

THE HEART WILL HAVE ITS WAY.

Poor Reason tries her best to rule,
And keep an honest grip;
Yet men will sometimes play the fool,
And give their wits the slip.
Let Judgment caution or condemn,
And Conscience still cry "Nay,"
Sweet Fancy sings her song to them,
And gives the heart its way—
Its own delightful way—
In spite of all that Thought can do;
In spite of Judgment, tried and true;
And all Experience ever knew—
The heart will have its way.
So Nature wills it—old and young,
The wisest and the best,
Have caught the strain from Passion's tongue,
And felt her sweet unrest.
'Tis well to be of human kind—
To own dear Nature's sway;
For, midst the dim, cold realms of mind,
The heart would lose its way—
Its own delightful way—
In spite of Wisdom's happiest rules;
In spite of sages and of schools;
In spite of reason, tried and true;
The heart will have its way.
See yonder child, by Nature led,
No rule of life he guilefully
See Prudence with her thoughtful head,
And manhood in its pride—
All run in pleasure's heedless race,
And after folly stray—
At every age, in every place,
The heart will have its way—
Its own delicious way—
In spite of all the head can do;
In spite of judgment, tried and true;
In spite of sad experience, too,
The heart will have its way.
Alas! for him whose heart is dead
To every generous beat;
No love-light on his life is shed,
No sympathy he'll meet.
'Tis better far to give the price
That fools to folly pay—
Be men in everything but wise,
And give the heart its way—
Its own delightful way—
In spite of Wisdom's golden rules;
In spite of sages and of schools.
We're all but crying, low-sick fools—
We give the heart its way.

THE TRAMPS.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

Is there any more enjoyable feeling in life than to be under a bright morning sky, comfortably equipped, on the tramp through a pleasant country; a world of meadows—a rocky dale—a stretch of brown, billowy moorland? The pulse beats freely, thoughts chase each other like summer butterflies, and you seem to annex every pretty or wild bit of scenery, every quaint homestead, every living thing about you, with an enlarged and conquering individuality. Crowds oppress, cities tire, books weary; but on the tramp you are free to enjoy to receive, and to romance. The junior tramp, however, is a limited individual, and he never gets far away from society and civilization in our island home. The senior tramp, on the contrary, takes ship over sea, and has a wider range. He is everywhere at home. This elder brother is justly entitled a traveler; the junior has to be content with the less ambitious and sometimes shady designation of a tramp. Wandering and little-known tribes are not for him. He foots it at home, with good hope of reaching railways and hotels somewhere, if he turns his back upon them with fine scorn, and a philosophy warranted to endure for twelve or fourteen hours, but good enough while it lasts, and renewable with morning light.

Alas! there are others on the tramp, whose philosophy has little warrant at all, and whose burdens are ever pressing, not gayly left behind! Apart from fine scenery, freedom, and rude health, it is in chance meetings with such specimens of the junior tramp, bright or dull-eyed, that an observing man will find much of the romance of his revolt against acres of bricks and mortar and the elbowing of crowds. The division just made is an induction from a pretty large experience.

The bright-eyed tramp is always a man with an object and a character. He has either a home before him or behind, to reach or to brighten. He will converse freely with you, tell you his history, and accept little kindnesses in a manly spirit. The dull-eyed man does not like you to look him in the face too closely. Scenery seems to oppress him. He ambles along through the finest bits as if he were passing down a back slum. He is a waif; he has no home—only a native parish. He begs, whines, bullies, and I fear he also steals; so true is it that home has its subtle effect on the eye, the character, and the conception of Nature. Meeting such men on a lonely moor, we ask ourselves what restrains them from robbing, and perhaps murdering? The answer comes clear:

"The other idea that sways their minds, the Law!" Cruel Nature, and almost omnipresent Law—these are the only two ideas that rule them.

Walking across a lonely moor, the white road winding ribbon-like over distant brown hills, I was once thinking, in a dreamy way, over some scenes in Scotch history, wherein the sound of a pibroch suddenly filled an apparently deserted hill-side with human life, when two men, who had been lying on the dry roadway, making a pillow of their boots, started up, and sent my heart into my mouth. I was never so startled in all my life, for it seemed as if my thoughts had been heard. Looking straight into their steady eyes, and noting there a hopeful look, though the men were almost as startled as I was, I said:

"Good-morning. How's work, mates?"

It was a policeman's hint I was acting upon. To know anything about a man, he had told me—his name, occupation, object—always gives you a certain command over him in a critical moment. Exchanging glances, the tramps answered:

"Bad—awful bad! Do you know of a job, gov'nor?"

I wished I did. They were making a new road seven miles off at P—; they might inquire there.

Work-seekers' stories are often most pathetic.

"What, you on the tramp?" was my remark one day to a young fellow, out at elbows, and with frayed garments, who visited me at home, handing me an envelope addressed to him in my own handwriting. Yes; he had lost his situation in a cotton mill in Lancashire, and had trudged south-westward through many counties round to London, and then through the Midlands, without getting a single job. Of late he had not tried; his clothing forbade it. He was clever; a hard, philosophic student; an original man in every way. Yet he had been herding with the meanest, sleeping anywhere, mostly out-of-doors, living in aboriginal fashion on raw vegetables, and occasionally sharing what others begged. His wife and child had gone home to her friends, and he had never heard of them for nine months, though he had written to his wife at first regularly. She might be dead.

"How had he endured it all? He could scarcely say. He dare not think. Then

followed a charming bit. As he had tramped along, it had been his custom to recite all the prose and poetic passages he could remember from his favorite authors—and he had a well-stored memory—to preserve his "identity," to prevent him from sinking to the low conversational level of his queer and casual companions. Occasionally others would repeat the little poems they had learned as children at school; sometimes "flash" ballads, bought in penny sheets at fairs. One companion had stuck to him for months, and whenever my friend seemed to be dull, or the way was dreary, or people were uncivil, this seedy-black-coated "chum" would say to him:

"Give us a bit o' poetry, mate."

Can we ever tell to what uses we may put the verses and passages we learn at school and in early youth? They may perhaps save our sanity and self-respect.

Here is another story. A tanned face, unkempt hair, intelligent eyes, clothes worn into a fluffy softness of texture, boots with loose soles, obviously never made for the wearer, hands dirty and large, announced to me, as I looked at them, a broken-down specimen of the work-seeker. His companion, a suspicious, furtive-looking tramp, a sailor, and not unlikely the inspirer of the journey. Condensing what it took me a couple of hours to learn, this was his story:

"Respectably connected, had never learnt a trade; had been a shop porter, married a pretty seamstress, lived happily together for years on our joint earnings. No children—didn't want them—hadn't a care. Wife's work fell off, food lessened; she became ill; bit by bit furniture sold, her heart broken at parting with what she had painfully won by her labor. When we had to sell the sewing machine, I could see 'twas all over—she clammed and died. After her funeral, started off. Friends had left the place. I couldn't stand the work. No more happiness for me, sir. Whither bound? To S—, Worked there once—might get a job. T—, the only man I knew. Hard, sir—very hard!"

During this fragmentary conversation, I saw the man greedily grasp at a fragment of newspaper, lying upon the ground, which had evidently been wrapped round something.

"Might have an advertisement on it, you know!"

The sight of a sewing machine always suggests his touching history, told me along a road skirting the sea one misty spring day.

Tramps are mainly men with no definite trade at their finger-ends. There is always a chance for them somewhere, and they lose nothing by not asking for it. The skilled men on the road are much rarer now, since railway traveling has become so cheap, and unionism has developed. A crisis or a strike will, however, act in two ways—sending men out, and drawing them in. A bundle of clothing or tools is generally carried by the skilled tramp, and his gait is more energetic.

To show how gait betrays, here is an odd story. Meeting two brawny navvies in Cornwall one day, I said to my companion: "Two well-set men. See how they swing in step; ex-soldiers or policemen, evidently."

Two days afterward we were near one of the barrack-gates at Devonport when, behold, our two tramps coming along in custody. An acute rural policeman had, so we learned, noticed their military step and bearing and gone up to them, saying, with a bold guess:

"You are deserters from Devonport?"

Taken aback, as such persons are if you can show you know anything about them, and possibly suspecting the man had a description of them, they admitted they were, and offered no resistance, discipline once more asserting its power. They belonged to a killed regiment; they had only been five days from barracks; and finer fellows I never saw. They were navvies by occupation.

Foreigners on the tramp are not very common, except on the coast-roads, and they are mostly sailors. They are not communicative, and know little English. The oddest specimen of a foreigner I remember was a German clock-mender I met in the Midlands, who puzzled me greatly. He walked like a drilled man; had well-kept side whiskers, and a bag over his shoulder. We passed and repassed several times. He called at road-side houses, and as I slackened pace, generally overtook me, but I failed to get him into fair conversation.

"Going far? To M—? Long way yet."

His peculiar German accent was coming out more strongly.

"Seeking work?"

"Yes, as he went along."

For several minutes we kept step in silence. Taking out a newspaper I began to read. The man's face relaxed.

"Any news of Garibaldi?" was the sudden question that startled me. A Garibaldi, I said to myself at once. It was just at the time the Italian hero made his last armed venture. I read him the news, and he broke out warmly:

"Ah, bad man—bad, wicked man!"

He became more of a puzzle than ever—a nut I must crack.

I waited on his movements, diverted from my intended walk, and devoted myself to getting his story. He became too excited to be very connected, and his German came grinding out at intervals with orchestral effect. A friend had beguiled him into associating with Republicans; he had been in some trouble in the movement of 1848; he had been imprisoned for opinions he did not hold; he was an absolutist and a skeptic. He had lost all his friends, and had come to England. He was a clock-mender, good at Americans or any other make, and he tramped a district from a center, earning about ten shillings a week. Our conversation became lively; he forgot to call at road-side houses; and to my defense of Garibaldi, all he could splutter was, "Bad man—very—wicked man!" The chat seemed to excite him very much, and at last he ambled into a little shop, got a job, and I went forward.

Beggar-tramps are the honest juniors' aversion. They are full of tricks, and sometimes smart in speech.

"I never give to beggars on the road," I remarked to one of this class, airing a young man's general principle, perhaps with some self-conceit.

"Will yer honor oblige me with yer name and address, and I'll call on yer?" was the prompt retort.

Between Coventry and Kenilworth swarms of beggars had formerly a fine harvest. I once counted twenty. Some were blind and lame; others were singing vagrants, humming snatches of their wailing ballads. One elderly man, with his legs in the dyke—a true tramp's way of sitting—was conning written testimonials,

or begging letters, written on dingy yellow paper, that Chatterton might have envied. He had a tiny black pipe in his mouth, the kind of thing a tramp carries in his waistcoat pocket, and he was studying his papers with an author's self-admiring interest. I fear he was marking down some country parson for a victim.

"Dear Sir—The bearer—" was all I could see before he slipped the paper into a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat.

A dingy haversack and dirty garments may make even an honest junior seem like a beggar. Calling at a house in a lonely part of a well-known Yorkshire dale, to ask where I could get refreshment, the girl shut the door abruptly, and said nothing.

To a second knock it opened again, and two timid women appeared, the elder in the rear shouting, "Seven miles further on!"—a pleasant answer for a hungry man!

A more civil shepherd's wife, to whom I told my story an hour later, said they were not "particular at Beggarmond" (Beckermounds), whereat I smiled, for the woman was evidently not smiling, though at first I thought she was. Over the moor I should soon see "the Settle," she meant a large viaduct on the Settle and Carlisle Railway.

With food and tobacco, a junior's heart can always be reached. On one occasion, meeting a hungry specimen, I gave him some of my bread and cheese without any request or word from him.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said, in a cold tone; but after he had gone a pace or two, and begun to eat, he turned round, saying, "Bless you, sir, bless you!" as if some new or old chord of feeling had been reached.

The better tramps are often amusing company, and even the worst compel you to moralize anew on the old theme of the universe and the individual. "Chats with a roadside stone-breaker—the true conqueror, because he always rises on the ruins he makes," as a witty prince said—were often pleasant. The turf-cutter, with his long spade pushed before him under the soil, is also an interesting object. Pleasant, too, it is to watch a daleman thatching his hay with green rushes; to come across strange birds and animals; to note the old village wells and sun dials, the churches and meeting-houses; to get glimpses of heavy antique furniture through cottage doorways; to be mistaken for a wool-buyer, an artist, "the new exciseman," as I was on one occasion; to spread news of big deeds; to find everywhere that Home is sacred, be it never so small or so lonely. He scarcely lives, in fact, who always carries with him the burden of society, who never tempts the unknown, except over sea, and who has never enjoyed the full and exquisite pleasure of being "on the tramp."

Dampness in Houses.

The absorption of rains and melting snows by the foundation and underpinning walls is a source of dampness not so readily discovered as a defective roof or a naturally wet cellar, though quite as dangerous as either, and it is greatly aggravated when the sills of the house or the first floor is near the ground. If it also happens that the ground around the house is nearly level, then the lower part of it, the part that is in the ground and near it, will surely be damp. It is not alone the water that falls upon the roof of a building that must be kept from the cellar. Even when this is caught in gutters, brought to the ground in conductors, and possibly carried off in drain pipes to some sewer or remote outlet, there is still the water to be taken care of that strikes the sides of the building in driving storms, and which at times is scarcely less than that which falls upon the roof. This is sure to follow down the walls and find its way into the cavity in which the house stands; for it must be borne in mind that every house with a cellar under it occupies a hole in the ground. If this is a wet hole the house is sure to be a damp one. Against this there is one simple precaution that should never be omitted except in latitudes where it never rains; this is, a concrete, or, better, an asphalt, pavement, two, three, or four feet wide, the inner edge resting against the underpinning, entirely surrounding the house, and of course pitching outward. This may not seem as picturesque a setting for the house as to have the rich green turf closely embracing it; it is immeasurably better from the common-sense and sanitary standpoint. If vines or green things of any sort are allowed on the outer walls, they ought to be trained by some means to the upper parts, where the wind can sweep through them, and where they will not keep the ground next the foundation walls moist, spongy, and porous.

A Lawyer's Opinion.

One in the long roll of celebrities who have lived and died in the good old town of Winthrop was a country lawyer and a justice of the peace, known as Squire Howe, who flourished three-quarters of a century ago. Lawyers of his class in those days took their pay in work. So, when a man came to him one day and said, "Squire, I want you to tell me how small an amount a man can sue for?" Howe told him to work half a day in his field and he would answer the question.

The man performed a half-day's work, and asked the lawyer for his answer.

"You want to know how small an amount you can sue for, do you?" repeated Howe.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, you can sue for nothing at all, and recover the same amount.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Certainly Not.

De Guy—What's the matter, Bagley? You seem to be in trouble.

Bagley—So I am. I lost my purse containing \$900 this morning, and I have just offered a reward for its return, but I don't suppose I'll ever see it again.

De Guy (consoling)—Oh, I think you will. Where did you lose it?

Bagley—Where? Great guns! do you suppose I would advertise for it if I knew where I lost it?—*Philadelphia Call.*

FUN AT HOME.

Entertaining Parlor Games, Tricks, and Pastimes.

THE STOPPLE GAME.—Stick a knife or any sharp thing in the side of an open doorway, leaving the door open and having the knife placed about as high as the head. Then place a cork, large or small, on the knife. Go back ten feet, place the left hand over the left eye, walk briskly toward the cork and knock it off with the first finger of the right hand.

SHADOW BUFF.—A large sheet is stretched across one end of the room, and one of the party sits on a low stool between it and the light. He is to look right at the sheet, and neither sideways nor behind him. The other players then pass between the light and the seated person, disguising themselves by action or clothing as much as they please, while he is to guess, by the shadows, who they are. When he guesses correctly, the person whom he names must take his place.

THE HIGH JUMP.—Tell one of your friends to place two chairs back to back, about two feet apart, then to take off his shoes and jump over them. If he fails or fears to try, take off your own shoes, put them side by side, and jump over them. This was what you expected your friend to do, only he did not understand you in that way.

LEAVES OF DESTINY.—One of the number is chosen sibyl; she holds slips of paper numbered from 1 to 50; the others draw and the sibyl reads the corresponding number in "Leaves of Destiny."

1. You'll meet this year on Brighton strand, one destined for your heart and hand.

2. Choose one, if you are shrewd, no safety lies in multitude.

3. Endless flirtation doth seem your vocation.

4. Bracing air and embracing arms give Coney Island especial charms.

5. Young or old? Love for gold? Toss odd or even, you'll be told.

6. Some natures change on change of name, but like the rose you'll be the same.

7. For music and balls, you'll have nursery squalls.

8. The right one cometh from New York, with heart and purse as light as cork.

9. Away with pride and cold disdain, or you'll too long alone remain.

10. Don't have for motto, "Both are best," but, "Now choose one, look at the rest."

11. This simply true, though now you laugh, that you will worship a golden calf.

12. This year a lover will with pride watch thee sporting in the tide.

13. At Ocean Grove you'll forsake worldly notions, drink nothing but tea and attend your devotions.

14. A heart and fortune you will gain, in this summer's grand campaign.

15. Before you go too far, be sure there's not another side the brighter side to mar.

16. A life both long and wisely spent, and children to your heart's content.

17. Happy when single, but not content, you'll marry in haste and soon repent.

18. Lovers and books romantic—the music of the grand Atlantic, this year will make you nearly frantic.

19. The "Mighty Dollar" cannot buy the love for which in vain you sigh.

20. A well-known line you may transpose, "A thorn is always near a rose."

21. You nobly strive to make it known "Tis bad for man to be alone."

22. Before the present year is out, your wedding cards will be about.

23. A heartless flirt: You'll penance do for all the innocents you slew.

24. Or some fine day, not very remote, you'll meet your match on a ferryboat.

25. Your head is hot, your heart is cold, I pity you lot when you are old.

26. With throbbing heart and trembling hand, soon at the altar you will stand.

27. You'll count amongst your future joys, six little girls, six little boys.

28. Your pace I fear is rather fast—your love's by far too hot to last.

29. Inconstant as the fickle wind, from day to day you'll change your mind.

30. Ever dreaming—never doing, you'll gain naught by sea-side wooing.

31. You will love and run away, and live to love another day.

32. You'll have a busy summer, flirting hard with each newcomer.

33. Be merry now, no more you'll laugh when you have found your better-half.

34. Cheer up! cheer up! I plainly see bright golden days in store for thee.

35. Like the ebb and flow of tide, your spirits rise and soon subside.

36. You're building castles in the air, to end in grief and dark despair.

37. You lack the courage to say "no," hence all your troubles here below.

38. Lawn tennis is a pastime sweet, where a life partner you will meet.

39. Enjoy the sunshine while you may, too soon the chance will pass away.

40. Sweet and bright as the month of May, your life shall seem a holiday.

41. You'll break the heartless law of fashion, and own at last the tender passion.

42. Your destiny is hard to fix, bitter and sweet so freely mix.

43. The wedding bells soon merrily shall ring a chime to gladden thee.

44. When you go out to sea to fish you'll catch the very thing you wish.

45. You soon must solve the problem grave—"an old one's pet or a young one's slave?"

46. Some dress to live; but you, I guess, like many, only live to dress.

47. Unless you're a Mormon or a Turk, contented you'll be with this year's work.

48. The happy day is drawing nigh, to all your pains and cares, good-bye.

49. You're leaving now to meet no more the only one you could adore.

50. To young and old I bid farewell, and will next year their fortunes tell.

Whiling Away the Time.

A gentleman who lived in a small town not very far from Buffalo went the way of all flesh, and the burial ceremonies to be performed over his remains were committed to the charge of the local undertaker. The funeral was quite an important one, for the gentleman was prominent in his own town, and a number of his friends from the city were present. The services were held in the church, but just as the time arrived for taking the remains to the cemetery a severe thunder-storm came up, and it was considered best not to start until the worst of the storm was over. The wait was rather an embarrassing one, but the undertaker was equal to the emergency. Standing on the chancel steps he shouted so as to be heard in the choir loft at the other end of the building: "The organist will please give us a little music to while away the time." Even the mourners smiled.

The pay of ladies in waiting to the Queen is \$3,500 a year; that of lords in waiting \$5,600.

HUMOR.

SONG OF THE SHIRT—Come rest on this bosom.

SONG OF THE NANNY GOAT—Bye, oh, Baby Bunting.

"THIS is the fall of the ear," as the man said, when he clipped his terrier's auricular appendages.—*St. Paul Herald.*

THE BEST ROLE.

Every man has a role in life, And has had since time began, But after all the baker's roll Is the best for a hungry man. —*Boston Courier.*

If Tom ever heard some women screeching "Do-hon! le-heve your Mo-o-ho-ho-ther, Tom," he would stick tighter to her than a piece of shoe-maker's wax will stick to a pair of dove-colored trousers.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"I hear your son is quite a singer, Mr. Yawp." "Well, he does jerk his vocal tubes occasionally." "What kind of a voice has he got? Is it a baritone?" "I guess it is, for most people can bar-it-only a little while."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"AND so you're married, Gracie?" "Yes." "Is your husband a good-natured man?" "Well, now, isn't he, though? I can eat onions whenever I take a notion, and he never says 'Boo!' about it."—*Chicago Ledger.*

"How do you tell a fool when you see one, Mrs. Jones," asked a wearisome old bache/or of a lively young widow. "I usually tell one to leave," she replied, and the bachelor didn't ask for a diagram.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THEATRICAL bill-boards are being abolished in several Southern cities. What traveling theatrical companies would rather see the abolition of board-bills. They wouldn't have so much trouble getting out of town when "business" was bad, if such a reform was effected.—*Norristown Herald.*

Do not be too emphatic in the expression of your opinions, my son. I once heard your mother speak of the Biggles as the scum of the earth. Since then the "scum" has risen, as it always does, first or last, and will have nothing to do with your mother or me.—*Boston Transcript.*

An English scientist says the Niagara Falls are about seven thousand years old, while another scientist of that country places their age at thirty thousand years. These are a slight difference in the figures, but hardly enough to occasion any comment. It is not often English scientists so closely agree upon any one subject.—*Norristown Herald.*

"AND so Stickum is going into the saloon business, is he?" "That's what they say." "What sort of a go do you think he'll make of it?" "I shouldn't wonder but what he will do right well." "I wouldn't think it. He's full nearly all the time now." "That's the point. He ought to save enough on his own drinks to pay the rent."—*Chicago Ledger.*

TRIALS OF A POKER PLAYER.

The evenings now are growing long, And the husband's desire will be strong To "pass" a great "deal" Of his leisure, where he'll Hear the poker "pot" singing its song. He'll come home with his face in a "flush" And his mouth "full" of business gush; After tea, he will state He must listen back "straight" To help the boys through with the rush. And his wife, with her innocent ways, Her indignations (?) husband will praise; But some day she'll find She was going it "blir d." And her "hand" in amazement will "raise." For her mother, if still she's on "deck," Her trust in her husband will wreck; With a twist of her lip, She will put in her "chip," And the "pot" will boil over a speck. —*Columbus (O.) Dispatch.*

THE colored editor of a paper devoted to the best interests of the colored community has just finished a heart-rending obituary notice of a deceased white gentleman, a friend of the editor. The foreman of the office came in for some copy, and the editor handed him the obituary notice, and instructed the foreman to put it under the head "Negrology." The foreman read the notice, and in a sort of dazed manner exclaimed: "I say, boss, does you know who de man is vot you is writing about?" "Certainly I knew him. He was a prominent citizen of this place, and has been my friend for years." "Was he a white man?" "Yes, sir." "Well, does you think dis notice should have a head on it like Negrology?" "It is perfectly proper, sir." "All right, den, I puts it dere; but I kind o' spect dat Negrology applies to de black man."—*National Weekly.*

Literary Prophets.

After Hall's discovery of the two moons of Mars in 1877, it was pointed out that Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," had prophetically made the Lilliputian astronomers discover the two satellites. A still more curious circumstance is now mentioned by Dr. Sophus Tromholt, who relates that in 1851 a story was published by a Hungarian author, Maurus Jokai, in which reference was made to the star which has recently appeared in the Andromeda nebula. The star, according to the story, was revealed to a royal family by the evil spirit, who predicted death in battle to those who could not see it. Jokai's star was probably a thing of imagination only, although there are some reasons for believing that the tale was founded on a Jewish tradition, which would make it probable that the "new star" at which the world is wondering was seen by the Jews, and has reappeared to view after many centuries of invisibility. In other words, the existence of such a tradition would confirm the conclusion that the Andromeda star is a variable of long period.