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The Home and School Supplement

ART
LITERATURE
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BIOGRAPHY
TRAVEL
HUMOR
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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

Edited by Seymour Eaton

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THE SUPPLEMENT CO.
TORONTO CAN. BUFFALO, N.Y.

THE NEW ARITHMETIC.

NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

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.

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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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1886

The SUPPLEMENT will contain during the present year more really interesting and instructive matter than all the other educational periodicals together. It is the only illustrated educational paper in America, and as a help-manual in the class-room it stands head and shoulders above all other journals. Read the announcements below and show this number to your friends. The regular subscription price is *two dollars* a year in advance.

THE NUMBERS FOR 1886 WILL CONTAIN

PORTRAITS

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

Harriet Beecher Stowe.
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Rev. E. P. Roe.
Edward Eggleston.
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Canon Farrar.
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One hundred Short Methods Explained and Illustrated.
Five hundred Test Exercises in Algebra, with Answers.
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One hundred Business Exercises for Business Boys.
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Three hundred Friday Afternoon Questions.
Two hundred Test Questions in Geography.
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Three hundred Very Difficult Problems in Arithmetic.
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The matter in the Educational Department alone, if it could be bought in text-book form, would cost fully Ten Dollars.

☞ READ THE SPECIAL CIRCULAR ENCLOSED IN THIS NUMBER. ☜

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THE SUPPLEMENT CO., Buffalo, N.Y., or Toronto, Can.

A

What Teachers Say of Our Publications.

GATHERED FROM RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

Barrie, Ont., Sept. 15th, 1885.
In my opinion "The New Arithmetic" far surpasses anything of its kind in our schools.—R. R. JENNISON.

Normal Institute, Garnett, Kans., Sept. 8th, 1885.
Your magazine is just grand, and "The New Arithmetic" is just what I have been looking for for years.—PROF. J. A. MCKIBAHAN.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 4th, 1885.
"The New Arithmetic" has reached us, and all the teachers to whom it has been shown are delighted with it. EX-STATE SUPT. LUSHER.

Grove School, New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 12th, 1885.
I am delighted with the systematic arrangements of the various departments of "The New Arithmetic."—PROF. H. L. FINLAN.

Bishop Scott Grammar School, Portland, Oregon, Aug. 20th, 1885.
I am well pleased with the practical appearance of your "New Arithmetic," and may adopt it for my classes.—PRIN. J. W. HILL.

Normal School, New Providence, Ind., Sept. 8th, 1885.
"The New Arithmetic" is the book long needed.—PRIN. J. G. SCOTT.

Parkhill, Ont., Aug. 24th, 1885.
"The New Arithmetic," "Examination Manual," and "Hints and Answers" received. I consider them excellent value for the money.—PRIN. A. B. GILBERT.

Dawson, Ky., Sept. 12th, 1885.
I consider "The New Arithmetic" the acme of perfection in all its parts.—PROF. PENDLEY.

Westown Boarding School, Pa., Oct. 20th, 1885.
I am much pleased with your magazine, and highly appreciate "The New Arithmetic.—PROF. C. C. BALDERSTON.

Old Mines, Mo., Oct. 22nd, 1885.
I have found your magazine of immense value as an assistant in my class work. PROF. J. B. QUINN.

Normal Academy, Wilton Junction, Ia., Oct. 21st, 1885.
I use your magazine in my work more than any periodical I ever received.—PROF. A. E. PARSONS.

Amelia, O., Oct. 30th, 1885.
Your magazine is just exactly the thing for home and school.—PROF. W. S. STRICKLAND.

Waterloo, Ia., Oct. 9th, 1885.
Your magazine is clean and attractive in its new form, and the matter is fresh and wholesome.—SUPT. C. D. MOYER.

Poland, N.Y., Nov. 10th, 1885.
"The New Arithmetic" is a meritorious work in every particular; it is pre-eminently practical in all its teachings and exercises; it quickens the dull pupils and sharpens the vigor of the bright ones. The SUPPLEMENT is not excelled by any other school periodical. I shall be a subscriber "until death do us part."—PRIN. R. C. SHERMERHORN.

Bluffton, Ind., Oct. 6th, 1885.
The SUPPLEMENT is the most helpful publication for teachers that I have ever seen.—SUPT. P. A. ALLEN.

Stanhope, P. E. I., Oct. 2nd, 1885.
I was agreeably surprised when I received "The New Arithmetic"—it is so large and beautiful.—W. W. ALEXANDER.

Beaver River, N.S., Oct. 12th, 1885.
I would not be without "The New Arithmetic" for twice, yes, five times its price.—W. EMERSON READE.

Louisville, O., Sept. 28th, 1885.
The merits of the SUPPLEMENT commend it to every teacher. It is the best journal for schools I ever saw.—SUPT. J. M. KERSTETTER.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 9th, 1885.
I am delighted with both Arithmetic and SUPPLEMENT.—MRS. W. H. HORTON, Supt. of Schools.

Blair, Neb., Sept. 30th, 1885.
Each number of your magazine furnishes supplementary work for one month.—SUPT. D. K. BOND.

Thomasville, Ga., Oct. 10th, 1885.
The Arithmetic to hand. I am prepared to give it my unqualified approval.—PROF. JOHN E. BAKER.

Galloway, O., Oct. 13th, 1885.
"The New Arithmetic" to hand. I am delighted with it upon first examination. J. B. MATHIAS.

Phœnix Mills, N.Y., Oct. 25th, 1885.
I am more than pleased with the SUPPLEMENT, and "The New Arithmetic" deserves all the commendations it is getting. W. A. PIER.

Miamisburg, O., Oct. 28th, 1885.
I like your Arithmetic and think I shall use it in my normal work.—SUPT. T. A. POLLOK.

North Branch, N.Y., Oct. 31st, 1885.
I am now taking several educational journals, but shall drop all but the SUPPLEMENT.—H. C. MOOT.

Jefferson, O., Nov. 1st, 1885.
I read more than a dozen educational journals, but like yours best. I like the Arithmetic better than any text-book on this subject that I ever saw.—SUPT. W. H. MCFARLAND.

Carlton College, Bonham, Texas, Aug. 15th, 1885.
A copy of "The New Arithmetic" came to hand the other day. I regard it as superlative.—CHAS. CARLTON, President.

South Whitehall, Pa., July 22nd, 1885.
"The New Arithmetic," with "Hints and Answers," came to hand all right. Am delighted with them. Think it is the finest and best Arithmetic I ever saw.—O. C. DORMY.

Cameron, O., July 14th, 1885.
The acme is reached at last. Your "New Arithmetic" far surpasses all other text-books on the subject.—SUPT. A. J. WARD.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

We had a very excellent biographical sketch of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in type for this number. Her portrait—a full page engraving—was to appear as frontispiece. When making up the pages we received the following telegram from our engravers:—

"Philadelphia, Pa., *Feb* 8, *1886*.
"Burned out. Plates and copy destroyed by fire.
"Crosscup & West Company."

The loss to us is considerable. The portrait was by Mr. Knowles, the popular artist who prepared our portraits of Edison, Twain, Longfellow and others, and was copied from a recent photograph, which we had some trouble to secure. We shall endeavor to have another engraving of Mrs. Stowe made, and in the meantime will keep the biographical sketch in type.

Did you get a *circular* announcement in this number of the Supplement? Have you read it? If not, take it up and read both sides carefully. Bear in mind the fact that the Supplement is still *two dollars* a year. We have only one reason for making this very liberal offer at this time, and teachers, pupils and parents who read our programme for 1886 will have one *good* reason for not allowing it to slip.

The sale of the two books "Short Stories" and "Heads and Faces" during the past month has been greater than during any previous month. Those who wish to secure the most interesting portraits, biographical sketches, games and puzzles, and short stories, which have appeared in early numbers of the Supplement, should buy the one, and those who want a copy of the most popular book on Phrenology and Physiognomy yet published, should secure the other. Prices, 30 cents and 50 cents respectively; both books for 70 cents.

Readers will please note that with the issue of this number we withdraw all previously announced special offers, combination offers, and premium offers.

We trust that the writer of the following letter will excuse us for publishing it in its entirety. We give it as a sample of hundreds of letters which we receive:

"Baltimore, Md., *Jan.* 8, *1886*.

"Editors Supplement,—

"Gentlemen, Enclosed please find two dollars ($2) for one year's subscription to your admirable magazine, the Home and School Supplement, said subscription to date from January, 1886. In a few words would express my admiration of your magazine—an admiration shared by the entire faculty of the school of which I am teacher; we think it deserves highest praise; congratulate ourselves upon the prospects of its regular visits; anticipate both entertainment and instruction from the perusal of its pages, and know the anticipation will be fully realized. This opinion we have formed after careful and rigid scrutiny, and critical examination of all the *good things* contained in the Supplement for the past four months. We hope the life of the Supplement will be long, and that it will ever possess the many excellent qualities which now make it such a pleasant and useful companion—an acquisition to any home or school. If at any time we can increase its circulation, we will most cheerfully do so.

"Very respectfully,
"Laura A. Edwards,
"Representing the Faculty of F. P. S. No. 21,
"Penn. Ave. and Roberts St."

W. R. Cook, Guelph, Ont., in renewing his subscription, says of the Supplement: "It affords me pleasure to testify to the value of your magazine. It contains many excellent features noticeably wanting in other school journals."

Our Ten Dollar Prize Offer.

Last month, under the group of portraits which we reproduce here, we asked the question, "Who are they?" For the most novel answer we promised a cash prize of ten dollars. A great deal of curiosity and interest has been aroused, and an almost endless amount of otherwise unnecessary correspondence has been the only tangible result. A number of replies have been received—some of them quite *novel* too, but the majority of our readers appear to have misunderstood the offer and the conditions. To give all an opportunity of competing we have decided to extend the time until the issue of our March number. We repeat the offer here as it appeared in our last number:—

"Can you give their names? Three are poets—one living; four statesmen—one living; one inventor—living; and one novelist—living. For the *most novel* answer we offer a cash prize of ten dollars. The name of the winner and his or her answer will be published, and a check for the prize will be forwarded immediately. Every competitor must renew, or subscribe, or send a new subscription to the SUPPLEMENT for at least six months."

This month we must substitute *one year* for the *six months* in the above. The reason for this will be quite clear to those who have read the special circular which we send out in this number. Competitors who have sent in their contributions, may, if they choose to do so, substitute others.

To give our subscribers an idea of what is wanted, we take the liberty of printing the following contribution by a reader who did not care to enter the general competition. In so doing we "give away" some of the names, but this does not matter. The prize-winner who beats the contributions already in hand will have to do considerably more than *name* the persons whose portraits appear.

WHO ARE THEY?

Give me of your paper, quickly;
Of your pens and ink and blotter,
That I may solve a novel puzzle,
While the muse is yet upon me.

Tall and stately in the centre,
Just above grave Abe, the farmer,
And between James Garfield's portrait
And the portrait of the soldier,
Like a ruler of the people,
Like a gentleman of manners,
Stands our new friend Grover Cleveland.

To the right of all the others,
Looking at them half severely,
Looking at the men of letters,
And the statesmen brave and noble,
And above the great inventor
Who makes light grow bright and brighter,
Is the portrait of a lady
Who has helped her colored neighbors,
Who has spared a nation's sorrow,
By her clever negro stories.

Just above the soldier's portrait
And the portrait of the lady,

Half disgusted with the statesmen,
And the men who write the verses,
Mad as hops, and curly headed,
Is the humorist of Hartford.

To the left of all the others,
And between the hoary headed—
He who wrote good "Thanatopsis"—
And the writer of the verses
That resemble those before you,
Is the Quaker—old, and living—
Is the man who never married.

Thus my novel answer's ended,
And I wait for the hereafter
To learn if I'm the lucky winner,
Winner of the lucre promised.

Remember that the writer of the foregoing has not entered the competition for the ten-dollar prize. Our conditions do not call for poetry in particular. Quite a number, however, of the contributions are in poetry, although a few of the best so far are prose. The following is an extract from a contribution by a subscriber who did not fill the conditions required. On this account it is ruled out, and we feel free to reproduce, as follows :—

With thought intent, I now am bent,
Over that page of THE SUPPLEMENT,
On which are the portraits, clear and fine,
Of noted Americans, one plus nine.
The *nine* are men of world-wide fame,
The *one* a woman, whose honored name
Shall forever have an abiding place
In the hearts of a once down-trodden race.
This lady, if you wish to know,
Is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

An "Innocent Abroad" have we ;—
Look on the right, above, you see
A curly head, chuck full of brain,
The owner of it is Mark Twain?
But if my guess astray should be
I humbly beg your Clemen(s)cy.
"The moon, pale empress, rules the night,"
Where there is no "electric light,"
But this invention "takes the bun"
For Thomas Alva Edison.

Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, next we see,
America's great, honored three.
These to the nation's highest fame,
From humble backwoods cabins came.
Each played his part, fearless and well,
As History's future page will tell.
Carve storied urn and marble bust,
And rear them o'er their sacred dust.

* * * * * *

Next month the name of the prize-winner will be announced, and a few of the best contributions will be reproduced. In the meantime we extend the offer to every reader of this month's magazine.

WE must add the following names to the already published list of prominent educators who are endeavoring by personal solicitation to help on our good work. Several of them have sent in large clubs. We desire to thank each for the interest manifested in the success of the SUPPLEMENT.

Chas. W. Chase, East Walpole, Mass.
Supt. R. H. Allen, Point Discovery, Wash. Ter.
Prin. F. B. Cooper, Le Mars, Iowa.
W. M. Taylor, Easton, Md.
John Spence, Brooklin, Ontario.
Robie L. Reid, Clover Valley, British Columbia.
W. H. Stewart, Belmore, Ontario.
Supt. W. Richardson, Sedalia, Mo.
Supt. W. Happerly, Franklin, Idaho.
Supt. M. Yoger, Red Bluff, California.
Miss Susan H. Parker, Sand Beach, Nova Scotia.
Prof. C. A. Sipe, State Normal School, Fairmont, W. Va.
Miss Anna M. Jones, 845 Eighth St., Des Moines, Iowa.
L. S. Morse, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.
Miss Lizzie Rogers, Mitchell, Dakota.
Supt. J. V. Carpenter, Riversville, W. Va.
W. J. Bodkin, Meadow Lea, Man.
Supt. E. L. Byington, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
M. J. West, Business College, Winona, Minn.
S. E. Clark, Minden, Nebraska.
O. S. Rice, Eitzen, Minn.
H. M. Willard, London, Ohio.

THE time of the next meeting of the Business Educators' Association of America has been set for Wednesday, July 7. The convention will be held in New York, at the rooms of Packard's Business College, 805 Broadway. Mr. Packard, as chairman of the executive committee, has the matter in hand, and there need be no doubt that things will be looked after. At the preliminary meeting of the committee, held Jan. 23, it was resolved to make this convention more fully representative than any previous meeting of the Association, and to that end eminent thinkers and educationists of different specialties are to be invited to take part in the deliberations. Aside from the particular branches of book-keeping, arithmetic, and penmanship, which have hitherto absorbed the attention and drawn upon the intellectual resources of the "business educators," there will be discussed the subjects of social science, indus-

trial education, and technical instruction generally, and proper attention will be given to the subject of shorthand. There could be no better place to inaugurate this new departure than New York, and no better men to give it a "boost" than those who have the matter in hand.

PROF. JAS. W. ELLIOTT, Principal of the school at Orbesonia, Pa., writes:—

"I wish the SUPPLEMENT would make its visits weekly. The doses of merry sunshine it brings with it, if more frequent, would be more effective. It is the most attractive educational paper that comes to our reading table."

W. A. SPIPPRELL, Brantford, Ont., encloses with answers to the puzzles in the Young People's Department, the following problem:—

Two trains, each having 32 cars, including the engine, meet at a switch capable of holding only 16 cars. How can they pass with only one running shunt?

WE shall announce our second ten dollar prize offer in the March number. We have something even better than the group of heads. In the meantime "grapple" with "Who are They," and let us have your contribution early.

THE neat little manuals on correct speech, by Alfred Ayres, sell in the United States at *one dollar* per volume. We will mail to any address two volumes —"Ayres' Orthoepist" and "Ayres' Verbalist"—and also a copy of "Short Stories and Sketches," for *one dollar*.

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.

SUBSCRIBERS who desire to have their magazines bound should send them to us. For $1.50 and the six numbers we will mail in return a beautifully bound volume.

THE SUPPLEMENT appears to have struck the right chord. Its success during the past month has been greater than during any previous month of its history. We are more determined than ever to place its bright and attractive pages before every teacher and pupil of the country.

UNTIL further notice we will mail, post free, to any address, a copy of the "Hints and Answers" to "The New Arithmetic," for 20 cents. The regular price of this book is 50 cents. Order at once.

IF your magazine does not reach you regularly, or if any part of your address which appears on the wrapper be wrong, please notify us without delay. We are anxious to have our mailing sheet as perfect as possible, and where an error is ours we supply all missing numbers.

OUR new educational series is sure to be received with much favor. We shall have the first number ready about March 15th, and other numbers will follow in rapid succession.

IN future, so far as it is possible to do so, we shall publish the answers to all questions and exercises appearing in our educational department.

A Good Dollar's Worth. To any reader of this number who sends us *one dollar* we will mail post free a copy of each of the following books: "Heads and Faces," "Short Stories and Sketches," and "Williams' Composition and Practical English."

IN response to several enquiries 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,	Ancient Geography,
French,	Mental Arithmetic,
German,	Science of Education,
Euclid,	History of Education.
Chemistry.	

The price of the "Manual" is 50 cents.

As this number of our magazine goes to several thousand teachers who have never seen "The New Arithmetic," we print below an outline of the contents of this very popular work.

First Department.

1. Addition. 2. Subtraction. 3. Multiplication. 4. Division. 5. Review.

The exercises under the several heads are entirely different from those given in other text-books. The chapter on *short methods* of multiplication will be found very valuable. The *Loss and Gain* exercises at the end of the department form an entirely new feature in arithmetics.

Second Department.

1. Factors and Multiples. 2. Common Fractions. 3. Decimals. 4. Business Exercises. 5. Review.

These subjects were never before treated in such a practical, common-sense manner. Every exercise in this *new* Arithmetic is intended either to improve the mental faculties or to store the mind with useful knowledge.

Third Department.

1. Measures. 2. Currency. 3. Wages. 4. Bills and Accounts. 5. Review.

Each sub-division is complete. The exercises are just what are needed for the business boys of to-day. The chapter on wages, with its numerous exercises, is something entirely new and practical. The *correspondence* exercises following "Bills and Accounts" have been highly spoken of.

Fourth Department.

1. Surface Measurement. 2. Solid Measurement. 3. Lumber Measurement. 4. Building and Furnishing. 5. The Metric System. 6. Review.

We cannot write too highly of this department. It has been pronounced the best in the book. Teachers will have difficulty in finding a better collection of graded exercises in mensuration.

Fifth Department.

1. Percentage. 2. Trade Discount. 3. Invoices. 4. Commission. 5. Taxes. 6. Review.

As in the other departments, the several subjects are treated in an entirely new and novel manner. The aim has been to omit everything not practical, and to insert everything necessary to a business knowledge of the subjects.

Sixth Department.

1. Interest. 2. Commercial Paper. 3. Bank Discount. 4. Partial Payments. 5. Review.

Do you know how to teach interest, notes, drafts, checks, etc.? If you do not, turn to the chapter on "Commercial Paper" in "The New Arithmetic" and you will find many things which will both aid and interest you.

Seventh Department.

1. Stocks and Bonds. 2. Exchange. 3. Insurance. 4. Bankruptcy. 5. Partnership. 6. Square Root. 7. Review.

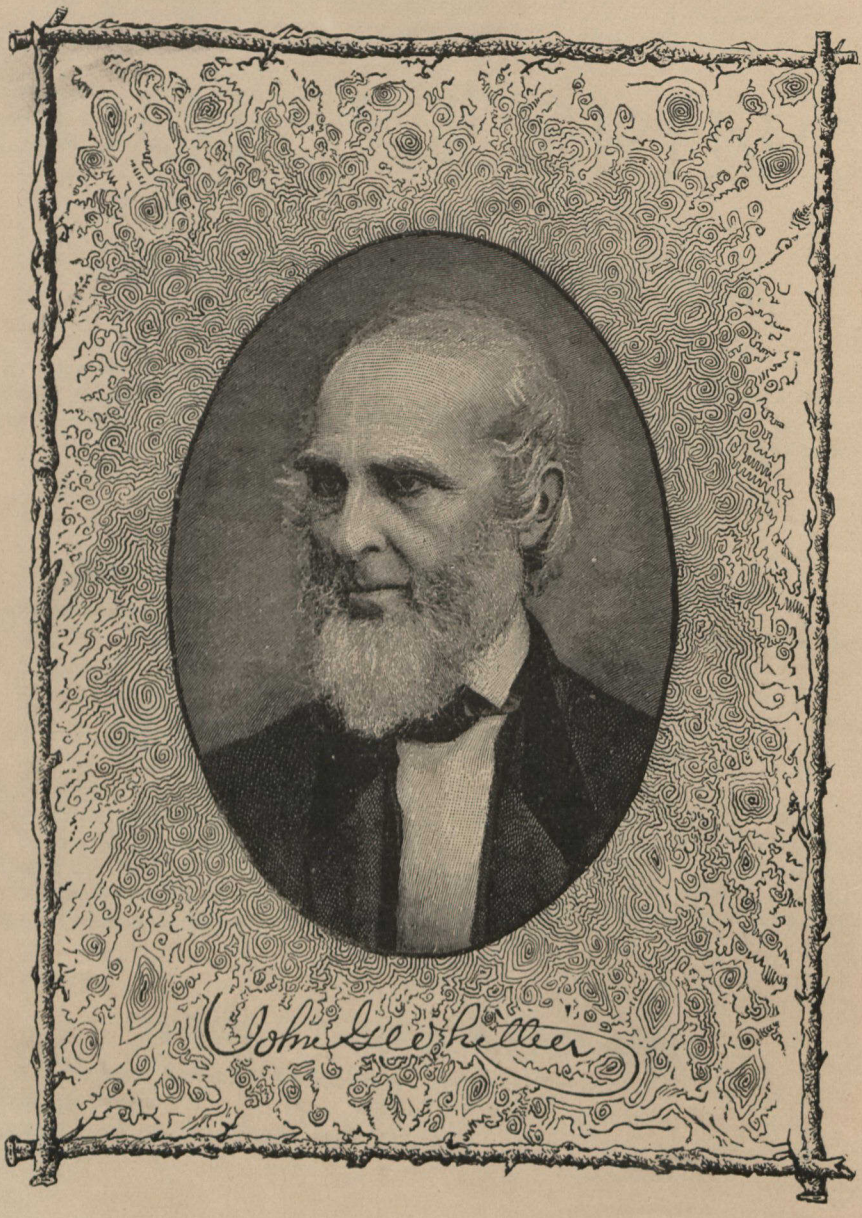
At the end of this department there is a collection of "Miscellaneous Business Exercises" which will be found to be very valuable. Similar exercises will not be found in any other text-book.

Eighth Department.

The eighth department is made up entirely of test exercises. Teachers will find in this collection something better than the old-time hackneyed problems which appear to have been copied from one book to another for a century.

When preparing this book the publishers received contributions for it from all parts of the United States and Canada, from England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia. It is, without exception, the *best* arithmetic published, and thousands of the best teachers of the continent are making daily use of its fresh, interesting and valuable collection of suggestions and exercises. The price is *one dollar*. The *answers*, with some *hints*, are bound in a separate volume, which sells for *fifty cents*. See special offers elsewhere.

The third edition of "The New Arithmetic" is going off rapidly. Few books have had such a large sale in such a short time. From every state of the Union and from every province of the Dominion comes the same response—the best arithmetic published. It is so entirely different in style and matter from all other text-books on this subject, that it appears to please at sight; and those who have tested its contents in actual school-room work say that the more and the longer they use it the better it pleases them.


John Lee Hetler

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John Greenleaf Whittier.

BY. REV. E. A. STAFFORD, M.A.

THIS name should bring before the eye a tall, somewhat spare man, with a face tapering toward the point of the chin in a manner that indicates something else than eating and drinking as the leading thought in life; and the brow, rising in well-rounded symmetry, by its classic mould so engages you that you would see nothing else, were it not that a dark eye full of kindness wins your attention and touches your heart. The whole expression reminds one of such pictures of St. Paul as are yet preserved, and the bust would not be dishonored beside that of any of the best of the ancient Greek poets. The hair and beard are free from all the affectation of slovenly neglect which is sometimes regarded as the true mark of the poet. Though standing like an old tree from whose side others have fallen away, still, judged by his more recent words and thoughts, his leaf is yet green; but in his seventy-eighth year he is near enough to the end to allow of one speaking of his lifework as not in prospect, but as done.

From whence came he to the abundant laurels which this age so willingly twines upon his brow, and to the endeared memory which the people who speak the English will cherish of him for yet many generations?

In the north-east corner of Massachusetts, about thirty miles from Boston, is a town of some thousand, named Haverhill, and not far away, three-quarters of a century ago, stood a farm-house—the comfortable home of a prosperous, contented and happy family. Here Whittier was born, and here he spent the first eighteen years of his life, which passed unmarked by any circumstance worthy of note. Sometimes he worked as a shoemaker. In the summer he labored on the farm, and in winter he made the most of the swiftly flying days studying in the public school. His life was just the same as that through which thousands of country boys who will read this paper are now passing. At eighteen he went into town and spent two years at the academy. His literary tastes developed early and rapidly, and during this period at school his pen began to furnish readable articles to the newspapers; but these are not necessary to account for his fame and influence, but are only worthy of mention because of their effect in determining his mind to the profession of journalism. Soon after leaving the academy, and when about twenty-one years of age, he became editor of a paper published in Boston called the *American Manufacturer*, the aim of which was to defend a protective tariff. In performing the duties of a position so uncongenial, and certainly most unpoetic, his influence was widely felt, and he soon built up a reputation as a journalist that pointed him out as a coming man. After a couple of years he took the control of the *New England Weekly Review*, in conducting which the qualities of an earnest

political partisan were called into action. Though his work was well and faithfully done, still he was never created to do the work of a servile partisan ; and after two or three years he dissolved his connection with this sheet ; but while engaged upon it he had entered upon the career of a regular author by the publication of a volume of "New England Legends" in prose and verse. This field afforded him the subjects of many of his later poems which have contributed largely to his popularity. Departing from the editorial chair he went to the country, and for a number of years devoted himself to farming, during which period he was twice elected a member of the legislature of his State, the first time when about twenty-seven years of age, and he declined the position on its being offered to him the third time.

Now all the outward events in Whittier's life which make the most sound in the telling of them have been here mentioned. The world would never ask a question concerning him had he not challenged and won its regard by his poetical compositions. Anything further that ought to be told of his career in life will naturally come out in considering the various sources of his inspiration as a poet. The greatest of these was undoubtedly the bitter conflict against slavery that extended over his life from boyhood until he was nearly sixty years old. He began very early to develop the only views of slavery which were possible to a nature like his. When a quiet farmer, and especially when in that hotbed of advanced ideas – the Massachusetts legislature he grew into a confirmed abolitionist. He had come to regard the evils of slavery as the one great curse and burning shame of his native land, for which no adequate apology was possible, and no alleviation could be more than an insult to common sense, and the spirit of right, and justice, and mercy, as long as the evil itself remained. In his eye the deep shadow grew blacker and blacker against the Southern sky, and spread its sombre hues over all the North. After giving up his seat in the legislature, he threw himself with all his soul into the agitation for freedom. With tongue and pen, in poetry and prose, with burning vehemence, and in awfully realistic language, and with only less rashness and greater wisdom than others, he ceased not to denounce the iniquities of slavery until the enemy he smote was, thirty years later, entirely vanquished, and the honor of his nation forever vindicated from its reproach. When about twenty-eight he became one of the Secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society, and a few years later he removed to Philadelphia to take control of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which had espoused the doctrines of emancipation. In this sheet, as well as in the columns of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, *National Era*, and other papers, he spoke out without any equivocation on this great subject, during years when to espouse the cause of slavery was to be marked as a fit subject for all the persecution that contempt and malice could invent. It was to dare the martyr's sufferings without being in sight of the martyr's crown. Whittier came upon his share. His printing house was visited by a mob and burned, its contents destroyed. Though he escaped the personal violence that descended upon the head of Garrison, yet he experienced the hatred and isolation which, even in the North, was the portion of men anointed of God to speak against slavery, even as His prophets of old lifted up their voice against every abuse and wrong. No wonder that his warm heart poured out words that flowed like liquid fire upon the consciences of all who were responsible for these tremendous wrongs! His "Voices of Freedom" contained some forty-six poems full of passion and sympathy, some of them ranking among the best from his

pen, others not so remarkable for the artistic touch of an inspired poet as for the consuming fervor of the invincible champion. When the history of the abolition of slavery shall be correctly told, Whittier will stand in the same rank with Garretson, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Stowe, and others of the same stamp who dared to "beard the lion in his den."

Another source of his poetic inspiration was the intolerance with which those of his own religion had been treated by the New England Puritans. He came from a family of consistent Quakers. The people who fled from religious persecution in England learned soon to pursue with great violence those who differed from themselves; and the sufferings of the Quakers at their hands furnishes one of the most humiliating pages in all the history of religious intolerance. The stories of the sufferings of his people, told to Whittier when a boy, made an indelible impression upon his mind. With the ripening of his thought in manhood grew up in him an inevitable abhorrence of religious narrowness, only less than his dislike of slavery. These feelings found expression in some, not only of the best poems that came from his pen, but some of the best that can be found in our language on subjects relating to religious liberty. It was impossible for him to be a narrow sectary, and so we find that the tide of feeling that rises high enough to overwhelm Puritan persecutions, has also burst over all narrow restraints of theological dogma. Sometimes he treads on the verge of extreme liberalism, but if the reader will not judge from any one poem, but from all, he will find a heart in love with everything taught in the Holy Word, and disposed to tear away only fetters imposed by men. Such poems as "The Eternal Goodness," "Questions of Life," and the "Answer," furnish striking illustrations of this feeling.

The student will not find any of Whittier's poems in any curriculum of Arts as models from which to study the true form of poetry. He has declared that he is not in the habit of re-writing and polishing, but that, with the warmth he enjoys when his inspiration is on him, he throws off a poem just as he can at the time, and so gives it to the world. As compared with Bryant, Longfellow, and some others, many of his poems seem deficient in artistic finish; but in a grandeur of simplicity, in a depth of genuine, pure feeling, in the intense love of nature, and the correct interpretation of it, no one who has written in the English language surpasses him. No just estimate of the fruits of the American lyre can be made without a thorough study of his poetry—indeed, we should say, that some knowledge of his writings is necessary to a finished education. He is probably more largely than any other a truly representative American in his choice of subjects and in his treatment of them. His spotless life challenges unqualified admiration, and justly gives his works a claim to be recognized in the education of the heart in all that is lovely and of good report. None of his poems are of great length. Let the reader make "Snow Bound" a careful study. It is a characteristic poem, and for many reasons destined to a long life.

Strange that a heart so full of warmth, and affection, and fidelity, should never have found its mate. Whittier has never married.

Two Purse-Companions.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

EVERYBODY in college who knew them at all was curious to see what would come of a friendship between two persons so opposite in tastes, habitudes and appearance as John Silverthorn and Bill Vibbard. John was a hard reader, and Bill a lazy one. John was thin and graceful, with something pensive yet free and vivid in his nature; Bill was robust, prosaic and conventional. There was an air of neglect and a prospective sense of worldly failure about Silverthorn, but you would at once have singled out Vibbard as being well cared for, and adapted to push his way. Their likes and dislikes even in the matter of amusement were dissimilar; and Vibbard was easy-going and popular, while Silverthorn was shy and had few acquaintances. Yet, as far as possible, they were always with each other; they roomed, worked, walked and lounged in company, and often made mutual concessions of taste so that they might avoid being separated. It was also discovered that though their allowances were unequal, they had put them together and paid all expenses out of a common purse. Their very differences made this alliance a great advantage in some respects, and it was rendered stronger by the fact that, however incompatible outwardly, they both agreed in acting with an earnest straightforwardness.

But perhaps I had better describe how I first saw them together. It was on a Saturday, when a good many men were always sure to be found disporting themselves on the ball-field. I used to exercise my own muscles by going to look at them on these occasions; and on that particular day I came near being hit by a sudden ball, which was caught by an active, darting figure just in time to save my head from an awkward encounter. I nodded to my rescuer, and called out cordially, "Thank you."

"All right," said he, in a glum tone meant to be good-naturedly modest. "Look out for your*self* next time."

It was Bill Vibbard, then in the latter part of his freshman year; and not far distant I discovered his comrade Silverthorn, watching Bill in silent admiration. They continued slowly on their way toward an oak grove, which then stood near the field. Silverthorn, a smaller figure than Vibbard, wore a suit of uniform tint, made of sleazy gray stuff that somehow at once gave me the idea that it was taken out of his mother's discarded dresses. His face was nearly colorless without being pallid; and the faint golden down on his cheeks and upper lip, instead of being disagreeably juvenile, really added to the pleasant dreaminess that hung like a haze over his mild young features. He was slender, he carried himself rather quaintly; but his gait was buoyant and spirited. At that season the lilacs were in bloom, and Silverthorn held a glorious plume of the pale blossoms in his hand. What the first touch of fire is to the woods in autumn, the blooming of the lilac is to the new summer—a mystery, a beauty, too exquisite to last long intact; evanescent as human breath, yet, like that, fraught with incalculable values. All this Silverthorn must have felt to the full, judging from the tender way in which he held the flowers, even while absorbed in talk with his friend. His fingers seemed conscious that they were touching the clue to a finer life. In Vibbard's warm, tough fist the lilacs would have faded within ten minutes. Vibbard was stocky and muscular, and his feet went down at each

step as if they never meant to come up again. He wore stylish clothes, kept his hands much in his coat pockets, affected high-colored neck-scarfs, and had a red face with blunt features. When he was excited his face wore a fierce aspect; when he felt friendly it became almost foolishly sentimental; as a general thing it was morosely inert.

Being in my senior year, I did not see much of either Vibbard or his friend; but I sometimes occupied myself with attempts to analyze the sources of their intimacy. I remember stating to one of my young acquaintances that Vibbard probably had a secret longing to be feminine and ideal, and that Silverthorn felt himself at fault in masculine toughness and hardihood, so that each sought the companionship of the other, hoping to gain some of the qualities which he himself lacked; and my young acquaintance offended me by replying, as if it had all been perfectly obvious, "Of course."

After I had been graduated, and had entered the Law School, Silverthorn and Vibbard came to my room one day on a singular errand, which—though I did not guess it then—was to influence their lives for many a year afterward.

"Ferguson," began Bill, rather shyly, when they had seated themselves, "I suppose you know enough of law by this time to draw up a paper."

"Yes, I suppose so; or draw it down, either," I replied. But I saw at once that my flippancy did not suit the occasion, for the two young fellows glanced at each other very seriously and seemed embarrassed. "What do you want me to do?" I asked.

Silverthorn now spoke, in his soft, light, inexperienced voice, which possessed a singular charm.

"It's all Bill's idea," said he, rather carelessly. "I would much rather have the understanding in words, but he—"

"Yes," broke in Bill, growing suddenly red and vehement, "I'm not going to have it a thing that can be forgotten. No one knows what might happen."

"Well, well," said I, "if I'm to help you, you'd better fire away and tell me what it is you're after."

"I will," returned Vibbard, with a touch of that fierceness which marked his resolute moods. "Thorny and I have agreed to stand by each other when we quit college. Men are always forming friendships in the beginning of life, and then getting dragged apart by circumstances, such as wide separation and different interests. We don't want this to happen, and so we've made a compact that whichever one of us, Thorny or me, shall be worth thirty thousand dollars first—why, that one is to give the other half. That is, unless the second one is already well enough off, so that to give him a full half would put him ahead of whichever has the thirty thousand. D' you see?"

"The idea is to keep even as long as we can, you know," said Silverthorn, turning from one of my books which he had begun to glance through, and looking into my eyes with a delighted, straightforward gaze.

"That's a very curious notion!" said I, revolving the plan with a caution born of legal readings. "Before we go on, would you mind telling me which one of you originated this scheme?"

I was facing Silverthorn as I spoke, but felt impelled to turn quickly and include Vibbard in the question. They were both silent. It was plain, after a moment, that they really didn't know which one of them had first thought of this compact.

"Wasn't it you?" queried Silverthorn, musingly, of his comrade.

"I don't know," returned Vibbard; then, as if so much subtilty annoyed him: "What difference does it make, anyway? Can't you draw an agreement for us, Ferguson?"

But I was really so much interested in getting at their minds through this channel, that I couldn't comply at once.

"Now, you two fellows, you know," said I, laughing, "are younger than I, and I think it becomes me to know exactly what this thing means before proceeding any further in it. How can I tell but one of you is trying to get an advantage over the other?"

The pair looked startled at this, but it was only, I found, because they were so astonished at having such a construction put upon their project.

"Don't be alarmed," I hastened to say. "I wasn't serious."

But Vibbard persisted in a dogged expression of gloom.

"It's always this way," he presently declared, in a heavy, provoked tone. "My father, you know, is a shrewd man, and everybody is forever accusing me of being mean and overreaching. But I never dreamed that it could be imputed in such a move as — well, never mind!" he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with assumed indifference, getting up from his chair. "Of course it's all over now. I sha'n't do anything more about it, after what Ferguson has said." He was so sulky that he had to resort to thus putting me in the third person, although he was not addressing these words to Silverthorn. Then he gave his thick frame a slight shake, as if to get rid of the disagreeable feelings I had excited, and turned toward his friend. On the instant there came into his unmoved eyes and his matter-of-fact countenance a look of sentiment so incongruous as to be almost laughable. "I wish I could have done it, Thorny," said he, wistfully.

"Hold on, Vibbard," I interposed. "Don't be discouraged."

He paid no attention.

Upon this Silverthorn fired up.

"Hullo, Bill, this won't do! Do you suppose I'm going to let our pet arrangement drop that way and leave you to be so misconstrued? Come back here and sit down." (Vibbard was already at the door.) "As for *your* getting any advantage out of this, is it likely? Why, you are well off now, to begin with—that is, your father is—and I am poor, downright poor; Ferguson must have seen that."

Here was a surprise! The dreamy youth was proving himself much more sensible than the beefy and practical one. Vibbard, however, seemed to enjoy being admonished by Silverthorn, and resumed his seat quite meekly. To me, in my balancing frame of mind, it occurred that one might go farther than Silverthorn had done, in saying that any advantage to Vibbard was very improbable; one might assume that it was Silverthorn who would reap the profit. But I decided not to disturb the already troubled waters any more.

Silverthorn, however, expressed this idea: "You'll be thinking," he said to me, with a smile, "that *I* am going to get the upper hand in this bargain; and I know there seems a greater chance of it. But then I have hopes—I—" The dreamy look, which I have described by the simile of a haze, gathered and increased on his fair, ingenuous young face, and his eyes quite ignored me for a moment, being fixed on some imaginary outlook very entrancing to him, until he recalled his flagging voice to add: "Well, I don't know that I can put it before you, but there are possibilities which may make a great difference in my fortunes within a few years."

I fancied that Vibbard gave me a quick, confidential glance, as much as to say, "Don't disturb that idea. Let him think so." But the next moment his features were as inert as ever.

It turned out, on inquiry, that only Vibbard was of age; his friend, being quick in study, had entered college early, and nearly two years stood between him

and his majority; so that, if their contract was to be binding, they would have to defer it for that length of time. I was prepared for their disappointment; but Silverthorn, after an instant's reflection, seemed quite satisfied. As they were going he hurried back, leaving his friend out of ear-shot, and explained himself—

"You see, Vibbard has an idea that I shall never succeed in life—financially, that is—and so he wants to fasten this agreement on me, to prevent pride or anything making me back out, you know, by and by. But I like all the better to have it left just as it is for a while, so that if we ever should put it on paper he needn't think he had hurried into the thing too rashly."

"I understand," I replied; and I pressed his hand warmly, for his frankness and genuineness had pleased me.

When they were gone I pondered several minutes on the novelty and boyish naïveté of the whole proceeding, and found myself a good deal refreshed by the sincerity of the two young fellows and their fine confidence in the perfectibility of the future. It seemed to me, the more I thought of it, that I could hold on to this scheme of theirs as a help to myself in retaining a healthy freshness of spirit. "At any rate," I said, "I won't allow myself to go adrift into cynicism as long as they keep faith with their ideal."

From time to time during the two years I encountered the friends casually; and I remember having a fancy that their faces—which, of course, altered somewhat as they matured—were acquiring a kind of likeness; or, rather, were *exchanging* expressions. Silverthorn's grew rounder and brightened a degree in color; his glance had less momentum in it; he looked more commonplace and contented. On the other hand, Vibbard, through mental exertion (for he had lately been studying hard) and the society of his junior, had modified the inertia of his own expression. The strength of his features began to be mingled with gentleness. But this I recalled only at a later time.

Near the end of the two years' limit, when the boon companions were on the eve of taking their degrees, I found that another element had come into their affairs.

Going out one evening to visit a friend who lived at some distance on one of the large railroads, I had a glimpse of a small manufacturing place, which the train passed with great rapidity at late twilight. The large mill was already lighted up, and every window flashed as we sped by. But the sunset had not quite faded, and, from the colored sky far away behind the mill, light enough still came to show the narrow glen with its wall of autumn foliage on either side, the black and silent river above the dam, the sudden shining screen of falling water at the dam itself, and again a smooth, dark current below, running toward us and under the railroad embankment. There was a small settlement of operatives' houses near the factory, and two or three larger homes were visible, snugly placed among the trees. We were swept away out of sight in a moment; but there was something so striking in that single glimpse that a traveller in the next seat, who had not spoken to me before, turned and asked me what place it was. I did not know. I afterward learned that it was Stansby, a factory village perhaps forty miles from Cambridge. Finding that the memory of the spot clung to me, I wished to know more about it; and one day in the following spring, when I needed a change from the city, I actually went out there. Stansby did not prove to be a very picturesque place; yet its gentle hills, with outcroppings of cold granite, the deep-hued river between, and the cotton-mill near the railroad, somehow roused a decided interest which I have never been able wholly to

account for. I enjoyed strolling about, but was beginning to think of a train back to Boston, when a turn of the road, a quarter of a mile from the mill, brought me face to face with a young girl who was approaching slowly with a book in her hand, which she read as she walked.

She was not a beautiful girl, and not at all what is understood by a "brilliant" girl; yet at the very first look she excited my interest, as Stansby village itself had done. In every outline and motion she showed perfect health; her clear color was tonic to the eye; her deep brown hair, at the same time that it gave a restful look to her forehead, added something of fervency to her general aspect. In sympathy with the beautiful day, she had taken off her hat (which she carried on one arm), disclosing a spray of fresh lilacs in her hair. She was very simply, though not poorly, dressed. All this, and more, I was able to observe without disturbing her absorption in her book; but just as I was trying to decide whether the firm, compressed corners of her mouth only meant interest in the reading, or indicated some peculiar hardness of character, she glanced up and saw my eyes bent upon her.

Then, for an instant, there came into her own a look of eager search; no softly inquiring gaze, such as would be natural to most women on a casual meeting of this sort, but a full, energetic, self-reliant scrutiny. I don't think the compression about her lips was softened by her surprise at seeing me; but that keen, level look from her eyes brought a wonderful change over her face, so that from being interesting it became attractive, and I was fired by a kind of enthusiasm in beholding it. Involuntarily I took off my hat and paused at the side of the highway. She bent her head again—perhaps with some acknowledgment of my bow, but not definitely for that purpose, because she continued reading as she passed me.

But now came the strangest part of the episode. This girl disappeared around the bend of the road, and after her two young fellows drew near, whom I recognized as Vibbard and Silverthorn. It happened that Silverthorn, as on the very first day I had ever seen him, carried a sprig of lilac. Happened? No; the lilac in the girl's hair was too strong a coincidence to be overlooked, and I was not long in guessing that there was some tender meaning in it.

"Hullo! Ferguson."

"Did you know we were here?"

These exclamations were made with some confusion, and Silverthorn blushed faintly.

"No," said I. "Do you come often?"

They looked at each other confidentially.

"We have, lately," Vibbard admitted.

"Then perhaps you can tell me who that girl is that I just passed."

"Oh, yes," said Silverthorn, at once. "That's Ida Winwood, the daughter of the superintendent here at the mills."

"She is a very striking girl," I said. "You know her, of course?"

"A little."

Vibbard enlarged upon this: it was a curious habit they had fallen into, of each waiting for the other to explain what should more properly have been explained by himself.

"Thorny's father, you know," said Vibbard, "was a great machinist, and so they had acquaintances around at mills in different parts of the State. She—that is, Ida, you know—is only sixteen now, but Thorny first saw her when he was a boy and came here once or twice with his father."

Silverthorn nodded his head corroboratively.

"But it seems to me," I said, addressing him, "that you treat her rather distantly for an old acquaintance; or else she treats *you* distantly. Which is it?"

They laughed, and Vibbard blurted out, with a queer, boyish grimace:

"It's *me*. She don't like me. Hey, Thorny?"

"It's nearer the truth," returned his friend, "to say that you're so bashful you don't give her half a chance to make known what she does think of you."

"Oh, time enough—time enough," said Vibbard, good-humoredly.

Remembering that I must hurry back to catch my train, I suddenly found that I had been in an abstracted mood, for I was still standing with my hat off.

"Well, let me know how you get on," I said, jocosely, as I parted from the comrades.

Yet for the life of me I could not tell which one of them it was that I should expect to hear from as a suitor for the girl's hand.

It was within a fortnight after this that they came to my office—for I had been admitted to the bar—and announced that the time for drawing up their long-pending agreement had arrived. They were still as eager as ever about it, and I very soon had the instrument made out, stating the mutual consideration, and duly signed and sealed.

Finding that they had been at Stansby again, I was prompted to ask them more about Ida.

"Do you know," I said, boldly, "that I am very much puzzled as to which of you was the more interested in her?"

They took it in good part, and Silverthorn answered:

"That's not surprising. I don't know, myself."

"I'm trying," said Vibbard, bluntly, "to make Thorny fall in love with her. But I can't seem to succeed."

"No," said his friend, "because I insist upon it that she's just the woman for *you*."

Vibbard turned to me with an expression of ridicule.

"Yes," he said, "Thorny is as much wrapped up in that idea as if his own happiness depended on my marrying her."

"You're rivals, then, after a new fashion," was my comment. "Don't you see, though, how you are to settle it?"

"No."

"Why, each of you should propose in form for the other. Then Miss Winwood would have to take the difficulty into her own hands."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Vibbard. "That's a good idea. But suppose she don't care for either of us?"

"Very well. I don't see that in that case she would be worse off than yourselves, for neither of you seem to care for her."

"Oh yes, we do!" exclaimed Silverthorn, instantly.

"Yes, we care a great deal," insisted Vibbard.

They both grew so very earnest over this that I didn't dare to continue the subject, and it was left in greater mystery than before.

At last the time of graduation came, and the two friends parted to pursue their separate ways. Silverthorn had a widowed mother living at a distance in the country, whose income had barely enabled her to send him through college on a meagre allowance. He went home to visit her for a few days, and then promptly took his place on a daily newspaper in Boston, where he spent six months of wretched failure. He had great hopes of achieving in a short time some prodigious triumph in writing; but at the end of this period he gave it all up, and decided to develop the mechanical genius which he thought he had perhaps inherited from his father. I began to have a suspicion when I learned that this new turn had led him to Stansby, where he procured a position as a sort of clerk to the superintendent, Winwood.

After some months, I went out to see

him there. In the evening we went to the Winwoods', and I watched closely to discover any signs of a new relation between Silverthorn and the daughter. Mr. Winwood himself was a homely, perfectly commonplace man, whose face looked as if it had been stamped with a die which was to furnish a hundred different physiognomies. Mrs. Winwood was a fat, woolly sort of woman, who knitted, and rocked in her rocking-chair, keeping time to her needles. A smell of tea and chops came from the adjoining room, where they had been having supper; and there was a big, hot-colored lithograph of Stansby Mills hung up over the fireplace, with one or two awkward-looking engravings of famous men and their families on the remaining wall-spaces. Yet, even with these crude and barren surroundings, the girl Ida retained a peculiar and inspiring charm. She talked in a full, free tone of voice, and was very sensible; but in everything she said or did there was a mixture, with the prosaic, of something so sweet and fresh, that I could not help thinking she was very remarkable. In particular, there was that strong, fine look from the eyes, which had impressed me on my first casual meeting in the road. It had a transforming power, and seemed to speak of resolution, aspiration, or self-sacrifice. I noticed with what enthusiasm she glanced up at Silverthorn, when he was showing her some drawings of machinery, executed by himself, and was dilating upon certain improvements which he intended to make. Still, there was a reserve between them, and a timidity on his part, which showed that no engagement to marry had been made, as yet.

He was very silent as we walked together beside the dark river toward the railroad, after our call. But when we came abreast of the dam, with its sudden burst of noise and its continual hissing murmur, he stopped short, with a look of passion in his face.

"Things have changed since Vibbard went away," he said. "Yes, yes; very much. I used to think it was he who ought to love her."

"And you have found out—" I began.

He laid his hand quickly on my arm.

"Yes, I have found out that it is I who love her—eternally, truly! But don't tell any one of this; it seems to me strange that I should speak of it, even to you. I cannot ask her to marry me yet. But there seems to be a relief in letting you know."

I was expressing my pleasure at being of any use to him, when the ominous sound of the approaching cars made itself heard, and I had to hurry off. But, all the way back to the city, I could think of nothing but Silverthorn's announcement; and suddenly there flashed upon me the secret and the danger of the whole situation. This girl, who had so much interested the two friends, in spite of their strong contrasts of character, was, perhaps, the only one in the world who could have pleased them both; for in her own person she seemed to display a mixture of elements, much the same and quite as decided as theirs. What, then, if Vibbard also should wake up to the knowledge of a love for her?

The next time I saw Silverthorn, which was a full year later, I said to him:

"Do you hear from Vibbard anything about that agreement to divide your gains?"

"No!" he replied, avoiding my eye; "nothing about that."

"Do you expect him to keep it?"

"Yes!" he said, glancing swiftly up again, with a gleam of friendly vindication in his eyes. "I know he will."

"But I hear hard things said of him," I persisted. "Reports have lately come to me as to some rather close, not to say sharp, bargains of his. He is successful; perhaps he is changing."

For the first time I saw Silverthorn angry.

"Never say a word of that sort to me again!" he cried, with a demeanor bordering on violence.

I was a little piqued, and inquired:

"Well, how do you get on toward being in a position to pay him?"

But I regretted my thrust. Silverthorn's face fell, and he could make no reply.

"Is there no prospect of success with those machines you were talking of last year?" I asked more kindly.

"No," said he, sadly. "I'm afraid not. I shall never succeed. It all depends on Vibbard, now. I cannot even marry, unless he gets enough to give me a start."

I left him with a dreary misgiving in my heart. What an unhappy outcome of their compact was this!

Meanwhile Vibbard was thriving. After a brief sojourn with his father, who was a well-to-do hardware merchant in his own small inland city, he went to Virginia and began sheep-farming. In two years he had gained enough to find it feasible to return to New York, where he took up the business of a note-broker. People who knew him prophesied that he would prove too slow to be a successful man in early life; and, in fact, as he did not look like a quick man, he was a long time in gaining the reputation of one. But his sagacious instincts moved all the more effectively for being masked, and he made some astonishing strokes. It began to seem as if other men around him who lost were controlled by some deadly attraction which forced them to throw their success under Vibbard's feet. His car rolled on over them. Everything yielded him a pecuniary return.

As he was approaching his thirtieth birthday he found himself worth a little over thirty thousand dollars—after deducting expenses, bad claims, and a large sum repaid to his father for the cost of his college course. He had been only six years in accumulating it. But how endlessly prolonged had those six years been for Silverthorn! When three of them had been passed, he declared his love for Ida Winwood, though in such a way that she need neither refuse nor accept him at once; and a *quasi* engagement was made between them, having in view a probable share in Vibbard's fortunes. Once—perhaps more than once—Silverthorn bitterly reproached himself, in her presence, for trusting so entirely to another man's energies. But Ida put up her hands beseechingly, looking at him with a devoted faith.

"No, John!" she cried. "There is nothing wrong about it. If you were other than you are, I might not wish it to be so. But you—you are different from other men; there is something finer about you, and you are not meant for battling your way. But, when once you get this money, you will give all your time to inventing, or writing, and then people will find out what you are!"

There was something strange and pathetic in their relation to each other now. Silverthorn seemed nervous and weary; he looked as if he were growing old, even with that soft yellow beard and his pale brown hair still unchanged (for he was only twenty-eight). His spirits were capricious; sometimes bounding high with hope, and, at others, utterly despondent. Ida, meantime, had reached a full development; she was twenty-two, fresh, strong and self-reliant. When they were together, she had the air of caring for him as for an invalid.

Suddenly, one day, at the close of Vibbard's six years' absence, Silverthorn came running from the mill during working-hours, and burst into the superintendent's cottage with an open letter in his hand, calling aloud for Ida.

"He is coming! He is coming!" cried he, breathless, but with a harsh excite

ment, as if he had been flying from an angry pursuer.

"Who? What has happened?" returned Ida, in alarm.

"Vibbard."

But he looked so wild and distraught that Ida could not understand.

"Vibbard?" she repeated. Then—with an amazed apprehension which came swiftly upon her—shutting both hands tight as if to strengthen herself, and bringing them close together over her bosom: "Have you quarrelled with him?"

"Quarrelled?" echoed Silverthorn, looking back her amazement. "Why, do you suppose the world has come to an end? Don't you know we would sooner die than quarrel?"

"Vibbard—coming!" repeated Ida, as she caught sight of the letter. "Yes; now, I see."

"But doesn't it make you happy?" asked her lover, suddenly annoyed at her cool reception of the news.

"I don't know," she answered, pensively. "You have startled me so. Besides—why should it make me happy?" A singular confusion seemed to have come over her mind. "Of course," she added, after a moment, "I am happy, because he's your friend."

"But—the money, Ida!" He took her hand, but received no answering pressure. "The money—think of it! We shall be able—" Then catching sight of an expression on her features that was almost cruel in its chill absence of sympathy, Silverthorn dropped her hand in a pet, and walked quickly out of the house back to the mill.

She did not follow him. It was their first misunderstanding.

Silverthorn remained at his desk, went to his own boarding-house for dinner, and returned to the mill, but always with a sense of unbroken suffering. What had happened? Why had Ida been so unresponsive? Why had he felt angry with her? These questions repeated themselves incessantly, and were lost again in a chaotic humming that seemed to fill his ears and to shut out the usual sounds of the day, making him feel as if thrust away into a cell by himself, at the same time that he was moving about among other people.

Vibbard was to arrive that afternoon. Silverthorn wished he had told Ida, before leaving her, how soon his friend was coming. As no particular hour had been named in the letter, he grew intolerably restless, and finally told Winwood that he was going to the depot to wait.

All this time Ida had been nearly as wretched as he; and, unable to make out why this cloud had come over them just when they ought to have been happiest, she, too, went out into the air for relief, and wandered along the hillside by the river.

It was early summer again. The lilacs were in bloom. All along the fence in front of Winwood's house were vigorous bushes in full flower. Ida, as she passed out, broke off a spray and put it in her hair, wishing that its faint perfume might be a spell to bring Silverthorn back.

On the edge of the wood where she had been idly pacing for a few minutes, all at once she heard a crackling of twigs and dry leaves under somebody's active tread just behind her. It did not sound like her lover's step. She looked around. The man, a stranger with strong features and thick beard, halted at once and looked at her—silently, as if he had forgotten to speak, but with a degree of homage that dispelled everything like alarm.

She stood still, looking at him as earnestly as he at her. Then, she hardly knew how, a conviction came to her.

"Mr. Vibbard?" she said, in a low, inquiring tone. To herself she whispered, "Six years!"

Somehow, although she expected it,

there was something terrible in having this silent, strange man respond:

"Yes."

He spoke very gently and put out his hand to her.

She laid her own in his strong grasp, and then instantly felt as if she had done something wrong. But he would not let it go again. Drawing her a little toward him, he turned so that they could walk together back to the mills.

"Did John send you this way? Have you seen him?" she asked, falteringly.

"No," said Vibbard. "From where I happened to be, I thought I could get here sooner by walking over through Bartlett. Besides, it was pleasanter to come my own way instead of by railroad."

"But how did you know me?"

"I have never forgotten how you looked. And besides, that lilac."

With a troubled impulse, Ida drew her hand away from his and snatched the blossoms out of her hair, meaning to throw them away. Then she hesitated, seeing her rudeness. Vibbard, who had not understood the movement, said with a tone of delight:

"Won't you give them to me? Do you remember how you wore them in your hair one day, years ago?"

"I have reasons for not forgetting it," she answered with a laugh, feeling more at her ease. "Well, I have spoiled this bunch now, but of course you may have them."

He took the flowers, and they walked on, talking more like old friends. At the moment when this happened, Silverthorn, who, while waiting for another train to arrive, had come back to the house in search of Ida, passed on into a little orchard on a slope just beyond, which overlooked a bend in the road: from there he saw Ida give Vibbard the lilac spray. At first he scarcely knew his old friend, and the sight struck him with a jealous pang he had never felt before. Then suddenly he saw that it was Vibbard, and would have rushed down the slope to welcome him. But like a detaining hand upon him, the remembrance of his foolish quarrel with Ida held him back. He slunk away secretly through the orchard, into the woods, and hurried to meet Vibbard at a point below the house, where Ida would have left him.

He was not disappointed. He gained the spot in time, and appeared to be walking up from the mill, when he encountered his old comrade going sturdily toward it. Nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable at the deception he was using. They greeted each other cordially, yet each felt a restraint that surprised him.

Vibbard explained how he had come.

"And I have seen Ida," he exclaimed impetuously, with a glow of pleasure. Then he stopped in embarrassment. "Are you going back that way?" he asked.

"No," said the other, gloomily. "We'll go over the river to where I live."

They took the path in that direction, and on the way Vibbard began explaining how he had arranged his property.

"It's just as well not to go up to the Winwoods' until we have finished this," he said, parenthetically. "And to tell you the truth, Thorny, it's a queer business for me to be about, after I've been hard at work for so long, scraping together what I've got. I shouldn't like people to know about it, I can tell you; and I never would do it for any man but you."

Formerly, Silverthorn had been used to this sort of bluntness, but now it irritated him.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you would break your bargain if it had been made with any one besides me?"

Vibbard drew himself up proudly.

"No, sir!" he declared, in a cold tone. "I keep my word whenever I have given it."

Silverthorn uttered an oath under his breath.

"If you mean to keep your word, why don't you do it without blustering? Suppose I *have* been unfortunate enough to come out behind in the race, and to need this money of yours? Is that any reason why you should grind into me like a file the sense of my obligation to you?"

"Come, Thorny," said his friend, "you are treating me like a stranger. How long is it since you got these high-strung notions?"

"I suppose I've been growing sensitive since I first perceived that I was dependent on your fortune. It has unmanned me. I believe I might have done something but for this."

"Gad, so might I be doing something, now, if I had my whole capital," muttered Vibbard.

He did not see how his remark renewed the wound he had just been trying to heal. For several years he had felt that the compact with his friend was a useless clog on himself, and this had probably caused him to dwell too much on his own generosity in making it.

Both felt pained and dissatisfied with their meeting. It was full of sordidness and discomfort; it seemed in one hour to have stripped from their lives the romance of youth. But after their little tiff they tried to recover their spirits, and succeeded in keeping up a sham kind of gayety. Arrived at Silverthorn's lodging, they completed their business; Vibbard handing over a check, and receiving in exchange Silverthorn's copy of the agreement with a receipt in due form.

"How long can you stay, Bill?" asked Silverthorn, more cheerfully, when this was over. A suppressed elation at his good luck made him tingle from top to toe; and, to tell the truth, he did not feel much interest in Vibbard's remaining.

"I must be off to-morrow," said his friend. "I suppose I can stay here to-night?"

"Of course."

"I must call on Ida before I go."

Silverthorn's brow darkened.

"Ah, Thorny," continued Vibbard, unconsciously, "it's queer to look back to that time when we were trying to persuade each other to make love to her! Do you know that since I've been away she's never once gone out of my mind?"

"Is that so?" returned his comrade, with a strained and cloudy effort to appear lightly interested.

"Yes," said the other, warming to his theme. "It may seem strange in a rough business man like me—and I guess it would have played the Old Harry with anybody whose head wasn't perfectly level—but that strong, pure, sweet face of hers has come between me and many a sharp fellow I've had to deal with. But it never distracted my thoughts; it helped me. The memory of her was with me night and day, Thorny, and it made a hard, successful worker, and kept me a pure-hearted, happy man. You'll see that I don't need much persuasion to speak to her now!"

While Vibbard was talking, Silverthorn had risen, as if interested, and now stood with his arm stretched on the cheap, painted wooden mantel-piece above the empty grate of his meagre room. Vibbard noticed that he looked pale; and it suddenly struck him that his friend might have suffered from poverty, and that his health was perhaps weakening. A gush of the old-time love suddenly came up from his heart, though he said nothing.

"You know I always told you," Silverthorn began—he paused and waited an instant—"I always told you she was the woman for you."

"Indeed I know it, old boy," said Vibbard, heartily.

He rose, came to his old college-mate, and took hold of his disengaged arm with both hands, affectionately.

"Look here," he added; "there's been something queer and dismal about seeing

each other, after such a long interval—something awkward about this settlement between us. If I've done anything to hurt your feelings, Thorny, I'm sorry. Let's make an end of the trouble here and now, and be to each other just as we used to be. What do you say?"

"I say you're a good, true-hearted fellow, as you always were, and I want you to promise that we shall keep up our old feeling forever."

"There's no need of any promise but this," said Vibbard, as they clasped hands.

"Now, tell me one thing," resumed Silverthorn; "did it never occur to you, in all these six years, that I, who have been living in the daily company of the girl you love, might cross your prospect?"

For a second or two Vibbard's eyelids, which fell powerless while he listened, remained shut, and a shock of pain seemed to strike downward from the brain, across his face, and through his whole stalwart frame.

"It's your turn to hurt me," he said, slowly, as he looked at his friend again. "Have you any idea how that bare suggestion cut into me?"

"I think I have," said Silverthorn, mechanically. He remained very pale. "But I see, from the way it struck you, that you had never thought of it before. That relieves me. Give me your hand once more, Bill." Then he explained, hurriedly, that he must go to the mill for a few moments. "If I'm not back to tea, don't wait. The girl will come up and give it to you. And mind you don't go over to the Winwoods'" (this with a laugh); "I wish to give them a little warning of your visit."

In a moment he was gone. Vibbard amused himself as well as he could with the books and drawings in the room; then he sat down, looked all about the place, and sighed:

"Poor fellow! he can be more comfortable now."

Before long the tea hour came. Thorny had not arrived, and he took the meal alone, watching the sunset out of the window. But by and by he grew restless, and finally, taking his hat and his cane, which had an odd-shaped handle made of two carved snakes at once embracing and wounding one another, he went out and strolled across the bridge toward the Winwoods'. By the time he reached there dusk had closed in, though the horizon afar off was overhung by a faint, stirring light from the rising moon. He remembered Silverthorn's injunction, however, and would not go into the cottage.

He passed the lilac-hedge, with its half-pathetic exhalations of delightful odor recalling the past, and was prompted to step through a break in the stone wall and ascend the orchard slope.

He stood there a few minutes enjoying the hush of nightfall and exulting in the full tide of happiness and sweet anticipation that streamed silently through his veins. All about him stole up the soft and secret perfumes of the summer's dusk—perfumes that feel their way through the air like monitions of early love, going out from one soul to another.

Suddenly a side door in the house below was opened, and two figures came forth as if borne upon the flood of genial light that poured itself over the green sward.

They were Silverthorn and Ida.

How graceful they looked, moving together—the buoyant, beautiful maiden and the slender-shaped young man, who even at a distance impressed one with something ideal in his pose and motion! Vibbard looked at them with a bewildered, shadowy sort of pleasure; but all at once he saw that Silverthorn held Ida's hand in his and had laid his other hand on her shoulder. A frightful tumult of feeling assailed him. The small, carved serpents on his stick seemed suddenly to drive their fangs into his own palm, as he clutched the handle tighter.

For an instant he hesitated and hoped. Then the pair, passing along below the broken wall, came within earshot, and he heard his old boon comrade saying, in a pleading voice:

"But you have never quite promised me, Ida! You have never fully engaged yourself to me."

Partly from a feeling of strangulation, partly with a blind impulse to do something violent, Vibbard clutched himself about the throat, tore furiously at his collar till it gave way, and, in a paroxysm little short of madness, he turned and fled—he did not know where nor how—through the darkness.

It seemed to him for a long time as if he was marching and reeling on through the woods, stumbling over roots and fallen trunks, breaking out into open fields upon the full run, then pursuing a road, or rambling hopelessly down by the ebon-hued river—and as if he was doing this with some great and urgent purpose of rescuing somebody from a terrible fate. He must go on foot—there was no other way—and everything depended on his getting to a certain point by a certain time. The worst of it was, he did not know where it was that he must go to! Then, all at once, he became aware that he had made a mistake. It was not someone else who was to be saved. It was *himself*. He must rescue himself—

From what?

At this he came to a pause and tried to think. He stood on a commanding spot, somewhere not far from Stansby, though he could not identify it. The moon was up, and the wide, leafy landscape was spread out in utter silence for miles around him. For a brief space, while collecting his thoughts, he saw everything as it was. Then, as if at the stroke of a wand, horrible deformity appeared to fall upon the whole scene; the thousand trees below him writhed as if in multitudinous agony; and, where the thick moonlight touched house or road, or left patches of white on river and pool, there the earth seemed smitten as if with leprosy. Silverthorn, reaching his room in an hour after Vibbard had left it, was not at first surprised at his absence. Afterward he grew anxious; he went out, ran all the way to Winwood's house, and came back, hoping to find that his friend had returned while he was searching for him. He sat down and waited; he kept awake very late; his head grew heavy, and he fell asleep in his chair, dreaming with a dull sense of pain, and also of excitement, about his new access of comparative wealth.

A heavy step and the turning of the door-knob awoke him. Moonlight came in at the window—pale, for the dawn was breaking—and his lamp still flickered on the table. Streaked with these conflicting glimmers, Vibbard stood before him—his clothes torn, his hat gone, his face pale and fierce.

"What have you been doing?" asked Silverthorn wearily, and without surprise, for he was too much dazed.

"You—*you!*" said Vibbard, hoarsely, pointing sharply at him, as if his livid gaze was not enough. "You have been taking her from me!"

"Ida?" queried Silverthorn, with what seemed to the other to be a laughing sneer.

"Are you shameless?" demanded Vibbard. "Why don't you lie down there and ask me to forgive you for demanding so little? I've no doubt you are sorry that you couldn't get the whole of my money! But I suppose you were afraid you wouldn't receive even the half if you told me beforehand what you meant to do."

Silverthorn was numb from sleeping in a cramped posture and without covering; but a deeper chill shook him at these words. He tried to get up, but felt too weak, and had to abandon it. He shiv-

ered heavily. Then he put his hand carefully into the breast of his coat, and after a moment drew out his pocket-book.

"Here it is," said he, very quietly. "I came home intending to give you back your money, but you were not here."

"You expect me to believe that?" retorted Vibbard, scornfully, "when I know that you went from here after receiving the check, and—ah! I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard—"

"You overheard us, then? You came, though I warned you not to? And what did you hear?" Silverthorn's lips certainly curled with contempt now.

Vibbard answered: "I heard you pleading with Ida to promise herself to you."

"That's a lie," said Silverthorn, calmly.

"Didn't you say to her, 'You have never yet fully engaged yourself to me?' Weren't you pleading?"

"Yes. I was begging that she would forget all the words of love I had ever spoken, and listen to you when you should come to tell her your story."

Vibbard's head bowed itself in humiliation and wonder. He came forward two or three steps, and sank into a chair.

"Is this possible?" he inquired, at last.

"And you, too, had loved her!"

Silverthorn vouchsafed no reply.

Vibbard, struggling with remorse, uncertainty, and a dimly returning hope, brought himself to speak once more, hesitatingly.

"What did she say?"

"At first she would not tolerate my proposal. I saw there was a conflict in her mind. Something warned me what it was, yet I could not help fancying that she might really be unwilling to give me up. So then I said I had made up my mind any way, as things stood, to return you your money. I—forgive me, Bill, but it was not treachery to you—only justice to all—I asked her if she would wish to marry me as I was, poor and without a future."

"And she—" asked Vibbard, trembling. "What did she say?"

Silverthorn let the pocket-book fall, and buried his face in his hands. It was answer enough for his friend.

Vibbard came over and knelt beside him, and tried to rouse him. He stroked his pale brown hair, and called him repeatedly "Dear old boy."

"Poor Thorny, I wish I could do something for you," he said, gently. "Are you sure you understood her?"

The other suddenly looked up.

"Don't blame her, Bill," he said, beseechingly. "Don't let it hurt your love for her. There was nothing mercenary. She hesitated a moment—and then I saw that it had all been a dream of the impossible. I had always associated this money with myself. It turned back the whole current of her ideas, and upset everything, when I separated myself from it. All the plans of going away—all that life I had talked of—had to be scattered to the winds in a moment. She did not love me enough, for myself alone!"

"Poor Thorny?" again murmured his friend.

Love, amid all its other resemblances, is like the spirit of battle. It fires men to press on toward the goal, even though a brother by their side, pushing in the same direction, should fall with a mortal wound. And the fighter goes on, to wed with victory, while his brother lies dead far behind cheated of his bride.

Vibbard offered himself to Ida the next day. It was a strange and distressful wooing; but she could not deny that, in a way unknown to herself till now, that she had loved Vibbard from the beginning, more than his friend. In her semi-engagement with Silverthorn, she had probably been loving Vibbard through his friend. But when the strong man, who had gained a place in the world for her sake, returned and placed his heart

before her, she could no longer make a mistake.

Silverthorn would not keep the money, neither could his friend persuade him to come and take a share in his business. He would not leave Stansby. Where he had first seen Ida, there he resolved to dwell, with the memory of her.

When I saw him again, and he told me of this crisis, he said:

"I am not 'poor Thorny,' as Vibbard called me; for now I have a friendship that will last me through life. It has stood the test of money, and hate, and love, and it is stronger than them all."

The Light of Home.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When thou threadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire,
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there like a star through the midnight cloud
Thou shalt see the beacon light;
For never, till shining on the shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come.
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

—*Mrs. Hale.*

CURRENT THOUGHT.

LABOR is the girdle of manliness.—*Canon Farrar.*

AN open mind, an open hand, and an open heart will find everywhere an open door.—*Rev. Geo. E. Rees.*

THERE is more power in one tear of a loving sister than in a dozen lectures about duty.—*Rev. Smith Baker.*

A WOMAN can get through life just as well without playing the piano, and that mother is noble who can say and maintain that her girl shall not be taught piano music unless it is her forte.—*Dr. W. H. Morse.*

AFTER all the ado that has been made about the science of teaching, it may yet be possible that it is the science of play, to which we must go to learn how the mind of a little child should be taught to work.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THERE is little hope for an irreverent fellow. It is hard to get hold of him. There is so little in him to get hold of. There is in irreverence a vein of meanness which makes one shrink from meddling with it.—*Our Youth.*

EVERY well-furnished house should have a study-room for children, and that study-room should have a good black-board. Apart from the solid work which can be done on the black-board in the way of preparatory study, it is the cheapest, most durable, and most attractive form of amusement. A child with a black-board at home acquires a knowledge of many useful things, learns figures, to draw, and to write with far more ease and accuracy. Originating and expressive faculties are developed. It is tried in many families, and with satisfactory results.—*Louisiana Journal of Education.*

IF one nation educates her children thoroughly, other nations must become equally thorough or fall behind in material prosperity. In the system of public education is a nation's strength.—*The School Journal.*

TEACHERS should spend less time in cultivating the memory, and more in developing the reasoning powers.—*Central School Journal.*

TRUE happiness appears to me in the form of a man of science devoting his days and nights to penetrating the secrets of nature and discovering new truths.—*Louis Pasteur.*

SOME are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. Some of the mightiest men that this world ever saw did not patronize matrimony. Marriage would have helped some of them.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

INTELLECTUAL growth is not to be gauged by the length or the number of daily recitations. There is often too much continuous study. The school should be made attractive for boys who are not drawn by the study of books, as well as for those who seek a literary or professional career. The former class of boys is not a dull class, but they always appear at a disadvantage with boys who have a good memory for words. Such boys are ploughed under in our schools because it is thought they are not worth harvesting. The manual training school intends to harvest both kinds of boys.—*Dr. Woodward, St. Louis Manual Training School.*

EXAMINATION questions which test a person's power to think, and lead to habits of observation, are better than those which test the memory and encourage the memorizing of unorganized facts.—*W. W. Speer.*

A YOUNG man who treats religion and religious institutions with respect secures more respect from others, and has more self-respect, than he who shows contempt or indifference for such matters.—*Our Youth.*

IT is well said, that the world is governed too much, and that the strong government is the one which governs the least. The same truth pervades all branches of control. The father who demands respect generally lacks it. The wife who yields, really leads her husband. The positive dictator is rarely obeyed a moment longer than his power forces obedience. Leaders in church, state, or society, win their control by personal magnetism far more frequently than by any tyranny of will. And the mildest man who ever wore the garb of humanity is to-day mourned by the millions.—*Queries.*

Literary News Notes

A. E. SWEET, of *Texas Siftings* fame, is a Canadian.

THE *Current* is improving under its new management.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE is preparing a book on Franklin in France.

POPE was the first man who made an independence by literature.

MISS KELLOGG is making her first concert tour through the South.

THE second volume of "Grant's Memoirs" will be issued in March.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is spending the winter in Southboro', Mass.

THE prospectus for the *Atlantic Monthly* this year is an attractive one.

"THE LATE MRS. NULL" is the title of Frank R. Stockton's new novel.

THE *Southern Ohio Teacher* is a neat little monthly with a yellow cover.

"A SCHOLAR'S ROMANCE" is the title of F. Marion Crawford's new novel.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has prepared a new volume on evolution and religion.

"HIAWATHA" reached a sale of 50,000 in less than two years after its publication.

JANUARY *Literary Life* contains a portrait and sketch of Paul Hamilton Hayne.

MR. WHITTIER has a poem entitled "The Homestead" in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A HISTORY of the Vanderbilt family by W. A. Croffut will be issued in the spring.

"CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY," edited by Henry Morley, is sold at ten cents a number.

THE *Popular Educator* for January is replete with valuable helps and suggestions for teachers.

UPON the death of Carlyle, William Black became the greatest literary smoker in England.

GINN & CO. have ready an inexpensive edition of "Guy Mannering," for the use of schools.

MRS. BURNETT'S story, "Much Ado," is running through the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia *Press*.

ESTES & LAURIAT have issued a second edition of Rebecca Warren Brown's "Great Events of the World."

MR. J. E. COLLINS, a Canadian writer, is becoming quite popular with readers of American magazines.

THE first penny evening paper published in London was the *Evening Post*, which was founded in 1710.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is a man of marked personal appearance, about six feet tall, with a full, dark red beard.

THE *American Bookseller* contains an interesting number on the great English Publishing House of Cassell & Co.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE gave his very popular and amusing lecture entitled "Advice to Young Men" in Toronto recently.

ZOLA writes of himself that at one time he was so poor in financial resources that starvation stared him in the face.

Merry and Wise is the title of a new English illustrated monthly for young folks, issued under the auspices of Cardinal Manning.

MESSRS. PUTNAM will begin next month the publication of a monthly to be called the *International Record of Charities and Correction*.

THE department of Open Letters in the mid-winter *Century* contains letters from over forty authors on the subject of international copyright.

F. C. BURNAND, the editor of *Punch*, is fifty-eight years old, and was educated at Eton, where, at fifteen, he wrote his first popular farce.

A SKETCH of General Lee by Alexander H. Stephens, written shortly before the latter's death, appears in the *Southern Bivouac* for this month.

THE American authors, George Parsons Lathrop and Julian Hawthorne, have written a comedy of London life, with a single American character.

ESTES & LAURIAT have in press an *édition de luxe* of the works of George Eliot, in twelve volumes. It will contain numerous etchings and photogravures.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE and George Parsons Lathrop propose to embark upon the sea of weekly journalism. Their paper is to be a high-class literary journal.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS has written for the *Independent* a serial story entitled "Burglars in Paradise." The first instalment of it will appear in the first February number.

THE first number of the *Citizen*, a new monthly periodical devoted to the interests of good citizenship and good government, has appeared. D. C. Heath & Co. are the publishers.

MESSRS. HARPER have in press a volume on "Manual Training," by Charles H. Ham, which has special reference to industrial education as carried on in the Chicago Manual Training School.

YOUNG writers who find publishers obdurate should find consolation and a valuable suggestion in the fact that Henry W. Longfellow and James Russell Lowell had to pay for the publication of their first works.

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, the author of "Not Like Other Girls," "Queenie's Whim," and other very popular stories—ten in all—is a resident of Montserrat Road, Putney, near London, and a native of Middlesex, England.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, the successful novelist, gives the following directions how to write a novel: "You must have pen, ink, and paper. Use the first with brains, the second with imagination, and the third with generosity."

BOSTON critics report, relative to Mr. Booth's performance of *Hamlet* in that city the present season, that while the chief charms of his original interpretation remain, his impersonation now is marked by an unusual ease of manner and naturalness.

W. D. HOWELLS has departed with his family for Switzerland, where he will spend the winter. The change will in no way conflict with the popular novelist's literary work. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Blanche Roosevelt, Blanche Willis Howard, and other well known American writers, will also spend the winter months abroad.

THE posthumous story of the late Mrs. Helen Jackson, which Roberts Brothers announce, was in the author's hands when she was seized with her last illness. The completion of it was one of her latest occupations. The manuscript was sent to the publishers before her death. The title of the story is "Zeph." It is based on frontier life in Colorado.

MRS. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD'S series of contributions to the Chicago *Tribune* entitled "Genius at Home," wherein the domestic life of Milton, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Goethe, Hugo, Dudevant, de Staël, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Lamb, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Fuller, Brontë, and others, was pictured, will soon appear in a volume, probably from Chicago. Mrs. Griswold is well-nigh buried in literary work just now, essays and poems being her staple.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

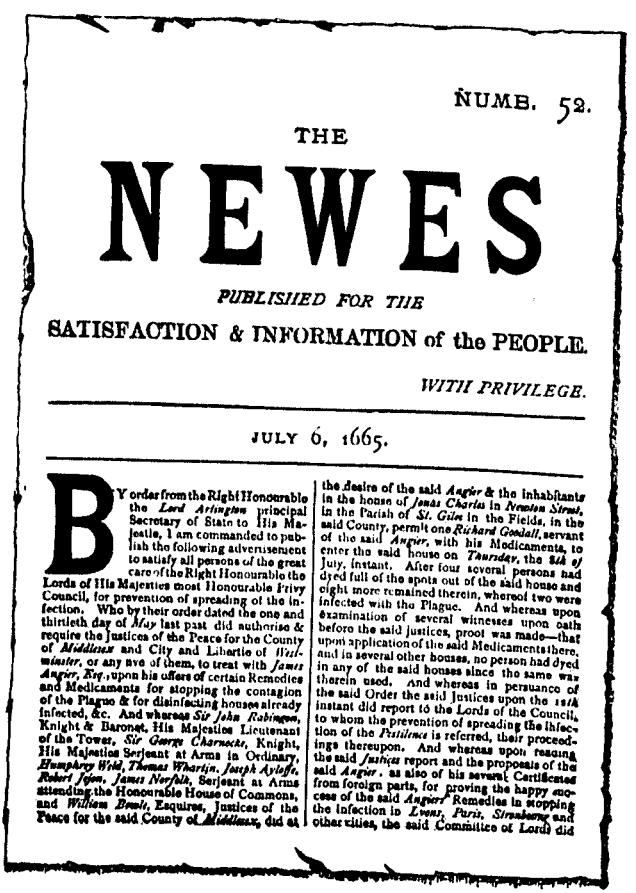
LIKE all novelists who write books which last, Mrs. Burnett enters into her work with heart and soul. If she writes easily it is because the characters of her stories take possession of her, and she becomes absorbingly interested. Often when beginning a chapter a character in the novel will present itself to her mind as vividly and really as though it had walked into the room where she sat at work. Of course writing of this kind is a severe mental strain, and after finishing a novel Mrs. Burnett finds herself completely exhausted. She has entered into the joys and griefs of the men and women she pictured; she has shared their anxieties, suffered and endured all the trials they have passed through; she is possessed by sensations quite beyond her power to govern.

In writing for children Mrs. Burnett works easily and rapidly. Her two boys were brought up, we might say, on all manner of tales which their mother told them, though but a very few have ever found their way into print. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," that delightful history of a small boy and "a real live lord," the author found it pleasure to write. The style is so easy and the incidents crowd upon one another so rapidly that the reader may well believe that the telling of the story was not a matter of great labor to its writer. It stands the severe test of being cut into very small pieces, as it appears from month to month in *St. Nicholas*, but when finally issued in a separate book, its continuity at least will be restored. The little man who is the hero of the story is drawn from a real boy, and many of his clever speeches and odd bits of talk Mrs. Burnett has made use of.

The heroine of "The Fair Barbarian" also had her prototype in real life, and in an American girl who, like Octavia Bassett, visited relatives in England, whom she electrified by her startling and unconventional behavior. Still more interesting is the fragment of the story which Mrs. Burnett tells of the girl who was portrayed in Joan, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." In her childhood the author lived in Manchester, where the mill-hands in the great cotton

factories make up so large a portion of the inhabitants. One day, when she was but ten years old, a party of girls came into the small square in front of the house where she lived. They seemed to be children of the mill operatives; but among them was a young girl of perhaps fifteen, who immediately attracted her attention and fascinated her in the strangest way. The girl was a little older than her playmates, serious and dignified in her carriage, very tall and strong, of superb physique; she seemed to assume a commanding position over the other children, which they all recognized – in truth, she acted the part of a queen among them. As Mrs. Burnett watched her she received an impression which she could not then understand; it was not until years later that it came to her that the girl was beautiful. To this day she looks back and sees her face plainly, and wonders again and again what became of her. As she was watching the play a burly, brutal-looking man, who appeared to be the father of the tall girl, came into the square, and in the manner of the Lancashire man of the low class, whose form of domestic discipline consists of kicking and swearing at his women, ordered the girl home. She turned, and with her head erect, and seeming not to notice in the least his rage, walked before him as boldly as a young lion, and as composed and unconcerned as a statue of marble, though the man might have killed her with a blow. When "That Lass o' Lowrie's" came to be written, the noble character of Joan was shaped on this model.

The only character in "Haworths" which was taken from life was Grauny Dixon. A friend had described an old woman with a fiery temper, who was old and feeble, but yet possessed a grotesquely huge and powerful voice. The incident amused Mrs. Burnett, and she was reproduced in the picturesque figure of "Granny Dixon."—*The Book Buyer.*



NUMB. 52.

THE

NEWES

PUBLISHED FOR THE

SATISFACTION & INFORMATION of the PEOPLE.

WITH PRIVILEGE.

JULY 6, 1665.

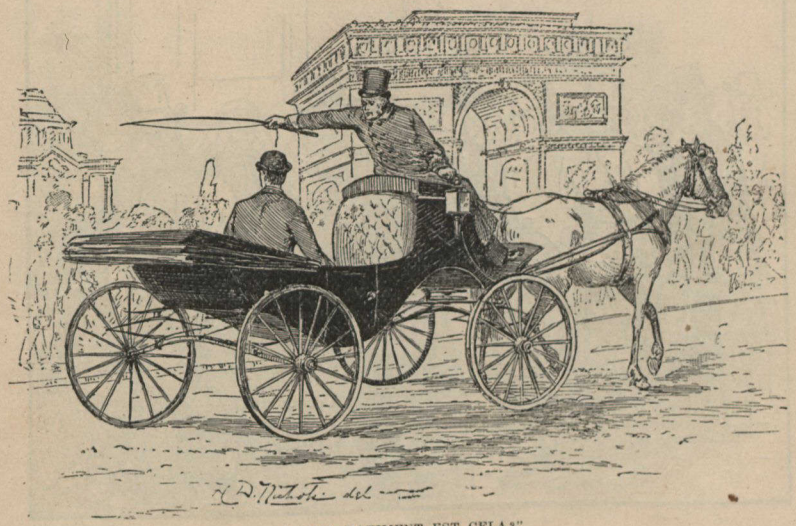
BY order from the Right Honourable the *Lord Arlington* principal Secretary of State to His Majestie, I am commanded to publish the following advertisement to satisfy all persons of the great care of the Right Honourable the Lords of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Council, for prevention of spreading of the infection. Who by their order dated the one and thirtieth day of *May* last past did authorise & require the Justices of the Peace for the County of *Middlesex* and City and Libertie of *Westminster*, or any five of them, to treat with *James Angier, Esq.*, upon his offers of certain Remedies and Medicaments for stopping the contagion of the Plague & for disinfecting houses already infected, &c. And whereas *Sir John Robinson*, Knight & Baronet, His Majesties Lieutenant of the Tower, *Sir George Charnocke*, Knight, His Majesties Serjeant at Arms in Ordinary, *Humphrey Weld, Thomas Wharton, Joseph Aylosse, Robert Jason, James Norfolk*, Serjeant at Arms attending the Honourable House of Commons, and *William Bendy*, Esquires, Justices of the Peace for the said County of *Middlesex*, did at the desire of the said *Angier* & the inhabitants in the house of *Jonas Charles* in *Newton Street*, in the Parish of *St. Giles* in the Fields, in the said County, permit one *Richard Goodall*, servant of the said *Angier*, with his Medicaments, to enter the said house on *Thursday*, the 8*th* of July, instant. After four several persons had dyed full of the spots out of the said house and eight more remained therein, whereof two were infected with the Plague. And whereas upon examination of several witnesses upon oath before the said justices, proof was made—that upon application of the said Medicaments there, and in several other houses, no person had dyed in any of the said houses since the same was therein used. And whereas in persuance of the said Order the said Justices upon the 12*th* instant did report to the Lords of the Council, to whom the prevention of spreading the infection of the *Pestilence* is referred, their proceedings thereupon. And whereas upon reading the said *Justices* report and the proposals of the said *Angier*, as also of his servant Certificates from forreign parts, for proving the happy success of the said *Angier's* Remedies in stopping the infection in *Lyons, Paris, Strasbourg* and other cities, the said Committee of Lords did

Reduced fac-simile of the first page of an old English newspaper.

STRUGGLING WITH FOREIGN TONGUES.

BY S. S. PACKARD.

WHEN you are told that it is not at all necessary to understand the language of the country you visit don't believe it. It is not true. That is, it is not true unless you mean to travel wholly on the great thoroughfares, stop at the popular hotels, and get little or no information that is not in your guide book. Of course you can join a "Cook party," or hire a *valet de place*, and thus have an interpreter on draught. But even under these very favorable (or unfavorable) circumstances, you will find occasions when to know the language of the country is to have a practical education. Even a smattering is often a blessing in disguise, and if you have ever believed in that revered, but idiotic sentiment, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," a few weeks in France or Germany will rid you of all such nonsense. When you stop to reflect that nobody on earth knows everything, and that the man next below the wisest man in the world is, by comparison, ignorant, you will conclude that the mandate, "drink deep or taste not," is little less than crystallized folly. A *little* learning is a great way ahead of none. This, at least, is the stock argument of the enterprising "Schools of Language" that make a specialty of preparing people to travel on the continent, in the surprisingly short period of three months. I didn't join one of these classes, but I did employ a master of the "natural method" to furbish me for my European outing. He was an effusive Cuban, who had spent his budding manhood in Paris, and who assured me that he spoke "Parisian French" better than a native. He was an enthusiastic disciple of Marcel, and soon convinced me that I had thrown away oceans of time in my vain attempts



"QUEL BATIMENT EST CELA?"

to master the French verbs and the mechanical structure of the language. "What you want," said he, "what anybody wants, in order to learn a language, is to become familiar with its *sound*, and so absorb it, as it were. Think of sending a baby to the grammar in order to learn its mother tongue! It's absurd, as you see. The baby understands language long before it can speak, and when it gets at the secret of articulation, it talks at once. So it is in learning any language." The argument was conclusive, and was clinched by such a righteous attack upon the self bepuffed "Schools of Language," that never perform what they promise, that I was at once convinced. What I wanted was to learn French by "absorption," and without study, for I had long known that it would

never come to me in the regular way. So I submitted myself to be talked to an hour a day by a French professor with a Spanish accent during the space of three months, at the end of which time I knew as little of the lingo that is practiced on the Parisian boulevards as I did of heaven. And I have maintained that blissful state of ignorance. without a serious break, to the present time.

I did not feel myself to be wholly ignorant of French, however, for I had cackled over the French verbs, played with the "Mastery Series," and laid in a fair supply of the stock sentences of the phrase books, and was confident that even if turned loose in the streets of Paris I could command enough of the "tongue" to find my way home.

It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that when I arrived in Paris I was in no great haste to air my newly acquired accomplishment—not even to the extent of asking the chambermaid to "tell the housemaid," if she pleased, "to bring to my sister every day, at half-past seven, without fail, her boots, a small pitcher of very hot water, and a cup of milk." I think I could have done this with some degree of unction, for I had practiced it at odd moments during the winter until I could say it in my sleep, but the proper environments did not seem to favor me. In the first place, I had no sister, and, even if I had had, she would probably not have been in Paris with me; and then, if the sister I never had *had* been with me in Paris, there is no certainty that she would have wished me to ask the chambermaid to tell the housemaid to bring her, every day, at half-past seven, without fail, her boots, a pitcher of very hot water, and a cup of milk. So I abandoned the formulas of Prendergast, and fell back on a few nouns and verbs, which formed the protoplasm of my speech, and played these out with a jerky indifference that astonished the English speaking waiters that are always at hand in the Parisian cafés. I was fortunate, on my arrival, to find a friend at the Paris station. Through him I managed the customs officers, and got to my hotel.

A FRIEND AND BROTHER.

In the morning he politely called to know if I wished his services to take me about the city. My inclination was to say yes at once, but I knew he had his own duty at hand, and, besides, I felt that inasmuch as I must sooner or later look out for myself, I couldn't begin too soon. So I said if he would engage a driver to take me to the Bois, and give him explicit directions about getting me back safely to my hotel, I would excuse him. This he readily did, and I was soon rolling up the avenue of the *Champs Elysées*, with the untried French world before me. It was a moment of great interest, and I was not lost in any part of it. "Now," said I to myself, "is a chance to test my accomplishments. The gentleman on the

box is a stranger to me and will probably never see me again, and whatever blunders I may make the world will not be the wiser of. I thought my best chance was to ask a question the answer to which would be short and easy, and I could pretend to understand it whether I did or not. I looked around for some object, the name of which I knew in French, trusting to my skill in formulating a sentence. A building was being erected on the boulevard. The French for building, I had learned, was *batiment*, and now I had it. So I spoke out in an indifferent, nonchalant way, "*Cocher! cocher!*" The driver turned respectfully to listen.

"*Quel batiment est cela?*"

would point out objects of interest, which I quietly took in with brief responses of thanks and assurances of the fullest confidence in his knowledge, mostly conveyed in gesture and grimaces. The tug of war came, however, when the dispute arose, at the end of the journey, over the dimensions of the *pour boire*. It would have been evident to the most careless observer that there was a difference of opinion; but how this difference was to be adjusted by negotiations would not have been so clear. It all ended, of course, in the driver getting what he asked, and in my increasing reverence for education.

I am well aware that Americans, as a rule, go

THE SANCTUM SANCTORIUM.

If I had unconsciously touched the key that unlocked the dynamite of Hell Gate, the explosion could not have taken me more by surprise. The effusive Jehu plunged into his explanation with a fervor and recklessness of language and gesture that fairly took my breath away. Of course, I could not understand a word, but he didn't know that, and the satisfaction which I must have shown of having fired the mine at all was accepted by him as a personal interest in his recital. So he continued, and I favored his continuing by simply throwing myself back on the soft cushions, and responding in a satisfied way, "*Oui, oui; oh, oui.*"

The rest of the journey was in most part a silent one, except as from time to time *cocher*

to Paris for a good time, and let the language take care of itself; but, unsuccessful as I had been with my Spanish professor, I still had great respect for the "natural method," and determined, as far as possible, to profit by it. So I avoided as much as I could the shops where "English is spoken," and the waiters who insist on airing their polyglot accomplishments, and sought the places and the people where the densest ignorance of the English tongue prevails. I know it is hard to find such places in Paris, for the cunning shop keepers and purveyors in general, who have always a keen scent for Americans, rarely fail to have an interpreter at easy call. French people, however, are very polite, and if they discover a

purpose on your part to air your weak "Parisian accent," they never disappoint you, nor by sign or gesture, or the least show of impatience, discourage you. They accept in good grace all you have to offer, and are so ready and sympathetic in their responses that you are quite apt to be misled as to the extent of your own achievements.

I had occasion to hire a saddle horse for a ride in the Bois, and I went to the stable unattended, finding there no one who knew a word of English. It was the opportunity of my life, and I magnified it. There was no difficulty in making my wants known generally, as my very presence was an indication of the quest; but to get at the particulars and arrange the details was a work upon which I greatly prided myself, for I accomplished it in the most satisfactory way. I found then, as I had ample opportunity of knowing afterward, that a few common phrases preliminary and supplementary, with a fair supply of substantives and verbs principal and auxiliary, were sufficient for a large amount of rugged work. It was well understood that I was not attempting to improve on "French as she is spoke," nor setting up a language of my own, but simply doing my best with what materials I had; and it was simply astonishing to see how much solid service a few hackneyed words and phrases could be made to do. In fact, I felt almost disgusted at times to think how readily my poor halting, blundering, awkward sentences were accepted. I expressed this feeling upon one occasion, and was set at ease by an explanation that was at least ingenious. "The fact is," said my interlocutor, "every Frenchman you meet who cannot speak English is so ashamed of it and has such a respect for anybody who can, that he is all the time deprecating his own ignorance rather than yours, and when he understands your broken French, and makes you understand his broken English, he is delighted; and the last thing that occurs to him is, that your verbs have the wrong tenses, or that your accent does not have the Parisian flavor."

BUSINESS AT LAST.

Aside from the politeness of the French people, which we are so apt to take for granted, there is a substantial reason for their making the most of whatever language you possess; for that language is the vehicle of the message most dear to the Parisian heart. I never yet saw a Frenchman who could not understand the query, *Combien?* the moment it was pronounced, no matter by whom, no matter how. It is the word that all Paris waits to hear, for it brings assurance of a bargain, and when asked by an American it generally means the conclusion of a bargain.

I had occasion to test this matter of French politeness, and it made a deep impression on my mind. On reaching Cologne on my way to the

Netherlands, I found it most convenient to express my luggage directly to Paris, and on my arrival there it became necessary to encounter the red tape processes of the custom house. I could readily have taken an interpreter with me, but it was one of those opportunities for which I was always fishing, and I gladly embraced it. To hire a cab and get to the "douane" was an easy matter. I even bargained for the price, and, as I supposed, fully explained the whole matter, asking cabby in what I thought excellent French to remain outside until I had secured my trunks, when he was to convey them and me to my hotel. As he seemed to understand me perfectly, and as I took good care not to pay him till his job was done, I felt sure that he would remain on call, and I confidently went about my business. Here, at least, thought I, if an interpreter is needed, he can be readily found. But in this I was mistaken. The custom house has no favors to ask, is not seeking for patronage, does not find it necessary to conciliate anybody. The "business" it has to do must be done in its own way, or not at all. I had received the official document announcing the arrival and custody of my trunks. This I presented at what I thought to be the proper bureau. The officer in charge simply handed it back without a word of explanation or direction. I repaired to another bureau, and received the same treatment. Then I took a survey of the signs, and selected one that seemed to convey the right meaning. I assumed my place at the end of a line and when my time came presented my paper. The clerk made a mark upon it and returned it to me without a word. Of course I took it, and would have been glad to inquire what I should do with it, but I could not just at that moment remember any formula that would fit the case. I knew a good deal about "the old rich French lady who lives near London Bridge, in the house in which there is an English family and a young German bookseller," but that didn't seem to touch the spot. What I wanted to know was what I should do next.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Just ahead of me I saw what I felt sure was an English face, and I ventured to make the inquiry. I was right, and so far as I can remember, I never before felt how dear to me was the "parent country." I could have hugged that burly form, but I didn't. I only modestly inquired of it if it would kindly direct me to the next step in this maze. It kindly did, and I proceeded on my way. By hook or crook I finally reached the store room where my trunks were, and presented my much *visé*-ed paper. A very obliging porter received it, and pointed to a chair. This I took as an indication that I should wait, and wait I did for a full hour. I then began to show a little impatience, for I was thinking of the poor *cocher* outside, whom

I had assured, in my superior French, that I would be back "*immediatement.*" Occasionally my kind friend would come to me, and try to engage me in conversation. He soon found that what little French I knew would not go far in a friendly *tête à tête*, so he tried a few English sentences, or what he thought to be such. These were even more unintelligible to me than his French. Then he would raise his voice as if speaking to a deaf man. Finally a bright thought struck him, and he eagerly asked if I didn't "*Parlez Allemagne.*" I very sorrowfully told him that I couldn't talk Dutch worth a cent; so he lifted up his hands in a deprecatory way, and sought to encourage me by exclaiming at brief periods, "*Pas-se-onse! Pas-se-onse!*"

But at last his own *pas-se-onse* was exhausted, and he expostulated with this inspector and with that, pointed me out as a much suffering American, who deserved their consideration. Finally he became desperate, and taking me by the arm, led me to the private office of the chief magnate. That dignitary received us with an impatient scowl, and, little as I knew of the language, I had no difficulty in understanding that my friend had ventured a good deal in my behalf, and was severely censured for his temerity. He seemed bent on carrying his point, however, and finally the chief, in a most ungracious manner, took the paper, signed it and handed it back, impatiently waving us away. The delighted fellow touched me on the shoulder and we retired from the "presence." On our return an inspector was soon found, the trunks produced and overhauled, my friend answering the questions on my behalf, and the ordeal was completed. Now it was, beyond all occasions of my tour, that I felt the need of another tongue. It would have been a great comfort to me at that moment to be able to express in fitting words my gratitude for the kindly service I had received at the hands of this French porter and good fellow. But what I lacked in words I made up as well as I could in the coin of the country, which, after all, seemed to fit into the proprieties of the occasion.

I found, on looking at my watch, that I had been over two hours in "passing" the custom-house, and when I went for my *cocher*, he was nowhere visible. He had probably given me up as a swindling Yankee, and sought a more profitable customer. I was very sorry to leave Paris with this bill unpaid, but it is so seldom that anybody gets the better of a French cabby that I have come to look upon it as a sort of involuntary triumph. I summoned another cab, got my trunks aboard, and bade my obliging porter an affectionate farewell. I felt that he deserved some sacrifice at my hands, even if it was in the shape of bad French; so, as I handed him his well-earned coin, I placed my hand upon his head and said, with the best accent I could command: "*Merci, mon ami; merci, bien!* God bless you!" It was a great effort, but the occasion seemed to demand it, and I felt sure that when the recording angel came to make a note of it, he would kindly drop a tear upon all that was unlovely or contrary to the best construction.

At the same time, I think it best for all who would travel abroad to make themselves familiar with the language of the country.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall.
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and *unseen* rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness;
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

—*Lester Leigh.*

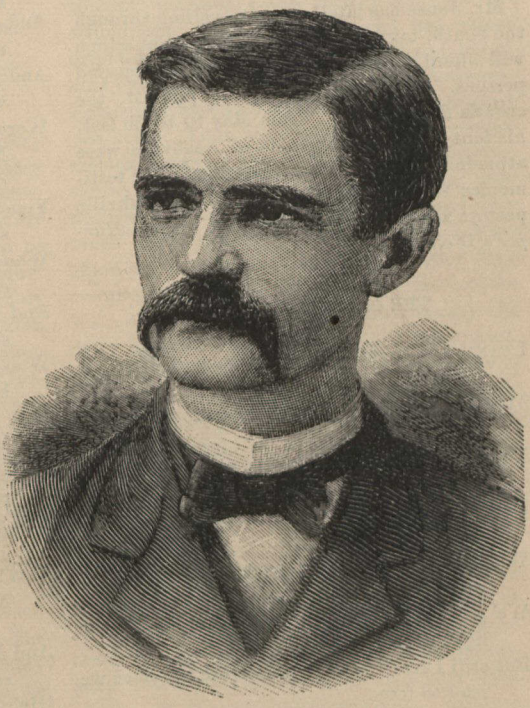
THE REV. SAM P. JONES.

This successful evangelist, who may already be described as famous, at least in the South, was born in Alabama, but has spent nearly all his days in Georgia. He is under forty years of age, and lived until thirteen years ago an erratic life. His father was a lawyer, successful in his profession, of good social position, and esteemed by his friends as a consistent Christian. The son adopted his father's profession, but, unlike him, was dissipated in his habits. The evangelist in his public addresses speaks of this part of his life with entire candor, and confesses his worthlessness to his family and society. Intemperate and addicted to gambling, he seemed to himself to be on the point of ruin, when he was brought to serious thought by his father's death. The story runs that, overcome by his father's appeals, "the prodigal boy fell

down at the death-bed, saying: 'I'll quit, I'll quit. God be merciful to me!'"

This change in both the inward and outward shaping of his conduct occurred in or about 1871. Sensible of the dangers which he had so narrowly escaped, he began to warn others. So great was his revulsion from his old life that his pictures of it were drawn with terrible power. He became noted at once for the severity with which he spoke of the common vices of society, and censured the inconsistencies of Christians. Often he gave great offence, and irritated and angered his hearers, but his persistence and sincerity uniformly secured him the victory over passion and prejudice. As is often the custom among Methodists, especially in the South, he was sent as a raw beginner to learn the art of preaching on a hard circuit, and by this is meant a number of congregations mostly composed of the poor, and with a slender prospect for a liberal support of the preacher. This was in 1872, the year when he entered the North Georgia Conference of the Southern Methodist Church. It very soon became apparent that Sam Jones had, to an extraordinary degree, the power of arresting and holding the attention of his hearers. He had perfectly at command the homely dialect of the common folk; though always serious, yet when a slang phrase suited his purpose it never came amiss. And so it has continued to this day; his speech is the most upright and downright Anglo-Saxon conceivable. But other and higher qualities enter into his make-up as a public speaker. Wit, sarcasm, playful humor, a lively fancy which occasionally casts over his theme the light of beauty, all concur in making him persuasive with men.

By the time eight years were past, Sam Jones became well known as a powerful evangelist, and his services were sought for in every part of the State. His Conference, therefore, gave him a general commission as the agent of its Orphans' Home. The Home was in distress for want of money; it was his business to meet the people wherever they would open the way for his coming, and to take collections for its relief. On these terms all Georgia was ready to receive him. The Home was soon relieved, made more commodious, and put upon a career of prosperity. In reading this incident the student of history naturally thinks of Whitefield's Orphan Home in Georgia a century or more ago, and of his journeys up and down the colonies to raise funds for its maintenance The parallel is slight enough, perhaps, but the North Georgia Conference has shown wisdom in giving the Rev. Sam Jones a responsible position, and at the same time granting him full liberty to answer the calls for service which multiply on every side.



THE REV. SAM P. JONES.

In person Mr. Jones is tall, though under six feet, spare, but well proportioned. In speech he is deliberate, never seeming to be in haste to express his thought, but rather holding it well in hand for effective delivery. When his audience is shaken with laughter, he waits till the laugh is over, and then strikes home. Like all masters of human feeling, he makes sudden transitions from humor to pathos. But the quality most apparent in his discourses is his intense earnestness. It is evident in an instant that he thoroughly believes the message which he has for the people, and that he is aiming at a complete renovation of their lives and characters. Some of his sayings, though not especially novel, have the merit of compactness, and are worth quoting: "What is culture worth, if it is but the whitewash of a rascal?" "I cannot bribe God's Grand Jury, nor defy the Court that tries me at the last day." "One

sin is enough to cut the soul adrift from God." "You don't believe what you don't see; did you ever see your backbone?" "Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs." "It is a principle in the economy of God that just what you feed other people on, the devil makes you feed on, and out of the same spoon."

Mr. Jones has lately been travelling through the South, taking with him a large tent which will afford sittings for two or three thousand persons. Wherever his tent is pitched, the crowds flock to him. From May 10 to 30 last, his tent services in the city of Nashville were attended by all classes of citizens, and the testimonies to their usefulness from the Nashville pastors are of the most emphatic kind.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE OLD READING CLASS.

I CANNOT, Genevieve, tell you how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come,—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand of History—its altars, spires and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word,
(He's in the prize-fight business now and hits them hard, I've heard;)
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear,
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer;)
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most suprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee?
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time and summon forth a tear;

But one sweet voice comes back to me whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

—*Will Carleton.*

COMMON SENSE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

It should be the pride and ambition of every girl to develop into a true woman; or, in another form, it should be the pride and fixed determination of every girl to be true to her womanly instinct, to resist the approach of evil, to be true to her sex and to the race. No higher encomium can be given you after your earthly race is run by those who are left behind than to say of you as they shed the tear of affection over your bier, you were a true woman. Whatever else is desirable for you to have, to enjoy, to attain, is nothing in comparison with the halo of glory belonging to anyone of your sex that gives greater lustre to character—who is a true woman. The foundation for this is laid in your girlhood period—during the years of youth called the "blushing period" of your days.

The first essential to attain to true womanhood is to commence the work at home. The home circle is the place for you in which to lay a solid foundation. No place on earth must be as dear and sacred to you as home, the fireside, be it ever so homely. The father's fireside is the safest spot on which to spend your leisure hours. Appreciate it aright, and you will not have cause for sighs and reproaches and bitter lamentation in after life.

Be a good daughter. Honor your father and your mother above everybody else on earth. Do so because it is right and eminently proper in itself. It is best to do so. Try day in and day out to do something to gladden the heart of your mother and draw the eye of your father in admiration upon you. Consult your parents before taking any important step in life. No girl loseth by making the wishes of her parents the law by which to act. Remember that they know far better what is for your true interest than you possibly can know.

Be amiable and kind to those with whom you associate intimately and unreservedly at home. This tends to make you amiable toward others outside of the family circle. The ill-dispositioned daughter under the father's roof will, in all probability, grow up to be such a woman, and, ill-grained toward her husband, prove to be a contentious woman with whom it is a heavy cross to dwell.

And above all, be careful into what society you go and what kind of company you keep. You cannot draw too carefully the line of distinction between those with whom you are acquainted. Many a young girl has ruined bright prospects for future comfort and happiness by mingling with wrong-minded company. Remember that you are gauged by the company you keep. Your manner of life, your conversational powers, the purity of your imaginations, your feelings, your aspirations, your desires, your general demeanor, depend very much upon your associations in life. Your character is very much moulded by your daily companions; and a girl sinks or rises in the scale of society according to the company she daily keeps. Brush away the glittering externals, and discover, if possible, the undertone of the social circles into which you are graciously invited. Seek purer-minded company. If you cannot find such, do a thousand times rather without; live a recluse life among good books rather than mingle with those whose morals are not of the best. But look around you, and depend upon it you will find the right sort of company. The sweet-scented rose is discerned by the lover of Nature through the fragrance it emits, and so she who is true to herself will be found by her equals. Be choice of your company. It is your moral right. It is your right of sex. It is your God-given right. Exercise it. You will be the gainer for doing it, and in this way you will best contribute for the elevation of those below you.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

THE CHINESE SCHOOLMASTER.

The schoolmaster in China is almost a sacred personage. He is held in esteem for his office's sake, and the heaviest punishments are inflicted upon lads who dare retort when the *sin shang* speaks or reproves. He usually sits at a desk just inside the door, and has a number of articles before him, including a cane, pencil and writing materials, pipe, flowerstand, etc. The cane is often used very freely about the heads of dull scholars, or such as are lazy or insolent. The pipe is constantly in use, for the Chinese are inveterate smokers. When a pupil wants to leave the room he usually bows to the master, and takes up a tally lying on the desk. If another boy asks permission to leave school for a time he must wait till the tally has been

returned, and in this way the master prevents a number of boys getting together for play or plot in the narrow court-yard during school hours. As the Chinese usually partake of but two meals a day, the boys generally come after their first meal or breakfast, say about nine o'clock, and go home before their second, which is in the evening. But the rules vary according to the class of school, the distance of the pupils, and the fancies of the master. When a boy is called out to say his lesson, he places his book on the master's desk, then turns his back to the desk and the teacher, and begins to recite his task. So great is the attention paid to training the memory that a lad will learn whole books and repeat them from beginning to end, or begin at any point on which the master may chance to open, and carry it on till stopped and ordered to begin elsewhere. The master repeats the first three or four words, and the pupil takes them up. —*Literary Life*.

THE OLD HOME.

I REMEMBER an old gray farmhouse,
All mossy, and stained with time;
With a film of old age upon it,
While yet it stood in its prime.

A broad, low-browed old homestead,
Where clambering wild woodbine
Hung out its leaves in the autumn,
Like wreaths on a holy shrine.

Great, drooping elms swayed o'er it;
And the blossoming lilacs tall,
Thrust their purple plumes in the windows,
With the bees they held in thrall.

All under its roof so mossy,
And around its hearth so warm,
It gathered its happy children
In a merry, busy swarm.

With the beat of rain on its shingles
It lulled them all to rest,
When spring brought the muttering showers
Surging up from out the west.

As a hen soothes her sleepy chickens
Beneath her wings wide-spread,
So we heard the soft, sweet wind-song
Of the old roof overhead.

And now when I fall a-dreaming,
When it rains, and the wind is strong,
I hear again the deep murmurs
And beat of the old roof's song.

And the years fall away and leave me,
A sleepy child once more;
Slow rocking on grand wind surges,
Toward some dreamland shore.

Now drifting among the tree-tops,
Now floating o'er rivers deep,
Till I sink in that rushing, sweeping sea,
Down to the land of sleep.

—*Elizabeth Cole*.

A HANDBOOK TO MARRIAGE.

"Ven you're a married man, Samivel," says Mr. Weller to his son Sam, "you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, it's a matter o' taste; I rather think it isn't." No such underestimate of the value of matrimony as a teacher is held by the author of the racy and sensible book, "How to be Happy, though Married," of which the Scribners have just brought out the American edition. No book within our recollection treating of the different phases of married life contains so much brightness, is so full of sparkling and witty allusions, and yet has such marked evidences of good sense and practical counsel to those who have ventured or intend to venture, as the dedication runs, into that state which "is a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty to all."

A SMART BOY.

"DAT boy," said a colored gentleman, referring to his son, "w'y, he's de smartest chile in de lan'. Dat boy, w'y, he is got er high edycation."

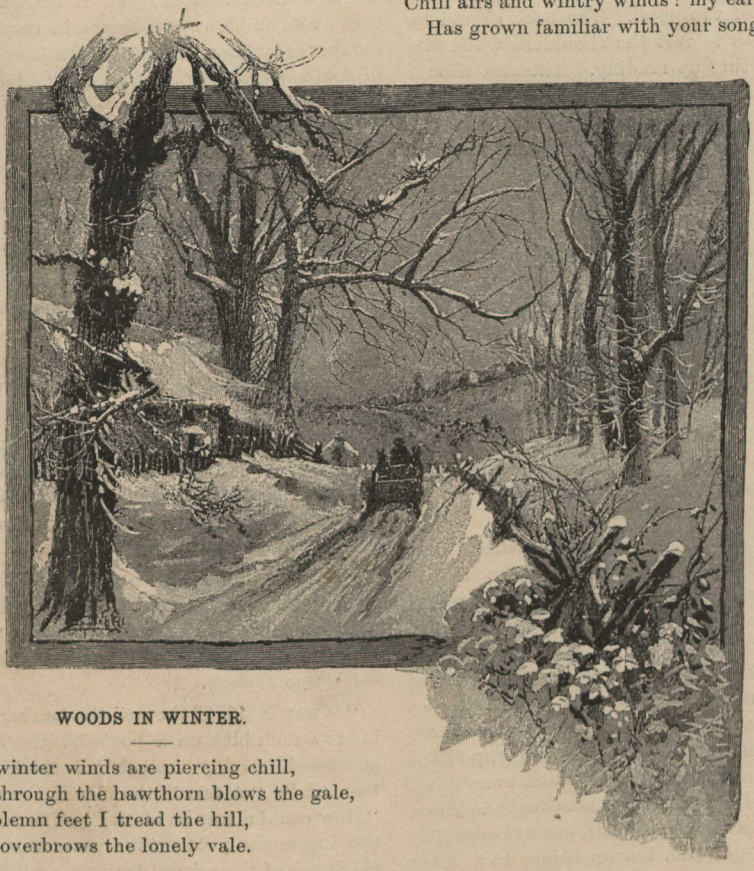
"How far advanced is he?" some one asked.

"Who, dat chile? Why, he's mighty nigh got all de way, dat's how fur 'vanced he is."

"Well, but what can he do?"

"Who, dat boy? Whut is it he kain' do? He can read dese heah signs what de white folks paints on de fences, en' it takes er mighty sharp chile ter do dat, lemme tell yer. But dat ain't de climax o' whut he kin do. He kin read dese leather-kivered books. Mos' any boy kin read one o' dese heah paper-back books, an' any ord'nary pussen kin han'le de newspapers and famflets, but when he takes down

one o' dese here leather-kivered books an' reads off de talk, w'y he's gwine ter be a lawyer, shoes yer bo'n. Doan talk ter me 'bout dat chile, case I knows him. I'se seed him han'lin figgers wid bof han's."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*



WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—*Longfellow.*

POSITION FOR CHILDREN WHILE IN SCHOOL.

It is desirable that school children be allowed much freedom of choice regarding their change of position. If the pupils are to stand they should not be obliged for any considerable length of time to place their feet close together, because, by so doing, the basis of support is made too small, and a greater effort has to be made to maintain the equilibrium of the body than if the feet are slightly separated, and the toes well turned out. Standing upon one leg may be permitted, but each leg should be used

alternately to support the body. The desks are often too low, and consequently the children are obliged to stoop to do their work. The seat should be sufficiently high to allow room for the legs to move freely or rest naturally on a footboard, which should be adapted to the size of the pupil. The back should be so shaped as to rest the shoulders while the pupil is sitting up reading. The seat should support nearly the whole thigh. The edge of the desk should reach to within an inch of the body of the pupil when he is sitting upright. It should be sufficiently high to allow the pupil to write without or with a minimum of stooping, the eyes being about 14 inches from the work. The desk should slope 20 degrees for writing, and 40 degrees for reading, and should be adjustable. The light should come from back of the pupil, so that it falls upon his work while he remains in a good posture. It is not easy to obtain all this for every pupil in a large school, but we should approximate to it as near as possible.—*Herald of Health.*

WHAT EDUCATION IS FOR.

"I ASK a modern march-of-intellect man, what education is for; and he tells me it is to make educated men. I ask what an educated man is; he tells me it is a man whose intelligence has been cultivated, who knows something of the world he lives in—the different races of men, their languages, their histories, and the books they have written; modern science, astronomy, geology, physiology, political economy, mathematics, mechanics, everything, in fact, which an educated man ought to know. Education, according to this, means instruction in everything which human beings have done, thought or discovered; all history, all languages, all sciences.

"Under this system teaching becomes cramming; an enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds is thrust down the students' throats, to be poured out again, I might say vomited out, into examiners' laps! Our old universities are struggling against these absurdities, yet when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is scarcely more satisfactory.

"A young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty with it. In his three-years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable; while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, he cannot earn a sixpence for himself."—*James Anthony Froude, in Address before the Students of St. Andrew's.*

DESSERT.

A TIMID Chinee dined with the young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary a few weeks since. His laconic remark at leaving was, "Too much plenty girl."

FRED'S uncle visited his nephew's school one morning, and at dinner said: "I liked your teacher, Fred; she struck me very favorably." "H'm! you ought to see how she struck me after you left."

"O, EMELINE, come quick! The baby's tumbled down into the cistern; we's bin a-fishin' for him for half an hour wid an umbreller handle an' a chunk o' sponge cake, an' we can't even get a nibble."

"ARTHUR," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you," replied hopeful, "I knew it at the time." —*Chicago Tribune.*

"WHAT is this?" shouted the teacher, pointing to an ink blot on a boy's book. The boy addressed, meekly replied, "I think it is a tear, sir." "A tear!" thundered the teacher. "How could a tear be black?" The meek, but not ingenuous youth thus gave answer: "I think one of the colored boys dropped it, sir."

COLONEL FIZZLETOP was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors he said, sternly, to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you?" "That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."—*Texas Siftings.*

"BUB, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer, recently, as he measured out a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy; "but I heard mother say that there were peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

The Children's Hour.

PRIZE OFFER.

We will send a copy of "Short Stories and Sketches" for twenty cents to any young reader who sends the correct solution to either No. 69 or No. 70. A large number of correct answers to last month's puzzles have been received. We have no space for the names of the several contributors.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 52. Eleven trains. **No. 53.** 45 and 20. **No. 54.** Fifteen. **No. 55.** CIVIL. **No. 56.** "Lives of great men all remind us," etc. **No. 57.** Sunday. **No. 59.** 2:3. **No. 60.** Carpet. **No. 61.** 301 eggs. **No. 62.** A thorn in the foot. **No. 65.** 4c. and 5c.

No. 68. A SHIP-BOARD GAME.

The tedium of a sea voyage is relieved in many ways, and in fair weather small groups of people are to be found on deck engaged in playing various games. Some of these games depend for excitement on the motion of the ship, but others afford considerable amusement on land as well as at sea. One game is played as follows: A board 2 feet broad and 2 feet 8 inches long is divided into twelve squares, 8 x 8 inches, and the squares are marked as in the diagram. A 6-inch strip should be nailed underneath the board at the top so that when it rests on the floor it will be inclined toward the players, who stand about fifteen or twenty feet away. Five little disks of lead, about 2 inches in diameter and ¼ inch thick, covered with leather or heavy canvas, are the implements of play. Each player in turn throws all five disks, and tries to land them in the squares which are marked with the higher numbers. The numbers are credited to the score of any one who throws a disk into their respective squares. The player first reaching 100 on even turns, or making the most over 100 (in case of several reaching the limit on the same round) is the winner. A disk on a line does not count. A throw into either B takes off 10. By looking at the diagram it will readily appear that any one who wants a 10 will have to run no little risk to secure it.

B	10	B
9	1	8
5	7	3
4	2	6

No. 69. PROBLEM IN MONEY.

Place ten half-dimes in a row upon a table. Then taking up any one of the series, place it upon some other, with this proviso, that you pass over just one dime. Repeat this till there is no single half-dime left.

No. 70.—A MECHANIC'S PUZZLE.

Cut a piece of wood or cardboard, 10 inches long by 2 inches wide, in such a manner as to form a perfect square, without waste.

No. 71. TRICKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

While we cannot recommend the following "tricks" as either new or brilliant, we print them because now and then a "catch" of this kind causes some little merriment on the part of the young people at father, mother, or uncle's expense.

Can you place a newspaper on the floor in such a way that two persons can stand upon it and not be able to touch one another with their hands? Answer: Yes; by putting the paper in a door-way, one half inside and the other half outside of the room, and closing the door over it, two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

Can you put one of your hands where the other cannot touch it? Easily; by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

Can you place a pencil on the floor in such a way that no one can jump over it? Yes, if I place it close enough to the wall of the room.

Can you push a chair through a finger ring? Yes; by putting a ring on the finger and pushing the chair with the finger.

You can put yourself through a key-hole by taking a piece of paper with the words "yourself" written upon it and pushing it through the hole.

You can ask a question that no one can answer with a "no," by saying, "What does y-e-s spell?"

You can go out of the room with two legs and return with six, by bringing along a chair with you.—*Prairie Farmer.*

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

FARM ARITHMETIC.

BY SEYMOUR EATON.

1. FIND the cost of a 160-acre farm at $11.25 an acre.

2. How many 10-acre fields in a square farm each side of which is 160 rods?

3. A fence is 38 rods long. How many feet long is it?

4. How many square yards in 3½ acres?

5. Find the cost of digging post holes, 8 feet apart, around a square farm containing 160 acres, at 20 cents each.

6. How many rods of fencing will be required to enclose a 160-acre farm and divide it into fields of 10 acres each?

7. Find the cost of building 295 rods of fence at $1.55 a rod.

8. Find the cost of chopping and clearing 27 acres at $14.25 an acre.

9. How many cords of wood in a pile 32 feet long, 12 feet wide, 14 feet 6 inches high?

10. A farmer took a job of chopping and clearing a piece of bush land 40 rods long by 20 rods wide at $15.25 an acre. He paid $27.35 for hired labor, and sold wood and ashes for $32.65. How much did he make?

11. A farm hand is hired on April 3, for 3½ months. When will his time expire if he has lost 7 working days during the time?

12. Find the cost of 27 sheep at $5.75 each.

13. A farmer had $273.75 in the bank; he drew out $24.90; deposited $113.35, and then drew out $73.18. How much remained to his credit in the bank?

14. A man drew 139 loads of gravel for road purposes at $1.35 a load. He paid a boy 15 cents a load for helping him with 91 loads. If it took him 58 days to do the work, how much did he make on an average per day?

15. Find the cost of digging a ditch 43 rods long at 27 cents a yard.

16. A farmer sells 15 dressed hogs weighing respectively 225, 239, 213, 219, 227, 275, 287, 294, 301, 324, 327, 331, 354, 352 and 337, at $7.20 a hundred. How much should he receive or the load?

17. What will 423 bushels of wheat sell for at $1.19 a bushel?

18. What will 7260 lbs. of wheat sell for at $1.08 a bushel?

19. A farmer takes five loads of hay to market. They weigh respectively 2137 lbs., 3002 lbs., 2198 lbs., 2237 lbs. and 2056 lbs. He gets $18 a ton. How much does he receive altogether?

20. A farm containing 314 acres was sold for $44,745. What was the price per acre?

21. A man bought 143 acres of land at $14 an acre, and sold the whole for $2794. How much did he gain or lose?

22. A farmer rented a farm for one year for $350. His expenses during the year were $293, and his gross receipts at the end of the year amounted to $724. How much did he gain?

23. Find the value of 16 piles of wood, each 24 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 15 feet high, at $2.25 a cord.

24. A square farm containing 160 acres is divided into 10-acre fields. Trees are planted 66 feet apart on the lines of all fences. How many trees on the farm?

25. A farmer bought 24 cows for $528. He fed them for one year at a cash expense of $7.25 a head, and then sold the entire herd for $1139. How much did he gain or lose?

26. A man bought a 20-acre field of ripe wheat for $225. He paid $1.45 an acre for cutting and saving, 4 cents a bushel for thrashing and cleaning, and $2 a load (40 bushels) for teaming. The wheat yielded 23 bushels to the acre, and was sold for $1.37 a bushel. How much did the farmer gain or lose?

27. A boy drives the cows twice a day to be milked. How many times will he drive them between April 17 and October 19 inclusive?

28. Find the cost of 125 lbs. of butter at 18 cents.

29. A fruit grower has an orchard containing 800 trees. Each tree produces 4 barrels of apples. How much are the apples worth at $2.10 a barrel?

30. A farmer's wife sold a grocer 18 dozen eggs at 13 cents, and 27 pounds of butter at 27 cents; she received in payment 14 pounds of

sugar at 11 cents, and cash for the balance. How much cash did she get?

31. A harvest hand earned $63 by working a certain number of days; if he had worked 13 days more he would have earned $102. Find his daily wages.

32. If a sheep gives 9 pounds of wool in a year, how many pounds can be got from 42 sheep in 5 years, and what will it be worth at 37 cents a pound?

33. Find the value of a beef weighing when dressed 1239 pounds at $5.75 a hundred.

34. A laborer receives $18 a month and board for 8 months of the year; the rest of the year he is idle and pays $12 a month for board. Allowing him $39 a year for other expenses, how much should he save in 3 years?

35. A farmer mixes 27 bushels of oats worth 40 cents with 18 bushels of barley worth 65 cents, and 5 bushels of peas worth 75 cents. What is a bushel of the mixture worth?

36. Find the cost of 2034 bushels of oats at 63½ cents a bushel.

37. Find the value of 6950 pounds of hay at $16.50 a ton.

38. Find the cost of constructing 2 miles of roadway at $5.75 a rod.

39. Three men hired a pasture for $96. The first put in 4 cows, the second 7 cows, and the third 13 cows. How much should each pay?

40. The gross weight of 27 hogs is 7938 pounds. What is their average weight?

41. A man rented a reaping machine for the harvest season for $37.50. He cut 217 acres of grain at 45 cents an acre; paid $9.35 for repairs, and $14.90 for assistant labor. What were his net profits for the season?

42. Two men, A and B, rented a farm on shares. They agreed to take $1.00 a day each from the receipts for their own labor, to pay expenses, and to divide the balance equally. A worked 201 days and B 129 days; their expenses amounted to $215. They sold their grain and produce for $839. How much did each make?

43. A farmer bought three farms of 100 acres each at $4.25 an acre. He built three barns, one on each, at a cost of $598 a farm, and 840 rods of fence at $2.25 a rod. He spent $298 in improving the houses. He then sold the farms at $14.75 an acre. How much did he gain or lose?

44. Find the value of 847 pounds of oatmeal at 45 cents a stone.

45. How much should a farmer receive for 7 tubs of butter, each containing 61 pounds, at 21 cents a pound.

46. Find the cost of 21 tons of hay at 85 cents a hundredweight.

47. A load of hay with the waggon weighs 2921 pounds. The waggon weighs 739 pounds. Find the value of the hay at $21.60 a ton.

48. Find the cost of 1976 pounds of bran at 45 cents a hundredweight.

49. When wheat is quoted at $1.12½ a bushel, what is it worth per cental?

50. Two farmers, A and B, buy a horse for $175, A paying $95 and B the balance. A pastures him for 27 weeks and works him 101 days. B pastures him 13 weeks and works him 35 days. They value the pasture at 50 cents a week and the work at 30 cents a day. At the end of the season they sell the horse for $200 cash. How much of this money should each receive?

51. How many acres in a farm one mile long by 128 rods wide?

52. How many acres in a farm 100 chains long by 320 rods wide?

53. There are two 200-acre farms; each is rectangular in shape; one is 500 rods long and the other 400 rods long. How many more rods of fencing will be required to enclose one than the other?

54. Two brothers, A and B, buy a steam thrasher for $750, and 4 horses for $140 each. A pays $600 and B the balance. They agree to divide profits equally. Their gains for the first season amount to $530, for the second season to $690, and for the third season to $720. Of these profits A has received $1124 and B the remainder. At the end of the third season one of the horses dies and they sell the remaining horses and the thrasher for $776. Of this sum how much should each receive?

55. A square field containing 10 acres is divided into two parts by a creek which enters 165 feet from one corner and crosses the field parallel to one side. How many acres in each part?

56. A farmer trades a horse worth $145 and oats worth 47 a bushel for 3 cows worth $40 each and 4 tons of hay worth $18 a ton. How many bushels of oats should he give?

57. How much lumber 2 inches thick will be required to build a thrashing floor 60 feet by

40 feet, and what will it cost at $11.50 a thousand?

58. A chopper agrees to cut wood for a farmer for 70 cents a cord. The farmer charges him $1.25 a week for board to be deducted from the wood money. In 11 weeks he has cut 6 piles each 32 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 9 feet high. How much money should the chopper receive?

59. Find the value of 2349 pounds of wheat at 85 cents a bushel.

60. A farm is assessed for $3500, and the rate of school tax is .003 and the township tax .005. What will the farmer's taxes amount to?

Answers. **1.** $1800. **2.** 16. **3.** 627 feet. **4.** 16940 square yards. **5.** $264. **6.** 1600 rods. **7.** $457.25. **8.** $384.75. **9.** 43½ cords. **10.** $81.55. **11.** July 25. **12.** $155.25. **13.** $89.02. **14.** $3. **15.** $63.85½. **16.** $369.96. **17.** $503.37. **18.** $130.68 **19.** $104.67. **20.** $142.50. **21.** $792 gain. **22.** $81 gain. **23.** $1822.50. **24.** 385 trees. **25.** $437 gain. **26.** $334.80 gain. **27.** 372. **28.** $22.50. **29.** $7476. **30.** $8.08 **31.** $3. **32.** $690.30. **33.** $71.24. **34.** $171. **35.** 52½ cents. **36.** $1201.50. **37.** $57.34. **38.** $3680. **39.** $16, $28, $52. **40.** 204 pounds. **41.** $35.90. **42.** A, $348; B, $276. **43.** $32 loss. **44.** $27.22½. **45.** $89.67. **46.** $357. **47.** $23.56. **48.** $8.80. **49.** $1.87½. **50.** A, $101.10; B, $68.90. **51.** 256 acres. **52.** 800 acres. **53.** 72 rods. **54.** A, $170; B, $597. **55.** 2½ acres, 7½ acres. **56.** 100 bushels. **57.** $55.25. **58.** $90.65. **59.** $33.28. **60.** $28.

(Continued in each number for several months.)

EXERCISES IN MECHANICS.

1. A BODY is thrown upward with a velocity of 96 feet per second. After how many seconds will it be moving downwards with a velocity of 40 feet per second? *Ans.* 4¼ seconds.

2. A moving body is observed to increase its velocity by a velocity of 8 feet per second in every second. How far would it move from rest in 5 seconds? *Ans.* 100 feet.

3. *ABC* is an equilateral triangle. Forces of 10, 10, 15 pounds act on a point in directions parallel to *AB*, *BC*, *CA* respectively. Find their resultant. *Ans.* 5 pounds.

4. From a uniform circular disc, another disc, having for its diameter the radius of the first circle, is cut away. Find the centre of gravity of the remainder?

Ans. ⅓ of radius from centre.

5. A triangular board weighing 30 pounds is carried by three men, each standing at one of the corners. What weight does each bear?

Ans. 10 pounds.

6. A ladder 20 feet long weighs 60 pounds; its centre of gravity is 8 feet from the thicker end; it is carried by two men, one of whom supports the heavier end on his shoulder. How many feet from the other end must the other man stand that the weight may be equally divided? *Ans.* 4 feet,

7. Two forces of 4 pounds and 8 pounds act at the end of a bar 18 inches long and make angles of 120° and 90° with it. Find the point in the bar at which the resultant acts.

Ans. $\frac{12}{\sqrt{3}}$ (4 $\sqrt{3}$) inches from 4 pound end.

8. Find the true weight of a body which is found to weigh 8 ounces and 9 ounces when placed in each of the scale-pans of a false balance. *Ans.* 6 $\sqrt{2}$ ounces.

9. The resultant of two unlike forces is 6 pounds, and acts 8 inches from the greater force, which is 10 pounds. Find the distance between them. *Ans.* 12 inches.

10. Three posts are placed in the ground so as to form an equilateral triangle, and an elastic string is stretched round them, the tension of which is 6 pounds. Find the pressure on each post. *Ans.* 6 $\sqrt{3}$ pounds.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

COMBINE the following statements into continuous sentences:

1. The next morning the battle began in terrible earnest.
   The next morning was the 24th of June.
   The battle began at daybreak.

2. Columbus returned to Spain in 1493.
   He had spent some months in exploring the delightful regions.
   These regions had long been dreamed of by many.
   These regions were now first thrown open to European eyes.

3. We diverged towards the prairie.
   We left the line of march.
   We traversed a small valley.

4. The Romans defeated Hannibal.
   He was perhaps the greatest general of antiquity.
   It was at Zama they defeated him.

5. I went on a vacation trip to the country.
   It was at the close of last term I went.
   I was tired out with hard study.

6. In China there are a great many tea-farms.
   These are generally of small extent.
   They are situated in the upper valleys.
   They are situated on the sloping sides of the hills.

7. Sugar is a sweet crystallized substance.
   It is obtained from the juice of the sugar-cane.
   The sugar-cane is a reed-like plant, growing in hot climates.
   It is supposed to be originally a native of the East.

8. Goldsmith was vain.
   He was sensual.
   He was frivolous.
   He was profuse.
   He was improvident.
   All this he was according to Macaulay.

9. The elephant surpasses all other animals in size.
   The elephant surpasses all other animals in strength.
   The elephant is a native of Asia.
   The elephant is a native of Africa.

10. There is to be a camp-meeting.
    It is to commence the last Monday of this month.
    It is to be at the Double-Spring Grove.
    This grove is near Peter Brinton's.
    Peter Brinton's is in the county of Shelby.

GRADED EXERCISES IN FALSE SYNTAX.

(*Continued from page 234.*)

SIMILAR TENSE FORMS.

461. I REMEMBER when the corner stone was lain.
462. He sat out for London yesterday.
463. We rose the price of potatoes this morning.
464. The hen is setting on fifteen eggs.
465. We laid there more than an hour.
466. Set down and talk a little while.
467. I have raised earlier than usual this morning.
468. The woodsman has fallen the tree across the fence.
469. They flew from their enemies.
470. The water has flown over the wall.

471. Some valuable land was overflown.
472. He raised up and left the room.
473. I was forced to lay down.
474. He laid on a sofa three weeks.
475. We set on the beach till the sun went down.
476. We shall fly into the country and escape the plague.
477. Let these papers lie.
478. He sold our goods and rose our rent.
479. The birds have flew away.
480. I lay down every afternoon for an hour or two.

MISCELLANEOUS ERRORS.

481. He thought it was us.
482. I intended to have called.
483. I will not go but once.
484. I can do it as good as any one.
485. The music sounds harshly.
486. I knew that it was them.
487. If I was him I would fight.
488. All what he said he described.
489. This is a remarkable cold winter.
490. Will I bring you your glasses.

491. I wish I was in Texas.
492. The public is invited to be present.
493. We hoped to have met you before.
494. He seldom or ever went to church.
495. I can't find out neither where it begins or ends.
496. The right and left lung were diseased.
497. It isn't but a short distance.
498. The committee was unable to agree.
499. I wish that I was a musician.
500. The eye and ear have different office.

501. Your father spoke of you studying Latin.
502. They that are diligent I will reward.
503. She is older than me by ten years.
504. Was I disposed I could not gratify you.
505. I should have liked to have seen it.
506. He seldom or ever goes home sober.
507. Will I come to you again to-morrow?
508. At what wharf does the boat stop at?
509. This is my wifes' fathers' farm.
510. These are neither George nor Fanny's books.

511. Them that study grammar talk no better than we.
512. Try and recite your lesson better to-day.
513. There are some men which are always young.
514. Everyone is accountable for their own work.
515. He hasn't lain by much, I don't suppose.
516. He would neither go himself or send anybody.
517. Who did he refer to? you or I?
518. No one ever heard of him running for office.
519. These sort of expressions should be avoided.
520. I never knew before how short life really was.

521. Each of these expressions denote action.
522. There is seven or eight in my drawer.
523. There was a good many present.
524. The children do not love neither father nor mother.

525. Neither of them have recited their lesson.
526. You ought to have helped me to have done it.
527. Let you and I have a game of checkers.
528. A more healthier locality cannot be found.
529. There're not learning much, I don't think.
530. He didn't ought to have his salary raised.

531. He was scarce gone when you arrived.
532. Neither you nor me are invited.
533. I always act agreeable to my promise.
534. We shall not go without you come too.
535. There were less than twenty persons present.
536. My teacher learnt me to do this.
537. I saw him somewheres in town.
538. At what hotel are you stopping?
539. Will we call on your sister this evening?
540. House rents have raised to an enormous figure.

541. From what state are you from?
542. He was the largest man I have ever seen.
543. Come and see me before you go.
544 Was there many at the meeting?
545. He lost above a thousand dollars.
546. The cars will not stop only when the bell rings.
547. He allows that he has the finest horse in the country.
548. He blames it on his brother.
549. We calculate to get off to-morrow.
550. I never named the matter to anyone.

SHALL AND WILL.

Rule. I SHALL, YOU WILL, HE WILL, *are simply forms of the future, telling what is to come about.* I WILL, YOU SHALL, HE SHALL, *are forms which imply* WILL-POWER *on the part of the speaker; they tell what is to be brought about.*

There are various minor distinctions which cannot be more clearly or concisely stated than in the following extract from Sir E. W. Head's book, "Shall and Will:"

Will in the first person expresses (*a*) *a resolution*, or (*b*) *a promise*.

(*a*) "I *will* not go" = *It is my resolution not to go.*

(*b*) "I *will* give it you" = *I promise to give it you.*

Will in the second person *foretells:* "If you come at twelve o'clock you *will* find me at home."

Will in the second person, in questions, anticipates (*a*) *a wish*, or (*b*) *an intention.*

(*a*) (*b*) "*Will* you go to-morrow?" = *Is it your wish or intention to go to-morrow.*

Will in the third person *foretells*, generally implying an *intention* at the same time, when the nominative is a *rational* creature.

"He *will* come to-morrow," signifies (*a*) what is *to take place*, and (*b*) that it is the *intention* of the person mentioned *to come.*

"I think it *will* snow to-day," intimates what is, probably, *to take place.*

Will must never be used in questions with nominative cases of the first person:

"*Will* we come to-morrow?" = *Is it our intention or desire to come to-morrow?* which is an absurd question.

Would is subject to the same rules as *will.*

Would followed by *that* is frequently used (the nominative being expressed or understood) to express a *wish:*

"*Would that* he had died before this disgrace befell him" = *I wish that he had died before this disgrace befell him.*

Would have, followed by an infinitive, signifies *a desire to do or make:*

"I *would have* you think of these things" = *I wish to make you think of these things.*

Would is often used to express a *custom:*

"He *would* often talk about these things" = *It was his custom to talk of these things.*

Shall in the first person *foretells*, simply expressing *what is to take place:*

"I *shall* go to-morrow." Obs. No *intention* or *desire* is expressed by *shall.*

Shall in the first person, in question, *asks permission:*

"*Shall* I read?" = *Do you wish me, or will you permit me, to read?*

Shall in the second and third persons expresses (*a*) *a promise*, (*b*) *a command*, or (*c*) *a threat:*

(*a*) "You *shall* have these books to-morrow" = *I promise to let you have these books to-morrow.*

(*b*) "Thou *shalt* not steal" = *I command thee not to steal.*

(*a*) (*c*) "He *shall* be punished for this" = *I threaten or promise to punish him for this offense.*

Should is subject to the same rules as *shall.*

Should frequently expresses *duty:*

"You *should* not do so" = *It is your duty not to do so.*

Should often signifies a *plan:*

"I *should* not do so" = *It would not be my plan to do so.*

Should often expresses a *supposition:*

"*Should* they not agree to the proposal, what must I do?" = *Suppose that it happens that they will not agree to the proposals?*

CLASS DRILL IN GEOGRAPHY.

THE UNITED STATES.

(*Continued from page 256.*)

State of New York.

THE capital is Albany.

There are sixty counties.

The population of the State is 5,200,000.

Its area is 48,000 square miles.

It borders on Lakes Erie and Ontario.

It is often called "The Empire State."

Its population is larger than that of any other State.

Its greatest length from north to south is 312 miles, and breadth 412 miles.

It contains about one-tenth of the population of the whole country.

More than three-fourths of the inhabitants are native born.

Irish and Germans are most numerous among the foreigners.

The surface is exceedingly diversified.

This State has numerous ranges of mountains, many beautiful valleys, much undulating land, some broad plains, and numerous beautiful lakes.

The greater portion of the soil is arable, and much of it is exceedingly fertile.

The mountainous districts are mainly good grazing land, and the dairy products are enormous.

Immense crops of cereals are grown in the valley lands.

Tobacco is raised in several counties and corn generally throughout the State.

The State is well wooded, and the timber varied and excellent.

It abounds in building stone and has large quarries of slate.

A vast amount of salt is made from the springs in Onondaga county.

New York has no coal.

This State ranks first in the value of its manufactures.

The industries cover almost the whole range of business, and are well distributed over the State.

The fishing industry is relatively large and valuable.

New York is the largest city in America, and in commercial importance is surpassed only by London.

Brooklyn contains extensive manufactures; Buffalo carries on an immense trade in grain, live-stock, and lumber; and Rochester, Troy, Syracuse, and Utica are important centres.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

WE give below the names of all the very large cities of the world, with the present population of each. The populations are given in even numbers.

London	4,000,000	Nankin	500,000
Paris	2,300,000	Manchester	450,000
Pekin	1,500,000	Madras	450,000
New York	1,500,000	Birmingham	450,000
Vienna	1,200,000	St. Louis	450,000
Berlin	1,200,000	Fachau	400,000
Tokio	1,200,000	Madrid	400,000
Canton	1,000,000	Boston	400,000
Chang-chow	1,000,000	Lyons	400,000
Siang-foo	1,000,000	Baltimore	400,000
Siang-tan	1,000,000	Hamburg	400,000
Tien-tsin	1,000,000	Cincinnati	400,000
St. Petersburg	900,000	Yang-chow	350,000
Philadelphia	850,000	Cairo	350,000
Ching-too	800,000	Marseilles	350,000
Bombay	800,000	Dublin	350,000
Calcutta	700,000	Buda-Pesth	350,000
Moscow	700,000	Warsaw	350,000
Constantinople	700,000	Amsterdam	350,000
Chicago	700,000	Melbourne	350,000
Brooklyn	650,000	Leeds	300,000
Foo-chow	600,000	Amoy	300,000
Hang-chow	600,000	Buenos Ayres	300,000
Han-kow	600,000	Sheffield	300,000
Shao-hing	600,000	Lucknow	300,000
Liverpool	600,000	Ozaka	300,000
Glasgow	550,000	Shanghai	300,000
Bangkok	500,000	Lieukong	300,000
Su-chow	500,000	Breslau	300,000
Wan-chow	500,000	Rome	300,000
Naples	500,000	Rio Janeiro	300,000

MY NATIVE TOWN.

WRITE a composition from the following outline:—

Place.—In what state or province; on what river, or near what noted natural object or scenery: ocean, lake, river, or mountain. Is it a great city? If not, how far, and in what direction is it from a large city.

Size.—Number of inhabitants. Is it increasing in size?

Connections.—Steamers. Railroads. How long have the railroads been built? What new lines are building? Any stage connection?

Streets.—Which are the principal ones? Name and locate the public buildings: colleges, schools, churches, etc.

Occupations.—What leading industry, if any, is pursued? How do most of the people gain a livelihood?

Miscellaneous.—Describe all other matters of interest peculiar to the place.

MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS EXERCISES.

NOTE.—The following exercises are reproduced by permission from Mr. O'Dea's "Manual of Correspondence," advertised in this number. This new work, when ready, is sure of an immense sale. The subject of correspondence was never treated in a more practical, common-sense manner. The hints and exercises in grammar and composition are alone worth more than the price of the book.

1. WRITE a telegraphic despatch, not exceeding ten words, and containing three distinct statements.

2. Write for your country paper a short description of a serious accident of which you were an eye-witness.

3. You are shortly to move into a new store some distance from your present stand. Prepare a circular to be sent to your customers apprising them of the change.

4. Write a telegraphic despatch, not exceeding ten words, and containing four distinct statements.

5. You are secretary of the Public School Board of your village. Write a notice calling the members together for a special meeting.

6. You are in want of a situation as clerk in a grocery business. Prepare an advertisement for the papers setting forth your desires.

7. Write, in favor of your clerk, an order on a boot and shoe merchant of your town for goods to be charged to your account.

8. Your fall stock of dry goods has just arrived. Prepare a suitable advertisement announcing this fact.

9. Write a receipt for three months' rent paid you for your house on Main street.

10. You are in Chicago. Write a telegraphic despatch in reply to the following from your employer, a grainbuyer: "*How are wheat and barley? Is market steady? When home?*"

11. Write receipt for money paid you on account—not in full.

13. The merchants of your town have decided to close their places of business at 7 o'clock each week-day evening except Saturday, and at 10 o'clock on Saturday evening. Prepare an announcement or agreement to this effect, to be signed by those interested.

13. You are agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Prepare a suitable advertising circular to be sent to the farmers of your immediate locality.

14. Your country store has been burglarized. Write an account of the burglary for your village paper.

15. Prepare a neat, courteous circular to be sent to your customers who are behind with their payments, requesting immediate settlement.

16. Write a telegraphic despatch, not exceeding ten words, ordering five cases of prints and two cases of dress goods, to be sent by express.

17. You are in need of an assistant bookkeeper, one used to the boot and shoe business preferred. Prepare an advertisement for the paper which will secure you proper responses.

18. You are a Real Estate Agent, and have a number of houses to let and for sale. Write an advertisement describing your several properties, and quoting prices.

19. Upon the death of your employer—a general dry goods merchant—you purchase the stock and rent the store from his heirs. Prepare a circular to be sent to your customers and correspondents, notifying them of the change and soliciting a continuance of their patronage and favor.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES FOR PRIMARY PUPILS.

(*Continued from page 255.*)

EXERCISE 26.

1. WHAT does a *blacksmith* do?
2. Correct: She has a *blew* dress and hat.
3. Name three things that we have for dinner.
4. Write xxix in figures.
5. What kind of grain is *johnnycake* made from?

EXERCISE 27.

1. What is a *minor?*
2. Correct: Put your *fair* in the box.
3. Add *ing* to *chop*, *hop*, *nod*, and *rub*.
4. What does *Mrs.* stand for?
5. Write a word meaning nearly the same as *reply*.

EXERCISE 28.

1. Write three words ending in *ful*.
2. Correct: *Ain't* you going home?
3. When is it midnight?
4. About how many years do horses live?
5. Write a word meaning nearly the same as *pupil*.

EXERCISE 29.

1. Write your teacher's name.
2. Correct: *Me* and *him is* going.
3. What is the first day of the year called?
4. Name three kinds of cloth.
5. Give the full names for *Kate*, *Hattie*, *Bella*, *Carrie* and *Addie*.

EXERCISE 39.

1. Write five words containing the letter *x*.
2. What animals chew cud?
3. Name a bird that has a red breast.
4. What is deer meat called?
5. Give the full names for *Tom, Joe, Rob, Will, Ed, Aleck.*

SCHOOL QUESTIONS FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

(*Continued from page 234.*)

81. WHY is the earth called (1) a planet, (2) a world?

82. What country was formerly an English penal colony?

83. Name five great Arctic explorers.

84. What city is built on the plan of a wheel?

85. Where and what are the pillars of Hercules?

86. Name the authors of each of the following:

(1) The Star in the Valley.
(2) The Outcasts of Poker Flat
(3) Tom Sawyer.
(4) Locksley Hall.
(5) The Antiquary.

87. Name an American president, an English king, a Scottish king, a king of France, a Canadian statesman, and an Emperor of Rome, each of whom was assassinated.

88. How and when did Louisiana come into the possession of the United States?

89. State three causes that led to the War of Independence.

90. Name the four Pacific Railway Lines of America.

NOTE.—Answers will be given next month.

QUITE AND VERY.

THESE two words should never be used except with a definite purpose. They are to be heard wrongly and needlessly employed in almost every conversation. The second is especially frequent and superfluous in fashionable note writing.

Quite means *entirely*. All will agree to that, perhaps; but when one hears, as he does almost every day, that some one is "*quite* ill," or that "it is *quite* a long distance," what does he conclude—that the man is at death's door, or that the distance is great? No, he understands that the man is *rather* ill, or that the distance is *rather* long. *Quite = rather = not quite*, or a word used in a sense exactly opposite from its true meaning. Therefore it is well to fix clearly in mind, and establish in practice, the rule that QUITE *should never be used in the sense of* RATHER *or* VERY.

Very is an intensifying word. When a thing is called *very good*, it is to be considered more than *good* and less than *best*. *Very* has its proper use, but if it is employed carelessly and frequently, it can do a great deal of harm. Most people are not content with saying, "I am sorry I cannot accept your kind invitation." This dignified sentence seems to lack cordiality, so a pair of really weakening *verys* are introduced, and the false sincerity and warmth are supposed to be present. "I am *very* sorry that I cannot accept your *very* kind invitation."

True art in language is to make expression just forcible enough for the occasion. A man may be *very sorry* for a fault or blunder, but it is seldom that he feels the same about missing a dinner party.

The English say that we Americans live in an atmosphere of superlatives. Our rivers are the longest, our lakes the largest, and our nation generally the greatest. We may not be willing to acknowledge all this, but certain it is that Americans are fond of intensive words and superlative adjectives. People who use up every cent of their incomes never have any thing for extra occasions; those who live always on the mountains are compelled to go downward if they go at all. So people who exhaust their most intense expressions on every-day matters have nothing left for really remarkable experiences, and if they say anything at all, must either use their ordinary weakened superlatives or seek a lower level. Do not be a language spendthrift. When you visit an art gallery, do not spend all your adjectives and verys in the first room; there may be something farther on worthy of your admiration. When you write a composition on a famous man, do not call him the "greatest general in history," or the "most remarkable man of the age." There is not room for all the characters in history on the top round of fame's ladder. Try honestly and earnestly to find your hero's place, and put him there. Do not attempt to push him above his position with verys and superlatives.

The discussion of *very* has led naturally to the subject of superlatives. They both belong to the same. These words are like high ground in the plain of language. If we raise the lower land to their level, we have simply another plain with high ground. It is the duty of all who are interested in our language to help preserve the proper relations of words to thoughts. It is safe to follow this rule: *Never use* VERY

or a SUPERLATIVE *unless it is necessary in order to express your idea to your own satisfaction.—Our Youth.*

EASY EXERCISES IN FACTORING.

(*Continued from page 237.*)

113. $(a+b)^2-c^2$.
114. $(a-b)^2-c^2$.
115. $(x+y)^2-4z^2$.
116. $(x+2y)^2-a^2$.
117. $(x-5c)^2-1$.
118. $(2x-3a)^2-9c^2$.
119. $a^2-(b-c)^2$.
120. $x^2-(y+z)^2$.
121. $4a^2-(y-z)^2$.
122. $1-(a-b)^2$.
123. $c^2-(5a-3b)^2$.
124. $(a+b)^2-(c+d)^2$.
125. $(a-b)^2-(x+y)^2$.
126. $(a+b)^2-(m-n)^2$.
127. $(a-n)^2-(b+m)^2$.
128. $(a-b)^2-(x-y)^2$.
129. $(x+y)^2-x^2$.
130. $(2a+b-c)^2-(a-b+c)^2$.
131. $x^2-a^2-2ab-b^2$.
132. $1-x^2-2xy-y^2$.
133. $x^2+2xy+y^2-a^2-2ab-b^2$.
134. $2ay+a^2+y^2-x^2$.
135. $a^2-2ab+b^2-c^2-2cd-d^2$.
136. $x^2-4ax+4a^2-b^2+2by-y^2$.
137. $y^2+2by+b^2-a^2-6ax-9x^2$.
138. $x^2-2x+1-a^2-4ab-4b^2$.
139. $9a^2-6a+1-x^2-8dx-16d^2$.
140. $x^2-a^2+y^2-b^2-2xy+2ab$.
141. $a^2+b^2-2ab-c^2-d^2-2cd$.
142. $4x^2-12ax-c^2-k^2-2ck+9a^2$.
143. $a^3b^3-c^3$.
144. $125+a^3$.
145. $8x^3+27y^3$.
146. $216-a^3$.
147. $1-343x^3$.
148. $1000y^3-1$.
149. $64+y^3$.
150. a^3b^3+512.
151. $343x^3+1000y^3$.
152. $729a^3-64b^3$.

MISCELLANEOUS PROBLEMS IN ALGEBRA.

1. Two digits, which form a number, change places when 18 is added to the number, and the sum of the two numbers thus formed is 44. Find the digits.

2. Find the two times between 7 and 8 o'clock when the hands of a watch are separated by 15 minutes.

3. A bill of 25 guineas is paid with crowns and half-guineas, and twice the number of half-guineas exceeds three times that of the crowns by 17. How many of each are used?

4. A boy spent half of his money in one shop, one-third of the remainder in a second, and one-fifth of what he had left in a third. He had 20 cents at last; how much had he at first?

5. The united ages of a man and his wife are six times the united ages of their children. Two years ago their united ages were ten times the united ages of the children, and six years hence their united ages will be three times the united ages of the children. How many children have they?

6. A number consists of three digits, the right-hand one being zero. If the left-hand and middle digits be interchanged the number is diminished by 180; if the left-hand digit be halved, and the middle and right-hand digits be interchanged, the number is diminished by 336. Find the number.

7. I rode one-third of a journey at 10 miles an hour, one-third more at 9, and the rest at 8 miles an hour. If I had ridden half the journey at 10, and the other half at 8 miles per hour, I should have been half a minute longer on the way. What distance did I ride?

8. Show that if a number of two digits is six times the sum of its digits, the number formed by interchanging the digits is five times their sum.

Answers.—1. 1, 2. 2. $21\frac{9}{11}$ min. and $54\frac{6}{11}$ min. past 7. 3. 21 crowns, 40 half-guineas. 4. 75 cents. 5. 3. 6. 640. 7. 18. miles.

TEST QUESTIONS IN GEOGRAPHY.

1. NAME the three great oceans in the order of their size. Bound each and name its chief arms. State the area of each in millions of square miles.

2. Name the largest lake in each continent.

3. Name in order the six largest islands in the world.

4. Name some of the highest inhabited spots in the world.

5. Name the six most densely peopled countries.

6. Name the six grand divisions of land (1) in the order of their size, (2) in the order of population.

7. What six countries maintain the largest standing armies.

8. Which are the six great powers of the world.

9. What five powers have the most extensive territory?

10. What five powers have the largest population?

Answers. 1. Pacific, 70; Atlantic, 35; Indian, 25. 2. North America—Superior; South America—Maracaybo; Europe—Ladoga; Asia—Baikal; Africa—Victoria; Oceania—Eyre. 3. Australia, Greenland, Borneo, New Guinea, Madagascar, Sumatra. 4. The Plateau of Thibet, Pasco in Peru, Potosi in Bolivia, and the Pass of St. Bernard in the Alps. 5. Belgium, Holland, Great Britain and Ireland, Italy, Japan, China. 7. Russia, France, Germany, China, Austro-Hungary, Italy. 9. The Russian Empire, The British Empire, The Chinese Empire, The United States, Brazil. 10. The Chinese Empire, The British Empire, The Russian Empire, The United States, The German Empire.

HINTS AND HELPS.

(*Continued from page 230.*)

Abbreviations.—Avoid the use of abbreviations in superscriptions and subscriptions in correspondence.

Abhorrence.—We should say, "He has a great abhorrence *of* medicine," not *for* nor *to* medicine.

Acumen—This word is pronounced *a-kū'-men*, not *ak'-ū-men*.

Widow-lady and **Widow-woman.**—Both *lady* and *woman* are superfluous.

Worst.—This word being in the superlative degree, "*very worst*" is scarcely correct. We should say, "At the worst," not "At worst."

Wharf.—The plural is *wharfs*, not *wharves*. The latter word was formerly in use.

Ultimo.—This Latin word, abbreviated into *ult.* or *ulto.*, means the month last past.

Proximo, abbreviated into *prox.*, means the next or coming month.

Instant, abbreviated into *inst.*, means the present month.

Contrary should be pronounced *con'-trā-ry*, not *con-trā'-ry*.

Foreign languages.—It is a mistake to introduce foreign words and phrases into ordinary writing at every opportunity, when there are English words to express the same meaning equally well.

Illustrated.—This word should be pronounced *illus'trated*, and not *il'lustrated or illus'rated*.

Oftener.—He is *oftener* right than wrong, should be *more frequently*.

All over.—Instead of saying, "The rumor flew *all over* the country," say "*over all* the country."

By, With, Through.—*By* is used to denote the conscious agent, *with* and *through* in general the instrument. Thus, "*Through* the information given the general, and *with* the aid of the auxiliaries, the enemy was routed *by* him."

Witness.—Discriminate in the use of *witness* and *see*. Don't say, "This is the most awful sight I ever *witnessed*." Use *saw*. *Witness* properly means testimony from personal knowledge.

Rarely.—Don't say, "It is very *rarely* that a man will accuse himself of crime." Use *rare*. We might just as well say, "It is very *sadly* that he should do so."

Less, Fewer.—Don't say, "There were not *less* than forty persons in the room." Use *fewer*.

Couple.—Don't say, "A *couple* of boys were in the hall;" "A *couple* of prizes were offered." Use the word *two*. Only those are *coupled* who are bound together by some special tie or intimate relationship.

Advantageous.—This word should by pronounced *advanta'geous*, not *advan'-tāgeous*.

Belongs to.—"He *belongs to* the Carleton Club." Better say "is a member of."

Else.—"Nobody else but him." Should be, "*nobody* but him."

(*Continued next month.*)

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

1. What represent living and what lifeless nature?

2. How do animals and plants differ from minerals?

3. What is the spinal canal? What does it contain?

4. Of how many layers is the skin composed?

5. What is a membrane?

6. What are the chief functions of the heart?

7. What are the chief functions of the lungs?

8. Distinguish between stimulant and narcotic.

9. Of how many bones does the skeleton of man consist?

10. Of what two kinds of matter is bone composed?

11. What are the vertebrae? Describe a vertebra.

12. With what are the ends of the bones coated?

13. Why is exercise not good just before, or just after a meal?

14. What parts make up the nervous system?

15. What are the functions of the nervous system?

16. Of what three parts does the ear consist?

17. What are two of the most common defects of vision?

18. Of what two portions is the blood composed?

19. Name some of the uses of the blood.

20. Describe the organs of digestion.

STRAY PROBLEMS.

1. INSCRIBE a square in a triangle.

2. If the middle points of the sides of a quadrilateral be joined by right lines, prove that these lines form a parallelogram.

3. Prove that the parallelogram so formed is one-half of the quadrilateral.

4. If two triangles stand on the same base and on the same side of it, and if the middle points of the sides be joined, prove that a parallelogram will be formed by the joining lines.

A FEW EXAMPLES IN ARITHMETIC.

1. A GAINS 12½% by selling goods to B; if B sold them at what they cost A, what would be his gain or loss per cent.?

2. A gallon contains 277¼ cubic inches, and a cubic foot of water weighs 1000 ounces. How many gallons of water will weigh a ton?

3. Show that any number is divisible by 8 without a remainder, when the number expressed by its last three digits is divisible by 8 without a remainder.

4. I buy 15 horses and 12 cows for £345. I sell the horses at a profit of 10%, and the cows at a loss of 1½%, and receive in all £365 14s. What was the cost of a horse and of a cow?

A and B travel 120 miles by rail. B, who intends to come back, takes a return ticket for which he pays half as much again as A. They find that B travels cheaper than A by $1 for every 100 miles. Find the price of A's ticket.

Ans. $4.80.

CARPENTERS' ESTIMATES.

SHINGLES are usually 16 inches long, and on an average, very nearly 4 inches wide.

They are put up in bundles 20 inches wide and of 24 courses. Four such bundles contain 1000 shingles.

One thousand shingles laid 4 inches to the weather are estimated to cover 109 square feet; laid 4½ inches to the weather, to cover 120 square feet; and laid 5 inches to the weather, to cover 133 square feet.

For laying 1000 shingles carpenters allow about 6 pounds of 4-penny nails, or 5 pounds of 3-penny nails.

Laths are usually 4 feet long, 1½ inches wide, and ¼ inch thick. They are put up in bundles containing 100.

One thousand laths, set ¼ of an inch apart, are estimated to cover 55 square yards.

For setting 1000 laths carpenters allow about 7 pounds of 3-penny fine nails.

MENSURATION.

A GENTLEMAN has a garden 100 feet long, and 80 feet broad; now a gravel walk is to be made of an equal width all round it; what must be the breadth of the walk to take up half the ground?

Ans. 12.98 feet.

AN EXERCISE IN GEOMETRY.

A LADDER is placed against a vertical wall; show that the middle point of the ladder is always the same distance from the foot of the wall.

THE LOSS OF ONE DAY.

IF a person should start from any point of the earth's surface and travel directly west, to keep his time in agreement with the local astronomical time he would have to turn the hands of his watch back four minutes for every degree of longitude he passed through. By the time he had gone once around the earth (360°), he would have turned his watch back 360 times four minutes, or twenty-four hours. He would thus apparently have lost one day; that is, if the day of his return to the starting-point should be Saturday, it would be Friday according to his reckoning. Each of his days would have been longer than twenty-four hours to make up an aggregate of just one day.

THE STONE WEIGHT.

THE *stone* weight so often spoken of in English measures is 14 pounds when weighing wool, feathers, hay, etc.; but a *stone* of beef, fish, butter, cheese, etc., is only 8 pounds.

SPECIAL Announcements.

B

Short Stories Sketches

The Illustrations.—The illustrations in this book are equal to those appearing in the best illustrated magazines. There are full-page portraits of Edison, Mark Twain, Longfellow, Lord Dufferin, Whittier, Tennyson, Charles Reade, and Sir Walter Scott. (Size of page 10 x 7.) There are numerous other illustrations, the engravings for which have cost hundreds of dollars.

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Mark Twain.—The portrait of Mark Twain is uniform with that of Edison. The Mississippi moonlight scene, which forms the background for the portrait, is beautiful and suggestive. The sketch of the life of this great humorist, which accompanies the portrait, will make a very excellent reading for the home circle or for a public gathering.

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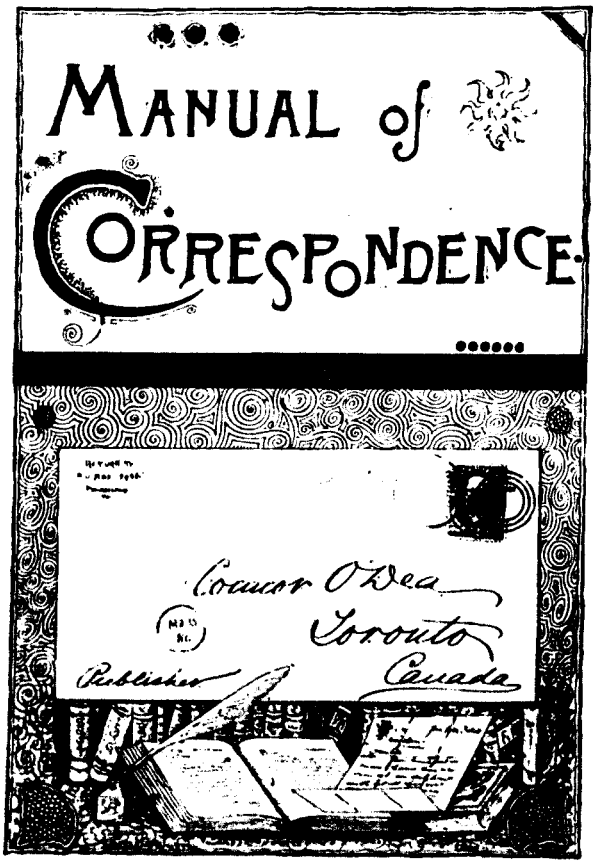

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