in a stern, soldierly fashion. He kept his hands clasped behind his head at first, and gave her his sad, straightforward eyes, regarding her with the pathetic reticence characteristic of certain men; his look seemed to lift her up as if she had been one of the children like Sissy or Tom, and to hold her to the heart of thoughts as unspoken as his pure and perfect love. It was as if this awful individuality of the purpose of a man, stepped out like another being between the husband and the wife, and made three of them. She apprehended it before she spoke. She was not wise enough to put it into words, but she knew, from the bottom of her heart, and felt, from the limits of her understanding, that she had for the first time come up against that in the man's nature with which she, Mary, his wife, whom he had sworn to cherish till death did part them, could not, by might or right or love or longing, hope to intermeddle.

As they talked her face blanched sadly; but she was not a crying woman; she looked steadily on straight before her. She had been sitting in the low rocker all this while without her work, her hands, in the rare and awkward idleness of working-people's, crossed clumsily in her lap. She had not touched him.

But now, at last, she put out her fingers and slid them timidly into his. She rose then, and, still timidly, she gave him the other hand. For a moment so she looked down at him.

"John," she said, "do you want to take me in your lap a minute?"

In the silence he held up his shaking arms. The distant drum-beat from the village sounded out as she crept to him.

"John, do you—Oh, hush! hush! Oh, I know you love me! Oh, I won't ask! I'll never be so cruel. I'll save you, dear

—you shall not tell. Oh, my poor boy! my dear boy! I know you have enlisted. I knew it when you first came home!”

II.

The crimson panorama was comfortably folded away at last from our sensitive sight. The disbanded armies and the disbanded lives had dispersed as best they might. The silken battle-flags, splashed and rent, were esthetically draped in the State Houses, and still pointed out to rural visitors on a pleasant Saturday afternoon. The birds sang shrilly in the great cemeteries at Arlington, at Gettysburg, and the rest. The old uniform was cut over to make a coat for the boy. Men had learned to pass the red cap of the messenger without touching their own. Women had already dared to scold the saved soldier, for whose life they would have sold their souls. The crape was worn out and the tears were dry. It was beginning to be too much to ask of one to follow the procession on Decoration Day. It was ten years after the war.

It was wearing to the end of a November day, and a poor sort of day even at that. The wind had blown from the east for forty-eight hours, and was rising still. The trees objected heavily to this fact with groaning bare boughs, and in these little suburban places there seemed to be a dismal superfluity of trees. They stood about forlornly in rows, like veterans who were no longer wanted. Now that the elm and maple leaves lay crushing paralytically under foot, or whirled hysterically over head and athwart through the gray air, of what use was all this gauntness of outline and tenacity of existence, except to drip into one's eyes and make the houses damp?

It was going to rain when it could make up its mind to. No one stayed out of doors who could help it. The pedestrians were few out here in these wide spaces. The afternoon drives were over.

The fat horses had bowled the carriages away to the luxurious stables. Ladies prattled shivering within, and ordered the parlor fire lighted. The gentlemen had come earlier, and crosser, than usual from their business. The lap-dogs sat in the bay-windows, occupying crimson cushions and wearing bows to match. The horse-car on the long single track made the chief sign of motion in the windy dusk, unless one noticed the milkman or had a personal stake involved in the coming of the evening express. Even the leaves had the air of trying to get indoors, and the whirls of dust wore a dejected look, as of objects dependent on private charity for shelter.

It was no night, it was no place, for a peddler, as anybody but a peddler would have known. The poor fellow who came toiling on behind the half-past five Scotch-plaid horse-car, which had stopped to let off the stout gentleman at the large, high-art green house that stood back from the streets, looked as if he would have shown more discouragement if he had been more used to hope. He walked most wearily, and as one observed him one might have seen that it was the weariness of disease, which differs from that of healthy fatigue with a kind of distinction that the well cannot perceive. He had a little bag or knapsack strapped across his shoulders in any easy way, as if they were well used to it; he bore it, indeed, with a certain grace. He had the figure of a man who would have walked erect if he had been well. He was tall and well put together. He had a pair of fine blue eyes, but these no comfortable person would have cared to examine, for fear that he should remember them: would have gone on, perhaps, as the stout gentleman did, whistling down an uneasy sense that he had seen the saddest thing yet in the whole November landscape.

“I might try it myself,” said the peddler, pausing before the high-art green house. That house was a novelty then,

the daring freak of a young English architect. It attracted all manner of moths like this, by the sheer barbaric force of color. The people who lived there—Hathaway by name, though that is of small importance to us or the peddler—had observed it. Mrs. Hathaway complained that she could halve the number of beggars and other tramps by a coat of cool gray paint—something after the manner of Ruskin, who doubtless had these social facts in view, in the promulgation of his architectural theories.

"I've tried most all sorts," said the peddler patiently, "the big and the little, yellow and white. I haven't tried a *green* house yet. There's a deal of yellow ochre in it. It's a very well painted house—unfashionable though. I might as well venture. Unfashionable folks ain't so likely to have fashionable hearts; nor their views about tape and needles ain't so stylish either," he added aloud, as he turned into the dusky avenue.

Of sane people, only the very solitary talk aloud. As he turned from the avenue to strike the little winding path that led to the back of the house, the great front door of the mansion opened, and several people came out. There were perhaps four ladies and two gentlemen. A carriage or two had now driven up, and stood waiting. The hostess herself followed her guests to the door, saying something about the Scotch-plaid car, which was overdue. They were all people of elegant dress and easy demeanor. They were talking earnestly among themselves, and lingered on the porch.

"I wonder," said a gray-headed gentleman with a classic profile and a bronchial cough, "if it would do to loan Michael Cavarini ten dollars?" The classic gentleman spoke timidly.

"I am afraid it would pauperize him," answered one of the ladies.

"I presume it would," replied the classic gentleman sighing.

"We cannot be too firm, Mrs. Wax," suggested Mrs. Hathaway, "although there must be exceptions to all theories. Do you not think Michael Cavarini has had time to become self-supporting? There is the wood yard, and the snow shovelling will soon come on."

"His visitor says he can't get into the wood yard, you know," observed the youngest person present—a very young gentleman, who had a conscientious mustache.

"True," replied Mrs. Hathaway, "and snow shovelling has not been a fruitful means of livelihood since April, poor fellow! Well, we must think again. Don't you think it would do to continue his case at the next council?"

"Unless I get more light on the subject before Tuesday," said Mr. Wax, earnestly, "I shall vote for the loan. I might even advocate its being fifteen dollars, and reduce the interest."

"As to Mrs. O'Flaherty," urged the very young gentleman, "it seems to me we might give her a pair of shoes. I really don't see how she is to go out scrubbing—I think we decided she was to scrub on trial, didn't we?—without shoes. One of the committee said she could wear rubbers. Then she said she needed something flannel—I'm not clear what—some of the ladies may know. She said she preferred it red. I have been in great perplexity over Mrs. O'Flaherty. My mother offered me an old dress for her. Do you think it would demoralize her past redemption?"

"I once traced the whole downward career of a man to somebody's giving him a pair of pantaloons," said the lady who thought Michael Cavarini would be pauperized. She spoke without a smile, but the rest of the little company broke into merriment at this, and as the car came swinging round the corner they parted laughing, the ready, nervous laugh of people who have dwelt upon great responsibilities too long for their ease of heart.

"There," said one of the party, as they went down the avenue, "there is one of them this moment, Mrs. Hathaway. Your theories are at your threshold. If they don't keep away from *you*, what hope is there for the age? Of what use is it for us to lavish our souls and bodies on those problems when we can't keep beggars off from our own doors? Why should we—"

"I'm no beggar," said a sturdy voice from the uncertain shadow that the dusk was building by the servants' doors.

The little group stopped and stared at the peddler—all but the very young gentleman with the conscientious mustache, who ran to catch the plaid horse-car, and lost it; whereupon, I regret to say that he devoutly expressed the wish that he had never made the acquaintance of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"What are you?" asked Mr. Wax, trying to speak sternly (he had a vague impression that the man had been impertinent), but not succeeding in the least.

"I'm a peddler," stoutly. "I've never taken charity from no man—yet."

"Very good. That is excellent. I hope you never will," said Mrs. Hathaway hastily. "You talk like a man."

"Anything would be better than to pauperize yourself," suggested the lady who did not smile. "Cold and hunger are not the worst things in the world."

"Marm," said the peddler, "did you ever try it?"

The four refined, benevolent, perplexed and comfortable faces glanced hard for the moment at the peddler's sickly, shrinking one. He had a hunted look, glaring across the dark at them, where he stood apart.

"My horses are getting restless," said the lady who thought cold and hunger were not the worst things in the world, "and I must really go."

But Mr. Wax said he should stay and see a little more of this.

"Go round into the side porch," sug-

gested Mrs. Hathaway to the peddler. "We will look at your things there."

The peddler did as he was bidden, walking slowly. He stood on the uppermost step but one, and looked up at the lady and gentleman, who waited in the open doorway against a background of bright, indefinite interior, as delicate and mysterious to the man as the heart of a rose. His arrested attitude was not without significance; it was that of one who could not go up, and would not go down.

"What is your name?" began Mrs. Hathaway promptly. The question came kindly, yet with a certain mechanism, from the delicate, philanthropic lips which had asked it so many times of so many "cases."

"Tape and needles, pins and ruffling, lace and hairpins—oh! John True, marm."

"I will look at the needles. Do you make a comfortable living?"

"Sometimes," said the peddler, evasively.

"Have you a permit?" asked Mr. Wax, with the determination of a man resolved to say the proper thing.

"Sir?—Yes. Those are American pins, marm. I've got no English to-day."

"Have you sold much to-day, John True?"

"Not much to-day, nor yet yesterday," said John True, hesitatingly. "I got a breakfast for a couple of box-plaits and some pink tape."

"You look hungry," said Mr. Wax, with blunt compassion.

The peddler looked at the Committee of the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism. He did not speak. The stout gentleman had come out and joined them; he called Mrs. Hathaway "My dear." The pug had followed also, and stood airing his crimson ribbons with high personal reserve on the door-sill; he had the aspect of a sub-committee not expected to give advice, but admitted to unfathomable confidence.

"We will have some supper," said the

lady with vague kindness. Her thorough training as a social economist prevented her from saying, "I will give you a supper."

"Thank you, marm," said John True, "if the needles will pay for it."

"This is an excellent spirit, Mr. Wax," said Mrs. Hathaway. A child at this moment ran from somewhere and dashed at the stout gentleman's neck—plainly a boy, by his boisterous loving.

"Ah!" said the peddler, with a change of manner, "he's a pretty little fellow."

"Some of your own, perhaps?" asked the lady.

"Hush!" said Mr. Wax, who was a bachelor, "you—you hurt the man."

"Thank you, sir," said John True. There was an awkward silence. The peddler was the first to break it.

"I find it hard—" he fumbled weakly with an imitation Valenciennes ruffle, drawing it through and through his gaunt fingers—"I don't find it easy, yet, to talk about it at all. I'd ought to by this time. My boy had the scarlet fever while I was in the war—him and the baby. They both died in one week. My wife wrote me about it. It broke her all up. She kind of pined away. She didn't live long after I got home, herself. That's how it comes I haven't anybody. She was a good wife. My boy's name was Tommy. He was just the size of yours, sir—much them ways. My wife wanted him to go to college. I don't think she ever thought he could die. I never thought of it myself till the letter came. I wasn't so much acquainted with the baby; but he was a cunning little thing. I suppose he would have grown up. My wife was very fond of him. My wife was a brave woman." He drew himself up. "She never asked me not to go—not once. I got wounded once or twice, and once my name got into the dead-list. It broke her up—I think it broke her up as much as the children. She said a woman had to sit at home and read the papers. She

said a man didn't know. I got home unexpected one day. When I come in—Madam, if you are suited with the needles, I will go."

"Wait a little," said the lady gently; "we would like to hear some more about you before you go. Perhaps you would like your supper first?"

"If I've got to talk," answered the man after a silence, "I'd rather be over with it before I eat. But I don't want to be asked any more questions about her—nor yet the boy. I ain't in the habit of talking—about 'em. I ain't very well. It tires me. My breath don't come right."

"The man has asthma," said Mr. Wax in an undertone.

"Asthma and shakes," replied the soldier, cheerfully, "and an old wound in the hip, and some other troubles that soldiers have. There's *sorts* enough, if that would answer."

"Helen," said the stout gentleman, speaking for the first time, "bring this man in out of the cold, and order up his supper in the hall, wouldn't you? It's warmer for us all in there. Mr. True, come in. We won't plague you about your family."

The peddler stepped in reluctantly to the great crimson-carpeted hall. He glanced at the engravings and statuary, and removed his hat, but stood uncertain.

"I'd rather eat below, sir, but I'll set a moment if you wish. I *am* tired." He sank back, panting, upon one of the tall carved chairs.

"Don't sell much, I take it," said Mr. Hathaway, with the directness of the business man, who had little or no time for philanthropy.

"Not much, sir—no. It's a poor business. I wouldn't be at it if I could get my pension. Folks don't *like* peddlers."

"But you must have had a trade," suggested Mrs. Hathaway, "and why can't you get your pension?"

"I was a house-painter, but that gives

you the lead-colic, marm, if you ain't pretty tough to start with. I tried it at first, but the shakes come on, and I fell off the ladder one day. They wouldn't have me after that. Marm, I've tried *everything*—you needn't ask me. This is all I can get. I hoped I'd get my pension. I applied in '65. They say it's a clear claim. But it ain't come yet. I hope I'll hold out till it does. I've got a right to it, I think."

His gaunt blue eyes flashed out once—he glanced about the warm, luxurious place. It occurred to him at that moment, that the lady might not have had all these things—and her live husband—and be able to send that boy to college, if it had not been for men like him. But he thought it would be impolite to tell her so. He was her company just now.

"Take all his things, Helen," said Mr. Hathaway, turning away abruptly, "and come to dinner when you can." The man made him uncomfortable. He almost wished he had not sent a substitute himself. His easy gray eyes fell before the staring blue ones of the peddler.

There was no end to the pension question if one got into it. Helen, thank fortune, had never been drawn into *that* yet. People had got tired of soldiers before she took up philanthropy. They were outworn, unfashionable long since. Government was supposed to look after *them*. There were a hundred other whims, now, for the occupation of elegant leisure and well-meaning consciences. Hear her now, with her beautiful persistence, going at that poor fellow!

"But surely, Mr. True, if you are a deserving man, you should have got your pension long before now. I do not understand this business. I have—been occupied in other—directions. I should wish to help you if I knew how. We owe a debt—we are under obligation to you."

She stopped suddenly, remembering what obligations her sheltered, happy life

was under to this peddler of tape and needles, lace and hair-pins. She was a young woman yet. She was of the generation that had sprung up since 1865. Her husband was older than herself. She had never picked lint or rolled bandages. She looked upon Memorial Day as a questionable popular festival, calculated to make drunkards, and teach the poor unthrifty habits. *She* had never searched a list of killed and wounded in the morning papers. She was able to hear military music with composure. She did not have to lock herself away alone, with her hands pressed like the clods of the grave upon her ears, when a soldier's funeral passed the house. She could meet a blue uniform in the street without the heart-throb that tore the life, or the blinding mist in the eyes that darkened the face of the heavens and the earth. She did not have to get out of the room when young people sang army songs, and wander about till they came calling, and wondered why she was not there to play the waltzes. She was one of the blessed among women who had not lived the war.

"We are under obligations to you," repeated the gentle philanthropist, not without embarrassment.

"There's hundreds of thousands of us," said John True, monotonously. "I hadn't ought to wonder so much if I'm one of 'em. It's queer how folks always have a feeling of surprise at their own troubles; but I guess," brightly, "I'll get my pension come January." He closed his little valise and shifted it cheerfully across his shoulder. His breath came in pants, with a painful sound. "I've got one of those holes in the lungs," he said carelessly. He thrust his hand under his thin shirt up to the knuckles in a pitiful concavity, such as his disease sometimes wears out of the living bone and tissue. "It makes me stoop," he added, "and it's bad about breathing; but I kep' my arms and legs—and eyes. I thank you, marm, for buying

so much stock of me. It will keep me a good while—it will keep me several days.”

“Have you consulted no physician?” asked Mr. Wax, as John True moved to the door. A great gust of the damp night swept in. The peddler coughed and shivered. It was beginning to rain.

“Oh, I have my quinine,” said the soldier, evasively. “There’s nothing else for it.”

“There are objections to medicating yourself with this drug and—risks,” suggested Mr. Wax, earnestly.

“Sir,” said John True, “did you ever have the shakes under McClellan along the Potomac?”

“Well, well!” said Mr. Wax, deprecatingly.

The pug was sniffing superciliously at the peddler’s heels, as one who was constituted an advisory committee for the emergency, and must officially remind him that the open door would chill the house. The little boy, too, was calling his mother in to dinner. He could be seen through the open library door making darts at his father from behind, and strangling him with uproarious kisses.

“Go below for a good hot supper, and I should like to give you the address of our society,” suggested Mrs. Hathaway thoughtfully. “It may serve you in some emergency. We make it a point to help honest people to be self-supporting. We have our industrial branches. I will write it for you—There. We do not give in charity, except in extremities.”

“I haven’t fallen that far yet,” said the soldier, lifting his head. He looked at the sky, but there were no stars—it was deadly dark. “I guess I’ll get my pension in January,” cheerfully. “I hope I’ll hold out. I thank you, marm, for the supper. Next time I come around this way I’ll bring some extry crimped hair-pins for you. I have a kind in a box with a lady on it in a pink gown. Generally I ask something extry for the box. I should like to have you have it to re-

member me by. I wished I had something in my stock that would please that little fellow. But it’s all women’s gear. Good night, sir,” to Mr. Wax, who held the door open and said nothing.

But the chairman of the committee of the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism, hastily excusing himself from his hostess and colleague in philanthropy, shut the door of the high-art green house, and followed the peddler down the piazza steps. The two stood for a moment in the now heavily-falling rain.

“You have no umbrella,” said the representative of the Extinction of Pauperism under his breath.

“Well, sir, no. I parted with mine one day for a—well, for a supper. I hadn’t had anything to eat, only a few blackberries that was pretty well dried with the drought, since the day before of a breakfast time. I haven’t any umbrella, but I’ll get under shelter in a place I know before long, now; thank you, sir.”

“You must take mine,” said Mr. Wax guiltily. “I insist upon it. And I wish—here—I—I beg your pardon,” cried Mr. Wax, looking all around him with a scared air, “but I never enlisted myself. I had an invalid sister, and I—at any rate, I didn’t. I do not enjoy it to see a soldier going about the State of Massachusetts in the condition you are in. I really do not enjoy it!” repeated Mr. Wax, wiping his forehead; “and if you won’t look upon it as a charity—for we seldom give in charity, nor even as a loan, for our loans, you know, are subject to the advisory committee—and, in fact, if you would be so good, Mr. True, as not to look upon it—officially, anyhow—but just to give one human being the privilege of putting some comforts, such as umbrellas and other necessaries of life into another human being’s way,” finished Mr. Wax wildly, “I should be infinitely grateful to you. As a civilian,” added Mr. Wax, “who is under obligations to a soldier, I must say that I will not have you look

upon this as a charity. It would be contrary to your excellent instincts; it would be contrary to all our principles: it would be— (Good night, sir," cried Mr. Wax severely, and, glancing about him with the air of one detected in a felony, the chairman of the committee of the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism tucked a fat bill into the peddler's thin hand, and fled for his life.

III.

The nation had come up like a convalescent from a fever, not without a certain incredulity of the disease which it had survived. The public credit was sturdy. The reduction of the war debt had become one of the financial wonders of the world. The business outlook was clear. So long as England ate our beef, and our superfluous grain went as ballast to the merchantmen, what would we? Since the great Western crops were assured, the chinch-bug to be disposed of by kerosene and milk (one could hardly respect even a chinch-bug who refused to surrender life upon that diet), the forest fires out, the floods down, and the Hutchinson and Saint Gray Railroad managed by Boston capital, who could complain? If the banking system is safe, and the kindergarten semi-annual has subscribers; if pencil-lined summer silk is fifty cents a yard, the Prohibitory law defeated, the three-and-a-half per cents afloat, and we have a country week for sick babies, "what can we want besides?" A chorus of fifty million voices adopts this national anthem from the hymn-book, and chants piously.

It is the day when we look in the morning papers for the score of the last national base-ball match. It is the day when we thrill over the accident to the stroke of the inter-collegiate regetta. It is the day when we play lawn tennis with the ladies. It is the time when all the ardor of our soul is flung into the cut of our landau; when we discuss the bang on

the tails of our horses; when we camp out in the Yellowstone on an August vacation, and our wives pray for us as for men in mortal peril. It is the time when we give thirty thousand dollars for a French painting; when we agonize over the "punkin"-colored frieze claimed as old gold upon our summer villas; when we amuse ourselves chasing what we call a fox, at the watering-place affecting imported fashions and humanities; when the crack in the faience vase stirs our natures to their depths. It is the day when gamboge yellow china monsters, costing a hundred dollars a pair, sit over against our thresholds in the front hall. It is the day when we give five hundred for a lap-dog, and three dollars a visit for the calls of the dog-doctor. It is the day when we have adapted social science to the impulses of the heart. It is the day when we know to a copper how much it is right to give our starving sister. It is the day when we are generous to a fault with our thoughts, with our time, with our nerve, with our privacy, with all the sweet and sacred resources which have a value to human need, beside which, indeed, mere money may be a slight and chilly contribution. It is the day when we find ourselves proud of the extent to which we have become our brother's keeper. It is the day of harbor excursions, and women's prisons; of the society for educating you at home, and the great firm that takes you from behind its counter to send you abroad. It is the day of the flower charity and rides for invalids. It is the day when we stubbornly investigate insane hospitals, and when women on the State Boards of Charity discover that female convicts have not been supplied with night-gowns. It is the day when the merciful executioner of our superannuated dogs or horses gives a new trade to society and a new humanity to life. It is the day when the law takes a child away from a drunken parent, and a man may be arrested if he kicks a donkey. It is

the day when our navy consists of fourteen unarmored cruisers and twelve old-fashioned monitors. It is the day when the applications for pensions are coming in at the rate of three thousand a month. It is the day when two hundred thousand pension claims remain unsettled. It is the day when over one hundred Massachusetts soldiers are found in almshouses. It is twenty years after the war.

On a hot, bright day in May, 1882, the physician in charge of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury received a summons to attend a sick pauper as promptly as possible. It was not the first call; the man had troubled him before, but of late had kept more quiet. At one time there had been talk of sending him to the insane wing, but for this reason and that it had never been done. The doctor went to the pauper's bedside with a dubious expression, as one who distrusts his own leniency.

The patient was the last in the long row in the men's ward. His cot came up blankly against the wall. Some of the men had a window.

"I get tired of the wall," said the patient abruptly, as the physician entered.

"It's always something, you know, True," said the doctor carelessly. "Well, how is it to-day? Choking again?"

"It *always* chokes, Doctor," patiently, "but it's the cannon in my head I mind the most to-day. There's flashing and firing enough to blow Lee into eternity. Off and on I feel shells—then they bust and scatter down my backbone. Seems I was blown up nigh all night. Jiggs says I kep' him awake. I think very like. I thought he was Beaugard, till it come sun-up. But I hadn't nothin' to fling at him, only the pillow, and I ain't strong enough to fling the pillow. You needn't find fault; I laid still, Doctor. It was hard not to go at 'em, but I kep' still. I'm better to-day, Doctor—if you could muzzle them cannon."

"Oh, yes, I'll muzzle the cannon," said the physician lightly. He poured a teaspoonful from a vial, which was labeled *Bromide Potass*.

"You *can't* muzzle 'em!" cried the patient contemptuously, "and you know you can't. I ain't a lunny—yet, nor I ain't a born fool. That sort of talk don't help a man in his senses. We used to have a doctor to home I'd like to see. My wife was very fond of that doctor. He understood my constitution, she said. *He'd* know whether I was dying or not. I never thought I'd come to a poor-house doctor."

"Dying fiddlesticks!" retorted the doctor good-humoredly; but he took in the man, soul and body, at one long glance, before he left him. The eye of an anxious physician is like a sharp-shooter.

"Take the medicine, and let the cannon roar, if they will, True. They won't hurt anybody. I'll be back if you don't feel easier."

"I fought in fifteen battles, Doctor!" the patient cried after him—his voice echoed through the long, gaunt room—"I fought in fifteen battles. I was at Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, and Bull Run, and Antietam, and—oh, I've forgotten the rest. I was wounded twice. Once I got on the dead-list, and my wife read it in the papers. I was—look here, I never told you before. I don't often speak of it. I fought the war out; I didn't talk of it while I was peddlin'; I was afraid folks would say I was tradin' on my miseries. You know you couldn't be the same man after all them years if you was to try. I did the best I could at peddlin'. I never thought I'd come to Tewksbury—I never *thought* of it!"

His voice rose to a kind of wail, which was the worst thing in the world for the paupers. Some one ordered him sharply to keep still. The doctor went down to discuss the patient with the superintendent; it was not a case exactly for the State visitors who were coming any day

now; yet it seemed hard to turn him into the asylum.

"He's only quinine-crazy; it isn't like the genuine thing, you know. I don't incline to disturb him; he's a pretty sick man. He takes the whole business hard. He wasn't cut out for a pauper—the more's the pity."

"Look here, True," said Jiggs, after the doctor had gone, "I'm sorry for ye, upon my word. I'd *give* ye somethin' to fling at me if I had it. I'm nothin' but a dummed fool that drank himself into this, but by the Lord Harry, if I'd fit for my country—too drunk; they wouldn't have me—I should call this a dummed shame. Be as crazy as you like, for all me—I won't complain of ye."

"Thank you, Jiggs," said the sick man patiently. He fell silent after this; so silent that they thought him much improved. He turned over on his little cot with his face to the great white wall, and dropped into a stupor, half doze, half day-dream, through which his thoughts stirred with a sluggish fear, like lost things that dared not move lest they should get farther still astray. He had always had these sullen times since he had been at Tewksbury. He had been there over two years. They had found him a tractable pauper; helpless with malaria and asthma, and his other ails; deranged at times with the over-use of quinine—a poisoned wreck. His fine blue eyes were hollow, and his lips livid. He was no longer a pleasant-looking fellow. One wondered what this defender of his country might be thinking of, lying there with his face to the poor-house wall. His lost life? His last battle? More probably his next dose. He muttered a good deal and stared about. He had quite outlived his own romance (a pitiable fate for the most attractive of us), and no longer appealed to any but the most keenly imaginative sensibilities.

Some one spoke to him softly, as he lay there stupidly enough, that hot May

day. At first he thought it was the robin that sang afternoons on the tree that grew across the street on the other side of the poor-house; but after a moment's attention he perceived that it was the voice of a woman. When he turned he saw that several people were by his bedside, some gentlemen and this lady. He made a sign to intimate that he had seen her before, and that he welcomed her.

"I have often thought of you," said Mrs. Hathaway, "but I had never expected to find you *here*. My duties bring me here to observe the condition of the inmates. I am sorry to find you one of them."

"I want to speak to that man," said John True faintly. He pointed to Mr. Wax, who shrank a little in the background. The gentleman advanced and leaned over the cot.

"I won't tell of you," whispered the pauper.

"Don't," sighed Mr. Wax.

"But it did a heap for me, sir. I got boots and flannel come winter. It kep' me in comforts, till you seemed to me, as I thought on you, most like own folks, sir. But I never told on you."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Mr. Wax, coughing heavily. His bronchial condition explained a great deal of surplus emotion that a philanthropist must find inconvenient.

"I am very sorry to find you here," repeated Mrs. Hathaway gently. "We will hope soon to have you self-supporting and happy." She looked vaguely about; then suddenly her fine eyes filled. The peddler was greatly changed. She was not used to sick people, but she began to see that he looked very ill.

"He's crazy as a coot," volunteered the amiable Jiggs from the next cot; but I let him fling pillows at me," complacently. "I'm nothin' but a dummed drunkard myself."

"You're an excellent fellow," said Mr. Wax helplessly.

JOHN TRUE'S DECORATION DAY.

"Tell us," urged Mrs. Hathaway, "how you came here, Mr. True, can't you? I am so very sorry. I have a better place for you, I think. I see you are not able to work at present. We are establishing a home—"

"It takes a pensionable status to get into hospitals," interrupted John True. "They wouldn't have me—I've never got my pension yet. Something was always the matter. I thought I'd get it come January when I was to your house, but it was always *something*. Last of all, the surgeon he up and died. I had to have his testimony as to what ailed me at time of my discharge. We got most all the other witnesses—one of 'em he'd cleared out to Indiany after a divorce, and it took all that time to captur' *him*—then this feller had to go and die. They said my claim warn't good for nothin' without the surgeon's testimony. That clean discouraged me," added the soldier. "I'd been in fifteen battles! I'd been wounded twice! I fought in Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, and Bull Run, and Antietam, and—oh, seems to me if there wasn't so many folks round I could remember the rest." He looked wildly about, panting.

"I hoped that sedative would work better," said the doctor, who had joined the group.

"But this is not to be a national hospital," persisted Mrs. Hathaway. "It is to be a state affair, where you will not have to wait for anything. There is to be as little red tape as possible. I have become very much interested in it—I am one of the committee. I confess I think it is rather late, but better late than never. We must get you into it, Mr. True."

"I don't know nothing about it," said the pauper apathetically.

"We will speak to the superintendent at once," urged the lady nervously. "We will have you made comfortable there for the rest of your days."

"Thank you, marm; but it's too late for that."

The soldier turned his face to the wall. He was tired of all these fine people. He had no faith in their homes and hospitals. It would be like the pension.

"There'll be sure to be something the matter. You'll see, they won't let me in. They'll find reasons agin it. They won't want me. I don't know why. It ain't because I didn't fight. It ain't because I wasn't wounded. It ain't because I wasn't honorably discharged. It ain't because I ain't sick. . . . Lord! I never thought I'd come to the poor-house! I never *thought* of it! I've been here two years and three months, and I ain't dead yet. . . . Lord, how I took on at first! I've got used to it now."

"What *made* you come at the last?" some one asked him gently.

"They took me, sir. They said I was starving. The selectmen found me in a corn-field of a November night. I wasn't very well. It was in a town where I hadn't sold much of anything."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Hathaway, restraining herself with much emotion, "we will take you out of the poor-house. We will come back for you next week."

"Marm," said the pauper, "I ain't an object of interest for a lady now. I wouldn't trouble yourself if I were you."

He turned his face to the wall again, and said no more to them. Only, as the gentlemen passed out of the ward, he beckoned once, and Mr. Wax returned and asked his pleasure.

"Will this be a *real* thing, this place you tell of?" asked the pauper. "No play-work, an Orderly, and a flag, and other soldiers? I'd like to die under a roof where the flag belonged, if I could as well as not. It *would* be something not to *die* in the poor-house, wouldn't it, sir?"

They had moved him, although he was very weak. It was thought best, at the last moment, to make the experiment, and they bore him with what tenderness they might, on the little journey from Tewks-

bury to Chelsea, and so through the welcome dashes of the sea-winds up the Powder-Horn Hill and into the home which Massachusetts had provided for her scattered heroes. It was an exceedingly hot day, and as he got out of the carriage, which he tried to do without assistance, he turned his face to the salt breeze and looked pathetically about.

"It's cooler here than it was in Tewksbury," he said. "I've nothing against 'em at Tewksbury; but it was a hot place for sick folks."

Then, glancing up the height of the building, his gaunt, dull face flashed fire.

"Oh, there's the Flag! See! How she flies! Ain't she a living beauty! Oh, I'm glad to get under the Flag!"

He made the military salute gravely, then bared his head, his face upturned to the solemn symbol for which he had sacrificed youth, health, home, hope and life. Not much, to be sure, but this obscure man gave what he had. We may remember it, now and then, although we are truly busied about many other things. Thirty years are a generation. Half of the men who sent him forth are in their graves. We who remain have more modern subjects of thought and care than these poor wrecks, who have sifted through the strain of broken business habits, incurable disease, growing age and increasing friendlessness. You who have sprung up since the rank and file were our hope and our glory, to whose happy young ears a drum-tap has no more solemn meaning than a serenade, and to whose fancy a soldier presents the form of the sleek cadet disporting himself at Magnolia, or the useful messenger who carries your invitations—it is our fault if we have suffered you to forget that sacred debt whose bonds bear interest unto the third and fourth generation of them that owe it, and shall reflect the military quality of loyalty upon thousands of them that honor it and reverence its obligations.

These were our trust; how fare they at our hands?

Our saviours then; are they our heroes now?

John True went into the Soldiers' Home quietly; they helped him on either side, for the outbreak of life with which he had greeted the flag passed quickly, and he moved and breathed with difficulty.

Comrades saluted him as he crossed the threshold, and the "Orderly" about whom he had asked was there. They took him to the place assigned him. Its coolness, size and comfort seemed to confuse him.

"These are your quarters," said the Orderly.

"Eh? Not—here?"

"Yes, *these* are your quarters."

"But this must be officers' quarters. I wasn't an officer."

"No; these are *your* quarters."

The pauper soldier began to tremble, looked appealingly about—made as if he would entreat to be left alone; then:

"My God! My *God!*" he cried aloud, and sank down sobbing mightily before them all.

He lingered for a little while, not in great pain, and with so much comfort that they had at first hopes of his regaining life. He knew better than this himself, but he did not try to undeceive them. He lay quietly, sleeping a good deal, and smiling upon all who spoke to him. He often said:

"Oh, I am so comfortable, so comfortable!"

Sometimes he told the boys that he never *thought* he should have come to the poor-house; and once he said again that it was a good deal to die with a flag over your head.

One day he called the Orderly and said:

"I forgot to tell these gentlemen why my daughter couldn't support me. I had a daughter, but she married at sixteen—that's why. Sissy married a drunkard. He was a Dogberry fellow—his father drank before him. They're out West

somewhere, but I haven't heard from her for a long spell. Sissy couldn't do the first thing for me. It would have been better for Sissy if she had had the scarlet fever when the boys did—but she lived instead."

At another time he said, with some anxiety:

"I forgot to ask that lady whether she ever got the extry box of hair-pins I owed her for my supper. I sent it by another peddler I knew. It had a picture on the cover—it was a pretty box. I wish I'd asked her."

It was noticeable that as he failed, the more unpleasant aspects of his appearance gave place to a certain touching refinement which might have been native to the man. As death advanced, the most painful marks of disease retreated. Fire returned to his fine blue eye. That weak drooping of the under lip fell into firmer lines. The muscles of his face began to move with a kind of precision, like men on duty under clear orders. The vacillation of pauperism departed from the soldier's face in those last days. He spoke less and less; when he did, it was usually to say something about Mary, and some one asked him one day if Mary was his wife. He nodded silently. He did not feel that he cared to talk about her to these strange men.

He thought of her—it seemed to him that he thought of her all the time. It was as if he had forgotten everything while he was in the poor-house. Now, it was like getting home again, after these twenty years.

Whether adream or awake—who should say that has not himself come to that haze which separates the facts of this which we call life from the mysteries of that which we name death?—he experienced much that had gone from his memory, leaving a blankness like that which rests in one's mind upon the lives of other men.

He remembered the row of holes perforated in the brown straw hat that he

hung up in the entry the day he had enlisted. There was a little tin horse under foot, and he hit it, so it trundled away with a tinkling sound. There was a rag mat in the entry; it had blue roses, and one of the petals was worn and pieced out with black alpaca. As he looked down at it, fumbling and delaying, dreading to tell her as he had never once since dreaded death when under fire, the child from within piped out shrilly:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere;
Ven wy shoulda ma-a-ma,
If twyalsypere?"

And Mary was hurt because he went to wash himself without first kissing her. But he was so covered with red paint! He had been painting a red house—Seth Grimace's house.

They had doughnuts and hash for supper, and Sissy was not there. Sissy was at the picnic; she had the umbrella, lest it should rain, and was coming home with Jenny Severby. Sissy looked like her great-aunt who married a dissipated fellow. Poor Sissy! But Tommy crushed the cinnamon rose in his father's pocket, leaning so close against him at supper-table. . . . How she looks with the rose in her bosom—pretty! The baby pulled at it, and she put it in her hair. That was more becoming. Mary was always neat.

See! we go out into the garden after tea to walk. He throws away the pipe, and the rooster objects to tobacco; that pleases Tommy, strangling him with kisses from behind. Tommy has on a green-checked gingham apron. Let us count the checks to steady a man's mind against this thing he has to do, that is so much worse than the deadliest battle of them all, though he fought the war out and was taken out of Tewksbury poor-house before he died. There are the currant bushes; the cherry tree is in blossom, and the flowers fall like snow. There are the cabbages in the south-west corner, doing

well. The sun is setting. Where shall we put Sissy's teeter-board? Shall Tommy have a rabbit? Yes, Mary, have your geraniums, my girl, anywhere you like. She hangs upon his arm now, leaning toward him; puts up her hand. Oh, how soft it is! There were only men—men out there. In all these years, Mary, I have never *touched* another woman—not even her hands. You never need be jealous in your grave, my girl! . . . I'll tell you when we get into the house. Not yet! not just yet! Give me a few moments' time! I can't tell you this minute!

Then coming to himself—with a sense of suffocation—"I'm choking!—Doctor!—Sir, excuse me. I have made you trouble. I was thinking about another matter."

He drifted off again into half-dreaming soliloquy.—The baby cried and she went in. I think I'll put it off. I will not tell her to-night. I had rather get a little stronger before I tell my wife I have enlisted. . . . That was just like her! To spare me—everything. She always did. But I would have told her if she'd waited a little longer. When I felt better I'd have told her. Oh, my girl, come here! Come here!

I haven't held no other woman in my arms, Mary,—and it's fourteen years since she died. Come here, and let us talk it over if we can. . . . I say, boys, do you hear that? No? Oh, no. I see—it is some music that I heard. My little boy used to sing. This is the hymn. Why, I hear it:

"My home is in Heaven."

Don't hear it, boys, none of you?

"My home is in Heaven,
My rest is not here."

I can hear it very plain. We didn't get much home here, did we, boys? Broke up somehow—upset seems to me—come to an end before its time. I had a pleasant home before the war.

"Home is in Heaven!"

Well, maybe—I wouldn't undertake to say; but it's asking a good deal of folks . . . to wait . . . so long.

It was noon on the thirtieth of May. All over the land flags floated at half-mast, and from every United States military post came the boom of heavy guns fired in honor of the nation's dead. John True heard the solemn sound as it came at regular intervals from the distant harbor forts. It started his slow heart-beats and he roused himself with a flash of the old spirit:

"Ready! Aim! Fire! he cried. . . . Fair Oaks!—Malvern Hill! Bull Run!—Antietam! Give it to 'em, boys! give it to 'em! Look at the Flag and think of your folks at home! Shall we give our lives for nothing? Aim low, boys! Government will look after ye, don't ye fear! Old Massachusetts won't allow us to suffer! Each mortal man of us has got the promise of the United States of America to care for him and his'n if he drops! Let 'em have it, boys! Hurrah for the old Flag! *Fair Oaks!—Malvern Hill!—Bull Run!—Antietam.*

They went swiftly to his bedside, and held him to the strong salt air. They spoke affectionately. There was little to say. Some one prayed aloud, but it was doubtful if he heard. He stretched his arms out with a gesture of infinite tenderness, and to the comrade nearest who supported him he said:

"I've got my discharge, old fellow, and now I'm going home to see my wife. I almost daresn't, for she isn't very strong. Do you think it will be too much for her—so sudden—when she—when she—sees me coming in?"

The minute guns timed his failing pulse-beats, but he no longer heard them, and so Private John True kept his last Decoration Day.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

I READ for three things: first, to know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day; second, for the knowledge which I especially want to use in my work; and, third, for what will bring my mind into a proper mood.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

RESPECT your calling and it will become respectable, so you will find your position slowly but surely rising until your ambitions are satisfied.—*H. M. Sylvester.*

I WORK with my assistants during the night, commencing at seven o'clock at night, and working till eight or nine the next morning. I do not find this wearing on my health; in fact, I do not believe that anything is wearing that one likes.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

THAT writer interests us who makes at once a well-defined impression on our minds, and whose style no more obscures his thoughts than the limpid water of a brook the white pebbles in its channel.—*E. P. Roe.*

THE people will finally revolt against the ornamental and amusing theory of education, and bring it back to the good old doctrine of good personal work for the practical purposes of life.—*New England Farmer.*

WHEN a person has only learned how to read, and not what to read, he is in great peril.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

It is curious to see how a self-willed, haughty girl, who sets her father and mother and all at defiance, and cannot be managed by anybody, at once finds her master in a baby. Her sister's child will strike the rock and set all her affections flowing.—*Charles Buxton.*

THE ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity; the driving-wheel of industry; the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives the individual energy; the nation push. It makes us at once active and restless; industrious and overworked; generous and greedy. When it is great it is a virtue; when it is petty, it is a vice.—*Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

A SINGLE great thought, originating in the mind of a thinker, is as good as a diploma.—*The School Journal.*

TO PROVIDE every man, woman and child with a home is to lift the world up out of vice, ignorance, misery and despair.—*Chicago Sentinel.*

A DEPARTMENT of physical education, as well equipped with men and appliances as are any departments of a college, is now a settled fact and necessity. The college must know about its students physically, as well as intellectually and morally. It must know the physical strength and weakness of its students, as well as it should know whether they can pass the mental examinations for the degree of bachelor of arts.—*Outing.*

INSTEAD of going out of school or college as "finished," the truly educated person is trained to be a learner all his life-time.—*Rev. John Hall.*

THE best of books are resources, not friends—resources which, if properly used, open our eyes, nerve our imaginations, stir our sympathies, and sometimes, though comparatively rarely, shame our supineness and our miserable ambitions. But, in any case, the books to love and cherish are not those which give us the largest measure of knowledge, but those which awaken the activity of our truest self.—*The Spectator.*

THE plan of publishing to the world a list of smart pupils is of questionable benefit.—*Journal of Education.*

DO NOT try to produce an ideal child: it would have no fitness in this world.—*Herbert Spencer.*

SOME one says that "books, like friends, should be few and well chosen," for books, like friends, have much value as a sign and much power as a fashioner. Both show what the man inclines to, and both tend to make him, in the way of his inclinations, better or worse. To know a man, know his books and his companions—that is, the books and companions he prefers.—*Dr. Vincent.*

Literary News Notes

THE *Current* announces a special Easter number.

C. W. ERNST, the editor of the *Boston Beacon*, is a German.

OVER 4,000 new books were published in England last year.

MARCH *Harper's* contains an excellent portrait of Artemus Ward.

THERE is no better periodical for American homes than *Good Housekeeping*.

BRET HARTE has just finished a new story, called "Snow-Bound at Eagle's."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY has cleared \$30,000 from his "History of Our Own Times."

It is said that the *Century* Company pay Howells, James, and some other authors \$5,000 per story for the right of serial publication.

GRANT ALLEN has been compelled by the state of his health to suspend work for a while.

FRANK R. STOCKTON is back in New York again, working hard on the proof-sheets of his novel.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH is preparing to leave Canada and to take up a residence in England.

GENERAL JOHN EATON, ex-Commissioner of Education, has accepted the presidency of Marietta College.

GEORGE W. CABLE, having found public readings of his published novels profitable, is now reading an unpublished one in Boston.

MR. HENRY FORMAN, who was the body and soul of the *Manhattan Magazine*, intimates that the publication of that periodical is to be revived.

ANOTHER volume of letters by Disraeli—written at the beginning of his political career to his sister—will soon be published by his brother.

STANLEY, when he started across Africa, took with him sixty-nine books for entertainment on the way. The only one to survive the trip was the Bible.

F. MARION CRAWFORD bids fair to exceed all living American novelists in rapidity of production, although he fails to equal several of them in literary skill.

"SCIENCE FOR SCHOOLS," three small text-books adapted from the French of Paul Bert by G. A. Wentworth and G. A. Hill, will be issued next fall by Ginn & Co.

GRACE GREENWOOD says that New England produces the best educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers and the most glorious old maids in the world.

A HISTORY of the United States in chronological order, from the discovery of America in 1492, to the year 1885, by Emery E. Childs, is published by Baker & Taylor, of New York.

It is announced that two novels by Hugh Conway yet remain to be published. In the case of this novelist it is remarkable that as many of his books were issued after his death as before it.

A NEW monthly magazine, to be called the *Forum*, is soon to appear in New York. It will be devoted to the discussion of "such questions that interest the mass of intelligent people," and is to be "independent in its attitude."

THE volume of "Representative Poems of Living Poets," which Cassell & Co. have announced, is nearly ready for the press, and will be published early in March. It will make an octavo volume of about 700 pages. The selections of each poet will be headed by a *fac-simile* of his or her autograph signature.

THE most important dramatic event of next season will be the tour of Edwin Booth, with Lawrence Barrett as his manager. It is not understood that the latter will participate in the performances, but that he will select Mr. Booth's company and provide the scenic accessories. We may therefore expect to see Shakespeare worthily represented by American genius.

"CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY" seems to have stirred up the English publishers. Messrs. Routledge propose to issue a "World Library," edited by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and consisting of a series of books, published at the low price of 3d. each, in a paper cover designed by Walter Crane. Each volume will consist of 160 pages. The first will be Anster's translation of Goethe's "Faust." Besides poetry and the drama, biographies, records of travel, works of history and fiction, and books on social science will be included.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY CHARLES DICKENS.

To THE reader of the SUPPLEMENT who sends us the most nearly correct reading of this letter we will award a cash prize of five dollars. Each competitor must extend his subscription six months, or send the name of a new subscriber, or order one dollar's worth of books.

1. Abchurch Terrace

Second January 1844.

My Dear Sir

That is a very horrible case
 you tell me of. I need not look I
 could get at the parent's heart of
 — — —, in which case I need so
 scarcely it, that he should write
 again. But if I were to put such
 a father as he into a book, with
 the fathers going (and especially the
 bad ones) would hold up their
 hands and protest against the unnat-
 ural caricature. I find that a
 great many people (particularly those
 who might have oars for the character)
 consider even Mr Pecksniff, a not so

impossible and he rubs himself, sitting
 today upon me in a solid chair, once as he
 did when I really believed there was such
 a ~~delicious~~ woman.

So — reversing his own case, would
 not believe in Tom's character? "Mike dies
 Twist"; says — "for I am fond of children.
 But the book is unattractive. For who would think
 of bringing upon little Mike Twist!"

Nevertheless I will war the dog in my
 mind. and if I can hit him between the
 eyes so that he shall stagger more than
 you or I have done this Christmas under
 the combined effects of Punch and Turkey —
 I will.

Thank you cordially for your note. I was
 this scrap of paper. I thought it was a
 whole sheet, until I turned over.

My dear Sir

Faithful yours
 Charles Dickens

THE HOME SUPPLEMENT.

BEYOND THE GATE.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped :
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked
through.

This massive gate a boundary had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

range were the sights she saw across the way,
A little girl had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew tearful, hers such thoughts and wonder-
ings were,

Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child,
weep not,

We all must go. 'Tis God has sent for her."

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the
child—

"I'll have to tell the angel; 'Do not wait,
hough God has sent for me, I cannot come ;
I never go beyond the garden gate."

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

How many in this and other lands have cause to thank God for sending Dr. Talmage into the world will never be known until the day when the records of this world are closed and the great account rendered. In the backwoods, where there is no preaching, godly men gather their families and helpers around them on the Lord's day, and read the latest sermon by Dr. Talmage, and it is not long since an interesting letter from a mining district reported that, though the men could not be induced to attend a place of worship, they would come together and listen while one of their number read Talmage's sermon. Thus the preacher's audience is multiplied indefinitely, and he speaks every week to millions of attentive hearers. Nor is this audience confined to the English-speaking peoples. Every week the sermon published is translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Russian, and sent on its beneficent errand.

The value of Dr. Talmage's work is not confined to the religious world. It is a salutary

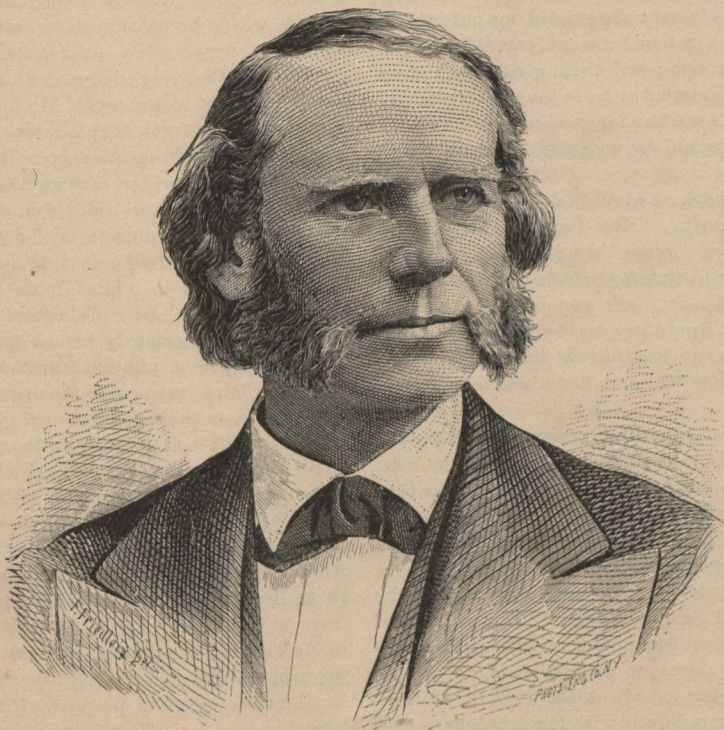
social influence. Not long since, in a quarter very unlikely to yield a word of praise to a Christian minister, the editor of this journal heard a tribute offered to Dr. Talmage. "I tell you," said a worldly, irreligious man, who was remarking on certain captious criticisms at the time being industriously circulated by an envious foe of Dr. Talmage—"I tell you, that whatever they may say of Talmage, he is a power of the best kind in this country. I have watched him, and though I do not believe in his doctrines, I admire the man. He pays no attention to these snarling curs at his heels, hardly notices them, but goes right on with his work. It is grand, the way he marches along. And I have noticed this, that in every great crisis, when the opinion of the public is suspended, or when it is tending the wrong way on national affairs or commercial or social subjects—at the critical moment Talmage speaks out, and says the right word. The people listen, too. He don't dictate, but he reminds them of the great principles, and shows how the case in hand is affected by the principles. He is a power, and I tell you he is doing more than anybody is aware of in guiding this nation."

Bound Brook, N.J., has the honor of being the birthplace of the eminent divine. In a Christian home in that town he was born, January 7th, 1832, and he is therefore now fifty-four years old. He was the youngest of twelve children, and it is easy to see, from many incidental references in his sermons, that the duty of providing for, training, and educating so large a family taxed the energies of the godly father and mother to the utmost. Their distinguished son, in the course of his sermons, often refers in words of heartfelt love and veneration to their self-sacrificing piety. Of his father, whose influence over him was of the best kind, he often speaks in terms of filial reverence. In one of his sermons he said, with that characteristic frankness which leads him to take every one into his confidence and regard every hearer as a personal friend: "My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honor that no one could despise—he was the son of a father who loved God and kept His commandments. What is the House of Hapsburg or Stuart com-

pared with the honor of being a son of the Lord God Almighty? Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. Nothing but faith in God upheld him.

"His recital of help afforded and deliverances wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had its manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a

hymn, read the lines, conduct the music, and pray. Then read the Scriptures, and pray again. Then lead forth in the Doxology with an enthusiasm as if there were a thousand people present, and all the church members had been doing their duty. He went forth visiting the sick, burying the dead, collecting alms for the poor, inviting the ministers of religion to his household, in which there was, as in the house of Shunem, a little room over the wall, with bed and candlestick for any pass-



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to *his last dollar*; but right behind that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, and who hath given to each one of His disciples a warrant deed for the whole universe in the words, 'All are yours.'

"In the neighborhood where he lived for years he held a devotional meeting. Oftentimes the only praying man present, before a handful of attendants, he would give out the

ing Elisha. He never shuddered at the sight of a subscription paper, and not a single great cause of benevolence has risen within the last half century which he did not bless with his beneficence."

"There was only 'two years' difference between the death of my father and mother," he says in another discourse. "After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something, and he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go on to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would

say, 'Father, where are you going?' and he would answer, 'I don't know exactly where I'm going.' Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After being sixty years together it was hard to part." Of his mother he speaks in terms of the most touching tenderness. Speaking of the heaven unto which she had ascended, and comparing it to a palace, he says: "I have a mother in the palace window waiting for me. I was the child of her old age, and I remember how her voice used to tremble in evening prayer, with what kindness she started me out in life, and how she watched me and cared for me all the way through; and then, giving each of us a blessing, she went away to the palace window, where she is waiting for good news from us. I suppose it would be no harm for me to say in public what is my secret ambition, and that is, when my work on earth is done, to go up and meet her, saying, 'Here I am, mother, and all the spoils of my earthly pastorate. I have come to spend eternity with you. Here are the spoils of the Saviour's conquest.' Ah! methinks that would pay her for the pangs of the birth-hour, and for the watchings when I was sick, and for her anxieties about my eternal welfare."

T. De Witt's earliest preference was for the law, for which he studied a year after graduating with honors from the University of the City of New York. But the prayers of his parents that he might be a preacher of the Gospel, and the drawings of grace toward the pulpit, could not be overcome, so in 1853 he entered the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, and after the usual course became a licentiate. His first charge was at Belleville, N.J., where, after laboring for about three years, with remarkable success and with much benefit to himself in experience and training, he removed to Syracuse, N.Y. Even in these early days of ministerial effort there was not wanting decided evidence that a high career of usefulness was before him as a preacher. Large congregations assembled to hear him, and he preached with a fervor and power that deeply stirred the hearts of the people. Three years were spent in earnest work at Syracuse before he would listen to the calls, every month becoming more importunate, that he would go to a larger sphere of labor. At length he accepted the invitation of the Second Reformed Church of Philadelphia, and removed there in 1862. During the seven years that followed his popularity grew with astonishing rapidity, and the young Philadelphia

preacher became known throughout the country.

While here he was well known as an eloquent *lecturer* upon a variety of subjects, being always ready to give sound practical counsel on secular topics, especially to young men, in whom he has always taken a deep interest, and who have accepted him as a wise mentor. These lectures, however, were always secondary to his labors as a *pastor*. His vivid style, his affluence of illustration and of anecdote, his outspoken honesty in applying the truth to the consciences of rich and poor, gave him a position in Philadelphia, where he continued for seven years, second to none. His church was always crowded to the very doors, and the divine blessing largely rested upon his faithful proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus.

In 1869 Dr. Talmage unexpectedly received *calls from three churches*, each anxious to secure him as their minister—one from Chicago, a second from San Francisco, and a third from Brooklyn, N.Y. To be invited to leave his enviable position in Philadelphia by a mere handful of people at the Tabernacle at Brooklyn, to leave a certainty for an uncertainty, would have been a question which some would in an hour have answered in the negative. Not so, however, in the case before us. The Philadelphia pastor had to answer the old query, "Can these dry bones live?" Can a church and congregation so lamentably reduced be revived? There was a large, empty building, and around it there was a large population; so, after consideration and prayer, he decided to go to Brooklyn. As events have proved, the decision was a wise one. He went to Brooklyn in March, 1869, and began his work in a building which, although large, soon became too small for the crowd of people flocking from all parts to hear him. He was in the prime of life, of splendid elocutionary powers, and deeply, it sometimes seemed even terribly, in earnest.

In a short time he became so popular that every Sunday the church would be crowded in every part where even standing-room could be found half an hour before service, and numbers would be seen around the doors and in the street in the hope of gaining admission. His success was undoubted, and it was not long before his friends had resolved to erect a large tabernacle capable of seating at least three thousand persons.

This building was begun in 1870, and while it was in course of erection Dr. Talmage *visited Europe*.

He preached the opening sermon himself,

from the text, "*Compel them to come in.*" There seemed, however, afterward an inaptitude in the text, so far as the Tabernacle was concerned, for the people came in such numbers that they were *compelled to stay out*, and in 1872 additional accommodation had to be provided for about five hundred persons. A disaster was in store for the thriving church, however, of which no one ever dreamed.

On the morning of December 22nd, 1872, the Tabernacle was discovered to be in flames. On Dr. Talmage arriving as usual for the service, he found his people outside, watching the burning of their noble place of worship. Regrets, however natural, were useless, and as the pastor and his friends stood looking at the conflagration, he is said to have comforted them with these words: "Well, the building never was large enough! Now the people throughout the country will help us to build a more roomy structure." Prompt local sympathy was immediately extended, and several places of worship were offered to the pastor and his flock.

Plans were at once made for erecting the largest Protestant Church in America, Gothic in style, cathedral-like above, amphitheatre-like below—a massive structure of brick and stone, capable of seating five thousand persons, and with standing-room for one thousand more. This edifice was dedicated January 22nd, 1874. His audiences in this immense building correspond every Sabbath with its capacity, while hundreds are sometimes outside for whom there is not even standing-room within. Dr. Talmage himself often gains admission only by aid of the police. Before this vast throng he stands upon a platform without a desk, and without notes. Both his matter and manner are evidently his own, and both are made to produce wonderful effects upon his hearers. Sometimes the hush of death seems to pervade the house, while tears are visible upon every cheek, and anon the brightness of hope and the sparkle of joy light up every eye. As none know better than our readers, the great themes of the Gospel applied to the phases of every-day life form the staple of his preaching. These themes are always treated with freshness, beauty, and power, with wonderful versatility of talent, and with illustrative resources none but a defamer would caricature. He never ceases to cultivate the awakening and revival spirit, and hence the additions to the membership of his church are large and frequent. The original "nineteen" who signed his call have become three thousand two hundred and

seventy-one—an increase which certainly proves how God is using him for His glory and the good of the world; but even that large number, as we have before said, does not more than represent the throng who owe to the blessing of God on Dr. Talmage's labors their deliverance from the power of Satan. The services throughout are impressive, solemn, and enlivening to a degree rarely witnessed elsewhere, and no unbiassed hearer, we think, can depart from the Tabernacle without feeling that Dr. Talmage has an evangelistic mission of his own, and that he is thoroughly alive to his responsibility.

A writer in the New York *Metropolitan* after describing the crowded house and the hearty singing, said of his sermon: "Dr. Talmage starts out with a narration of incidents told in Scripture in connection with the text. His voice is conversational in tone—he talks just as he would if at a fireside, describing scenery visited in foreign travel. With his hands folded behind his back, he leisurely promenades his long platform, about which there is neither railing nor the usual pulpit frontage to intercept a full view from the audience. He has neither manuscript nor note of any kind. Walking up and down, facing now one, now another section of the house, his unaffected narrative proceeds. He passes from pleasing narrative into entertaining history. He throws upon an imaginary wall before us a map of ancient Jerusalem and the country surrounding, and, while pointing to the entertaining features of it, also discloses with marvellous clearness the characters of the personages involved in his theme. So exhaustive in research, so vivid in delineation are his views of the storied country and people, that Professor Analyzer concludes it is as a recounter of history that Dr. Talmage commands and delights his great audiences. . . . But before his analysis has been recorded, a curtain falls over dazzling hall, resplendent decorations, and art treasures, and in their stead is opened up a view of a mountain and a cross upon it, with the Son of God being offered a sacrifice for the sins of the world. The charming converser, historian, and artist has magically lured his audience on, enchained its fancy, spell-bound its attention, only to fit it for the transcendent glories of the divine scene he here presents. Now his thoughts glow, his words burn, and his gestures emphasize the ardor of his soul in the cause of salvation. On and on, from height to height of divine eulogy he leads his listeners, while they tearfully follow. Once more Professor Analyzer changes conclusions, and his

final one is that it is as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ that the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has attained the greatest renown of any Christian minister of the world of to-day."—*The Christian Herald*.

TRY IT.

COULD I write, with ink unfading,
One brief code for youths and men;
Could I show its all-pervading
Power in progress, I would pen,—
Try it.

Magic words these, born in heaven;
Down by thoughtful angels hurled;
Slighted, man to doom is driven;
Heeded, they give man the world:—
Try it.

Luck is Judgment wed to Labor;
Pluck, the handmaid of Success;
Toil to Truth should be a neighbor;
Honor brings her own redress:—
Try it.

Starry orbs yet call the student;
Earth's past age is still unread;
Nations seek the wise, the prudent;
Throongs and armies must be led;—
Try it.

How did Watt to steam give motion?
Locke, trace purposes of mind?
How Columbus cross the ocean?
How did Luther change mankind?—
They tried it.

How did Homer write his epic?
How did Scott compose his lays?
How did Mendelssohn, his music?
How did Shakespeare write his plays?—
They tried it.

Thus it was, will be forever:
If "To be" man has in view,
Man must live with firm endeavor
Well to think, then plan, then do;—
Try it.

—T. C. Judkins.

ADVICE TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

I AM constantly asked by aspirants for literary honors what is the surest way of securing the publication of a story. To this question I would reply: "First, have a story to tell; secondly, tell it interestingly; thirdly—and this is by no means the least important hint—write it legi-

bly." A reader for a publishing house is almost incapable of judging of some stories, owing to the careless manner in which they are committed to paper. A hastily prepared manuscript must have great intrinsic merit to be accepted, unless the author be well known. I have known manuscripts to be sent to publishers, written in lead pencil and with half the lines blurred beyond legibility. I have seen others written on immense foolscap sheets in a scrawling hand, all blotted and scratched and soiled. A reader would be something more than a saint who should sit down to read a manuscript of this sort with a predisposition in its favor. Then there are manuscripts which, while they are not blotted and soiled, are written in a very small hand, with the lines close together. These also are discouraging to read. But when a reader gets a manuscript written out on a type-writer, or carefully copied by hand, he approaches it with feelings of gratitude; and it is the fault of the story itself if he finds nothing good in it. Unfortunately, an idea has gained currency that it is "literary" to write a bad hand. I wish to deny this point-blank. It may have been so in old times, when it was "literary" to wear long hair and soiled linen; but the ablest literary men of this generation turn out manuscripts that it is a delight to read. Every letter is perfect, every *i* is dotted, every *t* is crossed.—*The Critic*.

THE DINGY SOD HOUSE OF DAKOTA.

I PASSED it far out on the prairie,
The house of necessity born;
No lines of its dinginess vary,
So sombre, so dark, so forlorn.
It is bounded by measureless acres;
Not a fence or a tree is in sight;
But, though plain as the dress of the Quakers,
It stands in the sun's broadest light.
The badger near by makes his burrow,
The gopher his hillock of soil,
And ploughs, with their mile-lengths of furrow,
Go round it with infinite toil.

A well-curb, a wash-bench, a woman,
With poultry and pigs, are outside;
The clothes-line is wondrously human
In look, and the vista—how wide!

You can go to the sunrise or "sundown"
In straight lines, the left or the right,
And leagues of long level are run down
Before you escape from its sight.

The roof is well thatched with coarse grasses;
 A stove-pipe peers out to the sky.
 'Tis a picture whose plainness surpasses
 All objects that challenge the eye.

Twisted hay serves its owner for fuel:
 He twists it at ease by the roar
 Of a hay fire, which parries the cruel,
 Harsh bite of the wind at the door.

Sometimes in an ocean of color
 (In summer 'tis yellow or green)
 It stands. In November a duller
 Broad carpet about it is seen.

In winter, while blasts from the prairie
 Bring "blizzards" that cease not to blow,
 'Tis as warm as an isle of Canary,
 Deep under the tempest and snow.

— *Joel Benton.*

SCRAPS OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

A CENTURY and a quarter ago there were only about 2,000,000 white people in America. The largest city was Philadelphia, which contained about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. There were slaves in all the colonies, those at the North being chiefly house servants. In accordance with the customs of the age, the laws were severe. Thus, in New England, at one time, there were twelve, and in Virginia seventeen, offences punishable by death. The affairs of private life were regulated by law in a manner that would not now be endured. At Hartford, for example, the ringing of the watchman's bell in the morning was the signal for every one to rise, and in Massachusetts a scold was sometimes gagged and placed near her door, while for other minor offences the stocks and pillory were used. Official positions were monopolized by a few leading families, and often descended from father to son. The catalogues of Harvard and Yale were long arranged according to the family rank of the students. Cloth weaving had been introduced, though most thrifty people dressed in homespun. It is said of Mrs. Washington that she kept sixteen spinning wheels running. In 1635, musket-bullets were made to pass in place of farthings, the law providing that not more than twelve should be given in one payment. Trade was generally by barter. The first printing press was set up at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639. Most of the books of that day were collections of sermons. The first permanent newspaper, the *Boston News Letter*, was published in 1704. The first

daily paper was commenced in 1792. The usual mode of travel was on foot or horseback. Conveyances were put on in 1766, which made the unprecedented time of two days from New York to Philadelphia. A post office system had been effected by the combination of the colonies. Benjamin Franklin was one of the early post-masters general. He made a grand tour of the country in his chaise, perfecting and maturing the plan. It took five months to make the rounds. A mail was started in 1672, between New York and Boston, by way of Hartford, the round trip being made monthly.

Farmers, mechanics, laborers, and working-men generally were clothed in red or green baize jackets, leather or striped ticking breeches, and a leather apron. On Sundays and holidays a white shirt took the place of the checked one; the stiff, hard leather breeches were greased and blacked, and the heavy cowhide shoes, home made, were set off by huge brass buckles. The colonial gentleman, however, was gay in his morning costume of silk or velvet cap and dressing-gown, and his evening attire of blue, green, or purple flowered silk or handsomely embroidered velvet, enriched with gold or silver lace, buttons, and knee buckles.

The New England people were strict in morals. Card playing and gambling were prohibited. No man was allowed to keep tavern who did not bear an excellent character and possess property. By order of the colony of Connecticut, no person under twenty years of age could use any tobacco without a physician's order, and no one was allowed to use it oftener than once a day, and then not within ten miles of any house. Articles of dress were limited or regulated by law. No person whose estate did not exceed £200 could wear "gold or silver lace, or any lace above 2s. per yard."

In the early Plymouth days every house opened on Sunday morning at the tap of the drum. The men and the women, the former armed to the teeth, assembled in front of the captain's house. Three abreast, they marched to the meeting house, where every man set down his musket within easy reach. The old men, the young men, and the young women each had their separate place. The boys were perched on the pulpit stair or in the galleries, and were kept in order by a constable. The sermon was often three or four hours long, and at the end of each hour the sexton turned the hour-glass which stood upon the desk. Woe to the youngster whose eyelids drooped in slumber! After dismissal the people returned home in as orderly a way as they came.

In New York, during the Dutch period, it was customary for the schoolmaster, in order to increase his earnings, to ring the church bell, dig graves, and act as chorister and town clerk.
—*Selected.*

BOOK OF LIFE.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute
will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Or check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadows flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

—*Exchange.*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

THE love of money, as mere money, and the wish to get it for its own sake, is wrong, because it is selfish. The wish for money as a means to an end—as a means of getting learning, buying books, pictures, and other good and beautiful things, and as a means of making others happy—is both proper and commendable. You should want money because it helps you to be worthy of refined and cultivated people, because it is an aid toward the formation of a sweet and

noble character. There may be good and charming people near you, but what avail is it if you have no money to buy books that you may inform yourself and make yourself fit for such society?

A certain person once said, "The world owes me a living." Here is a proverb which sounds very wise. It is really only the saying of a foolish and dishonest person. The world does not owe you a living. It is you who are in debt to the world. You go out upon the road, you cross the bridge, you are safe in the street from many dangers that were once common. You go to libraries, churches, art galleries, and public buildings. What did you contribute to all these things? Nothing. Thousands of men, and women too, toiled to make these things years before you were born. Thousands of people are working to day to maintain these things. If the world owes you a living, who is to pay it to you? You see people all about you with money. They will not give it to you, and if you take it you will find yourself in prison. Only those who earn can have. Occasionally a man has what is not his, as when he gambles in Wall Street, but there is a fatal character about all money a man does not earn. It has wings, and some day they spread and you are left desolate, and then it is you will find that the world will quietly let you starve in the street, because it owes you nothing you have not earned.

These two things are important and should be remembered. It is right and proper to want to make money, but money that is not earned will never bring any good thing, will never bring any satisfaction.

We will suppose you have nothing save a wish to do something, a roof over your head, and a fair suit of clothes. Of course, if you have not even these you must sell your labor anywhere you can and for what you can get till you earn enough to hire a shelter from the weather and to buy some clothing of some kind. We will suppose you are better off than this; that you have, at least for the present, a home and friends who will see that you do not suffer for food or run any risks of losing your health because you are not properly clad. You have not to think of these things this very day, though it is highly important that you get money as soon as possible, lest you suffer the shame and humiliation of being dependent on others. We must suppose one thing more. You must have good health. If you do not have it, everything must be sacrificed to getting it. How and why you lost your health does not concern us now. It is purely a personal matter. The thing to do

is, first of all, to get well, and we will talk about earning money afterward.

You are well and strong, not in immediate want, and wish to earn money. Good. What do you need first? Capital. You have it already. It is in two forms—time and your physical and mental labor. With these two you can conquer the world and win a fortune. First, of time. There are twenty-four hours in your day as well as mine. You cannot say you have no time. You have the whole of the solar day. You have twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight. We begin at midnight. You are, of course, asleep. You must have seven hours' sleep, and if you retired at ten o'clock, you have five hours left. Every hour you sleep beyond five o'clock is simply a waste of capital. You can dress by six, have breakfast, and the thirty minutes' rest after breakfast all over by seven, and your work can begin. You eat certain food at breakfast. That food, when digested, will give you capital in the way of bodily or mental power for five or six hours. Again you have capital. If you waste your capital by eating the wrong food or idling away your time, that is your affair, not mine.

We will suppose you do not waste your capital, that you rise early, eat proper food, take time to digest it, and are ready to work at seven o'clock sharp. What will you do? Ah! There's the question! What can you do? What *can* you do?

The answer seems almost amusing, as if the matter, instead of being a pretty grim reality, were only a rare joke. What can you do? You must do just what you like. There is the one great secret. What do you like to do? Find this out and do it.—*Charles Barnard.*

UNREST.

HERE in the years wherein I stand
I gaze across the fallow land;
Across the conquest and its cost;
Beyond the sought-for and the lost;
And look into thine eyes of joy—
Thou brown-faced, tunked country boy!

Just thou and thine, with naught between,
Make up that sweetest olden scene
O tender scene and sight and sound!—
The farm-house with its lilacs round;
The poppy bed; the locust-trees;
The stillicidic hum of bees.

The well, with sturdy oaken sweep;
The morning-glories, half asleep;

The swallows, gossiping: the croon
Of doves about the barn; the noon
When kine, breast-deep, stand in the
stream;
And thy world pauses in a dream!

Beyond, the uplands; then, the hills,
Where, interlacing, creep the rills;
Here, forests, sentinels of peace;
There, fields with opulent increase;
Below, the valley, stretching far
And dim to the horizon's bar.

My brown-faced lad, I look again
From out the lairs and lives of men.
I see the longing in thy face
To grow beyond the commonplace;
I know the hurts that 'tween us lie,
And pity thee! For thou wert—I.

—*Edgar L. Wakeman.*

THE VALUE OF BIOGRAPHIES.

BIOGRAPHIES of great, and especially of good, men are most instructive and useful as helps, guides, and incentives to others. Some of the best are almost equivalent to gospels—teaching high living, high thinking, and energetic action for their own and the world's good. The valuable examples which they furnish of the power of self-helps, of patient purpose, resolute working and steadfast integrity, issuing in the formation of truly noble and manly character, exhibit, in language not to be misunderstood, what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself; and eloquently illustrate the efficacy of self-respect and self-reliance in enabling men of even the humblest rank to work out for themselves an honorable competency and solid reputation.—*Samuel Smiles.*

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A ROY is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into pen-knife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance springs for watches \$250,000. Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material!

But the iron has to go through a great deal of

hammering and beating, and rolling and pounding, and polishing; and if you are to become useful and educated men you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horse-shoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horse-shoes or watch-springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

Don't think that I would have you settle down to real hard study all the time without any intervals of fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to have you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Christian at Work.*

THE SHOEMAKER AND BANKER.

ONCE there was a cobbler who sang from morning to night. He was very poor but very happy. His neighbor was a banker. The banker had plenty of money. He did not sing, because he was not happy. The singing of the cobbler always woke the banker in the morning. The banker wished to make the cobbler stop singing. He sent for him to come to his house. He gave the cobbler a large sum of money in gold. The cobbler took the money home. He could not sleep at night, because he was afraid some one would come and steal his money. He grew sad and silent. He could not sing any more. The banker was glad. At last the cobbler took the money and ran to the banker's house. He handed him the money and said, "Take back your gold and return me my songs and my sleep." The story shows that money does not always make people happy.



THE LAST SWEET THING IN GLOVES.

The Children's Hour.

No. 72.—FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

1. WHAT is that which you have, and everybody else has at the same time?
2. What is that which never asks a question yet requires many answers?
3. What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and always grows with its roots upward?
5. My first is an important portion of the human body, my second a collection of water, my whole an English city.

No. 73.—THE BASKET AND STONES.

If a hundred stones be placed in a straight line, at the distance of a yard from each other, the first being at the same distance from a basket, how many yards must the person walk who engages to pick them up, one by one, and put them into the basket? It is evident that, to pick up the first stone, and put it into the basket, the person must walk two yards; for the second, he must walk four; for the third, six; and so on increasing by two, to the hundredth.

No. 74.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. How does a goose resemble a cow's tail?
Both grow down.
2. What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? Two pigs.
3. What most closely resembles a half moon?
The other half.
4. Why is a cautious, prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him from going too far.
5. Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp? Because both need a little licking to make them stick to their letters.
6. What is that which, though always invisible, is never out of sight? The letter I.
7. What can pass before the sun without making a shadow? The wind.
8. When do two and two make more than four? When they make twenty-two.
9. If three feet make a yard, how many make a garden?
10. What word is that which, if you add a syllable, it will be shorter? Short.

No. 75.—CHARADES.

ACTING *charades* is a very popular amusement. Most persons know how charades are got up—old clothes, hats, shawls, etc., serving for costumes. A word of two or more syllables is acted, either in pantomime or by dialogue, each syllable forming a scene. The players choose a word or sentence, each part of which should have a separate meaning, and, when they have played it out, the audience guess its interpretation. We subjoin a list of suitable words:—

Ad(d)-dress.	Night in gale.
Ant-elope.	Novel-ties.
Band-box.	Pen-man-ship.
Bank-quet (wet).	Penny-weight.
Bride-cake.	Quarrel-some.
Cab-i-net.	Reform-a-tory.
Court-ship.	Safe-guard.
Cross-patch.	Sweet-heart.
Dog-matic.	Tell-tale.
Fare-well.	Up-shot.
Father-in-law.	Waist-coat.
Game-keeper.	Walking-stick.
Hard-ware.	War-den.
In(n)-different.	Watch-man.
Mis(s)-under-stood.	Wheel-bar-row.

No. 76.—FOR BOYS, IN MULTIPLICATION.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I chanced to meet nine old wives;
Each wife had nine sacks,
Each sack had nine cats,
Each cat had nine kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
Tell me how many were going to St. Ives.

No. 77.—A BRAIN CRACKER.

A BROKER sold some stock for \$50, and bought it back for \$40, thereby making \$10 profit. He now sold it again for \$45. How much did he make altogether?

No. 78.—DECAPITATION PUZZLE.

I AM a word of one syllable, being one of the principal necessities of life. Behold me and I am indispensable to all life. Behold me again and I am indispensable to animal life.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

CLASS DRILL IN GEOGRAPHY.

THE UNITED STATES.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 283.)

State of Pennsylvania.

The capital is Harrisburg.

There are 67 counties

The population of the State is 4,300,000.

The area is 55,000 square miles.

Its greatest length from east to west is 302 miles, and its greatest breadth 175 miles.

The surface is exceedingly varied, chiefly level or slightly undulating in the southeast, hilly and mountainous in the interior, and generally rolling or broken in the west.

Nearly one-fourth of the State is wooded, and a very large amount of lumber is manufactured.

The soil of the valleys and plains is generally fertile.

The State excels in dairy and market-garden produce.

The tobacco crop is exceeded only by that of Kentucky and Virginia.

Its beds of coal and iron ore, and its great oil basin, are sources of immense wealth.

Salt springs abound, also natural gas wells.

The State is rich in minerals, slate, and building stone of many kinds.

The south-eastern corner of the State is rich in limestone and marble.

In manufactures Pennsylvania is second only to New York.

The leading exports are grain, provisions, petroleum, tobacco, oil-cake, lumber, machinery and coal.

Ship-building, particularly in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, constitutes an important interest.

Pennsylvania has a very extensive and complete system of railroads and canals.

Philadelphia, the metropolis of the State, and the second city in the Union, has a population of 850,000.

Erie and Pittsburg are also commercial centres.

Pittsburg, Alleghany, Harrisburg, Reading and Scranton are the chief seats of the iron manufactures.

FARM ARITHMETIC.

BY SEYMOUR EATON.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 280.)

61. WHAT should a farm hand receive for splitting 23,250 rails at \$7.50 a thousand.

62. Pickets three inches wide are placed two inches apart in building a fence around a square ten-acre field. How many pickets are required?

63. A farmer has two ten-acre fields. One is 80 rods long and the other 100 rods long. How many more yards of wire fence will be required for one than the other, the fence to be five wires high?

64. A reaper followed by five binders cut 50 acres of wheat in $6\frac{1}{2}$ days. The owner of the reaper charged 60 cents per acre, and the binders received \$1.35 a day. How much did the entire wages amount to?

65. A farmer bought a horse for \$125 cash. He traded it for a yoke of oxen and gave \$12 into the bargain. One of the oxen died, and he sold the other for \$73. How much did he lose on the entire transaction?

66. A boy lives with a farmer for three years upon condition that he receives \$1 the first month, \$1.75 the second, \$2.50 the third, and so on until the end of his time. How much will his three years amount to?

67. Find the cost of three loads of hay weighing respectively 2,946 lbs., 3,212 lbs., and 2,132 lbs., at \$25 a ton.

68. How many seven-acre fields in a square farm each side of which is 280 rods?

69. How many cords of wood in a pile 48 feet long, 14 feet high, and 10 feet 6 inches wide?

70. A fruit farmer has 316 peach trees. Each tree produces on an average seven baskets, and he sells the baskets wholesale at \$6.15 a dozen. The baskets cost him 6 cents each, and he pays 25 cents per tree for picking. Find his gain on the entire peach orchard.

71. Find the cost of threshing 546 bushels of wheat at $1\frac{1}{4}$ cents a bushel.

72. If April 13th was Sunday, how many

working days were there between that date and October 9th?

73. Find the cost of 18 hogs at \$19.75 each.
74. A man bought 123 head of cattle at \$27.50 a head. He paid \$11.35 a head for fattening, and then sold the entire herd for \$6,150. How much did he gain or lose?

75. A binder received \$151.25 by working a certain number of days. If he had worked 11 days more he would have earned \$165. Find his daily wages.

76. A ton of coal lasts a family 14 days. If coal is worth \$6.25 a ton, what will their coal cost from October 1, 1885, until March 31, 1886, inclusive?

77. If an acre of land is worth \$18.40, what is the value of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a lot containing $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres?

78. A farmer mixes 24 bushels of oats worth 35 cents with 26 bushels of barley worth 60 cents. What is a bushel of the mixture worth?

79. A farmer's horses, cattle, and sheep together number 192. He has three times as many cattle as horses, and four times as many sheep as cattle. How many of each has he?

80. If 1,000 laths cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds of lath nails nail them on, what will it cost to lath the walls and ceilings of a church 48 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 18 feet high, at \$2 a thousand for laths, 6 cents a pound for nails, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a yard for labor?

Answers.—61. \$174.37 $\frac{1}{2}$. 62. 63,360 pickets. 63. 880 yards. 64. \$73.87 $\frac{1}{2}$. 65. \$64. 66. \$508.50. 67. \$103.62 $\frac{1}{2}$. 68. 70 fields. 69. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ cords. 70. \$921.93. 71. \$11.82 $\frac{1}{2}$. 72. 153 days. 73. \$355.50. 74. \$1,371.45 gain. 75. \$1.25. 76. \$81.25. 77. \$34.50. 78. 48c. 79. 12 horses, 30 cattle, 144 sheep. 80. \$38.54.

PROBLEMS IN MENSURATION.

1. FIND to six decimal places the diagonal of a square whose side is one foot.
2. If a street 5 miles long contains $30\frac{1}{2}$ acres, what is its width?
3. How many bricks 9 inches long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide will be required to pave a space 18 feet long by $12\frac{3}{4}$ feet wide?
4. The area of a trapezoid is $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and the sum of the parallel sides 10 chains. What is the altitude?
5. A prism is 8 feet in length, in breadth, and in height. What is its whole surface?
6. What is the whole surface of a cube whose side is 3 feet?
7. How many cubic yards of earth must be

taken out in digging a well 5 feet in diameter and 40 feet deep?

8. The perimeter of an isosceles triangle is 153 yards, and each of the equal sides is five-eighths of the third side. What is the area?

9. Find the side of a cube that contains 32,768,000 cubic rods.

10. What length must be cut from the narrow end of a board to contain 1 square foot, the length of the board being 6 feet, and its width 12 inches at one end and 8 inches at the other?

Answers.—1. 1.414213 feet. 2. 50 feet. 3. 816 bricks. 4. 5 chains. 5. 486 square feet. 6. 54 square feet. 7. 20.08 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic yards. 8. 867 square yards. 9. 1 mile. 10. 16.936+inches.

GRADED EXERCISES IN FALSE SYNTAX.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 281.)

INAPPROPRIATE WORDS.

551. THE above statement is correct.
552. I am just going to go.
553. I appreciate him highly.
554. Her death is hourly anticipated.
555. That was a very nice apple
556. I don't know whether he is there or no.
557. He was interrogated relative to that circumstance.
558. What course shall you adopt to get your pay?
559. He was with me during the balance of the evening.
560. He is pretty sick, but not dangerous.
561. The individual I saw had an old coat on.
562. Leave it alone.
563. I am mad at him for doing so.
564. The box is not overly large.
565. He is not the kind of party I like.
566. In what portion of the country do you live?
567. I am not well enough posted on that subject.
568. Where did you procure it?
569. Did you settle the hotel-bill?
570. I have been here for upward of a year.

SUPERFLUOUS WORDS.

571. I do not wish for any at all.
572. Don't do it any more again.
573. Where have they been to?
574. They both met in the street.
575. He continued to read on.
576. They have a mutual liking for each other.
577. Give me a yard off of this piece of calico.

578. I shall soon have it finally completed.
 579. This is the universal opinion of all men.
 580. I saw no one at all.
581. They both remember each other very much.
 582. Have you got any news from home?
 583. It is all right, in so far as that is concerned.
 584. The apple fell off of the tree.
 585. He knows more about it than you think for.
 586. He is universally esteemed by all who know him.
 587. They have no other object but to come.
 588. Iron sinks down in water.
 589. He combined together all the facts.
 590. They returned back again to the same city from whence they came forth.
591. I can do it equally as well as he.
 592. They will soon have an entire monopoly of the whole trade of the country.
 593. We could not forbear from doing it.
 594. Before I go, I must first be paid.
 595. He is not at home, I don't think.
 596. We were compelled to return back.
 597. His conduct was approved of by every one.
 598. They conversed together for a long time.
 599. The balloon rose up very rapidly.
 600. Give me another one.
601. He came in last of all.
 602. She is a poor widow woman.
 603. They had not hardly a minute to spare.
 604. He does not like too much coaxing.
 605. They called in for to have a talk.
 606. By what road did you come by?
 607. Where are you going to?
 608. He took the poker from out of the fire.
 609. Where has John been to?
 610. This is the subject of which I intended to write about.
611. You don't seem to like anything that I do.
 612. I can't find one of my books.
 613. I believe he likes her as well as Mary.
 614. I met the boatman who took me across the ferry.
 615. His conduct surprised his English friends who had not known him long.
 616. The wind blew down the wall; it was very high.
 617. Persons are prohibited from riding or driving cattle on the footpath.
 618. If the lad should leave his father he would die.
619. He was overjoyed to see him, and he sent for one of his workmen, and told him to consider himself at his service.
 620. Study had more attractions for him than his friend.

ARRANGEMENT.

621. The boy has a new pair of boots.
 622. Yours is a larger plot of ground than John's.
 623. He not only gave me advice but also help.
 624. The evidence proves how kind to his inferiors he is.
 625. He knew not what to most admire.
 626. A man should not keep a horse that cannot ride.
 627. I only ate one apple.
 628. A dog was found in the street that wore a brass collar.
 629. A large number of seats were occupied by pupils that had no backs.
 630. Crusoe was surprised at seeing five canoes on the shore in which there were savages.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES FOR PRIMARY PUPILS.

(Continued from Vol. 111., page 255.)

EXERCISE 31.

1. NAME four kinds of cake.
2. Which part of a river is called its mouth?
3. How many days in this month?
4. How many 25's are there in 250?
5. Write the proper names for Harry, Kate, and Jack.

EXERCISE 32.

1. Correct: He bought a *tin* of *col*.
2. Write *XLI* in figures.
3. What kind of nuts grow on oak trees?
4. What does a *dentist* do?
5. Make a sentence out of these words: *Hands, shut, one, and, close, eye, both.*

EXERCISE 33.

1. How many more months in this year?
2. What is frozen water called?
3. Name the Spring months?
4. What is money made of?
5. How many whole apples will it take to give 8 boys a quarter of an apple each?

EXERCISE 34.

1. Make *pity, die, and lie* end in *ing*.
2. Which day has the longest name?
3. How many hours in a week?

4. Correct: *Too* boys and three girls.
5. How many marbles will it take to give 7 boys 11 each?

EXERCISE 35.

1. Write your name and address.
2. What is a *cemetery*?
3. Name five things used in sewing.
4. Are the days longer in summer or winter?
5. Which costs more, a pound of tea, or a pound of sugar?

EXERCISE 36.

1. In what year were you born?
2. What does *Co.* stand for?
3. What does a *carpenter* do?
4. Which is the fifth day of the week?
5. What letters are not sounded in *honest*, *know*, and *wring*?

EXERCISE 37.

1. Name six things you buy in a grocery.
2. What are sheep good for?
3. What is flannel made from?
4. What does U.S. stand for?
5. How many minutes from 15 minutes past 9 o'clock until 12 noon?

EXERCISE 38.

1. How many ten-cent pieces in six dollars?
2. What farm animals have split hoofs?
3. Correct: He said *i done* it.
4. Write from memory any verse.
5. What relation to you is your mother's sister's father?

CLASSES OF WORDS.

WITH respect to their origin, words are divided into two classes—primitive words and derivative words.

A **primitive** word, or root, is one that cannot be reduced to a more simple form in the language to which it is native, as *man*, *good*, *run*.

A **derivative** word is one made up of a root and one or more prefixes or suffixes, as *manly*, *goodness*, *runner*.

With respect to their composition, words are divided into two classes—simple and compound words.

A **simple** word consists of a single significant term, as *school*, *master*, *rain*, *bow*.

A **compound** word is one made up of two or more simple words united, as *school-master*, *rainbow*.

A **prefix** is a significant syllable or word placed before and joined with a word to modify its meaning, as *unsafe* = *not safe*; *remove* = *move back*; *circumnavigate* = *sail around*.

A **suffix** is a significant syllable or syllables placed after and joined with a word to modify its meaning, as *safely* = *in a safe manner*; *moveable* = *that may be moved*; *navigation* = *act of sailing*

EXERCISE.

Tell whether the following words are primitive or derivative, and also whether simple or compound:—

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Grace. | 21. Fire. | 41. Coachman. |
| 2. Sign. | 22. Watch-key. | 42. Warm. |
| 3. Design. | 23. Give. | 43. Sign-post. |
| 4. Midshipman. | 24. Forget. | 44. Greenish. |
| 5. Wash. | 25. Iron. | 45. Friend. |
| 6. Sea. | 26. Hardihood. | 46. Friendly. |
| 7. Workman. | 27. Young. | 47. Reform. |
| 8. Love. | 28. Right. | 48. Whalebone. |
| 9. Lovely. | 29. Ploughman. | 49. Quiet. |
| 10. White. | 30. Day-star. | 50. Quietude. |
| 11. Childhood. | 31. Large. | 51. Gardener. |
| 12. Kingdom. | 32. Truthful. | 52. Form. |
| 13. Rub. | 33. Manliness. | 53. Formal. |
| 14. Music. | 34. Milkmaid. | 54. Classmate. |
| 15. Musician. | 35. Gentleman. | 55. Trust. |
| 16. Music-teacher. | 36. Sailor. | 56. Trustworthy. |
| 17. Footstep. | 37. Steamboat. | 57. Penknife. |
| 18. Glad. | 38. Wooden. | 58. Brightness. |
| 19. Redness. | 39. Rich. | 59. Grammarian. |
| 20. School. | 40. Hilly. | 60. Unfetter. |

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.

UNITED STATES.

1. WHAT three ex-Presidents died on the 4th of July?
2. After whom ought this continent have been named?
3. When was the Mississippi River the western boundary of the United States?
4. What territory has the United States acquired
 - (1) By purchase?
 - (2) By conquest?
 - (3) By annexation?
5. What Vice-Presidents were afterwards elected Presidents?
6. What do the names New York, New England, New Hampshire, Georgia, and Carolina, indicate?
7. Why were Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, and Hudson River so named?
8. What Presidents died in office?
9. What father and son were Presidents?

10. Give some familiar names that have been applied to American statesmen.

11. Who drafted the Declaration of Independence?

12. How many Presidents have served two terms?

13. Name the States that have been named from their principal rivers.

14. What object did Penn have in founding a colony in the new world?

15. Name some unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency.

16. Why is this country English rather than French?

17. For how many years was New York the capital of the United States?

18. Why was "Stonewall" Jackson so called?

19. Who was the inventor of the cotton-gin?

20. Name the Presidents who were assassinated.

EXERCISES IN GEOMETRY.

(Continued from Vol. III., Page 184.)

41. The perpendiculars dropped from the middle point of two sides of a triangle to the third side are equal.

42. The lines which join the middle points of the sides of a triangle divide the triangle into four equal triangles.

43. If lines are drawn through the middle points of the sides of a square, taken in order, what kind of a figure will they enclose? Prove.

44. The lines which join the middle points of the sides of any quadrilateral, taken in order, enclose a parallelogram, and the perimeter of the parallelogram is equal to the sum of the diagonals of the quadrilateral.

45. The lines drawn through two opposite vertices of a parallelogram, to the middle points of the opposite sides, divide one of the diagonals into three equal parts.

46. The middle point of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equidistant from the three vertices.

47. If the diagonals of a parallelogram are equal, the figure is a rectangle.

48. If the diagonals of a parallelogram are perpendicular to each other, the figure is either a rhombus or a square.

49. The bisectors of the angles of a rhomboid enclose a triangle.

50. In any quadrilateral the lines joining the middle points of the opposite sides mutually bisect each other.

EASY EXERCISES IN FACTORING.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 286.)

$$153. x^3 + 64y^3.$$

$$154. 125c^3 - 1.$$

$$155. a^3b^3c^3 - 1.$$

$$156. 8a^3b^3 + 125x^3.$$

$$157. 64x^6 + 125y^3.$$

$$158. a^3 + 343b^3.$$

$$159. p^3q^3 - 27x^3.$$

$$160. 27 - 1000x^3.$$

$$161. a^3 + 27b^3.$$

$$162. 216x^3 - 343.$$

$$163. x^3y^3 - 216z^3.$$

$$164. 8x^3 - z^6.$$

$$165. a^3 + 729b^3.$$

$$166. z^3 - 64y^6.$$

$$167. 27x^3 - 64y^3.$$

$$168. 216x^6 - b^3.$$

$$169. x^3y^3 - 512.$$

$$170. a^2 - y^2 - 2yz - z^2.$$

$$171. x^6 - 4096.$$

$$172. 6x^2 - x - 77.$$

$$173. 2mn + 2xy + m^2 + n^2 - x^2 - y^2.$$

$$174. 33x^2 - 16x - 65.$$

$$175. m^3x + m^3y - n^3x - n^3y.$$

$$176. 4 + 4x + 2ay + x^2 - a^2 - y^2.$$

$$177. x^2 - 10x - 119.$$

$$178. x^2 - a^2 + y^2 - 2xy.$$

$$179. c^5d^3 - c^2 - a^2c^3d^3 + a^2.$$

$$180. x^2 - 6x - 247.$$

$$181. ax^2 - bcy + aulc - bd.$$

$$182. 500x^2y - 20y^3.$$

$$183. a^6 - 8a^2b^3.$$

$$184. 5x^4 - 15x^3 + 90x^2.$$

$$185. 1 - (m^2 + n^2) + 2mn.$$

$$186. (a + b)^4 - 1.$$

$$187. a^4 - (b + c)^4.$$

$$188. 250(a - b)^3 + 2.$$

$$189. 8(x + y)^3 - (2x - y)^3.$$

$$190. a^2 - 9b^2 + a + 3b.$$

THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY.

The following are examples of words which have been taken from sources other than Anglo-Saxon, Latin, French-Latin, and Greek:

Hebrew.—Amen, cherub, jubilee, leviathan, Sabbath.

Arabic.—Admiral, alcohol, algebra, assassin, camphor, caravan, chemistry, cipher, coffee, lemon, magazine.

Persian.—Azure, bazaar, chess, cimeter, de-
vise, orange, paradise, turban.

Hindustani.—Calico, jungle, punch, sham-
poo, toddy.

Chinese.—Nankeen, tea.

American Indian.—Maize, moccasin, pem-
mican, potato, tobacco, tomahawk, tomato,
wigwam.

Celtic.—Barrow, basket, cart, darn, kiln,
kilt, mop, plaid, wire.

Scandinavian.—Dale, ford, gate.

Dutch.—Block, boom, bowsprit, reef, sloop,
skates.

Italian.—Canto, cupola, grotto, lava, opera,
piano, regatta, soprano, vista.

Spanish.—Cargo, cigar, desperado, flotilla,
mosquito, mulatto, sherry.

Portuguese.—Caste, commodore, mandarin.

**HEADS OF THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS OF THE
WORLD.**

Argentine Republic—Julio A. Roca, *President*

Austria-Hungary—Franz Joseph I., *Emperor*.

Belgium—Leopold II., *King*.

Bolivia—G. Pacheco, *President*.

Brazil—Pedro II., *Emperor*.

Chili—Domingo Santa-Maria, *President*.

China—Kwang Su, *Emperor*.

Colombia—E. Nuñez, *President*.

Corea—Li Fin, *King*.

Costa Rica—Bernardo Soto, *President*.

Denmark—Christian IX., *King*.

Ecuador—J. M. P. Caamano, *President*.

France—Jules Grévy, *President*.

Germany—Wilhelm I., *Emperor*.

Great Britain—Victoria I., *Queen*.

Greece—Georgios I., *King*.

Guatemala—M. L. Barillas, *President*.

Haiti—General Salomon, *President*.

Hawaiian Islands—Kalakaua I., *King*.

Honduras—Luis Bogran, *President*.

Italy—Hubert I., *King*.

Japan—Mutsu Hito, *Mikado*.

Mexico—Porfirio Diaz, *President*.

Morocco—Muley Hassan, *Sultan*.

Netherlands—William III., *King*.

Nicaragua—Adam Cardenas, *President*.

Paraguay—General B. Caballero, *President*.

Persia—Nassr-ed-Din, *Shah*.

Peru—General Caceres, *President*.

Portugal—Luis I., *King*.

Roumania—Karl I., *King*.

Russia—Alexander III., *Emperor*.

Servia—Milan Obrenovic, *King*.

Siam—Khulalonkory, *King*.

Sweden and Norway—Oscar II., *King*.

Switzerland—Dr. A. Deucher, *President*.

Turkey—Abdul-Hamid II., *Sultan*.

United States—Grover Cleveland, *President*.

Uruguay—Maximo Santos, *President*.

Venezuela—Joaquin Crespo, *President*.

SCHOOL QUESTIONS FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 285.)

91. NAME three noted artists who are not
living at present.

92. Name the five youngest nations in the
world.

93. Name three trials remarkable in history.

94. Name two orators, two poets, and two
historians of ancient times.

95. Name three kings of England who died
from injuries received in battle.

96. Where is the Congo State?

97. Distinguish between *fate* and *fête*, *mantel*
and *mantle*, *skull* and *scull*.

98. Name four noted American lecturers.

99. What is (1) a beagle, (2) a falcon, (3) a
gazelle, (4) a dolphin, (5) a vicar, (6) an ibis.

100. Give the names of three drugs used to
deaden pain.

101. Name an English poet who committed
suicide, and one who attempted suicide but
failed of carrying out his intention.

102. What will it cost (postage) to mail three
letters weighing respectively $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., $\frac{3}{4}$ oz., and
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; two books weighing 7 oz., and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.;
one parcel weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and a bundle of
papers weighing 5 oz?

103. Name the authors of the following
poems:—

(1) The Hermit.

(2) Marmion.

(3) The Sofa.

(4) The Hind and the Panther.

(5) The Prisoner of Chillon.

104. Name the colors of the rainbow.

105. The services of what classes of trades-
men are required in building a good brick
house?

106. What material is used to make—

(1) Print?

(2) Muslin?

(3) Satin?

(4) Flannel?

107. What is the difference in standard time between Boston and St. Paul?

108. Name a *line* of steamers connecting America and England.

109. Distinguish between *wholesale* and *retail* trade.

110. What is meant by—

- (1) Confederation?
- (2) Consolidation?
- (3) Amalgamation?

EXAMINATION EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC FOR ADVANCED CLASSES.

1. A HARE has 100 yards the start of a hound; the hare runs $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards in $\frac{1}{4}$ of the time that the hound takes to run 12. How many yards will the hound run to catch the hare?

2. A publisher sells to the trade 40 copies of a book at the retail price of 24 copies. What does he receive for a book at wholesale which retails at \$1.50?

3. A room is 20 feet square and 20 feet high. If each side of the floor were 10 feet longer, how much greater would the entire surface of the room be?

4. A merchant hires money at 7% for a year, and buys grain at 80 cents a bushel; he sells it immediately at \$1.15 per bushel for cash. What % does he make if money is worth 6% a year?

5. Two trains pass each other in $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds when moving in opposite directions; when moving in the same direction the faster train passes the other in 6 seconds. What is the speed of each if their respective lengths are 300 feet and 500 feet?

6. John bought pears at $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents each, and twice as many at $1\frac{1}{4}$ cents each, and sold them all at $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents each. How many pears did he buy, if his profit was \$0.25?

7. An express train is running at the rate of 40 miles an hour. How long will it be in overtaking a mail train which is 40 miles ahead and running at the rate of $30\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour?

8. If a piece of cloth shrinks 5% in length and width in sponging, how many yards in length, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide, should be purchased to make a suit which requires 10 square yards?

9. My commission for selling is 5%, and for buying with the net proceeds it is 3%. What is the amount of my sales if my total commission is \$750?

10. A can do a piece of work in 10 hours, B in 5 hours, and C in 4 hours. A works till it

is finished, B stops $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and C $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours before it is completed. In what time was the whole work done?

11. A and B have equal sums of money; A loses $\frac{1}{3}$ of his money, and B gains \$100; B then has three times as much as A. How much did each have at first?

12. If a certain number be increased by 50% of itself, and the sum thus obtained be increased by its $\frac{1}{3}$ and 4, the result will be double the original number. What is the number?

13. A, B, C and D purchase a house for \$9,000. If A, B and C give all their money toward paying for it, D must give \$1,500; if B, C and D give all theirs, A must give \$200; if C, D and A give all theirs, B must give \$700; and if A, B and D give all theirs, C must give \$1,200. How much money has each?

14. How many pounds of coffee at 25 cents a pound must be mixed with 40 pounds of 30 cent coffee so that the mixture may be worth 28 cents a pound?

15. Mixed 30 bushels of wheat at \$1.25 with 60 bushels at \$1.15 and 75 bushels at \$1.10. How many bushels at \$1.30 must I add so that the mixture shall be worth \$1.20 per bushel?

16. What is the difference in 10 years between monthly payments of \$10 each, and annual payments of \$120, compounded at 6%?

17. A merchant takes from his business each year \$1,000; each year his capital is increased by $\frac{1}{3}$ of the remainder; at the end of 3 years his capital has doubled. What had he at first?

18. A merchant gains a sum equal to $\frac{1}{3}$ of his capital; the half of his gain multiplied by $\frac{1}{2}$ of his increased capital equals 4 times his gain. How much had he at first?

19. Three men work upon separate days at \$2, \$3, and \$4 per day, respectively, 52 days in all, and earn equal sums of money. What number of days did each man work?

20. If stock bought at 10% discount pays 5% on the investment, what % will it pay if it is purchased at 30% premium?

21. A carriage was sold for \$80; if it had been sold for \$100, the gain would have been $\frac{1}{4}$ of the loss at the former price. What was the original cost of the carriage?

22. A merchant receives 70 barrels of sugar which cost him \$40 each; he sells the sugar at 12 cents per lb., and thus gains 16%. What was the entire weight of the sugar?

23. I sold some cloth at a loss of 3%, and an equal amount of cloth at a profit of 5%; the

difference in the amount of the sales is \$32. What is the total amount of the sales, if the first cloth cost $\frac{1}{3}$ as much as the second?

24. Bought apples at the rate of 10 for 14 cents, and sold them at the rate of 28 for 40 cents, thus gaining \$3.25. How many did I sell?

25. A clock which loses 10 seconds an hour is set to the correct time at 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ a.m. What will be the correct time when the hands are next together?

Answers.— 1. 6 0 yds. 2. 90c. 3. 75%, or 1,800 sq. ft. 4. 45¢. 5. 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ ft., and 200 ft. per sec. 6. 54 pears. 7. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. 8. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 9. \$9,056.25. 10. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. 11. \$160 each. 12. 2¢. 13. A, \$2,000; B, \$2,500; C, \$3,000; D, \$3,300. 14. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 15. 90 bush. 16. \$57.13 + 17. \$14,900. 18. \$21. 19. 24 days; 16 days; 12 days. 20. 3 $\frac{1}{3}$:. 21. \$91 $\frac{1}{2}$. 22. 27,222 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 23. \$170 $\frac{1}{4}$. 24. 14,375 apples. 25. 49 $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes after 9.

EXERCISES IN FACTORING FOR SENIOR CLASSES.

1. $3x^3 - 12xy^2 - 6y^3x^2 + 24y^3$.
2. $5^{2x} - 2 \times 5^x + 1$.
3. $4^x - 2^{x+1} + 1$.
4. $36^x - 6^{x+2} + 180$.
5. $9^x - 6^x + 4^{x-1}$.
6. $2x^4 - 3x^3 - x^2 + 3x - 4$.
7. $16^x + 2^{x+1} + 3(4^x + 1)$.
8. $2^{2x+1} - 2^{2x-1} - 3(2^{x-1} + 1)$.
9. $2^{12x} + 27$.
10. $3x^4 - 27x^3 + 46x^2 - 13x + 1$.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS OF HISTORY.

At the commencement of the study, let each pupil be required to draw an **outline map** of North America.

This should contain only physical features, viz., coast-line, mountains, lakes, and rivers. If desired, they may be marked very faintly at first, and shaded and darkened when discovered in the progress of history.

As the pupils advance in the text let them mark on their maps, day by day, the places discovered, the settlements, battles, political divisions, etc., with their dates. They will thus see the country growing afresh under their hand and eye, and the geography and history will be indissolubly linked.

Recitations and examinations may be conducted by having a map drawn upon the blackboard with colored crayons, and requiring the class to fill in names and dates, describing the

historical facts as they proceed. In turn, during review, the pupil should be able, when a date or place is pointed out, to state the event associated with it.

A poem, a prose selection, or a **composition** on some historical topic may be offered by the class each day to enliven the recitation.

Formal **debates**, oral or written, should be held, to stimulate research, upon such subjects as tariff, civil service reform, treatment of the Indians, etc.

At each recitation, let some of the pupils write a few of the paragraphs on their slates, on paper, or on the blackboard; afterwards let other pupils criticise the language, spelling, use of capitals, etc. Remember, however, that the chief end of the class-work is to kindle an interest in history.

The reading of a beautiful poem, or the narration of a curious circumstance, a noble sentiment, or a deed of heroism, in some way connected with an event, will arouse attention and fix the fact permanently in the mind.

As far as possible, **topical recitations** should be encouraged. On naming the subject of a paragraph, the pupil should be expected to tell all he knows about it. A little patience and practice in this method will achieve wonderful results.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

In the production of **tobacco** in the United States, Kentucky ranks first with nearly 200,000,000 pounds per year; Virginia second with 80,000,000; then Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee, Maryland, North Carolina, Connecticut, and Missouri in the order named. The several States produce about 500,000,000 pounds of tobacco yearly.

In the production of **pig-iron** Pennsylvania ranks first, then Ohio, Illinois, New York, Alabama, Michigan, and Virginia in the order named.

In the production and consumption of **beer** in the several countries, Great Britain ranks first, Germany second, the United States third, and Austria fourth.

North America has 140,000 miles of **railroad** in operation; Europe, 115,000; Asia, 15,000 miles; South America, 10,000 miles; Australasia, 6,000 miles; and Africa, 4,000 miles.

The United States has 160,000 miles of **telegraph** in operation; Russia, 70,000 miles;

France, 47,000 miles; Germany, 46,000 miles; Austria, 30,000 miles; Great Britain, 27,000 miles; India, 22,000 miles; Turkey, 18,000 miles; Italy, 17,000 miles; Mexico, 17,000 miles; Canada, 13,000 miles.

Great Britain produces the most coal; the United States ranks next; then Germany, Austria, and Belgium.

In the production of wheat in the United States California ranks first; then Minnesota, Ohio, Kansas, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, and Nebraska.

In the production of corn in the United States Iowa ranks first, then Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Indiana, and Ohio.

In the production of gold in the United States California ranks first; then Montana, Colorado, Idaho, Dakota, and Nevada.

In the production of silver in the United States Nevada ranks first; then Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Montana, and New Mexico.

DOUBLE NEGATIVES.

PERHAPS there is no more serious mistake that one may make in conversation than the use of a double negative. It is considered an evidence of lack of training, or of gross carelessness, to fall into this error. It is easy to understand how a person full of a negative idea may be led to use an unnecessary number of negative words unless he has been subjected to some training; but so flagrant an offence against grammar is not to be pardoned in any one who makes even a slight claim to education.

The most complete as well as the most amusing example of a double negative we ever heard was the closing sentence of an address delivered by a country Sunday-school superintendent to his school. The lesson was on "Achan's Sin," and the good brother finished his speech with these words: "This lesson teaches us, children, never, under no circumstances, to deceive nobody about nothing." Did we say double negative? This is a quadruple negative. There can be no doubt but that the children understood him; yet, suppose that they had been highly educated, critical young people, and had followed his advice literally. Applying the good old rule that two negatives make an affirmative, what the superintendent really said to his school was this: "Under some circumstances deceive some people about some things." This rendering does not have as lofty and moral a sound as the other, but as far as literal meaning is concerned they are the same.

Such expressions as, "I haven't done nothing," "I never saw nobody," "He don't know nothing," etc., have so discordant a sound to the refined ear that if a person has any culture he is unlikely to make a blunder of this kind. Those who use these expressions should make every effort to rid their speech of blemishes so serious.

WHAT IS PHILOLOGY?

PHILOLOGY is the science which teaches us what language is. The philologist deals with the words which make up the language, not merely to learn their meaning, but to find out their history. He pulls them to pieces, just as a botanist dissects flowers, in order that he may discover the parts of which each word is composed, and the relation of those parts to each other: then he takes another and yet another language and deals with each in the same way: then by comparing the results he ascertains what is common to these different languages, and what is peculiar to one or more: lastly, he tries to find out what the causes are which operate on all these languages, in order that he may understand that unceasing change and development which we may call, figuratively, the life of language.—*John Prile, M. A.*

HELPS IN MULTIPLYING.

WE are indebted to Mr. J. H. W. York, of Forest City Business College, London, Ont., for the following:—

In multiplying numbers of two digits by a number represented by a single figure, combinations having a similar sound occur so frequently that students become confused, and their memorizing of the higher multiplication tables becomes a difficult task.

Illustration: $4 \times 16 = 64$; $6 \times 14 = 84$.

The product can be suggested by 6×4 , and when the student remembers either 64 or 84 he can decide by the smaller multiplier. The difference between the two products is ten times the difference between the multiplier and the units figure of the multiplicand, as

$5 \times 16 = 80$;	$7 \times 14 = 98$;
$6 \times 15 = 90$.	$4 \times 17 = 68$.
$6 \times 17 = 102$;	$5 \times 19 = 95$;
$7 \times 16 = 112$.	$9 \times 15 = 135$.

Take the last example, and the difference between 9 and 5 is 4; this multiplied by 10 gives the difference between the two products.

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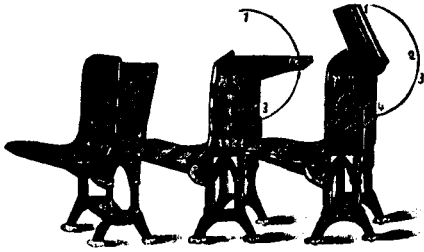
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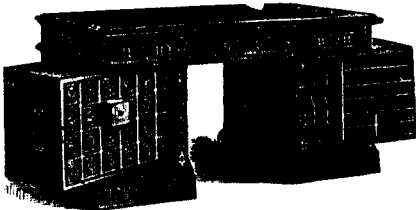
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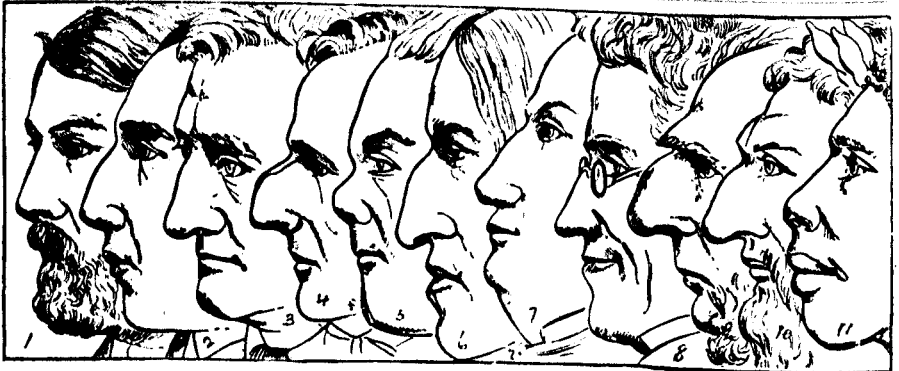
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