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"PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS."

EMILY A. BRADFORD.

Earth wore her beautiful garments,
One day, in the long ago,
And the sunlight kissed the flowers,
And the grass blades whispered low.

In the blue of the bending heavens,
Clouds sailed, like snowy fleece;
And it seemed that nature murmured,
A beautiful hymn of peace.

And so, with my soul attempered
To the spell that the day had wrought,
I gathered my heart's love pansies,
The delicate flowers of thought.

* * * * * * * *

Calm lay on the sleeping valleys,
The hush of the restful night;
And calm on the stately hill tops,
With their crown of silver light.

Like a tender benediction,
Did the loving moon-rays fall
On a mound of snowy daisies—
With the night stars watching all.

And there—with the calm around me,
With the eyes of the stars to see,
I brought my heart's love pansies,
Pansies—for thoughts of me.

* * * * * * * *

But, now—as my mind goes backward,
To the days of the long ago,
I feel, though the years bring winter,
In my heart fresh flowers grow.

And I think in the better country,
When my love of old I see,
I shall know, that, in heavenly gardens,
Thought pansies bloom for me.

SUMMER BREAKFASTS.

How the Housewife Can Give a Good Beginning to the Day.

BY JENNY JUNE.

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I often pity men because they are so dependent on the women of their household or boarding-houses for their food, for their comforts, for the realization of the idea which every one must form of what he would like to eat, the way he would like it to be served the aid to his health and development which he would receive from proper provision for his body and tired nervous forces.

Perhaps if he got it at all just right he would fail to appreciate it, and would still find something to grumble about—something to sigh for—but in the general way he does not find much attention paid to the helpful influences of daily life, and instead of the growl for which he receives the credit, the general tendency of the male animal is to accept the inevitable, and let it work out his daily fare as best it can. Life is too short—busy life—and cares too many and oppressive for men to trouble themselves with the details which belong to women, and in the meantime their previous experience may have been such as to prevent them from knowing what they miss.

The short-comings, it must be premised, do not always arise from want of will; much more frequently they are the result of want of habit and early training. The conscientious housekeeper usually expends herself upon quantity or number of edibles without discrimination, contrast or variety. The articles composing the bill of fare are almost the same the whole year round. Particularly is this the case with the breakfast, the most beautiful meal of the day—that which opens it with blessing and benediction, which prepares each member of the family for the duties and pleasures to be performed and enjoyed, if it fulfills its function, but which, alas! often send them out unrefreshed, unsatisfied, wishing there was some place in this world where good air, healthful food and a bright, cheerful spirit of cleanliness and contentment could be found. Breakfast, more than any other meal, needs the pervading intelligence of the mistress of the house. As warm weather approaches appetites naturally flag, a certain lassitude and inertia prevails, which is usually quickened into disgust and exhaustion by the lack of attention to household refinements and the simplest dictates of sanitary law. The table-cloth, under the direction of the servant, is not too clean, the eggs are hard, or cold, or fried in grease; the bread is uninviting, the coffee bad, but strong to bitterness; the meat tough and the fried potatoes, which are always there, look even more wretched and dyspeptic than usual. Somebody throws the window wide open on the stuffy, close room as the family sit down to breakfast, so that noise and dust or glare flow in, and each one brings a special and individualized subject of complaint, and all, after talking and trying every separate article upon the table, leave them in a mass upon their plates in company with a quantity of uneaten butter. The food is wasted—it is not eaten—yet all go away unsatisfied—unfit for hard work—and more ready to do unwise things than if good air, good food and cheerful companionship had braced them up and furnished the necessary powers of resistance.

The mistress of the house, on the other hand—left at home—sees the unused food swept away to the kitchen to be transferred to the slop-pail, and complains bitterly of the wastefulness and want of appreciation of what she provides in reality. She does nothing toward its supply, and uses neither brain nor energy in its proper preparation or distribution. If a special article is required it is a special grievance and a special virtue in her to supply it. This absence of willingness, often more in seeming than intention or reality, this faculty for making instead of taking trouble, effectually prevents individual expression of opinion or preference; indeed, any such would be considered a reflection upon her methods and an affront not to be forgiven. In this way a small tyranny grows out of incompetency, which perpetuates it and the evils for which it is responsible.

It is not any wonder that men sometimes quote "my mother." Each one of us has known some household, generally in the past, rather than the present tense, which realized in a true sense the conditions of a home to the inmates. It may have been in the city, it may have been in the country, but wherever it was, it had an industrious, painstaking, intelligent woman at the head of it, and one of her specialties was early rising, and the supervision of a pleasant and appetizing breakfast table. I am sure of this because it would be the instinct of a really good housekeeper, and also because no fragrant impression of her good deeds would remain if they had not carried with them the freshness of the early morning.

It is very frequently the case with city housekeepers nowadays that they "treat themselves out," to use their own expression, on dinners. They have no appetite for breakfast themselves, and therefore feel no interest in it, and as the gentlemen are not at home, anything will do for lunch—the dry bread left from breakfast, some dry cake, scraps of cold meat, and a cup of tea, are of what it usually consists. It is upon this kind of food that the body has to do its work, and it is into this exhausted body that the only hearty, heavy meal of the day is sent, at a time when it should be preparing for refreshing sleep.

Summer breakfasts are not wanting in material. The difficulty is that it is not of the right kind, and even when it is, is not selected or prepared with sufficient care, nor served under conditions most favorable to its assimilation and enjoyment. The windows of a house should be opened early on summer mornings, the necessary dusting noiselessly done, the table laid with care and nicety, a few fresh flowers and a geranium leaf or two added to its equipment, and a shining finish put on the service with a fine linen towel. It is just as cheap now to have a pretty service of blue and white chinaware as plain white, or a dull, uncheerful color, One may also, without extravagance, use a dish of amber glass for berries and jug to match for the cream—for fruit is the key-note of a summer breakfast; and if it is a question of fruit or meat, dispense with the meat, but not with the fruit.

Meat, indeed, is not at all essential to a summer breakfast. It is not objectionable, of course, for those who like it in the form of delicate lamb chops, thinly cut, and lightly broiled sugar-cured ham, with broiled chicken, or even a very well-made mince of veal or mutton upon thin slices of toast. But with some it is a question of cost, so closely narrowed down that it must be Peter or Paul—it cannot be both. Then it becomes a question with many of amount of nutriment, and those who cannot afford both meat and fruit will decide in favor of meat as a nutritive necessity, while fruit is a "luxury." But this idea is subject to modification. Meat more than once a day is not a nutritive necessity. Fruit, plenty of it, at least once in the day—and the best time is the morning—is a hygienic necessity. Nutrition can be obtained from things besides meat. Meat is the most costly of food, and no other nation in the world uses it to the extent that Americans do. Yet there are others that are physically stronger and less liable to wasting disease. The truth is we eliminate too much from our grains, and we tax the power of the system with too much concentrated food and too little air. We have fine white bread, but it is bread from which all the phosphates have been taken, which just keeps body and soul together, but does not restore the tissues of nerve, or brain, or muscle, After one has eaten good bread made from *whole* wheat flour for a year, or even six months, white bread flour from which all the bran has been taken will seem like starvation, absolutely poor and tasteless. Yet it is almost impossible to find this bread. It is very rarely that a baker makes it; still more rarely that he makes and bakes it well. I have never known any boarding-house to have it and but one or two families.

A variety of bread, such as warm Graham rolls, or "gems," corn muffins, rice cakes and toast made from whole meal bread, is most inviting upon the breakfast table. Add to this, cream, a dish of poached or soft-boiled eggs, another of well-boiled hominy or oatmeal and a dish of strawberries, white and red currants, peaches, baked pears or stewed apples and excellent coffee, and no one will complain that anything is lacking in such a breakfast.

Water-cress in the spring and summer is brought freely to market and sold cheap—ten cents for a large quart—and this makes a dish for six or eight in family. Water-cress is not particularly nutritious, but it is very piquant and appetizing and is good, even to look at. A dish of cool, fresh water-cresses, with a centre of crisp red and white radishes, makes a charming bit of color on the breakfast table and gives relish to every other item of the bill of fare.

A dish of fruit, a dish of water-cress and radishes or water-cress alone occupy the ends of our ideal breakfast table.

In the centre is a dish of hot and well-boiled hominy, or oatmeal, with a jug of cream by the bowls in which it is to be served. There is a rose of rare, sweet butter, a tray of warm Graham rolls, a plate of light, whole meal bread toast; and now the maid is bringing in the fragrant coffee, and a platter of delicate Frenched chops. By and by she will take this platter away, remove the plates, and bring in some light and tender rice cakes for those who like them. The room is shaded, the chat and the laugh go round, everybody is punctual, for breakfast is something not to be missed—it is the beginning of a good everyday as well as Sunday.

How much we miss of the blessing that life holds for us, by not searching for it, by not working for it, by being dissatisfied with ourselves until we have found it! It is a fatal mistake to try to find it by cultivating dissatisfaction with others.

Let us begin with ourselves and see how it will work. Begin with the day—begin by improving on the breakfast to which we invite our own family every day of our lives. The summer holds out its hands in rich profusion to us. It brings fruits in one, flowers in the other. Let us put as much of their beauty and goodness as possible into our own lives and into the lives of those about us. Let the summer breakfast at home be a memory which will set it apart as something worthy its sacred name, not a misery from which everyone was glad to fly. Study to combine the proper articles for a meal just as you would the proper colors for a dress, and do not have them all of a kind, so that some of the family will have nothing that they can eat. I have seen a woman put salt fish before her large family for breakfast, scraps of salt ham for lunch and boiled corned beef and salt pork for dinner, all upon the same day; so that at least one, who had been ordered not to eat salt food at all, was obliged to go to a restaurant at night to find something to allay hunger.

Thoughtfulness and consideration are essential in a housekeeper—in one who has in her keeping the physical and moral welfare of others. For how much of the morality of life depends upon the proper and healthful supply of the physical necessities! Good and healthful food is the best cure for drunkenness, and it is doubtful if ever a man became criminal or a woman vicious whose early life had been made bright, happy and strong by beautiful and sanitary summer breakfasts.

LAST DAY OF THE FLEA MARKET.

The Dealers Appeal Unsuccessfully to the Government Authorities.

Yesterday was the last day of the flea market. The fifty-two old women who have sat haggling over their uncanny wares in the square by the government pawn shop until the queer band had become a part of the familiar physiognomy of the city had been told that their time was up at 3 P. M. sharp, and that the flea market would then be a thing of the past. They had appealed in vain to the mayor, to the minister of the interior and, as a last resort, by deputation to the King, praying that in consideration of their great age they might keep their stands or move them elsewhere until they could drop out together, as it were. They were told that there was no room for sentiment in their case. Perhaps the fleas had killed it.

Their mixed stock of second-hand clothes, old rags, felt shoes and crockery certainly harbored a fair share. But, then, it was a very cheap market—so cheap that others than the very poor sought it for bargains. No matter; they must all go together. Customers had come from far and near to the closing sale until the square was black. So brisk a trade the flea market had never known. In spite of it more than one aged face was wet with bitter tears as the hands of the old tower clock pointed to three and the word to move on was given. There was very little left to move that was worth it; nothing more worn or shaky than the old market women themselves. As they filed out with their bundles, casting stolen glances behind them, one of the characteristic traditions of this old city went out with them and became a thing of the past.—*Copenhagen Letter.*

An Unsuccessful Trip.

"Heard you were fishing yesterday, Major."

"Yes, Colonel, I was."

"Catch anything?"

"Not a thing! Not even the train. Had to walk back."

CHEER UP, FAINT HEART.

Against the west but yesterday
The golden cloudlets peaceful lay,
But now their gold is changed to gray,
And sobbing winds do blow.
Oh, tears that rain from weeping eyes!
Oh, weary heart oppressed with sighs!
Does hope, which colored once thy skies,
No more its hues bestow?

Cheer up faint heart! nor thus despair,
Another dawn will gleam as fair,
And brilliant day arise from where
Just now is deepest gloom.
Once more, perchance, shall I attain
New pleasure; yet, how brief its reign,
For afterward will come new pain.
And the right to reign assume.

Yet who shall say that life is vain,
Though joys *are* oft deposed by pain?
It better fits us in the main,
To future good enjoy.
Were life one round of pleasures gay—
No night to alternate with day—
Just brilliant dazzling light alway—
'Twould soon with sweetness cloy.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

AT THE BARN-HOUSE.

BY M. H. CATHERWOOD.

[*Copyrighted*, 1887.]

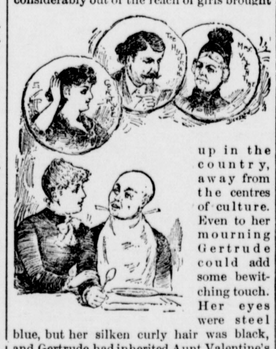
HE barn-house stood forward on a wooded hill, as if courageously avoiding seclusion. Beds of scarlet geraniums and the illuminated foliage of mountain ash trees made flame-spots around it, in addition to which sunset was reflected by its windows. Both great doors stood open, so that the air swept pleasantly across the barn-hall, and unstinted light showed the daintiest wrinkles on Mrs. Valentine's face. She was a beautiful old lady, with puffs of white hair. Being now at the meal which in her own house she called dinner, she was carefully dressed in soft, silent black silk. Her hands were very small and very lustrous with rings, but no other token of weakness appeared about her. She was a calm woman who had lived much, and she bore herself above all excitement in the serious talk she was having with her brother's daughters.

The supper table stood on what would have been the barn floor had not the owner changed his plan and made a residence of what he first intended to make a barn. It was a handsomely finished structure in spite of its eccentric shape. Rich brown timbers supported the concave roof, and a polished stairway climbed one side of the wall to a transverse gallery, over which light fell from a stained-glass window. On each side of this deep hall were arranged the rooms of the barn-house; and barn-house it was called from Free Hall to College Center. For everybody knew that Jerry Nichols made up his mind he never would build a fine house about the time the doctors pronounced his boy incurable. He was putting up the frame work of a new barn; many were the barns he was obliged to build for his stock; but he had contracted for the brick and hewn foundation stones with which he expected to build one of the palaces of the country. The contract was annulled. That barn was good enough monument for a man whose name was perpetuated in an idiot son. His girls would wed, and secure new names and homes for themselves.

This driving stock dealer, being a widower and a man devoured by business, took very little interest even in the barn-house, until a severe chill had lately confined him to it, and a severer chill had lain him out quiet and rigid forever.

Mrs. Valentine was too far away to attend the funeral, but she had arrived to do her duty as soon as time and space would permit. With her arrived the nephew of her deceased husband, Mr. George Valentine, a student and historian, with his tablets and pencils.

Mariana always admired him with awe, but to Gertrude he represented a good match considerably out of the reach of girls brought



up in the country, away from the centres of culture. Even to her mourning Gertrude could add some bewitching touch. Her eyes were steel blue, but her silken curly hair was black, and Gertrude had inherited Aunt Valentine's pretty hands and trick of using them against the background of her hair.

Mariana was plain and pretty by turns. Her place was beside her brother; she cut his food for him and restrained his spoon.

Brother Nichols, though in his early teens and clad according to his age, looked like an overgrown, bald-headed baby. He could not feed himself with success. He recognized Mariana's authority when she restrained his yells or his spoon-hammering, and curved his fat fingers backward to smooth down her cheek with his palm. Brother had some baptismal name in the family record, but so little use for any name that his remotest neighbor inquired about him as Brother Nichols.

"Your father left brother as well provided for as either of you," observed Aunt Valentine, giving him her brightest glance.

"Of course," said Mariana.

"It was fortunate for the child. Now, to come to the point at once about your plans: Two young girls cannot live here by themselves. Your father said I should advise you. Never mind George. He doesn't hear thunder when he sits thinking. He is arranging a skeleton for his new history; and all the women have spoilt him, humoring his manners and petting his vacant stare as the sign of genius. We will begin with brother: It is only right to provide for the weakest first. I took the trouble to make inquiries before coming here," said Aunt Valentine, beneficently. "There are several very private, exceedingly well-kept asylums where he can be placed, and we will select one. He has plenty of means to pay for every comfort."

"But you wouldn't put brother into an asylum, Aunt Valentine?" burst out Mariana.

"It's exactly what I would do. You can't keep him here."

"Why can't we keep him here? He is used to the barn-house. Whenever we take him away he cries."

"He needs some good whipping," asserted Gertrude. "Marine is always so silly over him, she provokes me beyond all patience."

"I know I am silly," said Mariana, no longer afraid of the absent-minded glare of Mr. George Valentine. "But I can't leave brother, Aunt. Gertrude may do just as she pleases, but I can't leave him."

"My plan for you both was that you should come with me and travel a year. Afterward, a vista would probably open before you very different from slavish attendance on your unfortunate brother. You are sacrificing the greater for the less, and Scripture itself forbids that. Somebody else could do all for brother that you can do, and leave you the freedom which is your right."

"But I don't want anybody else to do it."

"He is a poor object to absorb your life, Mariana."

"I can't leave brother, Aunt Valentine," said Mariana, indignantly.

"You think you can't," continued the adviser in her slow and gentle tone. "I knew a girl who devoted herself to a sister's orphan son, and refused good offers of marriage because they might interfere with what she considered her duty. He grew up, turned his back upon her and chose his own path in the world. She is old; she has nothing of her own to rest her affections on to-day. She has not even lived. She has simply served as the nourisher of a life that has now outgrown and cast her aside. Girls are very foolish to forsake the natural channels of duty and happiness."

"I think so, too," said Gertrude.

"I know what you say is right true," Marianna admitted, stealing brother's hand under the table; "but I can't leave him."

Brother at once shook hands with her above board. Not because he understood the struggle in which she was engaged, but because it was his common practice thus to express his silly approval of Mariana.

"He will live," prophesied Aunt Valentine, gauging his rosy countenance and vacant blue eyes, "to be an old man. And as we are always influenced by the company we keep, what do you imagine your mental state will be after fifty—fifty unrelieved years of brother's society?"

"But I can't leave brother."

"Marine, you have no more sense than a parrot!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Perhaps I have a little claim on you myself."

"You know, without talking, Gert., you have the whole world; brother has just me and the barn-house."

"Brother at the barn-house seems to be your refrain, my dear," observed Mrs. Valentine, smiling patiently. "How could you stay at the barn-house with brother? He may need more restraint. When you are old you may look back on your present state of mind with astonishment."

Mariana worked silently at the bib strings which were knotted behind her giant baby's neck.

"We ought to love with discrimination and care. I have seen the folly of so many things myself that I may be haranguing."

"Oh, my heart will break!" burst out Mariana in explosive sobs. "O, aunt, let everybody else go and be sensible. I can't; I love brother so. I love him so I can't leave him. Gertrude will do the best thing and turn out well in her old age, but I can't help my simpleness or leave brother."

She sprang from her seat and dragged brother. Brother fixed his frightened eyes upon Aunt Valentine and began to bellow strongly.

"This is a delightful scene to make for Aunt Valentine," pronounced Gertrude, sparkling with vexation.

And quite a noise brother made, trotting out of the barn-house after Mariana's flying steps, roaring as he ran, and Mr. George Valentine contributed to the noise by slapping his tablets hard upon the table.

It is the instinct of any living creature to fly from what hurts. Mariana knew of a haystack in a distant meadow, at the base of which she was fain to flatten herself out in the abjectness of trouble. She knew of a good deep, dark place in the woods where unlimited crying might be done. She and brother might climb a tree in the orchard and roost there like two sad whippoorwills.

But what was the use of seeking any haven when the enemy pursued? George Valentine came out of the barn-house and walked after brother and her, whatever direction she took.

So she sat down on the grass in the very middle of the lawn, and brother sat down beside her and wiped off the tears which were running down her cheeks.

"We don't care, do we, brother!" said Mariana defiantly.

Brother shook his large bald head with a rolling motion.

"I won't leave you if *all* the Valentines, and Gertrude with them, do, and this entire neighborhood club against us."

"Marine won't leave brother," said the idiot, rolling his head with another shake. And he repeated this as a piece of information to George Valentine, when that determined historian sat down on the grass beside him. "Marine won't leave brother."

"I won't leave brother, either," said Valentine. "I'm going to the barn-house to stay with Marine and you."

"Tell him we don't want him," said Mariana.

"We don't want you," repeated brother, turning a threatening front toward the historian.

"I wish you did. I wish Mariana felt that she couldn't leave me."

"Tell him he's ugly," flashed Mariana.

"You're ugly," said brother.

"But some day," pursued Valentine, "I may be a poor human waif, drifting between time and eternity, and I may want to be loved simply because I need loving."

"Tell him he's not my brother."

"You're not Marine's brother," repeated the simple boy, with an impressive frown upon the intruder.

"But I could be her husband," suggested Valentine pulling a tuft of grass.

"Tell him we don't want any husbands," prompted Mariana.

"We don't want any husbands," declared brother.

"But you will need one when you are a little older," argued the historian. "Husbands are a great convenience in a family; and they can be made to ask all the disagreeable questions and carry the hand-baggage when you travel. Then what a halcyon group we shall make around the barn-house as time mellows us all three! You'd better accept me, young man, and let me sit on the other side of Marine."

The idiot boy gazed from one to the other, and finally nodded to Valentine.

"There is room the other side of Marine," he said.

A Pertinent Question.

"Have you lost your ears?" asked an irate parent the other day. "Why, have you found any?" innocently queried the urchin.—*New Haven News.*

UNCHANGING.

EDNA MILLER SHELDRAKE.

Though birds forget their mates, the flowers to bloom,
Though stars should tremble and fall out their place,
And though the sun should change to midnight gloom,
What of these, then, since they have run their race?

The things appointed them have done,
Their destiny fulfilled, late'er it be.
Are human loves and human lives begun
And ended in a day so easily?

That, like the violets, they're flung away,
Though crushed and dying, for the rose to come?
What, though they fail to-day and yesterday
Is not the same? Is then the heart so numb,

Like these frail things that feel not, cannot know,
That blossom sweetly, but insensate dumb;
Whose life is sunshine, and with it must go?
Why, e'en the violets die—before the roses come.

Oh! Love's a high and holy, God-like thing;
Not of the earth, but Heaven-born, divine;
For this is Love: In life sweet incense bring,
And on Love's altar lay; or yet refine

The heart's affection, if needs be, with pain
And suffering; to wait, nor ask return;
To die, and count it still but highest gain.
'Tis God's own lesson, given us to learn.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

[*Copyrighted*, 1887.]

Three forces stand out in American society above all other things: The politician, the newspaper and the money-maker. The first two are exalted parts of the last.

While there are many other influences trying to be felt, such as the pulpit and society, they have no point of concentration like the others. The churches are without any legal connection, and are not equal to the liquor interest in many an encounter.

American society has no centre as it has in Europe, especially in England. New York has a society of the rich, Boston of the considerate, Philadelphia of the traditional, but the money-makers, the politicians and the newspapers really create what society we have or sustain it. We would not know who belonged to "society" but for reading it in journals which have the power to leave out any number of prominent names. The composition of American society, therefore, is weak like the particles of a world which have not yet been drawn together and held there by gravity.

Those professions, like literature, which have made the pride of so many great governments, are in this country disdained by the politicians, turned into police news by the press, and either coarsely patronized or completely overlooked by the money-makers.

The English people pay reverence to Walt Whitman, as our most original poet, who lives in indigence and never had an office except to be hospital nurse in the war or department clerk. But the great majority of the Americans who have any idea of Whitman conceive him to be either crazy or a bad man. Probably no preacher of the Gospel in America has approached this kindly spirit, which looks out upon the world more like the founder of our era than anybody since his time; he sees the lilies of the field, the Magdalen, the children, the fishermen, and comprehends them all in his, however, imperfect art.

In England this man could be made respectable by the literary profession, or, what is better, could have been taken hold of by the government where his activity of mind could have been put to the public use. But since our government is one of politicians merely, most of whom are ignorant and selfish, the writing men grow up averse to the nature of the government itself unless they live in some very new society which has energy enough to conserve the patriotism of its authors.

The newspaper is that other force which recruits among the literary element that has been forsaken by the government. Like a person rejected by his sweetheart, who takes to the alehouse, the literary spirit in this country, refused recognition by the state, drowns its sorrows in the newspapers.

We are still so young and unformed that comparatively few can recognize any sense or reality in my statement, that for want of some employing power of the learning and literature in this country it is growing up without a soul.

Nearly all the literature of the past depended upon that union of social and government consideration which discovered Boccaccio, patronized Rubens, and made Goethe a chancellor. The founder of physics, which has given the Anglo-Saxon race all its start, was made the chancellor of England and a nobleman with an estate; Bacon, whom the tyros suspect to have written Shakspeare, was, like Shakspeare the real, taken hold of by the court and the nobility. American society contains no such classes, nor will its institutions consider in any way that the literary force has a part in the government. What is called mugwumpery is in part the first organized rebellion of the literary class against the politicians; the money-makers select by their fears between the two elements.

As for the newspapers, they can exist independent of the politicans and can compel tribute from the money-getters, but, like the politicians, the newspapers, generally speaking, regard a literary inclination as a sign of human weakness; and we therefore have a country in which the newspaper is universal and the politican ineradicable and never improving.

The American churches, in general, spend nearly all the time they have for literature in decrying the morals of some writer they cannot understand, who is perhaps as bold as their Master who began their religion. You still find the ministers studying Pollock as a master of style—mainly because he took Lord Byron to task, a man whose shoes he was not fit to blacken. The great teachers of the world have generally been in pulpits of their own, seldom getting a congregation while they lived.

Our society is growing up the great anomaly among the nations, in that it is the only one which has no recognition of honesty in matters of literary property. We clamor to the other countries that our patent rights must be protected, while we steal from Europe a book, without compensating its author or publisher, and have not the least doubt of our scrupulousness when we say that our people "must have cheap books."

The American Congress has with great reluctance, after years of agitation, consented to let the public library be taken outside of the Capitol building; these politicians used the books for their wives, children and dependents to paw over; and when the library had gotten up to about 1,000,000 volumes or more, they still thought it was exacting on the part of public opinion to ask them to surrender their property. These very scamps have never extended property rights to the authors of most of those books; the whole library up to the present time is a vast monument of piracy. Barbaric is the conscience of that land which will neither recognize the literary principle among its own people nor pay to those authors whose countries have encouraged them a single penny of royalty. The moral consequences must be felt in the land, and, indeed, are felt already in the need of proper guides to taste and style and right-thinking. As the poet Crabbe wrote and published 102 years ago, in his poem called "The Newspaper," our country has no literary mastic but the daily press is its Bible. Newspapers, in the words of Crabbe—

Like baneful herbs the gazer's eye they seize,
Rush to the head and poison where they please.
Like idle flies, a busy, buzzing train,
They drop their maggots in the trifler's brain;
To them all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper who abhor a book.

I know of no illustration which can bring out my meaning better that George Crabbe's own life.

He was described by Byron as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best;" and though he was a clergyman of the Established Church, these words of Byron stand on his tombstone.

Born in a fishing village, slightly educated to be the village doctor and surgeon, he found he had one talent which destroyed all the rest in the way of making money—the power to compose. Laboring with this talent, engaged to be married, in somewhat poor health, he finally resolved to go to London and see if he could not get encouragement for his pen. It was at this time that he wrote the poem called "The Newspaper"—refusing to be drawn into that vortex which often devours the talents. With hardly enough to keep soul and body together, he spent a whole year perfecting his versification and his knowledge of the English language. He could do nothing with the booksellers, because he had no reputation. He wrote to several public men, for in that day it was the statesman's habit to recognize literary genius. Chatterton had just killed himself after failing in the city, but he had not been honest, while Crabbe, though a poor man's son, was a gentleman.

His last despairing letter to Edmund Burke changed all the conditions of his life. Burke took him to his house, made him a resident there, introduced him to his society, had his poems published by subscription and then he was made a clergyman of the Church of England which included the office of magistrate. Starting from the time of Dr. Johnson, who corrected one of his poems for the press, this man lived down to the year 1832, having been in the Established Church fifty years. He left behind him sons to be as good clergymen and magistrates as himself.

His entire work was the depiction of English character among the average and the poorer classes, and it has never been done as well by anybody else. He did not write hectoring poetry, drawing a moral at the end of every stanza; he simply set out the plainest facts with the most subtle analysis and in the most delightful English. The United States has never had in its literature a primer to compare with Crabbe's great study of his nation and his times.

There was one period when he produced nothing for twenty-three years; and all this time his tithes sustained himself and family, and he was all the while perfecting his mind, so as to get that machine in the most wholesome order for the resumption of his work. Had he lived in the United States nearly every newspaper in the land would have had a paragraph about once a week saying that Crabbe had played out, that Crabbe was a "Has Been," etc. The persons who kept this poor man's sun up and along were the statesmen and nobles of England. No wonder that Mr. Lowell says that the influence of the nobility continues to be wholesome in that country. Who can say that the influence of the American politician is wholesome in anything?

In the early portion of our history, there was some recognition for a literature; General Washington took the only poets he knew, Humphreys and Trumbull, and gave them appointments. Irving and Hawthorne were taken into the public service by Presidents Van Buren and Pierce. Mr. Lincoln gave a foreign appointment to Mr. Howells, who is the most persevering of our novel writers; and to Mr. Neill, who has made the most original historical discoveries of our time. But in the American government there was no literary force at all, and nearly all the newspaper forces hold the government in check. If a literary man gets political consideration the press is very apt to resent it. We are consequently growing up to be just what the people claim against us—a race of nothing distinguished but our rich men and of nothing influential besides them but the politicians and the newspapers.

On the other hand, the magnificent edifice of British literature never could have been reared upon the popular favor. The moment Sir Walter Scott was heard of, William Pitt asked, "Is this man taken care of?" He was taken care of by two offices, which paid him $8,000 and consumed hardly any of his time, and by being made a baronet. The public men of England were the first to discover and recognize him, and their approval presented him to the people.

Dean Swift, one of the most original men of any literature, was provided, like Crabbe, with the great Church of St. Patrick in Dublin, though he had no disposition for the ministry, and in that place he produced his extraordinary works.

Tom Moore was a poor Irishman, a grocer's son; seeing how well he could write, the government gave him an office, which allowed him to follow literature all his days.

Fielding, who was the precursor of Dickens and the founder of the British novel, was a magistrate the most of his life, drawing the public salary.

Anthony Trollope was connected with the British postoffice in such a way as not to devour all his time from his youth to his old age. The American dames and misses who read his novels when there were few others to read like them owed the enjoyment of that man to the fact that there was a government which took pride in its literature.

I was thinking but yesterday of three men who grew up in the same country, and of how different were their fates.

Scott, Burns and Callender were all Scotch. Burns would have hardly been heard of but that the nobility and society of Edinburgh took him by the hand and, bad as his habits were, they gave him an office on which he lived for life, and in that office he revised and rewrote all the ballads of Scotland.

Scott and Callender were more nearly contemporaries.

Callender had as strong a pen as Scott. But he offended the government and fled to America; and here spent his time abusing alternately Washington and Jefferson, until he became a pest in the land, and was drowned while drunk, in a canal. Had such influences existed as took hold of Scott and made him the wizard of the world, this other poor wretch might have been an honor to his times, for while he wrote in the United States he was considered to be the most trenchant pen in it. He had no other employment to find here but on the newspapers, and they wanted him to "touch somebody up."

It may be asked, What is the remedy for all this? I can see none, while the people follow the present guides and expect no facts and influences but those of to-day.

One Place Left for Him.

"Poor Jones is a perfect wreck," remarked Smithers.

"I'm very sorry to hear it," replied Robinson.

"Yes; he's lost his sight, and he is too old to learn any business usually taught the blind."

"That's bad."

"That isn't the worst, either. His mind has become so impaired that he is utterly unable to form an opinion."

"Is that so? Then he has one means of support left him."

"What is that?"

"He can get a permanent situation as juryman."

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

The Result of an American Clubman's Search for Cheap Clothing.

A clubman relates at his own expense the following reminiscence of his visit to London last summer: Wishing to take advantage of the alleged cheapness of clothing in London he carried with him no more than he actually needed for the voyage, and on his arrival posted up to London in his steamer dress, to find an important dinner engagement awaiting him, only a few days off. It was an extremely hot day and he was tired, but he went at once to the establishment of a tailor who had been recommended and asked to see the proprietor, Mr. X. That gentleman appeared, and the following conversation took place:

"You are Mr. X.?" the American asked.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well, continued the American, "I met your customer, Mr. A., on the steamer I've just landed from, and he advised me to come and see you before looking anywhere else."

"But really, my man," the tailor said, looking the dusty, travel-stained visitor over from head to foot. "I am awfully sorry not to oblige Mr. A., don't you know, but really we don't need any more help at present."

The American is neither vain nor lacking in a sense of the ludicrous, so that instead of becoming mortally offended, as many might have done, he simply laughed and explained that he wanted some work done himself and on this footing he was at once treated with a consideration designed to atone for so awkward a mistake.—*Providence Journal.*

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