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With the November, 1887, issue THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The war Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000.
The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and giving the nece sary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption.
Lincoln in the War,
the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: The early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.
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following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will discribe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narrative of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."
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Miscellaneous Features.
will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Key; papers touching the field of Sunday School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Chairvoyance: essays in criticism, art travel and biography, poems, cartoons, etc.
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Poetry.

My Dora.

Let others rave of beauteous maids,
Of rose-bud mouth and teeth like pearls
Of dimpled cheeks and flashing eyes—
"Such stunning girls!"
My Dora in her simple dress,
My Dora (whom may heaven bless!)
Is good enough for me.

My Dora has no seal-skin sacque,
No forty dollar Paris bonnet;
She wears a little turned up hat—
A feather on it.
The Jersey jacket, soft and warm
That hugs so tight her pretty form
Is good enough for me.

Let other girls sew crazy quilts
And cover rolling pins with plush,
Embroider unknown breeds of dogs—
And—let'em "gush!"
The home-made bread my Dora makes,
The cod-fish balls, the buck-wheat cakes,
Are good enough for me.

She does not know the latest craze
In songs, or fancy work, or "Germans,"
But she can work, "God bless our home"
And preach me sermons!
She does not bang her hair or fuzz it;
And yet the simple way she "does" it;
Is good enough for me.

"Æsthetic yearnings" in her breast,
I know have never found a place;
Contentment sits upon her brow—
And she says *vase*,
And though her love she will not speak,
The peach-bloom blush that stains her cheek
Is good enough for me.

And when she leaves this world below,
And journeys to the unknown land,
I only ask that I may go
And hold her hand.
I shall not fear, for this I know,
That any place where Dora'll go
Is good enough for me.

Literature.

The Lost Son of Ichabod Armstrong.

In one of the wildest, sections of Orange County, in the State of New York, a solitary farmhouse stands—or stood at the period of which I now write—in lonesome beauty, shaded by two magnificent oak-trees, the growth of more than a century. For miles in every direction the rugged, rocky land and abrupt hills afforded means of livelihood to only a half dozen poor and hard laboring families, who starved on their rocky possessions. No house was within a mile of the Rocky Glen farm, but around this quiet spot were evidences of the toil of many years, perhaps many generations. There was a lawn in front of the house, on which grew fruit-trees, such as are usually found nearest the house. A fine orchard was on a hillside and over the hilltop close by. Patches of smooth land here and there, from which every stone had been carefully picked, indicated the ability of the farm in the way of clover and timothy, while in the summer time many garden spots, rich with waving grain, lit up the otherwise dark and sombre aspect of the four hundred acres which were included within the farm of Ichabod Armstrong.

Some men might with plausibility maintain actions against their parents for damages sustained by reason of acts at the baptismal ceremony. Why he was called Ichabod no one could explain, nor his mother or father any more than others. His mother had a recollection of selecting a Scripture name, and that there was something about this that struck her fancy. Certainly she had no idea that the glory of his family was lessened by his birth. But those who knew him forgot his name; and at the period of which we now write he had grown to be an old man, having followed in the footsteps of his fathers, and under his culture the old farm had vastly improved, while there was much other manifest good that the world had derived from his life in it.

I say much other manifest good; and there was more good deeds of Ichabod Armstrong which were not manifest here, but which will one day be made brilliant in the eyes of those who despised nim in his humility.

In his early life he was educated in a manner superior to the ordinary course, in those days, with the sons of farmers in Orange County; and after graduating, it was said that he traveled for several years. But after his patents' death he returned and took charge of the farm, and was soon married to a young lady in the neighborhood, whom, rumor said, he had loved in former years, and would have married but for her parents' objections. He had been in fact a wild boy in youth and at college, and their objections, perhaps, well founded. However that may have been, the love of maturer years was none the less ardent or faithful and they lived together on the farm for forty or fifty springs and autumns, alone but not lonely, and, meanwhile. the oak trees over the house grew very old, and the house itself creaked and shook in the winter tempests.

As Ichabod grew old he grew to feeling deeply his responsibility as a man; and when he was elected an elder in the church at—, he seemed to be unable for a while to bear the load thus placed on him. But time, and a good stout soul, full of faith and hope and reverent humility, sustained him, and his heart grew more and more affectionate, earnest and pure.

Every one loved him. Not infrequently he was called on to occupy the desk in front of the pulpit, when the old clergyman was absent or ill; and it was pleasant, beyond description, to hear the old man's quaint and simple explanations of the passages he read from Holy Writ.

His wife lived with him, fondly and faithfully, grew old with him, grew gentle with him, and was very like him in all things. They were childless. And so the name Ichabod to some appeared as if given in an ignorant prophetic moment, for with him his family seemed extinct. As age came on he had felt much the necessity of a support to his declining years, and still more to those of his wife, for whom he cared most tenderly, and who began to fail long before he felt the weakness of age. They accordingly sent to distant relatives who had many children, and asked for one of their boys; and the boy came. But he was a wild, turbulent youth, and the old man had not strength to manage him, and, after a year's trial, sent him back with a present and an apology to his parents.

The evening after the old couple were again left alone they were seated by the large hearth fire, silent as was their wont of late, and a sense of lonesomeness began to creep over them both.

"Sarah, I am some way restless, and I think not quite well this evening," said the farmer.

"You have worked too hard at the threshing, Ichabod; you are not as able to swing a flail as you used to be. We are growing old."

"Yes, that is it, I suppose. We are getting to be old folk. Do you remember that hand when we were young, Sarah?

"It was smooth on the back then."

"It is rough, brown, and wrinkled now."

"God's sun, and winds, and work have done it all, my husband."

"Ay—so. Let us thank Him. We have lived long and happily. It is Saturday night. Let us sing."

It was curious to hear those two old people. Their voices were musical, if broken; and as they had sung together for fifty years, they sang now, without book or note, sitting in the firelight of the Saturday night, and their voices were audible out on the lawn, and even down to the road, where a traveler heard them and paused.

She was a woman, young, with much of her young beauty still left about her. She led by the hand a little girl of twelve years old, who paused with her and listened to the music. A sudden impulse appeared to seize the mother, and she entered the gate and hastened up the lawn, dragging the surprised child, as if she feared her resolution might give out before she accomplished her errand. She pushed open the door of the old kitchen, and entered where the aged couple sat.

"In the name of the merciful Son of God, will you, who sing his praise, help a poor and dying woman?"

"Let that name never be pleaded in vain under this roof," was the calm answer of the old man; "but who are you that use it so freely and lightly?"

"Oh! not freely, neither lightly, for I was brought up to reverence it, though sadly have I fogotten it in these late years. I am poor, homeless, and a wanderer. My child is my all. I am dying away from her. I heard your voices as I passed along the road, and I dared enter to ask a great favor. Greater, I know now, than I dare ask or you could give."

"Speak on. What was it?"

"No. It is too much. A little food, if you please, and we will go on; a crust of bread, a cup of water."

"Where are you going?"

To—to— The good God knows where I shall find—"

She paused, and a violent fit of trembling overcame her. By some sort of intuition the old elder knew what was the woman's wish when she entered; and when a hastily-warmed supper had been set before the mother and child, he called his wife out into the next room, and found her heart full of the same idea that was filling and gladdening his.

"She had such soft brown eyes" said the old lady.

They talked a little while, and on their return to the kitchen found the mother already gathered her thin, but clean shawl around her shoulders, and making the child ready for the road.

"Sit down a moment," said the old man solemnly. They both obeyed.

"My good woman, my wife and I are aged and alone. The world has gone well with us, but it grows lonesome as we grow old and cold. We want company and love. Will you part with that child of yours?"

The question was abrupt, and startled the mother. "Oh, Sir!" said she, "you have divined my thoughts. It was for that I came in. I so longed to leave her in such a home."

"You consent? There is much to speak of, then. You will stay with her here to-night, and to-morrow we wil talk of it. Take off your shawl and bonnet."

There was a rare elegance and symmetry of form, which, indeed, there was no one present to appreciate, when the mother appeared in her simple and poor dress. A broad forehead was marked about the temples with lines of aristocratic beauty. Her eyes was like the child's deep brown, almost to blackness, and its glance, though restless and roving, was, nevertheless, thoughtful, and indicative of a soul within. It is not every eye that shows a soul.

When the old man read the words of Holy Writ, she listened with devout attention; and when he prayed, a low, stifled sob indicated her deep emotion.

That was a solemn night at the Rocky Glen farm, and there was little sleeping done within the old house. The aged couple, resting in their own room, had much to think of the future, and many anxious and troubled thoughts. The mother knelt by the child, who alone slept peacefully, and prayed the long night through. Bitter prayers were hers, and yet hopeful; and in the morning her dark eye was as calm as if she had slept serenely all the hours.

All the perliminaries were readily arranged, and the mother's story was confided to the old elder's ear, who carefully wrote it down for preservation. It was the old story. She was the daughter of a poor scholar, and she had been educated in all his learning. Their home had been a happy one, and was so even after she had been won to love a man many years her senior, but who was of noble appearance, of refined and elegant tastes, of strangely winning manners and voice. They had lived several years in the cottage with the old man, and her husband was kind and affectionate beyond description. As time passed on he grew restless and uneasy. He was absent often for days, weeks, and at length he went and never returned. Her father died. She was poor, homeless, starving with her child. She lived in an inhospitable neighborhood, and at length, after years of poverty, she took her child by the hand and wandered away in search of some distant relatives, and perhaps her husband.

Having finished her story, she prepared to go, and embracing her child once closely, but calmly, she would have departed on her wandering journey, seeking the father of her child. But the good elder interposed. Doubtless his keen eye saw that she would not journey far before her feeble strength would fail her forever, and even while he was commanding her in his firm and gentle voice to remain with her child, the excitement of the thought produced another of those nervous fits of trembling which indicated her exceeding weakness, and she yielded and remained.

A fortnight later she was dying. The winter winds were howling around the old house when she was departing. The scene within strangely contrasted with that out of doors; for a calm, an indescribable peace was on the mother's forehead, and in her heart, and with a long look into the eyes of her child a kiss of parting joy and agony, a smile of gratitude to the old elder, and a single glance toward heaven of the brown eyes that even then closed forever on the scenes of earth, and opened forever on other and more joyful scenes, she went from the dark wintry night that was wailing around the farmhouse into light and rest.

We pass over a period of six years, during which the inhabitants of the Rocky Glen farm grew older—one to the beauty of girlhood and womanhood and the others to the weakness and trustfulness of old age.

Ichabod Armstrong's mind now began to give indications of a pecularity which proved not a little painful to his wife and daughter; for such was the title given to Katharine, who also was called by the name of her adopted father, that of her mother being generally unknown. This pecularity consisted in a fear that Kate would some day marry and leave him, and a determination on his part that this should never occur. For a year or two Kate laughed gayly enough at this; but then there was a charge, and she sought to reason against it. But reason did not operate. It only exasperated the old man. He even grew angry at her, and though he repented it afterward, yet he used language so harsh as to bring tears to her eyes. She ceased to talk with him; but the visits of a young man from the village, which now grew more and more frequent, so worked on the old man's mind that he became nearly insane, and talked furiously of Kate's ingratitude. The young man was a son of Mr. Irving, the clergyman, who had been educated at one of the best colleges in the country, and was now a law-student in the city. During his frequent visits at home he found his way almost daily out to the farm.

To be Concluded.

Hints to Nurses.

Absolutely fresh air in a sick room is as necessary as food and medicine, and often more so. In the ordinary process of respiration an adult person breathes over about thirteen cubic feet of air each hour. Supposing then that a patient and nurse are in a room and without ventilation, it would not take many hours to breath all the air up once, and the remaining time these people would have to consume the air that had once been through the lungs, and from which had been abstracted about four per cent. of its oxygen or vital element of air, and the vapor of the breath and the disease germs still remain in the room.

But it is not simply by the breath that the air is vitiated, for the

EXHALATIONS FROM THE BODY,

always unwholesome, and especially so during most sicknesses, contribute more than you would believe to the vitiation of air. It must also be taken into consideration that in most cases the air admitted to the sickroom is not perfectly pure. This is especially so in cities. It is therefore all the more necessary that the air should be often renewed. You must systematically change it, knowing laws of supply and demand and the danger of disregarding these laws.

How shall air be changed? "Doors are made to shut' windows are made to open." In a hospital this may not be so necessary In a private house an open fire ventilates a room with ten persons in it. But a stove does not. Few people catch cold in bed if the temperature is right. There are many disadvantages of small bedrooms. Fresh air is not necessarily cold air. You can bring air in through another room and

WARM IT THERE.

Did you ever go into a small room where a person had been sleeping for even a short time without detecting bad air? How much more important to a sick person, who cannot leave his quarters, that the air should be thoroughly changed.

Do not leave anything standing in a sick room that can vitiate the air. Milk must not stand in a room. It is a bad custom of burning coffee, rags and pastiles. Open dishes with evaporating solutions, such as carbolic acid, etc., do no good.

Do not turn a lamp down low. Do not leave half-washed clothes or clothing to evaporate into the air.

Dimly seen objects and half shadowy appearances within the sick chamber add to the confusion of mind produced by sickness, and torture the patient unnecessarily. Where there is tendency to delirium the lamps at night should be so disposed that the objects first seen by the patient on awakening shall be distinct. In conclusion the speaker gave a few hints regarding funiture, the manner of making the beds and the clothing to be used on the bed in a sick room.—*Dr. W. E. Ford.*

A Valuable Cocanut Tree.

"A full-grown cocoanut tree wil mature from sixty to one hundred nuts annually," said a Washington market dealer. "In reality the cocoanut tree is one of the most valuable trees in the world, nearly every part of it being useful to man. The natives eat the young roots and also weave them into baskets. The tender leaves are cooked like cabbage and the old leaves are made into cloth, hats, baskets, fans, lanterns, etc. It is also used for bedding, for thatching roofs, for fishing nets, even for writing paper. The magnificent trunk of the tree furnishes canoes, house-posts, and fences. The ribs of the leaves are so strong, that they make excellent paddles for boats, arrows, combs, torches, and no end of other useful things. When the wood is burned it makes the best potash for soap. By a peculiar process of fermentation, good vinegar can be obtained from it, and also a fair kind of sugar. The name of the fruit is derived from Portuguese word cocoa and the English word nut. Cocoa means 'an ugly mask,' and is said to have been given because the end of a cocoanut looks like a monkey's face. Last year 360,000 cocoanuts were brought to this market, the average wholesale price being four cents apiece. It is expected that the figures this season will be nearly half million."—*New York Mail.*

SHORTHAND WRITERS.

SOMETHING NEEDED BESIDES QUICK FINGERS AND WITS.

The Rocks Upon Which the "Shorthand" Reporter May Split—Difficulties Which Arise When Notes Are to Be Transcribed—Ludicrous Errors.

Now, why will you only get five men in 100 to reach 130 words (and those words in common use) a minute, only four in 100 to touch the verbatim speed line (they being limited to the higher range of familiar speech), and only one in 100 to be equal to any requirement of speed or style of speech, technical or classic, as well as general or popular? The answer is, that you may combine dexterity of finger and mental quickness, however great, and then you will fail to reach the full stature of an expert verbatim reporter unless you have read, marked, learned and inwardly digested volumes upon volumes of the same stores of learning from which the speakers you are to report have drawn their supplies. For example, you study shorthand, and at last, after eighteen months of industrious practice, by dint of dictations read to you from the daily newspaper or some handy book, you time yourself, and find that you can actually get down 180 words a minute, and transcribe it correctly. Now you are happy, and you will go to the nearest editor and say: "I am ready for big work; I can write shorthand and take down speeches literally."

Suppose the editor believes you, and you are engaged as a shorthand reporter. Then suppose your first assignment is to give a column report of an historical lecture. You attend, and the lecturer begins with a few commonplaces, which you find yourself quite able to get down. But now he advances into the heart of his theme. He is talking of the events that led up to the American revolution, and he drags in the names of the leading men in the different colonies who stirred up the spirit of independence and paved the way for 1776. He mentions their places of residence, in Virginia, or New York, or Delaware, or elsewhere, and quotes from their letters extensively. You follow him in shorthand, and you think you have got him. But when you go back to the office you open your note book and discover that here are dozens of names of men and places that you never heard of before, because you have never given any time to reading up the ante-revolution history of these United States. In that case you may write out your notes after a fashion, but how the lecturer will stare when he reads it; and what letters the editor will get after he publishes it; and how soon, after you have made one or two messes of that kind, you will be sized up as good for office work, dictation, and the five for a quarter brand of public meetings, but on important work no good whatever.

Stenographic skill alone can take down words, but it requires the something more which we call general intelligence to write them out properly. That general intelligence is only possible to the man who has, as Bill Nye would say, "rolled up his thinker" with oil drawn in liberal quantity from standard literature of all kinds. The lecturer on the ante-revolution period will perhaps talk of the Townshend acts of 1767, of Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, and Governor Montagu, of South Carolina, and their proclamations in the name of the king; then he will go on and tell what such American leaders as Gadsden, Laurens, Rutledge, Lynch and Pinckney did about it.

But, assuming that you have given no careful reading to the history of that period, how can you transcribe your notes, no matter how faithfully they were taken, so as to save yourself from grotesque errors of spelling, if of nothing worse? Your notes say "Governor Sharp," but will you omit that final "e?" Very likely you will, because you don't know any better. Will you write it out Governor "Montagu," or "Montague?" Will you write "Laurens," as it should be, or "Lawrence," as it should not be? Will you surely spell Pinckney with the "c" before the "k?" Will you write "Routledge," or "Rutledge?" If you are without any previous reading on this subject you are just as likely to write these names one way as the other.

Illustrations might be multiplied without end. Go and try to report one of Joseph Cook's lectures without enough previous reading to give you an idea of what he is talking about, when he quotes from the leading English, German and French philosophers, and see where you will come out. Go and report some after dinner speeches of a society of scholars, and let there be a few Latin quotations, and you may get them down as they sounded to your ears; but, if you have never taken a course of Latin, let us see how you are going to transcribe it. The old story of the half educated reporter who took down the famous quotation, "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas," and then, never having gone with Cæsar through the Gallic wars, transcribed it, "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Verrytus," and who later inquired whether this Maj. Verrytus was of the regular army or the volunteers, was probably an invention; but things just as absurd have happened. It will always be true that a stream can rise no higher than its source; that what you have never heard you cannot know, and that what you don't know you can't tell anybody. The Boston newspaper owner who threatened to discharge his editor because he had used the word "oblivion," which he took to be a word unfit for the family circle, was not especially stupid. He had never been introduced to the word "oblivion" before, and at first sight it had a nasty look to him; that was all.—James W. Clarke in The Writer.

The Tenor Forgot His Lines.

On the stage the prompter is the safety from forgetfulness, but in the concert theatre lapses take place. Even a great living tenor has been known to retire in the middle of a song he had been singing every week for almost a lifetime, because all memory of the words he wanted was gone. Such a case of sudden forgetfulness took place in one of the London theatres early in the present century. During the performance the gods in the galleries called for their favorite song, "The Sprig of Shillelah," though it was not announced in the bills, and John Henry Johnstone, a well known Irish actor and vocalist, came forward with alacrity and good humor to comply with the wishes of the gods.

Accordingly the music played, but the singer stood silent and confused. The symphony was repeated, but there were the same silence and confusion in rather an increased degree. The symphony was performed a third time, but to no purpose. At length Mr. Johnstone came forward to the front of the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you that I have sung this song so often that I forget the first line." A roar of laughter greeted these words and hundreds of good humored voices began to prompt the singer, who immediately gave the favorite song in good style and gained increased applause.—Chambers' Journal.

For the 25,000 soldiers in the army of the United States there are only thirty-four chaplains.