MY FAMILY.

I had a prejudice against my family from the first.

I considered that my father lived in a house much too small for a man of his means, and that I was deprived of many advantages to which I was justly entitled. I often told my father of this, but it seemed to make no impression.

He was always willing that I should associate with more pretentious people, and when I declared, at sixteen, that I was going away from home and to a fashionable school, he made no resistance. Indeed, as I now interpret it, he heaped fiery coals upon my head; for, besides paying my regular tuition at the school, he often sent me, unsolicited, packages of currency which permitted me (as I was a boy) to travel far during my summer vacations, and see the country. This, it would seem, should have reconciled me, but it did not. It made me worse. The family grew more unpretentious in my eyes as the succeeding year, and the climax was reached when my father decided to leave the city, and take up his residence on a farm. There was a pretty stream running through the farm, and woods and hills, and numerous sleek cattle, which our new neighbors praised as being of the best blood of any in the county, but I looked contemptuously on all this, and only thought of the difference between the way we went about, all in one carriage with father driving instead of a coachman as before, and my friend Harry did in the city. I condescended to visit my people occasionally, and sometimes, in the excitement of shooting and fishing, forgot our disgraceful position.

But at night, upon my return from shooting, as we gathered in the sitting-room, only to read the magazines and play whist, it would come back to me how we should be attending brilliant receptions and making witty speeches in full dress in the city, and I would fall to upbraiding my father for denying me and my sisters the advantages of city life.

The most curious part of all this, as I look back upon it now, is the complacency with which all my criticisms were received by my family, and the obscene acrimony, of any bickerings or strife, on the part of any of the other members. My sisters and my mother always agreed that the way I was deprived of what other boys had was outrageous, but it seemed to be tacitly understood that having given me their sympathy, they could do nothing more and the most friendly and loving relations existed between us all; they spending much of their time manufacturing presents with which to favor me, and I constantly sending to them fruit and novelties from the city.

That my father bore with me so patiently illustrates a peculiarity of many Amer can homes. Whether the English strait-jacket system might not have been better, I leave you to debate with yourselves. Sometimes he would gently reprove me for being so fiery and impertinent, but as a rule he allowed me to do all the talking, and seemed satisfied that I should do just what I pleased, so long as I did well at the school, and kept in good health.

If he proceeded on the theory that only time and experience were needed to convince me of my folly and his wisdom, he would be eminently justified if he could talk with me now: A decade has passed, and the impetuous and ambitious youth has lived among the fashionable and pretentious people whom he used so much to envy. Moreover, in his profession he has brought him in contact with their family secrets, family jars, and family griefs. How often has he found, beneath the honeyed words and liveried servants, which strangers admire, an existence of selfishness and greed and hypocrisy of which he never dreamed!

If any youth from farm or shop, with unpretentious home, shall read this sketch, I beg to remind him that, as the human body changes every seven years so does the mind.

Let none of us imagine that what today is to us all important, will be so next year or the year after. The most intelligent and the most successful men of all ages have recorded their convictions that ambition, no success, gives the lasting satisfaction of a peaceful home and a loving family.

And as I review with familiarity the palatial homes in the great city where I now live, and witness the relations of the members of each family as they move about and address each other, I remember with great gratitude the happy relations which existed (with the exception mentioned) at the old home farm.

And if you ask me to-day where and how I best enjoyed myself, I must admit that no ambition achieved, no wealth acquired, gives me the pleasure that the contemplation gives me of the return services which I afterwards rendered (as partial retribution) to my kind old father and mother in happy and unselfish relations that have always existed, by reason of my father's early influence, between my sisters and myself.

Such of you as are philosophers can take up the thought where I leave off and think out much more out of it. The scores of such homes as mine was, exist all around us I have no doubt. If some of the dissatisfied members will be brought to reflect that experience only, as a rule, brings wisdom, and that toleration and unselfishness are, after all, the badges of a strong mind and a good heart, I shall be paid for my trouble in writing. After many years of observation you may conclude, as I have done, that your unpretentious family, honest, simple and affectionate with all their dealings with each other, is, compared with the majority of more pretentious ones, a shining monument to be proud of—a veritable aristocracy to which you are glad to belong.—*Philander Bassett, in the Current.*

Marriages of couples between the ages of 13 and 16 years are a frequent occurrence in Canada. Originating in the early history of the country, when women were few and the government and church alike encouraged girls in their teens to become wives, the practice has become permanent.

"Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocracy?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her favorite pupil. "I can't explain what it is, but I know it all the same." "Give me an example of hypocracy." "When a fellow says he loves his Sunday-school teacher. That's hypocracy."

THE DOLLAR.

I've lived sixty years in the frisky old world,
An' seen lots of changin' and turnin',
An fifty of them, by the sweat of my brow,
My bread an' my butter been earnin';
An' I've learned many things, in the way of hard facts,
(I never was any great scholar,)
An' here's one for you—Be it ever so low,
Young man—an' you young woman,
I'm warnin' you too—
Keep on the right side of the dollar.

No matter how much you may want this or that,
If you can't spare the money to buy it,
Don't run into debt, or you'll quickly regret
That you ever were tempted to try it.
Though your clothes may be white at the seams, an' you find
Rough edges on cuffs an' collar,
Just wait to get new till the same you can do,
Young man—an', young woman, I'm warnin' you too—
And keep on the right side of the dollar.

Oh, the strifes an' the troubles that would be, like weeds,
Cut down in their pestilent growin',
An' the famine, like a sinful flow'r to, that folks
In their unthread would be constantly sowin'!
Oh, the hotbeds and the lives that wouldn't be lost,
If all that plain precept would follow!
That I lay down to you! Whatever you do,
Young man—an' young woman, I'm warnin' you too—
Keep on the right side of the dollar.
—Harper's Bazar.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Mr. Augustus Wetherby walked up and down his apartment in an embroidered smoking-cap and jacket, apparently absorbed in restless thought.

Each time that he passed the large dressing-mirror he beslowed upon it a glace of criticising satisfaction; and then would pause to gaze admiringly into his own eyes, and with his elbows on a level with his shoulders, to gracefully twist the ends of his waxed moustache.

Finally, he took up an open letter from the table, and for the third time perused its contents, which were as follows:

"DEAR GUS—I drop you a hasty line to catch the 6 o'clock mail. Minnie Gray is with us, and I want you to come over without delay and get what you can do in the way of winning an heiress. She is just from boarding-school—simple, unsophisticated girl of 18—and if you enter the field at once I don't see why, with your advantages, you should not succeed in making an impression. If uncle can't spare you from the office before Saturday, I'll run up and stay till Monday. In a quiet country house a great deal can be done in that time. Don't fail me, old boy. Yours in judicious duplicity, as ever,

"HARRY."

"Humph! Aw, well, I may as well go up and see what she is like!" mused Mr. Augustus Wetherby, giving a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. "Old man still living; but won't object to that if he'd do the handsome thing by me than he did when I took my daughter's husband. In fact it would be handy to have him go on making money for a few years. It isn't every day that a feller can pick up an heiress—pretty, too, I think I heard Merrow say. Cousin of his, eh? Convenient to have sisters marry fellows with rich young cousins. Yes, I think I might as well try it on."

On the following Saturday, accordingly, a blonde young gentleman, faultlessly attired, and with a calmly satisfied and rather supercilious air, boarded the five o'clock train for a two hours' ride to Verdon station.

He found but two seats unoccupied on one end of the car—a lady with a ticket conspicuously secured on the front of her shawl by three pins, and the other adjoining that of a handsome, well-grown young lady, who was seated alone at a window with a satchel beside her.

Affecting not to observe the first seat, and even ignoring the friendly tug at his coat-tail by the fat lady, Mr. Wetherby passed on, and passed with a half-wistful, half-apologetic glance at the vacant seat.

The young lady, observing this, promptly removed her shawl and satchel, and made room for him.

"Thank you! I hope I am not incommoding you," said Mr. Wetherby, with his most graceful and winning manner.

"Not at all," she answered, raising a pair of bright, frank, brown eyes to his face.

And then they sat for a few moments silent as the train started.

The breeze, with its inevitable cinders and dust came in strongly at the window, and of course the young lady tried to close it, could not, and equally ot course Mr. Wetherby offered to do it for her.

Then they naturally got to talking, the young lady manifested no shyness or stiffness and as Mr. Wetherby looked at her smiling red lips and bright eyes, he noticed her easy, self-possessed manner, and he congratulated himself upon having made a fortunate choice for the amusement of his brief journey.

She was alone, too, which encouraged him to assume a little protective gallantry.

"Have you far to go?" he inquired, when he had conveniently arranged his satchel and umbrella at his feet.

"Would you call it far to Princeton?" she returned innocently.

So she going to Princeton, a ride of six hours—and as Mr. Wetherby looked at her bright, intelligent face and brilliant eyes, he almost regretted that his own journey must be so short. He fancied, too, from an indefinable something in her look and manner that she had "read Vanity Fair," as he himself would have significantly expressed it, and with an inward gratification, set himself to deepen the impression by his most winning smiles, and elegant and fastidious airs.

Besides his admiration of the young lady, he would like to show the people around him that he was somebody.

Just in front of him sat a pale delicate looking lady, who was nervously endeavoring to keep two little children quiet. They would not mind, and quite rather interfered with Mr. Wetherby's conversation.

"Great nuisance, children on the cars," he observed, fastidiously, to his fair companion.

"I don't object to them. It is amusing to observe their funny little ways," she replied good humoredly.

"When they are good and pretty; but children like those are a nuisance ought to have a special car provided —a sort of cattle box—"

He ended abruptly, as the lady in front turned her head, and, with a sudden flash, bestowed upon him a glance of which only an outraged sad insulted mother is capable.

"Good gracious! I hope—I did not intend that she should hear me!" said Mr. Wetherby. "However, if people choose to listen to private remarks, it makes no difference."

Then he laid back in his seat, and while his fair companion looked from the window, reversed himself making faces at the baby, which was staring at him over the back of the seat and making ineffectual efforts to grab hold of his gold-headed cane.

The sweet infant at once stared in round-eyed wonder at the unaccustomed facial expression and then as he became more ogre-like, its little mooncface worked, and it burst into a terrified shriek which startled half the sleepers in the car.

"And you will excuse my little son, sir," said a voice behind Mr. Wetherby. The fat lady had enjoyed the interesting performance with which you have been kindly endeavoring to entertain him.

And the tall, stalwart gentleman leaned forward and took the terrified infant from its mother's arms.

"I think we had better introduce ourselves into a family group here," Mr. Augustus Wetherby observed, as he looked uneasily around. "You will be more comfortable on the other side, and able to keep the window open—it being leeward, as sailors say."

The young lady, hesitated a moment, but then gathered up her shawl and satchel and crossed over to the opposite side of the car, where were a couple of seats vacated by passengers who had alighted at the last station.

It was immediately in the rear of a plainly dressed lady, who, however, was fast asleep and slightly snoring, with his feet conspicuously elevated.

He had removed his new boots, and encased his large feet in a pair of gaudily cloth slippers, which left exposed an ample space of gray yarn stockings, evidently home manufactured.

"I really believe the old fellow imagines this to be a sleeping car, or at least that he can indulge in the privileges of one, regardless of the feelings of his fellow passengers. People of his class generally imagine that they can shirk the expense of a sleeping car by making a dress-coat of the public cars. I've a great mind to fire one of those boots out of the window with my cane."

"That would be too bad. You wouldn't do it, really, would you?"

"Not if you object. The poor fellow certainly looks as if he could ill afford the loss. But I'd give something for those slippers to deposit in a museum for future antiquarians as a relique of the simple, unsophisticated girl of 18—and if you enter the field at once I don't see why, with your advantages, you should not succeed in making an impression. If uncle can't spare you from the office before Saturday, I'll run up and stay till Monday. In a quiet country house a great deal can be done in that time. Don't fail me, old boy. In judici ously of course—and I'm sure she is already interested in you. Stay over with us but a week or so longer, and—till then leave with her family for their Western home, so you see that no time is to be lost. I shall certainly expect you on Saturday. I am, dear Wetherby, Your affectionate disciple.

Your devoted sister. AGNES MERROW."

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The next station was not Verdon; nevertheless, Mr. Wetherby, with his baggage, alighted there, and took the next train homeward.

To the inquiries of a friend, to whom he had confidentially communicated his intention of marrying an heiress, he briefly replied that he had seen the girl and did not quite fancy her. And it is observable that on all of his travelling trips he is strangely silent and uncommunicative with his fellow passengers.—Susan A. Weiss.

Could Not Stand an Honest Life.

The New York Sun tells this story of rather doubtful orthodoxy of a criminal:

A discharged prisoner entered the office of the late Dr. Elisha Harris in New York one day last week. "I am just out of the penitentiary," Dr. Harris replied; "I am very glad to see you. Take a seat. What can I do for you?" The young man continued: "I want to get honest work to do, and to lead an honest life. Can you aid me to find employment?" Dr. Harris told him that he thought that he might be able to do so, and directed him to a lodging house, where he could remain for a few days, when he would let him know the results of his efforts in his behalf. He happened to be acquainted with a gentleman, who had occasion to hire a large number of men in some manufacture, who had also occasion to take convicts on trial, and his application to him in the prisoner's name proved successful. The young man was so attractive in his appearance and manners, that the gentleman and his wife both became deeply interested in him, and wishing to be more used to him, took him to their own house where they experienced no pains to influence him in the direction of amendment and right living. He apparently suffered under their gentle administration, professed to have become a Christian and expressed a desire to unite with the church. Some thing of a sensation was created by one of the fashionable places of worship in the city of New York one Sunday morning by the simultaneous rising ed down the aisle with him and stood by his side as the rite of Christian baptism was administered to him. Not long afterward the prisoner's new and faithful friends met Dr. Harris and asked him what he thought of their protégé. He said: "I do not think he will hold out." "Why not?" "Oh, I cannot tell you. His looks, his gestures, his whole manner seem to me to indicate a deficiency in moral stamina." "Why, doctor," exclaimed the lady, "do you mean to set limits to the grace of God?" "By no means, madam. The grace of God can do everything for every soul; but there are some men whom it seems in fact that it is very little, and I incline to think that this young man is one of them." They were indignant at his want of confidence and lack of sympathy with their own enthusiasm. But time rolled on and the young man disappeared. He had been absent for some weeks when he wrote the lady. "I can never thank you as I ought for your very kind letters, but I must confess that I have required it so badly, but the truth is that I could not stand an honest life. I am a thief, and I would rather die with a jimmy in my hand than be the possessor of the finest fortune in America."

The Resources of the South.

The New York Indicator, a business journal, thus sets forth the south as it is at present: The extensive resources of the South may be judged by the following statistics, which we glean from Southern exchanges: The cotton mills in the South have increased since 1880 from 1880 to 253, almost 100 per cent. and in spindles from 750,000 to 1,542,000, a gain of 165,000,000 bushels. Oats have nearly doubled in production, and the same is practically true of tobacco, rice, sugar, and wool. In short, while in 1880 the live stock of the South was worth $439,000,000. At present its value is $580,000,000, or a gain of $150,000,000. So that, according to a general resume of the increasement of interests in the South, it appears that this section produced in 1887 (1,700,000,000 more of agricultural, manufacturing and mining products than in 1880. This is a little more than the average value of the cotton crop, and $200,000,000 more than the total value of the wheat crop of the whole country for the past year. Further than this it is both the result of the advent of new capital and the application of additional capital to go into the South. We believe the next five years will show greater progress than the last five years have witnessed.

The Gum Chewer's Friend.

The habit of chewing gum, according to a Macon, Ga., physician, is a good and healthy one. "Thinness," he says, "is a physical characteristic of Americans. I account for this because of the fact that they are in a new country, for whose climate they have not become used. Even the descendants of people who came to America a hundred years ago have not yet fully acclimated. This is true, it matters not to what country people may remove. Natural history has demonstrated that at least three hundred years are required to acclimatize a nation that has taken its abode in a new country.

"Now, as thinness is a characteristic of Americans, they ought to use what they will make them fat, and they ought not to use what will keep them lean. The habit of chewing gum causes certain juices which aid digestion to flow freely, nominal and the gum itself one substance. The habit of chewing tobacco also causes those juices to flow freely, but the tobacco user does not swallow them mixed with the poisonous juice of the weed. I see you have your notebook out; just put down this fact; twenty years ago the rule was that Southern women were thin and delicate; it is not the rule now. Southern women are not physically equalled in North America. Any physician who is an observer will be brought to be will tell you that it is true. This change is due to the habit of chewing gum. You may smile, you may even laugh, if you please, but I am telling you a plain fact. As to Southern men, they are as thin and gaunt as they ever were, and so they will remain until they cease to chew tobacco and begin to chew gum."—Cleveland Leader.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I know a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner,
Grumble Corner in Cross Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat.

He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
And his grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife, that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain.
And if there was never a cloud about
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough.

Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with accurful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet.
Whose face was without the look of care
And the cheerful frown that it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head
To look at it last, "it is the Mr Horner
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When clocks were up, and when stocks were down;
But in a smile, somehow, had replaced the frown.

It puzzled me much; and so one day
I asked the kind in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time dread:
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence." "Yes," said Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; twas a change complete,
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street."

Now every day as I am making
The streets, are filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell.
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, and always ready to growl;
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.
JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The Dutchman's Application.

Mr. Carl Deudenheimer so far modified his unfavorable opinion of life insurance as an investment, under the persuasive arguments of the Great American Eagle's talented canvasser, that he decided to take a policy without delay; and the agent in his blandest manner commenced the questions laid down in the application.

"Name and residence? All right, I have that much.

"Occupation?"

"Hey?"

"What is your business?"

"Mein pishness. Vell, I don't got some pishness now, since mine bardner he vos runned away mit der sassidge schopper. I vos make bologna sassidge already by Katyrine street."

"Well, I will say you are a provision dealer."

"Yah, dot ish all rightd ov it got me some chance mit creenbacks monish, I don'd care how it vos."

"Age of father, ifliving?"

"Vell, let me saw. Ov he vas—let, he vill, I dinks, be ein hundret, but he vas dreadsides by scheduled mit der schurch he vill painidt, more ago os vorty year, and since den he ish gone dead."

"Oh! I see. Well, is your mother living?"

"Vell, I tole you how dot vos. Mein moder dot vos shpank me already ven I vos lee'le chap, she vos runned avay mit a circus mann, und den mein fader he vas marry den oder voman dat vos cook by der hodel, und den he vos dumble by der schdeble, und dot cook, dot vos mein moder, she vos got married some oder vellar, und I don'd kin dell ov she vos mein moder some more, or mein fader ish gone dead already, how dot vos I don'd kin dell you about dot meinself."

"Are you married?"

"Nein. But I don'd saw some oder gal so poody like Katrina, and I dinks I'm got bromised ven I got more monish by der life insurance gompany. Katrina dinks great deal much buy me."

"What amount of insurance do you wish to apply for?"

"Vell, now much I can got?"

"Oh, any sum you wish."

"Vell, I dinks I will dook dirdee nhundher dollar. Dot is der monish Hans Spiegler vill sold me der saloon by Glinton strasse, und I dinks dot vill bay unti Katrina mek good pishness already."

"Thirteen hundred dollars. Well that pays for it."

"Vot is dot you call blan?"

"In what way do you wish to insure?"

"Oh, vell, I don'd vos bardickler about dot. I dinks I vill dook pard ov der monish in creenbacks und de resht pard in shmall monish, und dot vill be handy in der saloon."

"Yes, but the money is not paid, you know, until you are dead!"

"Vot voolishness ish dot? Vot good dot monish vill do me und I vas dead all der dime. Eh?"

"But the object of insurance, as I explained to you, is to provide for the widow and orphan."

"Vot I dot you call orphan?"

"An orphan is one who has lost his father and mother."

"Vell, dot vos me meinself. Don'd I vos told you already how my dot vos mit mine faders und mudders."

"Yes, but you insure for the benefit of your own widow and orphans."

"Vell, but I don'd got some vidder und orphan mineself. Der vos ein vidder by Prooklyn und she vos keep mein panders, und owes me blenty money ov der sassidge meat I shall sell dot vidder. Und den I dakes me mine bill do dot vidder, she vos dell me she not kin dot bill pay already und ov I vos like dot arranchment ve vill gonnies married, und dot vill der bill den seddle, but I vos dold dot vidder not ov der gourt, is mit himself acquaint already, und I don'd sold her no more sassidge meat since dot dime, und so I don'd got some vidder mineself."

"I see you do not understand the workings of life insurance."

"Der vorkings! I dinks me dot der insurinks monish vill gone vidout vorkings. Not ish dot so?"

"No. I say you fail to get the id ea Suppose you and Katrina were to get married, as you say."

"Yah, I dinks ve vill."

"And after a time you were to die and leave her a destitute widow—"

"Nein, she vill den be a Cherman vid." ty doc."

"Well, a German widow. Now, I suppose you love Katrina?"

"Yah."

"Well, an insurance policy will enable you to leave her some money."

"Vell, vot good dot vill do me self?"

"True, it will not benefit you, but it will make her happy."

"Vot for I shall make her happy, und I ish gone dead. It makes me mad of she ish deu happy."

"But—"

"Now, see here, mine frent, I dinks you ish mek a mishdake mit me. Ov you dinks dot I vos vot der boys ein creenbrick call a vool, you vos vot I more as ten dollar bet, ov you kin learn a vellar dot ish make sassidge mead some new tricks already. Mebbe id ish besser you gone mine shop und before I shall got so more mad as I kick you quick oudt. Mebbe you don'd vos hear dot adverb how dot said, 'Nobody kin dem old bird mit some chaff got by der trap!'"

And the agent lost his application.
HANS KRAUTMAN.

Peter Geddes.

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