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Families Supplied by the Dozen.
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THE WORN-OUT FONT OF TYPE.

I'm sitting by my desk, George,
Before me on the floor
There lies a worn-out font of type,
Full twenty thousand score;
And many months have passed, George,
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told,
Of tempest and of wreck;
Of murder in the midnight hour,
Of war full many a "speck!"
Of ships that, lost away at sea,
Went down before the blast;
Of stifled cries of agony
As life's last moments passed.

Of earthquakes and of suicides,
Of railroads and stocks ill-gotten,
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
And banking systems rotten;
Of boilers bursting, steamboats snagged,
Of riots, duels fought;
Of robbers, with their prey escaped,
Of thieves, their booty caught.

Of flood, and fire, and accident,
Those worn-out type have told;
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births, of deaths,
Of things to please or vex us;
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days
Have faded from our view;
How autumn's chilling winds have swept
The leaf-crowned forest through;
How winter's snow hath come and gone,
Dark reign of storm and strife—
And how the smiling spring hath warmed
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half
My busy friends have told,
Since shining bright and beautiful
They issued from the mould—
How into some they joy have brought,
To others grief and tears;
Yet faithfully the record kept
Of fast receding years.

"NIGGERS."

A Dissertation on the American Citizen of African Descent in New Orleans.

From the Chicago Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 19.

Two very famous men just now are Kenner and Casanove, the colored members of the Returning Board.—With a view to getting sight of two such noted characters, I went out to pay my respects to them.

In a street close by the State House is a plain, square brick house, with a side entrance leading to the rear of the building. Proceeding along this entrance I reached a set-back of the main building, and found myself at the door of a small saloon, with the usual paraphernalia of counter, shelves and bottles. The whole building, as I subsequently learned, is a club-house, the resort of negro politicians, and leased and occupied by Kenner.

The small saloon contained some half dozen persons of all colors, from ebon black to the lightest brown and purest white. One of them came forward, and the next moment, after the formalities of an introduction, I found myself shaking hands with

THE FAMOUS KENNER.

I expected to meet a gigantic negro of the regular type. Instead, I found myself confronted by a man weighing not more than 110 pounds. He is small to effeminacy, with delicate hands and feet—a regular *petit maître* in appearance. His complexion is a very light brown; his hair brown, and just the least frizzy at the ends, as one often sees in men of Hebrew extraction. His head is small, with regular features, light brown eyes, handsome teeth; a small mustache; and an effeminate chin—such is Louis Kenner, a man of about thirty-eight, and extensively advertised as a "bullet-headed nigger." Had I casually met without knowing him, I should have treated him as a pleasant under-sized Frenchman, of Jewish descent, engaged in running something about the dimensions of a first-class cigar stand.

"Well, Mr. Kenner, as the representative of the Chicago *Times*, I have called around to have a chat with you."

"Very glad to see you, sir. Here, allow me to introduce you to my friends This is Capt. Rey, of the police."

Capt. Rey, of the police, is a giant of some six feet two, with a face colored as if slightly tanned by exposure, with a stern and not unhandsome face, softened by a genial smile. He speaks English with a decided French accent; which fact, together with his appearance, led me to conclude that he was a Frenchman.

"Now," said Kenner, after I had exchanged compliments with Capt. Rey, "that man is a nigger."

"Who's a nigger?"

"Capt. Rey's a nigger."

I glanced dubiously in Kenner's face. He was evidently in dead earnest. I looked at Capt. Rey, of the police. He smiled a genial assent.

"I suppose," resumed Kenner, "that you imagined us all to be long-heeled, bullet-headed, black-skinned, sausage lipped niggers, eh?"

Thinking truth the better part of valor, I frankly admitted that he had "called the turn" on my impressions.

"Yes, that's it. The newspapers don't do us justice. De I look like a nigger, now?"

I told him not, if I was any judge of the article—and I believed I was.

"I have traveled all over the North," he said. "I have gone everywhere, stopped at all the hotels, ridden on all the cars, and never found anybody to suspect that I am a nigger."

MORE NIGGERS.

Just then an old gentleman, wearing spectacles, and with a saucy moustache sprinkled with gray, came up. *He* was unmistakably a white man.

"Here," said Kenner to the old man, "I want to introduce you"—turning to me—"to a cousin of Capt. Rey. He's a nigger, too." I looked at Kenner with grave doubt as to my sanity, or his veracity.

"See here, Mr. Kenner, you're giving me what the boys call a 'stiff' where I come from."

"Ain't you a nigger?" he asked of the old chap.

"I am," he answered with a very cordial grin.

"You see how it is," said Kenner; "We're the kind of niggers you've heard so much about. I'm the nigger saloon keeper; but I've got a large house which I keep for a club room for colored people, and which has reading and dining parlors, and as elegant private rooms as any club house in the city. I was born in New Orleans and have lived here all my life."

SOME MORE NIGGERS.

Just then a medium-sized man, about three-quarters African, with a moustache and pointed goatee, a bright olive complexion, and large dark, lustrous eyes, made his appearance.

"Let me introduce Senator Stampe,' said the affable Kenner.

Senator Stampe and the undersigned shook hands with great *empressment*. The Senator is a mild, inoffensive, oxeyed person—gentle, unassuming, modest, low-voiced, individual. "The d—dest rascal, the smartest nigger, the shrewdest and most unscrupulous politician in all Louisiana!" said a resident, of whom I afterward solicited information as to Senator Stampe.

Surely my informant must be prejudiced against the mild-mannered, low-voiced, gentle Senator. But, no! Impossible! Because my informant is a Republican.

ANOTHER AFRICAN.

And then there came into the saloon a burly African, with a heavy moustache and side whiskers, and wearing a heavy slouched hat. A jolly, loud-voiced individual, given to heavy roars of laughter, who at once took part in the conversation without the formality of an introduction. Soon after he passed me a card, bearing the legend, "J. Henri Burch, editor *Grand Era*, Baton Rouge, La."

Thereupon Mr. Burch and the undersigned "shook;" after which we discussed the comparative circulations of the *Grand Era* and the Chicago *Times*. He is much more frank than are many of his journalistic brethren.

"To tell the truth," said he, "I do a heap of my editing with a pair of scissors."

NIGGER STATESMANSHIP.

The conversation then became general. Capt. Rey said that his ancestors were Spaniards who came over from St. Domingo in 1809. Senator Stampe did not say where his ancestors came from, but very gently stated that he had once been a slave. Mr. Kenner went over the political situation. He was, he said, determined to do his whole duty in counting the votes. There, should be no fraud, no cheating. There were twelve parishes whose Legislative members, all Republicans, had been unseated two years ago, and their places given to the democrats. Now every one of these parishes had elected Republican representatives. And finally would I like to meet Mr. Casanove, the other nigger member of the Board? If so, he would be happy to introduce me.

I gave a grateful assent.

And thereupon Kenner, Capt. Rey of the Police, Senator Stampe, J. Henri Burch, the undersigned, and one or two other niggers, went out upon the street, and moved in a solemn procession down to the corner, and there halted. We halted because there hove in sight across the street three individuals, the whom somebody said concerning:

"There comes Pinchback!"

YET MORE NIGGERS.

Mr. Pinchback approached leisurely, flanked on the one side by a gentleman with a saffron complexion, and on the other by a broad shouldered young man, whose color was that of a healthy Englishman, barring the beery red. Mr. Pinchback and the undersigned "shook;" and I was introduced to his companions. The saffron-hued gentleman was Col. Somebody; the young man with the English complexion, George Paris—Assessor of Orleans Parish.

"All three niggers," chipped in Mr. Kenner.

"Well, I have had a suspicion for some years that some of Gov. Pinchback's Caucasian ancestors had held dalliance with some member of the great Afrite family; and I am also willing to admit that the Col.'s saffron hue will permit either Spanish or African conclusions, but Mr. Paris is certainly a dog of another color."

No, sir! I tell you, Paris is a nigger. He's what they call a nigger in this country—a mullet-headed, long-heeled nigger!"

I gave it up. Mr. Paris has a superb complexion, raven hair cut short, a neatly trimmed moustache, pure Caucassian features with not the smallest trace of wool on his head, or of an ebon pigment beneath his cuticle. I was getting bewildered. If then and there Mr. Kenner had introduced me to somebody as a full-blooded nigger, I believe I should have confusedly accepted the situation without even a mental protest.

Mr. Pinchback is a tall, fine looking man, with a full, pointed beard, and a complexion a little less pronounced than that of our distinguished fellow-citizen, John Jones, Esq. He was dressed in faultless taste, and, altogether, presented a very intelligent and *distingue* appearance.

"The Chicago *Times*, eh?" said the ex-Governor and would-be Senator—"That's a Bourbon institution, isn't it?"

"A 'Bourbon institution!' Good God, never! Why, sir, there are influential, intelligent men on that paper who froth at the mouth every time they see the word Bourbon in print or hear it spoken. They are men, sir, whom the word Bourbon affects as a red rag does a Spanish bull; and who never see it without instantly elevating their tails, lowering their horns, and charging straight at it, like a thousand of brick."

Mr. Pinchback accepted the explanation with a gracious smile. We chatted a few moments, when there drove up and stopped a top-buggy. From out it came a man of about fifty years of age, rather paunchy, with tallowy-white complexion, and some traces of kinkiness in the ends of his hair and straggling beard. He seemed very like a man who had originally been a rather mild form of nigger, and whom somebody had undertaken to make over into a white man, and had given up in disgust after getting the job about seven-eighths completed.

"Mr. Casanove, the Chicago *Times*." The Chicago *Times* and Mr. Casanove clasped hands. "You are a very famous individual, just now, Mr. Casanove," remarked the *Times*.

"I may be famous, but I am more *funeste*. Now, if you understood French that would be a joke."

I hastened to assure Mr. Casanove that I "tumbled" to his little joke.—"You're an undertaker. *Funeste*—famous; yes, very good! ha! ha!"

Mr. Casanove ha-ha-ed in a moderate chuckle, a sort of low basso in unison with my barytone of appreciation.

ONE MORE NIGGER.

I was pulling away vigorously at a New Orleans indigenous product, which is sold here under the name and title of a Havana cigar, when there stepped up a pleasant-faced gentlemen, with a sandy mustache and hair and complexion to match, who begged permission to light his cigarette.

"Mr. *Times*, this is Capt. Davis," said Kenner.

Capt. Davis and the *Times* shook each other's good right hand.

"And he's a nigger, too," continued Mr. Kenner.

I had become so tangled in the nigger business that I was not quite certain whether Kenner was telling Davis that I was a nigger, or telling me that Davis was a nigger. Having a little doubt, I ventured to make an inquiry.

"Who's a nigger?"

"Capt. Davis is a nigger. What they around here call a sausage-lipped, bullet-headed nigger!"

I was so relieved to find that it was not I who was the nigger that I failed to be properly surprised at the fact that Capt. Davis was a nigger; albeit he looked just as much like a nigger, and no more, than Snowden of the *Tiems*, or Sam. Medill of the *Tribune*.

I was later introduced to two other person who spoke freely in French and scarcely at all in English. They are gentlemen with brown complexions, straight hair; and, barring the indorsement of Mr. Kenner that they are niggers—and which endorsement they very cordially accepted—I would, at any other time, have sworn that they are simon-pure Frenchmen in blood, manners, speech and appearance.

Mr. Casanove was rather non-committal as to counting the votes. "I was born in this city," he said, "I have lived here all my life. I think I know what my people want, and I shall do what I think for their best interest."

GOOD-BY, NIGGERS.

Soon after, I shook a parting hand with ex-Governor and would-be Senator Pinchback; with J. Henri Burch, editor *Grand Era*, Baton Rouge, La.; with Capt. Rey, of the police; with the spectacled old duffer who is the cousin of Capt. Rey, of the police; with Capt. Davis; with the two suave old Frenchmen; with Casanove, undertaker, and *funeste* humorist; with the gentle, shepherd-like Senator Stampe; and finally with mine host Kenner. As the last named accompanied me a few steps, and as he wrung my hand at parting, he said:

"You have seen some specimens of what are universally known in this section as ignorant, brutal, low-down niggers. I wish you to have the fairness to state just what you have seen"

I interrupted him to assure him that the Chicago *Times* was not under pecuniary, moral or other obligations to lie for any one. He resumed:

"We are horribly slandered and misrepresented. I want the facts to be known, and I am glad to meet with a newspaper that dares to tell the truth. There are no such papers in this section. Now, I shall look for what you say in the *Times*. If you remain any time in the city and choose to use them, I have elegant private rooms here which are entirely at your service, and I shall be most happy to entertain you. Good-by!"

We drifted apart.

It may seem as if all the foregoing is either an exaggeration or a pure invention. It is neither. The conversations given are nearly verbatim, and the appearance of all these niggers exactly as I have given it. If I have used the word "nigger" with unnecessary frequency it is simply because the term was so constantly in Kenner's mouth.

Kenner is a very inteligent, very shrewd, and—as his opponents assert—a wholly unscrupulous politician. He is the son of a very wealthy and well-known character in Louisiana, Duncan Kenner, who became the immediate paternal ancestor of Kenner, Jr., through the agency of one of those morganatic marriages so common in the South before the rebellion. Whether Kenner sr., and Kenner Jr., occupy toward each other the affectionate relations usual to parent and child; whether they really respect each other as citizens of a great Republic; where maybap, they are strangers—I know not. Kenner, Sr., can tell if he would. But as people here are sensitive and quick on the trigger, I would advise those in search of information on this point to apply by mail rather than in person. A letter would only cost the stationery and a postage stamp, while the other method might involve a heavy doctor's bill, or the weightier expenses of a funeral. P.

Advised not to try It.

Miss Pixley, of South Lee, Mass., jumped into a river to drown herself and then pulled herself out by the bough of a tree under which she floated. She writes an account for the newspapers, saying: "If there is any one who reads this foolish enough to want to die before God's chosen time, don't jump into the river where there are trees with limbs hanging in the water, for if you do, no matter how determined you are to leave this world you will either have to make up your mind to stay a little longer, or else try it again, which latter you will not be likely to do.

HUSBAND'S MANNERS.

All men who are married, all husbands, come at one time, sooner or later, to a point in their lives where they have to decide whether the amenities, and courtesies, and sweetness, which characterized the early days of their affection, shall be continued, or whether it shall be given up, and harsh sentiment and speech, and thought, and feeling, shall pervade the life. To some of us, perhaps, this time has come, and we have not decided rightly and harshness has crept into that which had been perfect melody, and there has been chronic discord in our family circle. The time comes now to us again, right here, now, at the suggestion of your pastor, to recall those sweeter days and reform your conduct, husbands, if you have lapsed from that sweet era. Forbearance is the keystone of married life. There can be no discord, there can be no large divergencies, from tunefulness, so long as the husband forbears and the wife forbears. Now, this cannot be attained without some labor. Results are approached gradually in character, as they are in making a sand hill. It is grain upon grain, shovelful upon shovelful, and load upon load, that makes the mound to rise. So results of character come gradually. An act at this time, a deed yesterday a word this morning, a word to-morrow morning, a cross answer to-day, repeated a month hence, and so on, till at last you find there is a ridge between you and your wife's or husband's affection. —*Mr. Murray.*

A FAMILY PAPER.

The Burlington, (Ia.) weekly *Hawk-Eye* has no competitor in the northwest. It is not made up by merely selecting the best editorial and general articles of the daily issues, but it is edited with unusual care, as a separate paper, and contains special departments, editorial articles, news compilations and general reading matter that never appear in the daily. The agricultural department and young folks' department, puzzle column, etc., etc., of the weekly *Hawk-Eye* are edited with especial reference to the wants of the various classes of readers, and the young folks are beginning to depend on the *Hawk-Eye* for their current juvenile literature. The market reports and commercial reviews of the weekly cannot be surpassed for accuracy and clearness, and have become standard in the country commercial circles. Every number of the weekly contains many columns of carefully selected and edited reading matter, its editorial articles covering a wide range of discussion, touching upon all the leading items and important sketches of the day; humorous sketches, written expressly for this journal, which are endorsed and re-published by all the leading news and humorous journals of the country; short stories from the pens of the ablest writers of the day; poetry; art gossip; musical and literary notes; chatty, vivacious correspondence from the national, state and great political capitals; in brief, as a family paper, the publishers are proud to compare the *Hawk-Eye* with any of the more pretentious journals published in the great cities, and are confident that it has no rival in the northwest. And its improvement within the past year is only an index of the greater improvements that are to follow as rapidly and as often as opportunity may present. The *Hawk-Eye* will never fall behind the times and will keep every nerve strained to maintain a position a little in advance of them.

BUDGE'S OPINION OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Oh, Toddie,—where *do* you think I have been? I've been to the Centennial! Papa woke me up when it was all dark, and we rode in railroad-cars and horse cars before it was light; that's the way *men* do, Tod, 'an it's lots of fun. My! didn't I do lots of railroad riding before I got to the Centennial! An' all along the road I saw piles of big sticks laid crosswise over so nice, so they looked just like the picture in the big Bible of the altar that Abraham put Isaac on, you know, and I thought they *was* altars, an' after I thought about what lots of little boys there must be going to be burned up in that country, and asked papa about it, he said they wasn't altars at all, but only just piles of railroad ties—wasn't it too bad? And I crossed the Delaware at Trenton, too, just like George Washington, but 'twasnt a bit like the pictures in the history book that papa reads out of, and nobody there had on hats a bit like Washington.

But I tell you the Centennial was nice; every little while we'd come right up to a place where they sold pop-corn balls, and they made them as easy—why, a little thing went down, an' a little thing came up, and there was a pop-corn ball in a second. An' then they made people pay five cents for 'em! I think 'twas real mean; I work a hundred times that much for a penny when I keep my clothes clean all day.

But, oh, if you only could see the big engine in Machinery Hall! I don't see how the Lord *could* do more than *that* engine; it turns all sorts of wheels and machines, an' don't make a bit of noise about it, and it don't ever get tired. An' the water—my! if we lived in Machinery Hall I guess papa wouldn't ever scold us for leaving the faucets open and wastin' water, for there's dozens of great big pipes that don't do anything but spout out water. An' there was a whole lot of locomotives, but they hadn't any men in 'em, so you could walk around 'em and look at 'em without anybody sizzin' steam out at you.

I was awfully disappointed at the Centennial, though; I thought there'd be lots of color there, cos my centennial garters is *all* color—red an' white, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, but the houses was most all just the color of mud-pies, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of that was only green, an' I don't think that's a very pretty color. It was nicer inside the houses, though; there was one of them that papa said had more than twenty-two miles of walks in it; I guess there was, cos we was in it more than an hour, and such funny things! You ought to see a mummy, Tod,—I guess you wouldn't ever want to die after that, but papa said their spirits wasn't in 'em any more,—I shouldn't think they would be if they wanted to look nice. You know mama's opal ring?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the biggest opal in the world, and 'twas nearly as pretty as the inside of our big sea shell.—*St. Nicholas for January.*

While literature continues, plagiarism will exist, and pretenders snatch from honest writers their honest dues. A friend of ours, smart enough in his ways, but not quite equal to his position as a minister, for years preseved a very clever system of plagarism, and, through the excellence of the sermons he delivered, became a favorite with his people. By and by one of his old College mates paid him a visit, spent the Sabbath with him, and heard him preach. The visitor was surprised at the depth and power of the sermon, and questioned him, afterward, concerning it, saying it was the best he ever heard. The minister laughed. "You can keep a secret?" he asked. "Well, then, I'll tell you about it. My wife is a scholar. She selects sermons for me, and translates them into Latin; then I take her translation, without having seen the original, and re-translate it into English. The sermon you heard to-day was one of Dr. Clarke's; and I don't believe he could have recognized it if he had heard it himself." And that is the way fraud flourishes.

When an old hotel cook died in Detroit the other day the reporters stood around with uncovered heads and solemnly said: "Peace be to his hashes."

Happy New Year to all!—Monday.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Success is not always attained in the cultivation of indoor plants, not alone in producing bloom, but in even retaining life, and the reason may be charged to the neglect of some minor details. It is not necessary to have large pots and large bodies of soil, as too often that will induce growth in roots at the expense of bloom and beauty. Then too little attention is given to the temperature during winter months, as a room containing plants will frequently show a temperature of 80 degrees, and as the fire dies out fall to 60 degrees, or even less; this is most disastrous to plant life. Again, plants are liable to collect dust on their leaves, which excludes the necessary effects to moisture.—Many people think that an excess of water used in moistening plants will not occassion harm; this is a grave error. As good a plan as any is to cover the surface of the pots with tea leaves, or some substance that will retain the moisture, and also assist in equalizing the temperature. A dish of water set in the plant room will contribute, by its evaporation, a degree of mosture to the plants. Water that is used in moistening plants should be about the same temperature of the room; and the pots turned every two or three days, so as to present a different side to the sun. A teaspoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water is an invigorator to plant life, and will frequently induce profusion of bloom.

HOW TO GROW PLANTS FROM SLIPS.—This question is answered in a discussion at the American Institue substantially as follows: "We must always bear in mind that a high temperature is necessary to grow plants