

**THE FIRST FLOWER.**

Meek flower! thro' all the wintry days,  
 When cruel winds were blowing,  
 Unaided, thou by sun's kind rays,  
 Hast hopefully been growing;  
 Not murmuring once that fairer skies  
 Didst fail the while to bid thee rise.  
 Throughout these dark and dismal days,  
 My by-gone life attending,  
 When oft the sun refused its rays,  
 The clouds dire storms portending,  
 Had I but held thy faith, sweet flower,  
 That time would bring its brighter hour.  
 I had not mourned so deep my lot,  
 Nor cursed my days repining,  
 But by my lesson ne'er forgot,  
 That e'er the sun is shining;  
 That tho' to-day be dark with sorrow,  
 A brighter day may dawn to-morrow.

**Country Roads.**

In older countries than ours, and before the advent of railroads, great public highways were things of State importance. Some of these works were of considerable renown. Even as far back as two thousand years highways were constructed in the Roman Empire on such a durable plan that their remains are visible to this day. England and nearly every country on the Continent are at this day well provided in this respect. But in this country road-building cannot be said to have kept pace with the rapid commercial advancement or the rapid development of material prosperity. We are, fortunately, in the possession of many rivers, and we have supplemented these here and there with costly canals, and, until the era of railroads, trade and population naturally clung to their borders. But the interior progress of our country, especially within the past twenty-five years, has been largely due to the marvelous expansion and improvement of our railroad system. This is not only the fact as to those far inland systems which open new regions and facilitate the march of a pressing population, but is particularly true of thickly settled States that are possessed of special water facilities.

But at some times there must be a limit to the multiplication of these feeders, which in turn must themselves be fed by the public highways. In fact, the country roads ought to be considered as an essential corrective of the railroad system. It must be acknowledged, however, that while railroads are constantly improving, making quicker time and lowering the cost of transportation, the common roads of the country have scarcely kept pace with the actual requirements of the public. We have been so absorbed in the construction of artificial lines of travel that the natural lines, the common highways, have been neglected. Near cities and large towns there are of course many exceptions to this remark; but elsewhere the situation is not much better than it was a quarter of a century ago. In many sections these roads are so boggy in wet seasons as completely to blockade the transmission of produce to the railroads, effecting often a serious disturbance of general trade. This was notably the case, it will be remembered, during an excessively wet spring four years ago, when the farmers in Southern Illinois and other Northwestern States were for several weeks in a state of mud blockade, and, utterly unable to drive their teams to the railroad stations, vast amounts of produce were left unmarketed at a time when it could have been sold to advantage. Experiences of this character, however, are peculiar to no particular season. We rarely take up a country newspaper that has not a complaint to make as to the losses incident one way or another to the impassable condition of the public highways. An intelligent sense of self-interest, it seems to us, must soon apply the proper remedy. We look to the farmers to begin the work. If the dirt roads were well graded, drained and solidified, teams could carry double what they now do, and do it in half the time, thus saving much to the producer as well as causing a more even current of commercial circulation. Bad methods ought to be remedied as well as modern improvements introduced.

There is also another phase of the subject. Not only would such highways as all our railroad traversing States ought to have been an advantage to producers and a boon to the railroads and to commerce, but they would immensely enhance the value of lands and homes, just as the railroads have increased the value of lands through which they pass. Roads well laid out and kept in constant repair make an attractive country, and a community can make no better investment than, in every possible way, to push their construction.

—Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Home News.

There are many flat metal buttons the size of a silver half-dime, some of which are polished blue steel with a gray steel rim, or they may have a bronze ground, with a gilt crescent moon showing the profile face of a man in it, with tiny gilt stars beyond, or else the plain jet black surface may be dotted with steel, gilt, or jet beads; bone and vegetable ivory buttons of various colors are also shown in both flat and shell shapes.

**Good Humor.**

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply, "it's my wife's relations that are causing the trouble." An English servant girl, who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told she "looked really aristocratic." To which she responded: "Yes, in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class." Another case in which a soft answer turned wrath into merriment: At a certain party a gentleman, in the midst of an angry dispute, threw a bottle at his opponent's head by way of emphasizing his argument. Foote, who was present, immediately picked the missile up and laid it on the table, saying, "Friends, if you pass the bottle as quickly as that you won't be able to stand the evening."

**MAID OF ATHENS:—**  
 Maid of Athens, we must part,  
 I hear your father—I must start;  
 He's broken of his midnight rest:  
 Discretion on my part is best,  
 I'd better get.  
 Maid of Athens, ere I go,  
 Kiss me once, for luck, you know:  
 Your father's foot is on the stair—  
 None but the brave deserve the fair—  
 The gas ain't lit!  
 Maid of Athens, just once more—  
 Little ships must hug the shore;  
 Hark! the dog has broke his chain.  
 Zounds! I'm in hard luck again—  
 Great Scott! I'm bit!

On the day before the reception tendered her recently, at St. George's, Bermuda, the Princess Louise went for a solitary stroll along the shore; and, after a time becoming thirsty, she stopped for a drink at the cottage of a negro fisherman. No one was there but "auntie," and she was busy as she could be ironing a shirt for her "ole man" to wear at the reception. The princess, asked for a drink, "I've no time to bodder getting water for you," was the reply. "I've feaful busy, for I've bound to see de queen's chile to-morrow." "But, if you'll get me a drink, I'll iron while you do so," said the thirsty princess. The offer was accepted, the princess finished the shirt, and got her drink, and then revealed her identity. "Fo' de Lo'd, honey!" exclaimed "auntie," when she recovered from her surprise. "Ole man no' no one ever wear dat shirt again, nohow."

**The Transvaal Republic in South Africa**

Has completed its reorganization by the election of Paul Kruger to the Presidency. Although the news of the result has just been cabled to this country, the election was held in February. Previous advices stated that never in the history of any country had an appeal to the people on such a vitally important subject as the choice of a chief ruler elicited so little interest as on this occasion. A profound indifference and apathy pervaded all classes of the people. There was no enthusiasm and no excitement in any district. The rival candidates were Paul Kruger and Piet Joubert. The popular voice in the towns and villages was from the first rather in favor of Kruger, who was regarded by the more intelligent class of voters as being the safer man of the two candidates, and less likely to run the country into difficulties through personal ambition than his competitor. The result of the election, therefore, is likely to be regarded with marked disfavor by the Jingo party in England, who have been longing for such evidence of an aggressive disposition on the part of the Boers as would render necessary a fresh interference by the British. Onkle Paul, as Kruger is affectionately called by his countrymen, is a man of sixty, of middle height, a thick-set figure, very active, and wearing a short-clipped beard. Joubert is a representative of the better-educated element of the Boers, while Kruger belongs to the class known as Doppers, who are only half educated and half civilized. When he made his first visit to England on behalf of his countrymen, he wore the broad felt hat, the short jacket, and "veldt school"—shoes of untanned leather—which form the usual and recognized costume of a Dopper. On his return he met the astonished gaze of his friends clad in a high hat, a long black cloth coat, and the boots worn by ordinary civilized men. "England was well enough," he said, "and there were fine houses, but if a man wanted to go and smoke by himself, even away from London, every piece of the veldt seemed to be owned by some one or another, and if you sat down to smoke under a tree, you hadn't taken two whiffs before a man would come up and say that land was his and he didn't want you there." Kruger is almost as good a guerrilla fighter as Joubert, but his forte is declamation. His speeches, like his letters, are full of Bible texts, and his account of the Spitzkop battle reads not unlike the reports King William sent to Queen Augusta at the outset of the Franco-Prussian war. Kruger came into notice by his energy and his skill as a marksman in

the wars against Mopoch and Malow, two border chiefs, in 1864-65, and ever since then he has been a leader of his people. At the time that Sir Theophilus Shepstone issued his proclamation annexing the Transvaal Republic to the British Empire, he was Vice-President of the Republic. At the agitation meetings in December, 1879, he was nominated as President of the Independent Volkraad, which the Boers informed the British administrator they had resolved to establish. For this Kruger was arrested on the charge of high treason, but the charge was eventually dropped and Kruger, together with Joubert, went in June, 1880, to England on a mission on behalf of the Boers. No sooner, however, did the rising take place than Kruger and Joubert took the direction of affairs, the former being proclaimed President, and the latter Commandant-General of the Boer forces, these two, together with Pretorius, forming a reigning Triumvirate, which issued a Proclamation of Independence, and whose authority was recognized as supreme in the reconstituted Republic. Under Joubert's leadership, the Boers defeated the British, with great loss, at Spitzkop, on Sunday, February 27, 1882. Sir George Colley the British commander, being among the slain. The Liberal Government accepted the fruits of this defeat by restoring the independence of the Transvaal, and now the little Dutch Republic in the wilds of South Africa is fairly in working order again.

**Pious Sentiment.**

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and for many it is more brilliant than the day.  
 A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.  
 Beautiful feet are they that do  
 The work of the noble, good and true.  
 Busy for them the long day through.  
 Beautiful feet are they that go  
 Swiftly to lighten another's woe.  
 Tho' summer's heat and winter's snow.  
 A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physics.  
 The life of a true christian is like a beautiful river: it flows on in a steady, even course; the storm of life may ruffle its surface, but the deep under-current moves on undisturbed.

**Now.**

Ariel for the day is passing,  
 While you lie dreaming on.  
 Your brothers are cased in armor,  
 And forth to the fight are gone.  
 Your place in the ranks awaits you.  
 Each man has a part to play;  
 The past and the future are nothing  
 In the face of the stern to-day.  
 Arise! for the hour is passing;  
 The sound that you dimly hear  
 Is your enemy marching to battle.  
 Arise! rise! for the foe is here!  
 Stay not to brighten your weapons,  
 Or the hour will strike at last,  
 And from dreams of a coming battle  
 You will waken and find it past.

**POETRY AND RELIGION.**—Poets to be great must be christians. True, Homer and the Greek dramatists, Pindar and Virgil, were not so; but they had instincts identical with those of christians. They had a reverence for the unseen world and for divine authority. Unbelieving poets have to write like christians when they would become great and make a deep impression. Mr. Alfred Austin has never written any poem one-half so beautiful as the "Madonna's Child." This is equally true of art. Poetry and painting alike crave after an ideal, and without a God an ideal is a contradiction in terms.—Earle.

**Grain Prospects.**

For quite a while the newspapers have been endeavoring to write down the prospects of grain, and especially of wheat, and some of the most ridiculous prognostications have been given the public.  
 One of the largest and most respectable metropolitan journals of the country, more than a month ago gave out dismal accounts of the prospects of the crop of spring wheat in Dakota.  
 How was it possible then to foretell the crop prospects from spring wheat, the seed in the granary and the ground not ploughed? It was not even possible at that time to predict the yield of winter wheat, except where cold weather with frequent thawings and freezings in the absence of snow, had thrown up and destroyed the rootlets of the tender grain.  
 It may be depended upon that from nothing now known we can safely predict at least an average crop all over the country.

The President appointed Charles Lyman, Chief Clerk of the U. S. Treasury's office, to be Chief-Examiner under the Civil Service Commission.

**Child Life One Hundred Years Ago.**

One hundred years ago a little girl named Mary Butt was living with her parents at the pretty rectory of Sanford-on-the-Terne, in England. She was a bright and beautiful child, and when she grew up she became Mrs. Sherwood, the writer of a great many charming stories for young people.

But nothing that she wrote is so entertaining as the story of her childhood, which, when she was an old lady, she told to please her grandchildren. I wonder how the girls who read this paper would endure the discipline which little Mary submitted to so patiently 1782.

From the time she was six until she was thirteen she wore every day an iron collar around her neck, and a back-board strapped tightly over her shoulders. This was to make her perfectly straight. Perhaps you may have seen here and there a very stately old lady who never was known to lean back in her chair, but who always held herself as erect as a soldier on duty. If so, she was taught, you may be sure, to carry herself in that way when she was a little girl.

Poor Mary's iron collar was put on in the morning, and was not taken off until dark, and, worse than that, she says, "I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with the collar around my neck. I never sat on a chair in my mother's presence."

Her brother and herself were great readers, but you can count on the fingers of one hand all the books they had to read, "Robinson Crusoe," two sets of "Fairy Tales," "The Little Female Academy," and "Aesop's Fables" formed the entire juvenile library. They used to take "Robinson Crusoe" and seat themselves at the bottom of the wide staircase, the two heads bent over the page together. Whenever they turned a leaf, they ascended a step, until they reached the top and then they began to go down again.

Little Marten was not very persevering with his Latin, so, although it was not then the fashion for girls, Mary's mother decided that she should begin the study in order to encourage him. The sister soon distanced the brother, and before she was twelve her regular task of a morning was fifty lines of Virgil, translated as she stood in the stocks.

You will ask what sort of dress this little girl was allowed to wear one hundred years ago. In summer she had cambric, and in winter lincey-woolsey or stuff gowns, with a simple white muslin for best. Her mother always insisted on a pinafore, which was a great loose apron worn over everything else, and enveloping her from head to feet.

It is quite refreshing to find that neither the blackboard nor the Latin took from the child a love of play and of dolls. Her special pet was a huge wooden doll, which she carried to the woods with her, tied by a string to her waist, after the grown people had decided that she was too big to care for dolls. A friend one day presented her with a fine gauze cap, and this was the only ornament she ever possessed as a child.

I think the little girls who compare 1782 with 1782 must be thankful they were not born in the last century. I know that I am. Yet little Mary Butt was a very happy child, spending, when permitted, hours of great delight in the woods and groves, and listening eagerly to the talk of the learned and traveled visitors who came to Sanford Rectory.

**The Tax on Tobacco.**

The tax on all kinds of Manufactured Tobacco is 9 cents per lb; Snuff, 8 cents per lb; Cigars, \$3 per thousand; Cigarettes weighing not over 3 lbs per thousand, 50 cents per thousand; Cigarettes and Cheroots weighing over 3 lbs per thousand, \$3 per thousand. The duty on Foreign Cigars is \$2.50 per lb, and 25 cent. ad valorem. Cigarettes same duty as cigars. Imported Cigars, Cigarettes and Cheroots also bear the prescribed Internal Revenue taxes, to be paid by stamps at the Custom House. The import duty on Leaf Tobacco is 35 cents per lb; Leaf Tobacco stemmed, 50 cents per lb; Manufactured Tobacco, 50 cents per lb; Scraps, 50 cents per lb. Manufactured Tobacco and Scraps are also subject to the Internal Revenue tax of 8 cents per lb, and must be packed in conformity with Internal Revenue law and regulation. Scraps and cuttings, however, may be withdrawn in bulk for use in a tobacco, snuff, or cigar manufactory without payment of the Internal Revenue tax.  
 On Sumatra tobacco the import duty is 35 cents gold per lb.

Pipes and pipe bowls, 75 cent. ad valorem, and \$1.50 per gross; common clay pipes 35 cent. ad valorem; parts of pipes, 75 cent. ad valorem; all smokers' articles, 75 cent. ad valorem; snuff-boxes and chewing-tobacco pouches, 35 cent. ad valorem.

**Monopoly.**

The manufacturer is buried almost by the mountains of obloquy and epithetical denunciations that are being heaped upon him. The railroad magnate, whose energy and tact have massed successful corporations upon the country, is anathematized from Dan to Beersheba, by the ne'er-do-wells demagogues, and the non-working divide with the work-ever fellows. These loons seem to imagine that all can do well. Why don't these superficial statesmen sail into the profitable waters of the seed business and other mediums of profit other than manufacture? Take first the seed trade. Suppose we tell them that a seedman buys from the farmer—and he can raise them much lower if he has a farm in connection with his establishment—a bushel of cucumber seed for which he pays \$1.50 cents per bushel. There are 32 quarts in a bushel, and a quart of this seed is supposed to weigh eight ounces. Suppose the seedman sell the half ounce paper of cucumber seeds for 5 cents per paper; note his profit: 32 quarts 8 ounces each, 356 ounces or 512 half ounces, at 5 cents, \$25.60 cents, for what cost \$1.50. "Do seedmen get rich?" We don't know, but if the same profits as cited extend through all the ramifications of their business, they ought to keep in the front line of those who are in the race for fortune. We cannot see how it is that wise men, at least those that are considered so, will cling to the belief that the entire country is brought to the verge of ruin, so that the manufacturer can realize his 33 1/3 per cent. This is the highest profit we have ever heard claimed for them by those who would destroy them. There is not a medium in the country operating between the consumer and producer who invests a similar amount with the manufacturer, but realizes a larger profit. The printer pays his workman sixteen dollars a week and charges his customers 50 cents an hour or \$5 per day, making per week for the same services \$30, and of all middle men printers are the most liberal and the most illy paid. The broker steps in between buyer and seller, and without investment or risk secures a profit. The merchant buys his goods from first hands, and makes his 20, 30 or 100 per cent. Bosses in each trade make a handsome profit as compensation for their supervising work. And so on all through the ramifications of trade, barter, mechanism, jobbing, contracting, or in the professions. The lawyer charges a so-called exorbitant fee, not for the work done, but the midnight lamp-trimmed, the vigils, the wear and tear of a quarter of a century, that have been used to learn what he puts into practice. It is not altogether for what he does, but for knowing how to do it. The same rule applies to the physician. We remember a lady asking an eminent surgeon who performed a slight operation for her, whose bill was \$25 for ten seconds' work, "Is it not too much for the time occupied?" "I only charge one dollar for the operation, the additional \$24 was for knowing how." A man will risk health and life to secure the knowledge that is to enrich him with fame or wealth, and yet his profits are denied by ignorance, who see no labor excepting in the efforts to saw or split wood, and who never did, do not, nor never will appreciate brain work, simply because their own defective organization renders them unfit to discriminate between brute and brain force.

If we take away from man all hope of a future of wealth or distinction we destroy all incentive to action, thus clogging the wheels of enterprise, discovery and improvement, the followings of which would be disorder, disruption and ruin. It is only through the hope of a future of profit, the per cent. not determined, that ambition is stimulated to deeds of valor, or of habits of deprivation to secure opulence. The man or men who fail to comprehend the meaning of the logic we present is the veriest dolt. Why does the agitator run the gauntlet of opprobrium, social ostracism and risk life in his opposition to the order of things? Because he seeks distinction in some shape that is in harmony with his hopes or expectations. Did he not have this irritant or goad to urge him on he would soon become as useless as an exploded bomb, as his powder as soon as reached with a fus corresponding with his length of temper, would soon explode, leaving the Vesuvian thunderer altogether "broken up." Man cannot, will not bring his natural forces into action without some stimulus to lead him to energize them for future compensating rewards; and hence, led as he is by this hope of future reward, he drives on to success, which when attained leads to monopoly in its worst, when one man unites with another, and pooling their capital, embarks in an enterprise that yields a profit, thus depressing the values to an extent of the loss as deducted from the whole of the losers, yet not injuring society as a whole, as the profit mentioned is redistributed, merely seeking other channels, or in other words, changing owners. These men are so-called monopolists.

Monopoly is nothing more than ten men using ten millions and employing ten thousand men, instead of 1000 anti-monopolists employing ten millions and employing 9000 men. It is really, arguing from the whole, a distinction without a difference. Revolution may destroy these common sense and natural conditions of financial society, but it would be but a few years at the longest when the same state of affairs would again be a source of annoyance to the unfortunate hewers and drawers. If a man is to be destroyed because rich, then on the converse of the proposition a man who is poor ought to be hung for his poverty. It is a poor rule that wont work both ways. *Thoroughbred Stock Journal.*

**Marshal Canrobert's Romance.**

Marshal Canrobert inhabits a small hotel in the Rue de Marignan. Like most French soldiers he is careless of luxury, and busies himself but little about the fine arts. The thing that strikes one on entering is a little parambulator hidden away under the staircase; the walls are covered with the most modest engravings, water-color sketches and photographs, which do not speak well of the Marshal's taste in *les beaux arts*.

And now I would say a few words of Madame le Marchale. At the close of the Crimean campaign, one evening at a reception held at the Ministers des Finances, as Marshal Canrobert entered the *salon*, a young lady, whose remarkable beauty was not a little enhanced by her simple dress of plain white tulle, came with shy boldness up to the hero and said:

"Monsieur le Marechal will do with me as he did with the Russians, and make me dance?"  
 "You forget, Mademoiselle, that there is an armistice now!"  
 "And a free pardon and amnesty for my boldness, I hope?"  
 Without replying, the Marshal offered the young lady his arm, and, bringing her up to a young officer who happened to be standing near, said:

"Tenez, Monsieur! Dance this quadrille with Mademoiselle, and bear in mind that to-night a Marshal of France envies a sub-lieutenant!"

Before many years had passed the young and beautiful Miss Flora Macdonald, who had aspired to dance with the coadjutor of Marshal Pelissier had become Madame le Marechal Canrobert. After having waited a few minutes in the *salon* above mentioned, a servant announces that M. le Marechal is ready to receive you, and mounting to the second floor, you are ushered into the presence of the old warrior in his den; a simple room, without any ornament, but littered with books bearing on military matters, newspapers, maps, etc., etc., Marshal Canrobert is about seventy, and of medium height. His gray hair is very curly, and the *ensemble* of his face is most agreeable, the forehead being high and intellectual, and the glance from his eyes kind but keen, brilliant and penetrating. His carriage is stern and resolute, but the back is a little bowed, and the head inclined to one side when the Marshal speaks. The tone of his voice is splendid; it rings, and the slight southern accent lends an irresistible charm to the bold, frank, soldierly words of greeting with which you are made welcome.

**Waterproof Bricks.**

Waterproofing is a process which has been brought forward with varied claims of superior adaptation as compared with ordinary bricks, and these claims have lately been subjected to investigations of a practical nature. In order to ascertain what amount of water the brick would absorb in their natural condition, two bricks of the same kind as those that were treated with the waterproofing were immersed in water, and at the end of an hour one brick had absorbed nine and seven-tenths per cent. of its weight of water, and the other ten per cent.; as their weight did not increase after several hours' immersion, this was all that the bricks would absorb. To ascertain the effect of freezing upon the saturated bricks, one of them was exposed for a few hours to a temperature somewhat below the freezing point of water, and the freezing of the water in the bricks burst a piece of some three or four square inches in area, and about one-half an inch thick at its thickest part out of one face of the brick.

The damage at Denver, Colorado, by the hail storm, will probably amount to \$75,000. Scarcely a building in the city escaped injury. The fruit trees were greatly damaged. The loss to ranchmen around Denver is very heavy. —At Omaha, Nebraska, the damage will amount to about \$15,000. Some houses were flooded, but no lives lost. —Much damage was done in Chicago and its neighborhood by a storm. The Methodist church at South Evanston was completely wrecked by the wind.