But so it was, and Nannie Rice Became the bride of Tommy; He asked her for her heart and hand. She sent him to her mammy.

"Quite willingly," that lady said,
For Tommy had much money;
And then together they were wed
In bonds of matrimony. And Nannie blushed a crimson red, When Tommy boldly kissed her;

Then Nannie Rice was Mrs. Twiggs, And Tommy he was Mr. But scarce I thought that Tommy Twiggs

Would marry Nannie Rice, Or Nannie marry Tommy Twiggs, I pitied Nannie's other beau, Whose suit proved all too tardy: A wretchad man—I know him wel

For I'm the chap-Joe Hardy!

European Correspondence Naples, May, 1883.

I left Rome at 10.30 on the evening of Friday, the 11th inst., and arrived here at 6.30 the next morning. Finding the omnibus of the hotel waiting at the station, I jumped in and was driven through the most beautiful parts of the city hither. I had heard of this pension at Rome. It is very pleasant, situated between the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele and the Chiaja, and I got a glimpse of one of the world's most beautiful scenes from my window, after luxuriating in a healthy childhood. Our children are

seven francs a day, which is very reasonuation and the character of the \* house.

After breakfast on Saturday I went immediately to the Museum, the only building in Naples over which strangers spend much time. I saw the Farnese Bull and the Hercules, which I could enjoy without at all placing them in the same class with the Apollo of the Vatican or the Faun of the Capitol. The statues are of marvelous workmanship, and entirely without that affectation which so often makes modern statues disagreeable. I think, however, Taine is not entirely wrong when he calls the Hercules "un vigoreux porte-faix qui pense qu'un verre de vin viendrai bien à point." The Psyche has a most subtle, delicate beauty. The Venus Callipyge is a well-executed statue, but evidently not of the best classic period; in fact, you could almost believe it to be an exceptionally good work of the Renaissance.

But the part of the Museum where one likes to linger longest and return most often is that containing the thousands of frescoes which were removed, servation, from Pompeii.

On Sunday I ascended the multitudinous steps of St. Elmo, bound for the quondam Convent of St. Martin. After admiring the rich decorations of the conventual church, and spending some time over its pictures by Guido (a Nativity, his last picture, all finished except the infant Christ which is left sketched), Ribera, Luca Giovdano, Carlo Maratta, and other artists, and in the handsome cloisters of glittering white marble, with the customary great well in the centre, I mounted upon a balcony whence the best view in Naples is obtained. The beauty of the Bay of Naples, with its lovely islands and the mountains which surround it, beginning from Vesuvius, with its constantly ascending pearly vapor, depends upon the wonderful voluptuous atmosphere, which makes the sky and the sea deeper and bluer here than anywhere else, and gives marvelous effects of light and shade to the mountains. I will not call them "purple," for no words are sufficient to describe their tints. Till we are able to enclose an atmosphere in paper no description of Naples can be written.

I have been to the Cathedral, which is the second Italian Gothic building I have seen, and yesterday to Santa Chiara, where are richly ornamented and well-wrought tombs of kings, queens, dukes and nobles of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There is one of a baby prince, who is represented as borne away in the arms of two beautiful angels. W. C. C.

## Dress in a Hot Country.

It is, of course, superfluous to say that the better classes of Brazilians are always decently or even elegantly dressed from boyhood, yet the children of the most wealthy are sometimes introduced to visitors without any clothing but a string of beads around the neck, or a pair of elegant slippers on their tiny nude children. Among the lower classes, boys are frequently never dressed till they are twelve years old. Girls commonly wear clothes sooner, though the first few years of their lives pass with only a pair of earrings, which find their way into the ears of every female child before she is a

year old. -The Washington Monument is a little over 350 feet high, and progress-

#### Old Children.

One can no more help loving children that he can help liking rose-buds. But I meet with some children whom I cannot love without considerable effort. These are the old children. Their wise looks and sedate and dignified ways are appalling. They seldom laugh, and their smile is a sickly, sneering sardonic smile. They never romp, but step staidly, and with a gravity of deportment which would become an octogenarian.

These poor, little, old children, withered and hard and dry before their time, are the legitimate fruits of certain forms of the child-culture of to-day. We were not used to have them. In days not remote children were children in tastes, feelings. manners and occupations; the spring of life lasted twentyone years and longer. Our boys were buoyant and sportive, and the rippling laughter of our girls was as sweet music. But now too many of our girls are fine ladies, and our boys sedate gentlemen. The jacket of jean, frock of flannel and bowl of porridge have passed away, and with them have passed healthy, hearty happy child-life. With our artificial modes of life and premature development of mind, we are in danger of abolishing that out of which come all valor, heroism and worth whatsoeverseven excellent courses at dinner. I pay in school when they ought to be at play; at the ball when they ought to be able even for Italy, considering the sit- in bed; promenading in stiff, fine clothes, when they ought to be frisking witht he lambs in the meadows, as blithe and gay as lambs, and knowing as little of fashionable life. Books, fashion, and, I may add, business, are what make old children.

Our girls are clamoring for "higher education," and we think we give it to them when we extend the range of their school studies. I met a child the other day who knew "enough for a professor," I was told, but she was wearing six strengthening plasters, and could not look you in the face. Men, have, in every age, played the fool for knowledge: have got it at the cost of wisdom, health happiness and virtue; but no previous age has equaled ours in madness of this sort. I would not give a girl that knowledge which might put a single wrinkle in her face. A formal walk or game of croquette sandwiched between six hours of study and six of fashionable life will not go far toward developing the physical well-being of our girls.

The premature placing of our children in mercantile relations, or the inculcation of what has been termed "shopkeeper's philosophy," is another of our expedients for abolishing youth. We begin by giving the child one of those fool-invented toys called "banks"-an invention which has done harm enough to counter-balance the good of all other toys-and persuade him to shut up in it all his penny gleanings, as if they were angels' gifts, instead of spending them as soon as acquired, as a healthy child is sure to de. Such a toy is a practical object lesson in avarice. Visiting once at the house of a Christian minister, I found that each of his children had his little bank in which he deposited every penny that came into his hands. A beggar stopped to ask an an alms. I said: "Why do you not give some of your money to the poor old blind man ?" The answer was: "We don't give our money to tramps; we're going to keep it and make more money with it." When I see the best years of childhood monopolized by the acquisition of a trade or profassion I feel like telling parents that such treatment is wicked, and uncalled for even by avaricious calculation. The shallow utilitarianism so prevalent among men of business is attributable, in a great measure, to the premature entrance of boys into commercial relations. Ignorant of poetry, nature and history, they base their theories of human nature upon what they see of Dick, Tom and Harry. There is no ideal in their lives, nor aught of nature, and they transmit the plague. If we would prevent our children from becoming dry, withered and callous in mind and in heart, we must prevent them from coming too early in contract with the tricks of trade and the hearthardening principles which rule over the commercial world.

Another aging influence is to be feet, while in the photographic galleries and dissipation. The breakfast of life clappers together with the regularity of children when we give them a high cares not to consult a thermometer one who commits arson.

before going out; who would as lief be kissed by the north wind as by any lass in christendom; who would willingly exchange all the overcoats in the world for a pair of skates or a sled; who takes to the water like a duck, to the mud like an eel, and to the sun like an "American citizen of African des-

#### That Good Young Man.

The young man who never knows town or village. He is generally a serious and silent person, who has but little to say for himself, and does not make that little interesting. He is not often handsome, and his clothes never fit him. He is not vain; in fact, he had to struggle with himself a long while but having come, he sticks to the sofa toes turned in.

He comes very early, almost before the tea-tray has been cleared, and he gets through with his remarks about the weather and his inquiries as to each member of the family very speedily.

The mother gets her knitting, and is ripe," as Cobbett has it. father takes up his newspaper, and they retire a little in the background, near the lamp on the table, Young people should have a little liberty.

Augustus is a good young man, and his father owns property of value. Miss Pamela might do worse.

They appear absorbed in each other, but they listen to their parents. Pamela's mother sits in her chair,

and makes a remark at intervals. The good young man answers, "Yes, so ?" and "Dear me!" at random. He is thinking how pretty Miss

Pamela is, and how stupid he is. He is wondering why he cannot be

Pamela is wondering so, too.

She folds her hands and unfolds them, and plays with the buttons of her dress, her dressmaker, and if they have the old red cow yet, and other questions of

He answers, "I dunno," and watches her intently, and she hides a gape behind her fingers.

He is conscions of the fact that as he has "said nothing" to Miss Pamela, and is not recognized as a suiter, he is merely a caller, He knows he ought to go, but he cannot make up his mind to the effort necessary to rising and saving he must now depart.

Such simple sentences as "I think it's time to go," or "Ma will be expecting me," seem to long for his tongue. Besides-he doesn't want to go. Why does dot Pamela's father rise

and say, "You desire to pay attention to my daughter; I approve; take my blessing," and go away up-stairs, or to the Faithful." The old man bowed to the kitchen, or anywhere? Why does not Pamela's mother, in Giafar is the greatest subject in Bagdad.

that trustful fashion prevalent in some country places, fold her knitting and silently steal away to bed?

Why doesn't Pamela get them away

somehow? Pamela gapes again. The head of the family ostentatiously takes out his watch, and compares it with the clock. The young man moves his feet nervously, and kicks under the sofa the hat which bashfulness has prompted him to put on the floor.

How shall he go down on his knees and ed. feel for that hat before Pamela? The clock strikes again. Pamela's father has fallen asleep and is snoring awfully. Pamela has stopped saying anything. The mother has given up expecting this good young man to go, and is staring at him in selemn despair. He feels it all. At last he struggles up, almost stands on his head to look for his bat, finds it, says good night to the back of his host's bald head, and bolts to the door. As he goes down the gardenpath he happens to look back, and sees a shadow on the white shade stretching out its arms in a woful yawn. He silken fabrics. hopes it is the "old lady," but it is awfully like Miss Pamela.

## The Japanese Horror of Fire.

As the hour approaches for thelighting of lamps in the evening at Yokofound, as I have already intimated, in hama the sound of the fire patrol is the high and fast living in which we heard and all the night long the streets indulge our little ones. We exhaust are perambulated by these warning them by a system of profusion, luxury guardians, who beat two hand-sticks or consequences are we bringing our hey also have a regular note of warning dainties? It is sad to see how many of caution is present to the mind of all the these old boys and girls there are, who, dwellers in the city throughout the at the age of fifteen years or thereabout, hours of darkness, whether they will or have gone into chronic ennui, and are no. The incendiary is the most de- cat that were very fond of each other

### A Story by Turgenieff.

Diamond dust has all the properties

of the diamond, and the essence of a great writer's genius may be traced in he slightest of his productions. Few better illustrations of this canon could be adduced than the little prose poems which have amused the declining years of M. Targenieff. They may be compared to the "Twice-Told Tales" of Nathaniel Hawthorne-a writer who has no slight affinity to Turgenieff-for their comparative brevity, their terse finish, and their more fanciful and when to go home is not peculiar to any ideal character in relation to the bulk of the author's writings. They differ tartly as the productions of a master of literary form differ from those of a beginner; partly inasmuch as with Hawthorne the story is usually of at least as much importance as the thought, while with Turgenieff it only exists for the before he could muster up courage to development of an idea frequently so call on Miss Pamela, in the first place; slight that a lyric poet would have despatched it in a stanza. The keynote of as if he was glued to it, with his fingers each collection is a deep melancholy; interlaced, his knees together, and his but with Hawthorne this is the egotistic melancholy of a lonely visionary who passes by banquet and by business like a shadow; with Turgenieff it is the sor row of one but too deeply interested in punishes-the never-forgetting, revenge- Thursday? human life, and who feels in every fibre ful house demon or spirit who, in conthe misery of a nation "rotten before it sequence of some crime perpetrated,

Perhaps the best idea of M. Turgenieff's manner in this work will be conveyed by an abridgement of one of his tales. Maving recounted how Giafar, the renouned Vizier of the Caliph tions by Alastor. There are various not give everything to jumpers and trot-Haroun Alraschid, while yet young and opinions about Alastor. Some of the ters. In America they always have from assassins, and afterwards visited as Azael; others that he was the demon the old man at his request, he contin-

and led him into a garden enclosed by bride appearing to be about twenty-five ma'am," and "No, ma'am," and "Is it high walls, in the midst of which years, and the groom being a dapper grew a strange tree, in semblance like a lit'le chap a year or two younger. A cypress, only its leaves were of an azure lady who came aboard at Wyandotte hue. Upon this tree hung three ap- took a seat just ahead, and after a few ples; one of longish shape and white as minutes she heard the pair criticising brilliant and amusing like some young milk; the second round and red; the her bonnet and cloak and general style. third little, shriveled and yellow. "Youth," said the old man, "pluck and in her countenance she turned around in at one of these apples. If the white, thou her seat and said: "Madam, will you wilt be the wisest of men; if the red, have your son close the window behind and asks him if his sister is suited with thou wilt be the richest; if the yellow, you?" The 'son' closed his mouth inthou wilt be singularly acceptable to all stead, and the 'madam' didn't giggle old women. But make speed; the again for sixteen miles. charm loses its virtue within an hour." Gafar ruminated with much perplexity. 'If I know everything," thought he, I shall know more than is good for me; if I become too rich other men will envy me. . I will eat the yellow apple." And he did so. The old man aughed with his toothless mouth, and exclaimed: "Good youth! in sooth thou hast chosen the better part. What need hast thou of the white apple? are already wiser than Solomon. Nor needest thou the red apple, either and none will envy thee." "Venerable sage," responded Giafar, "deign to and work up to the climax." indicate to me the dwelling of the august mother of the Commander of

# Clips.

The fashion of carrying fans was brought from Italy in the time of them in the 16th and 17th century.

Abdalla, the father of Mahomet, was skull.—Detroit Free Press. a poor camel driver, but so handsome that when he married, two hundred Now he decides that he never can go, despairing maidens died broken-heart-

> the building of a house by tracing an outline plan on the ground with the her complexion. This fashion will about that. The reason it acts that way aid of a sack of plaster.

Runrig is a term applied to a kind of cultivation once common throughout Scotland, in which twe alternate patches or ridges of a field belonged to different proprietors or tenants.

The leaves of the sunflower are employed by the Chinese as substitute for, or for mixing with, tobacco. Its fibre they use to adulterate and dye their

purity; red, the color of passion; blue, Brooklyn Eugle. constancy; green, hope; pink, love; violet, friendship; brown, indifference; black, death and despair.

An old law in Holland, condemned criminals to be wholly deprived of salt as the severest punishment in that moist country. The effect was that 'the gray mare is the better horse," which they cry out at regular intervals attributing its rise to the preference

horses of England. A New York lady had a pet dog and press the other on the thumb piece, perfect darling.

and, as the door swung open, she would drop down on the dog's back

and ride in in triumph. Ladies of rank in the last century did not know how to spell very well. Lady Strafford wrote of the death-struggles of her favorite dog, "poor charming Fubs " as follows: "As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at anybody in its horrid torter but nussle its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whoe cryed for thre days as i

it had been for a childe or husband.' In Gardiner's Music of Nature, we are told on what notes the buzz of bees and the hum of other insects is pitched. He says, "The Gnat hums in A; the Death-watch calls in B flat; the Cricket chirps in B natural; the buzz of a Beehive is F; a House-fly hums in F first space; the Humble-bee an octave lower; and a Cockchater in D below the line. A whole erchestra might be composed the bass, the Gnats the trumpets, and 80 on."

In classical mythology Alastor is used as a surname of Zens or Jupiter. It is also used to signify a deity who persecutes a family for generations. According to the belief of the time, if He quoted Polybins. . . Cicero had killed himself by the fireside of Augustus, the family of the latte would have been persecuted for generaundistinguished, rescued an old man early writers thought he was the same special prizes for ambleurs.

On a train going into Detroit the other The old man took Giafar by the hand day was a newly married couple, the Without showing the least resentment

### Two Negatives.

I gave him his first rejection At Newport, a year ago; At Christmas, with proper reflection Again, in New York, I said "No

There's in grammar a rule I remember-So the cards have gone out for September. And my white satin gown is begun.

A young man married against the wishes of his parents, and, in telling a thou wilt be rich enough without it, friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first, that I am dead

At the funeral.-First friend: "Yes, Dr. Jalap told him he must take rest; but Charley kept right on." Second mical to raise our own furs, and then the ground and showed the way. And friend: "Ah! but Dr. Jalap is not a we could raise whatever kind we man to be trifled with. He had his way. | wanted." He always does."

duce a great actor or poet, and then five years is usually sufficient; but, if turns around and tells of a citizen fall- he is very rich, fifty or sixty years is ing beneath the wagon loaded with two allowable. Henry VIII., and young men used tons of stone and having a wheel pass over his head without cracking his

> A Brooklyn shopkeeper announces "Elly rose potatos for sail."

The latest novelty among society damsels in New York is "complexion The Egyptians of to-day commence dogs." No girl will now appear on the street with a dog that does not match a young widow. Yes, but don't worry make a great sale for pink-white Italian greyhounds in Boston, while the yellow and black pug will prevail in New York. -Boston Post.

The shillalah as an industrial implement: A gentleman recently returned from California, who was relating the result of his observations out here, stated that the Chinese laundrymen used sticks in cleaning clothes. "That's it," exclaimed an Irishman present, "they take a shtick to the clothes and White, the emblem of innocence and schare the dhirt out av thim."-

but a hole in the ground.""

### The Gossip of Paris.

The Way People talk at the Theatre in the French Capital.

Overheard last night at the Cirque:

Do you know Lady Lonsdale? I have seen her at the Opera and in

the Bois. She is elegant. They say she is to be married shortly

to the Duke of Portland. Ah ! tired of widowhood : ca se com-

It appears that her father, Sir Sasoon, is a veritable nabob.

What do you say her name is ? Madame Gubbay.

Ah, yes. Boulevard Malesherbes. She gave a grand ball on Wednesday. The top of the basket of the diplomatic corps and the haute banque - nothing but ambassadors and Israelites.

Naturally. The invitations were indorsed by the Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild and Madame Louis Cahen. Then we may look upon Madame

of insect voices, the Door-beetle taking Gubbay henceforward as a Parisienne. category grand juiveire? Yes. They say she to going to make

> Paris her home. So you were at the reception of Monseigneur Perraud at the Academy on

It was not brilliant at all. Nothing but priests and provincials. No toilets; and the good bishop's speech so dull. . .

Really we must agitate the question. so that at the next Concours Hippique we may have prizes for ambleurs, and

Do you think there is anything in in the theory of the American breeders about trotting aptitude depending as much on the formation of the brain of a horse as on his legs?

Mon cher ami, why on earth do you wear gloves?

What do you mean?

Don't you know that is is no longer correct to wear gloves except when one is dancing or riding, or accompanying a lady?

But the prince of Wales. Mon cher, in the matter of gloves we ought to imitate Louis XIV. The Grande Monarch never were gloves except in the hunting-field or on the field of battle. . . .

### Femininities.

"No," said a belle-"no electric light for me; it can't be turned down low enough.'

The modest young woman who turned all colors' business owing to the multiplicity of new shades.

A lady who spent \$100,000 of her own money during the war in aiding wounded soldiers, is now living in great poverty in Ashville, N. C.

"Oh, pa," said a young lady, "why not get a fir tree? It would be so econo-

"How much older should a husband Omaha wonders why she can't pro- be than his wife?"-Edith. Three to

The census proves that the number of persons in a family in the United States is a small fraction over five. In some families the husband is the small fraction over.

"Is it true that when a wild goose's mate dies it never takes another ?" asks is because it is a goose.

### "The True Lord Beaconsfield."

There was a quality in Lord Beaconsfield which exercised a kind of Circean spell upon his most impassioned votaries. The unique position which he achieved in this country arose not more from the extraordinary fibre of his intellect than from his skill in making all about him his instruments. In these respects Lord Beaconsfield was the greatest leader of men probably ever known, in this coun-Says the Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye: try. When a newspaper was beginning "There was a good specimen of Ameri- to occasion him some annoyance by its can wit in the reply made by the old persistent attacks on the Berlin Treaty. settler, who had lived in this city since he sent for the journalist, and in the it was a log cabin or two, to the young space of a minute changed him, by a man who was putting him through a dexterous compliment, from a censor to course of interrogatories: 'You must a satellite. In the same way, after he they were a prey to internal parasites. have lived here a long time ?' 'Well, I had denounced his colleague, Lord Among the notes to the third chapter reckon,' 'Why, how long since you Salisbury, as a great master of gibes and one can find few pictures of any but should be frugal, for dinner must be an clockwork, giving forth a sharp ringing of his History of England, Lord Ma- came here?' 'Young man,' said the flouts and jeers, he propitiated him by a improvement on it. To what serious sound that there is no mistaking, and cauley alludes to the vulgar proverb that old settler, seizing the questioner by the letter in which he quaintly said that he coat lappel, 'do you see that hill across had undertaken a humorous defense of the river [pointing to a lofty peak]?' him in the House of Commons, which, seasoned morning feast and a table of of time, so that the necessity for pre- given in the seventeenth century to the 'Yes, said the other, 'I do.' 'Well, I upon reflection, he was afraid would gray mares of Flanders over the coach- kim here, sir, when that was nothin' have a somewhat clumsy appearance in print. And this was the method upon which only a man of his unparalled The latest craze for earthen tea-pots power could proceed, all round. He surrounded with appliances for their praved of criminals in the estimation of and never quarrelled. When the dog was caused by a potter accidentally knew every note in the gamut of human instruction and diversion which would the people, and none others were so wished to go into the kitchen he would dropping a half-made vessel and bang- sentiment; he knew that men are conhave bewildered their grandparents at fearfully punished in the past. At stand by the door and puss would jump ing it out of shape. It was baked in trolled, for the most part, not by what their age. He is the promising lad who present death is the penalty meted to up, catch one paw on the latch and that fashion, and at once pronounced a is strong in them, but by what is weak