

DAYBREAK.

Not yet the sable curtain of the night
Hath from the shrouded landscape rolled
Away;
But now 'tis lined with threads of rose and
gold,
That tell of coming daybreak.

And the breeze,
Upripping softly, ripples through the leaves
With low-toned murmurs; in the still cool
air

There is a subtle fragrance of the soil,
A ranceless essence of the teeming fields,
Clover and vetches, wheat and tasseled oats,
Millet and barley-heads.

Anon the light
With a growing power sheds a halo soft
Of radiance o'er the corn-lands. Springs
the lark

Up from the sanifer, pouring as he soars
Higher and higher, a flood of melody,
To charm the wayfarer, and fill the air
With strains of natural music.

Gone is night!
It is the early morn'g, fresh and sweet,
With crystal beads of life-giving rain,
Whose sparkling diamonds on the flowers
fall.

Like the soft dew upon Endymion's lips,
By Dian left, when from her silver throne
She stooped to earth, and waked him with
a kiss.

WAS HOBBS RIGHT?

It was odd, the way I first met Hobbs. I had been in Florence a year, ostensibly finishing my education, a phrase always vague enough when applied to young men who perform that important operation abroad, but especially vague in my case. Insensible absorption in my daily life, and the year I could see no very definite acquisitions and was not at all pleased with the retrospect. My well-planned assault on the Italian language had speedily dwindled into a desultory skirmish on the borderlands that gave me nothing but subtleties; for I had barely learned enough to order a dinner, while as for art—well, I began at the wrong end of that, and had been ever since in inextricable confusion. To be sure, I could talk learnedly enough about it—with those who knew less of it than I did—but I did not, and could not, understand it. I could not bring my mind to books, a not unnatural result, so they had been somewhat forcibly brought to it during my college days. My friends had few charms for me, so I found myself spending many hours in my rooms, asking myself a great many times what I was good for, without ever getting anything like a satisfactory answer, and had about made up my mind to go home and do something when I met Hobbs.

I was sitting one morning over my breakfast in the cafe where I took that meal, feeling more than usually dissatisfied with the world in general and myself in particular, and gazing idly out of the open window at the passers-by, when my attention was attracted to a little child that had strayed out into the middle of the street and was in imminent danger of being run over by a rapidly-approaching carriage, the driver of which was engaged in conversation with its occupants. I started to my feet with an involuntary cry, and as I did so saw a young man dart from the opposite sidewalk, snatch the child from under the horse's feet and deposit it at the cafe door, where it was claimed by an agitated young woman, who began a voluble thank-offering. The young man smiled, nodded, and entering the cafe, took a seat at the table next mine. I have always found a peculiar pleasure in trying to assign a nationality, character or occupation to people thus thrown in my way, and turned eagerly from a contemplation of the street to a scrutiny of the new-comer. The subject of my speculations this time was in no way remarkable. It was a young man of medium height and slender figure, with dark, almost sallow complexion and tolerably regular features. Nothing in his dress served to distinguish him from the other occupants of the cafe, unless it was a certain negligence that is seldom found in the young men of Florence. His clothes fitted him well, yet he seemed not to know it, for he sprawled out in his chair as if clothes were further from his thoughts; his vest was half-unbuttoned, his coat dusty. Altogether he was totally uninteresting, and I would probably never have noticed him had it not been for the incident in the street. I was deliberating whether to class him as Austrian or Greek, for I felt sure he was not Italian, when he looked up, caught my eye, smiled slightly, and said "Good morning." Then I saw that his eyes were blue, and under the influence of that smile—the pleasantest, frankest smile I have ever seen—I responded, "Good morning," and wondered where I had met him. Trying to decide this question I turned again to the window, and only observed from the corners of my eye that he drank his coffee as if he thoroughly enjoyed it, and when he had finished it took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, and settled back in his chair as if he meant to enjoy that also. After smoking a few moments he got up, and, coming to my table, stood looking out of the window for a long time in silence. At length he turned to me and said, "Bored?"

"What does the fellow mean?" I thought, and was about to reply curtly, when, looking up, I saw he was smiling at me.

"Bored? Why, no. Why do you ask?" I asked feebly.

"Because you look so," he answered promptly.

"Well," I said, "I don't know but that I am a little at a loss for something to do this morning."

He looked at me for a moment in silence, with a half-wondering, half-quizzical look in his eyes, and then said:

"I am likely to have excitement enough before noon."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, my landlord has intimated somewhat pointedly that if my rent is not paid this morning my rooms must be vacated at once. I am a painter, and he thinks a poor one, for he will not see enough evidence of genius in me to make him willing to trust me any longer. He is absurdly ludicrous when angry, and if you think it will furnish you any amusement, why come along and see it. I shall enjoy it immensely."

Nothing loath for even this trivial

diversion, and feeling an unaccountable interest in this strange fellow, I got up and followed him into the street. He thrust his hand into the pockets of his coat, and, turning down a side street, led the way toward a part of the city more noted for its aristocracy four centuries ago than to-day.

"You see," he said, "I have a number of pictures for sale in the shops, and thought that some of them might have been sold, but I have been looking around, and find they have not been going off very fast," and added after a short pause, "I don't like my rooms anyway; they're too small, and the light's not good."

Arrived at last at our destination, we ascended flight after flight of steps until we reach the rooms, a studio and bed-room, in the top story.

A half dozen unfinished pictures stood on easels and against the walls in the studio. The scant furniture was of the most heterogeneous description. A rickety, plebeian-looking chair stood before a delicately-carved writing desk that might once have graced a palace of the Medici. On the floor was a Turkish rug, much worn and liberally strewn with bits of rag and cigarette stubs. On the mantel stood an iron figure of the crucifixion, flanked by cigars, a blacking brush, books, letters. I had barely noted this things when the landlord, a short, fat, ball of a man, entered; grew very much excited when informed there was no money for him, infating himself, until he looked like a toad, at the beginning of each of his shrill sentences, and then gradually blowing off, until at the end he seemed about half his original size, only to repeat the inflation and collapse with as great rapidity as was consistent with the enormous quantity of air that must have been required. My new friend took it all very cool, being probably by that time well accustomed to it, and paid little attention to the angry Tuscan (who grew visibly weaker), but deliberately filled a large meerschaum, and, having lighted it, dragged a large trunk from the bed-room, and began unceremoniously pitching things into it.

The landlord was by this time completely exhausted, and leaned against the wall panting for breath, his little red eyes the only signs of the fire within. I inquired of my new acquaintance if he had engaged rooms elsewhere, and being answered in the negative, asked where he was going. "That's more than I know," he said; whereupon I remarked that I had more rooms than I needed, and would be pleased if he would occupy one of mine until he succeeded in finding some to suit him.

"All right; much obliged," he said, and went on packing as he called it.

And thus it happened that night found Hobbs sitting luxuriously in my easy chair, and looking as happy and contented as if I were his best-beloved brother. He made several ineffectual attempts to get rooms during the following week, being considerably hampered by his inability to comply with certain conditions as to pre-payment.

By the time he had been with me a week I had decided to remain in Florence six months longer. One of the windows of my sitting-room furnished just the light he needed for his work, so in it he placed his easel. My evenings, dull and profitless, were now spent in pleasant converse with Hobbs, whom I found a most delightful companion. He had traveled much, and seemed to know a little of every possible subject, though when he had traveled or how he had learned so much, for he was barely five-and-twenty, and rarely read anything, were equally inexplicable to me. I became much attached to him; indeed, his genial insouciance, his utter usefulness, and his bright, ever-ready wit were all conquering, and yet as I learned to know him better I saw that he had many faults. Foremost of these was his utter thriftlessness. He would pass whole weeks of almost complete impecuniosity, as gay as a lark, living in a hap-hazard Bohemian way, refusing any assistance, finishing his dinner of crust and a glass of water with a merry dissertation upon the folly of high-living, and then, a picture being sold, would insist upon a supper at the most expensive restaurant in the city, and on such occasions no game was too rare, no wines too costly, and no cigars too good for us. I always protested against such extravagance, but argument and supplication were alike in vain, for he brushed them both aside with a wave of his hand, and would take no refusal.

And what a treat were those suppers to me! Hobbs, always entertaining, became fairly magical under the triple influence of meat, wine, and a filled purse.

Another trait that displeased me in Hobbs was his inconsistency. He was very clear and positive in his opinions, an ardent advocate of the truths of Christianity, and of strict views of morality, yet he never went to church, although always intending to, occasionally drank more wine than was good for him, and, I regret to add, swore with great vigor and fluency when his pictures were rejected. He was very irregular in his work, and would pass weeks without touching brush to canvas, and then for a week paint almost incessantly. He always seemed perfectly satisfied with his finished productions and never saw the least justice in any criticisms that any one ventured to make, and yet he was a shrewd critic of others' work. He was always lamenting that he was not famous. A famous painter, he said, could paint as he chose, I suggested that famous painters chose to paint well, and that fame was only to be attained by following the methods of great masters. He would vehemently declare that the great masters might be hanged, that no man was worthy the name of artist unless he had something to say, and was brave enough to say it in his own way. I found it a pleasant pastime to sit and watch Hobbs at his work. He was never so absorbed that he could listen and talk, and it was on these occasions that I began to derive my first correct ideas on art, for whatever Hobbs was in practice, I can see him now pausing to turn and brandish his brush at me as he lays down his ideas.

One day, upon returning from my morning walk, I found Hobbs engaged in painting the portrait of a young woman, while an older one sat in a window

working upon some embroidery. I recognized the latter as a Mrs. Ansteln, the wife of an old American resident, and the former was introduced as her niece, Miss Vernon, just out from America. Miss Vernon was very beautiful, with dark complexion, fair hair, and dark blue eyes. It was evident that Hobbs and she had already become good friends, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that, rapidly as he worked, her image was being transferred to something other than his canvas with still greater rapidity. She sat apparently all unconscious that there was any other than a purely business aspect to the sitting. Hobbs was very entertaining, and I thought the more so that Miss Vernon seemed an excellent listener. She seemed without the least pretense; frankly confessed her ignorance of subjects with which many young women would have feigned acquaintance, and received the delicate compliments which Hobbs ventured as he put in an eye or a look of hair as if she had no doubt of his sincerity, but was a little afraid his judgment was not good.

Before the portrait was finished Hobbs had become a frequent caller at Mrs. Ansteln's, and not long after he told me one day of his engagement to Miss Vernon. As I had for some time wondered of the reason for his sudden change of front, I congratulated him warmly, as I thought it the best thing that could happen to him. He said it was Miss Vernon's wish that the engagement should not be made public for a time.

"How do you propose to support a wife when you find it so difficult to support yourself?" I asked.

"Oh! that'll be all right," said he.

"I suppose you know she is poor?" I observed.

"Yes," said Hobbs. "What of that? So am I," and, throwing his leg over the arm of his chair, he surveyed the room as if to see how it would do for Mrs. Hobbs.

After this he worked steadily and with good success, and might have laid by some money had he been endowed with the least prudence, but he saved nothing. I did not despair, for I knew that Miss Vernon had never been rich, and I heard her described as a young woman of good sense, so I thought she might easily appoint herself financier.

One evening, about a month after his engagement, Hobbs came in earlier than usual, and I saw at once that something had happened to disturb him. He was pale and haggard, and his eye avoided mine. He dropped into a chair and seemed plunged in deep thought. I thought him ill and asked what was the matter. "Nothing," he said. When I went to bed I left him sitting there, with his legs stretched out before him and his head on his breast, and when I entered the room in the morning he was there still looking as if he had not moved. He arose, said "Good morning," and, going to the mantel, filled and lighted his pipe.

After pacing up and down a few moments in silence, he took the pipe from his lips, and still walking to and fro, he began:

"I have a story to tell you. It is about myself, and will explain my conduct last night. You have doubtless wondered some about my past history. It has been uneventful. I was born in a city of one of the southern states, where my father was a portrait painter, as his father and grandfather had been before him. When I was 5 years old my father died poor, and let my mother and myself to the care of his best friend, a man some years younger than himself, who had been attracted to him by his love for art. To this man I owe everything I have and am. All that is good in me comes from his bounty and example. When I was 21 I told my mother that I was resolved to rely no more on her, and that I meant to try and justify by my life his great goodness to me. I meant to do it, and have honestly tried to keep my word. He told me earnestly that he had no fears for my future if I only did my duty as I saw it. I have always seen my duty clearly and rightly enough, but I don't remember ever having done it thoroughly.

"Last night Miss Vernon told me that the time had come for making our engagement known. Her parents, she said, had always intended to marry her to an old family friend, a man much older than herself, who had loved her from a child, who was in every way worthy of her respect, and whom she would probably have married had she not met me. She said that he is now about starting for Florence, and that she thought her parents ought to be informed of our engagement before he arrives. Then taking a photograph album from the table she opened it and said, 'This is he; do you not think him handsome?' The face was that of the man whose kindness to me I have told you of. I was too much overcome to say anything, and came away at once, pleading a sudden indisposition. I spent last night in trying to find out my duty in this matter. I have found it. I see it clearly. I shall see Miss Vernon for the last time to-night, and leave Florence to-morrow."

All the arguments that my ingenuity could suggest were vain.

That night when Hobbs called at Mrs. Ansteln's he found Miss Vernon alone. What happened, what he said, or how he explained his conduct, are things I do not know. I only know that he left Florence for London the next morning, and that Miss Vernon was ill for several weeks.

Fifteen years had passed before I saw Hobbs again last summer. He lives in a pleasant villa in a London suburb, with a white-haired lady, who is wholly devoted to her son. Hobbs is famous now, and paints as he pleases. He has not changed much; his dark hair is well streaked with gray, and he has wrinkles about his eyes and forehead that forty years ought not to have put there, but the pleasant ways and happy smiles are still his, only tempered and softened.

One night we had sat long in his library talking of his Florentine days. The fire was burning low. We were both talked out. After a long silence, broken only by the monotonous ticking of the clock, Hobbs said: "Those were the pleasantest days of my life. For a few weeks 'Tas really happy. I have thought much of the circumstances under which I left Florence. I have, I think, thought of every possible aspect of the subject, and think now as I thought then that I was simply doing my duty. Had I had it all to do over again would I do it all to do over again? Yes, I would. My duty is not bright me one moment's happiness. Perhaps our standard is wrong, or our's something higher than duty."

I said nothing. What could I say? I was uncerat whether he knew what I did—that is friend had been long doing in going to Florence, and that Miss Vern had rejected him and married another gentleman.

General took's Opinion of Indians.

"The common conception of Indian character wholly at fault with its true nature. They must be treated as children, & they are such in ignorance, though by no means as innocent. Some years ago I placed 6,000 Indians & the San Carlos Reservation, and they are all there yet, and there is a more peaceable community in the country. As soon as the Indian is taught how to work, he immediately becomes conservative. Get them to work for a year or two, until they get accustomed to it and see the benefits they derive from their labor, and they will no longer be hostile. After they have secured a little fan and some stock, they appreciate the advantages of labor, and enjoy the fruits of their industry. There is no truth whatever in all this rubbish about the irrepressible savage nature of the Indian and his inextinguishable love of war. He finds that he becomes more important by reason of what he has accumulated it stirs his ambition, and he is jealous of his property and remains with it, instead of marauding around the country to satisfy his roaming instincts. The only trouble with them is their fondness for whisky. If it were not for that there would be very few hawls and few matters on the reservations. Tizwin, you know, is made by fermenting corn an barley when it is sprouting. The drink isn't as strong as whiskey, but the starve themselves for two or three days in order to make the liquor take hold and make the drunk come. From 175, when I left there, to last fall, when I returned to the reservation, no less than fifty Indians whom I knew personally have been killed in these drinks."

"What induces you to believe, General, that Indian outbreaks are perpetual?"

"My knowledge of the Indian character. Years ago when the frontier was only sparsely settled, they thought that they could whip the whole country; that there was not force enough to overpower them. Then when 1,000 or 10,000 men were sent against them, and they were again victorious, this belief was strengthened. Even after a few of them began visiting Washington, and returned with stories of the number of people they had seen, they were not believed, and were considered as in league with their enemies. Whenever a peace was made, they believed that the whites sought or consented to it through fear, and there was nothing to deter them from renewing hostilities as soon as they felt inclined. Now, however, they recognize their powerlessness to hold out. They know that they are outnumbered and can be easily exterminated, and have no desire to go into what they know beforehand will be a losing fight. Satisfied of this, they want to do the best they can, and are willing to work. These last prisoners all asked to be taken where they could get farms, and said they did not want to be put along the San Carlos River, where the land was not fit to be cultivated, and where they would die of malaria. They know now that it would be nonsensical for them to revolt again, as they have discovered that they can be beaten at their own game. The Indian, you know, relies mainly for success in a fight on being able to surprise the enemy. I took them by surprise and it has settled them."

"How did you succeed so admirably?"

"Oh, very simply. I had as good and as hardy Indians as they were, and we were upon them before they knew we were in the country."

A "Kitchen Garden" Cooking Class.

For some time there has been in connection with the Olivet Industrial school a kitchen garden class, where, with miniature utensils, the children have been instructed in table-setting and dish-washing, bed-making and sweeping, laundry work and scrubbing, all done to the accompaniment of music and songs. Owing to the impetus given to all kinds of industrial training by the Industrial Education association, an advanced course in domestic economy has been established during the past year, which has been attended with the most gratifying results.

From the use of these miniature utensils, and following the "Lessons in Domestic Economy," a text book prepared by the Industrial association, the children are being trained in practical housework. A bedroom with all the necessary accessories has been fitted up, where chamberwork, bed making, sweeping, and dusting are actually performed by the children. A dining table and service is arranged and served by the children, thus practically teaching them the necessities of a skillful and neat-handed waitress, and the care of table linens, china and silver. Real dishes of kitchen utensils also form a part of the instruction.

The last and most advanced course in domestic economy is the teaching of practical cooking, including the preparation of simple dishes which are within reach of the poorest families, and whose nutritious properties are so much increased by proper cooking. The father of one of the children trained at the Olivet cooking school said: "No need for me to go out for supper Sunday night any more. My little girl makes so many nice dishes she learned at the cooking school." A class has also been formed for older girls and married women.

The Straightest Road.

Although "Old Hickory" was a blunt man in all matters of business and reached his purposes by the straightest road, still he was courteous in an eminent degree, and had a high respect for the forms of social intercourse. While President of the United States his receptions of foreign ministers and eminent citizens were distinguished by a courtly etiquette and noble bearing. On one occasion a foreign minister, "just arrived," had a day and hour appointed by Mr. McLean, then Secretary of State, to be presented to the President, and misunderstanding the Premier's French, and perfectly at fault by the apparent simplicity of republican manners, the minister at the stated time proceeded to the White House alone and rang the bell.

"Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President," said the plenipotentiary to the Irish servant.

"What the—does that mean?" muttered Pat, and continued, "He says President though, and I's pose he wishes to see the old General."

"Oul, oul," said the minister, bowing.

Without further ceremony the gentleman was ushered into the green-room, where the General sat composedly smoking his corn-cob pipe, and on the instant he commenced a ceremonious harangue in French, of which Old Hickory did not understand a word.

"What does the man want, Jimmy?" asked the General, without concealing his surprise at what he witnessed.

"It's the French that he's speaking in, and, with your leave, I'll send for the cook to find out what the gentleman wants."

In due time the presiding officer of the kitchen arrived, the mystery was explained, and, to the astonishment of the cook, the servant, and the old General, an accredited minister from a foreign government was developed. Fortunately, at that instant the Secretary came in, and a ceremonious introduction took place, and all parties were soon at ease; but the matter never could be afterward alluded to without throwing the Old General into a towering passion.

The Tyrant Habit.

The Emperor William is a man of exceedingly economical habits, and the study-lamp on his work-table is a simple oil lamp of a pattern such as since the production of the petroleum lamps can hardly be met with on the table of the humblest citizen of Berlin. But it was not economy that accounts for the fact, so much as the difficulty which an old man has in changing a habit. The explanation is given in this manner.

The emperor has for years been accustomed to screw down the wick whenever he ceases writing or reading or leaves the room. When the petroleum lamps finally came into general use, the emperor's valet, Krause, brought one true to his habit, his imperial master screwed down the wick on leaving off writing; and, as a matter of course, the room was soon filled with insupportable smoke, which greatly affected the nose and eyes of the monarch, and necessitated the opening of doors and windows.

Krause finally volunteered the remark: "No, your majesty that sort of lamp will not suit."

"But what are we to do, Krause? Had we better get our oil lamp back again? You know my eyes are weaker, and require a brighter light."

"Well, your majesty, we can have a new lamp made with an extra large burner, so as to do away with petroleum altogether."

"Quite right, Krause; let us try it." And Krause got a lamp of the old pattern, had the burner enlarged to an almost colossal size, a green glass shade added to it, and to this day the new lamp, defying all innovations, asserts its place of honor on the work-table of the most diligent of all monarchs.

Indian Fighting.

The tactics of the Red Indians when engaged in active hostilities are the same in 1885 that they were in 1765, and may be summed up under the two words—surprise and ambush. The Indians never await a charge, and never attempt, whatever their superiority in numbers, to meet one by direct resistance in front. When charged, the portion of the Indian army immediately in front of the attacking force melts away into bands or knots, which fall upon the flanks and rear of the assailants wherever the ground is broken and favorable for the purpose. Should the attacking force become scattered and lose cohesion, by pursuing individuals who are visible in front, its defeat and destruction are foregone conclusions. The magnificent riding of the Indian brave gives him an immense advantage in this form of warfare. Avoiding by quick turns of his small and active pony, the direct pursuit of his more bulky foe, and circling round him like a bird of prey, with his body masked behind the ribs of the animal he bestrides, he watches his opportunity to fall in company with his comrades, upon the flank and rear of the disciplined soldiers, whom he lays low with a well-directed musket bullet, or an arrow sent home with fatal accuracy.

Professor Waile, of the Lewisburg University, received the prize of a thousand dollars, offered by the American Sunday School Union, for the best essay on "The Lord's Day of Rest."

A TEMPTING OFFER.—Mr. Buggins—"Want five hundred pounds for painting my likeness! That's a lot o' money. Look here; make it two-fifty, an' I'll let you bang it in the academy. There!"

Miss BRIDGEMAN, on returning to her home from a walk, went into the kitchen and said to the colored cook: "Maudie, I hear from the neighbors that you have been having visitors here while I was away. That must not happen again." "All right, mum—I'll hold da cullud gemman, what am pryin' me 'tanshuns dat after dis he must call on me while you am in de house."

The Decadence of Coral.

The British Consul at Leghorn, in his report for the past year, makes some interesting observations on coral in the Mediterranean. Some centuries back the Mediterranean coral fisheries were carried on exclusively by the Spaniards, and the principal establishments engaged in the manufacture of coral ornaments were in the hands of Jews residing in Spain. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, to escape the persecutions to which they were exposed, a large number of these merchants removed to Leghorn, in order to enjoy the secure asylum afforded by the liberal enactments of Ferdinand di Medici. Crews were obtained from the Neapolitan coast, principally from Terre del Greco; hence this place at an early period became the chief seat of the coral fishery, and most of the boats engaged in it are still fitted out at that port, although the manufacture of coral ornaments and beads is carried on principally at Leghorn and Genoa. These ornaments are met with in almost every part of the world, and in many countries, even in Europe, it is believed to be possessed of a peculiar charm. In Asia and Africa it is regarded with a sort of religious veneration, while in India it is largely used for the adornment of corpses when prepared for cremation. But the present situation of the coral trade is disastrous. In 1880, a coral bank several kilometres in length was discovered near the island of Sciaca, on the coast of Sicily, and consequently the yield of raw material has been far in excess of the demand, and the reef is still very far from being exhausted. A great depreciation in value has ensued, and as a consequence an extensive trade has sprung up in coral with Africa, where the natives now purchase coral ornaments in place of glass beads of Venetian and German manufacture.

The raw coral comes from Naples, and is worked at Leghorn by women into beads, British India and Egypt being the chief customers for them.

Girls in the Far West.

In the far West girls have wonderful energy and good hard sense. Out in Nebraska and Dakota they take up homesteads and timber claims from the government lands, and in a few years own a fine farm of 320 acres. If they plant trees upon a 160-acre claim and tend it for a certain length of time it becomes theirs. A homestead claim is also 160 acres. They must build a "shanty" and cultivate the land, and it becomes theirs at the end of five years. Some of the smart Nebraska girls have built their shanties with their own hands. Farmers' daughters out there often begin by teaching for small wages. They save their money very carefully, and thus often pay their own way through college. Then they teach again, after having a higher education, can get better wages. But they save their money in any case, take up land claims and improve them with their earnings. Thus in a few years they have both a fine education and a farm. They are excellent scholars, excellent teachers and first-class farmers, for they work faithfully and do their best at everything they undertake. That is the way to succeed. There is no success without it. Any girl can take up a homestead and timber claim who is 21 years old. But they become teachers before that time, so as to have some money and be ready. These brave girls are not all teachers, however. Sometimes when they have finished the district schools their father let them have a little money, and they buy cows and calves and go to stock-raising. They can begin this very young—not more than 12 or 14 years old. With ordinary luck, by the time they are 21, they can really have considerable property of their own.

These are the girls who are worth something. They are not weak and idle drones. One unmarried woman in Nebraska, not yet old, is half owner of a creamery, has her farm of 320 acres, is postmistress and has a small store besides, connected with the office. She wears a gold watch and is "somebody" in that country. She has earned it all herself, too.

Henry Clay as a Whist Player.

Throckmorton was one of Mr. Clay's most intimate Kentucky friends. In their latter days the two were almost inseparable and they often joined hands over the whist table. Throckmorton was a fine whist player, and nothing irritated him more than to have his game interrupted or spoiled by talking. Throckmorton generally beat Clay, but Clay got ahead of him at a whist party in Louisville, when he and Throckmorton were partners. The stakes were nominal—a dollar a game, and as soon as the party sat down at the table Clay began to tell stories. The result was that he paid no attention to his hand, and through his blunders trick after trick was lost. Throckmorton profited more from time to time, finally saying: "Really, Mr. Clay, for a man of your ability, education and reputation, you are the poorest whist player I have ever known." The play continued in the same way, and Throckmorton grew more and more angry. At last Clay said, "You are making more fuss by your objecting than I am by my stories. Now," and he here pulled out a \$10 gold piece, "we will each lay \$10 on the table, and the man who talks first shall lose his money."

To this Throckmorton consented, and the \$20 were laid beside the stake of a dollar a side in the middle of the table. Clay then began to play worse than ever. He trumped Throckmorton's aces and threw away his own suit until Throckmorton, who for some time had been gritting his teeth, rose, and pushing the money at Clay, said, "Here, take your \$20. I am not going to let \$20 stand in the way of my telling any such a card-playing idiot as you are showing yourself to be what I think of him." He then went over Clay roughshod, Clay laughed as he put the two gold pieces in his pocket, and the company laughed with him when he said that he had been trying for years to beat Mr. Throckmorton, and he was glad to feel that he had done so for once.