

Superintendent Anderson, when his attention was called to Mrs. Thompson's case, said that he knew her as Miss Hawley when she taught at the Rincon School. She was considered to be one of the brightest and most accomplished teachers in the department and was highly respected by her associates. *San Francisco Chronicle, March 12.*

#### From Newsboy to Merchant.

Any man who is actually engaged in business life in New York will testify to the fact that the newsboys and street arabs of the town often make admirable clerks. The way these little outcasts work their way into commercial houses of established standing is remarkable. Everybody knows that a percentage of the public and prosperous men of America began as newsboys, but everybody may not be aware how many youngsters there are all through the city whose natural sharpness enables them to work their way out of the gutters in which they were born. They begin as hangers on. They may be newsboys, bootblacks or street gamins of every kind when they begin to make their headquarters in front of some shop or in the doorway of a big commercial house. Poverty has sharpened their wits. They are quick to pick up a dropped umbrella or cane, or to open the door for one of the clerks, and they easily scrape an acquaintance with the men around the place. If one of the clerks wants to send a telegram in a hurry, or there is some short errand across the street, it soon becomes the custom to rap on the window and call the street arab in to do the commission. It is not only that he is satisfied with a few pennies for his reward, but he is not uncommonly as quick as a flash in executing his commissions, and after a time, if he displays any aptitude, somebody buys him a \$8 suit of clothes, and before it is quite realized he has a footing on the salary list of the house. History repeats itself with these waifs. By the time some of the juvenile readers of the *Sun* have reached their majority they may feel honored by even the usual nod of recognition from some of the newsboy who are now hanging about the doors of the big business houses.—*N. Y. Sun.*

#### A Strange Alliance.

A well-known writer in a London paper tells about a friendship that arose between a pointer dog and a pigeon. The pigeon lost its mate and at once sought the pointer's society. Fob—the dog's name—acquiesced in the friendship, and suffered the pigeon to take his biscuit and water and to nestle close beside him in the kennel. One day two chickens wandered into the kennel where the dog and pigeon resided and Fob promptly bit their heads off, an intimation that he could not stand the company of three birds. On the days when Fob is taken on to the moor to hunt grouse the pigeon follows him, taking a series of short flights over his head until a little

wood is reached. The keeper and the dog pass through it, but the pigeon's courage fails at this point and she returns to the kennel to wait for the pointer's return. Another writer tells in the same journal of a hen which has acted for several weeks as a foster-mother to eight spaniel puppies. The real mother, a gentle creature, allowed the hen to cover the puppies with her wings and to remain with them day and night. When the puppies began to walk she was their constant attendant; when they learned to eat she would "call" them and break up their food. As they grew older they barked and capered around her, but they tried her patience sorely and led her as a life.—*Philadelphia Times.*

#### A Tragic Record.

Can the record of tragic deaths of men in high places that have occurred in the past quarter of a century be matched by any previous period? First, the assassination of President Lincoln; then the execution of Maximilian in Mexico, the dethronement and death of Louis Napoleon, in just retribution for Maximilian's fate; suicide (or murder) of Sultan Abdel Aziz and the assassination of his ministers at Constantinople; the assassination of Czar Alexander at St. Petersburg; the death in battle of the ex-prince imperial of France; the assassination of President Garfield; the painful end of General Grant; the madness and suicide of King Ludwig of Bavaria; the death of Emperor Frederick III of Germany under similar circumstances to that of Gen. Grant, and now the suicide of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. It may well be asked in high places, with trembling lips, if the gloomy list is to include other names ere long.—*Boston Herald.*

#### Originality and Imitation.

It is curious to note how many excellent ideas have failed to bring forth the abundant harvest of good that might have been expected of them simply because they have been urged with more zeal than wisdom, and have been quite divorced from some other ideas which they needed for their full consummation. The excellence of originality, for example, is much and rightly dwelt upon. For a man to be himself, not a servile imitation of some one else, to preserve his individuality intact, to think his own thoughts, to utter his own sentiments, to live his own life, is certainly the noble and manly thing to do. And yet, if he be so possessed with this idea that he neglects to draw upon outside sources for knowledge and inspiration—if he ignores excellences which he does not possess and disdains to profit by the characters and examples of others—his life will probably be so meagre and poor that it will hardly be worth the living. There is nothing in literature more despicable than plagiarism; yet the author who should on this account cease to read, refuse to obtain information from trustworthy sources, and declined to ponder the thoughts of great thinkers, or to observe the

style of fine writers, would soon find that his own volumes were deservedly left without readers. New thoughts, ideas, aims, methods, plans, are in the air. Whatever is good in them is due from every nation who originates them to every other, from every individual who conceives of them to every other. What folly to reject them because they are not original. The question is not, are they mine or yours or some one else's? Not, are they American or English, French or German, but are they true? Are they good? Are they adapted to our needs? True originality, while nobly living its own life and disdaining to copy that of another, is yet thankful for every influence that helps it to ascend and to expand, just as the healthy plant, while retaining all its individuality, welcomes every sweet influence of gentle breeze, inspiring sun and refreshing rain, and grows larger and stronger, more beautiful and more fragrant while absorbing them into its own existence.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

#### Social Condition of Russia.

The Hon. George V. N. Lothrop, late minister to Russia, in a published letter, makes some interesting comments on Mr. Kennan's articles in *The Century*. He believes Mr. Kennan's statements to be in the main correct, but thinks the impression conveyed by them is calculated to give a mistaken idea of the social condition of Russia. The idea is that the people of Russia live in a wretched condition of fear, cowering and cringing under a cold and cruel despotism, with fear lest they may at any time be seized and condemned to the horrors of Siberian exile. While the Russian political system is in theory an absolute autocracy, it is, in fact, conducted and limited by positive law. Russian civil society is no more oppressed with fears of Siberian exile than is society in New York with fears of Sing Sing. The horrors of Siberian prisons are not due to design, but to an unexpected overcrowding of prisoners, and these shock the Russian authorities. The only complaint that can justly be made is that redress is so tardy.

The shocking condition of jails in the United States is, says Mr. Lothrop, far from being unknown, and we should remember that everywhere in these places for detention of prisoners there is a tendency to evils and abuses. Mr. Lothrop thinks the exposing of these evils will hasten the remedy; and believes the system is rapidly drawing to its end. The political offenders who resort to dynamite and the dagger will get little mercy there or anywhere else. Mr. Lothrop closes his interesting letter as follows: "Russia is a country so enormous and so remote that we are likely to have many erroneous notions about her. But let us not forget in America that she has always been our friend, and that in some great national exigencies this friendship has been of great value."—*New York Times.*