

THE PAST IN MINE

O Memory! O Memory! Adown thy path I love to stray...

A STORY OF A BOOK.

I should like to tell my story, for it seems to me that in the great multitude of companions which pour into the world every year, little ones like me are forgotten.

Every one knows what the outside of a book is—red, yellow, green or purple in color, lettered in silver, lettered in red, oblong and square, fat and thin.

Where do we all come from? Whither are we going? are questions which I think I may ask, without running the risk of being thought vain.

I know where I came from—that is, the heart and core of me; and I wish, as I said before, to relate my history.

Thousands passed me in the race. Books full of dark deeds—cheating, murder, and the like—sold. Books full of affected flights of aesthetic culture and lofty agnostic teaching, sold; but I was passed by.

"Bright Days," the appearance of which caused such pleasure in that dull little London lodging, was lent to admiring friends and read; it was lent to others, and dismissed with faint praise.

A great critic in literature called it goody, another dull; a third laughed over it with his clever wife, and wrote what he thought a stinging piece of satire—only a few lines. "Bright Days" was not worth more!

"Will you take another story?" my author asked of Mr. Best. "Well, I am afraid"—and the beard was stroked thoughtfully—"I am afraid—not at our risk; we must wait.

"I would not go so far as that. Your story is true to life—a little too true; it is well written; there are beautiful passages in it; but, to sum up in a few words, 'Bright Days' is not a success."

Well, there are different notions as to success, but it seems to me that I did not altogether fail when a letter, like the one which I heard my author's husband read to her, was written about me.

"These proofs are so scrawled over, I'll just send them back to Mr. Best. I ain't going to spend my life over 'em."

From first to last I heard no grumbling about myself. All went smoothly, and my dear author would smile and sing over me as the proofs of my progress came by the post to her twice a week.

The great day came at last. After I had been punched and flattened and stitched, I was inclosed in a modest gray binding with silver letters, and was published!

Ah, me! with what crowds of other books did I make my debut into the wholesale publisher's ware-house, where we were all ranged on shelves waiting for orders.

Some were sent for review, some to the trade; one, with ten pounds, to my dear author.

Who of all the people that glanced at me guessed the labor which had been bestowed on me in my creation, and the joy which I gave when I lay complete on the breakfast table one dark December morning?

"This is a bright day to me, darling," said the husband, hugging me and the baby and my author in one fervent embrace.

"Then the ten pounds were examined—the crossed check!"

"Payable to you," she said, "so you must take the money. I am only a woman, so I can't take my wage. So nice that it is yours!"

How happy they were! how full of bright plans and schemes! That ten pounds was an El Dorado—that check, signed by Messrs. Best & Crowe, like a banner of victory.

And now I must go to less pleasant subjects. I was not a success commercially—hardly a failure, but not a success.

Thousands passed me in the race. Books full of dark deeds—cheating, murder, and the like—sold. Books full of affected flights of aesthetic culture and lofty agnostic teaching, sold; but I was passed by.

I must speak as a noun of multitude, for a certain freemasonry is established among us as a tribe, and we know pretty well by results what has happened.

"Bright Days," the appearance of which caused such pleasure in that dull little London lodging, was lent to admiring friends and read; it was lent to others, and dismissed with faint praise.

A great critic in literature called it goody, another dull; a third laughed over it with his clever wife, and wrote what he thought a stinging piece of satire—only a few lines. "Bright Days" was not worth more!

"Will you take another story?" my author asked of Mr. Best. "Well, I am afraid"—and the beard was stroked thoughtfully—"I am afraid—not at our risk; we must wait.

"I would not go so far as that. Your story is true to life—a little too true; it is well written; there are beautiful passages in it; but, to sum up in a few words, 'Bright Days' is not a success."

Well, there are different notions as to success, but it seems to me that I did not altogether fail when a letter, like the one which I heard my author's husband read to her, was written about me.

It came the very next day after the interview with Messrs. Best & Crowe; it was addressed to their care, and duly forwarded. My dear author tried to read it, but the baby snatched at it and tried to thrust the crumpled page into her mouth, and the young mother handed it to her husband, saying:

"Do read it for me; I can not imagine who wrote it."

"It is about 'Bright Days,'" her husband said, and I, lying on the writing table, heard my name, and was all attention.

voice and see her smile. 'Bright Days' indeed she makes for those about her, and in making them she makes her own. Beautiful is the influence she exercises over the most unpromising husband—the sunshine of the little home, where she faithfully fulfills her mission!

"Dear madame, go on and prosper in your work. Doubtless you have reached many hearts beside mine, though others may not have been so bold as I in daring to tell you what you have done. May God reward you a hundredfold for 'Bright Days,' which has pierced the clouds and gloom of a self-seeking, self-engrossed life, and has made me ever your faithful, grateful friend,

"ARTHUR PIERPOINT. P. S.—May I hope for one word in reply, to show you are not angry with me, and to tell me that you are writing another book?"

"After all then 'Bright Days' was a success," the husband said, as he returned the letter. "My darling, you should laugh and be glad, not let tears fall on the poor baby; give her to me."

"Oh! they are happy tears and to thank after all that my poor little book has not altogether failed. I really think I will begin again this evening when all is quiet, and I will write to my unknown friend and tell him the title of my new story shall be 'Hope Fulfilled.'"

I think, in conclusion, I may venture to say that I, the book—who has here related its own history, was not, nay, is not, a failure, but rather that "Hope will be fulfilled," and that Cara Cameron will be known before long as "Bright Days."—Emma Marshall.

Ways of Lawyers.

A young attorney was accosted by an acquaintance yesterday with the common-place salutation: "How do you do?"

"As there is nothing to do," was the nonchalant reply, "it is immaterial as to how it is done."

"Does the depression in commercial circles affect the law business generally for the worse? I should suppose it would give it an impetus."

"The business is not so very bad, except among young attorneys. Depression in business is not the sole cause of our ill-luck. Older attorneys, and some of them having a lucrative practice in the higher courts, are getting in the habit of descending to justice courts even in matters of small account. It is true that some older lawyers make a practice of turning over petty suits to younger men, but they are few."

"Are collections from clients becoming more difficult?"

"Somewhat; but he is a poor lawyer who can not collect his fee. There are certain well-known attorneys recognized in the profession as model lawyers, able speakers, and good counsel, who bind their clients with a rock-ribbed contract. If money can not be paid them, their chattels are accepted in lieu. A very well known attorney recently made it a condition of a contract of this kind that in case the money was not forthcoming, then he was to receive the seal skin sack which his lady client wore. Others will not take a case without what is known as a retainer, which is nothing more than part pay in advance. Not a few lawyers of a certain class are willing to take cases making their pay contingent upon winning the case. Of course the pay is commensurate with the risk, and is usually half the amount sought to be recovered; but I have known a case in which three-fourths was allotted. These, of course, are desperate cases which no reputable lawyer would take, and indeed which no attorney with but little or no reputation as such would touch unless constrained to do so by the hope of winning the reward and a peal from the bugle of fame."—Detroit Post.

Falling Half a Mile.

The greatest balloon feat I ever witnessed, writes a correspondent in The Philadelphia Times, was in September, 1858. Upward of 15,000 people were at Lemon Hill and along the banks of the Schuylkill to see M. Godard go up in a balloon along with his brother and drop the latter out from among the clouds in a parachute. It is said that the feat had never been attempted before in the history of ballooning; it was a startling novelty, and the people crowded to see it.

When the balloon sailed gracefully upward outside of the inclosure M. Godard and two friends were in the basket, while below it M. E. Godard, his brother, was seated upon a small bar of wood attached to the parachute. It looked like an immense umbrella. The balloon went over the Schuylkill in a westerly direction, and after it had reached an altitude of about 6,000 feet began to slowly descend. Then the parachute began to expand. When within about 3,000 feet of the earth the cord was cut and the parachute rapidly descended, with Godard hanging on to the bar. The balloon shot upward again. The descent of the parachute was keenly watched by the thousands of spectators, and many expected to see the daring man dashed to the earth in the twinkling of an eye.

It was observed, however, that the nearer to earth the parachute came the descent was slow and easy. At last the man and his big umbrella faded out of sight over the hills, and we learned next morning that he came down all right on his feet, like a cat, about a half mile west of the old Bell tavern, on the Darby road. The balloon landed in Delaware county, near the Philadelphia line. Godard and his brother were Frenchmen. They returned to their native country, and, I believe, were valuable to their countrymen during the Franco-Prussian war. Gambetta sailed out of Paris to Tours in one of their balloons.

The bicycle is to be officially introduced into the Bavarian army. A number of the soldiers of the garrison of Munich are at present doing orderly service for the purpose of trying the practicability of the "wheel."

The studio of Rozzi, the painter, was filled with animals which reminded one of pictures of Noah's ark.

Bill Nye on Wax.

I dropped in the other day to see New York's great congress of wax figures and statuary carnival. It is quite a success. The first thing you do is to contribute to the pedestal fund. New York this spring is mostly a large rectangular box with a hole in the top, through which the genial public is cordially requested to slide a dollar to give the Goddess of Liberty a boom.

I was astonished and appalled at the wealth of apertures in Gotham through which I was expected to slide a dime to assist some deserving object. Every little while you run into a free lunch room where there is a model ship that will start up and operate if you feed it with a nickel. I never visited a town that offered so many inducements for early and judicious investments as New York.

But we were speaking of the wax works. I did not tarry long to notice the Presidents of the United States embalmed in wax, or to listen to the band of luteists who furnished music in the winter garden. I ascertained where the Chamber of Horrors was located, and went there at once. It is lovely. I have never seen a more successful aggregation of horrors under one roof and at one price of admission.

If you want to be shocked at cost or have your pores opened for a merely nominal price, and see a show that you will never forget as long as you live, that is the place to find it. I never invested my money so as to get so large a return for it, because I frequently see the whole show yet in the middle of the night, and the cold perspiration ripples down my spinal column just as it did the first time I saw it.

The Chamber of Horrors certainly furnishes a very durable show. I have known men to pay out thousands of dollars for a collection of delirium tremens and new laid horrors no better than these that you get on week days for fifty cents and on Sundays for two bits. Certainly New York is the place where you get your moneys' worth.

There are horrors there in that crypt that are well worth double the price of admission. One peculiarity of the Chamber of Horrors is that you finally get nervous when anyone touches you, and you immediately suspect he is a horror who has come out of his crypt to get a breath of fresh air and stretch his legs.

That is the reason I shuddered a little when I felt a man's hand in my pocket. It was so unexpected, and the surroundings were such that I must have appeared startled. The man was a stranger to me, though I could see that he was a perfect gentleman. His clothes were superior to mine in every way, and he had a certain refinement of manners which betrayed his ill-concealed Knickerbocker lineage.

I said, "Sir, you will find my finetobacco in the other pocket."

This startled him so that he wheeled about and wildly dashed into the arms of a wax policeman near the door. When he discovered that he was in the clutches of a suit of second-hand clothes filled with wax, he seemed to be greatly annoyed and strode rapidly away.

I returned to view a chaste and truthful scene where one man had successfully killed another man with a club. I leaned pensively against a column with my own spinal column, wrapped in thought.

Pretty soon a young gentleman from New Jersey with an Adam's apple on him like a full-grown yankee, and accompanied by a young lady also from the mosquito jungles of Jersey, touched me on the bosom with his umbrella and began to explain me to his companion.

"This," said the Adam's apple with the young man attached to it, "is Jesse James, the great outlaw chief of Missouri. How life-like he is. Little would you think, Emeline, that he would as soon disembowel a bank, kill the entire board of directors of a railroad company and ride off the rolling stock as you would wrap yourself around a doughnut. How tender and kind he looks. He not only looks gentle, and peaceful, but he looks to me as if he wasn't real bright."

I then uttered a piercing shriek and the young man from New Jersey went away. Nothing is so embarrassing to an eminent man as to stand quietly near and hear people discuss him.

But it is remarkable to see people get fooled at a wax show. Every day a wax figure is taken for a live man, and live people mistaken for wax. I took hold of a wax hand in one corner of the winter garden to see if the ring was a real diamond, and it flew up and took me across the ear in such a life-like manner that my ear is still hot and there is a roaring in my head that sounds very disagreeable indeed.—New York Mercury.

More About the First Lady.

Miss Cleveland has settled in a common sense, practical way the much discussed question of who is the first lady in the land. Several days ago the necessity for some house cleaning supervision having arisen, she routed her social opponents by tying a towel around her head and in unpretentious dress personally directed the corps of servants as to the manner in which the work had to be done. It may be assumed that there will be some outcry by those who attempt to sway polite society against any such homely argument as this, but it is equally probable that the masses of the people will uphold Miss Cleveland for her unassuming conduct. The leading lady in the matter of overseeing housework as well as in the more fashionable but less useful occupations of dancing a German or disseminating the latest society gossip. Somehow there is a streak of homely common sense running through the Cleveland family that stamps them as being very American in their ideas.—Philadelphia Times.

Queen Victoria detests smokers, and keeps up in her palace the standing order: "Positively no smoking here," much to the annoyance of the Prince of Wales, who, as the first dandy of the land, not only smokes, but sets all the fashions, though his reputation as a rake is exaggerated.

A Treasury Circuit.

The United States treasury has issued a circular promulgating the relation which will hereafter govern the issue and redemption of the currency and coins of the United States and the redemption of national bank notes. The principal changes made in existing regulations are in regard to shipment of silver and to the redemption of mutilated United States notes. The new regulations in reference to the issue of standard silver dollars is as follows:

Upon the receipt of currency or gold coin, the treasurer, or an assistant treasurer, will cause to be paid to applicants in cities where their respective offices may be situated standard silver dollars in any desired amount. Standard silver dollars are forwarded to applicants outside of cities in which the treasurer, or an assistant treasurer, may be situated, at the expense of the government, in sums or multiples of \$500.

1. Upon the receipt by the treasurer of an original certificate issued by an assistant treasurer of national bank depository that a deposit of currency or gold coin has been made to the order of the treasurer in general account, deposits with the assistant treasurer in New York may be made by drafts payable to his order and collectable through the clearing-house, forwarded directly to him with instructions to deposit the amounts on account of standard silver dollars, and to forward the certificates therefor to the treasurer of gold coins, United States notes, silver certificates, or national bank notes.

2. By the treasurer or any assistant treasurer, by registered mail free of charge in sums or multiples of \$65, at the risk of the party to whom sent, upon receipt of gold coin, United States notes, silver certificates, or national bank notes.

The regulation respecting the issue of fractional silver is as follows: The treasurer and assistant treasurers of the United States will pay out fractional silver coin in any sum desired for lawful money of the United States.

Fractional silver coin will be forwarded from the office nearest the place of its destination by express at the expense of the government in sums or multiples of \$500:

1. Upon receipt of an original certificate issued by the treasurer, an assistant treasurer, or a national bank depository, that a deposit of currency or gold coin has been made to the credit of the treasurer in general account, deposits with the assistant treasurer in New York may be made by drafts payable to his order, and collectable through the clearing-house, forwarded directly to him, with instructions to deposit the amounts on account of fractional silver coin and to forward the certificates to the office nearest the destination of the coin.

2. By the treasurer or any assistant treasurer, by registered mail, free of charge, in sums or multiples of \$70, at the risk of the party to whom sent, upon the receipt of currency or gold coin.

The following is the regulation in regard to the redemption of United States notes: United States notes, each exceeding nine-tenths of its original proportions in one piece, are redeemable at their full face value in other United States notes by the treasurer and the several assistant treasurers of the United States, and are redeemable in coin, in sums not less than \$50, by the assistant treasurer in New York.

The Great Pyramid.

Mr. J. B. Bailey, of Reading, writes to The St. James's Gazette as follows with reference to the desirability of exploring the Great pyramid:

Now that Great Britain is dominant at Cairo, would it not be a good plan to clear away the sand and rubbish from the base of the Great pyramid, right down to its rocky foundation, and try to discover those vast corridors, halls, and temple, containing priceless curiosities and treasures, with which tradition in all ages has credited the Great pyramid? This wonderful building, of such exquisite workmanship, was erected many years before any of the other pyramids, which are only humble imitations, built by another nation, and also for other purposes; for neither King Cheops nor anybody else was ever interred beneath this mighty mass of stone. The smaller pyramids also exhibit neither the nicety of proportion nor the exactness of measurement, both of which characterize the first pyramid. From internal evidence it seems to have been built about the year 2170 B. C., a short time before the birth of Abraham, more than four thousand years ago. This—one of the seven wonders of the world in the days of ancient Greece—is the only one of them still in existence. The base of this building covers more than thirteen square acres of ground. Its four sides face exactly north, south, east, and west. It is situated in the geographical center of the land surface of the globe. It is originally 485 feet high, and each of its sides measures 762 feet. It is computed to contain 5,000,000 tons of heavy stones beautifully fitted together with a mere film of cement. And these immense blocks of stone five hundred miles distant from the site of the building. The present well-known king and queen chambers, with the various passages, might also be thoroughly illumined by means of the electric or lime lights. The astronomer royal of Scotland some years since carefully and laboriously examined all that is at present known of the interior of this enormous building. He states that measurements in the chambers, etc., show the exact length of the cubit of the bible—namely, twenty-five inches. This cubit was used in the building of Noah's ark, Solomon's temple, etc. He also maintains that the pyramid shows the distance of the sun from the earth to be 91,840,000 miles.

An Arizona paper makes the following announcement: "We will pay \$10 for a good epic poem of one hundred lines on the 'Scourge of the Seventeen-year Locust.' Said poem must be sound in wind and limb, but it must not be all sound, a little sense is desirable. All metaphors must be new and applicable to the subject. No more than one poetic license to ten lines will be allowed. Rhyme not absolutely necessary, but reason a sine qua non. No parodies allowed. We reserve to ourselves the right to work over the poems of all unsuccessful candidates into editorials on the need of a new navy and the failure of the wheat crop."

A clergyman out in one of the towns in Wayne county, New York, wrote a personal letter to old Commodore Vanderbilt, saying he was very poor, and wanted to attend a ministers' conference at Syracuse, but could not afford it. He closed by asking for a free pass to Syracuse and return. The commodore good-naturedly passed the letter over to one of the road officials, and the dominie was sent a pass good for one trip until Dec. 31. Along in January commodore received another letter inclosing the pass, stating that the recipient was much obliged for it, but had been unable to attend the conference, and "would Mr. Vanderbilt be so kind as to send in return its equivalent in cash, \$3.17?"

PASSING EVENTS.

Butte, Montana, is to have a granite court house. Washington has 9,355 licensed dogs, or more in proportion than any other city in the Union. Cocoanut fiber brooms are novelties for sweeping the hearth. They have a rich brown tint and are "so odd."

If all the railroads of the world were joined one to another they would go around the earth on its longest circumference more than ten times.

Small-pox has become epidemic in Tuxpan, Mexico, and the state board of health is taking precautions against it spreading to neighboring towns.

Charles E. Conrath says that the new patented dry-land rowing-machine will be used in all the principal gymnasiums and colleges of the country before long. There is no perceptible difference between its movement and that of a shell boat.

Little 8-year-old Kittie Stephens, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was buried in accordance with the provisions of her "will," in white, with her doll dressed in white, in her arms, the casket, flowers, hearse, and horses being white, and five little girls in white acting as pall-bearers.

It is noted, says The London Globe, that in "Whitaker's Almanac" the only day in the year opposite which some "event" is not recorded is June 10. The space has evidently been left blank in order that it may be filled with the record: "The queen received Mr. Gladstone's resignation."

The Hawaiian Gazette tells how a native of Hilo came to his death while endeavoring to kill a fish he had just caught. He placed it in his mouth to bite it, according to custom, when it slipped down his throat, and, as it was too big to be swallowed and its expanded fins forbade its removal, the fisherman was choked to death.

The Koran states that each mother locust lays ninety-nine eggs, and were the hundred complete they would destroy the whole world and all that is in it. The greatest ravages by locusts are in Cyprus, where the government spends a large annual sum for the extermination of the insects. It is estimated that the locust slaughter in 1883 must have been 200,000,000,000.

The last report of the French department of agriculture shows how extensively have been the ravages of the grape-destroying phylloxera in that country, but comforts its readers by evidence that the pest is decreasing. The statistics given show that France has now more than a million less acres devoted to vineyards than she possessed before the appearance of this insect.

The prime warden of the Fishmongers' company, London, told the Society of Arts, in a recent address, that the daily supply received at Billingsgate, the great London fish market, amounted to five hundred tons. A ton of fish is equal to the weight of twenty-eight average sheep; so that five hundred tons equals a consumption of fourteen thousand sheep.

In 1770 Obidiah Hill went from Newbury to Leominster, Mass., and began making back hair combs from horn, working in his kitchen with rude hand tools and without an assistant. To-day Leominster is engaged in the manufacture of horn combs, chains, bracelets, lockets, knives, ornamental trinkets, and various other useful articles, including horn chains. More than a score of firms are in the business, and hundreds of people are employed. More horns of cows, oxen and steers are worked up in this town than in any other place.

The United States guaranteed Indian Territory to the five tribes in exchange for lands in Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and Alabama. The government is under obligations to defend the territory from outside intrusion, and to maintain the national independence of the tribes and the security of their lands "as long as grass shall grow or water run." The title to the land is not vested in individual citizens, but is the property of each nation, and a man may not pass a deed to the land he occupies, but merely convey the improvements he has put upon it.

An address to young men Dr. W. Pratt, of London, says that married life is by far the most healthy. In 1,000 married men of 25 to 30 years of age there are six deaths; 1,000 bachelors furnish ten deaths, and 1,000 widowers twenty-two deaths. In young men married before 20 years the figures are unfavorable, being fifty per 1,000. In unmarried men under 20 the rate is but seven per 1,000. If girls marry before 20 a like mortality befalls them. Married people from 18 to 20 die as fast as people from 60 to 70. After 21 marriage should be contracted as soon as practicable.

An Arizona paper makes the following announcement: "We will pay \$10 for a good epic poem of one hundred lines on the 'Scourge of the Seventeen-year Locust.' Said poem must be sound in wind and limb, but it must not be all sound, a little sense is desirable. All metaphors must be new and applicable to the subject. No more than one poetic license to ten lines will be allowed. Rhyme not absolutely necessary, but reason a sine qua non. No parodies allowed. We reserve to ourselves the right to work over the poems of all unsuccessful candidates into editorials on the need of a new navy and the failure of the wheat crop."

A clergyman out in one of the towns in Wayne county, New York, wrote a personal letter to old Commodore Vanderbilt, saying he was very poor, and wanted to attend a ministers' conference at Syracuse, but could not afford it. He closed by asking for a free pass to Syracuse and return. The commodore good-naturedly passed the letter over to one of the road officials, and the dominie was sent a pass good for one trip until Dec. 31. Along in January commodore received another letter inclosing the pass, stating that the recipient was much obliged for it, but had been unable to attend the conference, and "would Mr. Vanderbilt be so kind as to send in return its equivalent in cash, \$3.17?"