

Manners and Service.

Many of the small annoyances that spoil tempers and make life disagreeable might be avoided by calling things by their right names. For instance, a great amount of bad manners and insolence passes current in all classes of society as independence, personal pride or social superiority. It is difficult to define real independence of character; to tell just what the combination of self-respect, good judgment and mental strength is which makes it; but it is easy enough to tell what it is not. When a cook boils the mutton she was told to roast, she is disobedient, not independent. When a writer revenges his personal slights in a newspaper, or gratifies dislike of his neighbor by false imputation of motives, he plays the part of a coward, and has no courage in him. When a passenger stretches his legs across a horse car, or sits sideways with his feet in his neighbor's way, and looks like a thunder-cloud at any one who stumbles over him, he is simply a nuisance and intensely disagreeable.

The false notion that work for an employer is incompatible with independence and service incompatible with pride, have made immeasurable mischief in the world. It is evident that the old-fashioned doctrines of humility and self-sacrifice are of little account among men, excepting as pleasant theories to be preached from the pulpit and moralized about in conference meetings. "In honor preferring one another," "ministering instead of being ministered unto," are not the ordinary rules of life. Yet everybody is bound to some kind of service; everybody is dependent upon his fellows; the veriest recluse must have food, clothes, and a shelter; and if he can make these himself he is still dependent upon the courtesy of his neighbor to let him alone. It is impossible to be wholly independent, and the attempt might as well be abandoned. But it is possible to be reasonable; that is within the reach of every one. Since we are dependent upon others, we should be as reasonable as we can be. Since we are dependent upon others, we should be as reasonable as we can be. Since we are dependent upon others, we should be as reasonable as we can be.

Here one is inclined to pause and at what point in the social scale does the word servant become objectionable? A public servant is proud of the title; and when a man calls himself a servant of the people he assumes a title that is finer to the common ear than that of a servant of God. To be a servant of the church is the ambition of brilliant and learned men; to serve at the altar means something better than to officiate there. The measure of professional and scientific reputation is the service done. The expression of the most graceful courtesy is, "Command me—how can I serve you?" The phrase of formal respect is, "Your obedient servant." And yet, unaccountably, the very service that friends do for each other, that the members of a family give in common, if they happen to be poor in money, is absurdly considered disgraceful, a personal dishonor, when performed for wages. The dishonor cannot come in with the pay, for the President is paid, and so are legislators, honorable and dishonorable. Ministers are paid, and doctors and scientists. The fact is that heads are full of nonsense about these things that it is hard to get at the sound reason which would set them right. Everybody—for the exceptions are so few that it is safe to say everybody—must have relations with other human beings, his equals, his inferiors and his superiors; if he lives he must do something, and what he does must serve or harm himself and other people. To be absolutely independent and free from service, we repeat, is granted to no one and even the choice of service and of fellow-workers is very much limited. To talk of freedom is in great part sheer boasting. We are born in harness; and the best we can do is to keep the harness from chafing, and to make it a help.

Having tried to find out what they can do and what they want others to do for them, let people give the faithfulness they require, and let us stop calling insolence spirit, rudeness independence, noisy self assertion manliness, conceit pride, and boorishness dignity. Give credit for good work, whether it is eulogy or a pudding, and confess that success is doing well that which one undertakes. Duties as well as rights are to be considered; and it can do no harm to use as common everyday sense just a little of that confession of weakness and blundering, which is made so unconditionally and on so large a scale on Sundays. There would be smoother days and less careworn faces in return for it. All this has nothing to do with social equality, or an equal division of property; both are as impossible as individual independence is. But decent manners ought to make all intercourse agreeable; and decent manners will never

prevail while bad ones are baptized in all classes by false and misleading names.

Old Age.

Do we ever pause to think what a beautiful thing is old age? What a pathos there is in the trembling voice! What eloquence in the wrinkled face! The "hoary head" is called by the wisest of men "a crown of glory." We can not wonder that it is so. Think of a life extending over a period of three-score years and ten! Think of a heart bearing the test of toil and trial for three-quarters of a century! Think of one man breasting the storm, year after year, till his head grows white with flakes that have gathered there, bearing the burden of care and anxiety until his pulses grow feeble, his limbs lose their tension, and "the pitcher" is ready to be "broken at the fountain." Can we wonder at the command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man?" But how often it is forgotten. Instead of venerating old age we learn to treat it lightly. Frequently the smile of amusement supplants the answer of gentle respect. The homely advice, the old-fashioned ways, are made the subjects of jokes and puns. Even the titles of filial respect, "father," "mother," are dropped for "the old man," "the old woman," or "the governor." Ah! can we with impunity speak thus of the dear ones who have spent their best years in toil for us? Can we see the form once strong and erect becoming bent and feeble, the waving brown hair daily whitening, the firm, elastic step growing slow and weary, and heartlessly call that dear father "the old governor?" Can we note the furrows upon the once clear brow, the glasses shading the once bright eyes, and the wrinkles in hands that have lost their whiteness in toil for us, and lightly speak of that patient, loving mother as "the old woman?"

Our warmest friends should be among those who are aged. The weight of years does not necessarily chill the heart or sour the disposition. How many furrowed faces can we think of that are ever wreathed with smiles? How many wrinkled, toilworn hands have held our own in a clasp warm and clinging as that of youth? How many an aged heart yearns over us with love as tender and ardent as we ever can receive from our light-hearted young companions?

Let us, then, give love for love. Smooth their declining pathway with gentle words and kind attentions; and when they linger upon the scenes of their own early days, let us learn what memories they cherish, what actions they regret, that, by emulating their worthy deeds, gentle recollections may enhance the joys of our latter years.

Some of us will doubtless live to be old. Silver locks will take the place of the brown. Dimples will be exchanged for wrinkles. The lily and the rose, that now vie with each other in freshness and beauty, shall both be blighted by life's chilling blast. The eye that now glows and sparkles shall be dimmed by the dust of life's journey. The firm, elastic step will be feeble and tottering; the erect form bent and unsteady. When we have climbed the rugged steep that now frowns before us, and linger upon its summit, so weary and feeble, just waiting for the summons to launch into eternity, will there not be an awful sublimity overhanging that brief time? How our glance will wander back along the path we trod from childhood to old age! How strange will seem the thought that we were once merry, light-hearted children—that youth, with all its joys and pleasures, was ours. How tenderly then shall we think of our early friends. Others will not remember them, only that their names are carved upon the gleaming marble in the churchyard. But how distinct to us will be the memory of each face and form, each smile and word. How we shall long for just one such day as we spend with the aged now. Aye, we shall rejoice to meet even a stranger who knew one of them in youth. Oh, we cannot conceive how earnest and touching the memory of that past. What a solemn, beautiful thing, that serene old age. How he would claim for it the respect and veneration of the young. Then obeying that grand old rule let us do to others as we would they should do to us. These aged ones around us look back over a youth as sweet and as precious as our own. The friends and companions of their early days were just as dear to them as ours are to us. They cherish memories as tender and sacred as we ever can. Their life-work has been as noble and as faithfully discharged as ours ever can be. Can we feel the tenderness of the thought, they once were young and now are old? They are only enjoying a little rest after life's storm, a brief moment in which to collect their thoughts and compose their mind before embarking for unknown shores. Let these last days be brightened by our smiles and gladdened by our love. Let us honor, admire—yes, reverence the hoary head. We have often seen persons, upon finishing a task, brush their soiled garments before going to meet a friend. That is just what old age is doing. Its life-work is finished. Now it is only smoothing the wrinkles and the dust of toil from its garments ready to meet the King.—Dora Dean.

GENERAL GRANT denies the Chicago report that he is interested in any insurance schemes.

A Blood Curdling Romance.

"Coal costs money." A bitter, mocking smile—the smile of a demon that has been baffled in his unholy efforts to lure a soul to the uttermost depths of the Inferno—played around the Grecian lips of Giorle Mahaffy as these cruel words fell with cruel incisiveness from her lips. Over the backyard fence came the silvery gleams of the inconstant moon as she moved through the heavens in brilliant splendor, and touched with gentle hand the moss-covered woodshed and caused the dog, whose blood curdling bay had fallen in such fearful cadences upon Rupert Hetherington's large, West Side ears, to stand out, perfect in every outline, against the pure mezzotints of the recently painted door steps.

"You are jesting, sweetheart," murmured Rupert, pulling up his pants so they would not wrinkle at the knees, and seating himself beside the girl.

"Am I?" was the reply in cold Crystal-Lake accents, that seemed to Rupert to pierce his very vest. "If you really think so look out of the window." Rupert obeyed. The moonlight streamed into the room as he pushed aside the heavy pomegranate curtains, falling in mellow splendor on vase of malachite and alabaster, on statue and bronze. Tazas of jasper and lapis lazuli stood in recess and alcove crowded with flowers; curious trifles in gold and silver carving, in amber and mosaic, stood on table and etagere. A curiously-wrought sideboard that was new in the days of the Crusaders stood at its left. The fire glowed ruddily in the grate, the pure white flames leaping up the chimney as if in very glee. Amber-tinted sour mash, as Rupert well knew, lay concealed within the recesses of the sideboard. Outside the keen wind of December whistled shrilly through the dead branches of the sturdy oaks, telling of the cold and suffering that was to come ere the soft breath of spring kissed the earth into life again. The bleak moorland black and dreary stretched away to eastward, and across its sullen face the rabbits were running. Rupert saw all this at a glance. While engaged with the sombre thoughts which the scene induced, a hand fell lightly upon his shoulder. He turned and faced Giorle.

"And do you really mean what you say, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the girl. "There must be some kind of an understanding. I can not bluff away all the days of my youth."

"Enough," said Rupert, "I will marry you."

"But when?" asked the girl. Leaning over the beautiful girl, he hissed in her ear the fateful words: "when the White Stockings win a game."

A Romance of 1812.

Secretary Frelinghuysen is advertising in the daily papers to notify the heirs, executors, administrators, agents and assignees of the captain, officers, owners and crew of the privateer General Armstrong, destroyed by the English at Fayal, in September, 1814, to transmit to him, in writing, a statement of the amount and nature of their claims before the 13th of the present month. This is probably the last official mention that will be made of one of the most brilliant and romantic naval exploits in the world's history. The defence which Captain Samuel C. Reid, with seven men and ninety guns, made when attacked in neutral waters by a British squadron carrying 136 guns and 2,000 men, is the Thermopylae of naval annals. The Yankee sailors, after beating off successive attacks by boats, launches, ships of the line and boarding parties for a night and a day, during which time they destroyed more than three times their own number, turned a gun down their hatchway, scuttled their brig, and retired to an old Gothic convent, to which the enemy did not see fit to follow them. This exploit delayed the arrival of Caehrane's fleet at New Orleans until General Jackson had reached and fortified that city, and according to his testimony ended the war of 1812. The brig General Armstrong has been hardly less famous in diplomacy than it was in war. The United States, England and Portugal were for many years involved in a tangle growing out of a claim for indemnity, in the course of which Louis Napoleon, as Emperor of the French, acted as referee. Mr. Lowell has succeeded in obtaining from the British Government important documents bearing on this claim, and Senator Pendleton instituted the legislative action that has at last resulted in the award of \$70,739 to the participants in that action after a delay of sixty-seven years. Captain Reid received from the Legislature of this State, at the hands of Governor Tompkins, an elegant gold-mounted sword, and from the Common Council of this city a silver service in commemoration of this event, of which William Cobbett wrote: "It is the essence of heroism; it drives one wild with admiration."

How many young ladies we daily meet who are pretty—some beautiful—who dress richly and with taste, and whose manners are apparently above reproach, until the wabbling of the mouth reveals the fact that she is chewing gum. Then all the charms she possessed vanished, and we observe only the rudeness of her habits.

Another Story of Custer's Death.

The case of Sebastian Beck, whose career among the Sioux Indians was noted in this journal, has been fully investigated at the County Poor Office by Overseer McGeogal. During the recounting of his wanderings, the old man gave a reporter from this journal a clearer insight into the battle of the "Little Big Horn" than he before had. Beck, who had been a captive among the Sioux for eight years, participated in that battle. He recounted the details of the murderous charge upon Custer, in his broken English, in a manner that was interesting even to those who were familiar with the slaughter of the gallant general and his band. He said that upon the night of the charge Sitting Bull expected Custer, and had massed all his forces and had a band of 3,000 warriors, of which he was one. The plan of their battle was as follows: The Indians fenced in a large corral with saplings, and within built fires. Upon the saplings they hung their blankets, and within they fixed billets of wood to represent themselves as seated about the fires. They then went into the mountains surrounding the spot and waited till Custer and his company should be attracted to the trap they had devised. They were successful, for the general saw the light, reconnoitered, and thought his chance had come. He opened fire upon the Indians. This was the signal. With one fell swoop 3,000 painted devils rushed down upon him from the mountain sides. In a moment the little band of 300 men were surrounded, and the unequal battle was commenced. Beck said that Custer showed no fear, but rode into the fight with eyes and sabre flashing, and never raised it but that he left upon some redskin's face his bloody and ragged-edged trade mark "X," which so many of his victims in the late war knew so well. One by one his men fell around him, and at last he stood alone among them battling with his trusty sabre in his remaining right hand. But at last he too fell, pierced by seven shots. Beck said that his fight was terrible in its destructiveness. Fourteen of those Indians who entered the fray paid for it with their lives, and their cold, copper-hued faces lay turned to the morning's sun next day, with 300 brave soldiers who followed the brave Custer into his last fight. This is the story of the old captive of the Sioux, who claims that he was there and saw that intrepid officer die. His last words were: "I am alone; I have done my best; the boys are all gone and I will go with them."—Rockester Democrat.

Some White House Memories.

Martin Van Buren Eating Oysters in the Kitchen.

Martin Van Buren stepped from the Vice Presidency into the Presidential chair. He was a peculiarly dignified man, able and accomplished. His sense of decorum was one of his most striking characteristics, and he was far from sympathizing in Jackson's democratic ideas. Mrs. Eaton, the beautiful wife of Jackson's favorite Cabinet officer, tells a witty story at the expense of Mr. Van Buren. Her husband, General Eaton, was as frank, gruff and unpolished as Jackson himself. He invited, informally, one evening, Jackson, Van Buren, the French Minister, General Cass and several other gentlemen to come round and assist in disposing of a barrel of oysters just sent him from Norfolk. A few moments after the arrival of the distinguished party the butler announced the oysters ready for consumption. Mrs. Eaton led the way, escorted by Mr. Van Buren, and as he approached the kitchen door he exclaimed: "Good heavens! madam, where are you going to take us?"

"Into the kitchen, of course," replied Mrs. Eaton cheerfully. Mrs. Eaton was a model housewife in her day, taking as much pride in her kitchen as in her parlor, and as she threw open the door a novel sight presented itself. The floor was as white as soap and water could make it, and covered with fine white sand. The tables looked like box-wood, and the tins were bright as mirrors. Added to this, the appetizing odor of oysters roasted in the shell, the novelty of the occasion and the sprightly beauty of the hostess, one would suppose that even Mr. Van Buren might melt into a state of pleasantry. But, on the contrary, his features reflected only his inability to enjoy a frolic of this kind, and he sat upright and unsmiling until towards the end of the impromptu fete, when he turned towards Mrs. Eaton and said: "This is the first meal of the kind served in like manner I have ever indulged in, but I trust it will not be the last. I think oysters never had such a delicious taste before."

"FATHER, you are an awful brave man," said a Detroit youth, as he smoothed down the old man's gray locks the other evening. "How do you know that Willie?" "Oh, I heard some men down at the store say that you killed thousands of soldiers during the war." "Me? Why, I was a beef contractor for the army!" "Yes, that's what they said!" explained young innocence, as he slid for the kitchen.—Detroit Free Press.

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

Bernhardt and Her New Relatives.

The 24th of the present month Sarah Bernhardt is to make her appearance in a Paris theatre, at a benefit organized for the Widow Cheret. It is safe to predict that the widow will gain at least 60,000 francs, or 818,000, by this performance. The play will be "La Dame aux Camelias." All the boxes are sold, the prices ranging from 250 to 800 francs; seats in the orchestra brought 50 to 100 francs each; ditto in the first gallery, and 15 to 40 in the second gallery.

The only ones in the cast who played with Sarah in America are her sister Jeanne and Mile. Sydney. Appropos of this performance the Paris world is astonished to learn that one of Sarah's new relatives has been arrested for kleptomania. Mme. Mac-Craig is the sister of M. Damala, Sarah's husband. Her husband, a sort of Scotch-Irishman, ran away and left her with two or three children and no money, and she fell ill of a fever. Since then she has been of weak mind, and it was while in this unhappy state that she stole a doll baby's dress in the Magazine du Louvre. The brutal manager or proprietor of that big shop refused to recognize that the poor lady was ill, and he had her locked up in a police cell.

Her friends found her the next day, but it was only on the demand of the commissaire of police that the manager withdrew his charge. There are a great many ladies here in Paris who declare they will never again put foot in the Magazine du Louvre. Dr. Mac-Craig is somewhere in America. Look out for him.

She Wanted Comedy.

Three months ago, when a servant girl came to a well-to-do family; the mistress said she desired to post the girl in advance on one certain little point. She and her husband belonged to an amateur theatrical company, and in case Jane hears any racket around the house she must not imagine that they were quarrelling—they would simply be rehearsing their parts. The play began on the third evening of the girl's engagement. The husband taunted his wife with extravagance, and she said he played "poker" for money; and chairs were upset, and footstools were kicked around and threats were made of "going home to mother." Next morning the mistress said to the girl: "Did you hear us playing our parts in 'The Wronged Wife, last night?'" "Yes'm."

"It was simply a rehearsal, you know; and you mustn't think strange of my throwing a vase at my husband and calling him a 'vile wretch!'"

Three or four nights after that, the curtain went up on a play called the "Jealous Husband," and Jane heard sobs, sighs, protestations, threats and exclamations. The next day was called "Coming Home Tight," and was mostly in the front hall. The following "The Depths of Despair," "Threats of Divorce," and "Such a Wretch!" until Jane was at last tired of having a private box and of being the only audience. The other morning she appeared in the sitting-room with her hat on and her bundle under her arm, and said:

"Please ma'am! but I'm tired of tragedy. I'm a girl as naturally likes to see hugging and kissing and love-making, on the stage; and when Marks the lawyer comes in on the what-do-you-call-it, I'm sure to be tickled to death! I think I'll try some family where they rehearse comedy and have a deal of kissing, and perhaps I may come in as a 'supe,' and get a small share of it for myself!"

The Irishman's Dream.

Two Irishmen traveling, came to a poorly supplied inn.

"What can you give us for supper?" said they to the lean and shivering landlord.

"I have naught in the house but one pigeon," replied he; "so you must make the most of it between ye."

"All right," replied the brewer of the two; "bring us your bird, and we'll divide him."

The dish was accordingly produced, when Paddy, turning to his companion, said: "Now, Mike, I've been thinking this ghost of a bird won't bear dividing: what d'ye say, to tossing up for it in this way: We'll go to bed, and to-morrow morning whoever has had the finest dream shall have the pigeon for his breakfast."

The proposal was accepted, and next morning, when the fellow-travelers met, Paddy took the word, and inquired of his companion how he had slept, and what he had dreamed.

"Bedad!" replied Mike, "and did not I just dream, and wasn't it a dream that'll bate hollow every other that was iver dreamed. There was I in the very midst of the seventh heaven, with all the powers of glory round me, and clouds of angels and archangels and a bewildering of saints and patriarchs, all making much of me hoisting me up, and up, till I couldn't go any higher, and then I woke."

"Och, well," said the other, "it's a strange thing, but I had exactly the self same dream meself, and I know what you say is true, for I saw ye flying up and up, and I says to meself, 'Sure, now Mike's got so high as that, he'll never be sich a fool so to come down any more,' so I got up and ate the pigeon."

A Woman's Whims.

The Empress Josephine had 600,000 francs for her personal expenses, but this sum was not sufficient, and her debts increased to an appalling degree. Notwithstanding the position of her husband, she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. She rose at 9 o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with unequalled grace. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning. Then she appeared with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses in various palaces. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditures. He would fly in a passion, and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent, after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should never have exhausted itself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin.

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest. A group of three little ones, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm sorry," said the little girl, as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians, who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"O, children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you've gave me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."

Don't Box Your Children's Ears.

An exchange gives the following sensible advice in regard to the too common practice among parents of boxing their children's ears. The drum of the ear is as thin as paper, and is stretched like a curtain between the air outside and that within; and thus having to support it and being extremely delicate, a slap with the hand on the side of the face, made with the force which sudden and violent anger gives it, has in multitudes of cases ruptured this delicate membrane, resulting in the affliction of deafness for life. As the right hand is almost always used, it is the left ear which is stricken; this aids in accounting for the fact that the left ear is more frequently affected with deafness than the right.

OLD Scotch gentleman sitting in a Toronto car—a young lady enters and makes a rush for the topmost seat. The car starts rather suddenly, the young lady lands on the old gentleman's knee, blushing, and exclaiming, "Oh! beg your pardon." Old G.—"Dinna mention it, lassie. I'd rather hae ye sittin' on my knee than standin' on ceremony."

A LADY whose husband was the champion snorer of the community in which they resided, confided to a female friend the following painful intelligence: "My life has not been one of unalloyed delight. I have had the measles, the chicken pox, the cholera, the typhoid fever and the inflammatory rheumatism, but I never knew what real misfortune was until I married a burglar alarm."—Brooklyn Eagle.

To beautify the loaf we frost its top, but when Father Time frosts our human top, we do not consider it in that sense, but hasten to cover up his work.

APPARENT evil is but an anti-chamber to higher bliss, as every sunset is but veiled at night, and will show itself again as the red dawn of a new day.

WHEN Abel was followed to the grave the funeral procession consisted only "of members of the first family."

WHEN a burglar makes a raid on the dwelling of a Texas editor, the only thing the burglar takes when he leaves, is his departure.