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A WOMAN'S CONCLUSION.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring enclose;
And gained the one out of the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness,—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sin, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand,
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less,—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will know
What strength, must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome,
He has learned who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A lustrous sphere, complete and grand.!

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

IN AFTER YEARS.

Blossy was five years old that wintry morning and her birthday gift was a coral necklace with a diamond clasp. A pretty trifle, and a costly one, for Blossy's father was a millionaire.

Mounted on the cushion of a velvet chair, the dainty little lady surveyed herself in the great pier mirror, clasping and unclasping the necklace about her dimpled neck with all a child's delight over the possession of a new toy.

The voice of the footman from the hall attracted her attention.

"No, sir," he was saying, emphatically; "nothing here for tramps or beggars. Take yourself off."

"I'm not a tramp or a beggar," replied a plaintive voice. "I never begged before in my life; but my mother's so sick, and the baby is freezing—"

"No matter—they all tell that tale—be off!" cried the aristocratic footman, and the hall door closed with a bang.

Blossy hopped from her perch like a sparrow, and was at the front window in a breath, pressing her rosy face and golden curls against the plate glass.

It was snowing, and a keen wind was blowing, and down below on the marble steps a little boy stood, sobbing as if his heart would break.

Blossy could see him through the glass, and her sapphire eyes dilated with childish wonder. She dropped her pretty corals and tugged with all the might of her two fat arms at the heavy sash.

Up it went at last, and the snow came whirling in, almost taking away her breath.

But Blossy did not mind the snow; she faced it bravely, and leaning out, peered down at the little wanderer below.

"Little boy, what's the matter?"

The child, shivering in his threadbare garments, and dreading to go forth into the wintry storm, started up in amazement at the sound of the little bird-like voice. Looking up, framed like a rare picture in the lofty window of the grand Fifth avenue mansion, he saw Blossy's rosy face and flossy curls.

"Little boy," she cried again, "what do you want. What makes you cry?"

"I am hungry, and my mother's sick, and we've no money to buy anything to eat, and the baby's freezing, 'cause we've got no fire," sobbed the little boy.

Blossy's pearl-white brow contracted in a thoughtful frown. What could she do to relieve the little sufferer. Her child's heart was tenderly compassionate. If papa only were at home! But he was off at the great store on Broadway, and Blossy's lady mother, lounging in her elegant boudoir, with a French romance in her hand, was not the woman to take an interest in a street beggar. Blossy's childish instinct told her this; she had no idea of applying to mamma. A dim thought of making a raid on the pantry and the coal-bin filled her curly head, and with an emphatic "You wait little boy," she bounded down from the window.

The coral necklace, glittering on the Turkish rug, attracted her attention. She caught it up with a cry of childish delight and flew back to the window.

"Here," little boy," she cried, "this is my birthday gift, and papa said it cost ever and ever so much; do you run and sell it back, and you'll get heaps o' money, and then your mother won't starve, and the baby won't freeze."

And down through the white, whirling snow, flashed the jeweled necklace, and fell tinkling on the marble steps at the boy's feet. He picked it up, and raised his eyes in a bewildered way to the sweet face above him.

"Run," said Blossy; "run, I say, and sell it back, and buy something for your mother. You may have it, and welcome, and I know papa won't mind."

She heard the nursery-maid approaching, and beat a precipitate retreat, leaving the window open, and the snow drifting in; and the little boy below, not knowing what else to do, closed his cold, brown fingers over the costly trinket and ran home with all possible speed.

The merchant's sumptuous dinner was over, and he sat in his princely drawing-room, with the evening paper before him. His wife, in her satin and jewels, reclined upon a silken divan.

Blossy came tip-toeing down from the nursery, and put her sunny head in at the door.

"Papa, may I come in?"

"Why, yes, pet;" replied the merchant. "I've been expecting you this last half hour."

"No," interposed the mother, from her divan. "Blossy's in disgrace. What do you suppose she did to-day, my dear? She gave that lovely necklace to a beggar—dropped it from the window to a common street beggar! She's enough to drive one insane. Go back to the nursery, you naughty child!"

The merchant arose, and going to the door, took the child in his arms.

"Now, Blossy," he said, resuming his seat, "tell papa all about it."

She hid her face in his bosom, sobbing bitterly.

"I didn't mean to be naughty, papa—indeed I didn't, she said. The little boy cried so, and the footman put him out, and he said he was so hungry, and his mother was sick, and the baby-a-freezing, and I had nothing else to give him, and I was sure you wouldn't mind."

"And I don't mind. You are a good generous little girl!" exclaimed her father, kissing her tear-wet cheeks, "and papa loves you for it, and will buy you another necklace."

"Now then," cried the mother in rising wrath, "what's the use of my authority? You go right against me and uphold that child in all her obstinate ways. I won't put up with it. The idea of tossing jewels to street beggars, and you encouraging her. I will not put up with it!"

"Hush, wife," said the merchant, soothingly; "don't blight the child's best instincts as they they are cropping up. Let her alone."

The indignant lady went rushing from the room, and at the same instant a servant appeared in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but there's a lad out here who will insist on seeing you. I've done my best, but he declares it's important, and won't go."

"Show him in," commanded the merchant.

And in a breath a little boy entered, his well-worn hat in his hand.

"I've come, sir," he began at once, his brown eyes clear and fearless, and extending a little parcel to the merchant as he spoke, "to return this and to beg you not to think bad of me. The little girl there," his fine eyes lighting as they rested on Blossom, still perching on her father's knee, "threw it down to me this morning, and told me to sell it and buy something for my sick mothea. I didn't think about it, and ran off home but mother soon made me see how wrong it was to take it, and I've brought it back, and I hope you won't think bad of me, sir!"

Blossy made a swift clutch at the package, as she slid from her father's knee.

"You sha'n't!" she cried, vehemently, crowding it back into the lad's hand. "You sha'n't give it back—papa says he doesn't care, and I want you to keep it."

"Wait, Blossy," interposed her father. "You shall keep your pretty necklace, and we'll give your little friend something more available. Here, give him this."

He drew out his purse, and took from it a bank bill, which Blossy pounced upon eagerly, and put in the boy's hand. His fine sensitive lips quivered, and a mist dimmed his clear eyes.

"I thank you, sir," he said; "it will be a fortune to my poor mother. But," he added, hesitatingly, "I'm not a beggar—only I couldn't see her and the baby suffer so. If you would let me work—if there was anything I could do. I'm handy boy, sir, if I do say it myself."

The Broadway millionaire's keen gray eyes softened.

"So you would like to work for it, would you?" he said. "Very well; come to my place of business to-morrow morning, and we'll see. Here's my card; can you find the place, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, there's not many places in New York that I can't find."

"Very well, come at ten—ten o'clock sharp. I like boys to be punctual."

"All right, sir—and a thousand thanks to you and the little girl, too."

Blossy pushed forward and put out her dimpled hand.

"Good-by, little boy," she said; "be sure you get your mother plenty o' supper."

Twenty year after that wintry even- a great financial failure shook the commercial world, and some of the best New York firms toppled and went over. With the rest was the great Broadway store, owned by Blossy's father. He failed utterly. The store, the grand Fifth avenue mansion, the plate and jewels, and horses and carriages, all went, and Blossy and father retired from the gay world as poor as the poorest laborer that walked the streets. Her mother had died a year or two previous, and Blossy alone was left to comfort and support her invalid father. For some time his health had been failing and this sudden loss of all laid him prostrate, and an old man whose mind and body were a like enfeebled.

A rare and radiant maiden was our little Blossy—the sweet bud had bloomed into a peerless flower. Bravely enough she met her grave responsibilities, uttering no word of complaint, betraying no sign of weakness or despair.

Her first step was to dispose of her jewels and whatever valuables she possessed, in order to raise funds sufficient to take her father to the seaside. She let them all go—all her pretty, girlish ornament—and the old coral necklace, with the diamond clasp, was among them.

She went down to the sea side with her poor father, but the salt winds did not invigorate him; he sank perceptibly day by day, and one sultry summer night found him dying.

Blossy sat by his bed-side in the little cottage she rented, all her golden hair put back, her white worn face full of an unutterable sorrow Life looked very dreary and desolate to the friendless girl.

"It will soon be over, Blossy," panted the old merchant, "and I should be willing enough to go, but for you. Who will comfort you and take care of you, my poor little girl?"

Blossy choked down a bitter sob.

"Never fear for me, dearest father," she murmured, dropping kisses on his cold brow, "I am young and strong, and Heaven will help me."

A tap at the door interrupted them, and Blossy, upon opening it, faced a tall and handsome gentleman.

He bowed deeply before her.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Ross, for the untimely intrusion. You have forgotten me, no doubt, but your father, my oldest, best friend—"

Blossy uttered a sudden cry, and put out both her hands.

"I know you now," she cried, "and papa has talked of you incessantly. I am so glad you have come."

She led him to the bed-side. The old merchant looked up, and his eyes lit with joy.

"Why, Howard, my boy," he exclaimed, "have you come? and at the very hour of need?"

The young man sat down, and took his old friend's hands in both his own. It required but a few words to tell his story. From the position of errand-boy in the great Broadway store he had grown straight up, and now he was the junior member of a wealthy firm, just returned from Calcutta. Arriving in New York, he had heard of his old benefactor's misfortunes, and had lost no time in following him to the seaside. But he found him beyond all mortal help.

"My days are numbered," said the old merchant, solemnly, "I am willing to go, only for Blossy—who will care for her?"

The young man's bronzed cheeks flushed, and his handsome eyes grew eager and wistful.

"Mr. Ross," he said, his voice unsteady, "she shall never need a friend while I live. And," he added, hesitatingly, "if I might hope that she would ever come to regard me as her nearest friend! Oh, sir, since that wintry morning years and years ago, when I stood in the snow, a poor, little beggar, and she looked down upon me like an angel and dropped her pretty jewel at my feet—since that hour I have loved her. Her sweet face has been the one inspiration of my life. The hope, that one day I might be found worthy to win her regard has been my incentive in all I have accomplished. If you will permit—if she will—I will promise to shield her from all sorrow and care."

"Blossy, little daughter, what do you say to this?"

Blossy was weeping, with her face hidden in the pillows, but at her father's call she put out her hand. He took it, and placing it within the young man's, clasped them closely together.

"'What God has joined together, let no man put asunder,'" he said solemnly. My children, may the merciful Father bless you. Now I can die in peace."

A few hours later the old merchant's soul took flight; and, hand-clasped, the newly-plighted lovers kept their solemn vigil by the dead.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Queer, Though True—Under the Iron Heel—He Knows Them—Prior to Penance—Used Their Feet, Etc.

Mirth is catching, so they say.
My wife takes things the other way.
When I am sober, she is gay.
And vice versa: strange to say,
When I get jolly.
She's melancholy.

—*Puck.*

UNDER THE IRON HEEL.

Teacher—"Where is Ireland?

Smart Pupil—"Under England."—*Judge.*

USED THEIR FEET.

De Marcus—"Why did he call it a collection of fugitive verses?"

St. Agedore—"Probably because they escaped from the pen."—*St. Joseph News.*

A MEAN REMARK.

Miss Angy New—"Miss Oldun told me that she was afraid of the dark.

Miss Vera Cutting—"That's strange. I should think she would be more afraid of the light."

PERFECTLY ACCURATE.

"I thought you said this house had an extra large yard? It's only four feet deep."

"Well, the ordinary yard is only three feet."—*Puck.*

PRIOR TO PENANCE.

He (on his knees)—"Miss Watelong—Edith—I am too full to speak. I—"

She (anxiously)—"Go on, Mr. Bullton. Do not wait until you sober up."—*Washington Star.*

ALL HE KNEW.

Mrs. Henpecque—"What do you know about women, anyhow?"

Mr. H. (meekly)—"Nothing, my dear, or I would be a bachelor now, perhaps."—*Washington Star.*

HE KNOWS THEM.

She—"I'm awfully homely. And you think so, too!

He—"I believe that what you think about it is true. What you think about it—not what you say about it."—*Life.*

IRRESISTIBLE.

Trivvet—"I hear you have resigned all claims to Miss Dingbatt's hand."

Dicer (sadly)—"Yes. She asked for the resignation herself, and I never could deny her anything."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE PARSON'S SMILE.

"Your engagement this evening, John," ventured the clergyman's wife, "is of a binding nature, I presume."

"Particularly so, Mary, I have a marriage ceremony to perform."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PLEADING A TECHNICALITY.

She—"You have deceived me. Didn't you tell me you loved me?"

He—"No, I was very guarded about that. I only told you I worshiped the ground you walked on."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

SHORT ALL AROUND.

Wife (tentatively)—"The stringency in money is about over now, isn't it, dear?"

Husband (shortly)—"Yes, over everything I have anything to do with."—*Washington Star.*

GLEANINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By the action of the Italian National Bank, the principal creditor of the Borghese family, the seizure and sale of their famous collection of paintings, a Rome correspondent says, is rendered unavoidable. The picture gallery contains 1,700 paintings, at least thirty of which are the productions of great masters, such as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Andrea de Sarto, Domenico and Albert Durer. A sum of £320,000 is asked for the collection.

On the Himalaya Mountains, fields of barley are cultivated and brought to perfection 11,500 feet above the sea.

An idea of the intense cold of parts of Siberia is manifest by the fact that Yakutsk is built on ground that is perpetually frozen to the depth of 612 feet.

THE COSEY CORNER.

HINTS AS TO ITS CONSTRUCTION,—THE USE OF CURTAINS AND RUGS.—DINNER TABLE DECORATION.—THE BRASS BEDSTEAD.

The "cosey corner" is getting to be as much a feature of the modern drawing room as were a few years ago the cold marble-topped centre-tables, with their sepulchral suggestiveness, but with this difference, that whereas the centre tables presented no variety, the cosey corners are as individual and distinctive as the women who evolve and in many cases execute them. These corners are quite as frequently arranged out of a corner as in one, a window affording a delightful nucleus, the shallow alcove between the two closets which adorn most back parlors of old-style houses lending itself delightfully to the treatment and a square of the entrance hall having wonderful possibilites in this direction.

One clever little housewife glorified the most hopelessly prosaic square-toed parlor into fairyland with a "glow corner." A fret work of gold fitted across the corner of the room and extending about one-third of the distance from the ceiling to the floor was hung inside with rose colored curtains, which draped in festoons down either side to the floor. The wall paper was of pale rose pink in happy contrast to the dingy walls outside. Queer little shelves of different lengths set crazily one above the other on gilt brackets, held dainty bits of porcelain and bric-a-brac, on one side of the wall; on the other a medallion of Cupid's head stood out against the pink covering. Below, a soft couch in real Turkish fashion filled the corner, composed of innumerable huge cushions, covered with cretonne in Watteau designs and piled one above the other on a low frame of triangular shape. At its head hovered ever a tall, quaint old lamp, with a rose-colored shade, which intensified the glow of curtains and wall covering, but reflected its clear light down upon the couch, so that a person resting there might read easily or by touching a single golden chain extinguish the light for a siesta.

Another extremely pretty effect, involving not only the alcove but the closets of an old-fashioned back parlor, was puzzled out by a housekeeper with an artistic soul and means to gratify its demands. The doors were removed from both closets. Half-way down one closet was fitted in a gold and white cabinet of irregular and fanciful shelves. From a brass rod below it fell an odd curtain of the indescribably soft yellow found only in Liberty silk. Inside were shelves filled with the books of the household, while the cabinet displayed the usual collection of bric-a-brac, to which cabinets owe their creation and success. The other closet was filled to the top with books, save for a space of about two feet, where a lattice in the form of a gigantic gold spider's web supported a drapery of yellow brown damask resplendent with gold broche and lined with yellow. Between the closets the alcove was reduced in height by a fret-work of gold and white. The ceiling was covered with fluted silk gathered to a rosette in the centre. The sides were panelled in white, with gold framing in Louis XV. style, and painted with flower festoons, and dancing fawns and fairies, save the middle panels at the back, which were all of plate glass mirrors The seat was of artistic brocatelle in the Louis XV. brocade, and a folding screen of the same period half shut in its seclusion, but did not wholly conceal its beauty.

Another woman with intuitions quickened by a lack of money, devised a scheme scarcely less effective in that it was inviting in its comfort rather than repellant in its splendor Two old-fashioned spears picked up in her travels were crossed over the alcove space, and over the Gothic arch thus formed were draped two of the Bagdad portieres which can be picked up in any of the shops at comparative small expense. Inside, with the assistance of a cheap carpenter, a couch was constructed the entire length of the alcove, and piled with the gayest, brightest pillows. Some were of cheap blue denim, with bright silk darned work, some of cigar ribbons all in yellow, and some of deep and blue scarlet India silk. The covering of the couch was a rug of fur. Its duplicate covered the floor beneath. The shelves at the back were covered with a collection of pipes, hookas and meerschaums. The only extravagant thing about it was a Japanese lamp of wrought iron with wonderfully painted glass lenses, which diffused a rich, mellow light, and a quaint old Japanese vase, wherein the sacred joss sticks were always giving forth their pungent incense. The little woman who planned it all, upholstered the couch and hung the drapery, arranged it for the comfort of her lord and master, but such a favorite place is it with every guest, that he for whom it was designed says, he doesn't know how it would seem to smoke his afternoon cigar in peace therein.

A lady who is the happy possessor of a collection of beautiful fur rugs of great variety, has sacrificed six feet of her entrance hall to a fur corner. The supports and lattices are all of Moorish architecture, gilded and bronzed. The ceiling is of fluted crimson silk. The walls are covered with the wonderful furs on one side and draped with the crimson silk on the other. An immense tiger skin covers the floor, its mighty head up lifted at the entrance. The couch is of fur heaped with crimson pillows. A censor in the form of a glowing red vase swings from golden chains and is always burning. And here are more pipes and rare jars filled with the weed, and a great, gleaming punch bowl of cut glass which adds its charm to the place, filled with crimson nectar at all high teas and social functions.

Where the window is selected for the centre of the cosey-corner scheme, the lower part should be covered with sash curtains of bright silk, the upper half sets with stained glass, or if that is too expensive, the colored rough-finished glass so much used now in iron settings. The couch is usually replaced here with a broad, low, old-fashioned window seat, which may be of carved or painted wood, cushioned and liberally supplied with pillows. If the house be of stone or brick, the window sill may be broadened out in many cases and cushioned for the seat. A pretty tea table and a screen may then shut in your cosey corner.

Hot water cannot be raised to any considerable height by suction.

Nature repairs her ravages, repairs them with her sunshine and with human labor.

—Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, is worth about $600,000.

CHILDREN OF THE PERIOD.

This is essentially an age of dissatisfaction with all past methods of rule and government, a dissatisfaction which does not expend itself on political forms or religious dogmas only, but goes down to the very root-work of morality, to the very foundations of society, till not the most sacred institution is left untouched. Certain modes of thought and principles of action which have been taught by the wisest men whom the world has known, which have been sanctioned by experience and consolidated by time, the leaders of the iconoclasts deride as effete and attack as tyrannical. All restraints of every kind are fought against, and from the policeman who takes up a drunken woman in the streets, to the law which keeps the marriage tie intact—save under certain specified conditions,—the cry is for individual liberty, "down with all tyrants and tyranny, and let the natural have room for expansion and development."

The dissatisfaction with things as they were, these blind attempts to construct a new human nature on the lines laid down by theorists, have penetrated the nursery and the school-room, and the result here is undoubtedly a new phase of childhood and youth; whether better or worse remains to be determined by experience. So far there is no evidence to show that it has created a more charming race of children than those before them, but on the contrary that they are very much behind the past in manners, unselfishness, discipline and modesty.

The most striking characteristic in the children of the present day is their total want of reverence and of discipline. To call a thing "old" is to pronounce its condemnation, for old is synonymous with unlovely, contemptible, ridiculous and that which is to be disregarded and despised. And this sentiment pervades the whole mental life of the modern child.

(What was all very well for the mother is inadmissible for the young daughter who knows so much better; what "the govenor" stood from his father, young Hopeful will not stand from *his*. But indeed neither "the mater" nor "the govenor" does much in the way of restraint or coercion.) The fashion of the day leans far too much to the side of individual liberty for any thing approaching to the discipline of the past; and from a very early age the modern child is master of the situation. Parental care is confined to the most elementary protection from those far more fatal evils—false principles, moral dangers, protection by enforced restraint—there is little or nothing.

In the nursery and the school-room dike, punishment is out of date. The rod, of course, is not to be thought of, and Solomon was in error when he advocated its use. To send a child to bed is cruel, when fresh air and exercise are so necessary for its well-being. To deprive it of its share of fruit or pudding is to lay too great a stress on the pleasures of the table, and to teach it future gluttony by present abstinence To put it in the corner is to destroy its sense of self-respect. To omit the nightly caress is to sin against the Scripture, which enjoins the angry man not to let the sun go down on his wrath; and how would you feel if the poor little thing died suddenly in the night?

The same may be said of any proposed form of coercion. According to these mollusks, no child should be made to do what it does not like to do. It never occurs to these people that childhood is the period of education; that judicious training can make a fine creature out of inferior material, while injudicious indulgence can do just the reverse. They ignore all the good old maxims, such as "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," etc. The child is to them the father of the man, and the father is not to be coerced.

We all know families where the children are absolutely unfettered. From the beginning the rule is liberty.

The whole mischief, sad to relate, lies in the parents. The children are plastic material, to be worked into such shape as the parents will, but what can be expected when the normal rule is one of weakness, indulgence, absence of restraint, lack of coercion and a general predominance given to the children over every one in the house? From the first, these children are taught to consider themselves of supreme importance, that life is made up for them and them only.

They have not their own little world apart, where they are cared for in subjection to the larger needs of the adults; but their needs rule those of the adults, and they are worshiped as so many little idols, complete in themselves, rather than loved for what they are and what under good management they may become. Of late, too, what seems to us a most mischievous and disastrous innovation has been made in newspaper editing. We allude to the "Children's Column," where little people as yet unformed and untaught, are invited to send their drawings or their written compositions for publication and prizes. What can be the mature fruit of such untimely forcing? It is destruction to all quiet modesty, to all deep-rooted growth, and to all thoroughness, all love of work and art for their sake only.

To foster the vanity of display in children, not yet in their teens, seems about one of the most iniquitous methods of making money, for that is really what it means, that has ever been devised. It is of no use to condemn the young people for manners, habits, and qualities which the parents and guardians force, encourage, and foster in every direction. With the crude essays of little children published in serious earnestness, and their unformed productions rewarded as of intrinsic merit, with lads put into the responsible position of experienced men, we have surely laid the match to the mine, and the virtues which have ever been considered needful for the young will soon be among the things that have vanished forever.

The whole thing hangs together. The relaxation of domestic discipline; the inability of the young people of the period to do what they do not like to do, or to give up what they want; their notoriously rude and clumsy manners; their as notorious want of self-restraint or reverence; their bold bearing and fatal independence; the vanity which runs through the world of the young, evidenced in a thousand ways, but chiefly in their contempt for all counsel, and in their marvelous assertions; the immoral doctrines preached by the revolutionary press, appealing as it does to the surging passions and heady self-conceit of the young; the immoral practices resorted to by certain other portions of the press in fostering the vanity of the immature and treating the half educated as if fully equipped—all this is the root work of the new flower of juvenile predominance—the cause of the "bad manners" we all see and know. Therefore when we come upon some sweet, modest girl whose beauty is enchanced by her bashfulness, and whose sweetness of compliance speaks eloquently of her domestic training, when we find her capable, industrious, thoughtful for others, courteous, well-bred, our heart goes out to her involuntarily, and we not only love but thoroughly respect her The same may be said of the boy who combines with a boy's freer instincts the sweet modesties of his age and that noble kind of deference which promises both the power of governing others as well as that of self-government. Again when we see a group of little children, brimming over with health and animal spirits, but in due subordination to the dear mother who loves them too well to spoil them, and who thinks that, till they can walk (morally) alone that they are best guided into good ways, we thank Heaven for the remnant still left among us—the remnant of wise parents who bring up their children for charm in the present and nobility in the future, and who are the good sea walls standing between the surging tide of folly and the fertile lands of Wisdom and Delight.

GOVERNMENT NOTES—GOLD COINS AND PENNIES.

Perhaps many of our readers do not know that all our government note paper is made in a large factory situated at Dalton, Mass., and that any one who desires, can go in and see the workmen place the blue silk on the machine that makes the paper for the United States notes. The silk comes in spools and is made by the Belding Co., of Northampton, Mass. This silk-thread idea is secured by letters patent, but the real secret, the making of the paper, the compound of the ingredients, is known only to Mr. J. Murray Crane who received the art from his father, who made bonds for Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, in war times.

The linen pulp, looking like any linen pulp, is in a large room which Mr. Crane, with a small satchel in hand, enters alone, and locks the door. In half an hour's time he comes out, and then the pulp is put into the paper machine, but it has been materially changed by that visit, and no one has ever been able to penetrate the secret. About fifty times as much is paid for this paper as for any other paper made in the same mill. In a talk about Treasury notes the other day the question came up about the weight of a dollar bill. To test the matter, scales of perfect accuracy were employed, and the discovery was made that twenty-seven one-dollar notes weighed just as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece, the latter balancing five hundred and forty grains. The bills weighed were perfectly new, but a trial made with soiled notes, such as are sent in for redemption, showed that twenty-seven of them weighed much more than the twenty dollar coin. This fact is due to the accumulation of dirt that every note acquires during its brief existence, thus rendering it perceptibly heavier.

Gold was first coined and made legal tender for debts (current money of the realm) by Henry III. who had large quantities of gold that was not in demand for business purposes till thus made into coin and declared to be fiat money, as whatever is legal tender for debts is fiat money.

It was Henry III. who first coined copper into money for small transactions, and by fiat or decree declared copper to be money when thus coined under his stamp, representing official power. This was in 1762. The gold coins put forth by Henry III. and by him sold as legal tender to those wishing such, were pure gold without alloy. In 1680 tin was coined into legal tender money, and for all debt-paying purposes went side by side with gold coins at the face, fiat or representation as a debt payer, and the tin mines of Cornwall were largely worked to bring forth the tin metal that was coined into legal tender fiat money. The small coin, the farthing, was made from the product of the Cambrinus mines, and each of these little coins and a small stud of copper set in the centre, virtually as a trade mark. In 1690 and 1691 England was largely supplied with these tin coins, but the copper combination secured a fiat of the king, demonetizing tin coins, and thus the copper producers shoved their metal into the mints and brought out coins which they sold as legal tender.

The first coin ever issued in this country was the old-fashioned cart-wheel cent. The first issue was in 1793, and there were three dies made. In the year 1795 the liberty cap was changed to the fillet head, and these were issued regularly for thirteen years, when the Goddess of Liberty appeared on the face of the coin, with thirteen stars surrounding it. With the single exception of the year 1815, there has been no break in the issue of cents from that time to the present.

But what becomes of all the pennies? This seems to be an unanswerable puzzle, for it is very much with them as it is with the pins—no one knows where and how they disappear. Yet they vanish in some fashion. Last year the Philadelphia Mint coined 91,000,000 pennies, but they did not begin to supply the never-satisfied demand for more.

Bronze cents are subject to more accidents than happen to any other United States coins. It is said that a penny changes hands in trade ten times for once that a dime passes from one pocket to another. Being of small value, these little pieces are not taken much care of. There are a thousand ways in which they get out of circulation, and thus the minting of them has to be continually kept up.

The metal blanks from which they are made, by the simple process of stamping, are turned out for Uncle Sam by contract, by a factory in Connecticut at the rate of a thousand for $1. As they come from the machines, fresh and new, they look like glittering gold.

One may form a notion of the number of pennies lost, from the history of old half cents. Of these, 800,000 were issued a few years ago. Where are they now? A few are in the cabinets of coin collectors. None have been returned to the mint for recoinage or are held by the Treasury. No one sees them in circulation, and all of them, except some hundreds saved out by curio hunters have absolutely disappeared. Of the old copper pennies, 119,000,000 still remain unaccounted for, save that once in a long while one sees a specimen. There are more than 3,000,000 bronze two cent pieces somewhere out of 4,500,000 that the Government issued.

Of nickel three-cent pieces, nearly 2,000,000 are yet outstanding, although it is seldom that one of them is seen.

And so the question, "what becomes of all the pennies" still remains unsolved.

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

A buy-word—"How much?"

Why hasn't the debt of nature been paid; she's got the rocks?

A girl will naturally express a candied opinion of the young man who is constantly bringing her confectionery

Girls solemnly promise to be the wives
Of doctors, lawyers or business men,
But when the wedding day arrives
The minister usually marries them.

First Newspaper Man—"Did you do any literary work on your voyage across?" Second Newspaper Man—"Yes, I contributed extensively to the Atlantic."

"I hear that young Lazie passed his examination in anatomy with honors; did he have a private tutor?" "No, he went in bathing every day at Asbury Park."

Accepted Suitor—"Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven?" Interesting Widow—"I don't expect to meet either of them there."

Omaha Wife—"I see that even Sullivan is a monopolist." Husband—"So? I thought he was among the strikers." Wife—"No, all of his 'mills' are in 'the ring.'"

"Are you fond of diamonds, Mr. De Smythe?" said a young lady. "Well," said he, absent-mindedly, "that would naturally depend on what was trumps, wouldn't it?"

Mr Oldbeau—"And your husband?" Widow—"In heaven these two years." Mr. Oldbeau—"I'm shocked at the news! He and I used to go out together. I never would have dreamed it."

"Pa" (inquired Bobby, as they were returning from a revivalist meeting), "why, do those people shout so loud; is God deaf!" "No, Bobby, but in a case of that kind, He is a good way off."

"I really don't see what is the matter with my razor today. It is so dull that it don't cut at all," said Johnny's pa. "Why, pa," said Johnny, "it was sharp the other day, when I used it to make a ship with."—Epoch.

"Mrs. MacPowers, don't be afther pokin' yer tongue out at me, but act loike a lady for wunst an' come outside the door for a moment an' o'ill make the ugly face o' you look loike the Pan Handle Route to Chicago!"

"What on earth is the matter with that razor?" shouted the victim, as he writhed in the barber's chair. "Deed, sah, dere isn't nuffin' de mattah wuf de razah, but you whiskahs sutny acks ez if dey'd bin nickel plated."

Sharpe—"Just give that messenger call a whirl, will you?" Clerk—"Yes, sir. What shall I tell the boy when he comes?" Sharpe—"Send him around to the telephone office to notify them that I want to use the telephone."—America.

Multiplying the candle power—"Miss Kelly, Oi notice yez got yez a new mirror." "Yis; Oi thought 'twould be more econemy to buy wan to set the candle in front av, soze to have two candles than to burn a kerochine lamp."—Judge.

Mrs. Coldtea—"We must plan an extra fine dinner for tomorrow. It is Mr. Coldtea's birthday. Let me see; what shall we have for the piece de resistance?" New boarder—"Why not have the usual piece de resistance—the steak?"—America.

Pity her husband—City dame (who has bought a little farm)—"Mary, all those fresh eggs are soft, go out in the barn and see if some of the chickens haven't laid some hard-boiled eggs; I'm going to make a salad." Mary—"Yes, mum."—From Time.

"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems to be uncommon sweet on you lately." "Perhaps, so, father; but his hair is so red that——" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that there is very little of it."—Judge.

Coming home from a picnic: John—"But, now, look a here, Suse, do you doubt that I love you?" Susan—"Not a bit of it, John, I know you wouldn't have squandered sixty cents for ice cream and things unless you were in dead earnest."—Rochester Post Express.

Perils of the Summer Outing—Mr. Dudley Spunger—"Oh, I say, chappie, we cawn't stay here. My tailor's registered and I owe him a cool hundred." Mr. Flashly Borem—"I'm with you, old man, I borrowed fifty of Charley Lawrence yesterday, and he's here, too."—Boston Beacon.

Something wrong—A child who had just mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, because, she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my many days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at 7 o'clock."—Times of India.

"I don't believe you have been to the Sunday school. You've been in swimming. Your hair is wet and your trousers are hindpart foremost." "Well you see, mar, I was runnin' so hard to Sunday school that my head got wet wid perspiration, and then I fell down, and I was going so fast I turned over in my trousers."

The Bitter Before the Sweet.—Jimmy—"Mamma, I wish you'd lick me real good and hard." Mother (surprised)—"Whip you! Why, Jimmy, you haven't done anything wrong, have you?" Jimmy—"No; but me an' Bill Jones are goin' swimmin,' and you know you told me you'd lick me if I went, so I thought I'd enjoy the swim a good deal better if you'd do it beforehand."—Lawrence American.

We owe the invention of visiting cards to the Chinese. They were first used during the Tong dynasty (618-907). The present Chinese visiting card is large enough to fold twice and is bright red in color.

The great steel bridge across the Columbia River at Vancouver, British Columbia, will be 5,000 feet in length and erected on pneumatic tubes. The estimated cost of the structure is $4,00 ,000.

There are thirteen regiments of heavy cavalry in the British army.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Chili extends 2600 miles on the Pacific coast.

—A New York society collects garments for the poor.

—The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth $100,000.

—The British Parliament has met at eleven places besides Westminister.

—Soundings to the depth of 26,700 feet have been made on the coast of Africa.

—Prospectors in Oregon have recently discovered the only mine of pure platinum in existence.

—During the past year the water of the great lakes has been lower than at any time in twenty years.

—Apples were worth from 12 1-2 to 25 cents each in the region of Henry VII. of England.

—In the Solomon Islands the market quotation on a "good quality" wife is 10,000 cocoanuts.

—The Persian carpets which adorned the halls of the Shah's palace at Teheran have been in use for 200 years.

—A young man serving on jury in Iowa received leave of absence long enough to get married.

—The longest and heaviest train ever carried over any road in this country consisted of 225 loaded four-wheel coal cars on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

—The telephone line recently completed between Manitou and Pike's Peak in Colorado is probably the highest in the world.

—Fire-proof and time-proof books, with leaves and covers of sheets of asbestos, and printing in gold and silver letters, have been suggested.

—There is a tradition that Erichthonius of Athens built the first war chariot about 1586 B. C. At the time of the Exodus (B. C. 1491) Pharaoh had 600 war chariots.

—Surveyors at work on the Gila River in Mexico claim that they have discovered a mountain of pure alum a mile square at the base and 3000 feet high.

—Colonel Will Watts has just put up a hame-string factory and is making hame strings of snake hides. It is a fine two-story building situated at the town of Igo, Ga., known as the Igo hame string factory.

—Miss Connor O'Brien, a Melbourne (Australia) journalist, read a paper before the Austral Salon, which is a ladies' club, to prove that "woman is the equal of man in almost every sphere of life."

—The Empress of Austria has ordered that 50,000 rose trees should be planted round the statue of Heine, to be erected on her property at Corfu, on a rock over two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

—Prof. Blake of the Kansas State University professes to have discovered that rainfalls are artificially produced, not by the noise of explosions, but by the dust they kick up.

—A remarkably ingenious and simple orange and lemon peeler is now being introduced by which it is claimed 1000 oranges may be peeled without soiling finger or glove or losing a drop of juice.

—Recent reports from the Salton Sea, in the Colorado Desert, California, are to the effect that there is no marked diminution of the water, notwithstanding the enormous evaporation, and it seems to have come to stay.

—A great obstacle to the manufacture of lead pencils will soon arise in the scarcity of soft cedar wood. At present the wood used in all the lead pencils in the world comes from Florida, and that supply is expected to be exhausted within five years.

—For choice mahogany, which is one of the chief articles of export from Honduras, London pays $175 per thousand superficial feet. Rosewood brings about $40 per thous