

My Father's Portrait.

I loved my father dearly, and he loved me dearly too; and now, I have his portrait, there is nothing else will do to satisfy my longing; as, looking in the face of my dear, old, reverend father, fraught with love and grace, I remember when, in childhood, how he smiled and oft admired My little childish, winning ways, and did what I desired. And only once he chided me, for something done amiss; And when my eyes with tears were washed he wiped them with a kiss. He wore a dark blue mantle, my eyes beheld it yet, As clerically he strode the path until the sun did set. In his hand he held a paper, a sheet blacked over with ink; Uplifted was his hopeful eye, intent his prayerful lip; Beneath the blooming cherry tree he walked, and preached, and read, Preparing for the Sabbath day the sermon he had made. I thought it was so queer in me—to talk to that white sheet, And cautioned me to be quite still, and bade me not to speak. But on the Sabbath day, with kerchief clean and white, I saw him in the pulpit stand, and then I thought 'twas right; I now no longer wonder at the strange white paper sheet, For I seldom enter in the church, but there the sheet I meet, To remind me of my father in the days he used to preach, In turning over paper leaves, the gospel plan to teach. I am looking at his portrait, and still I wonder why If he looks down from yonder height upon the sheets he left. My wonderings will never cease, but I hope to see the day When sheets are scattered to the winds, and men both preach and pray. CHICAGO, Ill.

Satan's Mother-in-law.

In a certain town in Spain there once lived an old woman called Aunt Holofernes. She possessed a crooked form, a hideous face, and a temper so acerbated that Job himself would have been unable to endure her. Her neighbors were so afraid of her that whenever she appeared in the door of her house they all took to their heels. She was as busy as a bee, and consequently had no little trouble with her daughter Panfila, who was so lazy and so great a friend of Father Quiet that nothing short of an earthquake would move her. "You are as weak as the tobacco of Holland," cried Aunt Holofernes to her daughter one morning. "A yoke of oxen are needed to draw you from your bed. You fly from labor as from a pestilence. All you want to do is to stand at the window and watch the boys in the street. But I've made up my mind to turn over a new leaf with you. Get up directly, you shameless thing, or I'll make you move more swiftly than the wind!" Panfila yawned, stretched herself, arose, and when her mother's back was turned, slipped out of the door. Aunt Holofernes, without perceiving the absence of her daughter, began sweeping the floor, muttering as she did so: "When I was young, girls worked like mules." Whish, whish, whish, went the broom. "And they lived as secluded as nuns." Whish, whish, whish, went the broom. "Now, not one of them can be made to work." Whish, whish. "All they ever think about is getting married." Whish, whish. "They are all—" At this instant Aunt Holofernes reached the porch, and beheld her daughter standing upon the steps, making signals to a youth across the street. The dance of the broom instantly terminated in a vigorous blow across the back of the amorous girl, which worked the miracle of making her run. The old woman hobbled in pursuit, but no sooner did she make her appearance in the door than the youth fled as swiftly as his legs would carry him. "You accursed love-sick fool! I will break every bone in your body!" screeched the infuriated mother. "Why?" asked Panfila. "Because I am trying to get married?" "You shall never get married, no, never! I will not allow it!" cried the hag, flourishing her broom. "Why will you not allow it?" asked Panfila. "Did you not get married, madam, and did not my grandmother get married, and, also, my great-grandmother?" "There is not a day of my life that I do not lament my marriage, for if I had remained single you would never have seen the light, you impudent girl," rejoined Aunt Holofernes; "and I wish you to understand that although I got married, and my mother and my grandmother, I am firmly resolved you shall not get married, nor my granddaughter, nor my great-granddaughter." In these delightful colloquies the mother and daughter passed their lives, without any other result than that the mother each day became more ill-tempered, and the daughter more enamored. On one occasion, when Aunt Holofernes was engaged in cleaning linen, she called to Panfila to help her lift from the fire a kettle of boiling lye. Panfila, instead of obeying, ran to the door to listen to a song which at that instant a well-known voice began singing in the street. Aunt Holofernes, seeing that her daughter did not come to assist her, grasped the kettle and tried to pour its

contents upon the cloth; but she was very old and weak, and the fiery liquid, instead of entering the straining basket, fell upon her feet and burned them severely. She dropped the kettle and gave vent to a shriek of agony, which speedily brought Panfila to the spot. "Accursed one! twice accursed one! thrice accursed one!" screamed the old woman, transformed into a basilisk. "You can't think of anything except getting married. May God permit that you may marry the devil!" A few days later a young man, coming from no one knew where, made his appearance in the town. He paid ardent court to Panfila, and soon proposed to her. Panfila, wild with joy, accepted him. He entreated Aunt Holofernes to give her consent to the match, but the old woman savagely refused. Then he gave her several valuable presents (he was reputed to be immensely rich), and she reconsidered her refusal, and reluctantly gave him permission to marry her daughter. Preparations for the wedding were at once commenced. While they were in progress the voice of the people began to rise in denunciation of the stranger. It is true that he was handsome, and generous, and affable, and was not above clasping in his white, jeweled fingers the black, horny palms of the humblest laborers; but they were not to be won over to him by his courtesy and condescension; their opinion of him, though as rough, was also as hard and solid as their hands. The more Aunt Holofernes gazed at her future son-in-law, the more she disliked his looks. In spite of his thick hair, her keen eyes detected upon his cranium certain protuberances that are not to be seen upon the heads of saints, and she remembered with dread those terrible words that she had hurled at her daughter that memorable day when she burned her foot with the boiling lye. At length the wedding-day arrived. Aunt Holofernes had made cakes and refectations—the first sweet, and the latter bitter; she had provided an *olla podrida* for dinner and a harmful project for supper; and she had prepared a barrel of wine that was very mellow and generous, and a plan of conduct that was very far from being entitled to those epithets. When the newly-married couple were about to retire to the nuptial chamber, Aunt Holofernes called her daughter aside and whispered these words in her ear: "As soon as you get in your room fasten all the doors and windows, and close every aperture except the keyhole. Then take a branch of blessed olive and wave it over your husband. This ceremony is customary in weddings, and signifies that within the house the man is to be in subjection to the woman. Panfila, obedient for the first time in her life, promised to do all that her mother commanded. When the bridegroom saw the branch of olive in the hand of the bride he uttered a shriek of terror, glanced wildly around in search of some place of exit, and then made a frantic dive through the keyhole; for he it known that the husband of Panfila was, as Aunt Holofernes had suspected, the devil in person. The sable individual is accredited by fame with a great deal of knowledge, but he learned to his cost that his mother-in-law knew far more than he. Just as he was congratulating himself on having made his escape, he found himself a close prisoner in a bottle, the mouth of which the old woman had applied to the keyhole. In tones most humble, and gestures most pathetic, he entreated her to set him at liberty; but she resolutely refused. Hobbling up a neighboring mountain she deposited the bottle upon the summit, shook her withered fist affectionately in her son-in-law's face, and returned home rejoicing. On the summit of that mountain his Satanic Majesty remained ten years. During that time the earth was as tranquil as a pool of oil. Everybody attended to his own business instead of his neighbor's; robbery came to be a word without signification; weapons moldered, gunpowder was consumed only in artificial fires, the prisons were empty; in fact, during this decade only one deplorable event happened—the lawyers all died of starvation! But, alas! this happy period could not last forever. Everything in this world has to have an end, except the discourses of some eloquent orators. The end of this enviable decade was brought about in the following manner: A certain soldier had obtained permission to visit his home, which was in the same town in which the events we are narrating transpired. The road that he took wound around the base of the lofty mountain upon whose summit the husband of Panfila was imprisoned. Reaching the foot of the mountain the soldier determined to cross it instead of going around it. On arriving at the summit he beheld the bottle in which the son-in-law of Aunt Holofernes had for the last ten years dragged out a horrible existence, cursing all mothers-in-law past, present and future, and composing and reciting satires against the invention of cleansing linen with lye. The soldier picked up the bottle, held it up in the light, and perceived the devil who, with the lapse of

years, fasting, the hot rays of the sun, and intense mental suffering, had become as withered as a dried plum. "What monstrosity is this?" he exclaimed, in wonder. "I am that honorable and much-abused personage whom men call the devil," humbly and courteously replied the captive. "My wicked mother-in-law—oh that I had her now in my claws!—has kept me imprisoned here for ten years. Set me free, valiant warrior, and I will grant you any favor you may ask of me." "I wish an honorable discharge from the army," said the soldier. "You shall have it. Let me out now as speedily as possible, for it is a monstrous shame to keep shut up, in this revolutionary time, the foremost revolutionist in the world." The soldier half uncorked the bottle. From the opening thus made came a mephitic vapor which almost suffocated him. He sneezed violently, and with the palm of his hand gave the cork a blow which submerged it so deeply that the bottom of it struck the head of the devil; causing him to give utterance to a cry of pain. "What are you doing, you vile earth-worm?" he exclaimed. "Let me out as you promised!" "Hold a bit!" said the soldier. "I think the service you ask of me is worth a larger reward than you have offered. In addition to an honorable discharge from the army, I desire a thousand doubloons." "You avaricious hound, I have no money!" cried the devil. The soldier looked incredulous. "By Satan! by Lucifer! by Beelzebub! I haven't a single maravedi!" screamed the devil. "Haven't a single maravedi! You're a great monarch, you are!" said the soldier, contemptuously. "I have no need of money, and so I don't keep any," said the prisoner. "You have need of money now, for without it you will not get loose. Give me 1,000 doubloons, and I will set you free; refuse, and I will leave you here on this mountain." "I tell you I have no money!" vociferated the devil. The soldier placed the bottle on the ground. "Well, I guess I'd better be jogging along," he said. "Good-by." He began to descend the mountain. "Come back! come back!" whined the captive. "I have indeed no money, but I will get some for you." The soldier retraced his steps. "How will you get it for me?" he asked. "Set me free," said the captive, "and I will enter into the body of the Princess of this kingdom. She will be very ill, and the royal physicians will be summoned to attend her; but none of them will be able to cure her. At the proper time do you present yourself at the palace and offer to restore her to health, placing your compensation at a thousand doubloons. The King loves her dearly, and will accede to your terms. After you have doctored her for a short time I will go forth from her body, leaving her in perfect health, and you will then receive your money." "Agreed," said the soldier. He uncorked the bottle, and the devil departed and entered into the body of the Princess. She became very ill. The royal physicians were summoned, but were unable to cure her. The King was in the extremest affliction. At the proper time the soldier presented himself at the palace and offered to cure the princess for a thousand doubloons. The King admitted his services, but only on one condition—if the cure was not effected within three days the presumptuous doctor was to be hanged. To this condition the soldier, who was very confident of success, raised not the least objection. Unfortunately the devil heard the bargain. The first day passed without the recovery of the Princess. The second day passed and still she lay groaning upon her couch. Then the soldier began to suspect that the devil intended to remain in the body of the Princess more than three days, for the purpose of having him hanged. But he did not despair. When the supposed doctor called on the evening of the third day he beheld a scaffold in front of the palace. Entering the sick-room, he found the patient worse. The King commanded him to be seized and hanged. "Wait a moment," said the soldier, calmly; "I have not yet exhausted all of my resources." He left the palace and gave orders in the name of the Princess that all the bells in the place should be rung. When he returned the devil asked him: "What are those bells ringing for?" "They are ringing for the arrival of your mother-in-law, whom I have sent for," answered the soldier. The devil shrieked, and fled so swiftly that a ray of light would have been unable to overtake him. The Princess, freed from her tormentor, arose from her couch in perfect health. The King was overjoyed at her recovery, and gave the soldier thrice the sum that he had promised.

Literary Construction.

Bret Harte writes only when he feels in the mood, but with most painstaking care, sometimes inditing very quickly, sometimes slowly, and often, after all, remorselessly destroying what he has written. Wilkie Collins produces slowly and revises constantly, inventing his plots as rapidly. He will go over a passage again and again, bestowing equal share on the sound and meaning, and reduces his incidents mercilessly. Victor Hugo is never interrupted when writing, and will sit completely absorbed for hours, keeping steadily on, while he is in the humor. Miss Bradton writes only for a few hours daily, but devotes her life to acquiring the technical knowledge necessary for so voluminous a writer, and her subject is clearly thought out before pen is put to paper. She writes with her blotting-pad on her knee, comfortably ensconced in the chair she loves, her copy very clear and free from corrections, and has always a good store of skeleton plots on hand. Miss Edgeworth's plan was to write a rough skeleton, which she placed before her father, and then wrote and re-wrote it until both were satisfied. Mrs. Opie wrote slowly, but with great mental effort, and invariably read her compositions to friends before committing them to print. Charlotte Bronte's manuscripts were first written in a small book and then carefully copied, according to the poet Rogers' plan, who advised to write little and seldom, re-reading it from time to time and re-copying often. French writers, as a rule, devote each morning to their labors, and take a holiday the rest of the day, sometimes resuming their work in the evening, and many of our English writers have a strong predilection for the midnight oil. Jowett recommends daily labors of short duration; and attention to diet and rules of health have, there is little doubt, a controlling power even over the inspiration of the pen. Jules Simon, Carlyle, Gladstone, Ruskin and hosts of others are early risers, and show by practice their belief that the morning hours, in which they are freshest and strongest, both in mind and body, should be devoted to work. But the condition under which writers can produce their work most largely depends on constitution and personal feeling. While Victor Hugo could not be disturbed, Paul de Cassagne will send forth sheet after sheet in the midst of the chattering of friends with the same power of mental concentration as Sir Walter Scott, who appears to have written some of the most vivid scenes in his novels, not only in the midst of overburdened anxieties, but amid distracting interruptions. While Gambetta writes with only a sheet of paper before him, no litter of pamphlets, and no apparent work of reference, Thiers used to sit surrounded by books; and Dumas keeps about him on a writing table, with many pigeon-holes, a store of all kind of tempting paper—deeming nothing so appetizing as fine paper. Sardou sits at a large flat table as does Carlyle, with a reading easel near at hand; and Wilkie Collins uses the same massive table whence Dickens sent so many of his works into the world.

On Education.

It is conceded that a knowledge of the German language is desirable. The same may be said of the French and Scandinavian languages. There are sections of the United States almost entirely populated by immigrants from France. Other and larger sections have been settled by Scandinavians. If we must have German taught in our common schools, the same argument applies to the language of France, Sweden, Norway and other countries from which we are constantly receiving large accessions to our heterogeneous population. But the free schools of this country were never designed to afford a liberal education. There are, in the illimitable field of human knowledge, a vast number of desirable things with which these schools have no legitimate connection. The object of free public instruction is to fit children for citizenship and business. It is not right to tax all the people for the benefit of a few. Only a limited number of children have time to acquire more than a thorough education, in what are called the lower English branches. They are compelled to leave school and go to work at fifteen or sixteen years of age. It is not right to tax the parents of such pupils, to give ornamental educations to the sons and daughters of wealthy parents.—*Washington Post.*

One of the most thriving industries of New York city is the importation of Italian beggars, for which the market is quoted firm and advancing. The dexterity, insinuating address and smooth mendacity of this particular brand of beggars have given them the call over all other kinds. If home industries are to be protected at all there is obviously need of the amendment of the tariff. Italian beggars should stand a specific duty of \$100 a head, an ad-valorem tax being, for reasons unnecessary to mention, out of the question.

A toper stood in front of a type foundry, spelling out the sign as follows: "Type f-o-u-n, fonn, d-r-y, dry, foun, dry. Tha's jes' my condish'n. I'm that sort of a type myself—foun, dry."

Managing a Cow.

It is often charged that people living in cities are calloused and hard-hearted, but incidents transpire daily to prove that the contrary is true. A case in point happened yesterday morning on Gratiot avenue. An old man was leading a large, fat cow into the city. The noise and confusion excited her, and when he reached Hastings street he had more than he could do. Twenty boys at once volunteered to assist him without hope of reward and they cheerfully called to their assistance about half as many dogs. The cow had made up her mind not to stir a foot, but in less than ten minutes the boys had run her against a street car, cleared half a block of sidewalk, driven her in and out a hardware store, pulled a hitching post out by the roots, and quieted her down in several other respects. Then a policeman appeared and wanted to know why that cow didn't move on, and while the crowd was taking a breathing spell he volunteered to lead her a few squares. No man ever had a purer motive, and no man ever put in five such jumps to get into a grocery before two horns got into him. At this juncture a citizen came along in an open buggy. If he had been calloused and hard-hearted, he would have trotted past without a care; but he was not. He kindly offered to hitch the cow to his buggy and tow her anywhere within the city limits, and after a great deal of trouble she was made fast. When the horse started up it was a question of horse versus cow; but the cow concluded to go. She, however, differed as to the direction; and when the rope tautened, the buggy was slewed around, the hind wheels came down with a crash, and the horse disappeared around the corner with the fore wheels and the box. The cow then made off toward home at a gallop, and her dazed owner was offered advice as to how to catch her by a crowd of more than two hundred people. Does this look as if we passed sorrow and misfortune without a sigh?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mammoth Undertaking.

A gigantic scheme of harbor improvement, costing about \$7,800,000, has just been launched at Montreal, and, if carried out, even in a modified form, will make Montreal one of the finest harbors on this continent. The plan originated with, and was submitted to the board of trade by a practical mechanic and a leading manufacturer of old standing in that city. The plan is to direct the current of the St. Lawrence opposite the city into the channel between St. Helen's island and the southern shore, and this he proposes to do by having various obstructions removed from the channel and running a dam or a peninsular, as he calls it, from Point St. Charles, in the west end of the city, to St. Helen's island, midway in the river, thus stopping the current from running through the present main channel between the city and St. Helen's island. The practical advantages that will accrue to the city and the harbor from the carrying out of this project are several. In the first place the dam will prevent the shoving of ice opposite the city and the consequent flooding of buildings in the Griffintown district, which is annually very destructive to property, and will make of this a still-water harbor, where vessels may lie during the winter. It is estimated that the construction of the dam, which would be 2700 feet long, and 900 feet broad, would raise the water two feet in the river and lower it two feet in the harbor. This would give a head of 20 feet for mill elevators and factories and the transportation of freight. The dam would afford a roadway across the river upon the construction of a bridge from St. Helen's island to St. Lambert, thus removing the necessity for a tunnel. This could be utilized for a railway or a road for carriages and foot passengers. These are the main results anticipated from the carrying out of the project.

A Negro in Paris, driven to suicide by sheer want, wrote down his story, sealed it in a tin box, secured the box to his person and drowned himself in the Seine. It appears from his statement that his father was an African chief, tributary to the Negus of Abyssinia, who, having risen in revolt against his suzerain, was killed in fight. Two of the chief's sons, the elder of whom was the suicide, were captured by the Negus, but contrived to escape. While wandering in the marshes of Bar-el-Azrak the elder brother climbed a tree to survey the surrounding country, and perceived a huge bo-constrictor crushing his brother to death in its coils. Having lost his fellow fugitive in this terrible manner, he struggled onward through the great swamp for seven weeks, at length reaching the Egyptian outposts, where he was kindly received and forwarded to Cairo. The Cheive not only relieved his want, but paid his passage from Alexandria to Paris, where, as his note-book observes, he thought he could find a living. "But," he concludes, "here, as elsewhere, one must be of some use in order to live—and I, alas! have learned nothing. I prefer a violent death to perishing slowly by hunger."

In the breach-of-promise suit of McPherson agt. Warnie, at Shelbyville, Ind., the defendant's counsel took the broad ground that no woman of 57, which was the plaintiff's age, could possibly form a romantic love for any man. The jury sustained that theory by their verdict.

Bricklayers and Parsons.

A Manchester curate, walking along a street in the dinner hour, passed a lot of bricklayers smoking their pipes, and he heard one of the men say: "I'd like to be a parson, and have nought to do but walk along in a black coat and carry a walking stick in my hand, and get a lot of brass." There was an approving laugh all around, whereupon the curate turned quietly around, and the following conversation ensued: "So you would like to be a parson? How much do you get a week?" "Twenty-seven shillings." "Well, I am not a rich man, but I will give you twenty-seven shillings if you will come with me for a week and see what my work is." The bricklayer did not like the proposal, but his mates told him it was a fair offer, and he was bound to accept it. So he reluctantly followed the parson down an alley. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To see a sick parishioner," was the reply. "What is the matter with him?" "Small-pox." At this the man drew back. His wife and bairns had never had the small-pox, and he was afraid of taking it to them. "My wife and bairns have never had the small-pox," said the curate. "Come along." The man hesitated. "O, but you promised to accompany me wherever I went," urged the curate. "And where be you going next?" asked the bricklayer. "To see a poor family huddled in one room, with the father dead of scarlet fever in it, and themselves all down with it; and, after that, to see another parishioner ill with typhus. And to-morrow there will be a longer round." Thereupon the bricklayer begged to be let off. Twenty-seven shillings would be poor pay for that kind of work, and he promised he would never speak against the parsons again.—*Litchfield Church.*

Whrt Shall the Boys Do?

The very basis of the healthful progress of any nation or country is the practice of some mechanical industry by the majority of the men. A certain proportion may earn a living in commercial pursuits or in the professions, and some may procure a living as saloon-keepers, bar-tenders, loafers and tramps. But very few can be supported in idleness or in vice without laying a weary burden upon the industrious classes. Of late years a serious social danger is threatened by the action of the various trades' unions in refusing to admit boys into shops as apprentices. Some years ago there was a class of apprentices in every large shop or factory, and in time these boys became skillful workmen. Now the supply of such artisans is cut off at the very source, and the consequence must be—and is, for we are all discovering it in the most palpable manner—inferior materials and workmanship in nearly every tool and machine that is purchased. "The farmer pays for all," not only for inferior work of untrained artisans, but for the support of idle boys and the vicious, dangerous men that idle youths must invariably become in time. Fortunately there is one industry into which every boy will be welcomed. There is scarcely a farmer in the land who is not prepared and ready, nay, eager, to accept the services of an apprentice for such remuneration as his labor may deserve. Board, clothes and a little spending money he is ready to give, and, in addition, to teach him the practice of his art, which is certainly as intricate as sawing wood or hammering iron. There are no trades unions on the farm. The farms will receive all the boys that workshops refuse, and the boys will have no cause in the end to regret the ill-nature and selfishness that drove them there.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Edison's Deserted Village.

Confident as Mr. Edison appears, however, the lamps used by him in his experiments months ago still stand grim and silent witnesses of his failure at that time, and the people living in the neighborhood do not entertain very great hopes of his success in the future. Although Edison claims to have perfected his light, he has not thought it incumbent upon him to illuminate the neighborhood of his residence with its rays, and the few residents outside of the professor's employes speak very disparagingly of his ability to do so. Oil is in general use and is likely to remain so. Although Mr. Edison claims to have 100 men employed at his works, only one man could be seen in the workshop in which Mr. Edison received the reporter. Several buildings were grouped in the vicinity that were pointed out as workshops, but there were no sounds to indicate that they were used for the purposes claimed. It was a veritable "Deserted Village."—*Cor. of the New York Truth.*

If a man is determined to do the best he can, whether he drives a cart, conducts a business of a million dollars, or preaches the gospel, he cannot fail.