

## HOME.

How I love the hour of twilight,  
When the children gather near;  
And, drawing close their chairs beside me,  
This petition greets my ear:  
"Please, dear sister, tell a story,  
Tell just one now, only one."  
Speaks another little pleader,  
"Yes, it's the best of fun."

In my lap the youngest nestles,  
White arms round my neck entwined,  
And from out the misty shadows  
Her blue eyes look up to mine.  
While in answer to their pleading,  
For "one more—oh just one more!"  
Mixture quaint of truth and legend,  
Bring I from my little store.

Snatches wild from dim tradition,  
Mixed with tales from Indian lore;  
While between in fancy's gardens,  
Fairies dance about the floor;  
Pictures old from history's pages,  
Wearing still the bloom of youth;  
Richest gems in rarest settings  
From the hey book of truth.

Darkness gathers, shadows lengthen—  
Sinks the head upon the hand;  
While I sit and dream and wonder,  
Of the future—ahad my land;  
Will my darlings gem their pathways  
With pure thoughts and deeds sublime?  
Holy Father! guide and keep them  
All along the shores of time!

CARRIE W. PEMBER.

The Chicago Times says Anna Dickinson's failure should admonish debutantes that it will not do to rely entirely on youth and beauty to carry them through.

A child can pick up a good deal of information if it will keep its ears open while its mother is conversing through a knot-hole in the fence with the woman next door.

The girls wear only one-half of their dresses now. They carry the other in their hands, especially if their shoes are good and their stockings clean.

If the Philadelphia hackman had had the charging at Balaklava, there would have been a mighty different result—says the Danbury News.

A Chicago wife asked for a divorce because her husband was habitually drunk. He admitted being habitually drunk, and pleaded that as an excuse for not bringing the suit himself.

The blackballing of Bristow by the Union League Club is an advertisement that there are members of that club who would like to steal something.—Cincinnati Commercial.

When Charlotte Cushman played "Mrs. Haller" in a Southern city, many years ago, she was horror-struck, in the last act, at beholding two veritable little darkies led on the stage as her children.

Said a Brooklyn wife to her husband the other day, "If you fail to produce me the money for a new spring hat in three days, you will be the most astonished man that ever lived in this world."

As the morning train reached Jersey flats a very pert young man leaned forward and addressed a lady whom he had never before seen. "These are the celebrated Jersey flats, Madam." "Then there are two of you, eh?" she promptly replied.

"Are you sure that they love each other, Mary?" "Oh, yes, marm," answered the Irish angel, proud of an opportunity to open her reservoir; "it's water than honey they are to wan another—they do be using the same tooth-brush."

"Here! here! what's the matter with yer?" yelled the conductor. "What are you ringing the bell at both ends for?" "Because," replied the passenger, with great contempt, "because (hie) I want both ends of the (hie) car to stop."

A citizen of Macon, Ga., who calls on his friends after dark, says that a dog on the front stoop is a very poor substitute for a doorman. He doesn't remember whether he sat down on the substitute or not, but his pantaloons seem to be somewhat worn behind.

Kilpatrick was once making a speech. He said: "I've got a bullet in my leg; I know the Southerners; I've licked 'em for four years, and I can lick 'em again. If there's one here let him say so." A big fellow immediately stepped upon the stage "Don't interrupt this speech," said Kil.

So great is the superstition of the southern negro and so strong his faith in the power of witchcraft that a Georgia colored man believes that an Atlanta woman charmed and tricked him, and that he now has forty-nine live snakes in his leg.—N. Y. Herald.

A horse balked on Market street last evening and resisted all efforts to move him until a life insurance agent came along and began to talk to him, when he started and went off with the enthusiasm of a man on his way to the funeral of a rich aunt.—Norwich Bulletin.

A witness was under examination, in a Toronto court, in the case of an unpaid account, when the judge put the question to him: "What is your occupation?" The witness did not seem to understand the meaning of the word "occupation," and answered with "h?" The judge: "What do you do for a living?" Witness—"oh, my wife is a dressmaker!"

A judge in Monmouth county, N. J., once cautioned an old negro who had been acquitted not to be found in bad company again. "Much 'bliged to you, Marsa," he replied, "I alius spect your advice; but de fact am Marsa, dat good company and bad company look so much alike dat dis nigger can't tell de difference until he git right in 'em."

In the famed Blue Grass region of Kentucky many seem to think that the only way to accomplish matrimony is by making a running match of it; and, acting upon this theory, a von couples from that region made runaway matches one day last month, and had the nuptial knot tied in Cincinnati.

I started from the Memorial Art gallery, but on the way I came across the Japanese bazaar, and there was a plasterer at work on a scaffold, and a Japanese laborer, with a great round white inscription on his blue back, handing up plaster in a wooden spoon—a sight which seemed to me so funny that I could not tear myself away from it.—Phila. Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

## The Magazine Business.

The periodical wrecks of the past forty years would make a long and melancholy list, and one sufficiently discouraging to prevent new enterprises of the same sort. Even since the end of the war as many as twenty new magazines have expired here, in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities. They cannot succeed save in the largest centres, and it is highly probable that in less than a decade hence not an American magazine will be published outside of New York.

Very few persons who have not had the experience understand how hard it is to make a magazine pay. It must depend almost entirely on circulation; and unless that be considerably over 30,000 it is not a desirable investment. Advertising by means of fly leaves—quite common in Great Britain—is not much in vogue on this side of the sea, and is not to be got without difficulty or to any large extent.

Men seem to have the same infatuation about magazines that they have about newspapers. Notwithstanding the ever-recurring failures, each man thinks he has a peculiar talent for doing what others can not do, and will not be convinced of his mistake until he has lost a certain amount of money. Loss of money takes the conceit out of the most conceited. But every man must lose his own money in order to be made wise.

Within twenty years not less than fifty periodicals of diverse kinds have died in the United States, and the capital sunk in them would probably reach several hundred thousand dollars, independent of the unpaid debts contracted, which would be nearly as much more. In the face of all this, hardly a twelvemonth passes that two or three magazines are not started on the seaboard and in the interior, only to give up the financial ghost after a few issues. It is folly enough to undertake them in the great cities; in the second rate towns it is madness personified.

The argument in favor of new home periodicals is often drawn from the fact that Great Britain has many more than we have, and that we are quite as able as Europeans to support them. If we were quite as able, which we are not, we are not so willing; for Americans have, or fake, far less leisure than the Old World denizens, and such leisure as they have they bestow upon newspapers rather than upon magazines. Our daily journals give us a variety to which the European dailies are strangers, and which must be sought in the periodical press. On this account, and on account of the larger leisure, arises the number of transatlantic weeklies, fortnightly, monthlies and quarterlies. The privileged and secure classes mainly support periodical literature, and we have no such classes, nearly everybody here being engaged in some kind of business.—New York Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Bribery as a Fine Art.

Twenty-five years ago, when personal and official integrity were regarded as cardinal virtues—when a thief who stole \$10 was no more despicable than one who stole a million—the public would have been shocked over such revelations as are being made in the suit against Richard B. Irwin, who is charged by the Pacific Mail Company with the embezzlement of \$750,000 while in the employ of that organization. But in these days of grander and loftier ideas, petty larceny is an unpardonable crime, while wholesale robbery is winked at by the world, or at most only characterized as an "irregularity." While the Mail Subsidy bill was before Congress Irwin was furnished with the enormous sum above mentioned, by Stockwell, the president of the Pacific Mail Company, the money to be used in various ways and directions for the purpose of securing the desired legislation. From the funds thus provided the then Postmaster-General Randall received the enormous sum of \$47,000. In his official position as head of the Postoffice Department, Mr. Randall's suggestions and recommendations would naturally have great weight with Congress, and he seems to have appreciated fully the pecuniary value of his aid and influence. It is sad to be forced to the irresistible conviction, that a man who when called to the honorable and responsible position of a

cabinet officer was esteemed as of spotless integrity, should so soon develop into a bribe-taker and a robber.

In reading over the schedule of expenditures wherein Mr. Irwin accounts for the disbursement of this \$750,000 we are bewildered at the liberality of a transportation company which was begging for congressional aid to enable it to save itself from ruinous loss. Fifteen thousand dollars were paid to two do-keepers of the House of Representatives simply to obtain the privilege of the floor for the agents of the company, and to secure the distribution of pamphlets and documents among the members of the House. One newspaper correspondent, whose legitimate work probably did not bring him more than forty or fifty dollars a week, was paid \$21,000. Mr. Schumaker, a lawyer, and ex-member of Congress, was paid \$300,000 for taking charge of the subsidy bill in the House of Representatives, and numerous checks ranging from \$30,000 down to \$5,000 were given for election purposes in the campaign of 1872. Just how Mr. Schumaker used \$300,000 in "taking charge" of the Pacific Mail Company's interest in the House has not yet been clearly exhibited; but as not a few members of that body are known to have retired from office with a very much improved exchequer, the inference is a fair one that they were seen by Mr. Schumaker.

There is only one inevitable conclusion about all this business: Money paid out in such princely sums for the purpose of securing congressional subsidies is just so much stolen from the public treasury. If three-quarters of a million can be scattered broadcast wherever votes or influence can be secured, that amount is so much in excess of the subsidy actually required to encourage and reward a public enterprise. The complaint that corporations have no souls might be amplified so as to include those who compose the individuality of corporations. Have we fallen upon times when men called to high responsibilities and made custodians of large sums of money are to develop speedily into defaulters and public plunderers? Well may the disciples of Pythagoras point to the degeneracy of the times and claim that the theory of the transmigration of souls is abundantly illustrated by the Dick Turpins and Jack Sheppards of the present day. Sad as the spectacle may seem, there is a gleam of hope in the fact that a better public sentiment is indignantly protesting against the prevailing corruption, and that thieves of high as well as low degree are being called to account for their wicked and unlawful acts.—S. F. Chronicle.

## What Our Grandmothers Did.

"Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?" Recently our readers were interested in an alpaca dress, sheared, woven and made up the same day. But "There is no new thing under the sun." The "thing," or something like it, was done one hundred years ago, as this story, told by an aged mother to her children, shows:

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, 1776, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The train band was instantly called out, and my brother, the next older than myself, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I arose in the morning, I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march the day after to-morrow, at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be away seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There was at this time no store, and no articles to be had except such as each family would make itself. The sight of a mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the mind to action. I immediately asked her what garments were needed. She replied "Pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said my mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother, and bade him take a salt dish and call them into the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child! there are no sheep—shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," I said.

"But we can't spin and weave in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it? There is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter; I can find an extra loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and cords, while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for the web; we then let her go with the rest of the flock. I sent the wool in with my sister. Luther ran off for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then allowed her to go with the remaining part of her fleece.

The wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, woven, and prepared, cut and made, two or three hours before my brother's departure,—that is to say, forty hours from the commencement.

The good old lady closed by saying,—

"I felt no weariness, I wept not, —I was serving my country; I was preparing a garment for my darling brother. The garment finished, I retired and wept, till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."—Ex.

## Going Abroad for News from Home.

It is always from abroad that we learn the most remarkable things that are happening at home, and therefore perhaps we ought not to be surprised at finding the following curious statement in the New York Herald of a recent date: "Hon. George L. Woods, of San Francisco, ex-Governor of Oregon and Utah, is mentioned in many quarters as a favorite Pacific coast candidate for Vice-President on the republican ticket. He is a pioneer of early days, a statesman, and one of the most accomplished orators in the country." We know that the Californian is a strange being when transplanted from his native heath, and it is therefore quite possible that some Pacific Coaster in New York has said something to the effect of the Herald's item. But in this part of the country the name of "Hon. George L. Woods" is about as much talked of for the Vice Presidency as the name of Brigham Young, or the late lamented Pinney, or Emperor Norton. It is true that Mr. Woods has been Governor of Oregon and Utah, and it may also be true that he is a "pioneer of early days," whatever that means. But if he is a "statesman" he has kept his secret with remarkable tenacity and skill, and we do not think he is an "accomplished orator," unless what the immortal Sam Weller called "the gift of the gab very galloppin'" constitutes a man an orator. We are inclined to think, moreover, that in this era of investigation Mr. Woods might prove an undesirable candidate; at least there have been reports about his dealings in Utah mines which might suggest to envious spirits the propriety of an inquest. But, indeed, it is hardly worth while to discuss the Herald's whimsical mistake, for in the first place California has not so little discernment as to imagine that she can name the Vice President, and in the second place, should she ever go into that business she will assuredly name somebody capable of being elected.—Sacramento Record-Union.

## America's Unsurpassable Product.

My own public life has been a brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office, but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous

competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privileges of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exalting turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress, two of the House and one here, that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way by which power should be gained in the republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end of which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President. These things have passed into history.—Mr. Hoar's Speech in the Belknap Trial.

## By Telegraph.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

## SENATE.

WASHINGTON, 1.—The legislative business having been suspended at one o'clock, the consideration of the articles of impeachment against Belknap was resumed. The accused, with Carpenter, was present as well as the managers on the part of the House. The president pro tem. announced the judgment of the Senate overruling the plea of the defendant as to jurisdiction.

White submitted an order that the accused be ordered to plead further or answer the articles of impeachment within ten days of this date.

Carpenter addressed the Senate in opposition to the order, and argued that the recent order of the Senate was not valid because not adopted by a two-thirds vote, and claimed that every senator who voted against jurisdiction would be bound to vote not guilty on the final vote. The Senate, as a court, adjourned till Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, 2.—The legislative appropriation bill came up for unfinished business.

Morrill made a long statement in which he held that the reduction proposed by the house were altogether too much. The first amendment reported by the committee on appropriations restoring the salary of senators and representatives from \$4,500 to \$5,000, was adopted without division. The other amendments proposed by the committee on appropriations restoring the salaries of the officers and clerks of the Senate and House of Representatives, the capitol police and employees in the library to the amounts received by them under the existing law. Agreed to; as was also the amendment appropriating \$15,000 for the salary of the congressional printer and employees of his office, and \$2,500 for the contingent expenses of that office. The next amendment was one restoring the President's salary to \$50,000.

McCreery hoped it would not prevail as \$150 per day was too large, and only promoted improvidence.

Sargent said a bill to reduce the salary of the President had passed and was vetoed, and that the bill would soon come before the Senate, and the question would be whether it should pass over the veto. He thought it would be more in consonance with the dignity of the Senate to agree to the amendment proposed by the committee, and act upon the bill reducing the salary when it came up as an independent measure, not to insert the provision in the appropriation bill reducing his salary, and com-