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HER PAPA'S POLITICS.

"What are your papa's politics,
Miss Mary?" asked the bean:
The maiden eyed the clock and yawned
"Why do you wish to know?"

"Because," the little fellow grinned,
"He'll like me don't you see?
If I find out his party views
And with them all agree."

"Well, pa's for home protection,"
Mary laughed, "like all you men—
For he declared he'd bolt the door
To-night at half-past ten."

"Why, then he is a bolter, May,
A mugwump ha, ha, ha!
He's kicked the party traces off—
I'm solid with your pa."

"O, that must be the party, who,"
May answered, with a cough,
"Called every night—the same as you;
Pa had to kick him off."

"And papa left some traces too,"
She told the frightened sticker:
"Yes! pa must be a mugwump true,
For he's an awful kicker."

And then the lover bowed "good night,"
With rather humble pride,
And thought the side of politics
For him was safe outside.
—*H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.*

MARRIAGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

How Youthful Quakers Courted — An Elopement Frustrated.

A letter written in the year 17 9, and accidentally seen by me, will demonstrate that those living in that day were also hampered by a marriage license law. I will give you the following extract:

"The practice of issuing licenses is, as I apprehend, without foundation of law: the fetters, as imposed, are a most cruel invasion of domestic rights." I infer from the foregoing that the legal surroundings were quite as vexatious and onerous then as attend the obtaining a marriage license at the present time.

In those days love-making was a solemn undertaking. The fair Quakeress received her lover only when in her mother's company, or if not her mother's, what was then considered a proper chaperone. In fact, before a maiden could receive a lover's address or it was imperative on his part that permission from the parents or guardians should be had, and then the bashful lover made his advances in the presence of the old folks, and the only signals were tender glances and softly whispered vows; this was termed "coming-a-courting." The courting was conducted by the parties interested with the most perfect decorum, gravity of demeanor, and unfettered conversation, and if the fair maiden was inclined to coquetry it was at times difficult to determine, on the lover's part, how far he had succeeded in making an impression on the heart of the fair Martha or the fair Deborah, as the case might be, as it was by glances, not words, that the secret of the maiden's heart was revealed.

The only allowable dissipation, to make merry and grow fat or lean upon, during the course of the courtship, was a quiet tea party or supper at a friend's house, and, after the intention of marriage had been formally displayed by a notice placarded on the meeting house steps, the wedding in due season followed, with an expensive entertainment—if the parties were in good circumstances—the assembled company filling the interior of the quaint colonial house, standing in groups on the highly polished wax floors, or seated on the high-backed, unbending chairs of the period, now prized so highly by their owners for quaintness and antiquity.

The health and future happiness of the bride and groom was always drank by the invited guests immediately upon entering the house; punch bowls of this delicious compound, were placed conveniently, that all could imbibe, as no restrictive liquor law governed their actions in those days.

The bride and her maids remained on the second floor, while the groom received the male friends below, and only ascended to the room above upon the arrival of the entire company, when it was allowable to kiss the bride. The festivities were continued, with eating and drinking principally, for two or three consecutive days, when the guests were dismissed, the bridal couple were left in undisturbed bliss until the termination of a fortnight, when they opened house to receive friends. That elopements were of rare occurrence in those days may be accounted for by the fact of the almost overwhelming difficulties that would attend such an undertaking. I have frequently heard related a family tradition of colonial time, with rather ludicrous incidents, apropos to the present writing.

The only son of a prominent official in the then municipal government became enamored of a pretty Quakeress, who returned his love; but as neither had reached marriageable age, and there was no prospect of their obtaining their parents' consent to a speedy marriage, they determined to throw off all restraint and seek the services of a Presbyterian clergyman residing a few miles distant from the city limits. The ardent lover obtained a horse and gig by hire or loan, and the couple managed, as they fondly thought, to get clear out of the town without attracting attention. Unfortunately, their course obliged them to cross a swollen brook, as the recent rains had caused a rise of the water, making the fording places almost impassable. When reaching the middle of the stream the water came even with the gig floor, and then to make matters worse, the horse became balky, refusing to stir, and on application of the whip firmly grounded himself, threw up his hind legs and thoroughly drenched the would-be bride and groom, as well as saturating the yellow handbox containing the bridal trousseau. The delay at the brook was fatal to their connubial hopes, as their elopement had been almost immediately discovered, and the fathers in pursuit overhauled them in the plight described—in the height, or rather depth, of their misery. The demoralized runaways returned to their homes crestfallen and depressed, with spirits as well as bodies decidedly damped.

Colonial customs and ways have become gradually revolutionized, and marriageable Quaker maidens of 1888 enjoy equal privileges with the "world's people."

Scapegrace Engines.

The other day the engine hitched to a New York Central train broke down midway between Albany and Rochester. "That's the scapegrace," said the conductor, as the train moved away to make room for the one that was to take its place. "There is always at least one scapegrace engine on every line. We call it a scapegrace because it is eternally getting into trouble. They had such a machine on the Lake Shore road. She was one of the two engines that pulled the west-bound train that went through the Ashtabula bridge in one of the worst railroad accidents ever witnessed in this country. The head engine crossed the bridge all right, but the scapegrace pulled away from it and went through the bridge, a distance of eighty feet.

WONDERFUL AFRICAN TREE.

People Who Live In Trees.—Strange Experience of a Traveller.

We read wonderful stories of the immense trees one sees in California, but they sink into insignificance beside the baobab tree, which I found in many parts of Western Africa, principally just south of the Desert of Sahara. It is not distinguished for its extraordinary height, which rarely reaches over one hundred feet, but it is the most imposing and magnificent of African trees. Many, it is said, are over one hundred feet in circumference, rising like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet, and then throwing out branches like a miniature forest to a distance of one hundred feet, the extremities of the branches bending toward the ground. The botanical name of this peculiar tree is Adansonia digitata—the first, in honor of its discoverer, Adanson, and the second, descriptive of its five-parted leaf. The leaves are large, abundant and of a dark green color, divided into five radiating lanceolet leaflets. The flowers are large and white, hanging to peduncles of a yard in length, which form a striking contrast to the leaves. The fruit is a soft, pulpy, dry substance about the size of a citron, inclosed in a long, green pod. The pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and this pulp, as well as the pressed juice from the leaves, is used by the native Africans for flavoring their food. The juice is greatly relished as a beverage, and is considered a remedy in putrid fevers and many other contagious diseases.

The baobab is said to attain a much greater age than any other tree, thousands of years being hazarded as the term of life of some specimens. It has extraordinary vitality; the bark, which is regularly stripped off to be made into ropes, nets for fishing, trapping and native clothing, speedily grows again. To external injury, not even fire, can despoil it from without; nor can it be hurt from within, as specimens have been found in full splendor, with the inside of the trunk hollowed out into a chamber which could hold a score of people. One half of the trunk may be cut or burned away—even the tree may be cut down, and while lying on the ground, so long as there is the slightest connection with the roots it will grow and bear fruit. It dies from a very peculiar disease—a softening of its woody structure, and it falls by its own weight, a mass of ruins. The native villages are generally built around one of these immense trees, and under its far spreading branches, which form an agreeable shelter from the sun, is the kotla, or place of assemblage, where all the public business of the tribe is transacted. The circuit described by the extremities of the lowermost range of branches is fenced around, so that none but those privileged to attend these meetings can intrude. In thinly populated districts of Southern and Central Africa, where lions, leopards and hyenas abound, the natives live in huts like gigantic bee-hives, firmly fixed among the large branches of the tree. On the approach of night they ascend to their huts by means of rude ladders, while the lions roar about their campfires until the approach of day drives them to their lairs.

As many as thirty families have been found to occupy a single tree. In many instances natives who till the ground at any great distance from their tribe, build these huts for nightly accommodation. In traveling through the country one frequently sees the trees alive with baboons and other kinds of the monkey tribe, busy in collecting the fruit and indulging in ceaseless gambols at chatter; for this reason it is commonly called the monkey bread tree. When the tree is not occupied as a habitation, the hollow trunk is used by the natives as a sepulchre for executed criminals—the law of the people denying them the right of burial—inside of which the bodies dry up, and, to a great extent, resemble mummies. A European this tree is a marvel. Coming across one inhabited by monkeys, it is extremely dangerous to shoot any unless one is with a party, for, if any are wounded, the whole colony take up the battle, and more than once I found that retreat in short order was very necessary.

My first experience of living in the air was very novel. The first night was one continual growl, roar, etc., so much so that I found it an impossibility to sleep. Finally, however, horrible specials broke out directly under me. It was very dark, and, being unable to see any object, but knowing something was wrong, I threw a can containing water out of the hut door down in the direction from where the noise proceeded, but with little result, though the squealing became fainter; in the morning a small pig we had been keeping and put in a pen over night was missing. What took him nobody ever knew, as no trace remained; it only went to show how we might have fared had we been camping on the ground. Having found a friendly tribe who placed their huts at our disposal, this saved us much anxiety of mind, and a few days later a number of their men accompanied us a considerable distance to the south, not, however, going outside the precincts of their country.

This wonderful tree is also found in India, and is there held in great veneration by some natives, so much so that any one guilty of cutting the trees down is regarded by them with great abhorrence.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S AGE.

No Monarch Known Who Reached His Number of Years.

Long reigns are rare in history—long royal lives much rarer still. Princes occupy one of the lowest levels in the whole range of longevity. The air of courts is destructive of health, nerve, and vigor. Lives which early corruption, luxurious and effeminate habits, unchecked passions, and unceasing excitement do not un ermine are frequently shortened by the dangers of war, warlike toil, and peril or the murderous hand of conspiracy. Among the remarkable long reigns in history are those of Uzziah of Judah (fifty-two years), Mithridates of Pontus (fifty-seven), Sapor II. of Persia (seventy-one), Alfonso I. of Portugal (seventy-three), Frederick III. of Germany (fifty-three), Christian IV. of Denmark (sixty), Louis XIV. of France (seventy-two), George III. of England (fifty-nine), Ferdinand IV. of Naples (sixty-five), and Pedro II. of Brazil (fifty-seven). But Uzziah was a youth when he was placed on the throne, Mithridates a boy, Sapor a new-born babe, Alfonso an infant, Christian eleven years old, Louis four, Ferdinand nine, and Pedro five, and of all the monarchs mentioned only George III. reached the age of fourscore. Poland had one king who lived to the age of eighty-eight, Stanislas Leszczynski; but he reigned only five years and survived his throne thirty-six years, living in quiet retirement. We must go back to the days of antiquity to find Emperor William's royal peers in age, and the only ones we discover are Hiero II. of Syracuse, and Masinissa of Numidia, both of whom ended their reign at the age of about ninety. The reign of Rameses II., Pharaoh of Egypt—the Sesostris of the Greeks—is believed by some Egyptologists to have lasted about sixty-seven years, and his life about one hundred, but others reduce both his reign and his days to normal proportions. Thus no emperor known to history, no reigning king in Christendom, ever reached the age of William.

WHY MR. WAITE WAS APPOINTED

A Leaf of Unwritten History—It Was Not the Toledo Speech that Secured the Appointment.

"I have been rather amused," said General Isaac R. Sherwood, "at the attempts made by newspaper correspondents to tell how Chief Justice Waite received his appointment, but no one has yet made a correct statement. It has been sowed broadcast throughout the country that Mr. Waite's speech at the Army of the Tennessee reunion in this city did it, but that is not so.

"You see, I represented this district in Congress at the time, and as I was in Washington at the time of the appointment, I was in a position to know something about it. After Williams and Cushing had been rejected by the Senate, Clark Waggoner wrote to me from Toledo and suggested the name of Morrison R. Waite. Acting on his suggestion, I went to President Grant and proposed Mr. Waite's name.

"Morrison R. Waite," repeated Grant; "oh, yes, I remember him well. He made a magnificent speech at our reunion in Toledo."

"I then went to Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior, and General Cowan, his assistant, and enlisted their aid. These two men did more perhaps than any others to secure Mr. Waite's appointment. A great deal of work was done for Mr. Waite, and a great many telegrams passed between Washington and Northwestern Ohio, but the appointment was secured.

"You see there was an immense opposition to Mr. Waite's appointment from the members of the Supreme Court who were jealous because it was proposed to make an outside man Chief Justice. The Senate was also exceedingly cautious about confirming an appointment to so important an office; hence the success of Mr. Waite's friends was doubly gratifying. Directly after he received the appointment he wrote me a letter thanking me for what I had done, and that letter I still have."

"You were present at the reunion, were you not, General?"

"Oh, yes; and I believe that it was the biggest day Toledo ever had. Little Phil was present, and at a late hour was hoisted upon the banqueting table for a speech. Mr. Waite's response was a splendid effort, and I preserved a copy of his speech. Grant was much pleased with it, as was everyone else who was present."—*Toledo Blade.*

Furniture of the Catacombs.

The furniture of the Catacombs is instructive and interesting, but most of it has been removed to churches and museums, and must be studied outside. Articles of ornament, rings, seals, bracelets, necklaces, mirrors, tooth picks, ear picks, buckles, bronze bees, rare coins, innumerable lamps of clay (terra cotta) or of bronze (even of silver and amber) all sorts of tools, and in the case of children a variety of playthings were inclosed with the dead. Many of these articles are carved with the monogram of Christ or with other Christian symbols. (The lamps in Jewish cemeteries generally bear a picture of the golden candlestick.)

A great number of flasks and cups, with or without ornamentation, are also found, mostly outside of the graves and fastened to the grave lids. These were formerly supposed to have been receptacles for tears, or, from the red, dried sediment of them, for the blood of martyrs. But later archæologists consider them drinking vessels used in the agapæ and oblations.

A superstitious habit prevailed in the Fourth century, although condemned by a council of Carthage (397) to give to the dead the eucharistic wine, or to put a cup with the consecrated wine into the grave.

The instruments of torture which the fertile imagination of credulous people had discovered, and which were made to prove that almost every Christian buried in the Catacombs was a martyr, are simply implements of handicraft. The instinct of nature prompts the bereaved to deposit in the graves of their kindred and friends those things which were constantly used by them. The idea prevailed also, to a large extent, that the future life was a continuation of occupations and amusements of the present, but free from sin and imperfections.

On opening the graves one skeleton frequently appears now and then well preserved, sometimes in dazzling whiteness, as covered with glistening glory, but falls into dust at the touch.

The Maguey Plant.

The maguey is a species of aloe, which, in its different forms, can satisfy most of the wants of life. From it are made pulque, tequila and mescal, Mexican drinks, ropes, purses and paper; and the leaves are used for roofing houses, the roots for fuel, the masons carry water in the leaves, and sometimes a leaf makes a baby's coffin.

The great maguey-growing country lies between Mexico and Vera Cruz. There, as far as the eye can reach, can be seen fields of it. The plant is made up of a succession of thick pointed leaves, each leaf measuring from three to four feet in length and a foot in breadth. It takes from seven to nine years to come to maturity, when, if left to itself, it shoots up from its centre a stalk fifteen or twenty feet high, topped by several yellow flowers. Before, however, it can accomplish this feat, the centre is cut out, a stone placed over the hole, and the sap left to accumulate.

When the bowl is full, the native extracts the sap by means of a suction-pump. He can continue this process during two months, at the end of which time the plant will have yielded eight hundred gallons of sap and its life. It produces but once, and is left to die, or the leaves made use of in various ways. The "pulque" ferments two days, and must be consumed before the fifth.

There is a special train running into the city of Mexico every day, carrying 52000 worth of "pulque" freight. It tastes like sour buttermilk, and is retailed at three and one-eighth cents a quart. The price of a maguey plant is established by law, so a man can readily estimate his fortune.

One man performed this calculation with great success. He contracted with an old uncle to run his hacienda for ten years, paying to him a liberal share of the profits on the condition that at the end of ten years the old gentleman was to refund the money for improvements. The young man was very provident, putting his savings into young maguey plants, which can be had at low rates. At the end of the ten years he was master of the plantation and the hacienda. The young man now pensions the old uncle, so goes the story. The children of Mexico are wise in their generation.

A Great Artist.

"Who is that gentleman—the one so expensively dressed?"

"Oh, that is Mr. Graphite, the great artist."

"Artist? I always supposed that great artists were shabby in their dress."

"Ha, ha! Very good! But he's not one of that kind, you know. He has all he can do drawing pictures for soap advertisements. Immensely rich, and lives like a nabob."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Florence Marryat's Opinions About the Women and Men of the United States.

Following is an extract from an interview in the *New Age* of London:

"What impression did you form of the Yankees during your stay in America, Miss Marryat? You can give me something that is not in your book on the subject, I dare say."

"That will be difficult, I'm afraid," replied Miss Marryat, with a pleasant smile. "But America is a large subject. Where do you wish me to begin?"

"Well, suppose we start with American women. What are their national characteristics?"

"Diamonds and false teeth, I should say. Every American woman has a rage for the former, and the latter, owing greatly to the system of living practiced in the United States, is inevitable. But besides this all American women, generally speaking, are afflicted with a would be smartness and speak through the nose. They have all, more or less, a nasal twang, owing to what I don't know. Some say it's the dryness of the air that affects some vessels in the nose, but I'm sure I am not able to tell. The Americans undoubtedly, however, suffer from a national catarrh, as is most evident in the peculiar tone in which nearly all of them speak.

"There is another thing about American women, too. They don't 'make up' as the English—don't dye their hair, and as they get gray at thirty this is the more peculiar. I think life is faster and has more rush and stress there than here. A nervous excitement, an irritable unrest, prevades all ranks and classes. The ladies are always chewing candy, the men perpetually drinking ice water. They ruin their teeth and digestion at the same time. I think America is the home of false teeth," added Miss Marryat meditatively.

"But did you seriously intend to state, Miss Marryat, now, when speaking of the American women not 'making up,' that none of those little devises, those concealed feminine embellishment which one sees advertised in ladies' papers, are in usage in the United States?"

"Oh, dear, no; I didn't mean to state that. In fact, the Americans are much cleverer in improving the figure than their English cousins. Many of the men wear stays—only think—while it is a common thing for the women to pad up in front with canary seed."

"Canary seed!"

"Yes. For the bust, you know. Moves about and gives a lively and natural appearance."

"Did you enjoy your trip?" gasped our representative, after a pause.

"Ah, yes, exceedingly. They are a most kind hearted and hospitable people. Yes; I went to Boston—a city of prigs. The American men are smarter than the English. Not more brainy, but more active and pushing in their habits. They make love better, I believe—keep cool. When an Englishman makes love he gets red and stutters.

BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

THROWING RELIGION TO THE DOGS.

Seems to me—I don't know, maybe it's all right, but it seems to me—our wise men are expecting rather too much of the dogs. Rev. Sam Jones says if he had a dog that would go to one of Bob Ingersoll's lectures he would shoot him full of buckshot; and another eminent clergyman, Rev. Joseph Cook, says if he had a dog that smoked tobacco he would hang him. Well, now, what's the matter with the men who go to hear Colonel Ingersoll and smoke cigars? Why don't these parsons get out their shotguns and lariats and go out gunning and lassoing after some men? Is salvation for the dogs? A black and tan dog, that has taken to cigar-eer-smoking, and reading Tom Paine and Ingersoll's "Mistake of Moses" is beyond the reach of the revivalist; but there is some chance for the men.

AN INUNDATION OF WISDOM.

Here is another wise man who knows so much about sleeping that it hurts him to carry it around, so he has unloaded some of his knowledge upon our general ignorance. The wise man says: Hunters, scouts, children, wild men and all animals sleep with the spine upward. Every creature does this except civilized man. It is the natural and the right way.

Sleeping on the face protects the vital organs in case of a shot from the enemy. So it does, when we bear in mind that it is a poor gun in these days that can't send a half-ounce ball crashing through a railroad tie, and that Garfield was killed by a shot square in the back we ought to get right down on our faces and stay there, not merely to protect our vital organs from chance cannon shots, but to express our profound reverence for a man who knows so much. Tell you, my ron, this world is so chock full of wisdom and knowledge and information and introduction and erudition that it is a great wonder some of it does'nt escape and leak into the schools."

She Brought Her Husband Home.

Woman is always given credit for being clever, but, nevertheless, if she makes up her mind to a thing she will have it her way or make it interesting for those who oppose her. A woman up at St. Helen's has the wife of a man who loves to hang around a certain grog bazaar, and in so doing he sorely neglects the helpmeet who sits patiently at home and mends his socks. Many a time and oft had she reasoned with him in her quiet, motherly way, and tried to point out to him the disgraceful way in which he was using her, but all to no purpose. She even went so far as to request the teller in the aforesaid loose emporium that he cease selling her husband liquor. But the poison-mixer bade her go hence and exchange New-Year's calls with herself, and she turned on her heel and left his hateful presence.

That evening as she sat alone she heard a racket down cellar, and upon investigation found that a skunk had got its tail in the rat-trap. Now, it is a well-known fact that a skunk will hold its peace as long as his bushy tail is held, whether in a trap or the hand, and remembering this she had no fear. Suddenly a bright thought entered her head. The clock in the house was striking 1 and she wanted papa to come home. With a quick movement she threw a bag over the animal's head, and, after grasping its tail, opened the trap, and thus armed headed for the saloon. It was only a short distance away, and finding the door partly open she tossed the skunk into the midst of the crowd and swiftly stole away.

It had the desired effect and papa came home. The saloonkeeper, who never took a vacation before in his life, has gone into the country to visit relatives, and the saloon is closed for repairs.

His Apology.

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "but I'm clean out just now; Jimmy Brown's got some, though."

EAGLES AND TURKEYS.

A Pennsylvania Mountain Region Where Both Are Still Plenty.

The impression is general throughout the East that the wild turkey and the eagle have no abiding place in this country any more except far out among the mountains and wild plains of the great West; yet it is a fact, writes the Harrisburg (Pa.) correspondent of the New York *Sun*, that the mountains of several counties of Central Pennsylvania are still thickly populated by the wild turkey, as the sportsmen of Pottsville, Reading, Lancaster, Harrisburg and other towns well know, while instead of the eagle being extinct, except in isolated and far-away haunts, it is in fact more numerous in the ranges of the counties of this State referred to than the farmers care to have it.

The great Blue Mountain range, together with all the many subranges and independent hills and ridges of the adjacent counties, are natural breeding and feeding grounds of the wild turkey, and provide several species of eagle with eyries so inaccessible and fields of prey so extensive and fruitful that the advances of civilization made on every side have as yet been insufficient to drive them from their chosen haunts.

Persons who have never visited these regions other than the large towns, have no idea of the extent and depth of the wilderness areas that abound within a short journey of the biggest towns—even the capital of the State. Wild turkeys are killed in large numbers every fall within fifteen miles of Harrisburg, and within the county within which the city is situated. It requires but a short journey from Pottsville or Reading to enjoy the same sport, while all of the small villages are centers from which the sportsman may find turkey hunting to his heart's desire, most time from early fall until the deep snows set in, and make the sport not only unpleasant but dangerous.

Any one who has ever tramped over the Blue Mountains has noticed the great number of tall, dead and almost branchless tree trunks that stand on the highest and rockiest summits, out of the reach of the boldest mountain-climber. Early in the morning, or toward nightfall, one or more great birds may be seen, hovering about the tops of these dead and scrunted like trunks. The birds are bald eagles.

The eagles select these dead trees on the isolated peaks to build their nests in. It is one of the superstitions of the Blue Mountain woodsman that it is the presence of the eagles and their nests that kills the latter, but the fact is that if a tree is not dead in the first place an eagle will not select it for its nesting place. The bird uses the bare trunk as a post of observation. Sometimes the top of a naked and inaccessible rock serves the purpose.

It may be that the presence of the wild turkey in such numbers may account for the eagle, so rare in similar localities, retaining his home among these mountains, for in all his predatory rounds this great marauder of the air could not find a richer prize as his prey. The habits of the eagle keep it almost constantly away from the sight of man, and it is only when the depletion of a sheepfold is begun systematically and regularly that the farmer is warned that an eagle or two is near, and that by baiting himself near the fold he may surprise the strong-beaked robber at his work, and finish his career with a well-directed rifle ball. A bald eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of his wings was recently shot by a turkey hunter on the Second Mountain, in Schuylkill County, the eagle having dropped suddenly down on a flock of turkeys, which the hunter, hidden securely, was calling within closer range.

The Art of Bastien-Lepage.

His pictures were painted out-of-doors, and you can see that Bastien-Lepage was true to the out of-door peasant life which he had lived. He sympathized with its toil and poverty, and he did not paint these peasants in his studio, as he would have done had he simply desired to make pretty pictures.

Painting in the carefully arranged light of his studio, he would have found it easier to make pictures which many people would prefer. In nature conforming light come from all sides, the full sunlight is trying, the colors of grass and foliage are vivid and even harsh, and it is hard to indicate correctly the relative distances of different objects and their values in the picture. Bastien-Lepage, after beginning a picture at a certain hour, would paint upon it only at that hour in order that the light and its effects upon the surroundings might be the same from day to day.

He was called a realist, one who painted things simply as they were; but the "Joan of Arc" and others of his works showed that he lacked neither imagination sympathetic nor insight. Certainly he did more than the recording of facts.

Critics have dispraised his coloring, his use of "crude greens" and "dirty grays;" they have objected that his pictures convey no feeling of space, or distance, or proportion; that his ideas of more important parts, and that his work was coarse and brutal.

There is some ground for these objections, for Bastien-Lepage died before he had accomplished all that he wished. But he was a faithful lover of nature. He found poetry in the events of every-day life, and, as has been said, one of his peasants typified the peasantry of France. Dying when but a young man, he is not to be ranked with the greater masters of the century, but he left an influence and pictures which will preserve the memory of his earnestness and loyalty to his art.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement, it won't hurt her. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider and wider than they have for the last ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too. There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise and encouragement. You know that at the door is clean, labor has been performed to make it so. You know that it you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have toiled. Why don't you come out with it heartily; "Why how pleasant you make things look, wife," or, "I am indebted to you for taking so much pains." If you gave a hund