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BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

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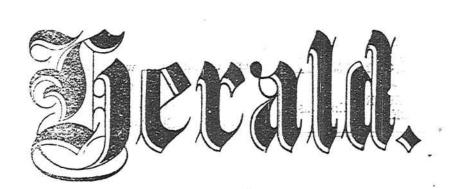
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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1878.

No. 20.

buff boots, who hung against the

wall, and as I sunk into an uneasy

slumber, he seemed to step down

from the canvas, and tell me a jum-

ble of Cour-de-Leon and William

the Conqueror; Edward the Con-

fessor, Jane Shore, and the great

their heads, and good Queen Bess,

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Poetry.

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BREVITY OF LIFE, "We must try and bring you

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE. up,"-cheerfully. My life is like the summer rose,

That opens to the morning sky, But ere the shads of evening close, Is scatter'd on the ground-to die! Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed As if she wept the waste to see-But none shall weep a tear for me!

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> My life is like the prints, which feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand; Soon as the rising tide shall beat, All trace will vanish from the sand; Yet, as if grieving to efface All vestige of the human race,

On that lone shore loud moans the sea, But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Selected Story.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"Yes, I think I may say withboasting that this is the model school of the State, and Terry is its model Clarence

Mr. Pigeon, as he spoke, glanced by "Oulda."

231 The Prairie, by J. Fenimore Cooper. 10c
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234 The Tender Recollections of Irene at a slight, tall boy at the head of

"Always first. Recites page after page without the break of a syllable. Obedient, gentlemanly: In short sir, if you discover a fault in that boy, you must have keener eyes than mine."

242 The Three Feathers, by Wm. Black. 10c 243 Daisy Nichol, by Lady Hardy. 10c 244 The Three Guardsmen, by A. Dumas 20c 245 Jack Manly, by James Grant. 10c 246 Peg Woffington, by Charles 1 It was Mr. Pigeon's last day in the academy. He had been ap-Farjeon. 10c 249 Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. "Ouida." 10c 250 No Name, by Wilkie Collins. 20c pointed to a professorship in a college, and the new teacher, Mr. Any of the above books will be ordered Nagle, had arrived to take his place. Mr. Pigeon, in fact, was inaugurating him in his office.

"Here is the roll of names," he said. "I have added a remark to each which may give you a hint Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culterwell's Celebraof the character of the boys. You TED ESSAY on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMA-

will find it useful." Mr. Nagle looked it over. tary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epi-

" John Steele'-which is John ny?" Steele?" he asked. "TL loutish, red-haired lad at

the end of the bench. You'll observe the vacancy in his face." Now opposite John Steele's

name was written, "The good-fornothing." As the boys changed class, Mr.

certain, and effectual by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Pigeon whispered, "I am almost forced to believe that that boy's Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six mind is impenetrable-so far as knowledge goes."

Mr. Nagle paid more attention to John Steele than to any other boy that afternoon. It was undeniably a bad case. He was in the first page of the Latin grammar, while the other boys of his age were reading Virgil.

John stumbled over the first declension, breaking down invariably in the vocative. He bounded France by Russia, and moved Canada in a lump down to South America

Mr. Pigeon had a taste for poetry: he read with fine effect, and was anxious that his boys should acquire the same taste. He was in the habit of reading some brief poems to them at the close of the morning's exercises. To-day he chose Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." The boys were encouraged to give their opinions on it.

"How does this poem affect you, To the Traveling Public. Clarence?" asked Mr. Pigeon. "They are most noble verses,

sir," said the lad, fluently. "We might take some of them as a motto for our lives." "Very true. Good criticism.

And what did you think of them, vants polite and attentive, he hopes to give satisfaction. A. W. T. S. MMONS.

Mar. 28, 13—tf.

John?"
"Didn "Didn't think anything."

"You must have some glimmer of an idea about them." John's freckled face grew red.

"What was it. Out with it." "Any man's a fool to be spendin' his time making footmarks on the sand," burst out John. "Why didn't he build somethin'-somethin' that wouldn't wash away?"

Mr. Nagle smiled, and looked at Mr. Nagle smiled, and looked at the boy, puzzled. He managed to talk to most of the boys separately during recess, and among A clean shave, a neat cut, and polite attention guaranteed. May 3, 18-tf. the rest to John.

"I am sorry to see you so low in

"Mostly foot."

"You can't do it. sir,"-looking him straight in the eye, and speakwith a ready decision that startled the teacher. "I study more than any boy here. But I can't learn. I'm of no account, Mr. Pigeon says,"

Mr. Nagle was very patient fore they see us from the shore." weeks, he, too, began to despair. lowed his advice. John was not The boy seemed to have absolute- a Latinist and no poet, but he had ly no memory for words, and very one quality which made him a ting air of the ocean to those rolittle for ideas. If a rule in arith- leader just then. metic or a fact in history was hammered into his head to-day, by | broke up, and Mr. Nagle found to-morrow it was sure to be gone. himself in the rushing current, As far as this poor brain was con but was picked up by one of the nature preferred a vacuum.

One day John's mother called on Mr. Nagle. She was a little, terrified faces. As he was lifted anxious woman, dressed in deep on shore, he saw a boy dragged nourning.

boy ?" she said, with tears coming | wild cry. to ber eyes. "He is all I have. see him in some profession."

"I will do all I can," promised | you again!" he sobbed. Mr. Nagle. But his heart sank

ing yellow clay giving him an uncertain foothold.

ing to urge him by dragging at rule. the reins. All the others were tative voice.

and put them in the trench!" Surely that was John's voice.

In five minutes the poor beast lently. had struggled out, with the help

of two or three planks. He limped as he was led off. Nobody noticed this but John.

lifting the horse's foot he picked prying into my press for, any out a stone from it with a little how?" tool which he took from his filled with little tools and queer, tiny mechanical contrivances.

"Who made them, John?" said | hands in his pockets. his teacher. "I did, sir,"-looking stupid

The next day, about dusk, Mr. Nagle was in the ferry-boat which crossed the river at that point. Several of his pupils were on

board, coming back from a match of the explosion. I'd like to take of base-ball; among them Clarence | him, with me and teach him my When half way across the river, there was a loud explosion, and Mr. Nagle found himself clinging

to the deck rail, his legs in the The boiler had burst with such force that the boat was shattered. A portion of the deck had parted gine builders, was plaintiff. from the hulk as the latter sank In the cours of the suit, he be-

was on floated down stream.

clung to it. The night fell fast. The shore was but a fast receding recognition. dark line, with red twinkling

was, and brought it down. "Give me that!" shrieked Clarence. "Oh, give it to me! I can't swim!"

"It's for this woman." There was but one woman among them, and she was old and

help! We're drowning!"

"Give it to me, I say? Help,

He seized the life-preserver. John quietly took it from him, "I'm always there," promptly, and buttoned it about the old woman's waist.

Then he began to drag out one or two benches and boxes that were in the cabin.

Mr. Nagle noticed how cool and alert the boy was in spite of his deadly paleness and trembling. "We had better tie ourselves to these." he said. "This deck is so

Mr. Nagle, without a word, fol-

A few moments later, the deck who delight in . cerned, it certainly seemed as if boats which were out in search of the victims,

The banks were lined with pale, out of the water, and a poor little "Can you do nothing with the woman in black fly to him with a

"I'm all-all right, mother," His father is dead. I hoped to gasped John; and then he cried give him a classical course, and to on her breast like the child that he was. "I thought I'd never see

Now there had been a stranger on board .- a queer, wizened little Leaving Mrs. Steel, he went | man with a foxy wig. This man, down into the village street. A who was among the saved, took crowd had collected about a trench | up his quarters at the village inn, which had been dug for some pur- and presently there arrived by expose. The doctor's horse had press a mysterious engine or falllen into it, and was struggling | pump, directed to him, which was desperately to get out, the shelv- placed in the hall way of the inn.

It seemed to have a curious fascination for John. He spent half Some of the men had struck his leisure time poring over it,him cruelly, and some were try- measuring the tubes with his inch

In front of the case there was a looking on solemnly, with their square of plate-glass. Now it hands in their pockets. Just then happened that one day, while Mr. Nagle heard a clear, authori- John was relaxing his mind by a game of ball in the street, he "Help me bring these planks threw the ball plump into this costly bit of glass.

The other boys ran, and John To his surprise, the men listened | ran too, -but only for a few steps to him. "What's yer idee, John- Then he went to his savings-bank, and took out the money which "The horse can help himself | was meant for the holidays. He better than all of you can drag presented himself before the old him, only give him a solid foot- man, who was looking at his shattered glass and taking snuff vio-

"I did that, sir. There is the money for it. Will it be enough ?" "Oh, you did it, eh?" scowling at him. "Well, give me the "Stop a moment," he cried, and money. What are you eternally

"It's not a press. It's a pump. pocket; for John's pocket was I understand it all but that wheel I can't make out what that wheel is there for," starting for it, his

The old man talked to John awhile. That evening he called on Mrs. Steele, and sent up his card. "Peter Copley, Machinist." "I've had my eyes on your boy, ma'am." be said, abruptly, "for some time. Noticed him the night

trade. He has a sound, practical head, that boy," Mrs. Steele accepted the offer,

and went with her boy. Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Nagle, then a judge in the Supreme Court, tried a case in which the firm of Copley and Steel, en-

to the bottom of the river. There came acquainted with the junior was a frantic struggle for life. member of the firm, a man of Then the portion of the wreck he high standing in his business, and of equally high repute as a man of About a dozen of the passengers | probity and honor.

One day there was a sudden "John Steele, the ?"-

"Good-for-nothing? Yes," said Upon the shattered deck cabin John, with a laugh; "and no better acquainted with the classics or a single life perserver. John saw it, climbed like a cat to where it belles-lettres than then, judge. had but one talent, and I came very near burying it for life. Whenever I hear a boy despond because he has not a dozen talents I say, 'Look for the one talent, boy! Look for the one!"" [Monthly Companion.

> However little we have to do, let us do that little well.

Miscellaneous.

FROM LONDON.

Arrival in London-Queer Lodgings-The Great University Race-Sights and Scenes in London Life-Brother Jonathan

shattered it will go to pieces beit off by the earliest ocean mail. Six days of continuous storm had made me long for the sight of land, and I felt perfectly content to leave the unstable footing and exhilara-

'A life on the ocean wave.' "The cry of 'Land !' sent a thrill through the passengers and crew, and all crowded forward to catch a glimpse of Holyhead, and the grim western coast of Albion. The day were parting from the American coast, followed us into the chops of the Channel and up the Mersey, even to the docks of Liverpool. delay as possible. The inspection passed, I jumped into a hansom (cab), and in a few minutes was comfortably quartered in the Northwestern Hotel. Liverpool has a brightness of the gin-shops. Squalid misery, hopeless poverty, wretchedness unspeakable, meet everywhere; it is not only in the by-ways and the slums, but on all

eyes. They look as though they hammers seem to shake the very earth, as they build those gigantic the great docks which have no parallel on the face of the globe. Magnificent public buildings surround you, but they look dark and grim and sooty, completely destroying the sense of beauty which would otherwise attach to them. The magnitude and solidity of everything astonishes you; in the bridges and archways and tremendous walls of masonry the work looks as though it might have been performed by a race of Titans long since extinct, instead of the Pigmies you see laboring by the wayside. From Liverpool to London the being entirely finished—it seems as my way to quarters just back of granite base to the grandest of Stars and Stripes, but I should

BROADBRIM'S LETTER

Abroad, &c., &c. "My last letter was begun and

finished on the sea, in order to get nose; of Guy Fawkes and the Lord tablet to the memory of two hummantic young ladies and gentlemen awoke. The masery of a London the testimony that all of Christian Welsh mountains which guard the whose cry of want is unceasing. the Imperial surroundings of this was raw and chilly; the fierce east- of humanity rolled down Oxford be a madman or a fool who can erly storm, which had met us as we Street and the Strand. Women, wander from day to day among Inloaded with vegetables or fish. The debarkation was quickly made; keys about the size of a Newfound other lands, who can see those imcourteous Custom House Officers land dog, trotted along, whistling perial collections to which the earth, completed their task with as little as cheerfully as if it had been a and the sea, and the sky in every dark, smoky look, which is in a sity Boat Race was now on the The child of the English beggar tomeasure relieved by the dazzling tapis, and everything else had to day, can have free access to such a

important matter was settled, they had no time to waste on the contattered men, women and children, gentle and beautiful in the land, the Strand, and only a short dis- England's Admirals. The 'Great despise the Englishman who could tance from Waterloo Bridge and Commoner,' Pitt, stands enshrined forget for a moment the splendid Somerset House. Within sight over the western entrance to the achievements of his own imperial was the building where the traitor Abbey, and the tablet to his great race, which has been glorified by Benedict Arnold died. My own father, the Earl of Chatham, stands quarters were once the abode of the at the portal on the north, on which vagabond Earl of Rochester. The England has testified 'her everlastroom I occupied had an air of ing gratitude to the dead son who and of Fox, and the great Army

faded gentility, of the gloomy and raised her to a height of greatness of Martyrs who have offered them-

grand order; and as the gay Earl and glory which she had never selves as a sacrifice to human liber-

perhaps, as well for my sweet peace shrined so much of England's a great Exposition is still before

of mind that I knew no more of its greatness, 1 saw a little tablet on me, and trusting that I may be

history; but as I blew out the light the wall to John and Charles Wes- able to convey to my friends a few

is not considered a model by the known before.' Passing along the

good people of Exeter Hall, it was, hallowed aisles, in which are en-

from the grate lit up the face of a the United Kingdom. The Church

grand cavalier in high ruff and of England has jealously guarded

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JOB PRINTING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. TERMS CASH. her every right and privilege, and while all the rest of the nation, at times, has been possessed of the blind fury of the iconoclast, she alone has been the great conservative power whose business it was to guard the time-honored traditions Protector; and Henry the Eighth's of the past. Yet here, among the three wives, who came out minus | relics of her saints, among the dry bones and dust of her poets and with her red head and her hooked statesmen and her kings, is a little George Gordon Riots. I was just | ble disciples of Christ, who in their about to fire off the great Krupp | day and generation were despised gun on a mob which had attacked and cast out of men. All honor to Windsor Castle, and Queen Vic | the great Dean whose liberal heart toria was looking out at me from allowed this memorial of tender-King William Tower, when I ness and love to bear to future ages fog is acknowledged wherever Brit- | Service and Christian Faith is not ish civilization is known. The rain | confined within the Ritual of the came pattering down, filling the Church of England. It has been streets with sloppy wretchedness too much the custom for travellers and mud. The miserable weather from my own and other countries. gave no respite to the millions to attempt to belittle and ignore Dripping and soggy, a restless tide | magnificent city. The man must with clothes all wet and soaking, stitutions which glorify humanity, push carts along the streets, and splendid charities which dispense their gracious gifts with a Costermongers, driving little don- lavishness and bounty unknown in balmy day in June. All London land hath paid tribute, and not acwas astir, and, indeed, I might say knowledge freely and cheerfully all England. The chances of a dis- that here is a people worthy to octurbance with Russia were, for the cupy the position that they do, as moment, forgotten, for the Univer- arbitors in the destiny of the world. give way. Oxford and Cambridge | collection, as the grandest Imperial were in the ascendant, and till that power on the earth could not have commanded a hundred years ago. Here are hospitals supported by insideration of the probable conse dividual bounty, which hold in the great thoroughfares. You pass | quences of the thunder of British | their free service such marvellous guns awakening the Russian Bear. skill and knowledge, as kings could with starvation gleaming from their or even the assassination of the only command. If a man wants to Earl of Leitrim among the hills of find fault, there is plenty to find always had been poor, and there is Donegal. If you want to see En- fault with here. The Briton of all about them a pale, chalky sort of gland out for a holiday, just come past time has manfully maintained look, wherein you can trace the and take a look at her on Derby his inalienable right to grumble,history of the gin-shop, with all the Day, or at the time of the Univer- he clings to it abroad and he fights terrible associations made immortal sity Boat Race. The love of athletic for it at home, and he loves fair by the pencil of Hogarth. On sports has always found a very play too well to deny that privilege every hand are the evidences of warm corner in the true British to his French and American cousopulence and imperial power. Ships heart. A hundred years ago, the ins. The great difficulty appears from every clime cram her store. Prize Ring sent a Member to the to be that when brother Jonathan houses with the costliest treasures | House of Barliament, and noble- goes traveling, he forgets to put of the earth. At Birkenhead, across | men, whose pedigrees went back to | New York in one breeches pocket the Mersey, the roar of blazing fur- the Conqueror, stepped into the and Boston in the other. The naces and the thunder of Titanic rope circle to encourage their re- Frenchman is compelled to leave spective favorites. Now the boat Paris on the banks of the river race and the walking match furnish | Seine, and the German thinks his steamers which are the wonder and a healthier excitement for the lager and pretzels more palatable admiration of the world. Miles million, and the elite of Britain's in Vienna or Berlin. Here the conand miles of solid masonry form aristocracy, attended by all that is trasts of life are quick, short, and sharp. The tattered costermonger lend the sanction of their pres drives his donkey cart under the ence to that which may be called shadow of the proud palace of St. the National Carnival of the year. James', and the ragged beggar But, the Boat Race ended, the smokes his pipe among the princely thing is done with, and business club houses of Pall Mall. On all goes on as before. Nothing im- the great thoroughfares, shops rich presses a stranger in England in priceless jewels and gold stand more than the grand scale on cheek by jowl with dirty little which everything is done. It may dens, rank with the foul odor of possibly take them some time to red herrings, stale sausages, and make up their minds (for nobody musty tripe; the dividing lines appears in a hurry), but when they between the lowly and the great have made up their minds, it is no are gradually dying out. The rich longer a matter of trouble or ex- merchants whose argosies are bringpense. It is no matter whether it ing to England's shores the untold railway runs through a country is the sending an army to the treasures of every land, are getting which gives you the impression of mountains of Abyssinia, or fitting to be the acknowledged lords of the out an expedition to the North soil. The manufacturers of Birif there was nothing more to do. Pole; succoring the starving mil- mingham and Sheffield and Man-The fields are all prepared, the lions of India, or building a railroad chester, the merchant princes of lawns are all mowed, the hedges depot that rivals in magnificence London and Liverpool, represent are trimmed, all the little bits of the palaces of her kings-the motto to day the real power on which straw and hay have been picked up is 'Thorough.' The reverence of England depends in its hour of from the road and the wayside, and England for her honored dead danger and trial. I don't blame there is nothing left for anybody to greets you on every hand. The the Frenchman whose heart beats do. There were but few people gallant Victor of Trafalgar stands quicker at the grand strains of the visible in the country; all were guard over the priceless treasures Marsellaise, or the American wanhuddled in the towns. Disembark- of the National Gallery, while Have dering in a foreign land, whose ing at the Victoria Station, I found lock and Napier look up from the blood is stirred at the sight of the

and jumped into bed, the red glare gland's progress can be found in all I am, BROADBRIM.

the genius of Shakespeare, the hu-

manity of Wilberforce, the indomita-

ble pluck of Wellington and Nelson.

the eloquence of Pitt, of Canning,

ty during the past eight hundred

years of her advancing civilization.

But good bye London. Paris and