

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

How the President of Harvard College Was Snowballed.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

While Edward Everett was President of Harvard a distinguished Englishman visited this country, bringing with him letters of introduction to our leading men, among them one to Edward Everett, President of Harvard College. On delivering the letter the Englishman expressed a strong desire to visit Harvard College, to which Mr. Everett cordially assented. It was in the winter season. The distinguished visitor was staying at the Tremont, then the first hotel in the country. President Everett drove in from Watertown in a sleigh. The night previous there had been a severe snow-storm, and the town teams had turned out to break the highways, leaving, as usual then, great banks on either roadside. Mr. Everett was not an accomplished whip, and somewhere in Cambridgeport the sleigh turned over and dumped the two into a deep drift of snow. It occurred just opposite a school-house and during the hour of recess. The emancipated youths, seeing the two nonplussed helplessly, proceeded to pelt them mercilessly with snow-balls, accompanying the same with epithets more expressive than refined. Everett was extremely mortified, thinking his English guest would have a low idea of the manners of New England schoolboys. A few weeks after the annual examination of this school took place Mr. Everett, the President of the College, was called upon to address the graduating class. The members had passed a good examination and departed themselves. In closing his address Mr. Everett said: "Young gentlemen, you have done well, but I am pained to say that there are other things learned in New England beside those which apply to thorough scholarship;" and then he related the incident of the snow-balling. The young gentlemen, most of whom afterward entered Harvard, many of whom are now living, never forgot the quiet rebuke.

Another reminiscence is connected with the occasion of a complimentary dinner given to Mr. Everett when appointed Minister to the Court of St. James. The assembly was very select, including the great scholars, jurists, statesmen, and wits of the day. The late Chief Justice Story presided, and, when the after-dinner ceremonies began, Justice Story, in introducing the distinguished guest of the evening, gave the following toast: "Our distinguished guest—he is going abroad, he has great talent which will be felt wherever it goes." In response Mr. Everett said: "Our friend at the head of the table has complimented me with a toast; I will endeavor to reciprocate in kind, and I give you, gentlemen: Law, equity and justice; erect for them as many stories as high as you please, they can never get higher than one Story."

Dearly Bought.

One of the greatest of the world's singers was Madame Malibran. She read music at sight, and could sing anything she read. "You cannot play anything," she once said to Ole Bull, "but it ever so intricate, but I can sing it after once hearing it."

The violinist accepted the challenge and played a caprice, full of technical difficulties. Malibran sang it correctly, though it was a labyrinth of musical phrases. "I cannot, even at this day," said Ole Bull to a friend, forty-five years after, "understand how she did it."

This greatest of singers once challenged the greatest of violinists, Paganini, to a musical duel. It was at a *sorciere* in Paris, and composers, musicians and singers were present. Malibran sang one of her spirited and difficult arias, and then challenged Paganini to play it without seeing the music.

"Madame," answered the violinist, bowing, "how could I dare, with all the advantages you possess in beauty and your incomparable voice, take up the glove?"

But the company pressed him so strongly to "dare" that he sent for his violin. After a simple introduction, in which he now and then gave the theme of Malibran's song, he played the whole melody with such brilliant variations that the amazed company applauded him as the victor. The most emphatic in proclaiming his mastership was Malibran.

The vocalist died a victim to her own ambition. At a great musical festival in Manchester, England, she sang a duet with a soprano who held a trill for a long time with great effect. The soprano's success so stimulated Malibran that she determined to surpass herself.

She forced a tone two notes higher, and held it with so much strength and for so long a time, that the audience, amazed at the vocal feat, broke out into tumultuous applause. The effort brought on hemorrhage, and in a few days the great singer was dead.

The Poor of New York.

A somewhat extended familiarity with the drinking poor of New York long ago convinced me of the impossibility of persuading them to live decently. If twenty men and women and children literally live in one room—eat, drink, undress, dress, sleep, cook, wash and "stay"—doesn't common sense tell you that all barriers of ordinary decency must of necessity be broken down? And when decency and modesty are gone the end is come. To what is this terrible condition attributable? Partly to municipal neglect, largely to rum and, to an extent, to the dislike these people have of leaving crowded centers and seeking new homes. Look at the fast-arriving immigrants. They come in here at the rate of half a million. Where do they go? Some put for the far West, and a few go South, but New York's dirt and squalor, stench and poverty are good enough for a majority of them, and, with the hope of being in the Board of Aldermen in a year or so, they squat in the first gutter they find and smoke the dudene office of freedom.

The American Home Mission Society should never preach about poor clergymen "out West." There are thousands

who need the preaching of cleanliness right here. Far be it from me to ridicule anything honestly done to "save souls" in the future, but I am frank to confess I would like to see a little something done to help bodies in the present.—*Joe Howard, in Philadelphia Press.*

The Far-Reaching Boy-Life.

The boyish impulses and the boyish actions that come to the full-grown man, come to him unsought, unpremeditated, genuine surprises. So came the latest action of my boyish days to me. Renewing my youth with the Prince, whose father I am. I sought the blackberry that scratches the hand which feeds; with careless hand I plucked the humble poison-vine. Twenty-five years ago I would have recognized that vine across a ten-acre field, through two haystacks, a line fence and a cow-barn. Now, alas, it took me ten hours to recognize it! And then only by its fruits did I know it. It got in its work just as it did in the "Golden, golden glory of the days gone by." It clung to my fingers with a burning grasp; the longer it held, the more it burned. I recognized the old companion of my childhood. I knew it had come to stay. It is here now. It is a howling swell. But I will know a poison-vine the next time I hunt for July greens. My hand offends me, yet I do not "cut it off and cast it into the fire." It burns merrily enough where it is.

And it makes me feel boyish to go out and get poisoned in this old, innocent way of unsuspicious childhood. It takes a long time for a man to grow out of his boyhood. I do not know just how long, but I should judge about 2,000 years. I place the limit at 2,000, because I think by that time a man would be too infirm by reason of age to get into any more mischief or misery. I have no acquaintance with men who have passed the nineteenth mile-stone on life's pilgrimage, and verily it seems to me that all these men are but boys.

The man whips his own boy, because the youngster cannot keep 100 commands as easily as his father can break ten. He operates in stocks just as he used to play marbles. He trades horses just as he used to "swap" knives; cheating or being cheated in every deal. He sows wheat, and when he asks nature for bread she gives him chinch bug. He cries for corn and she fires a million-stalk at him. He plants a pansy bed, nature turns it into a cut-worm pasture. He goes out under the blue skies, breathing the pure air of heaven, laughing to hear the birds sing, holding the hand of an innocent, loving child, reaches for a harmless blackberry and gets poisoned for another month. While the scoundrel who stayed in the lager-beer saloon only got ten days and the delirium tremens.

Thus the native hue of resolution is sickled o'er with the pale cast of poison oak.

And all man's sweet determination to regard this planet as an artist proof of heaven turned into sour distraction and doubt by a miserable handful of five-fingered ivy.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

The Key to Carlyle's Genius.

In the lately-published Emerson and Carlyle correspondence there is a passage from Emerson's note-book upon Carlyle that may well serve to start us upon our course in this essay. "He has," says Emerson, "manly superiority rather than intellectuality;" "there is more character than intellect in every sentence." This fact, with the consequent steep inclination of all Carlyle's faculties toward personality or personal prowess, affords the master-key to him, to his life, his works, his opinions, and a brief summary of much that I have written upon him. He was a man of vehement and overweening conceit in man. A sort of anthropological greed and hunger possessed him, an insatiable craving for strong, picturesque characters, and for contact and conflict with them. This was his ruling passion (and it amounted to a passion) all his days. He fed his soul on heroes and heroic qualities, and all his literary exploits were a search for these things. Where he found them not, where he did not come upon some trace of them in books, in society, in politics, he saw only barrenness and futility. He was an idealist who was inhospitable to ideas; he must have a man, the flavor and stimulus of ample concrete personalities.—*John Burroughs, in the Century.*

From an Old Letter of Mark Twain's.

What a fool old Adam was. Had everything his own way; had succeeded in gaining the love of the best-looking girl in the neighborhood, but yet unsatisfied with his conquest he had to eat a miserable little apple. Ah, John, if you had been in his place you would not have eaten a mouthful of the apple, that is if it had required any exertion. I have often noticed that you shun exertion. There comes in the difference between us. I court exertion. I love to work. Why, sir, when I have a piece of work to perform, I go away to myself, sit down in the shade and muse over the coming enjoyment. Sometimes I am so industrious that I muse too long.

No, I am not in love at present. I saw a young lady in Vicksburg the other day whom I thought I'd like to love, but, John, the weather is too devilish hot to talk about love; but, oh, that I had a cool, shady place, where I could sit among gurgling fountains of perfumed ice-water, an' be loved into a premature death of rapture. I would give the world for this—I'd love to die such a glorious and luxuriant death.

Yours, SAM CLEMENS.
Memphis, July 6, 1859.

AT a German ultramarine manufacturer, managed by a pupil of Liebig, the director has observed that for forty-four years none of his workmen have ever suffered from consumption. He attributes their immunity to the fact that the process of manufacture involves the constant production of sulphurous acid, by the burning of sulphur. Accordingly he suggests a new method of treatment for consumptive patients, by bringing them into an atmosphere moderately charged with sulphuric acid.

The trade dollar is an orphan; it has lost its par.

Scientifically Accounted for, and Some Known Causes that Produce Painful Results Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New York Society for the Promotion of Science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:

There is probably no subject of modern science which is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain; the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are far-reaching, and its effects are manifold. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional support in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvelous effect of the sun upon vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York The President makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An unwise action, and disease with everything in life, commonly called home sickness is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The skin becomes pustular. The head grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have definite cause: and, after years of deep experience upon this subject I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidney or liver. Very true. Neither have any other pains. I say, however, that there is a tornado upon the surface of the sun; but, as far as the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago, I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not pain. I was not then in any way ill, but, however, I had never felt a pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach every day, as if it gave a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired, and yet I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was also suffering that thus a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover health. I did so, and was successful, but he had never felt a pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach every day, as if it gave a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired, and yet I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

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The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$20 per day, at the Grand Hotel, Chicago, far-corner Clinton and Madison streets. This is a famous hotel, located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevators, all appointments first-class. H. W. Hoy, Proprietor.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS."—15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions, etc.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers. The "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calais" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

SKINNIES.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, etc.

ALL our lady friends will be delighted to hear that I. C. Cragin & Co., 116 S. 4th St., Phila., are giving first-class Piano Sheet Music, vocal and instrumental, gratis. (No advertising on it.) Write for catalogue. Mention this paper.

"BUCHO-PAINA."—Quick, complete cure, all involving Kidney and Urinary Diseases. \$1.

The habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Clears out rats, mice, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks, etc.

IN DYSPEPSIA

There is a sensation of faintness, with distress in the stomach, and soreness across the pit of that organ, originating in the pressure of the half-digested food.

Recovery is slow, but is much forwarded by Hoad's Sarsaparilla, which sharpens the appetite.

Invagination.

My wife became so debilitated that she weighed but 110 pounds. Since taking Hoad's Sarsaparilla her health is better. She now weighs 130 pounds.—S. Woodburn, 103 Summer street, Boston.

Malaria.

I have been suffering most of the winter with malaria and blood poison; my physician helped me in a measure, but nothing permanent. I was urged to try Hoad's Sarsaparilla, and it has wholly eradicated the disease.—Mrs. F. A. Lincoln, Chicago, Ill.

CONSTIPATION.

Mr. George E. Russell, proprietor of an extensive print-mill at Bellows Falls, Vt., says he has found Hoad's Sarsaparilla the best remedy he ever used for constipation—the business man's most serious affliction—and would no account be without it.

Hoad's Sarsaparilla.

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: I have been handling Dr. Wm. Hoad's Balsam for the Lungs for the past year, and I have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, and I consider it a great medicine. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS

Is the oldest and best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the Stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver.

"Mistake!" Can you make five wives out of one wife in Jersey, a cousin in Albany, a sister-in-law in Troy, and a widow who is mashed on me in Syracuse? I'm an innocent and abused man, and it will take a million dollars to satisfy my injuries."

The trade dollar is an orphan; it has lost its par.

A good medicinal tonic with real merit, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

COFFEE is being extensively planted on the Florida Keys.

No Time Should be Lost

When the first twinges of rheumatism are felt. An effectual means of counteracting it is presented in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, avouched by competent medical authority, to be a reliable specific for this disease. It purifies the system of all impurities, the presence of which eminent medical authors refer the pain and inflammation which attend this atrocious malady. As obstinacy, no less than grievous pain, is a characteristic of rheumatism, the preventive should be used at the outset, to check further growth. Besides purifying the circulation, it helps to enrich it by assisting digestion. The medicine is also used with signal benefit for liver complaints, con-
stitutional debility, nervous ailments and trouble. By renewing depleted strength, and establishing a regularity in the more important bodily organs, it tends to fortify the constitution, especially against those forms of disease which the debilitated are most prone to incur.

TAKE, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them more or less, upon every subject; and, if you have not, you had better talk silly upon a subject of other people's than your own choosing.—*Chesterfield.*

CREMATION is fashionable among the Indians of Arizona:

BLOOD-Poisoning—An Alarming Discovery.

Half the people are suffering and may die from this fatal complaint. Diseases of the kidneys and liver are the principal causes. As a cure we can only recommend German Hop Bitters. *Journal of Health.*
Sold by all druggists.

A WOMAN standing at the front door with a rolling-pin in her hand is a spectacle. An overdue husband endeavoring to pass her makes a pair of spectacles.—*Cart Prel-*

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WARRINGTON, N. C.—Rev. J. E. Carham, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters. It's a complete restorative, tonic and appetizer."

To LIVE without a purpose is to lead a restless life.

A MAN suffering from debility and loss of appetite took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, gained ten pounds and got well.

A RELIC hunter—A fellow endeavoring to catch a widow.

Venator's Predictions.

Venator's predictions so far have been wonderfully correct. He says 1882 will be remembered as a year of great mortality. German Hop Bitters should