

Warm Weather.

DON'T be afraid of it, and don't run away from it; just make up your mind to enjoy it. Warm weather is a blessing, and a luxury—a remedy for many ills, colds, fever, the most opposite maladies, if people will only take it, and use it wisely. Suppose it does make you perspire, that is worth a dollar and a quarter, the price of a Turkish bath, every time; and it is a much better and more natural method of having it pumped out of you, than by unnatural hot air. The value of a Turkish bath is in getting up free perspiration, and having it washed off with cold water; warm weather does it for you—all but the washing off—for nothing. All that you have got to do, is attend to the latter part of the process, and the result will be equally beneficial. Accumulations are secreted during the winter months—miasmatic conditions are often brought into existence with the exhalations in the spring; warm weather, and its blessed accompaniment fruit, assist to get rid of all these disorders. Dress lightly, but wear gauze flannels; drink freely between meals, but sparingly at meals; eat meat once in the day, and fruit in the morning; exercise early in the morning, and late in the afternoon or early in the evening; occupy yourself steadily, and keep your mind as free as possible from anxiety. This will make summer a most enjoyable season, even though it is spent in daily routine in the city.

A New and Instructive Entertainment.

THERE was lately produced in New York a form of entertainment which holds out new possibilities to the teacher as well as the pupil. The intention on the part of Mr. A. P. Burlane, the well-known and most cultivated reader we have, and the proprietor in this new enterprise, is to illustrate art and literature, by means of an improved stereopticon, and accompany the pictures with a reading of the poems or descriptive music. The entertainment was very successful, all of Gustave Dore's illustrations being given to the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that wonderful poem, and a series of remarkable colored pictures (Faed's) with "Tam O'Shanter."

The idea suggested was this: That if poems could be made such living realities, why could not the same means be used to teach children history, geography, and the like in a series of object lessons?

Why could not great pictures of battles (Roman and Grecian) be presented as well as Spanish bull-fights, and the teacher carry the imagination of the pupils with him by lucid explanation, instead of burdening the unformed minds with millions of dry, unmeaning words which convey no idea to the child's apprehension, and leave his understanding as barren as they found it? We hope to see this done, so that if the road to learning is not made royal, it shall at least be less stony.

Coaching.

ONE of the pleasures of New Yorkers, during the late spring and early summer months, is a coaching-trip up through the loveliest part of Westchester County to "Castle Inn," New Rochelle. The coach, known as the "Tally-Ho," starts from the Brunswick Hotel, and takes its way up through the Park to the Pelham road, thence by the village of New Rochelle to the exquisitely lovely spot where stood formerly Castle Leland, the home of the senior member of the Leland family, now transformed into the picturesque, English-looking, Castle Inn.

The trip recalls all the stories of old stage life, shorn of its disagreeable features, and retaining only those that are exhilarating and picturesque. The gorgeous vehicle with its outside seats, its guard and horn, the inspiration of fresh air, the beautiful country it passes through, its charming terminus, and the ride back, through the sweet cool of the afternoon, and in the midst of the gay lines of equipages which through the "grand drive" at that hour, renders the excursion altogether one of the most delightful imaginable, and the favorite for parties of young people and visitors to the city. The ride costs two dollars each way.

Franconia Mountains.

JACOB ABBOTT'S little story "Franconia" has always served to throw a romantic halo around this section of the White Mountains. To reach it one takes either the Boston and Lowell or Boston, Montreal and Concord Railroad to Plymouth. From there a ride of five hours brings the traveler to the Profile House. In this vicinity are the Pool and the Basin, two beautiful reservoirs of nature, besides the Flume. This is a wonderful ravine, about 600 feet long, inclosed between walls of sixty feet high, in some places twenty feet apart, then narrowing down to ten, where a huge boulder is held between the cliffs.

Echo Lake is a short distance north of the hotel, while from Profile Lake, or the Old Man's Washbowl, "can best be seen the Profile or Old Man of the Mountain," formed of three ledges of granite standing out from the face of Profile (or Cannon) Mountain.

The Flume and Profile houses are kept by Taft & Greenleaf, but there are many private boarding houses in the vicinity.

Instead of stopping at Plymouth one can keep on to Littleton, sixty miles above Plymouth, and find quarters at the Union House, or Burton's, or Eastman's, which are smaller, accommodating about twenty. Or one can take a stage, five miles further, to Franconia itself, and at Edson's, D. K. Priest's, Knight's, or Goodenow's find small-sized houses with moderate board.

TROUT-FISHING.—Moosehead, one of the Rangeley Lakes, and the special resort for trout-fishing, is reached by the Eastern Railroad from Boston to Portland, and then by the Maine Central to Farmington, where stages convey you to your destination.

Or you can take a steamer from Boston to Bangor, and the Piscataquis Railroad to Guilford, and stage it to the Lake House at Greenville, on the south shore of the lake.

GREEN MOUNTAINS.—STOWE, ETC.—The White Mountains claim so much attention the beauties of the Green are in some danger of being overlooked, although Stowe, the "Vermont Saratoga," is quite a fashionable resort. Many, however, who glance at this will not know how to reach it. Take the Boston and Lowell to Concord, the Northern Railroad to White River Junction, and thence the Vermont Central to Stowe, which lies in a pleasant valley, with mountains in full sight.

Its excursions are to Mount Mansfield, five miles off, on top of which is the Summit House, where one can remain over night to enjoy a sunrise. Sterling Mountain and Camel's Rump can also afford exercise for climbers, while of falls there is a variety: Bolton, three miles off; Bingham, five; Morrisville, eight; Moss Glen, three.

RUTLAND, Vt., is visited a good deal (via Fitchburg Railroad from Boston) for Clarendon (mineral) Springs, six miles distant. Killington Peak, next to Mansfield, the highest mountain in the State, is but seven miles away.

BEE.

The Maid of Saragossa.

(See Steel Engraving.)

THE spirited picture which we present to our readers under the above title was engraved from the famous painting by Sir David Wilkie, who executed it in Spain in 1827, and exhibited it in the Royal Academy, London, in 1829. Sir David himself thus describes the composition: "The heroine is here represented as she appeared, on the battery in front of the Convent of Santa Engratia, where, her husband being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stepped over his body, took his place at the guns, and declared she would avenge his death." This is considered the best historical painting Wilkie ever produced, and doubtless he was inspired by his subject, for it is the most brilliant and spirited in design, as well as the most careful in execution. The original painting is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.

The Token of Love.

(See Picture in Oil.)

WE have great pleasure in presenting to our readers one of the most exquisite bits of sentiment that have ever found expression in pictured form in the "Love Token." The two hands are perfect in form, and the coloring is as dainty as the sentiment is sweet and tender. The male hand holds a velvet pansy, which it is in the act of transferring to the delicate fingers of a lady's hand when both were caught and imprisoned by the artist. Certainly they deserved it. It is a gem well worth a frame.

Matters of Interest the World is Talking About at Home and Abroad.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF PRICES.

THE summer and fall of 1879 saw an enormous advance in the prices of every article dealt in by the American people. Iron, copper, lead, wheat, corn, provisions, land, labor, cotton, advanced from thirty to sixty per cent. in market price. Stocks, of course, led the way. Kansas Pacific went from twelve to ninety per cent.; Iron Mountain from nineteen to sixty-two per cent.; Missouri, Kansas and Texas, from five to forty-nine per cent. Other stocks had not so great an advance, but prices went up so inordinately that every one expected to be rich right away. In January last, however, a chill succeeded the fever. Iron, which had advanced from nineteen dollars a ton to sixty-four dollars a ton, fell back to twenty-six dollars a ton. Stocks dropped from twenty to fifty per cent., and everything save land and labor, which held their own remarkably well, reached lower figures. All the speculators were bitten. The boom of 1879 became a boomerang in 1880. But what of the future? Everything looks hopeful. The business of the country goes on, labor is being employed at advancing wages, the reduction of prices is stimulating consumption, the vast emigration is causing a great demand for lands, and there is no cloud in the future save the fierce passions of the politicians. If it were only possible to strip an incoming party of three-fourths of the patronage which it now controls, a Presidential contest would not put the country in any peril, or so grievously injure business, while the conflict was raging.

THE GREATEST OF MODERN TUNNELS.

WE fail to realize the greatness of the industrial enterprises of modern times. The Pyramids of Egypt, the aqueducts and roads of Rome impress us with their magnitude; but, after all, the moderns are much the superiors of the ancients in the greatness of their public works. The Mont Cenis tunnel, the St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi, the Brooklyn bridge, are more marvelous

in their way than any of the public works of the ancients. At this very time the Hudson River tunnel is under way, and will be completed before the World's Fair in 1883. It is, literally, a gigantic work of immense importance to the metropolis. It is progressing from the Jersey shore at the rate of five feet a day, and the New York side of it is soon to be begun from a depot just west of Broadway, near Bleecker Street. Much has been said of the Thames tunnel, but the Hudson River tunnel will compare with that as an infant does to a grown giant. When completed, this road under the river will make the metropolis the greatest mart of trade in the world except London. By this passage will come to New York all the freight and passengers which now stop on the west bank of the Hudson River. It will have consequences little dreamed of on the railroad system of the country, as well as on the trade of New York City. It will make Manhattan Island more of a warehouse and market for an exchange of goods; but will, we judge, make it less desirable as a place of residence. This great tunnel will be used, not only to bring freight to New York, but to afford rapid transit to people who wish to live anywhere in Jersey. Postal cars from every part of the Union can run directly to our post-office. The tunnel will communicate with the Brooklyn bridge, which will be used for steam rapid transit. Water can be brought through this tunnel from Rockland Lake if the Croton should fail. How visionary all this would have seemed to the early Dutch settlers of the island of Manhattan. Is it possible that our descendants will have anything as remarkable as the Brooklyn bridge or this great submarine tunnel?

THE GREATEST WATERING-PLACE IN THE WORLD.

No city on the globe is so favored as New York as a seaside watering-place. No other great city is so near the ocean, or has so many miles of beach available for bathing and recreative purposes in summer. Years ago New Yorkers felicitated themselves upon Long Branch, but Coney Island magnified our sea-bathing facilities fifty-fold, while this summer sees Rockaway, and scores of miles on the southern coast of Long Island, converted into a vast city of monster hotels and bathing-houses, for the accommodation of new myriads, who will come from all parts of the country, for the luxury of an ocean bath, or a pleasant day by the seaside. These resorts could not be maintained if they depended upon New York City alone; but nine out of ten who will patronize Coney Island and the Long Island beach, will hail from other parts of the country. It is a strange fact, but all save two of the great cities of the world, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Yeddo, Peking, are inland, New York the great American city of to-day, and San Francisco, the other great American city of the future, being the only ones lying on the edge of an ocean. The climate of New York is torrid in summer time, and its seaside resorts will render life more tolerable at a season when the heats make living almost unendurable.

GOOD FOR THE SUPREME COURT.

So it seems lotteries authorized by States are illegal. Chief-Justice Waite has so decided, speaking for the Supreme Court, and the laws passed by the United States against lottery vendors using the U. S. mails, are decided to be constitutional. To the credit of the Northern States, be it said, that none of them countenance lotteries. But several of the Southern States, notably Kentucky, Louisiana, and Mississippi, have tried to legalize this most baneful form of gambling. It is to the grave discredit of leading newspapers in the great cities of the North, that they publish lottery advertisements in clear defiance of the law. It is the unanimous judgment of all who have studied the matter, that lotteries authorized by Governments, even when organized ostensibly for charitable purposes, have resulted in every case in loss, waste, and demoralization to the community. Down with them!

AN EPIDEMIC OF FIRE.

It seems almost a misuse of language to speak of an epidemic as applied to inanimate objects. But it is strange that murders, accidents of a certain kind, storms, and great fires often occur

within certain brief periods of time, as if they were contagious, like diseases in the human race. This spring has seen some of the most destructive forest fires ever known of in the history of the world. They have been confined, however, to a region east of the Alleghany Mountains, south of the boundary line of the State of New York, and north of the Potomac. They have been especially severe in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Long Island. The loss of wood and property is, in the aggregate, enormous. It is a singular circumstance that west of the Alleghanies and east of the Pacific Ocean, more snow fell last winter than ever before since that portion of the country was settled. The arid and usually rainless regions between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras have been particularly favored this year by heavy snows. But east of the Alleghanies the winter has been open, warm, and dry; the spring has been rainless, the winds high and drying, so that there everything was in readiness for the devastating fires which have occurred. In densely populated Western Europe, the woods are so precious and indispensable, that governments directly intervene to preserve the forests, and great, wide-spread conflagrations are now almost impossible, so perfect is the system for combating them. Indeed, paternal government is carried so far, that the owner of a forest cannot fell his own trees without a permit from the authorities, the reason being, that the wood cut from a mountain may affect the stream which turns the mills hundreds of miles away. These great wood fires are an unmixed calamity; indeed, certain political economists have held that there is some relation between conflagrations and financial panics. The panic of 1837 occurred two years after the great fire in New York; the panic and "bad times" of 1873 were supposed to be partly caused by the great destruction of property in the Chicago and Boston fires.

THE WORLD'S GREAT FAIR.

The international exhibition in Australia, which closed about a month since, resulted in many Americans getting medals, premiums, and honorable mentions. Our watches were pronounced the best in the world, but we did not succeed as well in our machinery as in former exhibits. It has been decided to hold a world's fair in New York in 1883. Congress has given its official sanction, and some of the commissioners have been appointed. The site of the exhibition will be somewhere on the west side of Manhattan Island. While the nation has sanctioned the holding of this great fair, it does not propose to help it in any way. There is no appropriation of money, and now the citizens of New York must come forward and make it successful. The New York *Tribune* objects to the fair being used for advertising purposes, but the business men of the metropolis can hardly expect to be asked to contribute money without getting some advantage therefrom. No fair has yet paid expenses from the gate money. The citizens of Philadelphia, even in the hard times, spent a great deal of money as a matter of pride to help the Centennial. New York, during the good times, ought to do better. A really great exhibition would pay for itself a hundred times over, and it is to be hoped that not only New York but the whole country will help to make the World's Fair in 1883 superior to anything of the kind ever attempted.

THE FRENCH IMMORTALS.

Why cannot we have an American Academy? There ought to be at least a hundred men who are distinguished in art, letters, and for their public services. The famous Cardinal Richelieu was the founder of the French Academy, which is composed of forty members, all of whom are men of repute in the higher professions. The latest academician is M. Rousset, who was elected in the place made vacant by the death of Jules Favre. The choice of a new member falls upon the thirty-nine who are living, and according to the customary etiquette the candidates must in person solicit the votes of the electors. The late Emperor Napoleon was ambitious to be one of the Immortals, and he presented his claims with a copy of his life of Caesar, but the Academy would not thus honor him. If we had such an institution in this country it might do a good work in adding to the respect we should feel for our really great men.

Ambition with us is confined to political, pecuniary, and professional prizes. Scientific, literary, and academic renown is not so highly prized as it should be. Why not an American Academy of the Immortals?

A NEW EASTERN COMPLICATION.

Albania would be free. Turkey is indeed the "sick man" of the East. The country is disorganized, there is no money in the Treasury, its credit is gone, the army unpaid, and the Sultan is unable to enforce the provision to the treaty of Berlin. One of the conditions in that document was, that the gallant little mountain State of Montenegro should get a strip of land on the Adriatic, and a slice from the territory of the Albanians. But the inhabitants of this last State object; they protest, and the Sultan cannot force them to submit. It would be far better if Western Europe should permit Russia to occupy the Danubian provinces; or, better still, if all those different States, Roumania, Bosnia, Albania, Montenegro, and the rest, were formed in some sort of a confederate or federal monarchy similar to the cantons of Switzerland or the United States of America. But the future of those countries is anything but reassuring, in view of the different religions, races and languages of which they are composed. They might profit by the examples of America if they would, but they won't.

THE SPORTS OF SUMMER.

Croquet has had its day, and now lawn tennis is coming into favor. It is far more lively than its predecessor, but hardly so suitable to play in the hot sun. It involves a good deal of running, throwing of balls, and a mild sort of batting. It is surprising that it should be such a favorite with women and girls, who in truth do not appear to the same advantage in it as they do in croquet. Women are not at their best when they run, or throw their arms about in catching or throwing a ball. But lawn tennis is the fashion, and all the girls are learning it. Indeed there is a mania just now for all sorts of out-door sports, particularly those in which women can take part. Archery clubs are in fashion, and a number of new games have been suggested and old ones revived, to give an excuse for women exercising in the open air. This tendency is wholly good and should be encouraged. The generations to come will be all the better for this exercise under the open heavens. Our young men too are boating, cricketing, and playing base-ball more than ever; and if this is not overdone, it also will be a great advantage to the American race. Time was when we sadly neglected our bodies. Our danger now is, that we may pay too much attention to them.

CLEAN SKINS FOR THE MILLION.

Last year 2,881,279 free baths were given to all who asked for them in the city of New York. Over a million of them were given to women and girls. This year this good work is to be continued, and it is to be hoped that as the expense is trifling and the sanitary advantages are undeniable, the city authorities will add to the number of free bathing-houses. Last year the sexes alternated, each having the baths three days per week. But clearly, sufficient accommodations should be afforded to have the bath-houses open every day for both sexes. In this matter of free bathing, the ancients were far ahead of us moderns. Some of the most splendid monuments of the past are the great Roman bathing-houses, where hot air as well as water baths were given *gratis* to all who chose to use them. The little wooden sheds by the water-side, which is our gift to the poor, would cut but a sorry figure beside the granite and marble baths of Diocletian. Even poor Pompeii with its 30,000 inhabitants was far in advance in its bathing facilities of rich New York with its million of population.

STORMS ON LAND AND SEA.

The people who dwell in large cities and hilly regions have but faint conceptions of what storms are upon plains, prairies, and at sea. Where neither hills nor forests break the force of the wind, hurricanes, cyclones, and violent storms are

sure to prevail. Whole villages and towns on the western prairies were destroyed during the past season. A fearful tornado swept across McLean and Scott counties, Illinois, entirely destroying the town of Olsey, and blowing down in its destructive sweep across the State, some five hundred houses and barns. Mr. and Mrs. Reese were blown out of their bed and landed in a wheat field, a quarter of a mile from their ruined house. The track of the storm was three-quarters of a mile wide, and at one place it seemed as if a torrent of water from the clouds followed the track of the storm. At sea also there were fearful storms which made navigation the more dangerous as the North Atlantic during the spring was full of icebergs. The unusually mild winter had loosened immense masses of ice from its moorings in the Arctic regions, and one result of this will be a cooling of the ocean during June, and a possible reduction of the temperature on our coast until midsummer. Man has made marvelous conquests over nature. Steam is at his command. He has drawn lightning from the cloud to communicate thought from clime to clime almost instantaneously, but, as yet, he is powerless against the hurricane and the flood. Who knows but that some day he will master these, now untamed, forces of nature?

THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS CREDITORS.

WHAT shall we do with the unexpended portion of the Geneva award? It will be remembered that after paying off the private claimants, ten million dollars remained, which it was proposed should be given to the Marine Insurance Companies, for the losses incurred by them from the deprivations of the Rebel cruisers. But the Government held, that the war risks, charged by the Insurance Companies to their customers, more than compensated them for their extra losses; so the money remains in the Treasury of the United States. This does not please John Bull. He says, "We paid you that money to reimburse certain citizens of the United States, for having lost their property through our negligence. The unclaimed money ought to be returned to us." The *London Times*, after scolding us, makes one really good suggestion. "If you do not return us the money," says the *Times*, "at least make such use of it as will promote good feeling between the two countries. Why not spend it upon Niagara Falls? Improve, beautify this marvel of the world. Do not allow it to be desecrated by manufacturers or unseemly associations. Make the ground for miles around a great International Park, to which all the world may be invited." And no doubt, this would be a good thing to do; yet it is not likely to lead to any result; for the average American Congressman is not likely to take advice from an English newspaper. And this calls to mind the fact that the millions which President Andrew Jackson bullied out of France on account of the Florida claims has never been paid over to the claimants. In that case, as in the Geneva award, the United States Government occupies the curious position of demanding and securing moneys from France and England on private claims, the validity of which it does not itself acknowledge. There is a general impression that our Government is exceedingly easy with its creditors in the matter of claims, and that jobs of all kinds are easily handled in Washington by those who know the ropes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact all the machinery at the Capitol, from the Court of Claims down, is organized to resist the payment of any claims, good, bad, or indifferent. The late General Meade and his family were claimants under the Florida award, but never got a penny of the money obtained from France on their behalf. Union citizens whose property was taken by the Government during the war of the Rebellion could never recover their just dues. It is one of the mysteries of the time, that the financial credit of the Government should be so high, when in all its dealings with involuntary creditors it acts so unjustly.

THE NEW DEPARTURE OF THE ENGLISH FARMERS.

JOHN BULL is learning wisdom. Since the abolition of the corn laws, the people of Great Britain have become more and more dependent upon foreign nations for their food supply. But of late years American competition, together

with exceptionally bad weather, have almost destroyed the British agricultural interests. For three years her crops have failed; according to Mr. James Caird the loss in this time in wheat alone has been £30,000,000 sterling, or \$150,000,000. He tells the people of England plainly that they must cease to grow wheat; and that they must not expect to continue to compete with the United States in the production of fresh meats. England must be turned into a vast kitchen-garden, to produce vegetables, grass, hay, the sugar beet, milk, and fresh butter. Mr. Caird goes further, and demands a change in the land laws of Great Britain; that the sale and transfer of land must be simplified and cheapened—that the encumbered and unwieldy estates must be broken up and subdivided to form numerous small properties. It is known that in the neighborhood of our large cities, kitchen-gardens often pay a rental of \$500 per acre; and it does seem strange that Great Britain does not take the hint from the marvelous success of French agriculture where *petite culture* prevails; that is, each peasant farms his own small allotment of land, and makes more money out of his eggs, butter, early vegetables, and poultry, than can the English farmer who raises wheat and uses four times the amount of land. The *London Times* indorses Mr. Caird's position, so far as relates to the desirability of changing from wheat-growing to garden cultivating, but demurs to any change in the land laws. These last are the basis of English aristocracy. With these repealed, the monopoly exercised by the nobles over the Government of England would soon come to an end.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

They are coming, not singly but in battalions. We mean the emigrants from the Old World. All the coming ships are thronged with them. The owners of the stock of foreign steamship lines are delighted. The shippers of live freight on our Western railways are pleased. The owners of vacant lands in the far West are more than satisfied; and as an evidence of the returning prosperity the general public is disposed to be gratified at this the largest emigration ever known in the history of the world. Still there are cynics and pessimists who are not happy. They say we have a large enough mass of ignorant and poor people in this country at the best of times without adding this immense number of semi-pauperized laborers to the number. It will be difficult to assimilate so many strangers to the rest of the population. Most of them speak another language. They are aliens to us in race and religion; and vast numbers of them will become a permanent charge upon our charitable institutions. The profits of the emigration enure not to American but to foreign shippers; for our flag does not float over any of the steamship lines. But after all it is useless to complain. They are coming, and we must do the best we can for them. These foreigners will help the great West, and "beyond the Mississippi" will be the scene of busy activities for many years to come. Not alone will the West receive the surplus from Europe. The Canadians are also swelling the tide; while the Eastern and Middle States also contribute to the hundreds of thousands who are yearly seeking new homes in the States and Territories of the far West. The census of this year will doubtless show that our population cannot be far short of 50,000,000; and unless there be war, pestilence, or famine by the year 1900 the flag of our country will wave over 100,000,000 of people. As this great increase will be more marked in the urban rather than the suburban regions of the country, it follows that those who own land in or near our great centres of population will profit largely, and leave rich inheritances for their children.

THE MATTER WITH IRELAND.

Many of the difficulties of the Irish people is undoubtedly due to the peculiarities of that branch of the Celts which inhabit the land. The absence of coal and iron also places Erin at a disadvantage with her sister island. Without iron and coal there can be no manufacturing, and very little home market for agricultural products. But the bane of the country is undoubtedly the land laws which puts the peasants completely at the mercy of the absentee landlords. James Redpath's letters to the *Tribune* makes this very plain. If an Irishman improves his land the lord can raise his rent. There being no manufacturing there is a

hot struggle for the farms, the only means of a livelihood, and rents go up in consequence. Before the French Revolution the peasants of that country were even in a more wretched condition than the people now are in Ireland; but the division of the lands taken from the lords and the church among the actual cultivators has resulted in a mighty change in the character and habits of the French peasant. Owing his own land has made him industrious and frugal. France to-day is relatively the richest country upon earth. The standard of comfort among all classes is even higher than that of the United States. Struck by the results in France, Baron Stein, the Bismarck of his era, forcibly divided the bulk of the land in Prussia among the actual workers on the farms in that country. This was some thirty years since, and the result was it made Prussia master of Germany, and the foremost power in Europe. John Bright wants England to do for Ireland what Baron Stein did for Prussia and the revolution for France. If Prime Minister Gladstone could only effect this land reform in Ireland he would take his place in history as one of the benefactors of the human race. Let the Irish people own their own homes, educate them, and there will be an end to the political agitators and the swarms of pauper laborers who come to our shores to add to the political demoralization of our large cities.

THE BEST OF INVESTMENTS.

The great fall which has occurred in railroad and mining stocks during the past spring should admonish people who desire a safe investment to seek some other kind of security, and what, after all, is better than a "stake in the soil"? The man who, in the city, has his house without incumbrance, and the farmer who is clear of mortgage is in a splendid condition. Shelter is one of the first and greatest of human necessities. That secured the cost of living, clothing, and fuel is much easier to procure. There is a great deal of building going on in all our towns, cities, and villages; more than in any year since 1872. This will keep mechanics employed, and pour money into all the channels of retail trade. The industries thus stimulated will increase the consuming power of the country. Statisticians are agreed in the belief that the next twenty years will see the population of this country doubled. If this is so land must rise in value a hundred per cent., and in favored locations and near large cities many thousands per cent. It follows that the wisest investment the head of a family can make for the benefit of his children is a portion of the soil of the land he lives in. A house and lot in the city where his employment takes him is the best investment. A few lots or a few acres on the outskirts of a growing town is not a bad thing to have and hold, and those who have country tastes may find it for their advantage to own a productive farm. The West is now having its "boom." Lands costing \$3 and \$5 an acre are running up to \$20 and \$40 an acre, but the time cannot be distant when farms in the Middle and Eastern States, which have been stationary for twenty years, will again be profitable to buy and hold. New York never had so much building going on as to-day, for somehow all parts of the country are becoming tributary to the great metropolis. Avoid stocks, good reader. Buy a house if you can afford it, vacant lots if your means are limited, but do not go in debt.

NO SUNDAYS.

By a solemn act of the French Senate, Sunday has been practically abolished in France. That is to say that all laws for enforcing its observance have been swept from the statute books, and yet, as a matter of fact, it is understood that the Sabbath is better observed now under the Republic than it was under the Empire. Still the prevalent feeling in that country, even among religious people, is that it is a day for recreation and self-enjoyment rather than of prayer and praise to the Most High. In many cities of our own country there is practically no Sunday. This is notably true of Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and New Orleans. There is a large foreign population in New York that would like to do away with the Sabbath; but happily the New England traditions in our northern, eastern, and western cities are too strong to set aside all observance of the first day of the week.

Common Topics.

What the World is Talking About at Home and Abroad.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

WONDERFUL, isn't it? that it is possible to tell what is at the bottom of the ocean. It seems incredible to the landsman who has ventured a few hundred yards outside of the coast line that any one can tell the secrets of the great deep. Yet the scientists have mapped out the bottom of the ocean, at least of the Atlantic Ocean, and the story is told by Dr. Carpenter of the results of the exploration by the English ship *Challenger*. The average depth, it seems, is about thirteen thousand feet, or about two miles and a half. The average height of the entire land of the globe is only one thousand feet above the sea level. The area of the sea is about two and three-quarter times that of the land. The form of the depressed area is likened to a tea-tray, the edges of which abruptly slope up, thus forming Europe and Africa on the one side, and America on the other. It is on this flat and relatively even surface that the cables are laid. Venus or Love, in the old Greek mythology, was born of the sea. Strangely enough, the scientists all seem to think that the origin of life was in the ooze and slime which covers the ocean beds. But how different are the researches of the scientists compared with the visions of the poet. Who does not recall in this connection the splendid lines which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Clarence, the brother of bloody Gloucester, who thus tells his dream of the ocean bottom:

"Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

Fine poetry this, but wholly unlike what Dr. Carpenter found in his researches.

THE STORY OF A BOTTLE.

Not a whisky bottle, dear reader, though they do sometimes tell very pitiful stories. This bottle was picked up in Mobile Bay. We know that people who are shipwrecked try to tell the story of their suffering and peril, by inclosing an account in a corked flask which is committed to the waves. Mariners pick these up at sea, and in some few cases the friends and relatives have had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing from their dear ones who went down to the sea and were never heard of more. The bottle that was picked up in Mobile Bay had been thrown from the ship *Hesperia*, on May 12th, 1878, off the Azores Islands. It was found on the 22d of last month on the coast of Alabama. It took therefore a little over two years in making the circuit of the Equatorial Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. Look at the map, good reader, and you can easily follow its course.

Captain Beecher of the Royal Navy, tested the rate at which bottles would travel at sea, and found they made about 10.06 miles per day. The bottle we have been telling about traveled about 5,500 miles, and made about eight miles a day. The interest in this matter to scientists is that it shows the mean average of oceanic currents.

COSTLY COWS.

Just think of it! Fourteen hundred dollars for one Jersey cow, and fourteen hundred and twenty-five dollars for another. This was the price obtained recently at a sale in New York City. At the same auction a number of other

cows sold from two hundred to eight hundred dollars apiece. Of course these prices are absurd. It may flatter a farmer's vanity to have it known that he keeps fancy stock of this kind, but there is no money in it. But this recalls the story of the farmer who complained that when he lost his wife his neighbors were willing to supply him with a daughter or sister to take her place, but when he lost a cow it did not occur to any one to make it good. Perhaps the cows in that neighborhood were twelve hundred dollar ones.

A MIXED FAMILY HISTORY.

"WHAT was your father?" asked an inquisitive bore, who was questioning Alexander Dumas, the famous French romancer. "Well," replied Dumas, "as I am a quadroon and my mother a white woman, my father was, of course, a mulatto." "But," pursued the bore, "what was his father?" "Oh! he was, of course, a negro," replied Dumas, getting nettled. "Well, what was his father?" continued the questioner. "Sir," replied the now wrathful romancer, "his father was a monkey. My ancestry began where yours has ended." The granddaughter of this same brilliant and erratic writer has just become engaged to be married under very romantic circumstances. It was at a fancy ball she first saw her fate. She was dressed as a lady of the First Empire. Mr. Morris Lippman, a wealthy manufacturer, beheld her there for the first time, and was conquered. He besought an introduction, and next day asked her hand in marriage. Colette Dumas has an ancestry which shows how lax is the morality in certain French circles. Her grandmother was a poor seamstress who was never married. Her father, the author of "Camille," was an illegitimate child. Her mother was the widow of a Russian prince, and was a member of the Greek Church, while her father is a Roman Catholic. Her betrothed is an Alsatian and a Jew. What a mixture of races her offspring will embody: Negro, Russian, Jewish, French!

ABOLISHING THE HORSE.

JUST think of it! Scientists say that in a few years there will be no need of horses; that inventions have been perfected which will give us artificial locomotion, and we can do without the aid of quadrupeds. It is not the bicycle, although that is coming more and more into popular favor. Already we hear of the improved bicycles being used in traveling all over the country; but the new machines are run by a kind of air-pump and have already been tried in England. Their inventor is a Col. Beaumont, a member of Parliament, and he has succeeded in hauling twelve tons twenty miles with only one charge of air. The machine is noiseless, and looks like a large tank on wheels, with handles on top, where the driver is placed. This engine, it is thought, is capable of immense development, and may not only replace horses, but dispense, in a measure, with railways. Just think of it! A machine that will do the work of a horse twenty times repeated and which will never run away! What new marvel is in store for us?

THE CABLES UNDER THE SEA.

It was thought that the French cable had been lost, and every one was looking for a large advance in cable rates in consequence. But the missing link was found again, whereupon the English Company put down the rates to twelve and a half cents a word to any part of Great Britain. The owners of the French cable say they cannot work at that rate, and ask fifty cents a word.

What a marvel electric communication is! Just think of being able to send messages of affection or business thousands of miles instantaneously. Why should not the governments of the world appoint a commission to buy up the cable companies? Let us have free communication between all the nations of the earth, to be paid for by a pro-rata tax upon all the countries to be benefited? The burden would scarcely be felt, and look at the convenience it would be to all mankind! New cables under the sea could be laid in every direction, and the interests of humanity would be advanced by the concurrence of nations in this vast and world-wide matter. Why not have a telegraphic convention from all nations to hold its session at the World's Fair in New York in the summer of 1883, so as to arrange this matter? Who seconds the motion?

BEWARE OF MATRIMONY.

THE statisticians it seems are all wrong. It is not true that marriage helps to a long life. Richard M. Proctor, the scientist, has written a long article to show that we have all been mistaken, and that after all, people who lead single lives have as good if not a better chance for a long life as those who marry. It is true, as a matter of fact, that a large proportion of the insane and diseased are single, but their avoidance of marriage is because of a consciousness of personal weakness. We have been putting the cart before the horse in saying that people die because they do not marry, when in truth they avoid matrimony because of their liability to an early death. Mr. Proctor points out one alarming fact, viz., the very great mortality of those who marry young. There is no question but that those who are united before their bodies are full grown and well matured run very grave risks. Women should not marry before they are twenty-one, nor men before they are twenty-five. All this should be very comforting to old bachelors and old maids. No doubt it is hard to live a single life, because, perhaps, of poverty or an early disappointment; but still it is after all wiser that a certain proportion of men and women should not form matrimonial alliances. The very poor, the sickly, or those who have a family taint predisposing to insanity should not marry. St. Paul was nearer right in this matter than he has been given credit for. Let the poor young man then, and the sickly girl recall the advice of Punch, who, when asked whether it was best to marry, replied "Don't."

TELEGRAPHING FOR THE MILLION.

IN Switzerland or Belgium one can send a letter by telegraph for little more than double the cost of a letter by mail in this country. In Great Britain you can send twenty-five words to any part of Great Britain or Ireland for an English shilling. But in Europe the telegraph is owned and managed as the Post-office is here, by the Government, which does not for profit, and is willing even to submit to a deficiency in the revenues, to serve the public. In this country, the Western Union Telegraph Company has had a monopoly, and it, of course, has been worked in the interests of the stockholders, and not of the public. It has been so lucrative that a new company has been organized, called the American Union, which has built and leased fifty thousand miles of wire in this country and Canada, and has located some twelve hundred offices. The American Union has been opened for business lately, and you now can send a message of ten words to Denver, Col., for \$1.25, the old rate being \$1.50; to St. Louis or Chicago, for 50c. instead of 60c.; and other places in proportion. This is some reduction, but not enough. With people who use the telegraph as freely as do Americans, there should be a uniform rate of twenty-five cents east of the Mississippi, fifty cents to all points west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains, and seventy-five cents or at most a dollar for any point on the Pacific Coast. Some day the Government will control the telegraph, and then it will be relatively as cheap and efficient as is our Post-office Department.

ALARMING INCREASE OF DIVORCES.

IF women ever vote, one of the planks in their first national platform would be a demand for some law defining the relations of married people to each other. Our State laws are conflicting and chaotic. Under them a person is married in one State and single in another. This condition of affairs complicates matters for men, and is very, very hard on women and children. It is the weakest who go to the wall in law as in nature, and incalculable misery must have been afflicted upon deserving families by our anomalous divorce laws. In Great Britain it is held by the courts that a divorce granted in the United States is not valid in the old country unless the causes are such as would be sufficient under English law. Children born under unions which would be valid in the United States could not inherit their parents' property in Great Britain.

From a recent article in the *North American Review* it seems that divorces have become painfully common in this country, especially in the New England States. In the olden times one divorce in two hundred marriages was considered a large percentage, while now, in some localities,

one divorce in twelve marriages is not uncommon, and that in Puritan New England. Divorces are becoming more frequent every year, and the law more and more lax. Some day the evils of the present system, or want of system, will become so apparent that a demand will come from every quarter for marriage laws which will be alike throughout our whole country, and which will prevent this capricious changing of partners whom every family interest should keep together for life. The union of the States has been the battle-cry in many a political contest, but the union of the family is a far more vital matter, and may form the nucleus of a party in which women especially would be interested.

SCIENTIFIC CROQUET.

Talk of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted: that is nothing to the exclusion of women from croquet. Yet this is being done in New York City by a new croquet club. Not only are women dispensed with, but the green sward is tabooed. The ground is covered with sand and rolled hard, and placing the foot on the ball is not admitted. The size of the wickets is reduced to four inches, while the ball, made of hard rubber, is three inches and a half. Everything is done to make the game difficult. Indeed, this new variation of croquet is not unlike pool as played on billiard tables. We doubt whether this so-called scientific croquet will ever become popular.

WHO IS THE RICHEST WOMAN?

The wealthiest woman in the whole world is said to be Mrs. E. H. Green, wife of the vice-president of the Louisville and Nashville Railway. She is a New England woman born, the daughter of a whaling master of New Bedford, who was known by the unromantic cognomen of "Blubber" Robinson. He died when his daughter was a little girl, leaving her an estate of \$8,000,000. She was a prudent young person, and was so simple in her tastes and wise in her choice of business agents, that she is now said to be worth \$30,000,000. Her husband is also very wealthy, and their united income is said to be \$3,000,000 per year. There is some doubt as to whether the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, of England, is not even wealthier than Mrs. Green. Miss Coutts is famous not only for her wealth, but for her wise munificence. She has given away millions for the good of mankind. Mrs. Green is yet only forty-three, and it is to be hoped that she will at some time in the future use her great wealth as wisely and as usefully as the good Baroness Coutts.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE INDIAN.

SET him to work. Give each head of a family a farm. Take away his rifle and arms. Give him a spade and other agricultural tools. Then if he won't work and will starve let him do so. "Root hog, or die" is a coarse but very accurate way of stating the plan of nature in dealing with man as well as with the lower animals. These constant Indian wars are a disgrace to us as a nation. We have another one on hand in New Mexico. A very remarkable savage, calling himself Victoria, is on the war path, and many people will be butchered needlessly because of the unwise policy of the United States toward the Indian tribes. We sell them arms, cheat them, and then treat each tribe as an independent nation, making treaties with them which we never keep, and so year after year is the same sickening story of wrong and outrage, and unnecessary loss of life and property. How different all this is across the Canadian border. There are no Indian wars in the Dominion to the north of us. Brother Jonathan would do well to send a commission to Canada to find out the secret of the British methods of governing the Indians without war and without scandal.

A DEAD EMPRESS.

OUR age has seen one new Empress, Victoria, who was made by the British Parliament the imperial head of India. Russia has lost an empress, and will not have another until the heir apparent mounts the throne. Despite her high station the late Czarina was an object of pity. She was an unloved daughter, a disappointed mother, and though her marriage was a love match on both sides, she lived to see her husband infatuated by the beautiful Princess Dolgorouki. Her health through life was poor, her temper gloomy, and she died as she had lived, a most unhappy woman.

A MIGHTY EMIGRATION.

THEY are coming—six hundred thousand more. There arrived at the Castle Garden, New York, during the month of last May, 55,083 emigrants, while to other ports and from Canada it is estimated that we have received 15,800 additional, about 70,000 in one month, or at the rate of 800,000 per annum. This is really startling. The largest number in any one year before was in 1872, when 294,581 registered at the Castle Garden. From May 1st, 1847, to January 1st, 1880, 5,857,025 landed at New-York from Europe, 2,000,000 of these being from Germany and about the same number from Ireland. But at the present rate of emigration the same period would land on our shores about 25,000,000, or half the present population of the United States. If our republican institutions can stand the strain of this enormous emigration, then indeed will they be the wonder of the world. This vast inpouring of the nations will of itself give us prosperous times. It will increase our railroad earnings, occupy our waste lands, furnish labor and add to our production as well as consumption. But the vexed question is, will these emigrants add to our spiritual forces? Will these foreigners be as thrifty, energetic, educated, and as self-controlled as are our own people? Will we not have more poor to take care of, more of the dangerous classes in our large cities, and then will there not be a large addition to the number of voters who can be used by demagogues to the detriment of the republic? We shall see.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AS A RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

His name is Lord Adelbert Cecil, and he was a Lieutenant-Colonel of dragoons in the British Army. After middle life, while still in the army, he heard voices and dreamt dreams which changed him from a lover of things fleshly to a Christian missionary. He distributed \$30,000 per annum among the poor, prayed and preached to them, and became so zealous in good and pious works as to excite the wrath of the British military authorities. He was told he must stop preaching or resign. He chose the latter alternative, and emigrated to the Dominion. Here he took a boat on the St. Lawrence, hired a tent, and preached the Word as he understood it in every village he passed through. Up the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and along the north shore of Lake Ontario, he has preached with acceptance and established permanent congregations. His ministry has been among the poor, whose necessities he relieved, with whom he lived and to whom he preached the gospel of humility and good works. He does not believe in splendid churches, or showy ritual, and he eschews all ostentatious parade. He aspires to follow the example of the primitive Christians. At last accounts, he was about to transfer the field of his labors to New York State. A strange spectacle this—a wealthy nobleman of the great house of Cecil preaching Christ and Him Crucified to the poor and the outcast! A contrast this to his brother noblemen, whose money is too often spent in dissipation and horse-races.

WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS SUMMER?

To the mountains or inland if you live on the seashore. To the coast if you reside in the interior. What one needs in summer time is change. You must breathe a different atmosphere if you wish to benefit by your summer vacation. Probably any change from city to country, provided the latter is healthy, is useful; but surely it does not benefit a New Yorker to go to the salt, moist air, Coney Island, or Newport, as much as it would if he went to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or the hills of Pennsylvania. Are you rheumatic or serofulous? Then go to Richmond or Sharon Sulphur Springs. Are you debilitated and nervous? Try salt water bathing along the coast. Are you consumptive? Then live out of doors in some high, dry, bracing atmosphere. Any of the cathartic springs are useful in stomach or liver troubles, but consumptives should avoid mineral waters. For scenery—but we will not go into that. It would take up too much space. We live in a beautiful country, and guide-books are abundant. Avoid dissipation, liquor, and over-exertion. Our water courses are malarious and it will be wise to be in-doors after sunset. Summer vacations are becoming more popular year by year, and those who are prudent will profit by them.

WHO WAS SHE?

WE mean the woman who shouted for Blaine at the Chicago Convention. When the storm of cheers was loudest, a stately lady planted herself on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty, screaming out cheers for Blaine, and waving parasol and flag, diverting attention from all the other picturesque personages of the Convention. She commanded more attention for a time than the superb Senator Conkling when he waved his Grant banner, or than Bob Ingersoll who roared his huzzas while flapping excitedly his wife's scarlet shawl. Her voice could not be heard in the din, but probably never such a sight was seen as this handsome but excited woman, since the time when the French, in the throes of the Revolution, worshipped the Goddess of Reason, in the guise of a fair but frail woman.

OUR INSECT ENEMIES.

A FEW years ago it was the grasshopper that threatened our crops. Sections of States in the Far West were desolated by this insect scourge. They almost created a famine. They ruined railroads and impoverished hundreds of thousands of families. Then came the potato bug. That too came from the West. Less destructive than the grasshopper these pests confined their attention to potatoes and vines. They marched steadily east until they came to the ocean, and two years ago they lined the Atlantic coast, and vainly endeavored to cross over the water. Now a new enemy has appeared this time, oddly enough on the coast, and marching westward. It is the army worm, which suddenly appeared in great force on Long Island, where it has destroyed promising fields of wheat, rye and grass. It is still on its march westward. New Jersey has been attacked. It seems to have started on the coast line, and following Horace Greeley's advice, is "going West." The reproductive powers of this insect are simply marvelous. Unless the farmer is up early and can dig or plow deep furrows in front of the invading insect, his crop is certainly ruined. The army worm, like the potato bug, must be fought with Paris green and similar poisons. Its march is like that of an army, continuous, persistent, destructive. It is a far more dangerous enemy than the potato bug, as it attacks all crops. Among the enemies that man must fight to secure subsistence from the earth none are so dangerous as the insect tribes. Storms, droughts, earthquakes, unseasonable weather, lay heavy burdens upon the labors of the agriculturalist; but the real enemy to be dreaded is the comparatively insignificant worm. It is a notable circumstance that the weevil, which in times past was so destructive, first appeared on Long Island, and year by year marched inland, paying special attention to wheat fields. This was thirty years ago, and it is only recently that Eastern farmers have dared to plant wheat. But now it is the army worm which is more destructive than the weevil, for it attacks crops of all kinds.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

It has really been seen at last. But it was dead. Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred entirely disbelieve the stories which have frequently appeared in the newspapers respecting sea-serpents of enormous size, which have been seen from time to time by sea-faring men. But Captain Ingalls, of the schooner *Chalcedony*, lately saw a huge sea-snake off Monhegan Island on the coast of Maine, the dead body of which marine monster as it floated having the appearance of the hull of a capsized schooner, and was head and body estimated together sixty feet in length, the body tapering from a diameter of ten feet near the head to the "size of a small log." The best scientific authorities agree in countenancing the opinion that in the depths of the ocean huge serpents can still be found, corresponding with what are known as the fossil elasmosaurians found in New Jersey, and which are whales as to their bulk, but serpents in form. These fossils are found in many parts of the country, and it seems, some of them survive, and are occasionally seen. It will be remembered that the mastodon has only recently disappeared from this earth, and that the zoa, a gigantic bird, has been seen by persons living in the island of New Zealand, but is now extinct. So they who will may believe in the sea-serpent as a veritable fact.

ARMED EUROPE.

Why did Secretary of State William M. Evarts allow England to get ahead of us in trying to urge upon Europe to reduce its gigantic armaments? Nearly half of the able-bodied men on the Continent are under arms to-day. Taxation for the support of armies is eating up the industrial life of the Old World, and is driving its able-bodied men to the United States. This state of things is what is making the working classes of Europe communists, socialists, and nihilists. They are crushed to the earth by the "man on horseback." It is the United States which should have moved in this matter. We could have asked France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Spain to have cut down their army estimates one half. We fear, however, that this insane arming in time of peace can only be ended by some one nation conquering the others. Had Napoleon the Great succeeded in his vast design Europe would have been unified and her armies disbanded. After his fall Napoleon prophesied that Europe would become Cossack or Republican. We think it not unlikely that both events will occur—that in the fullness of time Russia will overrun Europe as Macedonia did Greece, but that European civilization will conquer the conquerors, and the Western Continent will be under one government, but that government will be a republican one. Italy became unified through its conquests by Piedmont. Germany was united only after the victories of Prussia. Russia itself represents conquered nations, and Europe will become free in institutions and get rid of its armies when the myriads of Russia are led by a statesman like Bismarck and a soldier like Von Moltke.

A NEW EPIDEMIC.

Every age has its own fearful visitation in the way of some new form of unmanageable disease. Athens in the pride of its power had its dread pestilence. The Middle Ages had the plague and the black death; more modern times, Asiatic cholera. Later still came the ship fever and typhus. As yet the pestilence of the last half of the nineteenth century has not come to light, but up in Adams, Mass., they have had a strange malady which afflicted nearly all of the inhabitants, though no one died. Its symptoms were the same as cholera morbus only much more severe. Its origin is still unknown, though it is suspected that it is due to atmospheric influences. We all remember the epizootic among horses a few years since. Perhaps the yellow fever may become a prevailing epidemic. At first this dread disease was confined to the seacoast bordering upon salt water, but it has gradually worked its way inland changing its symptoms somewhat, and last year it made its appearance apparently spontaneously in Memphis, Tenn. Should it reappear this year in the interior of the country we may as well make up our minds that the yellow fever has been acclimatized, and will be a regular visitor. The trouble at Adams is not so mysterious after all. It is the old, old story. The sinks and privies were too near the wells. They who drink filth must expect to be sick.

SELF-MURDER.

In all the countries of Europe, save one, statistics show an increase in the number of suicides. The exception is Norway, where cases of self-murder have been some ten per cent. less during the past ten years than in the previous ten years. This exception is supposed to be due to the stringent laws against drunkenness; or rather because of the good effects of the famous Gottenburg system, in which the liquor is sold by government officers, and all drunkenness is prevented; the vendors having no pecuniary interest in the sale. For each million of inhabitants in Saxony there are three hundred cases of suicide; in Denmark there are two hundred and eighty, in Russia one hundred and thirty-three, in Austria one hundred and twenty-two, in Bulgaria seventy-three, and in Norway, forty. In this country the statistics are not available, but it is known to a certainty, that suicides are most numerous where liquor is drunk with least restraint. In Maine, where liquor drinking has been kept under by force of positive law, suicides are of rare occurrence. In California they are very numerous, due to business excitement and certain atmospheric conditions, such as dryness, which create morbid nervous conditions. The isolated lives of many of our farming population are always provocative of insanity and suicide; but our statistics are not as full as they should be on these vital matters.

MURDER! MURDER!!

Into a train bound for Antwerp enter three Frenchmen. It was one of the carriage compartments common on the Continent. They have no communication with the guard, and it cannot be opened. At the next station enters a wild-looking stranger. Upon the starting of the train the wild man takes a knife from his pocket and stabs M. Corneille Borch to death. De Voidet and Van Eyek, the two other passengers, throw themselves upon the assassin, and although dreadfully injured succeed in mastering him, and he is handed over to the authorities at the next station. Murders of this kind are not uncommon on English and Continental trains, but would not be possible on our American cars. They have got the Pullman car in England, and perhaps in time an Englishman may feel as secure from attack on their railways as Americans do on theirs.

CULTIVATING CROW.

Down with the scarecrows! At least so says the Superintendent of the A. T. Stewart's farm on Long Island. He has magnificent fields of wheat, rye and grass, which have been saved from the ravages of the army worm and other insect pests because of the multitude of crows which are protected upon this estate. This friend of the crow family declares that these ungainly birds are insectivorous; that if they injure fields of grain it is in search of their food. We fear, however, that the prejudice of farmers against crows is too deeply seated to be readily overcome. For generations agriculturalists have regarded the crow as an enemy of their crops, and it will take many years to overcome a dislike so universal, and so sanctioned by tradition.

LOST AT SEA.

It is a pitiful story. We mean that of the British training ship *Atalanta*, which sailed from Bermuda on the 29th of January last, and was never heard of more. She had on board over three hundred souls, mostly lads, who were training to become seamen in the British navy. The vessel ought to have reached England within three weeks' time, but no vestige, not even a bottle, giving any clue to the mystery has been so far found. Yes, a vessel on the 30th of April did see a great raft about three hundred miles southeast of Bermuda, on which were dead bodies. It was not, however, examined, and it may be that at some future time this raft may be cast upon shore, and some relic among the bones may indicate that it was launched by the ill-fated *Atalanta*. The sea does sometimes give up its dead, and the dismal story may yet be told in all its harrowing details. What is remarkable is that the *Eurydice*, the companion training ship of the *Atalanta*, upset within sight of the British coast within the previous twelve months, and every soul on board, young and old, was lost. There is something very saddening in the thought of these young lives suddenly cut off. Think of the brave young lads full of the romance of the sea, expecting to lead adventurous lives on the briny deep, and then all to perish in the cruel, cruel sea. The difficulty with these ships, it seems, was want of ballast. The commander of the *Atalanta* complained, before he sailed, that his vessel was over sparrowed, in other words that she carried too much sail. We have our training ships in this country, the *Minnesota* and the *St. Marys*, and naval officers say that they are liable to just the same accidents as the English training vessels. They do not carry enough ballast, and are therefore liable to be upset by any squall or storm in mid ocean. There was a dispatch in the papers recently to the following effect:

"HALIFAX, N. S., June 21, 1880.

"While some children were playing on the beach at Cow Bay this afternoon, they picked up a piece of a barrel stave, about four inches by two and a half inches in size, on which the following was written with a lead pencil:

"*Atalanta* going down, April 12, 1880; no hope; send this to Mrs. Mary White Piers, Sussex.

"JAMES WHITE."

The piece of wood appeared by its looks to have been in the water about two months. The place where it was picked up is about twelve miles east of this city, and opens directly into the Atlantic Ocean. But some people doubt the truth of this news.

HONORING THE JOCKEYS.

The rich merchants in the middle ages spent their surplus means in patronizing artists. The sculptor, the painter, and the poet, if he had any merit, was recognized by the merchant princes of Florence, Genoa, and Venice. Even a hundred years since literary men were sustained and maintained by wealthy noblemen. But now our rich men spend their money on horses. Our Belmonts, Lorillards, Astors, etc., give their surplus to horse-jockeys and breeders, leaving the world of letters to be supported by the army of readers. Matters are still worse in England. One of the honored guests at the Mediterranean villa of a popular English duchess was a horse-jockey, and another of the same fraternity was the guest of a member of a famous James Street Club in London. The public came to know of this last fact, because some of the members of the club objected to the jockey, and threatened the expulsion of the member who introduced him within the sacred walls of a fashionable club. Would it not be well for Americans to get up a public opinion which would call upon our rich men to do something more for letters and art, and something less for horse-racing?

IMPROVING THE TELEPHONE.

What next? The improved Gower Telephone, the invention of an American in Paris, is now so perfect, that the exact tones of the speaker's voice are reproduced so distinctly, one involuntarily turns around to see if the other person is not at his side. Already this instrument has been so improved that it is not necessary for the mouth-piece to be within a foot of the mouth. In other words, any vibration of the air can convey the sound to immense distances. The time is not far distant when orators can speak to millions of people; when famous singers can have for an audience every music-hall in the country full of listeners. Nay, it may be possible in time for one man or woman to speak to every grown human being on the globe. What poor things the ancient miracles seem when compared with the marvels of the telephone and telegraph.

P. T. BARNUM TO THE FRONT.

Another museum, the greatest ever seen in the globe, the most complex and the most interesting. Its location is to be on the site of the old Madison Square Garden, made memorable by the Hippodrome, the great Arion Balls, and the sad disaster at the Homeopathic Fair. The site of the building will be 200 by 425 feet, covering an entire block. It will be fire-proof, five stories in height, with towers at each corner except the southwest where an observatory of an enormous altitude is to be erected. The lower or basement floor will be used as a place for mass meetings, for walking matches, ball-rooms, and in summer, a garden. On the first floor, will be a great opera house or theater, and a smaller hall for lectures, concerts, or readings. This same floor will contain a skating rink, aquarium, zoological department, and offices. The second and third floors will be devoted to a museum, into which all the wonders of the earth will be collected. A space will be preserved for curious mechanical inventions. The fourth floor will be a great tropical garden, the finest in the world, filled with flowers, plants, vines, shrubbery, and with walks, bowers, waterfalls, and grottoes. The roof will be of iron and glass, arranged to admit air in summer time. Around the upper floor will be constructed a veranda with refreshment tables. The dome at night will be circled by electric lights, which can be seen far out at sea. It is supposed that it will be completed before the close of the year 1881. Barnum gives his name to this enterprise, and it will be a fitting monument to his life work.

TO VESUVIUS BY RAILWAY.

In eight minutes one can now ride from the bottom of Mt. Vesuvius to the very mouth of the crater. How marvelous this would seem to a resident of Pompeii. Had there been a railway from the last-named city to Rome at the time of its destruction nearly all of its thirty thousand inhabitants could have steamed away out of danger. A trip to the crater of Mount Vesuvius will now be a very commonplace matter. This road is not so interesting of itself as the one which takes tourists to the top of Mt. Washington. Nor is

it any more remarkable than the switchback at Mauch Chunk. The inventor of the railroads could never have supposed that they could have been made so that cars could climb mountains—yet this is what they now do, and very steep ones at that. The time is coming when all the difficult ascents will be overcome by machinery. The Matterhorn and the Mont Blanc will be robbed of their terrors to tourists, and the highest peaks of the Andes and the Himmelas will be accessible to the ordinary traveler.

TURNING POISON INTO BREAD.

What a strange provision of nature it is, which produces from corruption and filth fields of waving wheat and acres of golden grain. The waste and offal of a great city, if not dissipated, can be made to add a thousand-fold to the fruitfulness of the farm. Our great cities pour their filth into the rivers to pollute the streams and kill the fish. The city of Paris some time since turned its sewage upon the plain Gennevilliers. The residents did not like it. The odors were not those of "Araby the Blest." But this foul stream added amazingly to the productiveness of the district; and land which could not be sold for \$75 per acre rose in value to over \$700 per acre. Truly has it been said that "dirt is matter out of place." What millions and millions are wasted in all our large cities. Were it possible to collect the sewage and spread it upon the waste places, it would add hundreds of millions to the wealth of the world.

GIGANTIC JUPITER.

Do you ever look upward, good reader, at the starry heavens at night to view the constellations and observe the stars? Well, next time look out for Jupiter. It is now a morning star and rises at 3 A.M. He is now wheeling his way along, in order to be in at the coming perihelia of the four great planets, the first opportunity he has enjoyed for two thousand years for so near an approach to the other members of the celestial family. On September 25th he will reach the perihelion, and in October will be nearer our little planet than for many long years. He will hardly get within hailing distance however, for when nearest us he will be 400,000,000 miles away. Jupiter has not looked so bright for twelve years, and he will continue to grow in brilliancy till October. The sun has numerous spots on his face. Jupiter has a pimple, red colored, oval shaped, and some twenty thousand miles in diameter. It is now believed this great planet shines by a light of his own, and is a small sun in his way. Astronomers are getting excited over Jupiter. They hope to discover the mystery of that huge pimple, and some pseudo-scientists affect to believe that we will have a burning hot summer, because of our nearness to this mighty planet.

THE ACCIDENT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Now that a little time has elapsed, how causeless seems the excitement shown by the newspapers over the accident on Long Island Sound by which the *Narragansett* was sunk by a blow from the *Stonington* in a fog. At first it was supposed that a couple of hundred persons were drowned, but it finally dwindled down to some thirty, supposed to be killed or missing. The real marvel is how so many millions are able to travel nowadays with so small a percentage of fatal casualties. So perfect is modern travel that deaths and accidents are extremely rare. In the old stage-coaching times one person in five hundred lost life or limb; now not over one person in two millions loses life on the modern railroad or steamship. It is natural that people who are imperiled by a great accident should blame officers or crew; but really the collision on Long Island Sound was accidental, and were it not for the explosion of the gas-tank every soul would have been saved. But the injured steambot took fire; and was burned to the water's edge in twenty-five minutes. Some absurd persons may be deterred from traveling on our water courses because of this accident, yet it can be demonstrated that more persons are killed by lightning in the year than by accidents on our rivers and sounds. There is really more danger in walking on Broadway in New York, or on Walnut Street in Philadelphia, or on the Boston Common, than there is in crossing the ocean in a steamship. Life is uncertain wherever we are, and our business is to be always ready, for the King of Terrors generally comes in some unexpected shape and time.

PAPER, PAPER EVERYWHERE.

The Japanese have become famous for their skill in making various useful utensils out of paper; and there is now a probability that the western world is about to follow their example. At the great exhibition in Sydney, Australia, a house was exhibited made entirely of paper. Not only the framework but the entire furniture, including the chandeliers and the stove, is of paper. So too are the carpets and the curtains—and there is a large paper bed, with paper blankets, sheets, and quilts; and even the crockery, so called, pertaining to the bed-chamber is of paper. Hung around this bedroom are all sorts of underclothing, chemises, dresses and bonnets in the latest style. A series of banquets were given at this paper building, in which the plates, dishes, knives, forks, and drinking utensils were of paper. The object of the exhibition of course was to try and popularize paper for these uses, it being claimed that the utensils made from it were cheaper and quite as useful as when constructed of other material. Will wonders never cease?

NO VACCINATION.

How hard it is for the world to overcome its prejudices. Although it is obvious that vaccination has checked the progress of smallpox all over the world, yet thousands of people believe that it is wrong to vaccinate, and that the practice creates more physical ills than it cures. A society has actually been formed to put a stop to compulsory vaccination, but it is not likely to have many proselytes. The dangers from smallpox are obvious. Those from vaccination, if there be any, are not so apparent. But there will be people who are determined to act eccentrically, and to these belong the members of the New York Anti-Vaccination Society.

BICYCLING A NATIONAL SPORT.

When first introduced the bicycle was a dangerous vehicle to use. It caused certain physical difficulties which made physicians warn parents against allowing their sons to patronize them. But the improved bicycles are not dangerous except with the unskillful; and as a consequence they have grown in public favor, until they are in use in every town and village in the country. Many thousands of young men are using them for summer excursions. They go faster than a horse, and do not require grass or oats. The first National Bicycle "meet" was held in Newport recently; and over a hundred "wheelmen" made a splendid showing as they rode down Bellevue Avenue. The next meet will be in New York in September; and there is every evidence that before many years the majority of our young men will become "wheelmen," which is the name the bicyclists seem to prefer. As yet women have avoided the bicycle, because it necessarily involves pantaloons and riding astride. But then pants must be worn in horse riding, and we judge that after a time some bold young women will imitate their brothers and use the bicycle.

CONQUERING THE NORTH POLE.

It will be done some time. Man will never rest satisfied until he is in possession of all the secrets of nature. He has made numberless attempts to get at the north pole, but so far unsuccessfully. Commander Kane believed that a great sea—an open sea—surrounded the north pole. Indeed, he claimed to have discovered it; but other navigators think the path to the pole frozen all the way. Heretofore all the attempts have been directed to reaching it by a short dash, not covering more than two seasons. But Captain Howgate, of the U. S. Signal Service says the way to reach the pole is by gradual approaches, like an army compassing a great city. Hence he proposes to plant a colony, who will make a permanent settlement, and work its way gradually toward the pole. The plan is to build permanent works all the way along, so that advantage may be taken of very open summers to risk a forced march to the mysterious axis of the earth. Captain Howgate's plan is not so brilliant as some others, but is certain of success if persevered in. The leader who first plants the flag of his country upon the pole will be memorable for all time. Let us hope he will be an American. Some strange superstitions have centered about the mystery of the earth's axis. A writer named Syms believed that there was no pole, but a huge hole which led to the center of the earth, in which were animated beings, similar in kind to those upon the outside of the earth;

but of course this was mere speculation, though there are people who really think there was something in this fanciful dream. Captain Howgate's first vessel the *Gulnare* has already sailed, and though we may not hear of it soon, we really believe the pole will in time be reached by this sensible, if slow, plan of proceeding.

THE STEAMERS AND THE ICEBERGS.

Did you ever realize, good reader, one of the gravest perils which a steamship encounters in a voyage to Europe during the spring or summer months? It is in running into an iceberg. These are to be found east of Newfoundland, right in the track of the shortest route to the French, German, or English ports. It is usually a foggy region, but although icebergs abound and fogs are ever present, the steamship dashes swiftly along, trusting to luck or Providence for safety. It is really a marvel how few accidents occur. But then it has been noticed in battles that no matter how thick the bullets, but comparatively few persons are killed and wounded. Several tons of lead are required to maim or murder one human being, in what are called very bloody battles. So it is with steamships. They dash through fog and mist in the region of icebergs unharmed, except in very, very rare instances. This year icebergs have been more numerous than ever before known. Large fishing fleets have had to put back because of the impediments they presented to navigation. Several vessels were injured, but fortunately no great calamity occurred. An iceberg is a most magnificent sight, and is the most picturesque object in a voyage to or from Europe. It is believed that this year some poly-christic ice has been brought down from the Arctic regions. Perhaps you do not know what that big word means. It is ice which has been congealed perhaps for millions of years. A great deal of the ice is of course re-made every year. But in certain other parts of the region about the south and north poles the ice never melts, but continues age after age without being liquefied. Strange as it may seem, there are evidences that icebergs floated at one time over our present land. The boulders, that is, the great round stones scattered all over our northern country and entirely unlike the rocks in the neighborhood, were certainly deposited by icebergs, which millions of years since floated in an ocean which covered the upper part, at least, of the continent of North America. What a wonderful world we live in!

THE WHALES COMING BACK.

Twenty years ago it seemed as if whales were destined to be exterminated. The daring fishermen of New England had not only driven them from our coast, but had cleared all the seas of them, and were following the remnants in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. But the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania gave the world such an abundant supply of coal oil that whale oil was no longer required, and the great whaling industry came to an end. Since then these sea monsters have multiplied and are coming back to their old haunts upon our coast. They have returned to Nantucket and Cape Cod, and are frequenting the very seas and bays from which issued the thousands of vessels which had slaughtered their kind in all parts of the ocean. Some fifty have been killed off the coast of Cape Cod during the past year; and the time may not be far distant when whale fishing will become a sport instead of a business, as it was formerly. The harpoon is not now used as of old; but instead, an explosive cartridge which tears and kills the huge fish, if struck in a vital part. Ho for a whaling trip to the coast!

THE SMALLEST YET.

Just think of it. Something new in steam. A little vessel arrived in Halifax recently, the smallest that ever steamed from Europe to America, only 84 feet long, 10 feet deep and 16 feet of beam. Her engine and boiler room is only 26 feet 6 inches, and her gross tonnage is 70.26 hundred tons. This little vessel, called the *Anthracite*, was to test what is known as the Perkins system, which is high pressure, the steam and water being used over and over again. During a voyage of eighteen days she used only twenty tons of coal and 436 gallons of water. It is believed by many that we are only in the alphabet of steam; that great improvements are yet to be made in its use, and it is not improbable that the *Anthracite* may be the forerunner of the adoption of high pressure in place of low pressure steam engines.

Current Topics.

Notes and Comments on Events of the Day.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

The Trouble in France.

The various cabinet troubles in France are due to the steady growth of the radical party. Gambetta is the real exponent of the French people. He calls himself an "opportunist;" that is to say, he accepts the situation, and does the best he can with the materials in hand. He believes the government should do something more for education, for its laboring class, and the development of local self-government, than it has done in the past. Above all, he wishes to get rid of the influence of the Roman Catholic church in France. He thinks the control which the Jesuits and other religious denominations have had over education in France should be put an end to. He wants the state, and not the church, to be the teacher of the people. The break with Premier Freycinet was because the latter, after expelling the Jesuits, did not want to get rid of the priests of other denominations in the public schools and colleges of France. Gambetta has bided his time, and he thinks the opportunity has come to assimilate the educational system of France to that of America. He is still willing that the state should support the church and pay its priests; but as the active forces in the church are monarchical and imperial, he does not think it safe for the republic to leave the education of its young in the hands of the potentates of the Catholic church. An effort has recently been made to separate church and state in Switzerland, but it was voted down by the people, who have not yet arrived to the way of thinking which obtains in this country, where every denomination supports its own church and clergy. Even dissenters and liberals in Europe fear the disestablishment of the national churches, on the ground that were the latter free, they might in some way injure the nation. Hence even the liberals in western Europe are not yet asking the entire separation of church and state; but they do demand that education shall be free from priestly influences.

Tragedies of the Great Deep.

"Man's inhumanity to man," says the poet, "makes countless thousands mourn." This has again been shown by a parliamentary report telling of the ocean disasters which have occurred since 1873. From that exhibit it seems that nearly two thousand lives are lost in English ships every year; and in two-thirds of the cases because the vessels were unfit to go to sea. It was by great self-sacrifice and untiring effort that Mr. Plimsoll succeeded in getting an imperfect law through parliament to prevent unseaworthy vessels from leaving port. This has reduced the number of vessels annually lost from 336 to 234, while instead of two thousand and sixty-five lives lost, there were less than one thousand and seventy-nine last year. Eleven hundred and seventy-one ships foundered at sea in six years, nearly all of which were unseaworthy, and the great bulk left port with the hope on the part of the owners that they would be sunk, so that they could get the insurance. If it was mere carelessness, the matter would not be so appalling; but the records conclusively show that certain merchants of England make it a business to send ships to sea under such conditions that they are pretty sure to founder. In addition to the ships that are known to have been lost, six hundred and twelve left port and were never heard of more. It is a matter of record that some fifteen hundred lives per annum are deliberately sacrificed by British shipowners for the sake of gain. How cruel is wealth! In every country it has been found ne-

cessary to pass laws to protect children who work in factories from the inhumanity of their employers. We have a society in New York for the "prevention of cruelty to children," and it should have branches in every town and village of the country; and were it not for positive law, certain conscienceless and avaricious shippers in England would deliberately sacrifice ten thousands of lives for the sake of a small profit upon the insurance of their worthless vessels.

Carrying Coal to Newcastle.

Russia is the great competitor of the United States in supplying Western Europe with wheat. Southern and Central Russia is a vast wheat field. The soil there is deep and black, as it is in our own West, and the crops are always large. But the Russians have had a surprise, a painful one. Two American vessels laden with corn have entered the port of Ravel, and expect to dispose of their cargoes at a handsome profit. This year the United States will have 200,000,000 of bushels of wheat to export. This great product must force a market at some price; and the future of the European farmer is therefore everything but re-assuring. Cheap food is a blessing to mankind, but when the farmers of the world get less for their crops than it costs to grow them, then one class at least, and that a very important one, have cause to apprehend the future. Europe has had three years of bad crops, and now comes the cheap production of American wheat to still further reduce the income of the farming classes of the Old World. This cannot but have important political and economical consequences in the not distant future.

The Cost of Pleasuring.

How little we realize the immense sums spent in our internal commerce. Vast as is the extent of our foreign commerce, it is a mere drop in the bucket as compared with the sum total of our internal trade. If the statistics could be furnished, it would be interesting to note how large a sum is spent in summer pleasuring. An inquiry has been made as to the expenditures at Coney Island, and it has been found that during the season over twelve million dollars has been expended by visitors at that locality. Just think of it; a spot which a few years ago was a mere sand-heap thrown up by the ocean waves, is now a city with five miles of magnificent hotels, which derive annually an imperial revenue.

The Old, Old Story.

A Belgian baron—a dissipated emigrant—a drunkard—the gutter—Blackwell's Island—death. Such is the history of Charles Howard, who died in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island a few days since. His family were wealthy and noble, and lived in Brussels, Belgium. The young man was a count in his own right, but was sent by his friends to this country in the hope that he would reform a dissipated life. He landed here rich, married an Irish girl; together they drank out their means, and finally found themselves in the street. His family disowned him. He had no friends. Starvation stared him in the face and he became a burglar. For years he had been known to the police as a robber and a drunkard. His dissipation brought on sickness, and he died a miserable death on Blackwell's Island. Such is the story of Charles Howard, baron and burglar.

A Romance of Old Age.

There is quite a romance connected with the second marriage of M. De Lesseps. He had long been a widower, having a young man for a son. One day he met Mademoiselle De Braga. She was a beautiful young woman, and the great canal king was surprised and somewhat embarrassed at the effusive and enthusiastic manner in which he was received by the charming young lady. One day in the garden Mlle. De Braga met M. De Lesseps walking on a terrace. She plucked a rose, went up to him, and, pinning it on his coat, asked him to wear it at dinner. Her manner, change of color, the tremulousness of her voice, told her story but too well. The old Frenchman warned her. "Do you not mean this rose for my son?" said he. "I am past my prime, sixty years of age, and not a suitable companion for a young and lovely woman." Then she told her story. He had always been her ideal. She belonged to a Creole family, and had often heard her father tell the story of De Lesseps' life—his splendid schemes and sore discouragements, of the difficulties he had to overcome in opening the Suez Canal—how the French capitalists were reluctant, the English government hostile, and the Turkish and Egyptian pow-

ers jealous. The young girl's imagination became inflamed, and, like Desdemona, loved the hero of Suez for his splendid achievements and the discouragements he had gone through. Then, when she met the courtly and gracious Frenchman, she was prepared not only to become the old man's darling, but to do the wooing herself. She finally came to be De Lesseps' wife. She was with him when he visited Washington and New York; and the last news from Europe is, she has borne him a son in his old age.

The Story of an Old Coat.

"Why do you wear that seedy old coat?" said the Sultan to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Abeddin Pasha. "Your Sublime Highness," replied the Pasha, "it is the best coat I have got." Replied the Sultan, "So that you may enter the presence of your sovereign fittingly attired, I here give an order to my secretary to give you all the clothing you need." The Pasha took the order, but the Minister of Finance was astounded at the bill; for sly Abeddin had ordered thirty-five suits of clothes. Barnum, of museum fame, can match this story; for one day entering a barber's shop in a hurry, he offered to pay a very soiled Irish gentleman for his turn. "You'll pay the bill, will you?" said Master Pat. "Certainly," said Barnum; but he was astonished when next he visited the shop to be asked to pay one dollar and twenty-five cents, instead of fifteen cents, the usual price of a shave. But it seems that Pat had taken a bath, had his hair cut and shampooed, his whiskers trimmed, and his person anointed, all at the expense of the great showman. Constantinople and New York have much in common, though they are so far apart.

About Benedict Arnold.

The celebration at Tarrytown of the capture of Major Andre, in September last, has led to publications to help rehabilitate the reputation of Benedict Arnold. It is now remembered that he was a most brilliant soldier; that Gates and other officers treated him meanly; that a Congressional cabal intrigued against him, and that when he sought to betray his country, its fortunes were at so low an ebb, that it seemed a shame to spill any more blood. All this may be true, but America will never forgive Benedict Arnold.

It is strange how persistently writers have recently been trying to change the verdict of history respecting noted imperial and kingly criminals. Nero, it is now said, was a poet and an artist; Tiberius, a statesman; Lucretia Borgia, a good wife and mother; while Froude has a good word to say for Henry VIII., although he did have six wives. But impressions made by the reading of current histories are not easily effaced, and it will be many long years before Nero, Lucretia Borgia, Henry VIII., and Benedict Arnold will command the esteem and respect of mankind.

A Good Word for a Bad Thing.

Nihilism has done some good after all. It has abolished the infamous "Third Section," a bureau of the Russian government, which put the lives, liberty, property, and reputation of the Russian people at the mercy of the Russian police. The several attempts on the Czar's life resulted in making General Loris Melikoff the practical dictator of Russia. The Czar handed over to him all his domestic authority. Melikoff at once instituted great reforms, abolishing the Third Section, giving the press a certain amount of freedom, improving the judiciary, and recognizing some, at least, of the rights of private persons.

Nihilism was after all but a violent protest against the worst features of imperialism. Many reforms are needed in Russia, but there was no way of effecting them. The press was not allowed to dissent from the doings of the government, the right to hold public meetings was denied, and all organs of the popular will, as opposed to the wishes of the dynasty, were suppressed. So nothing remained but attempted assassination. It is now settled that on the death of the Czar his successor will call together the first parliament ever held in Russia. A free press, free speech, and an open parliament will see the end of Nihilism in that country.

His Cousins and his Aunts.

It seems to be settled that a man must not make a will which seems to be unjust to any of his relatives. When a person of means dies, if he shows any preferences for certain persons in his will, such of his relatives as have been ignored immediately set to work to prove the testator a lunatic. P. M. Van Wyck died recently in Brooklyn. He

bequeathed his property to certain of his cousins—whereupon twenty-nine other cousins of the deceased banded together to prove Mr. Van Wyck to be of unsound mind. Indeed, so common are these contests over wills that a new terror has been added to death if the dying man leaves any property, and any of his relatives have been overlooked in his bequests. Looking at this matter in the light of natural equity, what right have any of us to another man's property, even if we should be relatives? He who accumulates should own; but his sisters and his cousins and his aunts can have no natural claim upon the property of a man of wealth. Nay, what right has even a son upon the property of his father? What does a parent owe to his child beyond a maintenance until he can take care of himself? The wife who bears children has a valid claim upon the property of her husband, but why should brother, sister, niece, nephews, or cousins have any standing whatever in court when the provisions of a will are disputed? Happy thought! Suppose we all agree not to have any property to fight about when we die. Then it would be no one's interest to prove us lunatics.

Horse-Racing in America.

Well, a new race-course, said to be the finest in the world, has been opened at Sheephead Bay, a place within a short distance of Manhattan Beach, and the papers say there have been some splendid races. Luke Blackburn, a three-year-old colt, has proved to be the king of the turf. His performances are so extraordinary that it is said were he to have run at the Derby he could easily beat any of the great English horses. But Luke Blackburn cannot contest the Derby, as he would be four years old when next run, and only three-year-olds are admitted.

We refer to this matter to point out the immense development of horse-racing in this country. Twenty years back, trotting matches were all the rage. They were the popular races not only at county fairs but in the race-tracks near the large cities. Running races have only recently become popular with us. It is an aristocratic amusement imported from England, and first became naturalized in this country during slave times in the Southern States. But the growth of wealth and luxury has been marked by the formation of jockey clubs in all our large cities, and millions of dollars are invested in horse-flesh for the enjoyment of the so-called patrons of the turf. The apology for this outlay is that the race of horses is thereby improved, and so the leading millionaires, the Belmonts, Astors, Lorillards, Jeromes, Sandfords, and a host of others, are all represented in the leading stables. In the olden times men of wealth were the patrons of letters. From the time of Shakespeare down to the beginning of the present century, it was the custom to dedicate meritorious literary works to nobles or rich men, in consideration for patronage or money help in some way. Our bankers and merchants do buy pictures and statues, but are no longer patrons of literature, and more is the pity. No doubt some benefit is derived from the attendance at race-courses, in the way of health and out-door enjoyment, but all running races are cursed by gambling. Every one bets on the result. There are no kinds of wagers so absurd as those laid on horses. It is the most uncertain of all uncertain ventures. Good reader, don't go to a horse-race, and warn your sons that it is one of the paths which lead straight to destruction.

Don't Touch them.

We mean the cigarette. There is the best authority for stating that all the more popular brands of cigarettes are sweetened with glycerine, and contain opium. Cigarettes are affected by young beginners in smoking. They cannot stand a strong cigar, and crave the mild intoxication which comes from whiffing the cigarette. But these are poisoned by opium and other narcotics, and the tendency is to make confirmed opium drunkards out of users of this seductive sedative. Tobacco is bad enough, Heaven knows, but opium smoking is a thousand times worse. Indeed, there is reason to fear that the doctoring of smoking tobacco is very much resorted to, and that insensibly smokers are acquiring a taste for violent narcotics.

Down in the Deep.

The mysteries of the ocean bottom—will they ever be fathomed? The *Fish-Hawk*, belonging to the United States Fish Commission, has been dredging the ocean near our coast. It is found that the sea fairly teems with life; that little ani-

mals of the most beautiful forms exist, not only on the bottom of the ocean, but beneath the mud and ooze which cover the ocean's floor. The most interesting discoveries were about a hundred miles at sea, near the inner edge of the Gulf Stream. About three hundred fathoms down, the water was forty-two degrees Fahrenheit, while it was seventy-one at the surface. So fragile are most of these fauna that on being taken from their cold bed at the bottom of the ocean to the warmer waters above they are killed by the change of temperature.

It would take all of this magazine to even catalogue the names of the fauna dredged from the bottom of the ocean. They include corals, shells, star-fish, sea-weeds, sea-worms, crabs innumerable, polyps, sea-quills, anemones, and myriads of other indescribable things never before seen by man. One-half of the things found on this voyage are entirely new to science. What a marvelous universe we do live in, to be sure!

Why do they do it?

There have been many discussions as to the right of a person to kill himself. It has been argued that when life becomes intolerable, because of mental anguish or physical distress, it cannot be very wrong for the victim of ill-fortune to take himself quietly out of the world. It is even said that certain physicians, pitying the exquisite suffering of some of their patients, have been known to secretly give them the means of self-destruction, to put the poor creatures out of their misery.

Perhaps this matter will admit of argument, but all must agree that the suicide has no right to "shuffle off his mortal coil" in places associated in the public mind with all that is beautiful and magnificent in nature.

The Central Park in New York city has been the scene of many suicides. Some of the most charming spots in that pleasure resort are associated with the hangings, drownings, and shootings of persons anxious to go anywhere out of the world. During the past summer Niagara Falls has witnessed quite a number of these deaths. A man from Utica, and another from Pittsburg, deliberately sprang into the Falls from Goat Island. A young lady was the unwilling witness of one of these feats of self-murder. She saw the man prepare for death and plunge headlong into the cataract. She screamed for assistance, but her voice was lost in the roar of the waterfall. Of course this thing cannot be stopped, but perhaps it conveys its own moral. May it not be well for us to recall the sharp misery experienced by so many of the children of men, when we are gazing with rapture upon magnificent scenery, or our eyes rest upon pleasant and peaceful landscapes? The earth is truly full of beauty. Why cannot we all work to put man in accord with nature, and strive to abolish sin and suffering from among the abodes of the children of men? When will the happy day come when sorrow and shame and pain will be no more?

Canalling Cape Cod.

Cutting through isthmuses, like that of Suez and Darien, has attracted a great deal of public attention on account of the change they promise to make in the commerce of the world. Of minor importance, but still of no little maritime interest, is the proposition to cut through certain peninsulas. One is projected through Florida, which, if ever effected, will save many lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. The Florida Keys are dangerous to navigation, and a disaster such as that which occurred to the *Vera Cruz* could not have taken place had an artificial harbor been created upon the Florida coast, leading to the canal. A canal through Cape Cod is certain soon to be built. It will be only nine miles long, and when constructed, a steamer leaving Boston or New York at six o'clock in the evening could reach its destination by seven o'clock the next morning. Ocean steamships would save some ten hours in a voyage to New York by this canal. The contracts are already out; digging commenced in September, and the canal will be completed in three years' time. What efforts are making on every side to shorten time and to obliterate space!

The Dreaded Pestilence.

The "black death" has again made its appearance in Russia; this time in a village near Odessa. It will be remembered that about a year since the plague appeared in Southern Russia, and threatened to spread throughout the Empire, in which case it would have visited Western Europe;

but a paternal government has its good points. The Russian soldiery were ordered to the front to combat the pestilence, and they succeeded, after isolating the infected villages, in "stamping out" the dreaded disease.

It is beginning to be understood that plagues and pestilences are subject to human control. There was a time when it was believed the plague and all contagious diseases were controlled by superhuman agencies, and that all men could do was to suffer and die; but every year makes it more evident that all the infectious and contagious diseases which afflict humanity can be stayed in their course by a wise human providence. Of course the individual is powerless when surrounded by morbid influences; but the community is supreme, and can protect itself and all its members. Whenever humanity can act as one organism, it can save the race from all foul forms of disease; plague, cholera, small-pox, fevers of all kinds will then be heard of no more.

The Great Eastern Puzzle.

"What can it all mean?" asks the reader of the dispatches about the relations of Turkey to the other powers of Europe. "Why is the great allied naval fleet in the Bay of Ragusa? What is Dulcigno? Why this interchange of diplomatic notes, these warlike preparations?"

Well, good reader, it is puzzling. But perhaps it may be worth while trying to unravel the mystery. After Turkey was defeated in the late war with Russia, the diplomacy of all Europe, led by Germany and Great Britain, was exerted to prevent Russia reaping the fruits of the victory. Instead of the conquered provinces being given to Russia, the great powers represented at the treaty of Berlin agreed to give Austria, Greece, and England a large portion of the spoils. A brave mountain race, called the Montenegrins, got for its share a seaport called Dulcigno, a place about three times the size of Coney Island; then Greece was to have a portion of ancient Macedonia, and to Great Britain was given the island of Cyprus. The government of the Sultan tried to evade the fulfillment of this treaty; and hence the naval demonstration to enforce the demands of the compact of Berlin. Back of all this potter lies the fact that Turkey as a power is practically dead; but the difficulty is in disposing of the Sultan's territory. Russia ought to have Constantinople, as it needs a great seaport to develop the gigantic possibilities of her commerce. But Europe dreads any accession to the territory, wealth, or power of Russia; and hence the Sultan is kept in control of rich provinces upon which his government is a curse, and a constant cause of disquiet to all Europe. The day cannot be distant when Russia will assert its right to its natural outlet at Constantinople. Keeping this fact in mind will give a key to the mystery of the so-called Eastern question.

Boston's Birthday.

There were joyous times at Boston on the 17th of September last, it being the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the formal settlement of that city. The growth of New England's capital has been marvelous. In 1675 its population was estimated at 4,000. Twenty-five years later at 7,000. One hundred years after the settlement it numbered 15,000. During the revolutionary war, July, 1775, Boston numbered only 6,573 persons, but in the year 1800 the population was near 25,000; and in 1880 about 314,000. In 1800 the real estate of Boston was worth \$7,000,000, and in 1879 about \$429,000,000. But that does not tell all the story. The influence of Boston on the politics and the literature of the country has been great and generally beneficent. Harvard is still the greatest university in the country; and Boston is only second to New York in the wealth and public spirit of its citizens. There has been a good deal of criticism of the "Hub," so called, but all Americans are proud of that grand old city.

Jerusalem as a Sanitarium.

A startling rumor is that which reaches us from the Old World, that the mission of Mr. Goschen from Great Britain to Turkey is to purchase Palestine in the interest of leading wealthy Jews. It is claimed that Jerusalem is a most healthy and delightful climate to live in. Apart from its historic and religious associations, it is said to be a most attractive and delightful sanitary resort. The Marquis of Bute, the millionaire Roman Catholic nobleman, the Lothair of Beaconsfield's novel, is constructing a beautiful villa on the

Mount of Olives. Holman Hunt, the great pre-Raphaelite painter, lives in Jerusalem, and his letters home are so enthusiastic that other artists are following his example. Indeed, the time may not be distant when there will be a speculation in corner lots on the Mount of Olives, and in villas in the Garden of Gethsemane. It will be remembered that the aspiration of Daniel Deronda was to restore Palestine to the Jews. What a blessing it would be if the dream of the crusaders could at length be realized, and the Mohammedan banished from his place of power in the land made sacred by the traditions of the Christian church!

A Morganatic Marriage.

It is now stated that the Czar of all the Russias has been married morganatically to the Princess Dolgorouky, who, it seems, is the mother of five of his children. A marriage of this kind, while in a certain sense it legitimizes the children, does not give the wife any of the dignities which attach to a regular consort of the emperor. One of the evils of kingly and imperial power is, that its possessor is pretty sure to assert his superiority to the conventional laws which control the sexes. There are but few absolute rulers, male or female, who have not asserted their right to form irregular connections outside of the marriage pale. Madame Ramuset tells how Napoleon, as soon as he became emperor, at once notified Josephine that she must not remonstrate if he should pay special attention to other women. The Czar of Russia is an old man; and the only member of his family whose domestic life is above reproach is that of his son the Czarewitch.

Old Miss December and Young Mr. May.

What a world of gossip has followed the announcement of the marriage of the Baroness Burdett Coutts with Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, her former friend and almoner! The bride is sixty-seven years old, decrepit and very homely; the groom a handsome young fellow of twenty-eight. Had not this marriage been talked of, Miss Coutts would have died one of the most respected women who has ever lived. She had great wealth, which she has dispensed most magnificently. Her gifts were not only princely, but wisely and worthily designed. Alms-giving is often a curse to the recipient, but Miss Coutts's benefactions were as wise as they were kind and noble. But the incongruity of a marriage between a decrepit old woman and a handsome young fellow in the vigor of early manhood has lost the baroness the respect and good-will which she has earned through a long and worthy life. It has literally set the whole world gossiping. The bride, it is claimed, must be demented, and the groom is stigmatized as a vulgar fortune-hunter. Miss Marian Evans, better known as George Eliot the novelist, recently married her man of business, an act which was also sharply criticised, as the bride was sixty, and the groom only thirty-eight. The novelist has shown so much common sense in her writings that the whole literary world was amazed at what seemed an old woman's folly. There can be no justification for these unequal matches. They are unnatural and immoral. The sanction of the church cannot make holy unions so repulsive to all wholesome and pure-minded men and women.

The Beautiful Actress.

What a romance was the life of the actress known as Lillian Adelaide Neilson! She was a beautiful woman, with soft, sweet eyes, an air of great refinement, and a manner which seemed to indicate high birth and culture. She died in terrible agony in Paris from an internal disorder brought on by intemperate living. In her dying moments she was terrified by the entrance into her death-chamber of a huge bat. "Take it away!" exclaimed the timid, tortured woman, her horror of the noisome animal being keener than her fear of death itself. People who go to theaters will recall her as the finest Juliet known to this generation. She had no equal on the stage in characters requiring beauty, grace, tenderness, and sweetness. Upon her death the papers told romantic stories of her birth and life. It was said she was born in Saragossa, Spain; that her mother was an artist, and she the natural daughter of an English duke. But the truth came out at last. This beautiful, sweet-appearing woman came from the very depths of society. Her name was Elizabeth Ann Brown; she was born in March, 1839, in Leeds, England, and her mother, a common gipsy woman, is still living. She was first a

bar-maid, then a ballet-dancer, and for the best part of her life "Lizzie Brown" was everything a pure, good woman should not be. She left a great deal of money, but her mother was not mentioned in her will, the bulk of her fortune going to a favored Admiral of the English navy, a disreputable associate of the Prince of Wales. What a strange discrepancy there was between the little gipsy Elizabeth Ann Brown and the sweet, *spirituelle* Lillian Adelaide Neilson!

Unto us a Child is Given.

We have all heard of children being born with a silver spoon in their mouths. But to be passed round for inspection just after birth on a gold tray is the fate of very few infants. But this is what happened to a daughter of Alfonso, King of Spain. It is the custom in royal households for the highest dignitaries of the State to be present at the birth of a possible heir to the throne. And there was a gathering of unusual magnificence to hail the advent of the daughter of Queen Christina. No less than eighty persons were present; Ministers, Ambassadors, Princes, Arch-duchesses, and among the others an ex-queen of Spain, the ill-famed Isabella, mother of the King. All this brilliant gathering were in uniform, with the exception of the representative of the United States. It was a disappointment, however, for a son had been expected. Spain has had a troubled history of late years, and it was felt that there would be more hope of order being maintained by a king than by a queen. In graceful compliment to the loved and lost first wife of King Alfonso, the Infanta of Spain was named Mercedes Teresa.

In the Wilds of Asia.

A great British victory over the Afghans—such is the claim of the telegrams sent to this country respecting the result of a conflict near Candahar between General Roberts and Ayoub Khan. It will be remembered that General Burrows with a brigade of English troops had been defeated by the same Ayoub Khan, and an English force had been besieged in Candahar. It was to raise this siege that General Roberts attacked Ayoub Khan. This he succeeded in doing. But these little fights do not tell the whole story. Gigantic changes in the course of human history are likely to result from these insignificant skirmishes in Central Asia. Russia is overshadowing that ancient continent. Slowly but surely she is conquering a vast territory, bounded by China on the east and Persia on the west. Year by year the forces of the Czar are getting nearer to the frontier of British India. Great Britain fears for her Eastern empire, and the invasion of Afghanistan by the Beaconsfield government was to meet Russia half way, and establish what has been called a scientific frontier for the defense of India. The Gladstone government wished to retire from Afghanistan, but the defeat of Burrows and the movements of the Russian troops may force the present administration to continue the aggressive military policy of its predecessor in Central Asia. The possession of India is the prize. Should Russia capture it, she dominates over the whole world. The only power likely to contest her supremacy in numbers and strength would be the United States of America.

Men and Horses Racing.

In Chicago recently there was a 156-hour race between men and horses, which ended in a victory for a person named Byrne, only twenty years of age. He scored 540 miles in his six days' record, and at the close of 156 hours had run 578 miles, the leading horse being ten miles behind him. Last October there was a similar contest in San Francisco, but then the horses won with a six-day record of 559 miles. This shows that, so far as endurance and speed go, man is the equal if not the superior of horses, a fact which will surprise a great many people. General John C. Fremont, in 1847, with two companions, crossed 800 miles of roadless and mountainous country in 158 hours, only 100 of which were spent in the saddle. But the method of traveling was peculiar. The horses were frequently changed, those not under saddle being driven ahead and lassoed when wanted. This is supposed to be the most remarkable of all rides upon record. Three years ago nine Italian officers tried to ride 310 miles, so as to show what might be expected of horses in actual warfare. Only three finished the distance, and they required 103 hours to do so. About four years since, another Italian officer with a single horse rode 580 Italian miles in ten days. Prince De Ligne once rode from Vienna to Paris in six days. They are 500 miles

apart as the crow flies. Of course he had frequent relays of horses. The Count De Maintenay did the same feat in less time on a single Hungarian horse. He was then the bearer of the consent of the Emperor of Austria to the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise. He was rewarded for his speed with a jeweled snuff-box worth six thousand francs. It is said that it is impossible to keep up continuously, either on foot or on horseback one hundred miles a day for five days running, but men can come near doing it much more quickly and surely than can horses.

The Presidential Tour.

President Hayes took a trip recently to the Pacific coast. He is not very popular in California, because he vetoed a certain anti-Chinese bill which passed through Congress. It was supposed that the criticisms upon his course would lead to some discourtesy on the part of the people of California. Now the Chinese question is a "burning" one on the other side of the Sierras. Rightfully or wrongfully, the community detest the Chinese; but, to their honor, be it said the people of the Golden State so respected the high office President Hayes fills that he was received with every mark of distinction. General Grant had been feted and applauded on the coast to the echo for his services during the war. Rutherford B. Hayes as a man has done nothing to merit a public reception, but it is a hopeful sign of our institutions that party feeling and personal dislike can all be laid aside when the chief magistrate of the nation visits any part of the United States. It will be a sad day for the republic when any considerable section of the American people fails to properly honor an office filled by Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant.

Provision against Old Age.

How shall I provide for my wife and children after I die?

How many millions of men have asked this question! How doubtful has appeared the future of their dear ones in view of the precarious conditions of life, unprofitable business, and sudden death!

Hence life insurance companies. But they have proved so uncertain. What millions of dollars have been swallowed up in companies which have failed, or which have fought off widows' and orphans' claims, and rid themselves of their responsibilities by raising technical objections! Then the life insurance business is so costly. See its magnificent buildings; its officers with salaries greater than that of the President of the United States; its agents rolling in wealth, all of which comes out of the pockets of the policy-holders. It is computed that of the money paid in for life insurance, not over seven per cent. has been returned to those who have taken out policies. All the rest, all the ninety-three per cent., has been swallowed up in costly buildings, officers' salaries, agents' commissions, and in downright swindling.

The New York Stock Exchange has a life insurance which so far has proved an excellent one for its members. When a broker dies, \$10 is assessed upon every other member of the Exchange, which makes a sum of over \$10,000, and this, together with the price of the seat, goes to the widow and children. Here is no commission, no salary, no building fund, no swindling.

Now how is this excellent scheme to be utilized by society at large? This is answered by the American Legion of Honor, an organization which has come into existence to promote the following objects:

1st. To unite fraternally all persons of sound bodily health and good moral character who are socially acceptable, and between eighteen and sixty-five years of age.

2d. To give all moral and material aid in its power to its members and those dependent upon them.

3d. To educate its members socially, morally, and intellectually.

4th. To establish a fund for the relief of sick and distressed members.

5th. To establish a benefit fund, from which, on the satisfactory evidence of the death of a member of the Order, who has complied with all its lawful requirements, a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars shall be paid to the family, orphans, or dependents as the members may direct.

The members of this Legion of Honor are divided into six degrees. When a death occurs, there is an assessment on the members, and the benefits accrue in proportion to the degree. For

instance, when a member of the sixth degree dies his family receives \$5,000, the fifth degree \$4,000, the fourth degree \$3,000, the third degree \$2,000, the second degree \$1,000, and the first degree \$500. There is a graduated scale of payments according to age. Of course, an invalid person cannot belong to the Order, and an elderly person has to pay much higher assessments than a younger one. The scheme seems to be admirable, and its efficiency depends entirely upon the honesty with which it is worked. The various secret societies are not always efficient. Freemasons, Odd Fellows, and other secret organizations have had a partial success, but this American Legion of Honor seems to have a better organization for benefiting its members than any other now in existence.

The Order of the Garter.

The Duke of Bedford takes the vacant place in the Order of the Garter made so by the death of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. This Duke is the head of the great house of Russell. The family dates back to Henry VIII., and were enriched by the spoliation of the church estates. The family history has been ennobled by the name of William, Lord Russell, heir to the Earldom, who was beheaded in 1683 by order of the cruel Jeffries. The late Earl Russell (Lord John) was the most capable member of this great ducal house. The new Knight of the Garter holds 87,425 acres of land, which has an annual rental of over \$600,000. These lands are distributed in ten different counties, and besides there are large estates in London. Indeed, one-fifth of the city of London is said to be built upon the property of the Duke of Bedford. These lands are not sold, but are leased, provision being made that at the expiration of the leases the land, with its houses and improvements, reverts to the Duke of Bedford's heirs. The value of this London property may be inferred from the fact that in a recent expropriation a piece of Russell property was valued at eighteen guineas a foot, or over four million dollars an acre. Who would not be a duke?

Is she Mad?

The great novelist Bulwer, otherwise known as Lord Lytton, had a wife with whom he quarreled. She wrote a novel showing some literary ability, but the point of which was an attack upon her husband. When a candidate for member of parliament, she appeared on the hustings to oppose him, but this did not prevent his election. She bore her husband a son while they lived together, since known as the poet Owen Meredith. His productions have very great merit, and many of them are popularly recited by our traveling elocutionists. Earl Beaconsfield made this poet Governor-General of India, but he did not achieve much distinction as a ruler, although he had served with honor as a diplomatist to Austria, about which he subsequently wrote a novel. Lady Bulwer has again come to the front in a book entitled "A Blighted Life," in which she calls her son (the Viceroy of India) a "miserable hound," and her late husband (the distinguished novelist) a "brute." Perhaps the poor woman is crazy.

An old, old Abuse.

Just think of giving pensions which are to last not only for the lifetime of the recipient, but for generations after him! The Duke of Marlborough was given by the English parliament the magnificent country seat, Blenheim, and his heirs have received about four million dollars since his death. The Duke of Wellington's descendants get \$20,000 per annum. A certain Duke of Schumberg, who died two centuries ago, has cost the English nation over four million dollars in pensions. Why, Heaven only knows. The heirs of Sir Thomas Clarges have drawn \$4,000 per annum for over two hundred years. Nobody knows for what. This is only a sample of the magnificent pension list of England, and now comes Charles Bradlaugh to the front with the proposition for a parliamentary commission to inquire into these old pensions, why they were paid, and why they may not be discontinued to the benefit of the public treasury. There will be a howl, of course, against cutting off these sinecures, but we in this country certainly regard these annuities as an unjust impost upon tax-payers.

The Loss of the "Vera Cruz."

What a terrible story is that of the foundering of the *Vera Cruz*, a vessel which sailed between New York and certain of the ports in the West Indies. It was a staunch ship (none better sailed from our harbor); the captain was tried and true;

the first mate had been a captain, familiar with the sea and with the coast; the crew did their duty; the machinery was all in order, and yet this strong vessel, ably commanded and well manned, was broken in two by the waves, and barely twelve persons saved out of some sixty on board. When leaving New York, the captain had been warned that a cyclone would be likely to strike his vessel. Had he kept to the east, or swerved but a few points in the compass, he would have made a prosperous voyage. But he was caught literally between two whirlwinds. Had he really been in either one or the other, there would have been no great danger; but it was the action of the two opposing forces which raised such waves that the water came down the hatchways, put out the fires, and then the fine vessel became unmanageable. The newspapers have told the story. Here were heroism and splendid efforts to save life, but the boats could not be launched, the noble captain was swept from the decks, and at length the ship parted in two, thirty miles from the shore. As we have said, twelve persons were saved, being driven on the Florida shore on pieces of the wreck. It is a sad story, and one which will long be remembered in the list of disasters which have occurred on our coast.

A Murderous Gun.

A new Prussian gun, which is to be given to the soldiers of Germany for use in war, seems to be an extraordinary weapon, if all is true that is claimed for it. It is capable of firing twelve shots in twenty-four seconds, after which it may be used like any ordinary gun of one shot. It can be loaded while firing. It has a store-chamber, holding cartridges, of sheet iron, weighing 350 grammes, and with the capacity of eleven cartridges. This store-chamber can be removed or inserted at will, and it acts automatically when the store-chamber is opened, or even when it is shut. No special movement is necessary. In opening this store-chamber a cartridge comes in, and in closing, another cartridge comes forward so that it will fall into the place when the store-chamber is again opened. This store-chamber can be adapted to any gun loading at the breech, if the latter can be provided with a cylindrical closing. It requires but fifteen seconds to refill the store-chamber. The inventor of this murderous machine is M. Lowee, a member of the Progressionist party of Prussia, and a leading orator in the League of Peace.

The Photophone, the latest marvel.

What miracles science has daily in store for us! Just think, we will soon be transmitting sound by light—in other words, the sun's rays will be used to send sounds from one end of the country to the other. This is an invention of Thomas Melville Bell, the first utilizer of the telephone; and he told his story modestly at the last meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science. This is not the place to describe the technique of this new discovery. All we care to do is to herald it, and point out its wonderful possibilities.

Artificial light can be used instead of the sun's rays—but it seems possible that with this new agency we can speak to our fellow men all over the globe without the intervention of the telegraph. Some years since scientists discovered that all the forces of nature were convertible; that light, heat, electricity, muscular motion, magnetism, were interchangeable, and could be converted one into the other. This new discovery is a confirmation of the truth of this theory, sometimes known as the Conservation of Force. It has got to be a truism that no atom of matter or any tangible force can be destroyed. They are indestructible. If matter disappears in one shape, it reappears in another. If you seek to destroy electricity, it reappears as light or heat. So of these two immaterialities of matter and force we are at least sure. But what miracles science has in store for us!

An Overland Trip.

LETTER III.

PALACE HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., September 20, 1880.

DEAR DEMOREST:—With a bottle of "Pond's Extract" in one hand, and my pen in the other, I sit me down to give you my humble views of the "Yosemite Valley" region. To say that we are tired but faintly expresses our present state. We are "all broke up!" But a happier week than the past one I have never spent in my life.

Eight days ago we took our seats in the comfortable sleeping car at Oakland for Madera, an insignificant station out on the plains, on the line of the Southern Pacific. Rising at five the next morning, after the usual Western breakfast of "ham and eggs and sich," we took our first experience of Western staging. And such an experience! In the early morning, dashing over the level prairies, six in hand, the fresh, cool breeze had a most bracing and exhilarating effect on me. I wanted to sing, shout, or do anything to show how happy I was, and how perfect was my appreciation of our surroundings. But I resolutely restrained myself, out of respect to my fellow passengers, and contented myself with whistling sundry and various airs of a more or less classical nature. But, ah me! I knew not what was to come. If I had, I doubt not but that I should have whistled a funeral dirge instead of "My Mary Ann."

In about an hour or two the sun began to show his power, and I stopped whistling, and contented myself with watching in quiet enjoyment the various birds and beasts that presented themselves along our route in rapid succession. The jackass rabbit, or, as he is called by his intimate friends, "jack rabbit" was the most amusing fellow of all. He has the longest wings—I mean ears—of anything near his size I ever saw. When he stops just on the brow of a hill, with the sky for a background, and throws forward his ears, it is hard to keep from shooting him for a deer. Not on account of his size, for he is only the size of an ordinary rabbit, but when his "sails" are unfurled they loom up like the antlers on a buck's head. The little fool is so curious that if you will only whistle he will stand and watch you till you riddle him with bullets, and he drops from sheer inability to stand. The quail and doves along the road were even more numerous than our "chippy-birds." East, and soon a noble buck sprang up from behind a clump of bushes right ahead, and dashing across the road was lost to view behind the brow of the hill; and to think I had nothing but a pocket-knife to kill him with!

All these curious things served to amuse me, though it was hot, till we reached the foot of the mountains and began the toilsome ascent. Oh my, the dust! Whew! you remember New York on a March day, with the wind furiously driving along our clean streets. We had that sort of thing steady, from eight o'clock A.M. to the same time P.M. Then the coach would strike a rock, and we would all "drift to leeward" with a unanimity which to a disinterested observer would no doubt be extremely amusing, but to us was agony untold, after the novelty had worn off, which with me happened about the seven hundred and sixty-third jolt. But coming down the mountains the fun commenced. Around the curves we dashed at a furious speed, with steep cliffs now on one side now on the other, and barely room enough for the coach. Some of the turns were so sudden that the heads of the leaders went out of sight for a moment. The driver, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Wild Cat George," insisted that pretty soon we would come to curves where he would be able to lean over and pat the faces of the leaders as they dashed by! However, I didn't see them. I was no doubt occupied in rubbing the dust out of my eyes. At night, when we "put up" at Clark's (the half-way station), a more begrimed, tired, hungry set of travelers never was seen. I went to bed and dreamed that I was a stage-driver who had tumbled his load of passengers down the side of the mountain, and we were rolling, rolling,—eh?

Thank heaven! it's the porter hammering away at the door for me to be off on the stage.

Our ride the next day was much the same as the day before, the scenery being much bolder, and giving us, as it were, a foretaste of what was to come. About twelve o'clock, I was rubbing the dust out of my eyes with one hand and holding on for dear life with the other, for we were rapidly descending, when the coach turned a more abrupt curve than usual, and the driver rang out, "Inspiration Point!" and there right below us lay the wonderful "Yosemite Valley" in all its grandeur and beauty.

No description can give more than a faint idea of this wonderful spot. In front of us, spread out like a map, lay the "floor" of the valley, with the Merced River dashing through, while around sprang upward immense cliffs, not slanting and wooded, but sheer walls of barren rock.

There seemed no means of ingress to the val-

Current Topics.

Notes and Comments on Events of the Day.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE
THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING
THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS
HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR
POINT OF VIEW.

The Glory and Shame of Burns.

The Central Park is becoming the American Pantheon for celebrated men. In the old Roman Pantheon, it will be remembered, there were erected the statues of the gods of all nations. Rome was generous; Jupiter might preside over the destinies of the Eternal City, but the Roman warrior, when he conquered a nation, adopted its gods as his own. Hence, with a liberality unknown to the modern zealot, he honored alike Zeus and all his contemporary deities.

Already the Central Park has its statues of Shakespeare, Webster, Sir Walter Scott, Morse, Humboldt, and Schiller. The last addition is that of the poet Burns. It is to be found at the lower end of the Mall, opposite the statue of Sir Walter Scott, and it is said to be an excellent likeness. Burns will ever be remembered as the poet of the poor. No sweeter strains than his were ever sung. His merits as a poet, at the dedication of the statue, were warmly eulogized by George William Curtis, and the Rev. Robert Colver, on the next Sunday, paid a fine tribute to the Scottish Bard. But alas, that we should have to say it. While Burns gave utterance to the noblest sentiments; while he showed a tender and feeling heart, he emphasized Byron's phrase that "man was half dust, half deity," for his private life was a shameful one. He died at 37, a poor drunken sot. His wife loved him with a strange devotion, for, though he was untrue to her, she had so much magnanimity as to take his child, of which she was not the mother, into her own family. Let his life be a warning as much as his poems are an inspiration.

What shall be done with Him?

Daniel O'Connell, at least that was the name he gave himself, was found drunk on the streets of New York. He was arrested and sent to Blackwell's Island. In seven years this man had been 138 times committed for drunkenness. When one term of imprisonment expired he immediately got drunk, and was sent back to be imprisoned anew. Should not there be a special law for such cases as this, which, by the way, are not unfrequent? There are many men, and alas that we should say it, women as well as men, who cannot abstain from strong drink. They are characterized as being their own worst enemies, and so they are. Why should not society save them from themselves, and imprison them for a sufficient number of years to cure them of their unnatural thirst for liquor? An habitual drunkard is not only an offense against society, but a nuisance to himself. There can be no abridgment of personal rights, if such a person is placed under conditions that will keep him a decent, moral, and sober human being. We should have houses of refuge for these insane people, where liquor could be kept from them for a sufficient number of years until the appetite had entirely died out.

In the Land of Mist and Ice.

No news of the *Jeannette*. A year ago she was fitted out by James Gordon Bennett, and sent up north to discover the Pole. All was well with her at last accounts, but lately an uneasy feeling has prevailed, she has not been heard from in so many months. Several attempts have been made to follow her path and find some relics of the vessel or her crew, but they have left no sign. Neither letter nor any evidence that she either survives or has been lost in the ice has been found.

The vessel was a staunch one, the crew was of picked men, the season was open, and it is barely possible that the mystery of the land of mist and snow, "east of the sun and west of the moon," may perhaps have been solved by this expedition. We fear however that the problem of the Pole will not be solved by sudden dashes. Captain Howgate's scheme of a colony that would remain year after year, and approach little by little to the desired goal is the one which has the best appearance of practicability. If the expedition advances step by step, keeping its communications open in the rear, some season would come when a dash forward could be made and the Pole reached. But the public anxiety will continue until it is known what has been the fate of the *Jeannette*.

Feeding the World.

The food question has become of such enormous importance in Great Britain that an international fair was held during October in which was exhibited provisions from all parts of the world. Nearly half the food consumed in the British Islands comes from other countries, and every year Great Britain depends more and more upon other nations to feed and support her inhabitants. The fair was, as may be supposed, a brilliant one. The competition was in flour, dairy products, all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables, pickles, and in fact everything edible. America leads the world in canned articles of food. Our corned beef put up in packages is known in every country in Europe and Asia. The canning of vegetables and fruits has become an immense trade. The great Republic is beginning to supply all Europe with food. What a destiny is before this country if we are wise enough to take advantage of our great natural resources.

A Blind Man on Mont Blanc.

A blind man, F. J. Campbell, writes an interesting letter to the London *Times*, telling how he ascended Mont Blanc. As one of the objects of ascending that magnificent mountain is to see the country around it, Mr. Campbell must have lost half of the benefit of the trip, but he made an honest climb. He was not dragged up, but allowed his son to precede him, and followed the guide faithfully step by step to the very top. He depended upon his own arm in ascending, but in descending he admits that he made use of the guide's arm. The difficult and dangerous place known as the Bosse was not so perilous as he had supposed, but then perhaps his want of sight made him lose some of the sense of danger which accompanies the climbing of that part of the mountain. Very few human beings are competent to attack Mont Blanc, and the guide was quite justified in saying to Mr. Campbell, when he had reached the summit, "Welcome to the summit of Mont Blanc. You are the first and last blind gentleman who will ever stand on this the highest point of Europe."

Suiciding for Science.

The Royal Mail Steamer *Elbe*, which runs from Liverpool to Rio Janeiro, has on board a doctor who is an enthusiast on the subject of serpents' bites. An amiable, shrinking man ordinarily, he has become so infatuated with a cure he has discovered for snakes' bites that he has repeatedly had himself bitten so as to show the value of his antidote. At Bahia, he succeeded in conveying on board of the vessel a large rattlesnake which he kept in his cabin. He made the snake sting him, and the result was that he was found some twelve hours later in a state of coma, from which, however, he recovered. He said that the venom had no effect upon him. The crew and passengers were terrified; they killed the snake, and made the doctor promise not to do so any more on board the vessel. At Rio Janeiro, however, he plunged into the woods, and found a venomous snake which he made bite him. His delay was so long that it was feared that he was this time the victim to his own enthusiasm, but, before the vessel sailed, he turned up radiant and certain that he had at last secured that great boon to humanity, an antidote to the bite of snakes. There is no fear of snakes in this country, but in India it is computed that twenty thousand persons die annually from the bites of venomous serpents.

Newspapers Galore.

Just think of it! There are in the United States 9,723 newspapers. 843 are daily newspapers, 58 are

tri-weekly, 129 semi-weekly, 7,590 weekly, 43 bi-weekly, 123 semi-monthly, 868 monthly, 14 bi-monthly and 55 quarterly. New York State leads the list, having 1,239 papers. There are 445 German newspapers, 30 French, 4 Welsh, 1 Portuguese, 2 Polish, 2 Hebrew and 1 Cherokee. It is a pity we have so many newspapers. There should be fewer of them and better ones. It is a curious fact that London to-day has fewer daily papers than it had thirty years ago. As cities grow, some one paper monopolizes the interest of the reading public, and it is probable that ten years from now there will be fewer newspapers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis than there are to-day. It is a very difficult thing to establish a new paper in a large city. The cost is so great, as well as the difficulty of procuring news outside of the regular channels, that capital is deterred from entering that field.

What They Spent.

It is estimated that sixty thousand Americans visited Europe during the past season, and that they spent \$3,000 apiece, in all \$180,000,000. This is an enormous sum total, and yet we cannot say that the money was lost. All who can afford it should see the Old World. The New World surpasses it in natural beauties. We have a greater variety of soil and climate, but the historic associations of the Old World are the heritage of the whole race. William H. Vanderbilt alone spent what many Americans consider quite a fortune. He gave \$40,000 for one Meissonier. American artists have suffered by the education of our rich, who find so much better and cheaper pictures abroad that they learn to patronize the foreign artist to the detriment of their American rivals.

Cleopatra's Needle again.

Well, they have laid the corner-stone of Cleopatra's needle at the chosen site in Central Park, of New York. The place selected is a mound in a rolling country, and is probably as unfit a location as could be made. The Needle is a straight column, and was intended to be set up in a flat desert. Of course a vertical shaft on a horizontal surface is as striking a contrast as can be presented to the eye. But the obelisk goes on a mound in Central Park. The occasion was celebrated by a parade of the Free Masons, who claimed to have discovered on the foundation-stone of the obelisk masonic emblems. The day was a beautiful one, the procession was large, and visitors who come to New York in six months from now will have a chance to see the famous Needle of Cleopatra. By the way, these Egyptian associations recall the myth of the Sphinx, which was supposed to utter a cry when the light struck it in the early morning, and when the sun set at night. Could it be that the Egyptians knew how to transmute light into sound? for this is the latest discovery of modern science. The Egyptians certainly knew many arts which have been lost in moderns. They could liquefy gold and keep it a liquid. Modern engineering is unequal to the task of building a pyramid; that is, of transporting the immense masses of stone to the great distances which went to the construction of the pyramids. In many things these ancient inhabitants of the Nile were ahead of the moderns.

Transmuting Light into Sound.

What wonders science has in store for us. The photophone is a very marvelous discovery. As our readers are aware, within the past twenty years it has been found that all natural forces are convertible one into the other. That is to say, quantitatively you can transmute light into heat, heat into electricity, electricity into motion, and so through all the imponderable forces. There is no such thing as the destruction of a force. It always reappears in some other shape. If you clap your hands smartly together heat is the result of the arrested motion. This will give an idea of the convertibility of the forces. In experimenting with the telephone it was found that a ray of light could be transmuted, or changed, into a sound. Prof. Bell, one of the perfectors of the telephone, is the discoverer of this new fact in science, and it promises to be fruitful in practical results. The rays of the sun or beams from an electric light can be made use of to give distant signals in sound. The impinging of a ray of light upon a sensitive diaphragm emits a sound, and a succession of sounds would make a word. It may be possible to read or to hear a message sent by light thousands of miles. Who knows but what, by

means of rays of light, we may yet communicate with the inhabitants of the other planets, suns or stars. If beings of a higher range of intelligence than those which dwell on this earth inhabit the distant stars, they must know all about the mysteries of light and sound, and when our feeble intelligence compasses the same knowledge of the possibilities of the light that they have, perhaps some means may be found of communicating with all the wilderness of stars which spangle the heavens by night.

Poor Old Ireland.

The news which reaches us from beautiful, but misgoverned and very unfortunate, Ireland is heartbreaking. The people are plunged in poverty, and are in open revolt against paying their rents. Ireland has no coal or iron, and is therefore at a disadvantage with its neighboring and governing island. There are no manufactures except a few linen ones, and the people are forced to depend upon the products of the soil. A vicious land system has obtained, and the products of the island have been drained away by absentee landlords. The late Richard Cobden, John Bright, and some radical reformers have long wished for the Government to buy the landlords' rights, and to resell the soil to its actual cultivators, so that the improvements put upon the land would inure directly to the benefit of the person who made them. One of the wisest results of the French Revolution was the transfer of the estates of the Church and the nobles to the peasants. This got rid of a grievous tax on labor, and has resulted in making France the richest nation on earth, with the most contented agricultural class, America alone excepted. Land leagues have been organized in Ireland, the people are supposed to be arming, the more cruel of the landlords are being shot, and disorder reigns throughout this "gem of the ocean," for it is really a country blessed by nature. The land is fertile, the crops abundant, it is near the great cities of the world, and everything conspires to make it a peaceful and happy country, always excepting the misgovernment to which it is subject. In view of the protests the British Government is making to the Sultan respecting the misgovernment of his dominions, some wag in a London paper has gotten up a dispatch which is a very telling satire on the position of Great Britain. It is a take-off and a happy one apropos of the Dulcigno naval demonstration against Turkey. Says this dispatch:

"The Sultan is deeply moved by the social disorder now prevailing in Ireland and the paralysis which has overtaken the government of that country, so that human life is insecure and property no longer protected. His Majesty, as one of the European Powers, cannot, without disregard of his responsibility as a sovereign prince, continue to view with unconcern a condition of affairs unparalleled in Europe, which by its continuance threatens to destroy all respect for authority and loosen the very bonds of civilization. His ambassador at the Court of St. James will be instructed to press upon her Majesty's government the expediency of adopting without delay such measures as may put an end to a state of things which cannot be protracted without danger to the common weal of Europe; and failing attention to these remonstrances a division of the Turkish fleet will proceed to the Irish coast to render such assistance as may be necessary to protect life and property."

No Ships, no Commerce.

America has a vast trade, internal and external, but she has little or no shipping. Sailing vessels are now but little used in the commerce of the world, and steamers can be built cheaper in England and elsewhere than in this country. Great Britain's countenance to the rebel cruisers destroyed our shipping during the civil war. We have never recovered from the blow.

A convention was held lately in Boston, of people interested in the shipping interests of the country, to see what could be done to make our flag again honorably known on all the seas and oceans of the earth. It was found that our navigation laws prevented us buying ships where they were cheap. It was also discovered that England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Holland helped their steamship lines by direct government aid, giving large sums of money for the carrying of the mails. While the United States protects its manufactures by liberal tariff duties, it wholly neglects the shipping interests. It will not pay even decent prices for carrying the mails.

The bulk of the representatives come from the interior, and they do not realize that our shipping needs any help. The convention of shipping people to improve our commercial relations recommend that the tariff should be taken off of the materials which go to construct vessels. They think Government should pay liberally for the mails being carried, and that, in a general way, the United States should do something toward having our immense exports and imports carried in American bottoms. It will not be many years before Chicago, and other western cities, will be trying to ship directly to Europe. By that time the Welland Canal will be finished, and then vessels drawing fourteen feet can be loaded at Chicago and Milwaukee, and sail direct for Liverpool by the way of Montreal. If this should be successful, it will make a vast change in the commerce of the country, and the increase in the trade and population of the lake ports will be very great, while the cities on the sea-coast will naturally languish and be checked in their growth.

Schwatka's Adventurous Feat.

Still trying to solve the mystery of the death of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. The latest attempt was a daring one, and was undertaken by Lieut. Schwatka with a party of picked men, who adopted the novel plan of trying to live on the Arctic country they passed through. He and his party were well armed with repeating rifles, and they fortunately found an abundance of reindeer, bear, walrus, seal and other varieties of Arctic game. That is, it was generally so, for at times the party were put to sore straits to satisfy their hunger. Many hundreds of miles were traveled, the party being away from any base of supplies. Captain Hall, an American explorer, adopted the same plan one time, and lived for several years among the Esquimaux. He adopted their modes of life, their habits of eating, but his untimely death prevented the world from reaping the benefit of his researches in the Arctic regions. It is needless to tell the story of Schwatka's search. He did discover some few relics of Sir John Franklin. He brought back a number of curiosities from that land of mystery, mist, and ice which were on exhibition last month at the rooms of the American Geographical Society. He also brought back the bones of Lieut. Irving, one of Franklin's party. Indeed his curiosities, if we recounted them, would fill more space than we can afford to the matter.

A combination of Howgate's plan of a colony making gradual approaches toward the Pole with Schwatka's plan of taking advantage of the season when game was plenty to make a dash to the Pole and perhaps the mystery could be solved. Americans ought not to allow foreigners to solve this problem. We are, in some respects, nearer the Pole than they are in England. At least it is mainly on the American continent that approaches are made to get on the inside of the Arctic circle. It would be worth a national celebration if an American should plant the stars and stripes on the spot around which the earth revolves on its daily axis.

An Hygiearium Proposed.

A somewhat clumsy word this, but its author wished to attract special attention to a scheme which would be of vast benefit to humanity if it could be carried out. Mr. D. G. Croly has written a letter to the Executive Committee of the World's Fair to be held in New York in 1883, suggesting to them that in choosing a site it would be well to bear in mind the possibility of using the buildings for another purpose after the exhibition is over. In former world's fairs the buildings have had to be removed at the close, involving great waste and the loss to the world of many noble structures. Mr. Croly proposes that the various edifices shall be so constructed, that they can be permanently used for a great sanitarium or "hygiearium," as he prefers to call it. The peculiarity of this structure will be that its several departments should be so constructed as to give a different climate, each variation of temperature and air being adapted to certain forms of chronic disease. Certain consumptives require the dry air of Colorado or Minnesota; other forms of this disease are better served by warm, moist air such as that of Florida. This condition is now reproduced in every large conservatory. People with kidney troubles require the surface of the body to be kept moist and warm. Nervous complaints can be alleviated by proper atmospheric surroundings; while malarial diseases would soon

be gotten rid of in atmospheres absolutely pure and healthy. Human beings live under artificial conditions. We clothe our bodies to alter the temperature. We live in houses to avoid the rigors of the outside air. We eat cooked food to make our aliment healthful as well as toothsome. But so far we have taken the air and water raw. This new proposition means that air should be "cooked," manipulated, so as to be not only innocuous but tonic and health-giving. We get our fevers from contaminated water, and malaria from poison-laden air. In the hygiearium the air and water could be strained, purified, and in every way rendered beneficial to the human system. Mr. Croly thinks that this health resort should take up a thousand acres; that it should involve the most beautiful flora and fauna of every clime. It should represent all healthful temperatures. It should be the marvel of the world for its exhibition of plants, animals, birds, and should be the resort of the gay in summer and winter, as well as the sick. Once established, the business man who is sick need not go abroad; for he could find his Italy or his Colorado within fifteen miles of City Hall, and within telephonic reach of his business office; nor need the ailing wife or child be sent on long voyages to seek climatic conditions which could be found near their parents' home. This is a splendid scheme, and may some day be realized. Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. Chislani Durant, and other eminent physicians warmly indorse the scheme, and say it is entirely practicable.

Fighting about Fish.

There is trouble along the shores of Newfoundland. American fishermen are being ill-used by the Canadian fishermen. Under the treaty with Great Britain, Americans have the right to take bait and fish in those waters. We paid Great Britain \$5,000,000 to establish our right to these fisheries, but the local fishermen mob the Americans, refuse to allow them to take bait, and maltreat American citizens who insist upon our treaty rights. Our Secretary of State, William M. Evarts, has tried very hard to get the British Government to do us justice, but so far without result. Were we a powerful nation at sea we could send a fleet to the fishing grounds to enforce our rights; but we have no fighting ships, and are powerless to resent an injury or protect our citizens abroad. Some day we will drift into a war, and then we will see how unwise has been our Congress in not fostering our commerce, and in not giving us at least a few vessels to guard our coasts and protect our seamen and fishermen.

Splendid Skies.

The stars this fall have been magnificent. Jupiter and Saturn were never so brilliant, for both are unusually near the earth. It will be many generations before Jupiter is as near our planet as it was during last September. Said the great philosopher Kant, "There are two things which move me strangely—the starry sky above us, and the moral law within." Think of this, O reader, when you look out on the solemn stars! How marvelous is the universe in which we live! What splendors and immensities surround us on every side! and then realize how great is your own personality that can appreciate the universe you live in. Northern lights and aerolites will be in order this fall and winter. Early in October two comets passed between us and the sun, and one of them was visible to the naked eye, but a telescope was required to see the tail.

The King's Mountain Fight.

There has been a celebration of the battle of King's Mountain. This was fought, our younger readers should remember, during the Revolutionary War, when eleven hundred British soldiers and loyalists were killed or captured. A monument was erected over the remains of Ferguson, who certainly made a spirited resistance; but it is discreditable to people who live in its neighborhood, that they have permitted this monument to be mutilated. That was the work of mean cowards, and should be resented by every one who has the honor of the nation at heart. But the victory of King's Mountain had a very inspiring effect upon the colonies, which had been much depressed by Cornwallis's victory over Gen. Gates at Camden.

But why commemorate battles? The discoverer of steam, the inventor of the cotton-gin, the scientist who wrests the secrets of nature for the use of man—they deserve remembrance for all time. Why keep constantly in mind scenes of

human slaughter? The Romans had a wise practice of erecting statues, commemorating the victors in civil wars, of wood, so that they might perish from the memory of men. Why should not all wars be regarded as civil wars, dishonoring to mankind, whether civil or foreign? Ah, well! perhaps the millennium will bring all this around right.

A Goat Congress.

Just think of it—a thousand goats all in a row—this was at the Alexandria Palace, London, and the exhibition has its lessons for us Americans. The goat is a useful animal, and in Southern Europe its milk supplies the place of cow's milk, so largely used in this country and England. Goat's milk is the more nutritious of the two, and is especially fitted for infants' food in place of mother's milk. The object of this exhibition was to popularize the use of goat's milk and goat's flesh. The meat of the goat is somewhat tough, but the kid is tender and its flesh wholesome. The novelty of the show was the production of a hornless goat, the result of careful breeding by a gentleman who wished to get rid of the obstreperous Billy with his horns and pugnacity. Specimens of goats were exhibited from Spain and Holland, and even the ends of the earth contributed; for there were goats from Egypt, Babylon and Nubia. There was an Angora goat from the Cape of Good Hope, which attracted great attention. A magnificent goat belonging to the Baroness Burdett Coutts took the first prize. It has been argued that the goat would be an excellent animal to propagate in this country. With the donkey, which we now neglect, it could be used to clean forests of underbrush, and thereby check the spread of forest fires. It is surprising that donkeys are not more in vogue in view of their hardihood and the very little food they require. Why not a goat and donkey parliament in the United States, so as to show their good qualities to our people?

Garibaldi Unhappy.

The old hero of Caprera is sorely disappointed with the government of King Humbert. The parliament of Italy represents only a few thousand persons. Garibaldi, when he was deputy, tried to get universal suffrage. He pointed out how the Germans and French elect their legislators by the votes of all the people. Italy is cursed with heavy taxes, to keep up an army of 300,000 men, who are of no sort of use. The merchant marine is declining. The land tax is so heavy as to make the people sigh for the good old times when there was no "United Italy." The old patriot is indignant. He wants the money now spent on armies devoted to opening up the resources of the nation. He wants to dam up the rivers and prevent inundations; agriculture should be fostered; industry promoted; waste stopped; the clergy held in check; but he asks in vain. The position of Italy and the Italians is not a happy one.

1,455,923,000.

The above is the latest estimate of the population of the globe we live on, made by Herren Wagner and Behm, the well-known German geographers. The same authorities tell us that the monthly increase is nearly one million. At present neither wars, pestilence nor famines are at work to reduce the normal additions by births over deaths to the inhabitants of the planet. Of this great aggregate, Asia has 834,707,000, or more than one-half. Europe has 315,929,000, Africa 205,709,000, while America has 95,495,500, of which over 50,000,000 are in the United States alone. Of the civilized nations we have the largest population except Russia, which has 88,000,000 in its entire dominions; although but 66,000,000 occupy Russia proper. China leads the van, with a population of 434,626,000, British India has 240,298,000. Notwithstanding these vast aggregates the world could maintain in peace and comfort a vastly larger population. Great areas of the earth's surface are as yet untenanted, though fertile and food-producing, while much land lies waste, which could be made productive. It is safe to say that were the whole race governed wisely, one hundred persons could be subsisted comfortably where barely one person is now supported uncomfortably. It is a melancholy reflection that of the myriads who now people the globe, not more than one in five hundred enjoy life to the utmost. The great bulk of mankind are either miserably poor, or are so situated that life has few joys and a great deal of sufferings.

To the Pole in a Balloon.

John P. Cheyne, a commander in the Royal Navy and an Arctic navigator of experience, wants to organize a new expedition to reach the North Pole, in which he proposes to employ balloons. His scheme is a daring one, and if these air vessels could only be steered, it is entirely feasible. If it were possible even to keep a balloon in the air for a month at a time, it might do to venture on the experiment. But, in the absence of any power over the course of the balloon, it seems quixotic to make the attempt. Commander Cheyne thinks the *Jeanette* is all right, for the fact that she has not been overhauled shows that she has made her way to the distant North. The *Jeanette*, at last accounts, was near the meridian of Wrangell's Land. Commander Cheyne reveals one fact which is very saddening. Sir John Franklin and his party were starved to death because of the dishonesty of the contractors who put up his canned food. It seems that in other Arctic expeditions the preserved meats and edibles in packages were dishonestly manipulated with a view to profit. If this fact could be established, the contractors ought to be imprisoned for life, if not hung. But what an age we live in for splendid schemes. Just think of solving the secret of the Pole by a balloon flight.

The End of Victoria.

Not Queen Victoria, good reader, but a brave Indian who fought for his native soil in New Mexico. It is the old, old story. We made treaties with the Indians for their possessions which we disregarded, for we robbed them of their land, cheated them out of the money we were solemnly pledged to give them, and so the savages rebelled. Victoria proved himself a skillful and daring general. He has kept the United States troops on the go for nearly a year. But he and his band were at length driven into Mexico, where they met their deaths at the hands of Mexican troopers. There is also a probable war on hand in Colorado, where the Ute Indians still occupy lands in the Gunnison region. The Western motto is, "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian." It is an unfortunate business, this Indian fighting, all the way through. The aborigines should not stand in the way of the peaceful settlement of their country. But they ought to be fairly and honestly treated. Some time or other all lands that are tillable, and all mineral regions that are workable, will be utilized by the race which is most capable of doing so. The Indian must give way to the white. But the white should not rob, imprison and slaughter to effect his ends.

Its Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary.

Baltimore is a solid city. It contains 330,000 people. Yet one hundred and fifty years ago it had only forty-three inhabitants; and its present site could have been purchased for nineteen hogsheads of tobacco. The anniversary orators put forth large claims for the chief city of Maryland. It made, they say, the first turnpikes and the first railroad in the country. It led the world in the use of illuminating gas and the magnetic telegraph. It put up the first cylinder press and the first iron building in the United States, printed the first agricultural newspaper, and hoisted the first American flag. Baltimore is called the "Monumental City," because of the number and beauty of its monuments. It glories in the John Hopkins University, which promises in time to become the pride of the whole country. All this is creditable, for it is one of our youngest cities on the seaboard. Charleston and Philadelphia are fifty years older. Boston and New York were settled a century before Baltimore's name was known. Even Annapolis was a city when Baltimore was a farm. All honor to Maryland's chief city.

American Two-year-olds in England.

For many years past wealthy Americans have tried to contest the races in England and France with American horses. Messrs. Ten Broeck, Sanford, Lorillard, Bennett, and now James R. Keene have gone to the expense of sending studs to England to compete at the Derby and elsewhere with the best English thoroughbreds. The result has hardly fulfilled expectation. Here and there a victory has been achieved, but generally when the English feared American competition they handicapped the contesting horses. But during the past season Mr. James R. Keene has scored some notable victories with his two-year-olds. In nearly every case the young American horses have got

the better of their English rivals. It is now surmised that the warmer and more stimulating climate of America matures horses more rapidly than does the moist, foggy air of England. Other things being equal it is supposed the American two-year-old has more sinew, strength, and speed than an English horse of the same age. We do not know that it is much to crow over. Indeed it seems to us that all this horse racing is of very little use except for betting purposes.

Signs of Progress.

If cotton was king before the civil war, what shall we say respecting it to-day? In 1839 the cotton crop amounted to 976,845 bales. In the year 1880 we have grown nearly six million bales. The greatest crop before the war was 4,861,292 bales. Last year we produced 5,074,000 bales. Free labor has produced in the fifteen years since the close of the war 9,600,000 more bales than were produced in the fifteen years by slave labor preceding the war. At the same time the crop has become more valuable. From 1839 up to 1860, the average price of middling cotton was 8½ cents per pound. From 1865 to 1879, the price has averaged 22½ cents. If the South had no other crop than cotton, it would become enriched by it in the course of time; but it is a country abounding in great natural advantages, and the time cannot be distant when emigration will fill up her waste places, and in time the South will be rich, peaceful, and populous.

The Right Way to do it.

Well, Tom Hughes has started his colony of English settlers in Rugby, Tenn. The grounds chosen are on the Cumberland Plateau, and are fertile and healthful. The country is picturesque and in every way attractive. An attempt is to be made to purchase supplies by wholesale, so as to save the colonists from the extortions of storekeepers and traders. We doubt whether this part of the scheme will work. People who deal with stores like to have liberty of choice, and the active trading merchant is an essential feature in the life of any young community. It is to be hoped, however, that the colony will prove a success, for there is room in the South for a million stalwart British settlers. Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri supply just the climate and surroundings which would please English settlers. Success to Tom Hughes and his co-operative colony.

Foreign Visitors.

While Europe sends us emigrants, but few of her wealthy class come here on short visits. Five hundred Americans go to Europe for one educated Englishman who visits America. But just now we have a few such. Tom Hughes, the novelist and philanthropist, is one; Alexander Forbes, the famous London war correspondent, is another, while Lord George Montague, a brother of the Duke of Manchester, is a third. There are quite a number of English sportsmen who come here to take part in the magnificent buffalo and bear hunting of the far West. The duck hunting in this country is far superior to any in the world, and although the salmon fishing of Oregon and Nova Scotia is superior to anything of the kind within our borders, yet our ocean, lake and river fishing can be nowhere surpassed. Since the Fish Commission has commenced its beneficent work, our streams have begun to abound in all manner of food fishes. Let us welcome the foreign sportsmen.

The Great Cathedral.

Completed at last! We mean the great cathedral at Cologne. It was commenced in August, 1248; and the beautiful flower-cross was placed upon the highest pinnacle in October, 1880. The history of this marvelous work of art, this noblest religious symbol of the faith of the middle ages, has its own moral. It was begun as a memorial to the Roman Catholic faith. The popes blessed it—priests prayed for it—the faithful supplied the means for architects, artists, and workmen. But the community in which it was erected fell away from the old forms of belief. They became Protestants, infidels. What was commenced as a religious duty, was continued as a national work, and the ceremonies attending the final completion of this marvel of architecture, were emptied of all religious significance. The processions were civic. Kaiser Wilhelm made a speech in which something was said about peace, but nothing about prayer or priest or pope. Good reader, if

you ever visit Europe, do not forget the great cathedral of Cologne. It is probably the most perfect type of Gothic architecture extant. The pious Catholic may not think it now adds anything to the glory of God; but all who see it will agree that it sheds luster upon the art of man.

About Peanuts.

Who would think it? The three States of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina raise 2,025,000 bushels of peanuts this year, the value of which is about \$1,500,000. Last year the crop was worth over \$2,000,000. In '73 and '74 the crop was only 460,000 bushels, but the product has steadily increased until it now promises to become the great industry in many parts of the States which lie between the Potomac and the Gulf States proper. The associations connected with this toothsome though somewhat indigestible nut are of a humorous character; and certain low theaters of the great cities are reputed to be famous for the "small of peanuts and the roar of boys;" but the fact remains that raising peanuts—and we produce the best in the world—is a growing and lucrative industry. It may yet become a great article of export.

What has Become of the Rain?

Another severe drought along the Atlantic seaboard. There has been a water famine in all the manufacturing districts. The loss of comfort and of work from this cause has been grievous. Then we had a drought last year, and every season they recur. The cause is not far to seek. Wherever forests are cut down, the soil so denuded is subject to freshets and droughts. When the winter snows melt there are torrents. When the summer sun shines, the water supply ceases and the land is parched. Were there the proper proportion of trees and forests to water and land surface, the sun could not melt the snows in spring so as to do damage, or parch the earth from July to November. Wherever man has felled the forests without forethought, whether in America, Spain, or Central Asia, there will be found drought and sterility. On the continent of Europe this is so well understood that the forestry laws do not permit people to cut down their own timber without a government permit, for it has been found by experience that the trees cut from the hill in one part of the country affect the water supply to the mill hundreds of miles distant. The Middle and Eastern States were once dense with forests, and the climate was humid with abundant rains the year through. Our Government ought to take this matter in hand, and enforce the replanting of forests in regions that would feed the rills which go to make up the rivers; but our politicians think too much of their own present advantage, to waste their energies by making provision for the distant future of their native land.

An Odd Notion.

There have been a great many queer people in the world; but one of the queerest was M. Jules Jacquemart, a well-known engraver, who died recently, leaving behind him an enormous collection of old boots and shoes. His lunacy was to get together specimens of all kinds of boot wear, from the beginning of history. Every oddity in sandals or shoes, from the time of the Egyptian and Babylonian, down to the congress gaiter and high-heeled shoe of our women folks of the present day, was represented in this strange museum. Yet M. Jacquemart was eminent as an etcher, and was a sane man in other matters.

Gambling Extraordinary.

In the contests at cards between Prince Paul Demidoff and Count Strogonoff, the prince lost eight million francs to the count. It is reported that the Emperor Alexander has ordered the restitution of the money. The Paris Jockey Club however, a gambling establishment, insists that the emperor shall not interfere. A gambling story in which women were involved has recently become current in high European circles. Mme. de Bontrais, a very rich chatelaine, is a lady who moves in the highest circles, and who is a perfect mistress of all games of cards. By chance she met the Countess Dourakine, a very rich Russian lady and an inveterate gambler. The latter challenged the former. Madame de Bontrais joyfully accepted. The game was piquet. It commenced at 9 o'clock in the evening, and by sunrise the next morning the Russian lady had lost

more money than her gold mines in the Ural Mountains had yielded her for twenty years. Said Madame Dourakine to her successful antagonist, "I have lost my whole fortune; I will send to you my man of affairs, and he will hand to you the deeds of my estates." But the lucky lady said "No—I will not take advantage of your misfortunes; send for a priest and a notary; make out the proper papers, giving me an annuity of twenty thousand francs, and then swear before the priest and by all that is sacred, that you will never touch a card so long as you live." The Russian lady gladly accepted the alternative to losing her whole fortune. The first twenty thousand francs has been paid to Madame de Bontrais, who turned the whole sum over at once to the poor. The countess has kept her vow, and her generous rival calls the bargain "the reparation of the queen of clubs."

In and out of Convent Life.

One of the uses of convents in Catholic countries is the convenience it affords for disposing of surplus and otherwise useless women. In Protestant countries, one of the puzzles of the head of a poor family is, what to do with the unmated daughters, the aimless, the sickly and useless females. Although the men of France, Italy, and Spain, have in many cases thrown off the thralldom of the Church, and repudiated the Catholic faith, they are not averse to making use of convents to get rid of their undesirable women folks. But it sometimes happens that rich, beautiful, and capable young women enter convents in fits of pique, or because of some unfortunate attachment.

This was the case with Mlle. de Brimont, a beautiful girl twenty-one years of age and very rich. She renounced her property, entered a fashionable cloister, and took the veil of a *religieuse*. But alas! what a scandal for the Church. The charming young girl found she had made a mistake. She wearied of the austerities and mortifications of a nunery. So she reappears in the world and claims her heritage, to the dismay of her family who were enjoying her fortune. The girl will of course be courted and married; and will do her duty in bringing up a family instead of wasting her life as a nun. It requires a great deal of courage to break the vows, once they are made. Yet it is being done, for very recently the Duchess de Narbonne left the cloister to the great scandal of the religious aristocracy of France.

About Morganatic Marriages.

All the world is gossiping about the "left-handed" marriage of the Czar Alexander to the Princess Dolgorouki. These morganatic marriages, as they are called, are quite common among German princes. Generally it is an alliance with a woman of low degree, who, for the sake of dower, relinquishes the titles, honors, and possessions of a full consort. Indeed, some of the German princes have a regular wife as well as a morganatic one. Landgrave Phillip of Hesse committed this kind of legal bigamy during the Reformation, and Martin Luther did not disapprove, although the other reformers did. A famous marriage of this kind was that of Frederick William Third of Prussia with the Countess Von Harrack, who, at the time of the wedding, was made Princess Liegnitz. In the fifteenth century Duke Albrecht of Bavaria espoused the beautiful but unfortunate Agnes Bernauer. The illegitimate alliance created so much wrath among the barons that, during the absence of the duke, the beautiful Agnes was foully murdered, under the belief that she had bewitched her lord. Anton Ulrich, Duke of Saxe Meinengen, who was married morganatically to a woman he respected as well as loved, tried hard to have his wife raised to his own rank, and given all the honors of a lawful spouse. But the Emperor and the highest nobility of the realm refused his suit, on the ground that there could be no complete marriage in princely families except between persons of equal birth. The sister of Fannie Elser, Therese, was married morganatically some time since to Prince Adelbert of Prussia, and was ennobled as Frau Von Bamen.

The Czar Alexander's lot is not a happy one. He is sixty-three years of age, and is in love with his new wife. He is willing, it is said, to surrender his crown to his son, if his family will only recognize and honor the woman he loves, and would make his equal. But the Princess Dolgorouki, though she frequents balls and public festivals, is shunned by the nobility and imperial family. Were an officer of the army to speak to her he would be asked to resign by his fellow officers.

These irregular alliances are as unfortunate to those who dwell in palaces as they are to the common run of mortals.

Miraculous Cures.

The Roman Catholic world is wondering, the Protestant and skeptical world is sneering at the so-called miracles performed at Knock Chapel in Ireland. It is said that 580 cures have taken place there. The patients had all manner of diseases, which it is claimed were cured. There is nothing more mysterious in human history than the power which the imagination seems to have over physical ailments. For long ages people believed that the king could cure scrofula. The touch of his hand, it was supposed, would heal the sick person, and the disease was even called the king's evil. But this superstition has died out in modern times, and now the fingers of a king have no more potency than the hand of a beggar. Mesmerizers, magnetic physicians, and religious teachers in all ages have had some power over particular forms of disease. Certain traveling doctors have made partial cures of persons who thought they were lame or rheumatic or had some special debility. The Roman Catholics have claimed that not only at Knock Chapel can miracles of this kind be wrought, but also in other holy places and by holy men. It is only recently that the fame of our Lady of Lourdes was spread over the Catholic world. It is to this day a shrine to which pious Catholics go to be cured of physical ailments. Not long since, a Zouave named Jacob (in the time of the late Napoleon) performed what was said to be cures. Johanna Southcote, a fanatical prophetess, also was said to perform marvelous cures. Indeed, George Fox, the celebrated Quaker, cured ague, epilepsy, deafness, and other afflictions. While pious Roman Catholics may believe that this is done through some special manifestations of the Divine power, Protestants and skeptics generally believe that if any effect at all is produced it is by and through the imagination of the person affected.

The Burglars' Banker.

The general public little suspect how close is the relationship between the police and the criminal classes, and how many persons, especially detectives on the police, are little better than the thieves who are their prey. John D. Grady, an Irishman, died recently in New York City, who was known to all the celebrated criminals, and who was their banker and friend. He was also on the most intimate terms with the police, a frequent visitor at the headquarters in Mulberry Street, and through his agency much property was restored to its owners, while, at the same time, many of the most noted thieves were helped and saved by this friend of the burglar and thief. Thurlow Weed once lost a valuable watch. The police were notified. Word was sent to Grady that that watch must be delivered to the veteran journalist. In a few days time it was so returned. Noted politicians, influential legislators, if they lost any money or property, by making the proper appeal to Grady through the police generally recovered it. Of course this was done for a consideration. Although Grady's business was perfectly well known; although the police were aware that he was hand-in-glove with the most noted thieves; that he planned burglaries; that he profited by the spoils, yet he was never even arrested. He walked the streets of New York with impunity, visited the chiefs at police headquarters, and died without any fear of the criminal law. He was an ill-looking rascal, vulgar, commonplace, and suspicious, for he carried about him the diamonds and bank bills which represented the profits of his infamous business.

Wilkie Collins, Charles Dickens, and other noted novelists have glorified the detective. He is often represented as the good angel of the innocent, the foe of the thief, the avenging Nemesis, ever on the track of the criminal. In real life the detective verifies the old adage of "setting a thief to catch a thief." They are often vile fellows, who, if they were not policemen, would be burglars and bank robbers. Every police establishment finds it necessary to change the *personnel* of the detective force every few years, as the business brings the latter into close connection with the chiefs of the criminal classes. They immediately strike hands, and become the partners of the latter in crime. But the career of Grady was a curious one, and no doubt there are others like him—at once the friends of the criminal classes and in intimate relationship with the police.