

**Fame.**  
Ah, Fate, cannot a man  
Be wise without a beard?  
From East to West, from Beersheba to Dan,  
Say, was it never heard  
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,  
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten?  
He pays too high a price  
For knowledge and for fame  
Who gives his sinews to be wise,  
His teeth and bones to buy a name,  
And crawls through life a paralytic,  
To earn the praise of bard and critic.  
Is it not better done,  
To dine and sleep through forty years,  
Be loved by few, be feared by none,  
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,  
And take the mortal leap undaunted,  
Content that all we ask was granted?  
But Fate will not permit  
The seed of gods to die,  
Nor suffer senses to win from wit  
Its guerdon in the sky;  
Nor let us hide, what'er our pleasure  
The world's light underneath a measure.  
Go then, sad youth, and shine!  
Go, sacrifice to Fame;  
Put love, joy, health, upon the shrine,  
And life to fan the flame!  
Thy hapless self for praises barter,  
And die to Fame an honored martyr.  
—R. W. Emerson.

### The Doctor's Experience.

"If you please, uncle," said Nanny Juniper, "I would like to speak to you."  
Old Doctor Juniper dropped his newspaper in dismay; the spectacles fell limply off his nose.  
"You don't mean to tell me," said he, "that them cider-barrels sprung a leak ag'in?"  
"No, uncle," said Nannie, nervously, "pleating the frill of her apron, and changing color as she spoke."  
"Then the red cow is got astray," groaned the doctor. "It does beat all how careless the neighbors are about their bars."  
"The red cow is all right, uncle," said Nanny. "It's about myself that I wanted to speak."  
Doctor Juniper drew a long breath of relief.  
"Oh!" said he, "about yourself? Well, if it is a new dress, you've had two already since Thanksgiving Day; and if you want to take lessons of the wax-dancer woman, I think it's all stuff and nonsense. So there! Just hand me up the paper, Nanny, there's a good girl, and see what a nice blueberry dumpling you'll make me for dinner."  
"Uncle," persisted Nanny. "I don't think you understand. I—I am not satisfied!"  
"Not satisfied?" repeated the doctor, opening his small, blue eyes to their utmost capacity.  
"I should like you to pay me wages," went on Nanny; "because, uncle,—don't you see?—I'm doing all the work of the house, and saving you the expense of a hired girl, and I haven't a penny that I can call my own; and if it's ever so small an allowance, uncle, don't you see that it would save me the mortification of coming to you for every yard of tape and paper of needles that I want?"  
"Nonsense!" roared the doctor.  
"I shouldn't ask for it, uncle, if I didn't feel I deserved it," pleaded Nanny.  
"Rubbish!" said her uncle.  
"Six dollars a month isn't such a great deal of money," urged Nanny. "And I have lived here eight years already for nothing, you know."  
"For nothing, eh?" said Doctor Juniper, severely. "I s'pose your board and lodging don't count; nor yet your clothes. Ah, the parson was right when he preached, last Sunday week, about the rank ingratitude of the human race. There never was anything like it—never!"  
"Of course I'm very much obliged for all that you have done for me, uncle," said Nanny. "But I'm two-and-twenty now, and I really feel that I can earn a little money of my own. And if you think six dollars is too much, I shall be very thankful for five."  
"Ah, indeed!" said Doctor Juniper, satirically. "Quite moderate, I'm sure! But, you see, our ideas don't exactly agree. If you ain't satisfied with things as they be, you're welcome to better yourself."  
"Uncle!" cried Nanny, her blue eyes brimming over with tears.  
"What I say I mean," said Doctor Juniper, resuming the study of his newspaper. "And now I'd like the chance to read a spell afore I go out into the maple-pasture."  
And, surreptitiously eyeing her departing figure over the rims of his glasses, the old man chuckled to himself:  
"I calculate I've settled that business. Wages, indeed! Times has come to a pretty pass, when my own niece wants wages for doing my house-work."  
As for Nanny, she went quietly into the kitchen, where she prepared the

fowl for roasting, made a little bread-sauce for it, concocted her uncle's favorite blueberry-pudding, and then retreated up stairs, where she packed the little trunk, which had once belonged to her mother, and whose surface was decorated with "A. J."—for Antoinetta Juniper—in brass nails.  
"I can't live so!" said Nanny. "My boots are all patches, and Uncle Juniper thinks two pairs a year are enough for anybody. My dresses aren't fit to be seen, and Uncle Juniper is always saying that his mother's calico dresses lasted year after year. I can't even put a five-cent-piece in the contribution-plate at church, without Uncle Juniper's accusing me of extravagance. If he won't pay me the wages which I am sure I earn, I will go down to the Lake View House and help Mrs. Danesbury make pies and puddings for her boarders. She told me, long ago, that she would give me ten dollars a month, during the busy season, to assist her."  
Doctor Juniper relished his roast chicken and blueberry-pudding as only an elderly gourmand can relish the appetizing edibles of this world.  
Nanny sat opposite him, looking rather distraite and thoughtful. And when he had sopped up the last of his pudding-sauce with a piece of bread, wiped his mouth, and folded up his napkin, she spoke out:  
"Uncle, I'm going away to-morrow."  
"Be you?" said Doctor Juniper.  
"To earn my own living," said Nanny.  
"Humph!" commented Doctor Juniper. "Well, suit yourself—suit yourself!"  
"Mrs. Danesbury is going to pay me ten dollars a month," explained Nanny. "But I'd rather stay with you at half the price, if—"  
"I'll see you—further!" said Doctor Juniper. "I won't pay you a red cent!"  
"Very well, uncle," said Nanny. "And so she went away."  
"She needn't think she's going to wind me around her little finger," said Doctor Juniper. "I can get plenty of housekeepers for less money than that. And I won't be imposed upon!"  
The doctor got his own breakfast the next morning. It wasn't so easy as he had supposed it would be. The fire smoked and sulked, the coffee-pot tipped over, the fish was scorched, and the eggs overboiled.  
"Hang it all!" said the doctor. "Things don't taste right anyhow. There must be a knack in cooking, after all."  
He left the unwashed dishes on the table, saddled the roan horse, and set off immediately after he had swallowed the last drop of the flavorless coffee, in search of "help."  
The Widow Keene was all smiles when he stopped at her little red cottage.  
"So Nanny has gone, has she?" said the widow. "Wal, there ain't no dependence to be put on gals. And you feel the need of a real helpful companion? I did say, when I buried Keene, that nothin' should induce me to marry again, but—"  
The doctor reined up Old Roan so suddenly that that meditative steed jumped off all four legs at once.  
"Hold on!" said he. "I wasn't talkin' of matrimony. I ain't a marryin' man. All I want is hired help."  
"Do you mean to insult me?" said Widow Keene.  
And she slammed the door in his face, and Doctor Juniper rode on, much marveling at the narrow escape he had had.  
"I'll try Miss Mahala Dickerman," he concluded. "She ain't a widow. Widows are naturally sly and tricky."  
Miss Mahala Dickerman was more reasonable. Yes, she would come. But she required her Sundays to herself, every Wednesday afternoon, the use of a horse and wagon to take her to church, and fourteen dollars a month.  
"But what is to become of me on Sunday?" Doctor Juniper ventured to inquire.  
Miss Mahala didn't know. She had her soul to look after—that was very certain. And she couldn't reconcile his Sunday business to her conscience. So Doctor Juniper rode away once more, solemnly shaking his head.  
"What's come to all the women?" said the doctor.  
Betsey Crowe was the next person on whom he called—a sharp-nosed gossip, with a high, shrill voice, and spectacled eyes.  
"I think I kin suit ye, doctor," said Miss Crowe. "I've lived housekeeper to several families. My terms is twelve dollars a month and the privileges of a home, and a young gal under me. Her wages will be four dollars extra."  
Doctor Juniper grew a tallowy white.  
"Do you s'pose I'm made of money?" said he.

"Them's my terms," said Miss Crowe, "and I wouldn't vary from 'em, not for the president of the United States!"  
"There's an end of the matter, then," said Doctor Juniper.  
"Just as you please," said Betsey Crowe, tartly.  
Louisa Henley would not undertake the place unless her mother and eleven-years-old brother could come as company for her. Mrs. Cackle expected the washing to be put out, and a cleaning woman engaged for every Saturday. Maria Michels hinted at the privilege of filling the vacant rooms of the house with summer boarders. And the upshot of it all was that Doctor Juniper came home in desperation, without any help whatsoever.  
He telegraphed to his cousin, an ancient female, somewhere on the edge of the Adirondacks, to come to the rescue. She came. But she was subject to the rheumatism, to epileptic fits, and to an undue fondness for the brandy-bottle, and at the end of a month, Doctor Juniper was glad to ship her off to a "Home for Aged Women" in New York. And then, subdued by much discipline, he walked down to Mrs. Danesbury's and asked to see Nanny.  
Nanny came in, all smiles and dimples.  
"Really," said the doctor, to himself, "I hadn't an idea the girl was so pretty!"  
She welcomed her uncle with the most affectionate of kisses.  
"Nanny," said he, "you were right, and I was wrong. I'm sorry I ever let you go away. If you'll come back to the old farm, I'll pay you ten dollars a month and be thankful to you."  
"Oh, uncle, I can't!" said Nanny, laughing and blushing. "I've promised to marry Hugh Danesbury."  
Doctor Juniper's face fell.  
"Hugh Danesbury?" said he. "That's the young fellow that works at the mill, ain't it?"  
"Yes, uncle," said Nanny.  
"Then come, both of you," said Doctor Juniper. "Hugh shall run the farm on shares, and I'll pay you ten dollars, just the same. I can't live as I've been livin'. I'd sooner take laudanum!"  
So the young people were married, and came to Juniper farm to live.  
"And uncle's a deal easier to get along with than ever he was before!" said Nanny.  
For Doctor Juniper had profited from his experience.—Helen Forrest Graves.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.  
The only rose without thorns is friendship.  
We ought not to judge of man's merits by his qualifications but by the use he makes of them.  
Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.  
Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom or ever opens any avenue for sorrow or remorse.  
Attrition is to the stone what good influence is to the man. Both polish while they reveal hidden beauties.  
Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time, the former grow upon it.  
The leader will fail who acts on the counsel of those whose intelligence and means of information is inferior to his own.  
Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.  
There is a wonderful vigor of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.  
If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other hearts, but a continent that joins them.  
There are few men who, were they certain of death on their seventieth birthday, would think of preparation. To-morrow may be the gate of an eternity, and they go on in their folly.

### He Had Confidence in Gypsies.

A band of gypsies camped in Missouri. A farmer in the neighborhood was painfully twisted by rheumatism and they straightened him out with mysterious lotions and ceremonies. This won his confidence. They told him that a large sum of money was buried on his farm, but they did not know exactly where. Their instructions were to bury all the cash he had for eight days, and then dig it up, whereupon the place of the concealed treasure would be revealed. He obeyed, and at the end of the prescribed time his \$5000 and the gypsies were gone.

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

About seven centuries before the christian era Southern Italy was so thickly set with Grecian cities as to be known as Magna Græcia.  
There is a creek several miles from Waynesboro, Ga., which is so highly impregnated with lime that it will take the hair off a horse's legs in passing through it.  
The silver ore of the Nevada mines is so intimately associated with lead that nearly one-half of the miners who handle it become afflicted sooner or later with wrist drop, palsy, or half paralysis.  
Mr Edward Atkinson says it would require 16,000,000 persons, using the spinning wheel and hand loom of less than a century ago, to make the cotton cloth used by our people, which is now manufactured by 160,000.  
Among the Chinese no relies are more valuable than the boots that have been worn by a magistrate. If he resigns and leaves the city a crowd accompanies him to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice.  
A Tennessee doctor has a curious Indian relic. It is a ring, made of pure silver nicely engraved and weighs twenty-three pennyweights, and, considering the primitive tools with which the Indians must have worked, the engraving is said to be remarkably well done. The general design, although smaller in circumference, resembles in a marked degree the bracelets most in favor with the society belles of to-day.  
The slaughter of a plow ox is prohibited by law in China, and a violation of the law is punished by two months' imprisonment and 100 blows of the heavy bamboo; except in cases where the offender is the owner of the animal, when the imprisonment is one month and the number of blows eighty. Mandarins who fail to take notice of such offences are also punished. The ox is thus honored above other beasts because he is annually offered to Confucius; and because of his services to man in plowing and the entire dependence of the husbandman on him, man should refrain from doing him harm.  
It is related in *Dr. Foot's Health Monthly* that Paul Bert saw at Geneva a curious specimen of humanity that would be worth a fortune to a Bowery museum or a travelling show. It was a child five years old, or somewhat more than one child, for it had two heads, two chests and four arms, but only one abdomen and one pair of legs, the fusion of the two bodies into one occurring at about the waist. Each head has control of the leg on its own side. The two faces are much alike, and the two intellects already understand several languages. The food which one takes does not satisfy the hunger of the other, and they eat and sleep alternately. One has had a fever without the other being ill.  
A New York restaurateur being asked why it is considered so difficult to eat two or even one quail a day for thirty days, replied, "Because the human stomach is an intelligent and sensitive member of society. If you were to feed it every day for thirty days on a pound or two of sawdust, you would not wonder if it rebelled, would you? No. Well, quail and the white meat of all birds is very much like sawdust. It's dry; it's indigestible. It lies there on the stomach, and of course the stomach doesn't like it, and when you want to add more to it the stomach is very apt to rebel and make you sick. You may try to coax that important functionary with bribes of pepsin and that sort of thing, but there is a limit to even that. So you see why quail won't do for a steady diet."

### A Minstrel's Conversion.

"Senator Bob Hart," the negro minstrel, used to be a great favorite in the West. His stump speeches and his execrations were his chief stock in trade, but they were enough to give him a better income than half the professional men get. Well, a couple of years ago, when he was almost dead with delirium tremens, he staggered into a revival meeting and was converted, and since then he has been known as the Rev. J. M. Sutherland and a more consistent, earnest Christian exhorter never lived. He has for nearly two years been in the employ of the City Missionary society, which pays him \$20 a week, on which he supports his wife and daughter. Chicagoans can remember when Bob Hart got \$300 a week during an entire season in that city. He works among the poor people, and preaches several times a week and twice on Sundays. He hasn't touched a drop of liquor since the night from which he dates his conversion.—Cleveland Sun.

### CENSUS VITAL STATISTICS.

**A Year's Deaths in the United States—The Causes of Death, and Other Interesting Facts.**  
An article in the New York Sun says that according to the last census, 756,893 persons died in the United States during 1880. The death rate for the whole Union was therefore 15.1 to the thousand. That is a low rate, and yet it was much higher than that given in 1870, which was only 12.8 per thousand, while the death rate according to the census of 1860 was 12.5.  
But the apparent increase in 1880 was due entirely to more complete returns of deaths, and even the figures for that year cannot be regarded as accurate. Except in a comparatively small number of communities, vital statistics are not gathered in the United States after a scientific system. The actual mortality of the Union is probably somewhere between eighteen and nineteen per thousand, instead of a little over fifteen. But that is a low rate as compared with European countries, the death rate for the whole of England having been 20.5 per thousand in 1880, and for Scotland, 21.3 in 1878.  
Of the 756,893 deaths recorded in the census returns 640,191 were of whites, out of a total white population of 43,402,970, and 116,702 of negroes, out of a total colored population of 6,752,813. The apparent death rate, therefore, was 14.74 among the whites, and 17.28 among the negroes.  
Of the deaths reported 391,960 were of males and 364,933 of females, the total living population having been 25,518,820 males and 24,636,963 females. For every thousand deaths of females there were 1,074 of males.  
The proportion of males dying in infancy was also greater than that of females. Of the 390,644 males who died 163,880 were under five years of age, while of the 363,874 females who died 138,925 were under five years; that is, the proportion of deaths under five years of age to all deaths recorded was 419.51 per thousand among males, while among females it was only 381.85. Nearly half the male mortality was among very young children.  
The causes of death were reported in only 733,840 cases, and the following table gives the number of deaths from each of the ten principal causes:  
Consumption . . . . . 91,551  
Diphtheria . . . . . 38,398  
Diarrhoeal diseases . . . . . 65,565  
Diseases of nervous system . . . . . 83,670  
Diseases of respiratory system . . . . . 107,904  
Diseases of digestive system . . . . . 34,094  
Enteric (typhoid) fever . . . . . 22,965  
Measles . . . . . 8,772  
Scarlet fever . . . . . 16,416  
Whooping cough . . . . . 11,292  
Consumption was, as always, the great scourge, and it carried off a considerably larger proportion of females than of males, the deaths from that cause being 40,619 males to 59,932 females. It is very instructive to observe that the mortality from consumption in the North Atlantic and Lake regions was highest in the small towns and agricultural districts, while on the Gulf coast it was greatest in the city of New Orleans, with its wretched sewerage and drainage system.  
Enteric or typhoid fever is also more especially a disease of the country rather than the city. The better drainage which ordinarily prevails in the large towns makes them less liable to that fever than the smaller communities and scattered settlements, where necessary precautions against the pollution of the water supply are not generally taken, and accumulations of filth in vaults and cesspools are common. Malarial fevers likewise were more prevalent and more fatal proportionately in the smaller communities than in the great cities. The same was the case with diphtheria.  
The report of the number of deaths due to accidents and injuries is interesting:  
Burns and scalds . . . . . 4,786  
Drowned . . . . . 4,320  
Exposure and neglect . . . . . 1,299  
Gunshot wounds . . . . . 2,289  
Homicide . . . . . 1,336  
Infanticide . . . . . 129  
Injuries by machinery . . . . . 49  
Railroad accidents . . . . . 2,349  
Suffocation . . . . . 2,339  
Suicide by shooting . . . . . 472  
Suicide by drowning . . . . . 155  
Suicide by poison . . . . . 349  
Other suicides . . . . . 1,559  
Strokes . . . . . 8,772  
Other accidents and injuries . . . . . 33,980

### Brevity.

Few writers know when to stop writing; they say too much. Martin Luther closed his speech before the diet of Worms with these words: "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen." Suppose he had said: "The position which I at present occupy I shall continue to maintain." The latter is grammatically correct. You can praise it, but literary art demands it as weak and unworthy. Go back to the Old Testament. Let there be light and there was light. Beyond the naked grandeur of these words art cannot go. And, in fact, brevity is an art—and one worth cultivating, too.

### Alone.

The sun shines out across the sea,  
The old church bell chimes merrily,  
But the maiden sighs in misery,  
And wanders sad and lone;  
For he has gone, her lover true,  
Across the ocean, wide and blue—  
Now fall her tears like evening dew,  
And thus she makes her moan:  
My love has gone! Ah, well a day!  
My heart is steeped in misery!  
And must it now be thus for aye?  
Ah, woe! Ah, woe is me!

The breakers on the sounding shore  
Are leaping high with ceaseless roar,  
And the maiden watches by her door  
With sad and anxious eye.  
The white foam falls around her there,  
And flecks with snow her raven hair,  
But still she watches in despair  
And murmurs with a sigh:  
My love has gone! Ah, well a day!  
My heart is filled with misery!  
And must it now be thus for aye?  
Ah, woe! Ah, woe is me!

The dark clouds drive across the skies,  
She sees the moon among them rise;  
High on the sands her lover lies,  
He never will speak again!  
She kneels beside him all alone,  
Above the wild winds sigh and moan,  
But the maiden's heart is turned to stone,  
For now all hope is vain.  
My love is dead! Ah, well a day!  
My heart is steeped in misery!  
And must it now be thus for aye,  
Ah, woe! Ah, woe is me!"  
Ophelia Mitchell.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Trousers cover a multitude of shins!  
Cannot lawyers be termed fee-males?  
A wife may be a blessing, but a dumb wife is an unspeakable one.  
It is a terrible shock to one's feelings, after singing "Salvation's Free," to hear the announcement that "the collection will now be taken."  
The question is asked us, if there is anything that will bring youth to women? Yes, indeed. An income of say \$20,000 will bring any number of them.  
A man who has happened to have a good deal of experience says: "Stand anywhere but for four feet to the left of a woman when she hurls a bottle at a hen."  
"Mr. Jones," asked Smith of the parson, "don't you think the wicked will have an opportunity given them in the next world?" "Yes, certainly," replied the parson, "an excellent opportunity to get warm."  
An agricultural journal recently published a long article on "Sheep Husbandry," but it didn't say anything about the man who continually compliments his wife, although he is most assuredly a she-praiser.  
"If your boarding-house should take fire at night what would you do to get the people out?" asked the fire marshal of an experienced matron. "Oh, there would be no trouble about that," was the reply; "I would just ring the breakfast bell, and all the boarders would be in the dining-room in three minutes."  
It is said that the Emperor of Russia "chops wood for exercise." This gives his wife more time to gossip over the back fence with the next door neighbors; but one would suppose that the emperor got exercise enough dodging dynamite bombs and other infernal devices contrived by the nihilists, without resorting to wood-chopping.

### Common Phrases.

The term blackguard has a very common place origin. In all great houses, particularly in royal residences, there was a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend to the woodyards, sculleries, etc. Of these—for in the lowest depths there are lower still—the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coal to the kitchen, halls and other apartments. To the smutty regiment, who attended the progresses and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name "blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar.  
"To the bitter end" is clearly an old nautical expression. A dictionary, published in the first part of the eighteenth century, has "bite," a turn or part of a cable; "bits," the main pieces of timber to which a cable is fastened when a ship rides at anchor; "bitter," a turn of the cable about the timber called "bits," that it may be veered out little by little; and "bitter end" (of a cable) is that part which is wound around the bits when a ship rides at anchor. The modern cant expression, "to the bitter end," may have taken its rise from the old nautical words, as meaning the last coil of the cable, or from the fast end, the very "bitter" dregs. It is a slang expression, another form of "I will fight you to the death." In it bitter only means pitiless, severe, like a bitter east wind, or a bitter foe.