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AFTER A WHILE.

After a while is a beautiful day—
The storm will be ended and brighter the sun,
The weariness over, the task will be done,
Some sweet thing is coming to every one,
After a while.

After a while is a prosperous day,
Then we shall have all the wisdom we need;
Our earnest endeavors shall always succeed,
Till every ideal expand to a deed,
After a while.

After a while is an affluent day,
When our fugitive treasure shall all be secure,
And we shall forget that we ever were poor,
When patience shall blossom and friendship endure,
After a while.

After a while is a halcyon day,
When the love we have lavished our bosom shall bless,
Then shall be true every hand that we press,
The hearts we confide in, the lips we caress,
After a while.

After a while, 'tis a merciful day,
Filled with all comfort and free from all fear,
And thrilled with all love. Ah! if only 'twas clear,
What the day of the month and the month of the year,
After a while.

After a while. 'Tis a far-away time;
For now, while impatiently counting, I see
'Tis not in the calendar open to me,
So it must be in God's, in the life that's to be,
After a while.

The Little Black Fiddle.

It hung in the garret, on one of the big nails there, all around it the usual lumber of an old house—trunks, broken chairs, a superannuated chest of drawers, a spinning-wheel, cobwebs.

Years and years ago a tramp had been taken in at the door in a fainting condition. He lay all day in stupor on the settee where they had placed him; and, moved with pity, and in some slight consternation as to what was to become of him, and of themselves too, if this state continued, the household did what they could for him. Just before dark he began to murmur a broken jargon of English and foreign tongues, and took his little black fiddle from his side, and gave it to Mr. Brooks with as impressive an air as if he bestowed a kingdom, the children looking on, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Then he died, and was buried, and nobody knew anything further about him; and the children twanged the fiddle a while, and there had been the end of it.

The little fiddle hung forgotten on its nail; but the children grew in strength and beauty every day, and made the house nearly as lively as the ark must have been in all the forty days before it rested on Ararat. Sometimes the little fiddle vibrated to their laughter, and gave it a faint echo from its hollow breast, but that was all the share it had in it.

What a cheerful group they were, Belle and Jessie and Fred and Frank, and the twins always rolling over each other, and chuckling as if that were the freshest joke in the world. They were just as cheerful when a dozen years had passed, and the children were becoming men and women, childish boisterousness was becoming high-bred gayety, and the special talent was developing that belonged to each of them.

But the general talent of that family was for charity. They had a genius for it—a genius, as Mr. Brooks' neighbors used to say, for turning themselves out of doors in order to let somebody else in; a little house, but the largest you ever knew, for it held the most—hospitable to rich and poor, the wayfarer never leaving it unrefreshed, the sufferer uncomforted.

Yet the means to do so much were but limited. Mr. Brooks had but a small income; Mrs. Brooks found it necessary to count every penny twice over, to turn and piece and remake, and never to waste a crumb. But, when that was all done, there was always something left for the widow and fatherless; and the moment there was anything to do, either for North street or the Five Points or Borroboola, Mrs. Brooks' door was the one first rapped at. And what a vivid interest it was that was taken throughout that house in every case that came up, from the time the little bright heads could cluster together, the little fingers could hold a needle, the little legs run an errand! You could never see a prettier sight than those bright heads, those glowing faces, those pitying eyes. "My bunch of blossoms," Mr. Brooks used to call them, and say they gave their honey to every bee that vagabondized about them. And by-and-by, when Belle was eighteen, and Jessie just turning sixteen, and the rest coming on, this same sympathy with all suffering was as active as of old; and Jessie's lovely face seemed every day to grow lovelier with the melting tenderness she felt to every one that needed gentle word or deed, and when she sang her songs in the evening, the trait seemed somehow to have strained itself through the rich sweet tones of her voice, and to make the hearer's heart respond to its touch and always fill his eyes with tears.

"Our Jessie," the father used to say, "ought to have different instructions with that voice. If you hadn't been such a Sandemanian, wife, all your life, we should have laid by enough to send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated as it should be."

"Well, dear, would you throw away all your pleasant memories of pain relieved and all the benefit it has wrought the children's characters, and take it out in music?" his wife would ask. "I should like to have Jessie's voice attended to; but, bless you, it might do her more harm than good."

"Harm!" said Belle once, as they talked it over.

"Yes, dear; we all have our vanities, and to nurse one's pride—"

"Oh, mamma, but to stand up and lift a thousand people on your voice as if it were wings for them! Think of that! Of the delight she could give so many, and then of the fortune she could make and the things she could do! We would have that children's hospital, and—"

"Very true," sighed Mrs. Brooks.

"Very true," sighed her husband. "It would take fifteen hundred dollars to send Jessie to Italy. She would be too old to have it do her voice any good by the time I could get so much together." And just then came in the minister's wife to see about the concert she was getting up for the benefit of the poor De Maurice children, whose parents—lately organist and soprano in the little church—were lost in the Destroyer on their way to Europe for some purpose, at which concert Jessie was to sing a song, if she could find the courage.

"You needn't be afraid, Jessie," said the good minister's wife; "there's nobody in the audience knows a note more music than you do."

"Oh, but *he* will—the violinist, you know; and Madame Reuter, if she comes—"

"She's coming. "We're to pay expenses. And she represented the case to Signor Pazzani, and told him they were the children of musicians, and he volunteered. It was too good of him! They're to stay with me."

"Oh, not both of them, Mrs. King; one's enough, with all your care. Send one here," said Mrs. Brooks.

"Well, I should be glad to, really. I'll send you the signor. Now, Jessie, sing 'The harp that once through Tara's halls,' just as if you were on the platform, and we were all down on the seats before you."

And so Jessie sang it, and her voice swelled out as if a young sibyl sang, with the words,

"Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes—
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives."

And the minister's wife cried and went home.

One afternoon next week Madame Reuter came down, and Mrs. King brought the Signor Pazzani into the Brookses' parlor, and left him.

It was not much preparation the Brookses had been able to make for their distinguished guest, they could only fill his room full to overflowing with Belle's flowers, that grew and blossomed in every window the winter long. As for their table, it was always a miracle of snow and silver and parsely-trimmed dishes, and it was impossible for them to make much difference. They found, though, that it was of no consequence, for the signor was indifferent to everything but bread and fruit and salad, and presently looked about him for the young lady who was to sing. "You are she," he said, presently, to Jessie, and began talking with her about her music while he crumbled his bread. But it was not till some hours after they left the table that he came down from his room and demanded to hear what she could do.

Poor Jessie had no more idea of hesitating or refusing than if an angel of annunciation had appeared and bidden her. She went instantly to the piano, though Belle ran before her to play the accompaniment. Belle had to play the prelude twice over, though, before Jessie could command her voice; and in the first measure it trembled so that she was afraid she would have to stop, and she was pale as death. "Courage, courage, my child," cried the signor, and she took a little and went on; and soon she forgot the signor and her fright, and was singing as freely as a bird in the wild wood. "It is grand! it is delicious!" cried the signor, in his own tongue, which Jessie and Belle understood tolerably. "It is a voice in a thousand. In a thousand? A voice in millions! It is the nightingale's! and it must have care, study, training—Italy!"

Jessie shook her head and felt very much like crying. She knew if she ever showed the least desire for Italy, her father would cramp himself, her mother forego her comforts, the children deny themselves everything; they would sell the piano, move into a meaner house, live on little, give nothing away. She had never intimated that she thought the thing worth while. Now she shook her head and ventured to say in such Italian as she had. "It is impossible. Please don't speak of it; it would only make grief here. But thank you for the kind words."

And then the signor gazed hard at the lovely face with its Madonna-like oval, and its great soft dark eyes, and said: "Nothing is impossible. Now I must seek my violin. It was to come by express, but has not, the good house-mother says."

No; it had not come, and, what was more, it never would come in its old shape. The express had met with an accident, and all its contents had been shattered. The violin that the Queen of Holland had given Signor Pazzani, that Jacques Stainer had made himself in the Tyrol two hundred years ago and more, was nothing but a handful of chips.

It would have been ludicrous, if it had not been in reality harrowing, to see the signor's grief and rage when he heard of the destruction of his darling, and had the broken bits put into his hand. He remembered nothing more about Jessie's voice, about the evening concert; he sat down among the fragments, like Marius in the ruins of Carthage, and bewailed himself.

It was an intensely cold and still winter's day; there was not a sound to be heard in the village, save now and then a distant sleigh-bell, the dropping of some huge icicle, or the loud report of some nail as it sprung with the frost in the rafters. As the signor sat there now with the broken volute of his violin in his left hand, and the other hand wound in his hair distractedly, one of these nails went off, as you might say, with more of an explosion than usual upon the frosty silence of the afternoon, followed by a clear, resonant note that for half a moment seemed to fill the house with a silvery vibration. They all heard it, and looked up bewildered; and suddenly Jessie, with a joyous cry, sprang to her feet and darted from the room. The garret door had been left open by somebody, she found. In a moment she was back, and had placed in the hands of the signor, whose mood of frenzy had been succeeded by one of silent desperation, the little black fiddle.

"It fell from its nail," she was saying. "It was that we heard. It wanted to come and comfort you, you see. Is it good for anything? Can you mend your own with it? Is it so old!"

"Why do you bring me this, my child?" he asked, sadly, but took it, and ran his eye over it. Something seemed to strike him as he did so. He bent his head quickly, lifted the violin to his ear and tapped it and listened, ran his fingers down its lines, took out his handkerchief and dusted it minutely His hands began to shake; he was holding his breath; he was comparing the measurements of the little black fiddle with certain figures in a memorandum-book drawn from his pocket. He peered into its every dimension in a sort of mad haste. He took a magnifier, and then with a bit of chamois leather began rubbing the end of the little black fiddle as if he were polishing a jewel. All at once he cried out:

"Aha! Behold it! It is here! Read it, my children, read! '*Sotto la disciplina d' A. Stradivarius, Cremona. I H S.*' It is his, the Giuseppe del Jesu's, when the great Antoine was his master. That is his seal, 'I H S.' Oh, the rogue! But he knew music! And Antoine Stradivarius has had it in his hands; has looked at its sides, its table, its *ouies*, its lustrous varnish; has drawn the bow across it; has said it was good! Quick! where are my strings? We will see; we will see. There is no bridge. That is all right. The bridge would not have answered. My Stainer bridge is whole yet."

He was silent in a long but hurried unrolling and fastening of strings, an endless tuning and hearkening and tuning again, and then the walls of the room were vibrant about them, and Signor Pazzani was playing on the little black fiddle, and the sweet, powerful sonority, the suave, silvery, intense tone, the mellow but majestic strength, were ringing in their ears "like the humming of a swarm of angels' wings," said the signor, suddenly leaving off, with his bow in the air.

"Ah, look at it! What grace, in the curves! how severe the volute! how elastic and bounding the tone! and the color! How purple and rich and full of lustres it will come out when I shall restore it: Oh, I shall restore it!" he cried, gaily, smiling on them one and all. "It will be mine; you will not think of keeping it; you can none of you play on it," he began to implore. "It's a Guarnerius, the Giuseppe del Jesu's. It is worth money—it is worth more; you shall have a thousand, you shall have fifteen hundred, you shall have two thousand dollars for it."

"Oh, hush, indeed," cried Jessie. "Of course you shall have it, Sir. It is valueless to us; it is yours."

"Stay, stay a moment, Jessie," said her father.

"The little black fiddle is mine. That poor old vagabond, fallen from his high estate, gave it to me. It is a way bread has of coming back upon the waters after many days. If the signor wants to pay me a thousand dollars for it, we will compass the other five hundred by ourselves, and you shall go to Italy."

The next morning Signor Pazzani went off with the little black fiddle tucked under his arm, and Mr. Brooks went to the city with him to secure Jessie's passage in the next steamer that sailed for foreign shores. And the little fiddle had some share in it, after all.

How to Drive.

The true way is to let the horse drive himself, the driver doing little but directing him and giving him that confidence which a horse alone gets in himself when he feels that a guide and friend is back of him. The most vicious and inexcusable style of driving is that which so many drivers adopt, viz.: Wrapping the lines around either hand and pulling the horse backward with all their might and main, so that the horse in point of fact, pulls the weight back of him with his mou , and not with his breast and shoulders. This they do under the impression that such a dead pull is needed to "steady" the horse. The fact is, with rare exception, there should never be any pull on the horse at all. A steady pressure is allowable, probably advisable; but anything beyond this has no jus ification in nature or reason; for nature suggests the utmost possible freedom of action of head, body and limbs in order that the animal may attain the highest rate of speed; and reason certainly forbids the supposition that by the bits and not the breast-collar, the horse is to draw the weight attached to it. In speeding my horses I seldom grasp the lines with both hands when the road is straight and free from obstructions. The lines are rarely steadily taut, but held in easy pliancy and used chiefly to shift the bit in the horse's mouth, and by this method my horses break less and go much faster.—*Murray.*

Origin of Curious Phrases.

The origin of phrases and some of our common words presents an interesting study. The term *sub rosa* is said to have originated as follows: Cupid gave a rose to Hippocrates, and from this legend arose the practice of suspending a rose over the table when eating when it was intended that the conversation should be kept secret. The explanation of the origin of "by hook or crook" is that in the olden time persons entitled to get firewood in the King's forest were limited to such dead branches as they could tear down with a "hook or a crook without hurt to his Majesty's tree." "In spite of his teeth" originated thus: King John of England once demanded of a Jew the sum of ten thousand marks, and on being refused, ordered that the Israelite should have one after another of his teeth drawn until he gave h's consent. The Jew submitted to the loss of seven, and then paid the r quired sum; hence the expression "in spite of his teeth." Mr. F. Crossley suggests that as the origin of the word "humbug" the Irish "uim bog," pronounced "um-bug," literally "soft copper" or worthless money." James II. issued from the Dublin Mint a mixture of lead, copper, and brass so worthless that a sovereign was intrinsically worth only two pence, and might have been bought after the revolution for a halfpenny. Sterling and um-bug were therefore expressions of real fictitious worth—merit and humbug.

Can Birds Converse?

Dr. Charles C. Abbott cites the following occurrence to show that birds possess some mode of conveying ideas to one another. In the spring of 1872 a pair of cat-birds were noticed carrying materials for a nest to a patch of blackberry-briers hard by. To test their ingenuity, Dr. Abbott took a long narrow strip of muslin, too long for one bird conveniently to carry, and placed it on the ground in such a position as to be seen by the birds when searching for material. In a few moments one of the cat-birds spied the strip and endeavored to carry it off, but its length and weight—however he took hold of it and he tried many times—impeded his flight, and, after long worrying over it, the bird flew off for assistance. In a few moments he returned with his mate, and then, standing near the strip, they appeared to *hold a consultation.* The chirping, twittering, murmuring, and occasional ejaculations, were all unmistakable. In a few moments these all ceased, and the work commenced. Each took hold of the muslin strip, at about the same distance in each case from the ends, and, taking flight simultaneously, bore it away. Soon there was much jabbering at the nest; the birds could not agree how to use the strip, and it was finally abandoned; but so, too, was the nest, and the birds left the neighborhood.—*Popular Science Monthly for August.*

What Shall We Do With Our Sons?

Sequel to what shall we do with our daughters.

Teach them common sense.
Teach them not to drink.
Teach them not to gamble.
Teach them not to smoke.
Teach them not to chew tobacco.
Teach them to sew on buttons.
Teach them to mend their own clothes.
Teach them to mind their own business.
Teach them not to flirt.
Teach them self-respect.
Teach them to be economical.
Teach them to obey their parents.
Teach them to be honorable in all things.
Teach them to stay at home evenings.
Teach them not to use profane and obscene language.
Teach them not to make remarks about ladies as they are passing in the street.
Teach them that women are their superiors.
Teach them that self conceit is the most abominable of all things.

We seldom repent of speaking little, very often of speaking too much. A vulgar and trite maxim, which all the world knows, but one which all the world does not practice.

According to M. Peupion, who has been practically investigating the subject, a pickerel will eat 47 pounds and 4 ounces of fish per pound of its own weight per year.

Swans and Fish.

On account of their supposed destruction of fish, there is at present a great raid against the swans on the Thames. It is alleged that they have increased to an extent which deducts considerably from the picturesque Wordsworthian ideal of the swan that "floats double—swan and shadow;" that they should be seen in ones or twos, but certainly not in swarms. Mr. S. C. Hall, in the *Book of the Thames*, says, with pardonable enthusiasm, "we would almost as soon part with the trees which border, as with the swans that grace the surface of our noble river." They certainly tend to keep down the too great exuberance of aquatic weeds which, with the coarse grass which grows luxuriantly at the waterside, form their salad. But they are accused of rendering their vegetable diet the more palatable by an admixture of fish-spawn, particularly that of perch, which, being suspended on the branches of submerged willows in convenient festoons, is looked upon by the bird of Leda as being purposely placed there for its especial enjoyment. It has been pleaded by some that this lubricating luxury is necessary for the proper assimilation of its food; but the opponents of this doctrine have examined the internal economy of the bird to prove that it possesses a gizzard of such a wondrously grinding power as to admit of no such excuse. This fondness for the ribbon-like ova of the *Perca* family is no false indictment, as we have been of those who, in the interests of the fisheries, have vainly attempted to drive away swans from the spawning-grounds. In these encounters the birds did not always get the worst of it; the blow of a swan communicated from the bend of its wing, even upon the end of an oar grasped by the hand, giving a shock to the muscles of the arm that has been felt for an hour afterward. And then in these sallies we were not allowed to resort to violence or injury, as there are penalties attached to even disturbing swans while on their nest. Taking eggs from the nests of swans and of certain other birds was an offense severely dealt with in olden times. Even the keeping of a swan not marked, without license, was a misdemeanor; and stealing marked and pinioned swans is still felony. By the old law, when a marked swan was stolen in an open and common river, the purloined bird, if it could be obtained, and if not, another swan, was hung up by the bill, and the thief was compelled to give the party robbed as much meal as would cover all the swan, the operation being performed by pouring the grain on its head till it was entirely hidden. A similar fine was imposed for stealing a cat from the Princes' granaries.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A South American City.

A correspondent writes of a visit to Para, the emporium of the Amazon: Para juts out a little into the river, giving us an admirable view as we approach. It looks like a city of the past, the mildew on its white walls and church towers making it look older than it is even. Here, for the first time in this part of the world, we see towers and high buildings. We cast anchor just in front of the city, and have plenty of time to examine its appearance from the distance,—to study the steamboats (second-class river boats from the United States, all of them), sloops from all parts of the world,—plenty of time while we are waiting for health officers and custom-house people. We are ready to go ashore and impatient to do so, but the Brazilians take their own time and everybody else's. At last we land, and no sooner have we done so than I feel that Para may be a good place to visit but not to live in. The streets are wretched, unpaved, and when it rains become regular mud-puddles, and it rains every day in the tropics. We see some gentlemen in the streets, an umbrella being part of their toilet. No one stirs without one; if it is not raining, the sun shines fiercely. But here again, strange to say the thermometer never goes over 96 degrees, and they have a cool breeze in the evening. Not a single lady to be seen in the street. They seldom go out in the daytime, not even to shop, everything being sent to them. They seem to pass much of their time in looking out of the windows. We drive through several streets where the houses look cool and delightful—one story high, but deep, large windows and doors; a garden filled with tropical plants and flowers around each, and a line of Mango trees running all down the street. The aspect made is delightful. Floors of two kinds of wood, cane chairs, light tables—all cool and pleasant to look at. At a short distance from these houses you come upon uncultivated plots of land, where fruit trees, large-leafed plants, and low brush give you an idea of luxuriant growth. The avenue of palms is beautiful. These palms come from Guiana, and are, of all palm species, the handsomest. A row of them stands on the wharf. Cocoanut, banana, and orange trees grow on every side. We pass the theatre—an immense building of brick, plastered and painted white; it will hold from 3,000 to 4,000 people. "Do you ever have entertainments to justify this?" I ask. "No," I am answered. "Then, why was it built?" "To satisfy the ambitions of a certain president who wanted to make a monument for himself." It has not been used at all yet, and may never be, as it is considered unsafe by some. There are several churches, and some bushes are growing on the roofs, and the mildew discolors the walls. The cathedral is 200 years old. There are no seats of any kind in the body of the church. A few of the pictures are gems. Another church is literally covered with carving and gilt the most elaborate I ever saw. It is the cleanest and coolest-looking place imaginable—many altars and immense space. This church, from its appearance, might be 1,000 years old, but cannot, I suppose, be more than 250 years, if that. How delightful to hear the church bells ringing once more, and to see them swinging outward from their towers. The business streets are very narrow, and the roofs of old tiles overgrown with leaves rather unsightly. The stores are smaller and the walls thinner than in St. Thomas; but there are a few French stores, where goods are both good and cheap. though, for the most part, Para is considered the dearest place in this part of the world. Many of the down-town houses have tiled fronts. Tiles are manufactured here. They make their own furniture and their own carriages, of which rows are always standing in the streets. They are very heavy and clumsy, but most roomy and comfortable, like our oldest-fashioned hacks. The harness is of the poorest, and the horses the worst you could see anywhere. They are kept in a gallop all the time, which gives an appearance of haste where no such thing is known. The streets are filled with negroes, old and young, most of them slaves. They are not so well dressed nor so clean looking as in St. Thomas, but they look as if they had something to do, and were doing it. If the women have a flower in the side of their heads they seem satisfied, be their dress ever so dirty. Almost every one wore a flower there. The Para children are, for the most part, handsome. The streets, as we returned, and the open spaces were filled with them. The day was drawing to a close, and we were hastening to reach the ship before dark. It is always dark at six here, of course. We were offered a monkey for a dollar and a half, a bird with a long neck that caught flies with ease, a snake, some electrical eels, but we declined to purchase. By the way a boa constrictor makes a good rat catcher. They are put into the floors of new houses when they are young, and taking up their abode there keep the rats away. They are said to be harmless, and to live in ninety out of every one hundred houses. The Para market is a sight. It is under a stone arch-way, four sides forming a square. In the centre are wooden booths for meat, which does not look inviting, though the meat is said to be very good. Mutton is very scarce. The principal articles for sale are fruit, bananas, pineapples, oranges, cocoanuts, fish (a catfish eight feet long was lying there), a few eggs, and some few things that may have a name, but are unknown to the greater part of mankind. The flowers and bananas were about the only tempting objects offered. All the sellers are negroes. Here, as throughout Brazil, the Portuguese language is used.

Para is a city of about forty thousand inhabitants. Brazil nuts and rubber are their principal exports. The nuts grow several in a group, inclosed in a skin about as large as an apple. When ripe, the bottom of the ball falls out. They are hard to gather, being so far from the ground. The natives build huts under them, and wait for a good wind; while the wind lasts, they lay under cover, as the fruit in falling would hurt them. The financial affairs of Para are at a low ebb just now; indeed, the whole of Brazil is under a cloud, three banks having smashed in Rio, and spread a panic throughout the country.

The Cheerfulness of the Frenchmen.

Dr. Henry M. Field, in the interesting series of letters which he is writing for the *Evangelist*, upon his tour around the world, discourses thus about the cheerfulness of the people of France in contrast with the English or own countrymen:

"What pleases me most in Paris is the general cheerfulness. I do not observe such wide extremes of condition as in Loddon, such painful contrasts between the rich and poor. Indeed, I do not find here such abject poverty, nor see such dark, sullen, scowling faces as I saw in the low quarters of London, which indicate such brutal degradation. Here everybody seems to be, at least in a small way, comfortable and contented. I spoke in a former letter of the industry of the people (no city in the world is such a hive of busy bees) and of their great economy, and this shows itself even in their pleasures of which they are fond, but which they get very cheap. No people will get so much out of so little. What an English workman will spend in a single drunken debauch a Frenchman will spread over a week, and get a little enjoyment out of it every day. It delights me to see how they take their pleasures. Everybody seems to be happy in his own way, and not to be envious of his neighbor. If a man cannot ride with two horses he will go with one, and even if that one be a sorry hack, with ribs sticking out his sides, and that seems just ready for the crows, no matter, he will pile his wife and children into the little, low carriage, and off they go—not at great speed, to be sure, but as gay and merry as if they were the Emperor and his court, with outriders going before and a body of cavalry clattering at their heels. When I have seen a whole family at Versailles or St. Cloud dining on five francs (O no, that is too magnificent; they carry their dinner with them, and it probably does not cost them two francs), I admire the simple tastes which are so easily satisfied, and the miracle-working art which extracts honey from every daisy by the roadside. Such simple and universal enjoyment would not be possible, but for one trait which is peculiar to the French—an entire absence of *mauvaise honte*, or false shame: the foolish pride, which is so common in England and America, of wishing to be thought as rich or as great as others. In London no one would dare, even if he were allowed, to show himself in Hyde Park in such unpretentious turnouts as those in which half Paris will go to the Bois de Boulogne. But here everbody jogs along at his own gait, not troubling himself about his neighbor. 'Live and let live' seems to be, if not the law of the country, at least the universal habit of the people. Whatever faults the French have, I believe they are freer than most nations from 'envy, malice and uncharitableness.' With this there is a feeling of self respect even among the common people that is very pleasing. If you speak to a French servant, or to a workman in a blouse, he does not sink into the earth as if he were an inferior being or take a tone of servility, but answers politely, yet self-respectingly, as if conscious that he too is a man. The most painful thing that I found in England was the way in which the distinctions of rank, which seem to be as rigid as the castes of India, have eaten into the manhood and self-respect of our great Anglo-Saxon race. But here 'a man's a man,' and especially if he is a Frenchman, he is as good as anybody."

Dr. Holland on Elevators—Moral, Physical and Educational.

This is an epoch of elevators. We do not climb to our rooms in the hotel; we ride. We do not reach the upper stories of Stewart's by slow and patient steps: we are lifted there. The Simplon is crossed by a railroad, and steam has usurped the place of the Alpen-stock on the Rhigi. The climb which used to give us health on Mount Holyoke, and a beautiful prospect, with the reward of rest, is now purchased for 25 cents of a stationary engine.

If our efforts to get our bodies into the air by machinery were not complemented by our efforts to get our lives up in the same way, we might not find much fault with them; but in truth, the tendency everywhere is to get up in the world without climbing. Yearnings after the infinite are in the fashion. Aspirations for eminence—even ambition for usefulness—are altogether in advance of the willingness for the necessary preliminary discipline and work. The amount of vaporing among young men and young women, who desire to do something which somebody else is doing—something far in advance of their present powers—is fearful and most lamentable. They are not willing to climb the stairway; they must go up in an elevator. They are unable or unwilling to recognize the fact that, in order to do that very beautiful thing which some other man is doing, they must go slowly through the discipline, through the maturing process of time, through the patient work which have made him what he is, and fitted him for his sphere of life and labor.

To get a high position without climbing to it, to win wealth without earning it, to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance, to be famous, or useful, or ornamental without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire of the young.

There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him and he remains humble and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top, in this little world, is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware."

Servants in India.

Indian housekeeping is at once very simple and paradoxically complex. The fact that all servants are on board wages, from the moonshee, who takes a temporary engagement as secretary or tutor, down to the humblest punkah-wallah or grass-cutter, renders it comparatively easy for a master to know his expenses. But then there is something bewildering in the subdivision of labor, in having to harbor tailors and cobblers, washermen and watchmen, and florists and sweepers. It is perplexing to find that every servant so well knows his or her place that a palki-bearer would scorn to fetch a pitcher of water; that hereditary poultry-keepers attend the hens; hereditary grooms the horses; and that not a meal can be cooked, or a carpet spread except by the agency of somebody whose caste points him out as the appropriate person to perform the duty. An English resident, also, is apt to be puzzled by that habit of the native domestics, strange to our notions, of collecting around them a clan of relatives, old and young, more or less dependent for sustenance on the monthly wages of the bread-winner. These "followers," like others of their plastic race, are by no means obtrusive, and are content to be tucked away in sheds and huts, or to lie about the passages of some rambling villa, while a pipkin of grain and a spoonful of ghee comprise, with a little cotton cloth, their few wants. But many a Briton unused to the country, yet drawing high pay, must marvel at the number of mouths that he indirectly has to fill, and must feel at times uncomfortably uncertain as to whether he has not made a gigantic mistake in supposing that the monthly payment of a few pounds sterling expunges his liabilities toward his servants, and as to the prospect of a little bill being sent in for all the rice and currie, all the wheat, and pulse, and clarified butter consumed by the domestic army that salaams at his approach. Servants in India have two merits to counterbalance such faults as are inherent in a race remarkable for the subtle ingenuity with which, on occasion, it can cheat and lie. They are grateful, not merely for exceptional kindness, but for the bread and salt that they have eaten; and breach of trust is abhorrent to even the elastic conscience of a Hindoo, so that the very man who takes the lead in plundering the Sahib's store-room, when pitting his wits against the duller fancy of his European employer, may be rendered honest by being appointed dragon in ordinary over the treasures it contains.—*All the Year Round.*

Scientific Men.

The families are usually large to which scientific men belong. But the number of their own children is comparatively small, confirming the common belief in a tendency to the extinction of the families of men who work hard with the brain. The results derived from the study of heredity are apt to be disappointing, on account of the difficulty of obtaining good historical portraits. Even the value of these is diminished by the passion of distinguished persons for uniforms, wigs, robes, and other draperies, which indicate their office, but conceal the man. But there can be no doubt that certain families exhibit remarkable intellectual abilities through a course of several generations. Of this the Darwin family afford a striking illustration. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the celebrated living naturalist, was a physician, physiologist, and poet. His "Botanic Garden" had a prodigious reputation in its day. The ingenuity of his numerous writings is remarkable. He was held in high esteem by his scientific friends, including such celebreties as Priestley and Watt, and was a man of great vigor, humor and geniality. In the second generation his son, Charles Darwin, who died at the age of twenty-one, had already achieved an honorable distinction in medical science. Robert Waring Darwin, (the father of the present Charles) was a physician of great provincial celebrity, and a shrewd observer. Another brother, Sir Francis Darwin, was originally a physician, but for many years lived in a secluded part of Derbyshire, surrounded by animal oddities; half-wild pigs ran about the woods, tamed snakes frequented the house, with other curious appliances for the study of natural history. The third generation is illustrated by the name of Charles Darwin, "whom all scientific men reverence and love, the simple grandeur of whose conclusions is as remarkable as the magnitude and multifariousness of their foundation." Another example of hereditary intellectual aptitude is presented by the Taylors of Ongar. Numerous members of this family have shown a singular combination of literary talent, artistic tastes, mechanical faculty, and religious disposition.

Its founder, Isaac Taylor, went to London with an ambition of an artist, and became a reputable engraver. One of his sons, Charles Taylor, was a learned recluse, and edited Calmet's "Dictionary of the Bible." Another, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, was the author of several educational works, and in the third generation, his son, Isaac Taylor, author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and other works, has been distinguished as a writer of peculiar subtlety of thought, and variety of learning. His sisters, Ann Taylor and Jane Taylor, are well known for their contributions to juvenile literature. The character of the family is amply sustained in the fourth generation by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, author of "Words and Places," and "Etruscan Researches," and by other descendants, both in the male and female line.

Hardening the Constitution.

Men talk about "hardening the constitution," and with that view expose themselves to summer's sun and winter's wind, to strain, and over-efforts, and many unnecessary hardships. To the same end ill-informed mothers souse their little infants in cold water day by day; their skin and flesh and bodies are steadily growing rougher, and thinner, and weaker, until slow fever, or water on the brain, or consumption carries them to the grave, and then they administer to themselves the semi-comfort and rather questionable consolation of its being a mysterious dispensation of nature, when, in fact, nature works no miracle to counteract or follies. The best way we know of hardening the constitution is to take good care of it, for it is no more improved by harsh treatment than a fine garment or new hat is made better by being banged about.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Fathers, Attention!—What ought, what can a mother do, when a good, pleasant careless husband constantly towarts all her efforts to teach or govern the children, and yet cannot be made to see or feel what he is doing?

Let us illustrate and sketch from memory, not imagination:

"Mamma, please give me a piece of pie?"

"No, darling, one piece of pie is enough?"

"Half a piece, please, mamma?"

"No, Freddie, no more?"

"Do give the child a piece; I'll risk it hurting him."

And the mother gave it.

"Mamma, may I go out to play?"

"It's very chilly, and you have a cold."

"Bundle me up warm, mamma, and I won't take cold."

"I fear you will; you must play in doors to-day."

"Just a little while, please mamma?"

"No, Freddie, you must not go out to-day."

"Do let the child go out. What a girl you are making of him. Women never were fitted to bring up boys. Dress him up warm and let him run; it will do him good."

And Freddie went out.

"May I have my blocks in the parlor, mamma?"

"No, Freddie, make your block-houses in the dining-room. Mrs. L. is an invalid, and I want the parlor very quiet."

"I'll be very quiet."

"You will intend to be, but you cannot help making some noise, and as Mrs. L. very rarely goes anywhere I fear she will be very tired; so be a good little boy and play in the dining-room this afternoon."

"I wont make a bit of noise nor tire her one speck."

"You must play in the dining-room, Freddie and not say any more about it."

"Nonsense; it will do her good to see a happy little face; it will give her something besides her own pains and aches to think of. Let him bring his blocks in the parlor."

And he brought them in.

"What a torment that boy has got to be. It's tease, tease, tease, from morning till night. It's enough to wear the patience out of Job! If you don't whip him I will."

And he whipped him.

Query—Who ought to be whipped?—*Mother at Home.*

A Parable.—I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered above all the forest and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of a bog, and a muskrat, digging his hole under it, bit off its roots and it was dead. It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it was so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these limbs and knots to support I don't wonder you died."

"And with my roots, which were my mouth with which to feed, all cut off, too!"

"Yes, but where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he. "I am pretty much like you men! Find out where my limbs come from and you will find where all human sins come from."

"I'll take your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all down to the heart, taking it all off and separating it. The heart was laid bare; it looked like a small rod and about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through the end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb, knot and gnarl started in the heart! Every one was there, and every one grew out the heart. The germ of the starting-point of each one was the center of the heart.

Tribute to a Mother.—Children, said Lord Macauley, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

How Marbles are Made. The chief place of the manufacture of marbles—those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of boys—is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is turned to good paying account by being made into small balls, employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred or two into a small sort of mill which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of eccentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the diametric size is placed over the stones and partly resting upon them. The small block of wood is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called marbles. One establishment, with but three mills turns out sixty thousand marbles each week.

Courtesy in Traveling.

Nowhere is well-bred courtesy, or the lack of it, more observable than in traveling. On the steamboat or in the cars, the quiet observer easily detects those who have been educated under refined influences, or those who, without special cultivation, are possessed of native politeness. It is not education alone, nor wealth, nor high social position, nor costly trappings, that makes one a pleasant traveling companion. There must exist a kindness of feeling toward strangers, a general recognition of equal rights in the comforts and conveniences provided for the public, and a quickened discernment of the needs of others. Summer journeying in crowded boats and cars is a test of both patience and politeness. Thrice happy they who pass nobly through it, for the comfort of companions, and for the reputation of poor human nature in general.

It is safer to be humble with one talent, than proud with ten; yea, better to be a humble worm than a proud angel.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—A fat girl in Rome, N. Y., aged 17, weighs 300 pounds.

—The Onondaga Indian reservation embraces 6,000 acres and a population of 500.

—The colored schools in Memphis have all been turned over to colored teachers.

—The Madge, the new steamboat on Saratoga Lake, made a half mile the other day in [illegible]:32.

—Josh Billings makes a Canadian tour in October and a Southern tour from January to April.

—There are steamboats on the Hudson that have been running every season for forty years.

—A convention of all the grange purchasing agents will be held at Louisville on the 1st of October.

—The Cincinnati Gazette says the drought of 1874 did far more damage than the floods of 1875.

—Clipped gold coins have appeared in Nevada, and Chinamen are charged with the crime.

—The watch factory at Elgin, Illinois, has begun work on 3000 new watches for the English market.

—The Silver King mine in Arizona yields $5000 to the ton of ore, and the McCracken is still richer.

—A Democratic candidate for Vice President exists in the person of ex-Gov. Walker of Virginia.

—The Hon. James G. Blaine has had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by Colby University.

—Robbinstown, Me., boasts that it is so healthy that within a few years it has actually starved out four doctors.

—West Troy, N. Y., has a boat club of young women, but they usually take young men along to do the rowing.

—Mrs. John C. Breckenridge contemplates moving from her old home in Lexington, Ky., to Arkansas, in the autumn.

—A large number of catfish are caught daily in the waters of Lake Champlain. They weigh from ten to thirty pounds each.

—Old people are numerous in Tompkins county, N. Y. In the one little town of Groton there are 150 of them over 79 years of age.

Parker, ex-State Treasurer of South Carolina, who recently escaped from jail, has been recaptured, and was taken to Columbia in irons.

—The colored men at Norfolk, Va., are going into the business of raising singing birds for shipment to the Eastern and Middle States.

—There are 4000 keys to the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company in San Francisco. No company can expect to get on a higher key than this.

—A rope 3,200 feet long, and weighing a ton and a half, was recently shipped by a New Bedford manufacturer to a Titusville oil firm.

—President Grant has conferred upon his biographer, Gen. Badeau, the office of Minister to Belgium. He was formerly Consul General at London.

—Gen. Longstreet has decided to become a citizen of Georgia and to settle in Gainesville in that State, should his family be pleased with the location.

—A volunteer and gratuitous service among the sick children of New York city is proposed by physicians during the months of August and September.

—Bethlehem Penna. comes to the front with the oldest hotel. The Sun tavern was built in 1758. Washington and Lafayette drank from a stone well near.

—The new anti-tramp law is now vigorously enforced in New Hampshire. The vagrants march off to jail and work, and may be kept there for six months.

—Some scamp has been representing himself in Texas as the son of Postmaster General Jewell. This, too, in face of the fact that Mrs. Jewell never had a son.

—Mr. S. T. Van Buren, a son of ex-President Van Buren, has been taken to the Hudson River Hospital for the Insane. His mind has been seriously affected for some time.

—The Knoxville *Press* reports that Mrs. Andrew Johnson, whose condition has been considered quite critical, is slowly recovering from the shock occasioned by her husband's death.

—The New York State debt not covered by sinking funds now amounts to less than $606,000, and it is said that a tax of a quarter of a mill for the next year will wipe out the entire indebtedness.

—Near Mansfield, La., James Means, a reliable planter, and his little sons, killed thirty-seven snakes the other day while clearing up a turnip patch, and it wasn't a good day for snakes either.

—Dr. Schenck, of St. Ann's Church Brooklyn, prefers to stay at home and preach during the heated term, and so lessen the chances of some of his parishioners having to endure a heated term hereafter.

—A co-operative association has been formed among the farmers of Stephenson county, Ill. It already numbers three hundred stockholders. Carroll county has formed a similar organization, with a capital of $5000.

—A Labor Reform State Convention will be held in Worcester, Mass., September 15. The Central Committee complain of the practical nullification of the ten-hour law and want it made a live letter as soon as possible.

—The Rev. J. Sella Martin, the colored preacher, recently delivered a lecture in Cincinnati on the "Future of the Negro." He contended that the Southern negroes were in general industrious, and that they were rapidly improving in this respect.

—Some California railroad builders have discovered in the Cajon Pass a deposit of honey which beats anything ever heard of. It is in the side of a mountain and is thought to represent the labor of 7,566,435,789 bees since the seventeenth year of Confucius.

—Mr. Wm. Coppinger, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, in a recent letter presents some testimony which shows that Liberia is prospering finely. New plantations are developing, commodious dwellings are going up, and the schools and churches are well attended.

—Gen. N. P. Banks, the Hon Alexander H. Rice, and Mr. A. Werth Spates, of Baltimore, have been selected by one thousand Massachusetts ladies to present mementoes of the late Bunker Hill centennial to ladies connected with the Southern soldiery from the States of South Carolina, Virginia and Maryland.

—During the past three years about thirty English and Irish gentlemen have settled in Amelia county, Georgia on estates which in the aggregate amount to nearly 10,000 acres. These colonists have, it is estimated, invested in real and personal property and otherwise between $400,000 and $500,000.