THE EVENING STAR.

Along the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
My eyes of tender tears.

The wild bees hummed about the spot,
The sheep-bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me
Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is over me now,
Around the same soft hours;
But Alice moulders in the dust
With all the last year's flowers.

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of sleep.

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.

"It cannot be!"

As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat—an old overturned boat—and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

For a moment her companion—a man of perhaps twenty-five—hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:

"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me—have you 'not said it?'—and yet you refuse to become my wife?"

"Edwin, I—"

"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should we not be happy?" and he drew her hand within his arm.

For an instant she let it rest there; then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:

"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change my mind after I had once decided upon any thing?"

"No, but——" answered her companion quickly, while she, unheeding, goes on with:

"You know the one great desire of my live is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"

"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.

"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to attain fame. Marriage brings to woman so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."

"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.

"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my will about painting, provided it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded me."

"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."

For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:

"Oh, Edwin! If I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is. If I only could!"

With an impatient sigh he turned away.

"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."

She, not noticing, went on with:

"If it would only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."

Turning, Helen found her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.

"Edwin," she called.

In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.

"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"

"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say the old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"

"How ridiculous. How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth as she continued:

"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expense. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him? Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I do then? It would be such a help to me. One can live very simply there. My little income would do, with care, I think."

"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.

"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.

"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything? You should paint to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.

"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin, but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trammelled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I——"

"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so a stoo be near you, I said to myself, 'Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her.' For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."

"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.

"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night. The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennett's lips.

Mechanically, with the end of his parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on the glittering, yellow sands, "Fame versus Love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as, pointing to the letters that stood out, he said, heatedly:

"Choose."

For a second she hesitated; then, slowly came the answer:

"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."

Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out passionately:

"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then without another word, he turned and left her.

A faint "cry" of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. They then fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms how different their life might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame still stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sands.

Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.

For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new; yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.

It was the last day of its exhibition, when a lady and gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps 3 years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.

"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd. I wanted so to see it," exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied:

"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."

An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.

For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said:

"Baby want to see too, papa."

Stooping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked:

"Is zay mad, papa?"

"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.

A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders, and piles of snowy pebbles, against which the overhanging cliffs looked almost black. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-lined, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-barred sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.

In the center of the picture, where the beach formed a cure resembling a horse-shoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; and the glorious sunset was this day naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords, or, maybe, in the man's apparent total disregard of his surroundings.

To the right of the picture was the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a, delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonged to an equally attractive face.

About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."

"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:

"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."

Clasping the little hand that rested so confidingly upon his arm, Edwin Bennet inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:

"Come dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."

"Ess, me's tired. Baby wants to tiss mama," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.

Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.

"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if Baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"

"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by "let her grow up to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out of sight. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again, she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own hands one carriage was driven home.

Soon some in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking much thirty years it had known.

Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage, heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations, heard that his wife was one of the lovelies and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. Thus day she had seen them.

Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed so lovingly to hers but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.

Turning wearily away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:

"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sown, so must you reap."

Gen. Butler Talks out in Meeting.

General Benjamin F. Butler being in New York looking after Miss Mary Hoyt's interests in the Hoyt will contest, a Tribune reporter asked him if he had read Wagner's compromise silver bill. The inquiry lead to a long talk, in the course of which the General said:

"I have grandchildren who will have to see the Vanderbilts and the Goulds taken out to the nearest lamppost and hung in the most scientific and skillful manner. After there has been blood shed we shall settle down again for a while. These money kings see the dangers already. But they do not see the remedies. When I was a candidate for President, Gould and Butler must be driven into the ground. He could not see that it was better for a man of considerable wealth and a family and property interests to be at the head of the masses, and able to control them. He only saw in the background the torch of Communism, as he thought. Some day a real red Communist will lead these men, and then he will see the difference. Every man is a Communist now, in the eyes of the community, who preaches the equality of man. Christ was the Communist of Jerusalem. As the head of the labor element I could have settled this whole railroad question as no other man could settle it. The mistake I made in running for President was like running against a stone wall. I knew the people in all ages had failed themselves in every important crisis of importance to themselves. It is the history of the ages. But I was foolish enough to think that the people had grown wiser and better; that the world had progressed in the direction of knowledge and understanding and power of concentration. I thought the laborers of the new republic were more intelligent. They are not intelligent. They were afraid of me because I had a little property. They were just as foolish as Gould. But it is not all. Nine out of ten of them would sell their votes for $2 apiece. I was a fool to think that this age was different from any other. Experience has now taught me the same lesson as history.

An American Woman in an Italian Insane Asylum.

Washington Special.

A report received at the State Department from the American consul at Genoa, Italy, contains the elements of a first class romance. The Consul writes that on August 28 he visited, in company with a friend, the asylum for the insane which stands on the outskirts of the city. Before leaving the building he was informed that one of the patients, an American lady, desired to speak to him. Some objection was made by the officers in charge. "The patient, they said, was very violent, and it would be better to disregard her wishes if it were not desirable to bring about a scene. But the consul persisted, and in the interview which followed satisfied himself that his fair countrywoman was no more insane than himself. He demanded her release which was not effected without some difficulty. The consul describes her as being very pretty and about twenty-five years of age.

The lady's story is that she married her husband, who proved to be a titled adventurer, in one of the large Eastern cities about two years ago. Her father settled upon her an annuity of $5,000 a year. Shortly after their arrival in Genoa her husband decoyed her to an insane asylum, where she was placed under restraint, though in other respects kindly treated. Her husband had averted suspicion by informing his wife's parents that she was too ill to write.

The lady is now en route to America with funds furnished by the consul. Her husband fled from Genoa upon the announcement of her release, and has not been heard from since.

DISPOSAL OF PUBLIC LANDS.

Over Three and a Million Acres Absorbed by Railroad Companies.

Commissioner of the Land Office, has prepared a statement of the disposals of lands and receipts therefrom for the fiscal year ended June 30, 18[illegible], which it appears that the details were as follows:

	No of entries	Acres.	Amount.
Alabama	3,950	493,901.62	$616,385.75
Arizona	2,447	305,174.78	57,293.25
Arkansas	4,393	548,562.90	61,848.87
California	15,813	1,979,018	784,011.74
Colorado	10,959	1,611,016	356,464.22
Dakota	53,304	7,749,572	2,768,550.50
Florida	3,961	2,515,55	192,716.65
Idaho	3,544	1,905,04	111,592.39
Illinois	—	—	—
Indiana	—	—	—
Iowa	225	1,659.36	3,819.59
Kansas	32,574	6,846,60	667,983.17
Louisiana	1,889	1,043,60	79,181.23
Michigan	1,236	93,341.24	47,941.91
Minnesota	9,198	1,379,49	367,22[illegible].91
Mississippi	1,962	1,000,03	38,520.00
Missouri	3,638	1,277,33	66,759.64
Montana	8,059	2,140,57	198,354.67
Nebraska	27,980	8,851,56	968,946.10
Nevada	1,179	1,430,94	6,222.74
New Mexico	2,417	3,981,57	95,373.22
Ohio	—	—	—
Oregon	8,481	3,287,71	241,851.60
Oregon	2,222	353,52	55,806.92
Washington Ter	10,778	2,117,75	327,753.18
Wisconsin	3,293	3,436,02	101,694.05
Wyoming	3,519	2,367,14	255,186.04
Grand Total	226,382	43,963,38	$7,686,114.80

The number of [illegible]al homestead entries was 50,877, [illegible]ding 7,415,885 acres, from which receipts were $8731,843. The number of final homestead entries was 3,032,679 acres, [illegible]66, including receipts were $105,15[illegible] which the number of original timber entries was 30,998, including 4,[illegible]5 acres, from which the receipts [illegible] $425,420. The number of final timber culture entries was 750, including [illegible] acres, from which the fees were [illegible].

The total number [illegible]res taken under railroad selection[illegible] (as 3,558,914, made up as follows: (non-committed): Alabama, 33,198; Ar[illegible] 133,052; California, 376,445; Co[illegible], 14,252; Dakota, 790,693; Iow[illegible]014; Kansas, 195,016; Louisiana, [illegible]; Minnesota, 108,217; Montana, 2[illegible]9; Nebraska, 178,039; Nevada, 60,[illegible] Oregon, 245,[illegible]386; Utah 17,123; W[illegible]gton Territory, 535,216; Wisco[illegible]51,819.

The grand total of [illegible]sals of lands (20,113,663 acres) [illegible]des $81,850. acres of Indian land [illegible] This is a decrease in the number [illegible]res disposed of as compared with [illegible] year 1884 of 6,535,656, but as co[illegible]d with the year 1883, it is an in[illegible] of 683,630 acres. From sales [illegible]ndian lands $2933,183 was realized [illegible]ing the total receipts from all sale[illegible]nds $7,686,114, a decrease com[illegible] with the receipts during 1884 of [illegible]59,532, and as compared with the [illegible] 1883 a decrease of $3,086,167.

A Long-Felt Want Supplied.

A new invention h[illegible]cently come to light in Europe, by [illegible]id of which a man, a common una[illegible]ing man, or even a delicate, tende[illegible]le, can enter a cage of roaring [illegible] and make them walk turkey to [illegible]een's taste. It consists of an appa[illegible] in the form of a stick that [illegible] and a half in length, powerfully [illegible]rged with electricity. The inve[illegible] M. Rauspach, is a lion tam[illegible] trade, and having had his hair an[illegible]ers choice portions of his anatom[illegible]n off from time to time by his fri[illegible]rolicsome, charges, he set his bra[illegible] work and at last hit upon the [illegible]e scheme. He first tried his el[illegible] "dingus" upon three of his lion[illegible]ch he had been aching to get eve[illegible] for some-time, and by gently l[illegible] the stick upon the tip of their [illegible]it had the desired effect. The[illegible]eived the shock with as much po[illegible]s as possible under the circu[illegible]ces, but it was plain to be seen [illegible] actions that their feelings wer[illegible] and that a very small quantity [illegible]t kind of artificial lightning wen[illegible]eat ways.

It acted something [illegible] the faith cure, only more so. I[illegible] of a laying on of hands in this [illegible] was the laying on of a new kin[illegible]club that made them tired. The [illegible]ion came up with his mouth wide [illegible] and an I-would-lunch-upon-you [illegible]s. expression in his eyes, t[illegible] another time would have cause[illegible]bold lion tamer to wither like a [illegible]ah market bouquet that ha[illegible] kept in stock over Sunday. Bu[illegible]had confidence in his invention, [illegible]hen the king of the forest can[illegible]rer and was about to take a m[illegible]l of the man's whiskers, the sti[illegible] gently drawn across the old b[illegible]pse, and immediately, if not soo[illegible]ere was a transformation scene [illegible]at cage. The youthful, happy lig[illegible]peared from his eyes, the long[illegible], busby tail, that heretofore ha[illegible]ied its head so high, sought c[illegible]etween his legs, his tongue r[illegible] like a piece of red flannel, and [illegible]ir curled up so tight all over h[illegible] that fairly cracked. The ot[illegible]o were then given a dose of th[illegible] medicine with like results, an[illegible]ion tamer had things all his ow[illegible]

They seemed to have l[illegible]eir appetite for human flesh [illegible]ll they asked was to be left alo[illegible]e next tried his luck on the be[illegible] bruin wasn't to be handled so [illegible] After three or four trials, howe[illegible]s bear-ship made a hop, skip a[illegible]mp for his post and couldn't ge[illegible]the top quick enough. The next [illegible]er was the boa constrictor, and [illegible]ok his medicine with less grit th[illegible] of the rest. At first, as the elec[illegible]urrent began to burn holes in hi[illegible] blood-ed vitals, he looked surp[illegible]but as it searched out new [illegible]unex-plored parts the treatm[illegible]s too severe, and he began tying himself up in all kinds of knots; there were true lover's knots, sailor knots, in fact, all kind of knots. After carrying on this way for some time his blood seemed to suddenly freeze, and at last he straightened out as limp as a towel and didn't show any life for three whole days.

The elephant was the only animal that kicked real hard against the test. When he reached out his trank, and took hold of the infernal machine, he felt that he had been imposed upon, and nothing would satisfy his vengeance but bubbling brooklets of blood. He let one agonizing yell, and seizing a looker-on with his trunk, he whirled him around his head and let him drop over on the other s de of the arena. If M. Rauspach will get his invention patented, and supply the market, it wouldn't be a bad thing to have in private families or on the police force. If some of the Milwaukee policemen could have had a few in their possession last Sunday, during the Polish riot up in the First Ward, there wouldn't have been as much blood shed, and the priest, probably, wouldn't have had his house all mussed up. All the police would have been obliged to do would have been to wade through the crowd, touch the disorderly ones on the end of the nose with their electric sticks, and behold! "presto," the would-be fighters would immediately turn themselves wrong side out, and be of no further use that day.

Oh! it is a great invention, without any doubt. A man could take his family out driving behind the liveliest kind of a team, and if he had one of those sticks in the buggy they would be perfectly safe. In case the horses became frightened and attempted to run away, it would only be necessary to touch each on the flank, and they would immediately sit down like a couple of weary dogs, and all of their fire and vinegar would disappear like a summer cloud. Probably the best place for this invention, however, would be in the editorial rooms of a weekly newspaper, where the festive yet meek and lowly poet, fresh from his quiet rambles, 'mid fields of golden grain, and the scent of new-mown hay, loves to open his precious manuscript and pour out his verse in soul-stirring accents in the ear of the suffering editor. It is here, dear reader, that this electric hair-curler would fill a long-felt want. When the tired, overworked editor has listened to a dozen or more pages of spring, summer or autumn gush, and is racking his brain to discover how in sheol sun can possibly rhyme with pumpkin, he naturally longs for the time to come when he can write up that poet's obituary notice. But if he had one of those little chunks of condensed lightning handy, how different the case would be. A mild rub on the poet's nose with the end of the stick would knock all the poetry out of him and he would be a changed man from that time on.

—*Peck's Sun.*

General Grant's Old Regiment.

At the reunion of the veterans of Gen. Grant's old regiment—the 21st Illinois Volunteers, at Neoga, Ill., last week, Col. Fred Grant was present and was accorded a very hearty reception. In response to requests for a speech, the Colonel said: "I do not intend to make you a speech, for I have not been trained as a public talker. I have here a document that I would like to read you. It is the last line written by my father upon matters pertaining to the war, and has never before been made public. As he entered into the war with you for his first companions, and as he always spoke of your regiment with affectionate interest, it is fitting that you should be the first to hear his parting words. This is what he wrote upon the pages I hold here:" "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, where there is to be great harmony between the Federals and Confederates. I can not stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seems to me the beginning of the answers to 'Let us have peace.' The expressions of these kindly feelings were not restricted to a section of the country nor to a division of the people. They came from individual citizens of all nationalities, from all denominations, the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jew, and from the various societies of the land, scientific, educational, religious or otherwise. Politics did not enter into the matter at all. I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given this matter because I was the object of it, but the war between the States was a very bloody and costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles dearer than life before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side—it was no matter whether deservedly so or not—a representor of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end." A general amen went up from the audience, and then the meeting quietly adjourned.

A NEW VIEW OF AMERICANS

Our Barbarous Selves Seen as Through a Complimentary Sir Hubert's Glasses.

Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences.

"Not being a personnage, and not caring to appear in a white tie and fine linen every evening, and having wished to see the social life in the American city not as a guest but as a traveler, I think I can more impartially judge of what would be the impression made on a cosmopolitan than had I traded on being an Englishman with a handle attached to my name, as probably most Britishers with such an impediment would do. I mixed with all classes, in the street car or omnibus (which in its American form is as superior to our London—the Travelers' of New York—and in a political sense our of the river Hudson, to which steamer and to which river we have nothing to compare in the Old World. Wherever I went I found all classes of the Americans not only civil, but highly civilized, as compared thus for class with the English; not only amiable, but, as a rule kind and courteous, and with rare exceptions, well-informed, well bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come amongst. What struck me especially in New York was the invariable civility shown by all classes of men to women, whether the women rustle in silk or wore linsey-wolsey or homespun; however crowded the car or the footway, room was at once made for a lady. Does not this somewhat contrast with the surly, grumpy incivility that is shown to the fair sex in our public carriages and streets? This politeness is not, as in a neighboring country to ours, mere lip and eye civility, but arises, I believe, from a mutual and intuitive good breeding from which, as I said before, the Americans of every class are endowed.

"For instance, if one entered a room in a club or hotel, one was not met by those assembled with a 'Who the Dash is this person whom none of us know' and what the Dash does he here?' sort of look; nor, if one entered into conversation with some one in a railroad car or steamer, was one greeted with that truly British stare which in this country of insular prejudice and arrogant assumption, conveys as plainly as words the question, 'What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without an introduction?'

"My experience has been in America that if you ask a service from a stranger it is accorded readily, without condescension or fuss; that among them is little of the snubbish wish to appear to those we do not know as greater people than we really are, little of that disgusting patronage of manner that prevails in this country among the richer classes, and none of the no less disgusting cringiness of manner which as greatly prevails among our trades-people, and which makes me for one hesitate before asking my way in the streets of a well-dressed man, or entering a shop where one will (if known as 'a good customer') be received by a mealy-mouthed mortal all smiles and grimaces, who will think that he will more readily secure a purchaser by showing some article ordered by my Lord This or my Lady That. On the contrary, the New York tradesman or shopkeeper receives you with civility, but without any of that cringiness of manner which seems to me little less insulting than actual insolence; he will allow you to look as long as you like at any of the articles his shop may contain, and will be equally civil if you purchase or if you do not; but he will not rub his hands and contract his features into a leer, and if you were to show him your superiority of position by affecting to look down on him as being only a tradesman, he would probably show you that there is something more in being a citizen of a great Republic than mere sound, and that although you may fancy yourself a superior being from not being a republican or a shopman, he might be able to prove to you that one man is as good as another.

"I mixed thus with all classes, and spoke to all with whom I came into contact, and in no single instance did I meet with anything but perfect civility—the civility of equals, which is, after all, the truest. I admire with all my heart this people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of common courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves.

"I grant that the Americans we meet on the Continent of Europe are often offensive in manner and give a very unfavorable impression of their country both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but, believe me, these are the exceptions."

Putting on Style.

Dr. Lansdell, the famous missionary was warned when entering Bokhara that his conventional clerical garb would not impress the natives with a proper sense of the wearer's importance. "I had," he related, "the red square college cap. I also had a very elaborate example of a sort of Persian waistcoat, which I had purchased as a curiosity. I had also, as a Freemason, my royal arch collar and apron and several Masonic jewels. Before entering Bokhara I put on my doctor of divinity's hood, my Persian waistcoat, my royal arch collar and apron, all the Masonic jewels which I am entitled to wear, and, fastening my little traveling Bible to my royal arch collar, was presented to the deputation sent out to receive me. They were a very dazzling crowd, in gorgeous attire. They received me with great distinction, and I rode in at the head of a very gallant procession, one of the wonders of Bokhara; and I think I smiled frequently as I thought of the appearance I made and contemplated the evident sensation I created."