

MANHOOD'S YESTERDAY.

I'm sad to-day,
And so my lay,
Shall be of boyhood—yesterday!
When I a child
Went romping wild
In woodland paths where sunshine smiled.
Among the herds
And merry birds
I wandered with my wholesome words,
And all day long
I warbled song
To nature and her kindred throng.
With tousled hair
And feet all bare
I gathered flowers everywhere,
For then no thorn
Had from my cheeks the dimples torn.
I gambled on
The velvet lawn
At evening's tide and day's first dawn;
I danced and sang
Till household rang
With laughter at my bantering.
I climbed the trees
And chased the bees
From stealing honey there with ease;
I planted flowers
Through all the hours
And watched them nurtured by the showers.
Thus in a haze
My boyhood days
Have passed, and I can only gaze,
But never see
Their rhapsody
Save now and then in memory.
For wrinkles now
Have plowed my brow,
And weighty care has shown me how
It leaves a trace
On boyish face
As age comes on to take its place.
I must not grieve,
For I believe
God garners all, and so will sheave
Both young and old
On fields of gold
When he the future does unfold.
—George Glendon, in the Current.

ROOM WITH THE STAIRCASE.

BY ELEANOR CORBET.

In the fall of 1884, my husband and I were making a trip through the northern part of North Carolina, in search of a long missing relative, for whom a considerable legacy was waiting; which legacy, in case of his death, without heirs, would fall to us, as next of kin. A clew to his whereabouts had been hard to obtain, and when at last it was found, the following of it kept us zigzagging about from one little town to another; and many of these being miles from any railway, we had considered it advisable to possess ourselves of a horse and light buggy, and drive ourselves wherever the trail might lead us. In pursuance of this plan, we had been on the road for many hours, and had obtained some valuable information, when in endeavoring to follow directions and take a short cut, we found ourselves on a lonely road, apparently very far from the town we were aiming for, and our horse had begun to limp a little, and seemed quite tired out. It was dark and chilly, too, being now the last of October, and there was a rising wind, moaning and whistling about our ears, and plainly warning us to seek shelter before the night should be upon us. We drove along in silence, looking eagerly for some signs of human habitation, and feeling as though fire and food were blessings not properly appreciated heretofore. At length there was a slight turn in the long, straight road, and a little way ahead, we caught the welcome glimmer of lighted windows, and in a few minutes more, Fred drew rein in front of a large, weather-beaten, wooden house, which seemed to promise shelter and warmth, at least. And his promise was more than fulfilled, when we made our presence and our wants known, for we were received with as much hospitality as though we had been invited guests, or friends of long standing. Strangers were evidently a rarity in this section of country, and were a welcome diversion from the monotony of every-day life. We had arrived very opportunely, just in time for the evening meal in the great roomy kitchen, which seemed to be the headquarters and general rendezvous of the farmer's large family. Here we were hidden to draw up and partake of the bounteous and appetizing supper, and when that was over, we exerted ourselves to make the next hour a pleasant one for our entertainers, by giving them news of the outside world, and such gossip of the country side as we had picked up in our late wanderings. But the hearty meal and the increasing heat of the fire, joined to the fatigue of our long drive, soon combined to make me very drowsy; and seeing this, my husband requested that we might be allowed to retire, though it was not yet nine o'clock. "Put us," said Fred, "wherever it will least disturb yourselves. We shall be thankful for a bed, anywhere." His deep-set eyes never turned upon us as we hid, I think the horror of that craze would have driven me crazy on the instant. At length he dropped upon the bed as though exhausted, and after a few moments, waiting, I was about to whisper to Fred to get me out of the room, when, with a groan more hollow and heart-breaking than any before, the figure sprang from the bed, made but a step to the window, and threw himself out. It was all over in a moment, and seemed to break the spell which had held us motionless; and with an exclamation, Fred dashed toward the window. It was closed as securely as before, and the outside blinds were closed and fastened; and when he turned to the bed where three minutes before we had both seen a heavy figure lying, it was smooth and undented as though just made up. With a look of ashen horror spreading over his face, my husband came and lifted me to the floor. "Come," said he, "let us get away from this accursed room." We huddled on our clothes, slipped out into the hall, and found our way down to the kitchen, where the fire and the homely, every-day look of things somewhat settled our nerves. And here, a couple of hours later, the farmer and his wife found us, and listened to our narrative. As it progressed they looked at each other with comprehend-

ing glances, and at the end the man exclaimed: "Well, I swear! it's all true then, about the ghost. None of us ever saw him, and I didn't believe it, or I wouldn't have put strangers into that room on October 30th." "But what does it mean?" Tell us!" I asked. "Well, it all happened before our time, when old m'ster Otis owned this farm. He wasn't any kin of ours, and I don't hesitate to say he must have been a mean old sinner. He had a wife and a grown-up family, but he was so stingy that they could hardly get the necessities of life; and he was so stern and overbearing that life was scarcely worth having anyhow—at least, to his wife. When he was nearly sixty, there came a strange couple to live in a little house, over on the edge of the woods about a mile from here—an old hag of a woman and a girl, her reputed grandchild. The girl was a bold, handsome thing, like a gypsy, always laughing, singing, and dancing; and she just bewitched old Otis. He got so infatuated that he neglected his farm, and was over at the hut constantly. And he gave her presents and money, till he had spent more on her in six months than his family had had in as many years. Well, she fooled him and deceived him as such a woman would, and one evening he found it out. He hung around in the woods until his handsome young rival went away, and then he crept in and killed her. 'Twas said that he strangled her by twisting the lash of his whip about her throat, and that next day when she was found it was plainly seen where the cord had cut into her soft neck. He came home here and went up that staircase into the room he occupied alone; and there, overwhelmed with horror, remorse, and the fear of arrest, just before dawn, he threw himself from the window and broke his neck. And that was October 30th, and they told us when we bought the place that the ghost returned on each anniversary of his crime; but we never used the room except in the summer months, and I'd almost forgot the old story. And you really saw him?" "Yes, I really did, and even the reassuring light of day, and the presence of other human beings, could not quite drive away my nervous terrors, and it was with heartfelt relief that we drove away from that haunted house; and it was months after our return to my own dear, bright home, before I could let myself think of the horrors of that night in the Staircase Room.—*Tid-Bits.*"

A California Earthquake.

I am not sufficiently intimate with the article to give you a correct analysis of it, although I have rubbed up against several full-blown ones since my residence upon the Coast; but we have never exchanged confidences. The earthquake, like other California products, depends for its success upon its size and flavor, although its suddenness may have something to do with it. It will creep up through the earth until within three inches of the surface and then it bangs the spot you are standing on, telescoping your backbone until your ears rest in your hip-pockets and your coat-tail drags in the dust. Then with a rocking motion it makes you sick, and sneaks off after more strength. About the time you fish your cravat out of your boots and vomit up your dinner, holding which you absent-mindedly swallowed in your efforts to hit the earthquake a return blow with the elbow of your pants, it comes back. The first shock is a love-tap compared with the second, and the third is even more energetic. The first shock throws you heavenward far enough to grasp a harp, if musically inclined, and you return in time to alight upon a quantity of glass from windows. Then the rocking motion sets in again and a five story building leans over and drops a billiard table on your ear. The building rights itself and the one opposite swings over and dumps an iron bed and a small pox patient on you. The earthquake then lies itself off, giggling in its sleeve. It may not return again for several months, but when it does you will not require a railroad guide book to inform you of the fact.

A friend of mine was present at one of these lively masques in San Francisco last summer, on which occasion he met, he says, the most polite man in the world. A lady was thrown out of a window of the fifth story of a building, by a violent vibration, and she struck with both French heels upon the head of the polite man. He wiped the blood out of his eyes and said: "Excuse me, madam, for getting in your way."—*Treka Union.*

She of the Strong Mind.

She sings of the good that will come to the world
When all women have their say;
But she won't dress up in a low-neck waist,
Because she's not built that way. —*Life.*

Furniture Lumber.

Furniture makers are to-day using lumber which was called worthless ten years ago. Whitewood or poplar is used in immense quantities, notwithstanding its warping qualities. The growing scarcity of our natural supply of lumber leads manufacturers to experiment with so-called "worthless" varieties. Cypress is working into favor for architectural finish, and we would not be surprised if some enterprising manufacturer should come out with a most desirable piece of furniture, possessing a delicate, and finely marked grain, and yet consisting of nothing but unpretentious cypress. Hard pine makes a nice looking job when finished in good shape, but has the serious objection of being full of pitch. Cypress has much the same appearance as hard pine, but the pitch is happily absent. The wood commonly known as "gum" has been successfully utilized. It is being worked into a great many forms, despite its well-known warping qualities, which are represented as being so great that the lumber "will not stay in the same county two successive nights." We are informed that picture frames have been successfully made of gum wood, and rumor adds that the very qualities that have hitherto condemned it have been utilized in the manufacture of self-rocking cradles.—*Forest, Forge and Farm.*

A WHITE HOUSE BRIDE.

How President Tyler Illustrated the Old Fable of January and May.

If all the stories be true, and Miss Folsom comes to the White House a bride, she will not be the first lady who has enjoyed that pre-eminence. President Tyler anticipated President Cleveland just forty-two years in conferring that honor upon a bride. Tyler was what his own Irish gardener wittily called him, our first second hand president, and his administration was the stormiest known in our annals, except, perhaps, that of its counterpart, Andrew Johnson's. Tyler personally is as utterly forgotten as the obscurest congressman who poured maledictions upon him with impeachment, and there probably are many well informed persons who know but little more of him than that he betrayed the party which elected him; that he was the object of some of Henry Clay's most tremendous philippics, and that he had something to do with the annexation of Texas.

When he succeeded to the presidency on the 4th of April, 1841, he was in his 51st year. He had grown sons and daughters, some of whom were married. His wife, whom he had married in 1813 and to whom he had always been a devoted husband, was in very feeble health, and did not long survive the honors thrust upon her. She died at the White House September 10, 1842, and hers was the second death, Harrison's being the first, which occurred in that mansion.

In the winters of 1842 and 1843 two young ladies from New York were the reigning belles of Washington society. They were the daughters of David Gardiner, a descendant in the younger branch from the famous Lion Gardiner, lord of Gardiner's Island. Mr. Gardiner was bred to the law, but, having married an heiress, never practiced. He held a seat in the New York senate for four years during the governorship of De Witt Clinton and was an active partisan of that great man. After that he never sought nor held official station, but spent much time abroad with his family. While at home his winters were passed in Washington, and his summers at his own residence in East Hampton, Long Island. He gave great attention to the education of his daughters, and the eldest, Julia, was a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments. She was the Washington sensation for two winters, and her hosts of mirrors were led by the gallant widower president.

Whatever may be said of Tyler's political sins, his domestic and social virtues were of a high order. His manners were refined and pleasing and he had much of that high-bred courtesy which made Andrew Jackson so great a favorite with the ladies. He soon distanced all his competitors in the favor and affection of the New York heiress. The actual engagement was kept a profound secret, however, though the marked attention of the president made the gossips talk quite freely, and it became well understood some months before the event that the White House would soon have a new mistress.

A terrible tragedy interrupted the marriage preparations and delayed it a short time. That was the explosion of the great gun on board the Princeton. The Princeton was one of the first steam vessels of our navy, and was under the command of Commodore Stockton. It carried two immense guns, the invention of the commodore, and named by him "Peacemaker" and "Orator." On the 28th of February, 1844, an excursion party sailed on the Princeton down the Potomac for the purpose of witnessing the firing of these guns. It was composed of the president and his cabinet, many senators, among whom was Senator Benton, other officials and their wives, and Mr. Gardiner and his daughter, Julia, who were not the least conspicuous of the guests, owing to their supposed relations to the president. Three successful shots were made from the "Peacemaker" and most of the guests, with the president, retired to the saloon to partake of refreshments, when it was suggested that another shot be fired. Among those who remained to witness it were Senator Benton, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Upsher, secretary of state, and Mr. Gilmer, secretary of the navy. Fortunately for Mr. Benton, he took his station at the rear of the gun, but the others were arranged along its side. The gun was fired and exploded. Gardiner, Upsher, and several others were instantly killed and several others wounded. Benton was thrown down by the concussion, but not seriously injured.

The bodies were taken back to the president's mansion on a buried from there, and the tragical event cast a shadow over Washington society for many weeks. Miss Gardiner returned at once to her home in New York city.

On the 25th of June following the president, accompanied by his private secretary, John Tyler, jr., and Commodore Stockton, quietly left Washington and reached New York city the same day. The next day, Wednesday, June 27, 1844, he was married to Miss Julia Gardiner by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk. The wedding party left New York by boat for Philadelphia and received the presidential salute from the guns of the forts and United States vessels in New York harbor as they sailed by. Among the vessels saluting them was the war steamer Princeton, whose decks had witnessed such an awful tragedy a few months before.

The bridal party reached Washington Thursday evening, and on Saturday the bride held her first reception in the famous east room, and received the congratulations of her friends. A magnificent bride's cake and sparkling champagne were served to the brilliant throng, and the distinctions of party and opinion were for the moment laid aside. The garden was thrown open to the people, and crowds assembled there and cheered the president and his bride as they appeared together on the portico. The bride was 26 and the groom 54 years of age.

But, bright and joyous as it all was, there were a good many cynical comments on it, a fair sample of which may be seen in the diary of John Quincy Adams. Under date of July 1, 1844,

he says: Captain Tyler and his bride are the laughing stock of the city. It seems as if he was racing for a prize banner to the nuptials of the mock hero—the sublime and the ridiculous. He has assumed the war power as a prerogative, the veto power as a caprice, the appointing and dismissing power as a fraud for bribery, and now, under circumstances of revolting indecency, is performing with a young girl from New York the old fable of January and May. It must be admitted that old John Quincy could express himself with considerable force when he tried. To a person who regarded John Tyler in those days a few pages of this diary will be quite sufficient.

But Tyler and his fair young bride heeded not the surly critics. Mrs. Tyler introduced much of the etiquette of Windsor castle into the White House, gave magnificent dinners and balls, and swayed society with the easy grace of a queen.

As the summer passed, it became evident that Tyler would not be his own successor, earnestly as he had striven for it. He was the nominee of a so-called national party, but the real contest ranged between Polk and Clay. He withdrew as a candidate, and threw his influence in favor of Polk. The following winter was one of great gaiety in Washington society, but the end of the reign of Queen Julia was near. A few nights before the 4th of March, 1845, President Tyler gave a farewell ball. There was dancing in the east room. Mrs. Tyler leading off the first quadrille with Judge Wilkins, secretary of war. This was the last entertainment of that kind known at the White House for many years. Polk and his wife were strong Presbyterians and countenanced neither drinking nor dancing. The sideboard disappeared from the reception room and dancing music from the parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler retired to their plantation at Hampton, near Richmond, and Washington society knew them no more.

Tyler emerged from his obscurity for a little time in the spring of 1861 as president of the peace conference at Washington, which tried to avert the civil war. Before its laborious efforts could be concluded the guns that opened on Fort Sumter blew it into space. Tyler then became a member of the confederate congress, and died at Richmond on January 17, 1862.

Mrs. Tyler soon afterward came north, and has since resided at East Hampton, Long Island. She did not receive a pension as widow of an ex-president until after the death of Garfield. Prior to that, however, she was in receipt of a pension from the government as the widow of a veteran of the war of 1812, Tyler having served in that war for a short time when the British attacked Washington. But when a pension of \$5,000 was conferred on Mrs. Polk and the pensions of Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler were raised to the same amount.—*Chicago News.*

Signs of Spring.

How do we know that spring has come?
I hear the humble-bees spring his hum,
And the shaded nooks of the picnicker's pants
Serve as promenades for migrating ants,
And the dudes on the corners again we see,
Pursuing their studies in hoseiery.
As the maiden trips through the fielding mud,
To the drug store to get some stuff for her blood;
Aye, everything that we see and hear
Seems to tell us that spring is somewhere near.
—*Life.*

A Napoleon of Swindlers.

A Vermont man named Plymouth White died in that State last week who first and last in thirty years made \$1,500,000 on a capital of a gentle winning manner and an appearance of entire frankness.

He began his career in his native State by buying great quantities of land with worthless notes, mortgaging the land and then retiring to New York where he began a regular business of swindling by borrowing money on gold dust and nuggets which he did not own. When he was at last lodged in jail he persuaded an under sheriff to advance him \$300,000 to buy diamonds at a great sacrifice, of which amount he finally robbed the deputy of \$50,000. He even induced the tender-hearted jailer to let him out of jail in order to engage in this enterprise. He never came back.

He went to Louisiana and helped to count in Packard as Governor, but the people there having no money to lend, he was forced into honest industry. He started the raising of chickens on an island off the Texas coast, but a storm drowned out his 10,000 fowls, and so he decided that honesty was not the best policy. He robbed his partners and creditors of \$175,000 in a dry goods business at Denver, leaving a lot of empty dry goods boxes as the only assets. He often made his loaners believe him the soul of honor by paying back their borrowed money with money borrowed from others whom he did not pay.

He had two or three wives at once, celebrating his marriage to the first one by swindling her brother and sister out of \$50,000. His wives never knew of his crookedness; when he was in jail he made them believe he was away on a business trip. He borrowed \$50,000 as security of one man on a solemn promise not to cash the checks. He promptly cashed them, and then laughed at his victim. Thirty years afterward he called on the man he had thus duped, asked and obtained not only forgiveness—but \$3,000 more—the savings of years—giving him as security a blue envelope should not be opened for two months. Strange to say, his former dupe agreed to this condition. The securities were found to be worthless. For this White had to spend three years in Sing Sing, not, however, until he had been once released on false bail.

Had such a man should die from a boil on his neck, it is almost as inglorious as that the great Napoleon should have died from a cancer in the stomach.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Touch the Spring.

"Mirandy darling, will you give me a lock of your hair," said a love sick dude to a girl after his own pattern.

"Yes, Charlie, if you will give me the key."
Oh zosh.—*National Weekly.*

Overworked Brewery Employees.

To the ordinary tramp, who has to obtain his supply of beer by pouring stale stuff from beer kegs in front of saloons into empty tomato cans, from which he quaffs, and runs chances of having the ragged tin cut a hair lip for him' it would seem that the brewery employes, who are allowed unlimited beer free of cost, have a soft thing. And yet those men, who can drink beer all day without being compelled to put up the regulation nickel, struck for less hours of work and higher wages. To read the accounts in the papers of the amount of beer the workmen about a brewery drink during the day, the reader does not wonder that the men are overworked, and asked a reduction of hours. It is said that some of the men drink forty glasses of beer per day. Considering that they have to walk nearly a block, to the extreme end of the brewery yard, where a gentlemanly agent of the brewing company waits upon them without price, it will be seen that considerable valuable time is lost, besides the wear and tear on the men. Of course the brewery employes are able-bodied men, or they could not stand the strain. Forty glasses of beer put into a stomach in ten hours, would seem to be hard enough work for any one man, if he did nothing else. Then the necessity of walking forty blocks and returning to work, makes eighty blocks per day of pedestrian exercise. This of itself is enough to make an ordinary man tired, if he did not have to carry in his overworked stomach forty glasses of beer. From the statistics it is plain that the brewery laborers are the most overworked of any class of citizens, and something should be done for them. It may be outside the province of the humane society to step in and protect those men, but certainly there should be some organization that can stand between those men and overwork.

What is the matter with the temperance societies, in taking hold of this grievance? If the temperance societies are true to their motto, "Faith, Hope and Charity," they will see a chance to do a great work. Let each society detail enough of its members to man a brewery, and do all the work. This would leave the regular employes with nothing to do but walk back and forth between the places where the temperance apostles are at work, and the place where the beer is given away. The temperance people could work for nothing, for Charity; they could have Faith that the regular brewery men would draw their salary all right, and Hope they would have a good time. If the temperance people kick on this idea, it is possible the brewers might employ temperance men to make the beer and do the work, discharge the old employes who strike, and thus save oceans of beer. But if it is impracticable to employ temperance people, and the brewers feel that things must go right along as before, they can save at least the time that the men lose in marching on the beer keg forty times a day, and save the wear and tear on the men, by a simple device which *The Sun* will suggest. Each man could be provided with a coil of hose, the small rubber hose such as is used on infants' nursing bottles. A reel could be fixed on the back of each laborer, containing enough of the small rubber pipe to reach from a central tank of beer to any part of the brewery, with a spring, so that when the pipe is uncoiled, and the laborer returns toward the tank, the slack will be taken up on the reel. A nozzle could be arranged near the mouth of the overworked laborer, so that he could take his sustenance at any moment, wherever he happened to be. Of course a hundred men with hose reels on their backs would look odd at first, but the oddity would soon wear off. Some may think that the employes of a brewery should pay for their beer, the same as bakers pay for their bread in a bakery where they work, shoemakers pay for their shoes, and journeyman tailors pay for their clothes, but this would be plainly a violation of the constitution of the United States. The strike of the brewery laborers has shown that they are the best treated of any class of laborers in the country. The only thing the public wonders at is that the brewing companies have not been compelled by their employes to give them a house and lot and horse and buggy each.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Word to Young Men.

It is as easy to be a rich man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind would save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Honor your engagement. If you promise to meet a man, or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. Do not go on business, attend promptly to matters in hand, then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never help others when you can aid, but never give what you cannot afford to give simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "no." No necessity for snapping it out in dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but a few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the time.

Young man, cut this out, and if there be folly in the argument, let us know.—*Baltimorean.*