

## THE BAD BOY.

"Come in, come in," said the grocery man, to the bad boy, as he stopped on the doorstep outside the grocery to go down into his pistol pocket for a little change for a tramp that had come out of the grocery just ahead of the grocery man's boy. "Come right in, and don't stand there talking with such cattle," and the grocery man looked as mad as though he had left the spigot of the molasses barrel running.

"What's the matter with you?" said the bad boy, as he watched the tramp go into a bakery and come out with a loaf of bread, and go off chewing the end of it as though it was the sweetest morsel a white man ever put a tooth into, and the smile the tramp showed on one side of the bread as he saluted the bad boy through the window was worth a dollar to the boy. "You seem to have got out of the wrong end of the bed this morning. What's all you?"

"The tramps, and beggars, and subscriptions, and games to beat an honest man out of his hard-earned money," said the grocery man, as he threw a hatchet on the floor with which he had been splitting up a box, and kicked a market basket across the room. "There is not a day but some one comes in here after money. Why don't people that haven't got any money go to the poor-house? Why don't sick people go to the hospitals? Condemn it! I have had people come in here for help for the Old Ladies' home, and the Old Men's home, and to sell ball tickets to help people that have been sand-bagged, till I hope I may never see another person asking for help as long as I live."

"And you never would see another person asking for help, or coming to buy any of your decayed groceries, if they knew what kind of a hard-hearted old pirate you was. Why, blast your old vinegar countenance, you haven't got a heart bigger than a mustard seed," said the boy, as he picked up the hatchet for fear the grocery man would split him for kindling wood.

"Yes I have," said the grocery man, and he appeared a little ashamed of what he had said. "My heart is all right, but they play it on me. The other day I gave a tramp 5 cents to buy bread, and he went and bought a glass of beer at a free-lunch place. That made me mad."

"Well, bread, plain dry bread, is pretty hard eating. How would you like to go out on the sidewalk and have dinner off a loaf of dry bread? The tramp knew his business. He could go to a saloon with that nickel and buy a glass of beer as though he had a bushel of money, and while he was drinking it could go to the lunch counter and get sausage, and rye bread, and head cheese, and liver, and cold ham, all for nothing. If you had only a nickel left, and had a full-sized stomach, perfectly empty, which would you do, stand out on a cold corner and chew bread, with no water nearer than the lake, or would you go into a nice warm saloon, buy a glass of beer and have a big dinner thrown in for a chroomo. By gosh, you would go to the saloon, and you would make the lunch counter look sick. Nobody else keeps a warm place for tramps to eat free lunches by buying 5 cents' worth of goods, and a tramp would be a fool if he didn't take advantage of such a chance, when the thermometer is 30 degrees below zero."

"I s'w, I don't know but you are right, Henney," said the grocery man, with a forced smile. "I guess I would paralyze that lunch. But a man has no business to be a tramp. Why don't they go to work?"

"Work? Why don't you give one of hem work? Nobody has any work for a tramp. A tramp may be a son of a member of Congress, but if he has been on the turn until he has had to pawn his clothes, one article after another, to keep from starving, and looks hard, you don't want him. He may be more honest than you are, and better educated, but his clothes are thin, and he looks seedy, and cold, and hungry, and hasn't got any money. You do not stop to think that he may be a thoroughbred. You fire him out, and he gets so he thinks there isn't a man in the world with a soul. If he steals, it is to keep him from starving, and not to lay up money, like some gofers."

"Hold on there, boy. I don't steal—nuch," said the grocery man. "But, tramps are all right enough. These old people's homes, where old men and women are kept in idleness, is what makes me tired. Why don't they go and live with their folks?"

"Well, you are a smart Aleck," said the boy. "Why don't they live with their folks? That is good. Do you suppose these old people would go to a charitable home if they had one of their own? They have outlived relatives and friends who would take care of them, and go to the home, where kind-hearted strangers make the last days of their lives as happy as possible, and they depend upon what they can get from people who have hearts, to pay the expenses, and it is not often that any person with a soul kicks at a little contribution towards banking up the stomachs of the old people who have been pioneers when the country was new. Many of these old people, whom you find fault with for being old and poor, were rich and respected when you were poor and ignorant, and it is possible you may be closed out by your creditors some day, and have to go to a poor-house, and then you can appreciate it when some other blasted skinflint refuses to contribute to your support. But you will not be troubled any more by people calling for aid, for I shall have a sign painted and nailed up on the corner, saying there is no use of any person in need of aid to keep them from want and suffering coming to you, for you are down on poor people and consider them dead beats, and that you will kick any person out doors who comes in asking for anything, and that you growl and grumble more over giving away a nickel than some people would in giving \$5. I will fix you so that you can enjoy a quiet life. Let me take that box cover and a paint pot a minute, please."

"No, you don't," said the grocery man, pale with shame and excitement. "You don't put up no sign. What I said about giving to the poor was said

in a moment of passion, when I had a hot box, but you have showed me what a blasted old fool I am, and hereafter I will give freely to anybody that comes. Great Caesar, I wouldn't have such a sign put up for \$1,000. It would ruin my business."

"Well, don't ever say anything again about charity that you would be ashamed to see in print," and the bad boy went out whistling "The Dotlet on the Eye." —Peck's Sun.

## THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WALTER, JR.

When, on a bright midsummer's day, we stand in a portion of Nature's wide domain, and cast our eyes furtively over a field of wild flowers, and our thoughts wander forward in bright anticipation to the future, how quickly do we acknowledge the value of these gifts from our Creator, as an emblem of His presence and watchfulness. How exhilarating do the flowers then appear! How captivating to the eye! How infinitely predominating they seem! Like an oasis in a desert, at which a weary traveler may quench his thirst, they appear like fertile spots in our pathway; we may either stop and enjoy their fertility or pass on and be lost to it forever. Thus, we may live on entirely ignorant of our rich possessions without utilizing them, while, if they were, they would repay us a thousand fold. They would be our comfort in youth and middle age. They would be our comfort in old age. There are thousands of persons who yearly go sorrowing to the grave, while, if they had directed their thoughts in this direction, their lives might have been full of pleasure instead of sorrow. How quickly would they, too, have acknowledged the value and importance of the flowers. Accustomed to see them in every day life and benefited by their beauty and perfume when prostrated on beds of sickness, they might, indeed, have proved a blessing. So it is with men who work. After a hard day's work how pleasant and recreating is a visit to our flower-garden. Then the cool air of the evening, commingling with the perfume of the dainty blossoms, transports us, so to speak, from a state of weariness to one of comfort and satisfaction. The flowers that during the day drooped and faded under the sweltering rays of the sun, are now braced up by the cool air, and vie with each other in producing the most agreeable perfume.

Our garden is the threshold to beauty and purity. Within it we find an assemblage of merry faces, upturned to the sun to catch its last rays ere it sinks from view in the west. Within it we behold the beauty for which these merry faces are noted, and inhale the delicate perfume which is emitted from their lips. What a beautiful sight it is! How eagerly do we pause and take a second look! Wrapped up in these flowers is that which remains for each of us to unfold. What a study for the painter, and for the sculptor, and each of these in his turn has knelt at the shrine of Flora. Poets have vied with one another in portraying her charm in language of explicit sweetness. Likewise have artists striven to excel one another in paying homage to her beauty. But, seemingly, how vain and fruitless have been their efforts. When the died Mr. Wm. H. Appleton saw Mr. Reid, and it was arranged that he should continue to do the same over his initials. The work was then being revised. Three or four volumes came out, and they received no notice in the Tribune. Mr. Appleton sent inquiries. "Will attend to it shortly," wrote Mr. Reid. Still months passed and more volumes appeared. No notice. More promises. More volumes. Then an interview brought out the fact that Mr. Reid would not notice a work one of whose editors was calling him a "Young Man of a Powerful Mind." He scolded the allegation and defied the alligator. Having an option he decided not to eat that sort of crow. He would not sully the columns of the daily, but he would publish in the semi-weekly Tribune as many extracts from other papers commanding the work as the publishers wished. "Very well," said their agent, "that will satisfy us." So column after column of extracts appeared in the Tribune.

When William H. Appleton got home he was mad—in the excellent American sense of that word—long may it be retained! He said that wasn't the bargain. He wouldn't stand it. Dana as journalist had nothing to do with Dana as cyclopedist. So he hotly sent to the Tribune a bill for \$125 for the cyclopedia. To pay the bill Mr. Reid sent a counter-bill of \$513 for advertising in the same. With this offset bill Mr. Reid sent notice that no book of the Appletons should ever be noticed in the Tribune, and that their advertisements would no longer be received. This rule was carried out. No mention of Appleton & Co. has ever been made in the book notices of the Tribune. Their numerous and valuable works have been for ten years entirely ignored, and the readers of the literary columns of the Tribune are entirely ignorant of the issues of the largest publishing house in the country. Unless they have learned it elsewhere they do not even know that the new edition of the "American Cyclopedias" has ever been printed.

Meantime, the letter "R" was reached in due course, and the Appletons and other editors of the work wanted Reid's name inserted because place was given to other names of the same class. Mr. Dana peremptorily vetoed it.

When Mr. Reid was in Europe two years ago Appleton & Co. began to advertise some scientific books in the Tribune. The absentee saw it and cabled to the counting-room to collect the bills when the advertisements were presented, instead of monthly or quarterly, as to others. Appleton & Co. wouldn't stand that, and withdrew again. That was the last attempt to advantage and our vivid thoughts advanced on the subject may have become so erroneous and fixed as to be shining lights.—*Floral World.*

## Our Tobacco Growth.

(Newport, Ky., Key State Journal.)

The growing of tobacco in this country annually assumes vaster proportions, and is becoming more and more lucrative. Cuba begins to see a rival in the United States in the cultivation of tobacco, which it was supposed, twenty-five years ago, could not be produced anywhere in quantity and flavor equal to that grown and cured in the United States. This fact cannot but have a powerful influence in Spain on the subject of the sale of Cuba to the United States. Once it is clearly demonstrated that the tobacco crop of Cuba can no longer be made a controlling produce in the markets of the world, and that the United States is producing a crop equal, if not superior, to the crop grown on the island, Spain will be ready to sell, and that at a price to suit the buyer. It is often in this way that diplomacy is suddenly arrested, and the best laid schemes of statesmen to acquire power or domain put to confusion.

"Oh, I was intending to do that, sir. Yes, indeed, I will." "And if you meet with a reporter add to the rest that a fiendish attempt was made to set your house on fire and roast your children alive!" "I'll do it, sir. I was already wondering whether I'd have 'em start the fire in a closet or on the bed. I'll make the neighbors jealous if I have to be knocked down with a club!"—Detroit Free Press.

TIME is the old justice that examines all offenders.—Shakespeare.

JOHN HELL is the principal ice-dealer in Salt Lake City.

## DANA, REID, AND APPLETON.

### The Three-Cornered Quarrel Between These New Yorkers.

Whitelaw Reid and Charles A. Dana, after having despised and derided each other for ten years, have "made up," and are now as thick as two philanthropists. I know of no more touching scene than to behold these two great journalists salute each other on meeting any time during the last six months. All the suppressed energy accumulated during a decade of non-intercourse seems to increase the grip of their embrace.

But the kindred quarrel of the Tribune and the Appletons is not made up by any means; and I know of no reason why the true story of that quarrel, which is by no means a petty one as it stands, should not now be told.

Very well. Imprimes, Reid, and Dana were sworn enemies—or, at any rate, Dana was. After being removed from the managing editorship of the Tribune because he had clamored "Forward to Richmond," he nursed his wrath toward that paper and everybody connected with it. He regarded his successor, Sidney Howard Gay, with a mild contempt; Mr. Gay's successor, Young, he did his best to cover with odium. Mr. Greeley he hated royally; and when the comparatively unknown Mr. Reid came from Cincinnati and assumed his old desk, Mr. Dana lost his head entirely, and alluded to him habitually as the Young Man of the Tall Tower, and the Young Man of the Powerful Mind, and Jay Gould's Young Editor. Reid retaliated with silence. He directed that neither Sun nor Mr. Dana should ever be mentioned in the Tribune. Indeed, he went further. He directed that no interest of Mr. Dana should be mentioned.

Now, as long before as 1857, in the very midst of the panic, in which most all publishers, even Harper & Brothers, went under, Appleton & Co. began the American cyclopedia, and of that great work Ripley and Dana of the Tribune were made editors. As they could not properly review a work of which they were editors, Mr. Greeley was in the habit of reviewing each volume as it appeared, over his own initials. When he died Mr. Wm. H. Appleton saw Mr. Reid, and it was arranged that he should continue to do the same over his initials. The work was then being revised. Three or four volumes came out, and they received no notice in the Tribune. Mr. Appleton sent inquiries. "Will attend to it shortly," wrote Mr. Reid. Still months passed and more volumes appeared. No notice. More promises. More volumes. Then an interview brought out the fact that Mr. Reid would not notice a work one of whose editors was calling him a "Young Man of a Powerful Mind." He scolded the allegation and defied the alligator. Having an option he decided not to eat that sort of crow. He would not sully the columns of the daily, but he would publish in the semi-weekly Tribune as many extracts from other papers commanding the work as the publishers wished. "Very well," said their agent, "that will satisfy us." So column after column of extracts appeared in the Tribune.

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Not that their productions were not meritorious, but that the original was so infinitely perfect that it was next to impossible to produce a perfect likeness. Each generation, in the march of time, is making rapid advancement in floriculture, and the flowers of to-day are far more numerous and varied in character than they were a hundred years ago, consequently our poets and artists have a greater work to accomplish; but, to meet this argument, it may be truly said that, in this enlightened age of ours, they, likewise, have made rapid advancement in their chosen arts.

The influences to which we are subjected in the cultivation of flowers are alike numerous and benefiting. They give us pleasure and mental improvement here, and a bright insight into the future, where, we are told, light and sunshine are perpetual. They afford us ample employment for our spare moments, by which we not only accomplish good but are ourselves directly benefited. Our knowledge of the subject in question is thus increased; our thoughts are directed in that line; our judgment is rendered shrewder; and the mind, under these joint actions, is strengthened and rendered more competent to cope with subjects of greater depth. And, with the impetus thus gained in our given study, how bright and merry indeed appear our lives. And, if but for a brief period our knowledge forbore us, into what a sad predicament would we be thrown. But such a thing cannot be. As the flowers increase, and as years roll on, these little lessons in floriculture may be turned to advantage and our vivid thoughts advanced on the subject may have become so erroneous and fixed as to be shining lights.—*Floral World.*

She Caught On.

A woman who was hurrying along Catharine street was halted by an acquaintance, who inquired if anything had happened.

"I should think so!" she exclaimed in great excitement. "There's been thieves in my house!"

"No!"

"Yes, and I've been robbed!"

"Of what?"

"Well, all I miss are a pair of earrings and a hair-brush."

"And where are you going?"

"After an officer."

"Exactly. Now, let me give you a piece of advice. Make out that there were at least three thieves. They got away with all your jewelry, a lot of clothes, \$50 in money and some valuable papers. Make it out as big as you can."

"Oh, I was intending to do that, sir. Yes, indeed, I will."

"And if you meet with a reporter add to the rest that a fiendish attempt was made to set your house on fire and roast your children alive!"

"I'll do it, sir. I was already wondering whether I'd have 'em start the fire in a closet or on the bed. I'll make the neighbors jealous if I have to be knocked down with a club!"—Detroit Free Press.

## PAYNE'S POSITION.

### Speech of Ohio's New Senator at the Cleveland Banquet.

#### Gentlemen of the General Assembly:

You have seen fit to elect me to the highly honorable and responsible position of a member of the United States Senate. No doubt the compliment was mainly intended for the patiently-waiting, long-suffering, ever faithful and true Democrats of Northern Ohio. For the first time in the history of the State they have been recognized and honored by their brethren. In their name I meet you tonight to thank you for the noble act of justice which has been so gracefully and generously done for the people of the State. I have desired this social gathering that I might in person assure you of my sincere and lasting gratitude, and give you a frank expression of my views on some of the pressing issues of the day. For fifty years I have been a resident of the State and a collaborator in the Democratic field. In forty-nine consecutive State elections I have supported and voted for the Democratic ticket, and every one of those votes has been cast in the Democratic ward in the city of Cleveland. I have actively participated in twelve Presidential campaigns, and in all of them, among other questions, the issues of the removal of the deposits by Gen. Jackson; the Independent Treasury under Van Buren; the annexation of Texas; the war with Mexico; the popular sovereignty of Stephen A. Douglas; the Lecompton constitution of Buchanan; incipient secession at Charleston; the civil war under Lincoln; the abolition of slavery; the resumption and maintenance of specie payments; the great fraud of 1873—wrought by me discussed before the people without evasion or disguise; and I am proud to declare that, to-night, reviewing the past from the advanced milieus in which the "jacket of life" there is not one of the removals that I have not expressed that I would recall, or change, or modify, if I had the power to do so. This is all I care to say in vindication of the orthodoxy of my political faith or of my steadfast loyalty to the Democratic party.

Gentlemen, I am induced to accept this Senatorial office to which you have elected me mainly by the hope and belief that in the discharge of its duties I may be useful to the State and the party. The last must be secondary to and in harmony with the first, and both must have the approbation of my conscientious convictions. I will in no case knowingly violate the constitution or perpetrate any act that would be a violation of my oath of office. But to use the language of the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." I will not be deceived by the specious argument of the so-called free-trader; nor can they be placed in antagonism to us. There is no one of the removals that I have not expressed that I would recall, or change, or modify, if I had the power to do so. This is all I care to say in vindication of the orthodoxy of my political faith or of my steadfast loyalty to the Democratic party.

There is a broad line of demarcation, extending from the equator to the arctic, distinctly separating our citizens and interests from the interests of England. Succeeding or failing, standing or falling, I will succeed or fail, stand or fall on the American side of the line, and there in all cases will my voice and my vote be found to be in partial test of this tariff, to play in the issue, and magnificently won by our party.

Will now proceed to some more important questions. And first, civil service for two years, year by year, the disbursement of Federal patronage has been in the hands of the Republican party. Appointments have all been made from the adherents of that party, and mostly from the class of active politicians.

The Federal Judges (Supreme, Circuit and District), with their Clerks, Marshals, Assistants, Deputies, Registers, Master Commissioners, Assignees, have been and are Republicans. The heads of departments and the subordinates through all grades down to the messengers and porters, the sub-Treasurers, Collectors of both customs and internal revenue, Surveyors, Postmasters, letter-carriers, and all other Federal employees have been appointed from the class of active politicians.

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