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BUSINESS CARDS.

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race, where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel,
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret, if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

MY FRIEND, THE TRAMP.

I had been sauntering over the clover downs of a certain New England seaport on a beautiful Sabbath morning. Suddenly, I became aware of the strong fumes of tobacco. Turning my head I saw a pale, blue smoke curling up from an adjacent boulder. Rising and climbing over the intervening granite, I came upon a little hollow in which, comfortably extended on the moss and lichens, lay a powerful built man. He was very ragged, he was very dirty; there was a strong suggestion about him of his having too much hair, too much nail, too much perspiration, too much of those superfluous excrescences and exudations that society and civilization strive to keep under. It was the Tramp.

I was deeply indignant at his laziness. Perhaps I showed it in my manner, for he rose to a half sitting attitude, returning my stare apologetically, and made a move toward knocking the fire from his pipe against the granite.

"Shure, sir, and if I'd believe that I was trispassin' on yer honor's grounds, it's meself that hev laid down on the sea-shore and taken the salt waves for me blankits. But its sivinty miles I've walked this blessed noight, with nothin' to sustain me, and bein' a mortal weakness to fight with in my bowels, by reason of starvation, and only a bit of bucca that the Widdy Maloney giv me at the cross roads, keep me up intiorly. But it was a dark day I left me home in Milwaukee to walk to Boston, and if ye'll oblige a lone man, who has left a wife and six children in Milwaukee, wid the loan of twenty-five cints, furnint the time he gets wurruck, God'll be good to ye."

It instantly flashed through my mind that the man before me had the previous night partaken of the kitchen hospitality of my little cottage two miles away. That he presented himself as a distressed fisherman, mulcted of his wages by an inhuman captain; that he had a wife lying sick of consumption in the next village, and two children, one of them a cripple wandering in the streets of Boston. I remember that this tremendous indictment against fortune touched the family, and the fisherman was provided with clothes food and some small change. The food and small change had disappeared, but the garments for the consumptive wife, where were they? He had been using them for a pillow.

I instantly pointed out this fact, and accused him of the deception. To my surprise he took it quietly, and even a little complacently.

"Bedad, yer right; yer see, sir, (confidentially) yer see, sir, until I get wurruck, and its worruk I'm lookin' for, I have to desave now and thin to shute the locality. Ah, God save us, but on the sea coast they'r that hard upon them that don't belong to the say."

I ventured to suggest that a strong healthy man like him might have found work somewhere between Milwaukee and Boston.

"Ah, but ye see I got a free passage on a freight train and didn't shtop. It was in the Aist that I expected to find worruk."

"Have you any trade?"

"Trade, is it? I'm a brickmaker, God knows, and many's the lift I've had at makin' bricks in Milwaukee. Shure, I've as aisy hand at it as any man. Maybe yer honor might know of a kiln hereabouts?"

Now, to my knowledge there was not a kiln within fifty miles of the spot, and of all unlikely places to find one would have been this sandy peninsula, given up to the summer residences of a few wealthy people. Yet I could not help admiring the assumption of the scamp, who knew this fact as well as myself. But I said, "I can give you work for a day or two," and bidding him gather up his wife's apparel, led the way across the downs to my cottage. At first I think the offer took him by surprise, and gave him some consternation, but he presently recovered his spirits, and almost instantly his speech.

"Ah, it's worruk, is it. God be praised; it's me that's ready and willin'. Though maybe my hands is spoilt wid brickmakin'."

I assured him that the work I would give him would require no delicate manipulation, and so we fared on over the downs. But I could not help noticing that, although an invalid, I was a much better pedestrian than my companion, frequently leaving him behind, and that even as a tramp, he was etymologically an impostor. He had a way of lingering beside fences we had to climb over as if to continue more confidentially the history of his misfortunes and troubles which he was delivering to me during our homeward walk, and I noticed that he could seldom resist the invitation of a mossy boulder, or a tussock of salt grass. "Ye see, sir," he would say, suddenly sitting down, "it's along of me misfortunes beginning in Milwaukee that—" and it was not until I was out of hearing that he would languidly gather up his traps again and saunter after me. When I reached my own gate he leaned over it a moment, with both of his powerful arms extending downward, and said, "Ah, but it's a blessin' that Sunday comes to give rest fur the wake and weary, and thim as walks siventeen miles to get it." Of course I took the hint. There was evidently no work to be had from my friend the tramp that day. Yet his countenance brightened as he saw the limited extent of my domain, and observed that the garden, so called, was only a flower-bed, twenty-five by ten. As he had doubtless before this been utilized to the extent of his capacity in digging and had probably expected that kind of work, and I dare say I disconfited him by pointing to an almost leveled stone wall about twenty feet long, with the remark that his work would be the rebuilding of that stone wall with stone brought from the neighboring slopes. In a few moments he was comfortably provided for in the kitchen, where a cook, a woman of his own nativity, apparently "chaffed" him with raillery that to me was quite unintelligible. Yet I noticed that when at sunset he accompanied Bridget to the spring for water, ostentatiously flourishing the empty bucket in his hand, when they returned in the gloaming, Bridget was carrying the water, and my friend, the tramp, was some places behind "colloguing" and picking blackberries.

At seven the next morning he started in cheerfully at work. At nine, a.m., he had placed three large stones on the first course in position, an hour having been spent in looking for a pick and hammer, and in the interval "chaffing" with Bridget. At ten o'clock I went to overlook his work; it was a rash action, as it caused him to doff his hat, discontinue his labor, and lean back against the fence in cheerful and easy conversation. "Are you fond of blackberries, Captain?" I told him the children were in the habit of getting them in the meadow beyond—hoping to stop the suggestion I knew was coming. "Ah, but Captain, it's meself that with wandering and nothing to pass my lips but berries, I'd pick from the hedges—it's meself knows where to find them. Shure, it's yer children, and fine boys they are, Captain, they are beseechin' me to go wid 'em to the place, knowns only to meself." It is unnecessary to say he triumphed. After the manner of vagabonds of all degrees, he had enlisted the women and children on his side—and my friend, the tramp, had his own way.

He departed at eleven and returned at four, p.m., with a tin dinner pail half filled. On interrogating the boys it appeared that they had a "bully time," but on cross examination it came out that they had picked the berries. From four to six, three more stones were laid, and the arduous labors of the day were over. As I stood looking at the first course of six stones, my friend, the tramp, reached his arms out to their fullest extent, and said,

"Ah, but it's worruk that's good for me—gin me worruk, and it's all I'll be askin' for."

I ventured to suggest that he had not yet accomplished much.

"Wait till to-morrow. Ah, but ye'll see thim. It's me hand that's yet unaisy wid brick making, and strange to the stones. Av ye'll wait till to morrow?"

Unfortunately, I did not wait. An engagement took me away at an early hour, and when I rode up to my cottage at noon my eyes were greeted with the astonishing spectacle of two of my boys hard at work laying the course of the stone wall, assisted by Bridget and Nora, who were digging stones from the hill side, while comfortably resting on the top of the wall lay my friend, the tramp, quietly overseeing the operations with lazy and humorous comment. For an instant I was foolishly indignant, but he brought me to my senses. "Shure, it's only larnin' the boys the habit of industry, I was—and may they never know, be the same token, what it is to worruk for the bread betune their lips. Shure, it's but making them think it's play I was. As for the colleens beyant in the kitchen, sure, isn't it better they was helping your honor here than colloguing with themselves inside?"

Nevertheless, I thought it expedient to forbid henceforth any interruptions of servants or children with my friend's "worruk." Perhaps it was the result of this embargo that the next morning the tramp wanted to see me.

"And it's sorry I am to say to ye, surr," he began, "but it's the handin' of this stun that's destroyin' me touch at brickmakin', and it's better I should leave ye and find worruk at my own trade. For worruk I'm nadin'. It isn't self, Captain, to ate the bread of oidleness here. And so good bye to ye, and if it's fifty cents ye can givin' me until I find a kiln—God will repay it."

He got the money. But he got also conditionally a note from me to my next neighbor, a wealthy retired physician, possessed of a large domain—a man eminently practical and business like in his management of it. He employed many laborers on the sterile he called his farm, and it occurred to me that if there really was any work in my friend, which my own indolence and preoccupation had failed to bring out, he was the man to do it.

I met him a week after. It was with some embarrassment that I inquired after my friend, the tramp. "Oh, yes," he said reflectively, "let's see—he came Monday and left me Thursday. He was, I think, a stout, strong man, a well meaning fellow, but afflicted with a most singular variety of diseases. The first day I put him to work in the stables, he developed chills and fever caught in the swamps of Louisiana—"

"Excuse me, doctor," I said, hurriedly, "Don't you mean in Milwaukee?"

"I know what I am talking about," returned the doctor, testily, "he told me his whole wretched story; his escape from the confederate service; the attack upon him by armed negroes; his concealment in the bayous and swamps—"

"Go on, doctor," I said feebly; "you were speaking of this work."

"Yes—well, his system was full of malaria; the first day I had him wrapped in blankets and dosed with quinine. The next day he was taken with all the symptoms of cholera morbus, and I had to keep him upon brandy and capsicum. Rheumatism set in on the following day, and incapacitated him for work, and I concluded I had better send him to the hospital than to keep him here. As a pathological study he was good, but as I was looking for a man to help about the stable, I couldn't afford to keep him in both capacities."

As I never could tell whether the doctor was in a joke or earnest, I dropped the subject, and my friend, the tramp, gradually faded from my memory.

It was a lovely August morning when I rode across the sandy peninsula to visit a certain noted family. The front of the house was deserted, but on the rear verandah I heard the rustle of gowns, and above it arose what seemed to be the voice of Ulysses, reciting his wanderings. There was no mistaking that voice—it was my friend, the tramp.

From what I could hastily gather from his speech, he had walked from St. John, N. B., to rejoin a distressed wife in New York, who was, however, living with opulent but objective relatives.

"An' shure, miss, I wouldn't be asking you the loan of a cint, if I could get worruk at my trade, carpet weaving,—and maybe ye know of some manufactory where they weave carpets beyant here. Ah, miss, and if ye don't give me a cint, it's enough for the likes of me to know that me troubles has brought the tears in the most beautiful eyes in the worruld, an' may God bless ye for it, miss."

Now, I knew that the most beautiful eyes in the world belonged to one of the most sympathetic and tenderest faces in the world, and I felt that common justice demanded my interference between it and one of the biggest scamps in the world. So, without waiting to be announced, by the servant, I opened the door, and joined the group on the verandah.

If I expected to touch the conscience of my friend, the tramp, by a dramatic entrance, I failed entirely. For no sooner did he see me than he gave vent to a howl of delight, and, falling on his knees before me, grasped my hand and turned oratorically to the ladies:

"Oh, but its himself—himself that has come as a witness to me character. O, but it's himself that lifted me four weeks ago when I was lyin' with a mortal weakness on the sea-coast and took me to his house. O, but it's himself that shupported me over the faldes, and when the chills and fever came on me and I shivvered with the cold, it was himself, God bless him, as he sturrupted the coat off his back, an' giv it to me, sayin', "take it, Dennis, it's starved with the cowld say air ye'll be entirely." Ah! but look at him—will ye, miss? Look at his swate, modest face—a blushin' like yer own, be denyin' of it in a minute—may the blessin' of God follow him. Look at him, miss! Ah, but it's a swate pair ye'd make! (the rascal knew I was a married man.) Ah, miss, if you could see him writin' day and night with such an illegint hand of his own—(he had evidently believed from the gossip of my servants that I was a doctor of chirography)—if you could see him, miss, as I have, you'll be proud of him."

He stopped out of breath. I was so completely astonished I could say nothing; what I had framed to utter as I opened the door was vanished completely. And as the most beautiful eyes in the world turned gratefully to mine—well—.

I still retained enough principle to ask the ladies to withdraw, while I would take upon myself the duty of examining into the case of my friend, the tramp, and giving him such relief as was required. (I did not until afterwards learn, however, that he had already despoiled their scant purses of $3.50.) When the door was closed upon them, I turned upon him,

"You infernal rascal!"

"Ah, captain, and would ye be refusin' me a carrakther and me givin' ye such a one as I did? God save us! But if ye'd have seen the luk that the purty one gave ye. Well, before the chills and fever bruk me spirits entirely, when I was a young man and makin' me tin dollars a week at brickmakin', it's meself that could have given—"

"I consider that a dollar is a fair price for your story, and as I shall have to take it all back and expose you before the next twenty-four hours pass, I think you had better hasten to Milwaukee, New York, or Louisiana."

I handed him the dollar. "Mind you, I don't want to see your face again."

"Ye wunt, captain."

And I did not.

Strictly Confidential.

"My folks are going to the country to be gone all summer?" enthusiastically exclaimed a little girl yesterday as she met another on Cass avenue.

"Your pa must be awful rich," replied the second.

"Oh, no, he isn't, but if you'll never tell anybody I'll tell you something."

"I never will—hope to die if I do."

"Well, then, pa was telling ma that we'd all go out to Uncle John's. Ma she'll work for her board, pa will work in the saw-mill, I'll pick berries and ride horse to plough corn, brother Tom will go round with a lightning rod man, and while you folks are in the awful heat we'll be putting on airs and fixing over our old clothes for fall. Don't you tell, now, for ma is saying to everybody that she must have the country air to restore her shattered nerves."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Brain.

During sleep almost all the organs rest. The heart, popularly supposed to be in perpetual motion, is at rest six hours out of the twenty-four, the respiratory organs more or less. The brain alone is constantly employed during wakefulness, and for it sleep was formed and made needful for its preservation. It is true that sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labor; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, whole histories being imagined in a night; but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt. Sleep is a most wonderful power—often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain; as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habit. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labor need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people because construction is more active than decay in their brains.

An Original Sermon.

The following humorous sermon was preached by a certain Dr. Dodd, prebendary of Brecon, to some undergraduates of Cambridge, who chanced to meet the reverend doctor a few miles from that town, and who insisted on him preaching to them on the word "malt," from the trunk of a hollow tree that stood close by. We may state that Dr. Dodd had made himself obnoxious to many of the Cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness. His impromptu discourse ran as follows:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short notice to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is "Malt." I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M A L T. M, my beloved, is Moral; A, is Allegorical; L, Literal; and T, Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners. Therefore, M, masters—A, all of you—L, listen—T, to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is meant The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt, which you Cantabs make, M, your master—A, your apparel—L, your liberty—and T, your trust. The Literal is, according to the letter M, much—A, ale—L, little—T, trust. The Theological is according to the effect that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds; first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effect that it works in this world are in some, M, murder—in others, A, adultery—in all, L, looseness of life—and in some, T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come are, M, misers—A, anguish—L, lamentation—and T, torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this first by way of exhortation. M, masters—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tippling; or secondly, by way of excommunication, M, masters—A, all of you—Llook for—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house's benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man. Now to," &c.

—How little do people in general think of the influence of things at the time of their occurrence, especially of the influence of little things. But this is not so very singular when we reflect that not unfrequently man no more knows what becomes of his influence and example, that are borne far beyond his ken on their uncertain mission, than does the flower know what becomes of its odor, which is wafted away upon the passing breeze. Great deeds produce great results; but little every day occurrences seem too trivial to be of weight or durability, and the common but dangerous sentiment that such or such an event will make no difference a hundred years hence creeps unbidden into our hearts. The thunder and lightning attract more attention than the silent dew, but do they accomplish more good? Truly, life is made up of little things. It was a mother's kiss which made a well-renowned painter of Benjamin West. A degraded drunkard was induced, with his trembling hand, to sign the temperance pledge; but not being strong enough to keep it he fell. A second time he signed it, and this time, with Heaven's help he kept it. And from so weak a beginning arose the philanthropist John B. Gough. How much unhappiness has been caused, how many lives have been clouded, by one unkind word? A pebble dropped into the brook makes at first but a small ripple, scarcely greater in circumference than itself, but the next moment a greater ripple is observable, and a still greater, each succeeding one extending further than the former, until the entire surface is affected thereby. Thus may a man be a blot, spreading his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, radiating beneficence over the length and breadth of the land; but a blank he cannot be. For every word, every act, however trifling, affects either ourselves or others, exerting an influence we know not how enduring.

The bashful man who asked his girl if her favorite beverage wasn't "pop," was referred to her popper.

Not long ago they had a pic-nic down at the Cascade, and two seniors threw a couple of lemons and a pint of sugar in the creek, and charged strangers five cents every time they took a drink.

How John Prince Johnson Hurt his dear Wife's feelings.

John Prince Johnson had an object in getting drunk. John Prince Johnson's wife is not more than nine-tenths an angel, according to his story, and he wanted revenge on her. The other day she said to him:

"Get up and dust, and go out and work and earn some cash and help me pay rent and buy wood and keep something in the cupboard."

That was a nice way for a loving wife to talk to a fat husband with a bald spot on his crown. He wanted to sit around and get his breath for the campaign, but she didn't seem to care if he worked himself to death. He looked at her across the stove, and replied:

"Florinda June, I'll make you feel bad for saying them words," and he put on his boots and went out into the cold world. When His Honor asked the prisoner if he had any excuse for being drunk, John Prince looked greatly pleased and replied:

"Nore at all. Fine me five dollars, and she'll have to pay it out of her own money!"

That was his plan to secure revenge. His Honor also seemed tickled when he heard it, and he made the sentence for six months, or fifty dollars fine. When Johnson heard the words, his legs gave out, and his teeth chattered. He said he had a lame leg, the asthma, a touch of consumption, and a taste of dyspepsia, but nevertheless he would go right out and tear ground and throw bricks around and strike a job if the court would let him off. The Court wouldn't do it, and Mrs. Johnson, who was in the audience went out saying:

"He may howl, and rave, and perspire, but there is where he'll roost till his time is out."

Wellington's Strategy.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign in the Pyrenees, that "great captain," being displeased with the dispositions Gen. Picton had made for receiving the assaults of Marshal Soult, who had menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person in the following manner: Doffing his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if to order a charge. Thereupon rose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the 6th division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as anticipated. Soult naturally enough supposed those tremendous shouts to announce the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, conceived and executed in the same moment. The idea was born of the occasion, and carried out on the instant.

SENSIBLE ADVERTISING.—HOW THE MILLIONAIRE STEWART DID IT.—A Brooklyn paper says: "One of Mr. Stewart's last business acts was the personal supervision of an advertisement for the newspapers. He never found he was doing as much business as he cared to do, and never committed the folly of throwing away money on circulars and cheap job work, reaching a few hundred of persons who never read them. He believed in newspaper advertising, and readers by the thousand; and, strangely enough, never reached the point of imagining himself and his great establishments so well known that advertising was unnecessary. Perhaps he was mistaken, but it was a life-long mistake, and he never abandoned it. If he was right, many lesser merchants are wrong in neglecting to reach the people, and invite trade in the only ways the great merchant approved or found of value. He left to quackery the multiform nuisances that annoy the public and make business announcements offensive. His advertisement was always worth reading, it was always read, and he followed the system because he found it profitable. In these days of demoralized views and mistaken modes of reaching the public, the great merchant's testimony and life practice should be valuable in their suggestions to the mercantile community."

The best way to raise strawberries—with a spoon.

A clumsy man with big feet is the biggest train wrecker a lady knows of.

The water is just warm enough for little boys to drown in without danger of catching cold.

Mothers who now wonder why the flat-irons are always kept on the stove for breakfast, will be relieved when they happen to think that there is a pic nic going to day, or a festival to-night, and Aggie wants to fix up her ruffles and things.