

THE VAGARIES OF A JOURNALIST.



And other
"Sixth Column" Fancies.

FROM THE
New York Times.

BY
W. L. ALDEN.



NEW YORK
LOVELL, ADAM, WESSON AND CO.

California
Regional
Library

50
✓

MB

LIBRARY OF THE
WALT DISNEY STUDIO

807.73

AL22d

Alden, W. L.

AUTHOR

Domestic explos-
ives

TITLE

6282 ✓

DATE
LOANED

BORROWER

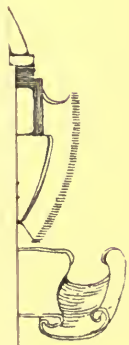
7.73

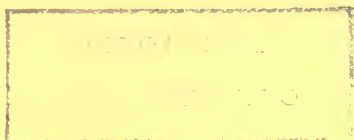
22d

Alden, W. L.

Domestic explosives

82 ✓





F. F. FITZGER
W. W. RUSSELL
4 WOODLAWN AVE,
JERSEY CITY N. J.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

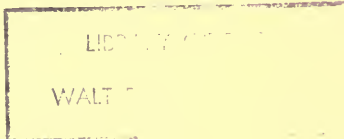
DOMESTIC EXPLOSIVES

AND OTHER

SIXTH COLUMN FANCIES.

(FROM THE NEW YORK *TIMES*.)

BY



W. L. ALDEN.

11h
30773.
AL22d

acc.
6282

NEW YORK:
LOVELL, ADAM, WESSON & COMPANY.
764 BROADWAY.
1877.

COPYRIGHT.

LOVELL, ADAM, WESSON & CO.

1877.

SRLE
URU

OC/2846689

P R E F A C E .

THE articles collected in this volume originally appeared in the New York TIMES. A few slight changes have been made in them. Such expressions as "yesterday," "at a late hour last night," and "early this morning" are of course the very life of Journalism, but are perhaps too gaudy and brilliant to be used in a modest and earnest volume. It is proper to mention that this collection has been made at the request of a wide circle of subtle and malignant enemies.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1877.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Domestic Explosives.....	7
Refuting Moses.....	10
A Profitable Fork.....	13
Vulcan.....	16
Underground Classics.....	19
A Converted Philosopher.....	22
Forged Fossils.....	25
The Theoretical Barber.....	28
A Curious Disease.....	31
Mrs. Arnold's Rig.....	34
A New Point for Darwinians.....	36
The Early American Giant.....	39
A Sad Case.....	41
An Inconsiderate Gift.....	44
Pockets.....	47
The Kentucky Meteors.....	50
Glass Eyes.....	52
Mr. Long.....	55
The Road to the Pole.....	58
Fish out of Place.....	61
The Decay of Burglary.....	64
The Kidnapped Klamath.....	66
The Coming Man.....	69
Spiritual Candy.....	72
Two Recent Inventions.....	75
Raining Cats.....	78
Tennessee Pigmies.....	81
A New Company.....	83
The Achromatic Small-boy.....	86
Sioux Servants.....	89
Male Girls.....	91
A Growing Vice.....	94
Ghost Catching.....	97

	PAGE.
Superfluous Snakes.....	100
A New Society.....	103
A Mystery Solved.....	106
The Hat Problem.....	109
The Uses of Dynamite.....	112
A Model City.....	114
A Benevolent Ghost.....	118
Dr. Schliemann.....	120
The Circulation of Needles.....	123
The Young Man of Cheyenne.....	126
A Remonstrance.....	129
The Smoking Infant.....	132
A National Want.....	135
The Happy Yachtsman.....	137
The Boy of Oshkosh.....	139
Too Much Prudence.....	141
The Coming Girl.....	144
An Unnecessary Invention.....	146
A Beneficent Invention.....	149
Smiting the Heathen.....	151
Thanksgiving Pie.....	154
Star-traps.....	156
Solved at Last.....	159
Boyton's Mistakes.....	161
Ghostly Malignity.....	164
Found at Last.....	167
Systematic Villany.....	170
The Greek Christmas.....	173
Bottled Books.....	175
A Steam Horse.....	177
A New Weapon.....	179
The Thomsonian Theory.....	182
A Western Tragedy.....	185
A New Branch of Study.....	187
Going to the Ant.....	190
Postal Cats.....	192
Psammetichus and Taine.....	195
Food and Poison.....	197
Surgical Engineering.....	200
The Boston Archæologists.....	203
The Missing Link.....	206
A Warning to Brides.....	208
The Spirophore.....	210
Solar Insecurity.....	213
Ice-Water.....	219

	PAGE.
Spiritual Sport.....	221
The Conflict of Rods.....	224
Ivorine.....	226
Still Another Shower.....	229
The Subtle Tack-Hammer.....	232
Fossil Forgeries.....	234
Taming the Lamp-Chimney.....	237
The Color Cure.....	240
The "Emancipated Costume".....	243
A New Attraction for Sunday-Schools.....	246
Arms and the Chair.....	249
Was it a Coincidence?.....	252
The Spread of Respectability.....	255
Social Bandits.....	258
Going to the Dogs.....	261
"Enoch Arden" ³	263
Riflewomen.....	266
Butter-Culture.....	269
The Mosquito Hypothesis.....	272
Justice to Stoves.....	275
Inexpensive Girls.....	278
Women in the Pulpit.....	280
James Henry.....	284
Mounted Missionaries.....	286
The Buzz-Saw.....	289
The Two Browns.....	292
The Rival "Motors".....	291
The Wheelbarrow in Politics.....	297
Royal Quarrels.....	300
The Express Evil.....	303
Porcine Prodigies.....	305
Crushed Truth.....	308
Dye and Diet.....	311
A Benevolent Scheme.....	314
A New Plea.....	317
Another Distressing Case.....	320
The Recent Calamity.....	323
Quackery and Science.....	326
The Boy of Dundee.....	329
The Mule Abroad.....	332

SIXTH COLUMN FANCIES.

DOMESTIC EXPLOSIVES.

FOR weeks before the Fourth of July the approach of the National Anniversary is heralded by the blowing up of manufactories of fireworks, and the diffusion of small particles of exploded workmen over miles of startled country. The coroner wears a happy and confident expression of face, and hopefully lingers in the neighborhood of shops where fireworks are sold. Now that fulminate of silver, nitro-glycerine, and other violent explosives have been converted into playthings for juvenile patriots, the blowing up of a single small-boy may furnish business for a dozen coroners, each of whom may reasonably hope to pick up a finger, an ear, a jack-knife, or other organ of the victim, upon which an entire inquest can lawfully be held. Not long ago a manufactory of nitro-glycerine torpedoes exploded in New York and scattered finely comminuted workmen all over the neighborhood. To-day there are scores of shops in our crowded streets where tons of fireworks are so recklessly exposed that the spark of a cigar may suddenly fill the air with vagrant rockets rushing with murderous intent upon unsuspecting pedestrians, and with flaming Catherine wheels revolving among the legs of passing horses, or dashing against the skirts of terrified women. In the midst of life we are also in the midst of fireworks, and no man knows at what moment his ears may be deafened by an explosion and his hat flattened over his eyes by the parabolic descent of some total though mangled stranger.

There is something to be said in defence of ornamental fireworks as a means of celebrating the Fourth of July. They are frequently beautiful in themselves, and the extent to which they set buildings on fire endears them to mechanics in search of employment. Mere explosives, however, are utterly indefensible except from the coroner's point of view. Fire-crackers, torpedoes, and toy pistols are the instruments with which the small-boy's love for noise makes deafened millions mourn. That the small-boy frequently puts out his eyes, or ruins a dozen insurance companies by burning up a whole city, cannot be pleaded as a sufficient compensation for the torture which he inflicts during the twenty-four hours of Independence Day. If there has been any decay of patriotism among Americans of late years, the cause is to be sought in fire-crackers. No man, outside of a deaf and dumb asylum, who is awakened at midnight on the 3d of July with a hideous din that he knows will grow worse and worse for the next twenty-four hours, can help feeling that the Declaration of Independence was a terrible mistake, and that slavery and quiet are infinitely preferable to freedom and fire-crackers. This feeling is, of course, of only temporary duration ; but its annual indulgence cannot but dull the patriotic instincts of the noblest men.

Why does the small-boy delight in fire-crackers? Obviously because they make a noise. The Fourth of July is the one day when he is licensed to make unlimited noise, and accordingly he calls in the aid of the benighted heathen of China, who furnish him with fire-crackers, and of the less excusable heathen of our own land, who are not ashamed to pander to his depraved passions with fulminate of silver and picrate of potash. While there is no hope that public opinion can never induce the small-boy to abandon his prescriptive right to make the Fourth hideous, it is possible that he might be made to achieve his noisy ambition in some other way than with the aid of explosive compounds. The thoughtful and studious small-boy is already aware that he can make noises of the most exasperating character without the aid of a particle of gunpowder. Why should we not point out to our little ones the safe and cheap instruments of uproar with which every house hold is provided,

and prevail upon them to accept these in exchange for the fire-cracker that burns by day and the "nigger-chaser" that kindles in the night-time?

The ordinary front door has enormous capabilities for noise. One small-boy can produce more noise by violently and persistently slamming it than can be produced by a whole pack of fire-crackers. There is also the familiar species of dining-table with swinging leaves, the rapid upsetting of which rivals in deafening results a regimental volley of musketry. Every man who has "moved" on the 1st of May is familiar with the magnificent effect in point of noise which is produced by loading a small-boy with an assortment of coal-scuttles and directing him to carry them carefully down stairs. If this experiment were to be repeated say at half hourly intervals on the Fourth, and especially if a few worn-out articles of tin ware were placed at the bottom of the stairs to receive the loaded boy, the crash and rattle that would ensue would far eclipse the best efforts of the largest "giant crackers." The common domestic baby can in skilful hands be made to yield noises of great variety and penetrative power; and the ear-piercing results of saw filing are so notorious, that the advantages of celebrating our nation's birthday by a carnival of saws ought long ago to have been recognized.

Time would fail were the attempt made to give a complete list of domestic instruments of patriotic noise. Those that have been mentioned are alone sufficient to give expression to the wildest juvenile patriotism. Let us then discard the dangerous explosives sold by pyrotechnists and substitute for them the harmless front door, the innocuous dining-table, and the safe but satisfactory baby and saw. What a sublime spectacle would be presented on the ensuing Fourth were the small-boys of this happy land to celebrate our national independence by the unremitting slamming of doors, the upsetting of tables, the filing of saws, and the pinching of babies. Of course the selfish and scoffing coroner will say that such a method of celebration would be wholly unworthy of the day; but we all know that what he calls his love of country is only a love of inquests, and that when he pretends that the fire-crackers of pagan China

are better adapted to honor the memory of Washington and Franklin than are the saws and files of Christian America, he is secretly longing for scorched corpses and shattered limbs. His business lies with contemporaneous bodies, and his profession of interest in the corpses of the men of 1776, who are now far beyond the reach of inquests, is obviously a hollow mockery.

REFUTING MOSES.

THERE is no question that geology is a delightful science. It can be studied with less expense and inconvenience than any other science. Chemistry is expensive because it cannot be studied without a laboratory in which the student can blow himself up. Astronomy requires costly telescopes; mathematics are inseparable from slates, and "mumble-the-peg" cannot be mastered without a jack-knife. Geology, on the other hand, is a science which any one can study by simply going out of doors and looking at the profuse strata which beneficent nature has lavished upon us. Persons who are confined by ill-health to their homes can even study geology by examining the coal measures and kindling-wood strata in their cellars, and there are encouraging instances of amateur geologists who have refuted Moses simply by investigating the stratification of their ash-barrels.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the refutation of Moses is one of the imperative duties of the geologist. No man can hope to obtain any considerable reputation as a learned geologist unless at stated intervals he rises up and remarks that Moses was possibly a well-meaning person, but he was grossly ignorant of the paleontology of the mesozoic period. Whenever a new fossil is discovered, it is promptly thrown at Moses' head, and thus, in one way or another, he is constantly and completely refuted. The friends of Moses may dislike this sort of thing, but it is apparently an inevitable result of studying strata or meddling with fossils.

A new and violent blow has just been struck at the Mosaic account of creation by the discovery of an extremely important fossil in a coffee-sack at Baltimore. In the centre of this sack was found the skull of a monkey. There can be no doubt as to the facts. The coffee was of the variety called Rio, and the skull was perfectly preserved. It is well that Moses died while he was yet esteemed a truthful person, and that his wife and brother have been spared this bitter, bitter blow.

Let us dwell for a little upon the meaning of this discovery as interpreted by the principles of geology. The coffee-sack was 12 (say $12\frac{1}{2}$) inches in diameter, and four feet in height. The skull, which lay in the middle of it, was therefore two feet below the surface. To suppose that it was violently forced into the sack after the latter was full, would be eminently unscientific. No one imagines that the fossil birds of the Old Red Sandstone, dug down into that locality through the superincumbent strata. Nothing is more universally conceded than that fossils are always found where they belong. The animals whose remains we find in the rocks of the paleozoic, the meso-Gothic, and the Syro-Phœnician strata, belong, respectively, to those several systems. The fossil monkey-skull was, therefore, deposited in the coffee-sack when the latter was half full, and the two feet of coffee which rested upon it was a subsequent deposit.

Now, it follows from this premise that monkeys existed during the early part of the Rio coffee period. It is the opinion of most geologists that the Rio coffee period succeeded the tertiary period, and immediately preceded the present period. Now, no tertiary monkeys have yet been found; but the Baltimore discovery shows that monkeys existed as early as the middle of the Rio coffee period, a date far earlier than any which has hitherto been assigned to them. We may feel sorry for Moses, but we cannot shut our eyes to this plain scientific fact. The monkey lived during the greater part, if not the whole, of the Rio coffee period; and yet that venerable Hebrew would have us believe that the world is only six thousand years old!

We are now in a position to inquire what is the least period of time which must have elapsed since the skull of the Baltimore monkey was the property of a live and active simian. The answer to this question must be sought by ascertaining the rate at which coffee is deposited. It is the opinion of Mr. Huxley, based upon a long and careful examination of over three hundred garbage boxes, that coffee is deposited in a ground condition at the rate of an inch in a thousand centuries, but that the deposition of unground coffee is almost infinitely slower. He has placed bags, coffee-mills, and other receptacles in secluded places, and left them for months at a time, without finding the slightest traces of coffee in them. Although Huxley does not hazard a guess at the rate of deposition of unground Rio coffee, Prof. Tyndall does not hesitate to say that it is at least as slow as the rate of deposition of tomato cans. Let us suppose, as we are abundantly justified in doing, that 30,000,000 of years would be required to bring about the deposition of a stratum of tomato cans one foot thick all over the surface of the globe. An equally long period must certainly have elapsed while a foot of unground coffee was accumulating over the skull of the Baltimore monkey. We thus ascertain that the monkey in question yielded up his particular variety of ghost and became a fossil fully 30,000,000 of years ago. Probably even this enormous period of time is much less than the actual period which has elapsed since that monkey's decease; and we may consider ourselves safe in assigning to his skull the age of 50,000,000 years, besides a few odd months.

In the light of this amazing revelation, what becomes of Moses and his 6,000 years? It will hardly escape notice that he nowhere mentions Rio coffee. Obviously, this omission is due to the fact that he knew nothing of it. But if he was unacquainted with one of the most recent formations, how can we suppose that he knew anything about the elder rocks—the metamorphic and stereoscopic strata? And yet it is this man, ignorant of the plainest facts of geology, and of its very simplest strata, who boldly assumes to tell us all about the creation!

Whether the Christian religion can survive the discov-

ery of the Baltimore monkey remains to be seen. Inasmuch as it has survived hundreds of previous refutations of Moses, it may perhaps last a few more years ; but it can hardly count upon the patronage of any really scientific person. Well-meaning theologians may attempt to convince us that a foot of coffee was deposited on the monkey's skull by a boy with a scoop-shovel in three minutes, but the facts of geology cannot be overthrown by such puerile sentimentalism. The theories of science are infallible, and scientific persons are incapable of error. Sooner or later the Protestant who believes in the infallible Bible, and the Roman Catholic who believes in the infallible Pope, must perceive their error and admit that Scientific Truth is the only variety of truth, and that a monkey's skull in a sack of coffee can give more real comfort to the questioning soul than can all the creeds of the Christian world.

A PROFITABLE FORK.

AFTER all that is said about industry and brains, a bold man can make a better living with the aid of his simple stomach than he can in any other way. Some years ago a Canadian soldier, who had a little "difficulty" with a rifle-ball, by which the front elevation of his stomach was carried away, obtained an easy and abundant income by exhibiting the great moral spectacle of human digestion to enthusiastic medical men. In spite of his success, his example has never been followed until very recently, and the fortunate Frenchman who the other day invited the Paris Academy of Sciences to a private view of his stomach is the first and only imitator of the famous Canadian.

The Frenchman in question became a stomach exhibitor from accident rather than design. More than a year ago he undertook to imitate with a silver fork the world-renowned knife-swallowing feats of the eminent statesman of the West. Unfortunately, as he then supposed, he lost

his hold on the handle of his fork, and instead of successfully withdrawing it from the interior of his person, as the Western statesman withdraws his skilful knife, he unintentionally and completely swallowed it.

The event created a degree of enthusiasm in medical circles which has rarely been equalled. How to deal with an abnormal development of fork in the stomach was a problem which no physician had ever been required to solve. The homœopathists claimed to have specifics in their *materia medica* for acute or chronic attacks of marbles, coins, hair-pins, and false teeth in the stomach, but they acknowledged that they had no remedy of which they could prescribe little enough to cure the symptoms of the fork. Moreover, their method of diagnosis dissatisfied the patient and exasperated the restaurant-keeper, who was the real proprietor of the fork. They refused to entertain the idea of the absolute existence of any such entity as a stomachic fork, and asserted that what the old school physicians called the symptoms produced by the presence of a fork constituted the whole difficulty under which the patient suffered. As for the latter class of physicians, they were as much at a loss how to deal with the case as were their rivals. One doctor thought that if the man were made to swallow a pint of mercury, it would unite with the silver of the fork, and when subsequently sublimated by putting the patient in a crucible, would leave the silver in the readily accessible shape of a finely comminuted precipitate. Feasible as this plan undoubtedly was, it was vehemently opposed by the restaurant-keeper, on the ground that it would ruin the fork and by the friends of the patient, on the ground that it would spoil him. These unscientific objections prevailed, and the physicians, after having vainly experimented upon the fork with blisters, vermifuge, ergot, and the exhibition of a tramp famous for producing the disappearance of silver plate, abandoned the case as one which was absolutely incurable.

But it so happened that the patient had swallowed better than he knew. After being abandoned by the physicians, the surgeons took him up, and stimulated by the agonized entreaties of the restaurant-keeper, proposed to

cut the patient open and thus regain the fork. By this time that unhappy man had become so much discouraged by colic that he was willing to try any remedy, no matter how unpleasant it might be. He therefore consented to have the front wall of his stomach removed, and the surgeons, having performed that feat with great hilarity and skill, rescued the long imperilled fork and restored it to its owner. Not only did the patient survive the operation, but he soon found that his stomach was worth far more to him than it had ever been. No sooner was it noised abroad that his wound had healed, leaving an opening in his abdomen, than all the physicians of Europe suddenly found out that he was a fine, genial, open-stomached fellow, whose acquaintance they were anxious to make. But the Frenchman was not to be caught by any such medical chaff. He promptly decided to undertake the profession of a showman, and to throw open his stomach for exhibition to all who might be willing to pay him a moderate fee. He has already put this project into execution, and his daily entertainments are now crowded by admiring audiences, who watch the thrilling performances of the gastric juice, and burst into thunders of applause when specimens of American pie, imported for the exhibition at immense cost, slowly yield to the indomitable digestive forces of the heroic Frenchman, and thus furnish what the audience believes to be a new demonstration of the superiority of the gallant French stomach to the sordid and perfidious stomachs of the English race.

To all those who desire to earn a living without personal exertion the story of this successful Frenchman may be commended, with the advice to go and do likewise. The tramps who are now compelled to undergo the trouble of asking for their food, have only to open their stomachs and to place them on exhibition in order to live in idleness on the best of food. They need not even incur the expense of a surgical operation. Every tramp who possesses nerve and a sharp knife can prepare himself for exhibition without delay or expense, and the world is full of charitable persons who will gladly put their knives at his disposal, in case he should have mislaid his own. Those tramps who

attended the Philadelphia Exhibition, and lived on the surplus food of Centennial boarding-house keepers, can easily surpass the most difficult feats of the French exhibitor by digesting articles which he, lacking their experience, would find as indigestible as forks. As for the good taste of the public exhibition of the human stomach, there can surely be no valid objection made to it by a community which has patronized the anatomical displays of the *opera bouffe*. There is a vast and fruitful field waiting to be reaped by the stomach-exhibitor, and it is unfortunate that it is now too late to place in the Centennial Exhibition a few well-selected American stomachs, and thus humiliate Europe by compelling a comparison between the free and vigorous stomach of the New World, which easily digests both pie and pork, and the feeble stomach of effete Europe, which is unequal to the digestion of a simple silver fork.

VULCAN.

FOR many years ambitious astronomers have been in the habit of announcing the alleged discovery of a small planet revolving in a quiet and obscure orbit, situated within the orbit of Mercury. Their fellow-astronomers have, however, unanimously declined to believe in the existence of this planet, and have scoffed at its discoverers as men who are not interested in sea-side hotels scoff at the pretended discoverers of the sea-serpent. In fact, the alleged planet Vulcan was looked upon very much in the light of an astronomical sea-serpent. "Vulcan may possibly exist," said the conservative astronomers, "but Professor So-and-So never saw it;" and then they would hint, with sneering astronomic smiles, that too much tea sometimes plays strange pranks with the imagination, and that an astronomer who cannot tell a planet from a fly that walks across his object-glass is not the sort of man from whom any discoveries of moment need be expected. This determined hostility to

Vulcan finally made it a hazardous matter for an astronomer to profess a belief in its existence. Public astronomic opinion insisted that there was quite enough planets between the earth and the sun already, and that to have this miserable little Vulcan take the first place on the list, and crowd the Earth back to the fourth place, would be little less than an outrage. Indeed, it is said that no scientific person has latterly been admitted to any astronomical society without previously renouncing Vulcan and all his phases, and professing his belief in only two inferior planets, possessing phases and the power of making transits.

But now comes M. Leverrier, the discoverer of Neptune, and confessedly a crack shot with the long-range telescope, and announces that he has positively discovered Vulcan, and will before long exhibit it in the act of making a transit across the Sun. This announcement has been received in grim silence. M. Leverrier is too well known to be sneered at. The man who hunted Neptune with his nose—so to speak—following the mathematical scent of that shy planet till he flushed it in the vicinity of Uranus and brought it down with his unerring telescope, cannot be accused of confounding accidental flies with actual planets. When he firmly asserts that he has not only discovered Vulcan, but has calculated its elements, and has arranged a transit especially for its exhibition to doubting astronomers, there is an end to all discussion. Vulcan exists, and its existence can no longer be denied or ignored. The Earth must henceforth be ranked as the fourth planet from the sun, and the children in the public schools who have been taught to recite their planets after the old-fashioned order, must be required to commit Vulcan to memory and insert it in its proper place.

That Vulcan is an extremely small planet there is every reason to believe. Moreover, it must be excessively hot, and its inhabitants ought to be very thankful that its day is so ridiculously short. Precisely what is the length of a Vulcanic day M. Leverrier has not yet announced, but in all probability it cannot be more than four hours. If its working men have obtained the passage of an eight-minute law, and are careful not to overheat themselves by

undue activity, they can doubtless accomplish as much in the course of a day's work as does the earthly plumber, and with little more fatigue. On the other hand, the life of a Vulcanic editor, who has to issue a morning paper every four hours, must be a terribly laborious one, and as for the editor of a Vulcanic evening paper he can hardly find time to write the formula, "the news of the morning papers was substantially anticipated by our fourth edition of yesterday," before he is required to prepare a powerful and convincing list of "hotel arrivals" for the first edition of next day's paper. There is, however, one great advantage which the inhabitants of Vulcan have over the Tellurians. The Fourth of July, on that happy planet, lasts only eight hours, and a Vulcanite can make a day's visit to a Centennial Exhibition without more than four hours of acute suffering. Still, even as to these matters, the brevity of Vulcanic time has its discouraging features. The Fourth of July must return with maddening rapidity, and the Vulcanites must be scourged with Centennial Exhibitions at least four times as often as the inhabitants of any part of our slower and more considerate planet.

In spite of the unreasonable opposition which astronomers have shown to the discovery of Vulcan, that event ought to fill them with joy, and to bring a corresponding sadness upon the unscientific part of mankind. Hitherto, Venus and Mercury have been the only planets which had the habit of making periodical transits across the disc of the Sun. Mercury has rather overdone the matter, and made its transits so frequently that the astronomers have lacked the assurance to pretend to take any exceptional interest in them. The infrequent transits of Venus, on the contrary, have been scattered along at such wide intervals that it was possible to assume an immense amount of apparent enthusiasm concerning them. Thus, whenever a transit of Venus was about to occur, astronomers who wanted to visit all sorts of out-of-the-way places would inform their Government with every appearance of sobriety, that unless they were sent in a man-of-war, with vast quantities of telescopes and cigars to Kerguelen's Land, or Japan, or Mount Chimborazo, the transit could not be properly observed,

and they would decline to hold themselves responsible for the consequences. By this means scores of fortunate—and would that we could say scrupulous!—astronomers, have made foreign tours of great interest, and have improved their minds with poker and seven-up during sea-voyages of enormous length.

Now, it is evident that the first half dozen transits of the entirely new planet will be more interesting and important than the hackneyed transits of Venus, and that astronomers all over the world will promptly urge this view of the matter upon their respective Governments. Of course, they will demand to be taken on free astronomical picnic excursions to remote regions where the climate is pleasant and the scenery is attractive, whence they will ultimately return with note-books full of abstruse calculations as to the comparative frequency of the occurrence of “flushes” and “fulls,” which they will palm off upon the Smithsonian Regents as astronomical tables of vast learning and value. Thus the discovery of Vulcan, leading, as it undoubtedly will, to a series of delightful scientific expeditions, ought to be warmly welcomed by all astronomers of a social turn of mind, and ought to awaken the gravest apprehensions among the friends of economy and retrenchment in public expenses.

UNDERGROUND CLASSICS.

It is by no means certain that digging for ancient statues and vases is not more profitable than digging for gold. The German government is sinking shafts and driving tunnels at Olympia, and has already struck a rich marble “pocket,” in which has been found the identical statue of Victory mentioned by Pausanias! That this sort of mining has been so long neglected is due to the failure of fortune-hunters to perceive the mercantile value of antiquarian remains. Let it only be thoroughly understood

that Priam's umbrella, or a cancelled ticket of admission to an Olympian matinee, can be sold at a large price, and we shall see scores of enterprising speculators forming stock companies for antiquarian mining. So long as a statue or a vase or a hair-pin can be proved to be a thousand or two years old, it is easily salable, even though it is not marked with its owner's name. Schliemann's firm belief that his mine is situated on the site of Troy, and that every ear-ring which he finds belonged to Helen, and every pair of spectacles or slippers to Priam, is by no means commonly shared by antiquarians. Still the extreme age of his interesting collection is incontestable, and its monetary value is accordingly very great.

If digging for antiquities becomes, as it probably will become, an extensive business, we shall need some new theory to account for the enormous deposit of valuable objects in the alluvium of classic countries. How does it happen that the modern towns of Italy and Greece and Asia Minor rest on strata so prolific in statues and vases? It is all very well to say that the slow accumulation of earth has gradually covered thousands of bulky and valuable articles from sight and memory. No such process is going on in our day. Neglected as the streets of New York have been, no one can believe for a moment that the public would quietly permit mud to gather in Union square to such an extent as to gradually bury the statues of Washington and Lincoln, and to overwhelm scores of baby-carriages and velocipedes in the neighborhood of the fountain. If such a state of things was in the least degree to be apprehended, we should either clear away the mud, or remove the statues and baby-carriages. Neither are we in the habit of dropping valuable vases and dressing-cases in the street, and permitting them to lie there until they are hidden under the gathering dirt. Yet we are asked to believe that such were the manners and customs of ancients. Greek and Asiatic communities are supposed to have left their streets absolutely unswept, and to have moved into the upper stories of their houses when the surface soil reached up to the second-floor windows. So far as Troy is concerned, Schliemann tells us that he found four cities

one resting upon another. Are we, then, to believe that as the streets of one city gradually became choked up by mud and dirt, the Trojans proceeded to build another on the roofs of the first? Troy was undoubtedly a windy place, but it is asking rather too much to demand that we should believe that all the loose earth of the Trojan plain came and heaped itself up in the Trojan streets.

In like manner it is difficult to believe that the Cypriote or the Roman was accustomed to take his walks abroad with his pockets full of earthen-ware and iron pots, and to drop them all along the streets. Even if we grant so improbable a theory, where were the small-boys of the period? Is it supposable that they would permit a beautiful vase to lie for months in the middle of the street without smashing it into small pieces? Could they have resisted the temptation to tie ownerless pots and pans to the tails of classic dogs? To suppose that the ancients strewed valuable and fragile articles of household furniture in the street is wild enough, but it would be still wilder to suppose that the contemporary boy left them unsmashed to be exhumed by delighted and puzzled posterity.

Evidently the ordinary theory, that in ancient times everybody dropped everything, and the mud came and covered it up, does not meet the question which the successful mining operations at Troy and Olympia have brought prominently before us. There is now an opportunity for persons addicted to the composition of ingenious theories to account in some new manner for the marble, porcelain, and iron-pot strata of the Mediterranean countries. There are learned geologists who have imagined that gold is deposited in the crevices of quartz by chemical action, and that thus the California gold mines grew and may still be growing. Those who accept this theory might not find a great deal of difficulty in supposing that the deposits of wine-jars and statues of Victory have also been due to chemical action. It is a solemn thought that in the silent laboratory of nature, the formation of tin pans and paper-collars may now be in progress, and that those interesting objects are being stealthily inserted into the rifts of rock and earth twenty feet below the foundations of New York. There are, how-

ever, almost as many objections to this theory of chemical deposition as there are to that of the unusual prevalence of the habit of dropping things among the ancients, and before adopting either we had better wait for a more satisfactory explanation.

A CONVERTED PHILOSOPHER.

So many spiritual mediums have recently been detected in cheating, and publicly exposed, that the ghostly cause has seriously suffered. Of course, those who originally believed in Flint's teapot and Slade's slate will probably hold fast to their fantastic faith, but unless those mediums repair their damaged professional reputations, the number of future proselytes to Spiritualism will be extremely small.

In spite, however, of the bad repute into which spirits have fallen, a courageous German philosopher has just come to their aid. Herr Hellenbach a citizen of Vienna, who has for years enjoyed the local reputation of holding vaguer views as to the unconditioned and the unknowable than any other philosopher has ventured to hold, has written a book in which he sets forth the evidence which has convinced him of the truth of Spiritualism, and made him conscious that he has an immortal soul. This evidence is of the most conclusive and delightful character, and Herr Hellenbach is so perfectly satisfied with it that he prefers it to the vaguest theories and the best tobacco with which German philosophy is acquainted.

Of course, there was a "medium" concerned in the conversion of Herr Hellenbach. Fortunately for him, the medium was not a tiresome slate-writer, or an elderly priest of the sacred teapot, but a young and personally handsome American woman. This medium, whose name was Lottie Fowler, went from London to Vienna expressly to convert the Viennese philosopher, and the evidence which she produced was as remarkable as it was convincing

Having invited two or three philosophical friends to be present and to see fair play, Herr Hellenbach tied the medium in a chair in the middle of a room, and placed over her head what he calls a garment, but what was evidently a meal-bag, which reached nearly to her feet. The devoted investigator then sat down at her feet, with his "back turned in such a way" that the back of his head rested on her knees. It is needless to say that Mrs. Hellenbach was not present, and it is to be presumed that the investigator felt that he would trust to the discretion of those of his friends who were present. Still, there is no doubt that Herr Hellenbach has acted rashly in publishing so minute a description of his method of investigation. He may rest assured that sooner or later it will come to the knowledge of his wife, who will thereupon convince him that, though his soul may be immortal, his hair is certainly mortal, besides being inserted much too loosely to bear any severe and prolonged strain.

Having placed himself in the pleasant, but indiscreet, position above described, Herr Hellenbach immediately, and to his great surprise, began to experience novel sensations. Among them was, as he asserts, a "sensation as if somebody was running his finger nails from the nape of my neck up to the part in my hair." This immediately convinced him that there is another world, inhabited, to some extent, by the spirits of just barbers; and it may be presumed that, to those who find the testimony of St. Paul unworthy of attention, this overwhelming evidence will be entirely conclusive. Another sensation was that of "two strong, and, once, of four delicate fingers," which touched Herr Hellenbach's temples. After this he could no longer doubt that he had an immortal soul, and so delighted was he with the clearness and force of the evidence that he "spoke out loudly, and in vain desired its repetition." He does not say whether the touch of the two strong or the four delicate fingers was most agreeable to him, but it is probable that he would have been contented with either. The spirits, however, not only declined to gratify him, but openly resented his attempt to dictate to them. "The third feeling," says Herr Hellenbach with

mingled sadness and joy, "was a quite common and unpleasant one on the top of my head." He does not tell us whether it reminded him more of a poker than of a broom-handle, but there is no doubt that for a moment the terrible idea flashed upon him that Mrs. Hellenbach had swiftly entered the room, and was expressing in "a common and unpleasant" way her opinion of her husband's method of investigating spiritual phenomena. Nevertheless, his fears were unfounded. The invisible poker or broom-handle was wielded solely by spiritual hands, and with the double object of warning him that he had been wanting in courtesy in sitting up and howling for more "delicate fingers," and that there is a Great First Cause. Naturally, he was strongly convinced of both of these great truths. An elderly and inactive philosopher can be convinced of almost anything by banging him over the head in a dark room, where there are no policemen within call. Herr Hellenbach promptly yielded to the unanswerable argument of the spirits, and he went forth from that séance a confirmed Spiritualist, buoyed up by the hope of meeting accomplished barbers in the future world, though, perhaps, a little saddened at the thought that, even after this life, the poker and the broom-stick do not wholly cease from troubling.

The results of Hellenbach's investigations are so completely satisfactorily, that persons who are uncertain whether they have or have not immortal souls have only to read the record of his experience to have their doubts dispelled. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon them, however, that it is unnecessary for them to repeat the philosopher's experiments by personally leaning their heads on some attractive medium's lap, and waiting for novel sensations in their hair. Let them be contented with what Herr Hellenbach has done in their behalf, and not rashly seek superfluous evidence at the risk of incurring the domestic difficulties which will sooner or later overtake that devoted investigator.

FORGED FOSSILS.

EVERY one remembers the Cardiff giant, and the success which that fraudulent fossil achieved before its true character was fully exposed. It now appears that the alleged print of a human foot, which was said to have been recently discovered on a slab of Connecticut sandstone, is merely another attempt to palm off a forged fossil upon a confiding community. Not only does the print of the foot furnish intrinsic evidence that it was made by the foot of a modern Connecticut farmer, but the slab itself proves to be a lump of artificial stone. The forger first made his slab and then he put his foot in it. If he had not committed the rash mistake of using artificial stone, his deceit might have succeeded, and geologists might have accepted it as a final and fatal blow to Moses and his cosmogony.

These two instances of attempted fraud in the manufacture of fossils ought to call our attention to the fact that we are wholly at the mercy of the geologists in respect to fossils. Though the fraudulent character of the Cardiff giant and the Connecticut footprint has been discovered, how can we tell how many equally wicked forgeries have escaped detection? The geologists have the whole matter in their own hands, and if they choose to show us the handle of a tertiary tooth-brush and call it the tusk of a pliocene rhinoceros, we have no means of refuting their assertion. They go up and down over the surface of the earth with their hammers and pick-axes hunting for fossils, and finding them in quantities so enormous as to necessarily awaken the suspicions of skeptical minds. They can boast that they know just where to dig for fossils, and will confidently assure a man, inside of whose house they have never ventured, that his back cellar is full of the remains of megalosaurians. If they would be satisfied to exhibit only the complete skeletons of extinct animals, there would

be some ground for accepting their assertions in regard to the preposterous beasts which they assure us existed in the dawn of the world's history ; but when they show us a handful of teeth, or an odd hoof, and insist that these relics form part of a lizard thirty-two hands high, and decorated with green wings and sky-blue proboscis, there is a tremendous strain on our credulity. The effrontery with which they thus request us to admit gigantic animals on the mere authority of a few inches of nondescript bone is really astonishing. It is said of Cuvier that if you gave him a single thigh-bone, he would promptly construct, upon this flimsy basis, forty-seven distinct and entertaining fossil animals. Of course this showed his ingenuity, but it also showed that paleontology affords a magnificent field for persons with a talent for constructing extinct beasts, birds, and reptiles.

No one doubts that fossils exist, and that very many of the fossils that are exhibited in our museums are genuine. The truth is, however, that the public is not in a position to discriminate between true and forged fossils, and is hence at the mercy of every unprincipled geologist. If, at the period when communication with China was extremely rare, some scientific person had obtained possession of one of those curious Chinese bottles containing a wooden ball much larger than the neck of the bottle, and that scientific person had called his strange toy a fossil, and had calculated that 3,000,000 of years must have elapsed while the glass bottle was slowly depositing itself around the ball, how could he have been satisfactorily convicted of imposing upon the public ? Now, geologists are constantly finding caverns in which are deposited the bones of alleged paleolithic men. They inform us that the paleolithic man lived some 70,611 years ago, and that he usually carried a bushel of flints in his pocket, and never devoured a shoulder of mutton without subsequently engraving some amusing pictures on the clean-picked bone. How does the public know that the alleged bones of the paleolithic men are anything more than the remains of a scientific picnic, or that the accompanying flints were not placed by the scientific men themselves where they would do the

most good? We have to accept all these things on the bare word of persons notoriously interested in the trade in fossils, and it would be difficult to show that we have any security whatever against paleontological frauds.

The Cardiff giant was skilfully made, and except that it was of gigantic size, there was nothing absolutely incredible in its appearance. On the other hand, skilful paleontologists have frequently made the most elaborate and impossible beasts out of plaster of Paris, and then required us to believe that these figures were exact representations of extinct animals. We know that the Cardiff giant was an imposture, but we should be called all sorts of names if we refused to believe in Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins' improved lizards and patent combined fish and serpent animals. Such animals may have existed in periods when the universe was in a chronic state of delirium tremens, but it certainly requires a good deal of faith to believe in them. And yet the very scientific person who scoffs at faith and professes to trust only to reason will thrust a shin bone six inches in length before the face of the public and remark that the man who does not believe that the bone is an ichthyosaurus seventy-five feet long and eighteen feet wide is a bigoted foe of science and the victim of the transparent falsehoods of John Milton. If we are to feel justified in believing in paleontology, we must be protected against forged fossils. We must not be left in a position where the footprints of a Connecticut deacon can be palmed off as the tracks of an extinct bird, or where the petrified ear of a "greenback" politician can be put in a museum and labelled "trunk of an extinct elephant." All genuine fossils should be stamped by the Government, and all false fossils should be destroyed and their authors condemned to hard labor in geological quarries. We shall then be able to put reasonable confidence in the "records of the rocks," and be ready to investigate the origin and history of the paleolithic man.

THE THEORETICAL BARBER.

ALMOST every intelligent man is familiar with the story of Leverrier's discovery of Neptune. We picture to ourselves the astronomer peering through his telescope and noticing Uranus in the act of staggering along its orbit with as many perturbations as a Ward politician returning from a ratification meeting is accustomed to exhibit. We can imagine how Leverrier sprang up when the thought suddenly came into his mind that some unknown and dissolute planet must have led Uranus astray, and how enthusiastically he seized his slate and began to do those tremendous sums in "double entry," "compound interest," and other abstruse departments of arithmetic which finally gave him the clue to the position of the suspected planetary disturber. Undoubtedly, he deserves great credit for his discovery; but, after all, it was one which astronomers ought never to have had any difficulty in making; and what was really the most curious feature of the affair was the failure of everybody but Leverrier and Adams to perceive that disturbance in the orbit of a planet postulated the existence of a disturber. It is not, however, among astronomers only that we find a tendency to ignore truths which are taught by implication. Not a single anthropologist has yet perceived that the existence of a "practical barber" implies the existence of a "theoretical barber," and the social Leverrier who shall calculate the elements and discover the location of the "theoretical barber" has not yet made his appearance.

The sign of the "Practical Barber" is one which constantly meets the eye in certain parts of the city, and which conveys a very well understood meaning. We all know that a practical barber is a person of vast and oppressive conversational powers, who condescends to shave the beards and cut the hair of the public in order to obtain

an audience. But what is the theoretical barber? Obviously, he is one who has mastered the rules of shaving, shearing, and conversation, but who does not handle the material razor or scissors. He is the professor of the art which the practical barber practises; the instructor of the innumerable practical barbers with whom the deafened public is sadly familiar.

No naturalist has hitherto called attention to the fact that the practical barber is always full-grown, and that on his first appearance before the public he is fully panoplied with shears and razors, and sufficiently skilful in their use. The spectacle of an inexperienced barber fleshing his murderous razor in the cheek of his first customer is never seen. It is true that in all barbers' shops there is an obtrusive small-boy, who brings the shaven customer some one else's hat and makes a shallow pretense of brushing his coat. This small-boy, however, is evidently not an inchoate practical barber, for he never meddles with razor or scissors, and never makes the slightest allusion to the virtues of his employer's "tonic." If we are content to accept the evidence of our eyes we must believe that barbers' apprentices do not exist, but that the practical barber springs into being full grown and endowed with a complete mastery of all branches of his art.

Reason teaches us that this cannot be the case. The practical barber must learn his duties by careful study and long practice. There must have been a period in the early life of the most accomplished barber when his conversation was not more tedious than that of other men, and when he was utterly incapable of shaving a victim without cutting him up into slices. There is no royal road to shaving or hair-cutting; no short cut by which the ambitious student may suddenly become proficient in shampooing and in forcing bottles of undesirable "tonic" upon weak minded men. We cannot see the cheeks which the barber-student has slashed, and we know not where the unhappy beings upon whom he tries his 'prentice tongue while learning the art of professional conversation are concealed; but no reasoning man can doubt that somewhere in the vast city the practical barbers who are to shave us

three or four years hence, are secretly learning their trade, and that a frightful number of unhappy men must daily be cut to pieces and talked to death in the operating room of the occult barber's college. Nothing is more certain than that a terrible mortality must result from the early efforts of the inexperienced shaver, and it will at once occur to every thoughtful man that we have here an explanation of the frequency with which dead bodies "much mutilated about the face," are found floating in the river.

It being thus demonstrated that the practical barber learns his art in secret and by assiduous practice, and that the very existence of the practical barber postulates the existence of the theoretical barber, we are ready to draw the inevitable conclusion that the latter is the teacher of the former. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, we have among us barbers' normal schools, presided over by accomplished theoretical barbers, and attended by scores of hard working students. In these schools classes in shaving, hair-cutting, and conversation are furnished with subjects, upon which they are required to operate. How these subjects are procured—whether they are desperate men who voluntarily submit to torture for the sake of large wages, or whether they are quietly kidnapped by bold beard-snatchers—we can only conjecture ; but it is evident that the frequency with which the throats of subjects are fatally cut by new students fully accounts for the secrecy with which the schools are conducted and the retirement in which the theoretical barbers live. They cannot, however, successfully screen themselves from the investigations of inductive reasoning. As soon as Leverrier perceived that the perturbations of Uranus implied the existence of Neptune, the discovery of the latter's hiding-place was inevitable ; and now that it has been demonstrated that theoretical barbers exist, it cannot be long before they are dragged into light, and their schools of sanguinary shaving and inhuman conversation broken up and suppressed in the interests of humanity.

A CURIOUS DISEASE.

Now that certain medical men have shown, to their own satisfaction, that Spiritualism is a disease of which peripatetic furniture, discordant guitar-playing, and ungrammatical revelations are the symptoms, it is time that they should carefully investigate that curious nervous disorder peculiar to women, which is vulgarly called "dress reform," and which is characterized by an abnormal and unconquerable thirst for trousers.

The disease in question does not, like the cholera, originate where masses of people are congregated; but it nevertheless assumes its most virulent type at the so-called conventions or congresses where those who, already suffering from it, are gathered together. It is certainly neither contagious nor infectious, and one who is suffering from dress reform of the most acute type, and who has actually gratified her strange thirst for trousers by visibly wearing them, can be touched by healthy women without the least danger that the disease will be communicated. The presence of one patient, however, perceptibly injures another; and in this respect the disease betrays its near relationship to *hysteria*. If a woman in whom the desire for trousers is latent is brought into the presence of one who has reached that miserable condition in which the patient incessantly calls for the coveted garment, the former will speedily develop the same symptoms as the latter. It is for this reason that physicians should discourage the assembling of dress-reform conventions; and whenever it is announced that such a convention is to be held, the profession should unite in an address to the local sanitary authorities, setting forth the physiological objections to the proposed meeting.

The disease is comparatively a new one. Sporadic cases have undoubtedly occurred ever since trousers and women became contemporaneous, but dress reform did not become

sufficiently common to attract attention until some twenty-five years ago. As a rule, women are exempt from its ravages until after they have reached at least the period of middle life, and the greater proportion of its victims are above the age of forty. It was formerly claimed that no woman was in danger of contracting the disease who was well supplied with adipose tissue. This theory, however, has been exploded; for although an extreme degree of emaciation, together with an unusual development of the osseous system, undoubtedly invite the approach of the disease, there are cases on record in which women conspicuous for fatness have suddenly developed the typical craving for trousers which always accompanies an attack of dress reform. It is remarkable that feeble, delicate, or timid women are never thus attacked. The disease uniformly fastens upon women of exceptional muscular strength, and upon those of extraordinary conversational powers. So well established is this fact, especially among the people of our Western States, that when a woman displays unusual vigor in wielding stove-lids, or in otherwise convincing her husband of his faults, her acquaintances immediately recognize her as one who may be expected at any moment to clamor for trousers.

Many of those who have studied this curious disease believe that its origin must be sought in the melancholy which often accompanies any marked disturbance of the nervous system. The patient who suffers from this melancholy gradually becomes convinced that it is her duty to disfigure herself, and thus mortify the flesh. This she seeks to accomplish by arraying herself in trousers, and by exhibiting herself thus arrayed in public. Facts, however, are at variance with this theory. While there is no question as to the fact that trousers render the patient altogether hideous, and that no woman in a normal state of mind could exhibit herself thus clothed without undergoing acute anguish, it is doubtful if the victim of dress reform is actuated by any motive of self-sacrifice. From the demeanor of a dress-reform patient when occupying the platform of a convention it is plainly evident to all unprejudiced minds that she is in a condition of ecstatic happiness. Further

investigation will probably show that the disease is simply *hysteria*, attended by prolonged, and, in most cases, permanent mental hallucination. The patient becomes a prey to the delusion that health, beauty, and happiness are inseparable from trousers, and she therefore puts them on with unaffected delight, and wears them with a firm belief that she is exciting the envy and admiration of the world.

If this is true, the proper method of treatment ought not to be a difficult problem. The patient's obscure *hysteria* should first be treated, and it is very possible that when this baffling disease is entirely overcome, the mental hallucination will disappear. If it does not so disappear, the physician should then try the usual remedies in use at the best-conducted hospitals for the insane. It is quite possible that the experiment of satiating the patient with trousers might prove successful. Were she to be dressed exclusively in trousers, and compelled to live in a room where the walls, the windows, and the floor should be covered with trousers of the brightest patterns, it is by no means improbable that after a brief period she would acquire a loathing for that pervading garment, and, recovering her mental balance, would beg for the skirts of sanity and the petticoats of her earlier and happier days.

At all events, the disease is not incurable. Mrs. Bloomer, who was one of its earliest victims, and who suffered from it to a degree that excited the horror of all beholders, was long ago thoroughly and permanently cured. What treatment was pursued in her case is not generally known, but the fact that it was successful ought to encourage the friends of all those who are now similarly afflicted. Physicians need to study the disease more thoroughly than they have hitherto done, and were they to take this course, there is abundant reason to hope that they would soon discover the proper method of treatment, and would banish from the community one of the most painful and terrible diseases to which women are now subject.

MRS. ARNOLD'S RIG.

MRS. ELIZA M. ARNOLD, of Houston, Texas, has invented and patented an improvement in rigging ladies of any size, which greatly simplifies the task of setting or furling an umbrella. The new invention is called an "umbrella supporter," and next to the device of double topsail yards it is probably the most important improvement in rigging which has been made during the last half century. Mrs. Arnold's description of the umbrella supporter is extremely interesting. Two curved rods made to fit upon what the inventor calls "the forward side" of a woman or girl, of any age, are fastened at the lower ends to the belt of the wearer, and, passing over her shoulders, unite behind the neck to form a socket into which the foot of an umbrella is stepped. The socket resembles in appearance the truss of a ship's main yard, with the important exception that it is made of steel twisted into spiral springs, so that free lateral motion may be given to the umbrella. The rods are furnished with back-stays leading to the arms and to what Mrs. Arnold would probably call the "backward side" of the wearer, and when these are set up taut there is no danger that the rods will be carried away by a sudden squall. The umbrella is of course furnished with halyards and brails, so that it can be easily set or taken in, and it is trimmed to suit the direction of the wind or of the sun's rays by means of braces. It is claimed that the umbrella can be handled with extreme ease, and that any woman rigged in accordance with Mrs. Arnold's plan is exempt from the necessity of shipping an able gentleman to carry her umbrella whenever she takes her walks abroad.

Excellent as this invention appears to the reader of Mrs. Arnold's eloquent description, it is possible that in practice it will be found to have its weak points. It is noticeable that no means of sending the umbrella down on deck in

case of a heavy gale are provided. Now, it is conceivable that a lady rigged with the Arnold umbrella may meet with a hurricane so fierce that prudence will dictate the immediate sending down of the umbrella and all its gear. Of course this could be done with the aid of sufficient force. A mast-rope could be made fast to the upper part of the umbrella; the lower part could be cast loose from the truss; and by judiciously lowering away the mast rope, hauling in on the tripping line, and easing away the braces, the umbrella might be safely landed on deck. But at least five men would be needed to accomplish this task. One would have to go aloft, and having made fast the mast-rope, would then have to cut the truss-lashings, and stand by to keep the umbrella from chafing against the chignon or fouling the bonnet-streamers. Another would have to be stationed at the mast-rope and still another at the tripping-line, while each brace would need the exclusive attention of a careful and competent hand. Now, the very object of Mrs. Arnold's device is to enable a lady to carry an umbrella without the aid of a single man or boy. Is it probable that when the necessity of sending down the umbrella arrives, no less than five men will be within call and ready to undertake the job? Moreover, how is a man to reach the top of the umbrella in order to bend on his mast-rope? To go aloft on a light-sparred young lady in the midst of a hurricane is an exploit from which the hardest mariner would shrink, and which would require the agility of a monkey combined with the strength of a man and the lightness of a ten-year-old boy.

Another serious objection to the Arnold rig is the danger which will result from careless or ignorant handling of the umbrella. Of course, in fair weather and with a breeze astern or on the quarter, the most inexperienced young lady could safely run before the wind without experiencing any difficulty. But suppose she is standing up the east side of Fifth Avenue, close-hauled, and with a fresh breeze on the port bow, and suddenly decides to change her course and to stand over to the west pavement. Instead of tacking, the inexperienced girl would be very apt to merely put her helm hard-down, and being thus caught aback, would drift help-

lessly and rapidly against the nearest ash-barrel or lamp-post. If the Arnold rig should be universally adopted, this melancholy spectacle would be of daily occurrence, and the services of the police as wreckers would be in constant demand.

Again, the feminine ignorance of the rule of the road would lead to constant and dangerous collision. How can two young ladies, beating up Broadway under a heavy press of umbrella, and nearing one another upon opposite tacks, be expected to remember that the one with the wind on her starboard side has the right of way over the other? And what fashionable woman going large, with everything set, would be willing to give way to a close-hauled market-woman? The more the new invention is studied in regard to its dangers when managed by inexperienced or careless women, the more objectionable does it appear. There is no doubt that it is ingenious, that it saves labor, and that, with careful management, it would be of very great value. It is equally clear that it would be a source of great danger except in experienced hands, and that if brought into general use it would lead to constant and frequently fatal disasters.

A NEW POINT FOR DARWINIANS.

RECENTLY the workmen in one of the Californian mines struck a stream of water at the depth of 2,200 feet. It rose with great rapidity until it reached the height of 400 feet, when the pumps prevailed upon it to pause. Whether it can be further induced to vacate the mine and permit the workmen to resume their labors remains to be seen.

A flooded mine is unfortunately no novelty, but the flooding of this particular mine has led to a discovery of vast importance to scientific persons and fishmongers. The water is not of that cool and delightful quality so pleasing to the temperance lecturer. No temperance song has yet

been written which could be sung in its praise with the least propriety, for it is not merely warm, but positively hot. It is admirably adapted for the composition of the sinful beverage with which the Californian miner clarifies his vision so that he can perceive the spiritual snakes that are invisible to ordinary eyes ; but except in connection with whiskey, sugar, and lemon-peel it is manifestly unfit for thirsty men. In this hot water were, nevertheless, found quantities of fish of an entirely new pattern. Like the fish of the Mammoth Cave, they are destitute of eyes, but unlike all previous fish, they can live only in hot water. When the experiment of placing them in cold water was tried, they immediately showed symptoms of suffering from cold fins and tails, and presently died in great anguish. Of course, their color was a bright red, in consequence of the prolonged boiling which they had undergone, and it is probable that they were eaten on the spot by the hungry miners.

The existence of fish in hot water will bring joy to the heart of the believer in natural selection. It is a proof that when nature slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees heats the water in a subterranean fish-pond, the fishes which insist upon cold water will gradually die off, while others who like a somewhat higher temperature will survive. In time, this survival of the hottest will result in the production of fishes which regard hot water as their natural element. This is evidently what has taken place in California. An entirely new species of fish has been developed, and the discovery of the "*Cyprinus Brooklynensis*"—as it is understood that the new hot-water fish is to be appropriately called—furnishes a strong argument in support of the theory of development by aid of natural selection.

The importance of this discovery to fish-mongers, keepers of restaurants, and housekeepers generally can hardly be over-estimated. If boiled fish can be caught, all the trouble now required in cooking raw fish will be avoided, and if it is possible to develop a race of fishes that can live in boiling water, it is equally possible to develop a breed of hot-water lobsters, or clams, or oysters. All that would be necessary would be a close imitation of the pro-

cesses of nature. If we stock a pool of water with lobsters, and slowly increase its temperature so as to reach the boiling-point, in the course of a hundred years we shall find the then surviving lobsters crawling around in a beautifully boiled state and requiring nothing but sauce to fit them for immediate eating. Whether it would be possible to develop a race of roast turkeys by breeding the birds in a hot-house, in which the temperature should be increased say one degree every six months, may be doubted, since at a high temperature eggs would be hatched with such rapidity as to seriously inconvenience a hen-turkey of slow and methodical habits. Still, the existence of living roast turkeys does not seem much more improbable than the existence of living fish in a boiled state seemed a week ago ; and the day may yet come when our poultry can be placed on the table without undergoing the fearful risk of cooking at the hands of a newly imported Hibernian, and our fish can be eaten on the banks of their native caldron, without the aid of a frying-pan or a gridiron.

There is but one thing which casts the slightest shade of doubt upon the possibility of the development of boiled fish. The California miners insist that they have seen the hot-water fish of the flooded mine with their own eyes, and we cannot doubt that they make the assertion in good faith. Still, it would be interesting to know if they drank any of the hot water, in a properly medicated state, before catching the fish. If so, there is a possibility that the vision of boiled fish was only a delusion of the imagination. It is currently reported in alcoholic circles that the Californian miner often sees in his uneasy dreams whole menageries of curious animals, including not only those already known to naturalists, but other and hitherto unclassified beasts, birds, and reptiles of the most eccentric conformation and undesirable habits. If we are to class the boiled fish of the Red Dog Mine with the insubstantial *fauna* of California dreams, there is an end of the exultation with which Darwinians and lovers of fish diet have received the story of the flooded mine. Let us, however, hope for better things, and cling to the belief that the "*Cyprinus Brooklynensis*" is a blessed and boiled reality, until the contrary is conclusively shown.

THE EARLY AMERICAN GIANT.

THE conduct of the prehistoric races of this continent, in omitting to leave any record which could establish their origin and customs, was extremely thoughtless. They managed such things vastly better in Europe. When the cave-dwellers grew tired of their subterranean existence and decided to die, they had some consideration for those who were to come after them. They selected specimens of the bones of all the animals of the period, and drew portraits of themselves on the handles of their tooth-brushes, and then laid down to die surrounded by these mute witnesses of their fondness for art and animals. Thus, when the British explorer finds a cave-dweller's skeleton, with its accompanying cabinet of curiosities, he is at once enabled to assert that the cave-dwellers were contemporary with bears and tooth-brushes, and has the great satisfaction of knowing that as soon as he can discover the date at which the cave-bear flourished in the British Islands, he will know the date at which the cave-dweller lived. In North America, on the contrary, the earliest residents were sublimely selfish, and cared nothing whatever for the archæological feelings of subsequent generations. When a mound-builder died, he neither collected any extraneous bones, nor took the slightest care of his own. Had he requested his surviving friends to look upon his corpse in the light of an antiquarian corner-stone, and to bury with it a box containing the newspapers and coins of the period, there would be some pleasure in digging him up. Or if he had simply directed that his name and occupation should be inexpensively stencilled on one of his largest bones, he could have saved us a great deal of unprofitable discussion as to his real character. But he did nothing of the sort; and in consequence when we now find his skeleton, it is useless even to the coroner, and is entirely indistinguishable from the ordinary Indian skeleton.

The public will be unpleasantly reminded of this callous indifference to the future on the part of prehistoric Americans by the recent discovery of three unusually fine skeletons in Kentucky. A Louisville paper asserts that two men lately undertook to explore a cave which they accidentally discovered not far from that city. The entrance to the cave was small, but the explorers soon found themselves in a magnificent apartment, richly furnished with the most expensive and fashionable stalactites. In a corner of this hall stood a large stone family vault, which the two men promptly pried open. In it were found three skeletons, each nearly nine feet in height. The skeletons appear to have somewhat frightened the young men, for, on seeing so extensive a collection of bones, they immediately dropped their torch, and subsequently wandered in darkness for thirty-six hours before they found their way back to daylight and soda-water.

Now, it is evident that these gigantic skeletons belonged to men very different from the men of the present day. A skeleton eight feet and ten inches in height would measure fully nine feet when dressed in even a thin suit of flesh. The tallest nine-foot giant of a travelling circus is rarely more than six feet four inches high in private life and without his boots, and even giants of this quality are scarce and dear. The three genuine nine-foot men of Kentucky must have belonged to a race that is now entirely extinct, and hence it would be a matter of very great interest if we could learn who and what they were.

It would be difficult to excuse the indifference of these giants to our rational curiosity. They could afford to be buried in a gorgeous family vault, and hence could have easily afforded to decorate the vault with a plain and inexpensive door-plate. They could afford to pay the cost of having their heavy bodies carried a long distance into the cave before they were deposited in the vault, and it is reasonably certain that they did not obtain possession of so eligible a burial-place without paying a large price to the local cemetery company. And yet they did not take the trouble to furnish us with the slightest clue to their identity. Not only did they omit to put a door-plate on their vault,

but they failed to deposit a visiting card, or a worthless certificate of petroleum stock, or anything whatever bearing the name of either of them, in the tomb. Not so much as a boot or a paper collar, a gilt sleeve-button or a cheap jack-knife, was buried with them. When we contrast this selfish parsimony with the generous forethought of the cave-dweller who died with a bear's skull in one hand, a rhinoceros' horn in the other, and with his pockets stuffed full of engraved tooth-brush handles, merely in order to please remote posterity, we can only blush for the selfish want of public spirit of the early American giant.

Of course, the tale of the two young Kentuckian explorers needs confirmation. They may have made their alleged discovery while in an advanced state of hot whiskey, or they may have manufactured their skeletons before finding them, with the view to subsequent exhibitions. Whole panoramas of eccentric skeletons have frequently been seen in Kentucky and elsewhere, by men who have looked too frequently upon the whiskey when it is hot and flavored with sugar and lemon-peel ; and the story of the Cardiff Giant reminds us that the manufacture of prehistoric men has already been attempted. Still, even if the Early American Giant proves to be a fact, we have no reason to hope that we shall ever find out what manner of man he was. It is only too evident that he was as inconsiderate as the Early American Cucumber which insists upon running over all contiguous vegetable beds, without depositing sufficient cucumbers to atone for its trespass. He died and left no sign, and he deserves our hearty condemnation for his selfish carelessness.

A SAD CASE.

THE sea-serpent has been seen again ; this time in the Malacca Straits, and by the captain and surgeon of a British steamship, assisted, as they allege, by all the rest of the ship's company. The alarming apparition is described at great length in an affidavit made by the two officers

aforesaid, and there is no doubt that it ought to be a terrible warning to them.

On the 11th day of September last, at 10.30 A. M., the steamship *Nestor* was passing through the Malacca Straits, on her way to Shanghai. We need not inquire what the captain and surgeon were doing at that precise hour, but, as it was early in the day, we may assume there was merely a slight dash of brandy mingled with the soda water. Suddenly they saw on the starboard beam, at a distance of about two hundred yards, an animal that filled them with horror and alarm. It was, of course, serpentine in form—as that style of retributive animal always is—and it comprised a body of fifty feet in length, together with a tail one hundred and fifty feet long. At least, this is the way in which the two unhappy officers describe their vision, although it might be preferable to say that the serpent consisted of one hundred and fifty feet of tail, with a fifty-foot body attached thereto. In point of color, the animal could have given odds to Solomon in all his glory. Its head was of a pale yellow color, while the body and tail were encircled with alternate stripes of yellow and black. In fact, the surgeon was at first inclined to think that he was gazing upon a Titanic mermaid, with yellow hair and a wealth of fashionable hosiery; but the conception of two hundred feet of striped hose was too vast to obtain a permanent lodging in his wearied and excited brain. What was exceptionally remarkable in this portentous snake was its total want of either mouth or eyes. It is well known to all naturalists that the serpents usually seen by seafaring men in thirsty latitudes are provided with eyes of pure phosphorus, and are equipped with mouths of tremendous size, which they habitually wear wide open, in order to breathe out streams of fire. Still, there is no reason why we should doubt the appearance of an eyeless and mouthless snake; and, indeed, such an animal would have a weird look, which would startle and appal the beholder, because of its very novelty.

When the captain first saw this terrible creature, it was swimming parallel to the ship at the rate of nine and three-quarters knots, and he felt a wild impulse to run it

•

down, as though it were merely an American man-of-war in a Japanese harbor. On reflection, he decided that such a course might injure the blades of his screw, and that, after all, experience had demonstrated that the more one tries to slay a serpent of that particular species, the more apt it is to transform itself into a regiment of objectionable goblins. Moreover, the serpent suddenly ported its tail and ran under the steamer's stern. It kept company with the ship for some time ; and why it did not come on board, and, following the captain and surgeon to their state-rooms, divide itself in two pieces and coil round their respective legs, we are not told.

So great was the shock experienced by the captain and surgeon, that as soon as the ship reached Shanghai they rushed to the office of a local magistrate and in his presence solemnly "swore off," or, as they preferred to put it, made an affidavit. It is from the descriptive passages in this affidavit—which are the only portions of it which the deponents have ventured to publish—that the facts above set forth are taken. It is unpleasant to charge two British officers with a lack of candor, but it is impossible to read this affidavit without recognizing its evasive nature. The deponents weakly imagined that they could conceal the true state of the case by refraining from calling the marine monster a snake. Not only do they assert that they "should not for a moment compare it to a snake," but they also allege that it resembled "the frog tribe." We all know that the frog is a reputable cold-water animal, which can be seen without gross cause for scandal by the most sober and abstemious persons, but the captain and surgeon of the *Nestor* cannot deceive the public by calling an animal consisting almost entirely of tail, and devoid of either legs or fins, a frog. They saw an open and undisguised serpent, and little hopes of their permanent reformation can be entertained so long as they attempt to deny the fact and to babble of innocent frogs.

If we may believe the testimony of these two unfortunate men, the sea-serpent was also seen by their fellow-officers and by all the passengers. As the latter were principally Chinamen, their testimony, even if we had it, would

not be held to be of much value ; but surely we ought to hear what the first and second mates of the *Nestor* have to say concerning the matter. Neither the captain or the surgeon mentions the impression which the sight of the sea-serpent made upon these two estimable seamen ; and although the captain does mention that the third mate said the animal was nothing but a shoal, he omits to tell us how he thereupon took the third mate aside and explained to him that delirium tremens could not be tolerated in a subordinate officer, and that he must abandon the intoxicating cup and sign the pledge if he wished to remain the third mate of the *Nestor*. There is not the least doubt that the captain and the surgeon saw precisely the sort of serpent which they describe in their affidavit, but when they hesitate to call it a serpent, and suppress the evidence of the first and second mates in regard to the vision, they excite in the public mind a doubt of their strict honesty.

AN INCONSIDERATE GIFT.

It is related that when Wolfe lay wounded on the Plains of Abraham a noisy and inconsiderate staff officer suddenly cried : "They fly ! They fly !" "Shoo, fly !" sternly exclaimed the dying but exasperated hero, "let me die in peace"—and immediately expired.

This touching historical anecdote will naturally recur to every one who reads of the late noble conduct of the King of the Fiji Islands. As is generally known, the British Government recently assumed a protectorate over the Fijians. It is not easy to explain precisely what a protectorate is, but there is no difficulty in understanding its results. When the British Government becomes the protector of an Indian or Polynesian nation, that nation's property immediately passes into the hands of British agents, and the natives are notified to call at the collector's office and pay their taxes. It will thus be seen that there is a wide difference between protecting and conquering a country, and good men are delighted to find that the

former course is now uniformly preferred to the latter by the British Government.

As has been said, the Fiji Islands have passed under the protection of Great Britain, and as one of the consequences of this political change, the Fijian King has been relieved to some extent of the duty of personally eating his plumper subjects. Being thus at leisure, and needing to distract his attention from the emptiness of his larder, he has investigated the workings of the missionary system in his dominions, and has become filled with admiration for the noble and devoted missionaries. In the days when he was well fed, this monarch cared nothing for the average missionary, and was accustomed to remark that the pretence that a missionary had a peculiarly delicate flavor was all nonsense, and that for his part he preferred the simple citizen of his own country, roasted by a native cook, to the best of the high-priced British or American viands that self-styled epicures pretended to admire. Now, however, he looks upon the missionary with hungry and unprejudiced eyes, perceives that the men who have sacrificed everything to come and teach his savage subjects are deserving of the utmost gratitude and honor that he can give them. Especially does he admire the efforts of the London Missionary Society, which in his opinion, sends out a finer quality of missionary than any other society has sent ; and as a proof of his high opinion of this noble organization he has just sent to its chairman seven young and valuable wives, accompanied by a polite note begging the chairman's acceptance of the trifling gift.

Of course, there are those who will suspect that the Fijian King entertains a vague hope of throwing off the British protectorate, and that he wants to provide himself with materials for a banquet in celebration of that event. There is, however, really no sufficient reason for thus doubting the disinterested motives of the king. He says that he admires the London Missionary Society, and feels kindly towards its chairman. It would be unkind to look seven gift wives in the mouth, and to impute a hungry, instead of honorable, motive to the giver ; and it would be grossly discourteous to intimate that a king does not tell the truth.

If, as is alleged, these seven young and confiding wives are now on their way to London, the question arises what will the chairman of the society do when they reach him? If they are delivered at his door by the express company during his absence from home, his original wife will probably leave them standing in the hall to wait his return, and will promptly betake herself to her father's house, a prey to poignant doubts as to the real results of missionary labor. If the chairman is at home, and receives the seven wives himself, he will find it a difficult task to explain matters to his wife's satisfaction, even if he takes refuge in prevarication, and alleges that the wives have been consigned to him purely for instruction, or that they are intended for Mr. Spurgeon, or some other friend. No matter how astutely he endeavors to smooth over the matter, he cannot expect a British matron to believe that when her husband has a package of seven wives openly delivered at his front door, he is conducting himself in a way that deserves her affection and respect.

If the unhappy chairman refuses to receive the king's present, and leaves the seven young Fijians upon the hands of the express company, he will be guilty of exposing his heathen fellow-creatures to misery and starvation. The express company will not undertake to support seven hungry young women, and the police will never permit them to appear on the streets clad in the simple garb of their native land. The chairman of a missionary society who ignores the Fijian at his own front door cannot, with any consistence, pretend to care for the Fijian ten thousand miles away. Either he must accept the king's present at the price of the ruin of his domestic peace or he must refuse it and ruin his reputation as a consistent supporter of the missionary cause. It is seldom that an excellent and deserving man is put in so perplexing and dangerous a predicament.

It is said that the Fijian King was duly warned by the British Admiral that the chairman of the London Missionary Society would not be permitted to marry the seven gratuitous wives. "Then let him eat them," was the generous monarch's reply. Of course, the chairman cannot do this without

creating remark, and perhaps incurring the condemnation of the stricter part of the press. There really seems to be no way out of his difficulties except that of immediate flight to some region where the express business is unknown. Let him take his family and instantly emigrate to Greenland. There he can cool his excited brain, and pass the remainder of his days in striving to forgive the generous but inconsiderate monarch who has buried his reputation under an avalanche of wives.

POCKETS.

A LONDON magistrate lately told a woman whose pocket had been picked, that if women would change the position and plan of their pockets, they would not so frequently suffer from the depredations of light-fingered thieves. This was a judicial opinion of remarkable acuteness and exceptional value, in so far as it indicated the true reason why women are the favorite prey of pickpockets. Still, it is one thing to point out an evil that deserves to be remedied, and quite another to designate the remedy. The court which denounced the present female substitute for a pocket did not suggest any practicable improvement upon it, and, indeed, it is doubtful if any man who is not a professional scientific person is fully capable of dealing with so difficult a question.

Man is marsupial, and herein he is broadly distinguished from woman. Nature has provided man with pockets in his trousers, his waistcoat, and his coat. The number is not always the same, some men having, in the aggregate, twelve distinct pockets, great and small, while others have only eight or nine; but a man totally without pockets would be a *lusus naturæ*. It is remarkable that pockets are not congenital, but are slowly developed during childhood and youth. The trousers-pockets, which are earliest developed, seldom make their appearance before the fifth year, and one of these usually comes to maturity ten or

twelve months before its fellow. About the eighth year a male child develops two and sometimes three coat-pockets, and two years later the lower waistcoat-pockets appear. Nature then pauses in her work, and it is not until the fourteenth year that the small fob-pockets of the waistcoat and the watch-pocket of the trousers are developed. The appearance of the pistol-pocket and the two coat-tail-pockets is usually synchronous with the cutting of the wisdom teeth. When these have reached maturity, the normal development of pockets ceases—for the comparatively recent discovery of isolated specimens of men with pockets in the sleeves of their overcoats, apparently designed for stowing away female hands, does not as yet warrant any change in the scientific classification and description of human pockets.

Of the uses of the pocket it is unnecessary to speak, since we are all familiar with them. It may, however, be safely asserted that without pockets men would never have emerged from barbarism. Handkerchiefs, pen-knives, money, tobacco, latch-keys—those articles the presence of which is essential to civilization, and the absence of which constitutes barbarism—manifestly could not exist in any useful form had not beneficent nature endowed us with pockets. It is a significant fact that the higher a man rises in the scale of civilization, the more numerous become his pockets. The red man has no pocket whatever; the Turk has two pockets; the people of the south of Europe have rarely more than five, while the man of Anglo-Saxon blood has nine, or—counting those in his overcoat—ten well-defined and practicable pockets. Representative government, fine-cut tobacco, trial by jury, and revolving pistols are the precious inheritance of the nine-pocketed races. Ignorance, superstition, and a general assortment of miseries are the lot of those who have not developed more than four or five pockets.

Why nature constructed woman without true pockets it does not become us to inquire, although the fact might easily be interpreted as an evidence that women are not designed to become the military or civil leaders of mankind. It is sufficient for us to know that the pocket, in

the scientific sense of the term, is the monopoly of the male sex, for it is not yet established that even Dr. Mary Walker has developed a really masculine pocket. Emulous of the more gifted sex, women have striven to supply the deficiencies of nature by art, and boldly claim that the mysterious and unseen bags which they carry concealed about their persons are virtually pockets. On this point the distinguished anatomist Cuvier says: "The capacious muslin organ generally called the female pocket has none of the essential characteristics of the true pocket. It is situated a little lower than the placquet, and forms a *cul-de-sac*, to which the placquet serves as the entrance. It may be removed by the knife without any perceptible effect upon the health; and it is plainly artificial and extraneous." The same opinion is held by all educated anatomists, and, though we may admit that the so-called female pocket is capable of containing a large amount of handkerchiefs, candy, hair-pins, and other necessities of feminine existence, its real character as a commonplace bag ought not to be concealed under the pretentious title of pocket.

From the nature of its construction, this bag is so easy of access to the shameless pickpocket that he looks upon it in the light of a storehouse, in which is laid up for his especial benefit portable property of more or less value. No one will dispute the dictum of the London court, that women who place their purses in these pseudo pockets invite pickpockets to steal them; but what other device can they substitute for the inefficient muslin bag? To require a woman to develop pockets without a basis of trousers, waistcoat, or coat, would be more cruel than was Pharaoh's request that the Hebrews would make bricks without straw. Women who desire artificial pockets are limited to the use of the treacherous muslin bag, and the locality in which it is now worn is declared by competent comparative anatomists to be the only one where such an appendage could be securely placed, and remain at the same time easily accessible. The only way out of the difficulty is for women to abandon the vain effort to emulate marsupial man, and to lay aside their muslin bags. Thus

will they remove temptation from the pickpocket, and prove themselves capable of accepting, without a murmur, the mysterious law of nature, which lavishes pockets upon one sex and withholds them inexorably from the other.

THE KENTUCKY METEORS.

ONE day Mrs. Crouch, of Olympian Springs, Ky., was employed in the open air and under a particularly clear sky, in the celebration of those mysterious rites by which the housewife transmutes scraps of meat, bones, and effete overshoes into soap. Suddenly there descended upon her a gentle shower of meat. It fell impartially upon the presumably just Mrs. Crouch and her unjust cat, and the latter, conceitedly assuming that at last his merits had been signally recognized, immediately gorged himself with the public breakfast so unexpectedly tendered to him. The meat was served in the shape of hash, and its particles ranged in size from a delicate shred as light as a snowflake to a solid lump three inches square. It was in a raw state, but it was obviously perfectly fresh. Two Kentucky gentlemen in prosperous circumstances, and accustomed to eating meat, tasted it and pronounced the opinion that it was either venison or mutton; and the greater part of the State of Kentucky is probably, at this moment, covered with baskets and tubs, which have been placed in the open fields in readiness to catch the next shower of atmospheric hash.

Whence came this remarkable rain? It had not been predicted by the Weather Bureau, and it could not have been the result of the blowing up of a distant boarding-house inasmuch as no trace of bones, buttons, and other components of the hash of commerce could be discovered by the most searching analysis. The most obvious conclusion is that the Kentucky shower of meat was really a meteoric shower. According to the present theory of astronomers, an enormous belt of meteoric stones constantly

revolves around the sun, and when the earth comes in contact with this belt she is soundly pelted. Similarly, we may suppose that there revolves about the sun a belt of venison, mutton, and other meat, divided into small fragments, which are precipitated upon the earth whenever the latter crosses their path. Of course, the scientific persons will sneer at this explanation, inasmuch as they have not been the first to propose it, and will deny that there are any grounds whatever for a belief in the existence of cosmical meat. But if they believe in a hypothetical belt of meteoric stones, simply because certain stones occasionally fall upon the earth's surface, why should they not believe in a possible belt of fresh meat, now that particles of venison and mutton have fallen on Mrs. Crouch and her appreciative cat? If they revive the theory—now generally abandoned—that the meteoric stones are fragments of an exploded planet, then we may require them to admit that the Kentucky shower consisted of fragments of exploded inhabitants who formerly occupied the wrecked planet. Doubtless, their final argument will be that their instruments show them no traces of meat in the solar system or the interstellar spaces. This is very true, but so far from upsetting the belt theory, it merely shows that new instruments of wider powers must be invented.

There is an obvious need of an improved spectroscope which will exhibit the appropriate lines for beef, mutton, venison, poultry, and fish as plainly as the present spectroscope shows the lines of hydrogen, magnesium, and other chemical elements. With such instruments, combined with a telescope sufficiently powerful to make visible the hypothetical meat belt, we might obtain some really satisfactory astronomical knowledge. The Signal Service Bureau could learn at what time to look for showers of meat, and could announce them with the same confidence with which it now occasionally prophesies "clear or cloudy weather." If we should read under the head of "probabilities," that "light showers of beefsteak may be looked for in the New-England and Middle States during the morning, followed by a heavy rain of mutton in the afternoon," we could abstain from visiting the market, and could, instead,

spread out a sheet on the roof and lay in a week's supply of butcher's meat. Such predictions would, of course, be based upon the increased brilliancy of the spectroscopic lines of beef and mutton. These lines would naturally grow brighter as the earth neared the meat belt, and if the orbit of the belt were once thoroughly known, we could predict meat showers with the same certainty with which the August and November meteoric showers are now predicted.

When once the scientific men accept the hypothesis of cosmical meat they will tell us what a grand and solemn thought it is, that at the distance of whole slates full of figures, vast nebulae of finely comminuted meat are circling steadily around the sun. They will tell us how astronomers, profoundly learned in chalk and blackboards and filled full to the lips with logarithms and long division, saw that the falling of meat on the head of Mrs. Crouch and her hungry cat postulated the existence of a meat belt, and thereupon calculated its orbit and its periodic time with an assiduity that immediately raised the price of chalk crayons. At present, however, they will hoot at the very theory which they will ultimately adopt, and will put forward feeble hypotheses of the explosion of a cattle steam-boat, or the tying of a can of nitro-glycerine to a large dog's tail, in order to account for the meteoric phenomenon which has alarmed the Kentucky butchers, and filled all other Kentuckians with amazement and delight.

GLASS EYES.

OF course, there are advantages in having a wife with a glass eye. It confers a certain distinction upon the husband. Wives without glass eyes are exceedingly common, but there is not one man in ten thousand who can proudly mention that he possesses a wife with a glass-eye attachment. Then, too, the glass-eyed wife has a never-failing resource for quieting a noisy infant. The most vicious

baby living—one that habitually bears false witness in regard to the alleged presence of imaginary pins, and who is addicted to an indulgence in midnight colic—could not fail to be instantly soothed into smiles by being permitted to scoop out its mother's eye. To the Central African explorer the companionship of a wife with a glass eye would be simply invaluable. He would endear himself to the native husbands by occasionally knocking out his wife's eye with every apparent sign of marital indignation, and could thus challenge popular admiration as a husband of great intelligence and decision of character without giving the slightest physical pain to his beloved companion. Employed as a bribe, a glass eye would buy the alliance of every native king on the whole continent ; and if Sir Samuel Baker had been equipped with a glass-eyed wife at the time when King Kamrasi admired the bright eyes of Lady Baker, and suggested that he would accept her as a present, the distinguished explorer could have gratified the monarch, and still retained possession of the greater part of his wife, by merely removing her glass eye and presenting it to his majesty. And yet, in spite of the many apparent advantages which accrue to the husband of a wife with a glass eye, there must be more than compensating disadvantages ; for a Rochester man has just begun a suit for divorce on the ground that his wife has a glass eye which inflicts unendurable torments upon him.

The chief cause of complaint specified by this unfortunate man is the fact that his wife sleeps with her glass eye wide open. At first sight this may seem a trivial matter, but a little reflection will lead us to deeply sympathize with the aggrieved husband. It is not pleasant for a man to return home from a political meeting at 2 o'clock in the morning, knowing that however softly he may remove his innumerable boots, or however skilfully he may avoid tumbling over the chairs on which he had deposited his hats, the sleepless glass eye of his wife will gleam in the light of the two bedroom candles, and follow his wandering movements with a pitiless glare. The most sober of men cannot awake in the stillness of the night and feel quite at ease when he finds a glass eye watching him as sternly as

though the owner knew all about his rash bet on the election, and was waiting to hear him explain how a man who had refused to buy a new parlor carpet could justifiably throw away his money in gambling. At any rate the Rochester husband found that his nerves were rapidly becoming shattered under the constant nocturnal watching to which he was subjected, and after having tried every possible means to keep his wife's eye closed, he has now come to lay his woes before an impartial jury.

It can easily be imagined what were the means which he had vainly used to close that vigilant eye. It may not have been positively wrong for him to stealthily cover it with a coat of black paint, but he certainly ought to have known that no sleeping woman can have a paint-brush drawn over half of her face without waking up and expressing decided opinions concerning the act. It was also natural that, after having found that a copper cent laid on his wife's eyelid would continually slip from its position, he should have searched for some heavier weight ; but it was a mistake to suppose that a large lump of coal would meet the exigencies of the case. It was, of course, open to him to surreptitiously possess himself of the offending eye and to hide it under the pillow ; but after a man has been two or three times suddenly awakened in the morning with the awful question, "What have you done with my eye?" he is reluctant to undergo any further questioning of that sort. Whether there really is any effective and legitimate method which a tender husband can employ to keep his wife's glass eye closed at night, is, perhaps, doubtful ; but it is very certain that the man who can stealthily try to close his wife's eye with mucilage has no adequate conception of the holiness of the marriage relation, and cannot be held to come into a divorce court with clean hands.

It is to be hoped in the interest of public morals that the Rochester husband will lose his suit ; for if he gains it, our courts will swarm with suitors seeking divorces. If a glass eye is adjudged a sufficient cause for divorce, there would be no reason for refusing to grant a separation to a wife whose husband is guilty of false teeth, or an absolute divorce to a husband whose wife is habitually addicted to a

wooden leg. In spite of the fact that this would illustrate the great doctrine of the survival of the fittest, and would tend to prevent glass eyes and wooden legs from becoming hereditary, it would loosen the marriage tie to an extent which no thoughtful man can contemplate without serious alarm.

MR LONG.

FEW discoveries have been made which compare in importance with that recently made by Mr. Long, of Alameda County, Cal. Much credit has properly been given to Champollion for his graceful translations of Egyptian obelisks, and to Mr. Layard for his spirited versions of Assyrian public documents. Still, not only did these eminent men undertake tasks far easier than that to which Mr. Long has successfully devoted his days and nights, but their achievements were of comparatively little value. The Egyptian king who published his autobiography in two or three large obelisks full of hieroglyphics could not have had anything to say worth saying, or he would not have written in a style of which angular monkeys and hawk-headed idols form conspicuous features ; while, as for remarks made exclusively in arrow-heads, we might have expected that they would be characterized by an oppressive sameness. But while Mr. Long has accomplished a philological feat of absolutely unprecedented difficulty, he has also opened to mankind a field of knowledge the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Henceforth the name of Long will stand first on the list of great discoverers, and his fame will be even above the rivalry of the future translator of the Etruscan inscriptions.

Every intelligent man who has had the privilege of being admitted on terms of intimacy into the best horse and dog circles has been thoroughly convinced that those excellent animals possess languages of their own in which they converse as freely, if not as frivolously, as men con-

verse in human speech. It has been reserved for Mr. Long to demonstrate the truth of this opinion, and to fully master the sonorous and dignified language of the horse. Mr. Long was for many years a horse educator, and naturally learned to love and respect his equine friends. So greatly did he estimate the value of horse society that of late years he has taken up his residence in a stable where he eats and sleeps in company with the most eminent local horses. He had, moreover, a nobler object than that of being a recognized member of the first horse circles of California. Long ago he set himself resolutely to learn the horse language, and he now asserts that he can not only perfectly understand every remark that falls from a horse's lips, but he can join in the conversation of cultivated horses with as much ease as though he had been born a horse and brought up exclusively in a stable. This claim he has apparently made good by permitting his human friends to listen to him when conversing with horses, and it is the firm conviction of the human public of Alameda County that Mr. Long has virtually broken through the barrier that has hitherto separated men and horses, and that the time is at hand when horse language will be taught in our common schools and when horses will admit us to their society on terms of perfect equality. Of course, if Mr. Long can learn the horse language he can also learn the languages spoken by other animals, and we may expect to find him barking cheerfully with his dogs, and mewling with the better class of cats. That he will impart his method of studying these languages to his fellow-men there is every reason to believe. With the aid of a few learned men he will prepare a series of horse text-books, including a *Horse and English Dictionary*, a *First Horse Reader*, and a *New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Neigh Horse*. Similar text-books will place the means of learning the dog language and other less important animal languages within the reach of every one, and before very long every young ladies' seminary will have its regular dog Professor, who will instruct classes in the Dog Grammar and exercise them in conversational barking while imparting to them the purest Newfoundland or mastiff accent.

It is inevitable that this grand discovery should revolutionize our present relations with the higher animals. There will be no excuse for treating horses with tyranny and violence, when we can calmly explain our wishes to them, and listen to their views of the matter under consideration. We shall be ashamed to refuse the polite request of a faithful horse for a few more oats, or the privilege of pausing at the top of a hill in order to get his breath, and we shall remember with shame the stupidity with which we have been accustomed to regard his remarks as mere meaningless noises, which did not deserve the slightest attention. It will be a rare pleasure to spend an evening with an intelligent terrier, and listen to his views as to the best method of extirpating rats ; or to hear from a cultivated mastiff the real origin and symptoms of hydrophobia. Whether the language of cats will be generally studied unless those immoral animals abandon the detestable habit of profanity which now renders their midnight discussions so revolting, even to persons who cannot apprehend their precise meaning, remains to be seen. There is nevertheless no doubt that cats can give us a good deal of valuable information, and can, perhaps, teach us how to find our way home across miles of strange country, in case we should ever be kidnapped, and carried away in a large bag or basket.

In addition to the advantages which we shall obtain from the mastery of the various languages of domestic animals, we shall be enabled to greatly improve their condition. We shall doubtless be able to reduce their languages to writing, and teach the animals themselves how to read. The lonely and unprofitable hours which horses now spend in the stable will become thoroughly delightful when a horse library is placed within reach of every stable; and the time which dogs now waste in sleep will be employed in reading essays on the art of rat-catching, and biographies of eminent dogs whose examples deserve to be followed. Even the cats may be elevated by the influence of tracts on the sin of stealing cold meat, and by sermons against the wickedness of bird-killing and mouse-torturing ; while the evils of profanity and dissolute con-

duct might be forcibly pointed out by interesting and moral tales entitled "The Air Gun ; or, The Swearer's Doom," and "The Belle of the Back Fence ; or, The Terrible End of a Giddy Caterwauler." Thus will the cause of morality among animals be powerfully aided, and the barbarous theory that they have neither minds to be cultivated nor consciences to be enlightened will give way to kind and earnest effort to render them some atonement for ages of cruelty, misunderstanding, and neglect.

THE ROAD TO THE POLE.

THERE prevails a difference of opinion as to the possibility of reaching the North Pole. Capt. Hayes insists that when he visited the upper part of Smith's Sound he saw a fine large open sea, over which any one could have sailed to the Pole without getting his feet wet. Capt. Nares, on the other hand, found that Hayes' open sea was frozen to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and had been frozen since an early geological period. This does not necessarily impugn Capt. Hayes' veracity, since we have only to suppose that the latter made a slight error in respect to the date of his journey, and that he saw the open Polar Sea some thousands of years ago, when it was yet uncongealed. Still, there is undoubtedly a want of perfect cordiality between the friends of Hayes, who believe that the Polar Sea is navigable, and those of Nares, who insist that the Pole is entirely inaccessible. In these circumstances, another captain, to wit, Capt. Howgate, of our Signal Service Bureau, has proposed a compromise, which provides a way for reaching the Pole without reflecting upon the veracity of either the American or the English explorer. Capt. Howgate assumes that the Polar Sea is occasionally open, as when Hayes saw it, and occasionally frozen, as it was at the time of Nares' visit. He, therefore, proposes that twenty men should be taken to about the latitude of 81° , and left there for three years

with instructions to wait until the one hundred and fifty feet of ice should melt and enable them to sail directly to the Pole.

This plan is not only a novel one, but it recommends itself by its apparent fairness. It is also perfectly feasible up to a certain point. For example, twenty men can be found at almost any time, and vessels capable of carrying that number to Smith's Sound are also attainable. If these twenty men should be handcuffed and carried to latitude 81° , they could be landed and left there, as Capt. Howgate proposes. So far there is no great difficulty in the way of carrying out Capt. Howgate's plan, provided a law were to be passed authorizing the deportation of twenty hardened criminals to Smith's Sound. When, however, we come to the task of inducing the twenty men to leave their winter-quarters and travel some six hundred miles to the Pole, the real difficulty of the scheme becomes apparent, and this difficulty will probably be found to be insuperable.

Of course, the twenty convicts — for such they will virtually be—would be told that their return at the end of three years would depend solely upon their success in reaching the Pole. When, at the end of three years, a vessel should arrive to obtain their report, there is not the least doubt that they would unanimously insist that they had been to the Pole. How would it be possible to tell whether they had told the truth or not? In three years' time twenty men, no matter how dull they might be, could agree upon a description of the Pole which would satisfy the most enthusiastic expectations. They could decorate that distant region with more walruses and polar bears than the most intoxicated Esquimaux ever dreamed of. They could prepare, with the aid of a local spider, a map of their alleged route which would elicit tears of delight from the maker of the *Herald's* Central African maps; and they could insist that they had left a tin box, containing their autographs, on the very top of the Pole, as a convincing proof that they had been there. It would be far easier to do this than to actually make the journey, and it is idle to suppose that men, comfortably furnished with

warm huts, Bibles in large print, and all the facilities for poker, would abandon these comforts in order to undertake a long and difficult journey, when it would be so much more simple for them to merely say that they had done so. Of course, in so saying, they would be guilty of falsehood; but in the extreme cold of 140° below zero the moral sense becomes somewhat numb. Men who can tell the truth with comparative ease in a moderate temperature cannot be expected to accomplish that feat with certainty when subjected to Arctic cold. If we can believe what is written here and in England concerning Arctic explorers, we must concede this fact, and hence it would be unreasonable to expect that twenty criminals, exiled to the far north, would hesitate to gain their release by a safe and easy falsehood.

Although Capt. Howgate's plan, in its present form, is thus open to a serious objection, it suggests what would be a really feasible plan for reaching the Pole. Instead of making a single camp in latitude 81° , a succession of camps should be made all the way from that point to the Pole, at intervals of half a mile from one another. In each of these camps two or three men, provided with a few years' rations, should be placed, with instructions to keep a lamp constantly burning in the kitchen window as a beacon for belated explorers, and to keep the sidewalk swept as far as the next camp. The explorer who desired to reach the Pole would then have an uninterrupted series of half-mile stations all the way to his place of destination. He could warm his feet at one station, lunch at another, and sleep at a third. Thus, by safe and easy stages, he could reach and discover the Pole and return to Smith's Sound without difficulty. The Arctic explorer can always travel half a mile in a given direction. Divide the distance from Smith's Sound to the Pole into half-mile walks, and all the difficulties which are now insuperable would vanish. This is undoubtedly the true way in which Arctic exploration should be conducted, and it is a wonder that no one has hitherto thought of it.

The building of these half-mile stations, and the work of supplying them with stores and garrisons, is a mere matter of detail which need not be here discussed. If we

once grasp the idea that in order to reach the North Pole men must first be sent there to make and keep open a path, the precise method of carrying out this idea becomes a matter of secondary importance, as to which a broad liberty of thought may be exercised. While it is evident that Capt. Howgate's twenty men would content themselves with saying that they had been to the Pole, no such subterfuge would be possible in the case of men whose sole business it would be to stay at these stations and entertain explorers. It is just possible that captious critics may affect to find flaws in this plan, but it would not be rash to assert that in no other way will the Pole ever be reached. Somebody must go there and build a fire and make things comfortable before either Hayes or Nares will see their way clear to make the journey. Unless this is done, the sooner we cease to waste time and lives in Arctic exploration the better.

FISH OUT OF PLACE.

"It never rains but it pours" is a proverb so conspicuously false as regards the temperate zone, that we are justified in assuming that it must have been the work of some Aryan Franklin who issued a prehistoric almanac on the plains of India in which he inculcated honesty and vague meteorological views in homely Sanscrit. Nevertheless, if we limit the range of the proverb exclusively to showers of articles of diet, it becomes somewhat more trustworthy. The recent shower of alleged mutton or venison in Kentucky has been followed up by a shower of fish in Indiana, and the Western people are confidently expecting hailstorms of dough-nuts, and possibly a gentle drizzle of turtle-soup.

The Kentucky meat-shower still maintains its interest in spite of a weak attempt of a rash scientific person to prove that it consisted simply of the eggs of frogs. Unfortunately, he forgot that frogs' eggs do not contain blood, and hence his theory does not account for the sanguinary

appearance of the celestial Kentucky meat. Meanwhile, doubt has also been cast on the mutton and venison theory. It will be remembered that the meat was tasted by two Kentucky gentlemen, who asserted that it was either mutton or venison, but who wisely forebore to decide which of the two it really was. A terrible suspicion has since grown up that the shower actually consisted of finely-hashed citizens of Kentucky, who had been caught up in a whirlwind while engaged in a little "difficulty" with bowie-knives, and strewn over their astonished State. It is, perhaps, natural that this view should be enthusiastically maintained by the swarm of coroners who instantly flocked to the region of the shower, and by the general undertaking sentiment of the country. So confident are the coroners in their own opinion of the affair, that they are understood to have offered to send samples of the meat to King Kalakaua and Prime Minister Steinberger for dental analysis. This certainly would secure a fair test of the true character of the meat, and it is to be hoped that the proposal will be promptly carried into effect.

The Indiana shower admits of no such discussion, as to its character, since the fish of which it was composed were not only perfectly whole, but were, in some cases, still alive. They varied from one inch to four feet in length, and covered acres of ground, in the neighborhood of the town of Winchester. At least such is the substance of a telegram published in a Cincinnati newspaper, and the public mind shrinks from the suggestion that a Cincinnati editor, living amid the purifying and ennobling influences of pork, would knowingly print a false, or even an exaggerated, statement. The Winchester people have not hitherto been intimate with fish, and hence they do not undertake to specify the particular species which so unexpectedly fell among them. Until some accomplished fish person visits the scene and makes a careful investigation, we must, therefore, be content to remain in ignorance whether the Winchester fish are fresh or salt water fish, and whether they have violated the Indiana game laws by suffering themselves to be caught out of season.

It cannot be denied that this latest shower is more per-

plexing than its Kentucky predecessor. Kentucky gentlemen are always having little "difficulties," and may at any time be caught up by sudden whirlwinds. Fish, on the contrary, stay in the water, and though they may be tempted from their element by preposterous artificial flies, no sportsman ever yet tried to fish with a whirlwind or ever heard of a fish rising to such an absurd bait. Moreover, we do not hear of any pisciculturist who has missed a few acres of private fish, nor of any fish-monger whose stock in trade has been blown away. It was admissible to entertain the conjecture that the Kentucky meat was cosmic in its origin, since there is no evidence that hash cannot exist in the universal ether. Fish, however, need water, and there is no astronomer of reputation who would entertain the hypothesis of cosmical rivers stocked with cosmical fish.

In these circumstances, the public mind naturally turns to the scientific person who lately offered to manufacture any desired climate by creating aerial vortices through which cold or warm air would pour down upon the earth. Is he already tampering with the atmosphere, and are these edible showers the first results of his ill-directed meddling? Ill-directed it certainly is, for no man with any sense of the fitness of things would serve up meat first and fish afterwards. Why did he not begin with oysters, and then pass on to soup and subsequent fish? If he proposes to continue this sort of thing, he should show a proper deference to gastronomic rules. If he is to create whirlwinds here and vortices there, and to rain down mince-pie to-day and roast-turkey to-morrow, the Weather Bureau should suppress him without delay, and thus save us from prandial anarchy. Of course the scientific person in question may not be the man who is actually responsible for this state of things, and it may be that the Weather Bureau itself, tired of the monotony of distributing areas of depressed barometer in the region of the lakes, and clear or cloudy weather followed by light rains or sunshine in the Middle States, has determined to try the experiment of a few dinner and breakfast showers. However this may be, we have a right to demand that some degree of decency should

be observed in the succession of meteorological food. To fill the stomachs of the American people at the expense of their morals would be a wretched form of false philanthropy. If to our notorious offences in respect to boiled coffee and fried steak, and our open and shameless indulgence in all the varied forms of pie, we are now to add a national contempt of the proper sequence of fish and meat, we had better resign forever our claim to be classed among civilized nations.

THE DECAY OF BURGLARY.

THAT the "hard times" have seriously affected that large and enterprising class of our fellow-citizens, the burglars, there is abundant evidence. A marked change is plainly perceptible in the manner in which they do their work. Formerly the burglar was usually an artist in his profession, and showed a conscientious thoroughness and nicety in its practice. He effected his entrance into a house in a dexterous and workmanlike manner, leaving no broken glass or smashed panels to accuse him of clumsy incompetence. He knew what articles of value to select, and how to avoid disturbing the inmates of the house by rude and inconsiderate noises. In no circumstances would he be guilty of wanton and ungentlemanly destruction of property. If he found himself insulted with plated spoons, and mocked by oroid jewelry, he never showed his resentment by twisting the former and stamping on the latter. If he thus failed to meet with any adequate reward for his midnight toil, he simply withdrew quietly and inoffensively, and contented himself with pitying the selfish parsimony with which householders, rolling in plated teaspoons, ignored the hard-working burglar, and left him to suffer in silence the pangs of disappointed hope.

To this praiseworthy burglar of former days has succeeded the rude pretender to burglary, who cannot undertake the simplest job without showing his incompetence and vulgarity. He breaks into suburban houses by the

primitive process of kicking out the cellar windows, and scratches the matches with which he lights his lantern on the spotless parlor walls. His first idea is to rob the refrigerator and make a hearty meal, careless of the annoyance which he thus inflicts upon the thrifty housewife, and of the disgrace which he brings upon his art by subordinating it to sensual gratification. After supper he makes an exploration of the house, soiling the carpets with tobacco juice and breaking the locks of desks and drawers. If he finds nothing that is worth stealing, he expresses his brutal anger by cutting the pictures, scratching the piano, and breaking the clock. Before he departs he usually manages to fall over enough furniture to awaken the proprietor, and to thus promote that want of harmony in the domestic circle which inevitably occurs when a husband hesitates to accept his wife's advice to go down stairs armed only with his night-shirt and capture a burglar. The contrast between this ruffianly housebreaker and the skilful and accomplished burglar is painfully forced upon our attention whenever we read the police reports, and thinking men naturally ask themselves what has been the cause of this sad deterioration which apparently involves the whole profession.

The root of the evil lies in the high prices which have prevailed since the civil war. Formerly burglars' tools could be obtained at prices which permitted men of moderate means to enter the profession. To-day a complete set of tools costs fully four hundred dollars, and no one but a capitalist can equip himself for the practice of burglary in an artistic and creditable way. It thus follows that burglary has fallen into the hands of "shysters," who undertake to rob houses by the unaided light of nature, and without either burglars' tools or the knowledge of their uses, while men who might become able and accomplished burglars, were they provided with suitable tools, disdain to rob with their naked hands, so to speak, and prefer to become gamblers or statesmen, rather than to bring disgrace upon a more honorable profession by using clubs or paving-stones instead of centre-bits and "jimmies."

In order to improve the condition of burglars, and restore the profession to its earlier excellence, we need, first

of all, to remove the restrictions which the law has unfairly placed upon the manufacture and sale of burglars' tools, and which necessarily increase their market value. Plumbers' tools are openly made and sold, and gas manufacturers are permitted to supply that heaven and man defying instrument, the gas-meter, to their victims. The law which sanctions these things nevertheless makes an arbitrary discrimination against burglars' tools, and thus, while with one hand it protects the plumber and the gas manufacturer, with the other it hampers and oppresses the burglar. Take away those offensive restrictions and burglars' tools will fall fifty per cent. in price, while a substantial victory will be gained for the great principle of free trade.

Men who have the interests of burglary at heart will not, however, be content with merely securing the repeal of an obnoxious law. If we wish to be robbed in a skilful and artistic way, and to avoid the annoying visits of incapable and vulgar ruffians, we must encourage men with a talent for burglary by placing full kits of burglars' tools within the reach of the very poorest. To do this a charitable society should be organized and a plan of action devised which should secure the end in view, without at the same time pauperizing the burglar. If this is done, the best and brightest days of burglary will soon return, and the householder will have the gratification of being robbed by accomplished artists, instead of the annoyance which he now experiences at the hands of the miserable pretenders who disgrace the profession.

THE KIDNAPPED KLAMATH.

The wretches who captured little Charley Ross were right in believing that almost any sum of money would be paid by the unhappy parents for the restoration of their child. In this matter they displayed a certain business sagacity which entitled them to rank with the skilful brigands of Italy rather than with the ordinary thieves and burglars of America. But what can be said of the stupid

fellows who last April kidnapped a Klamath Indian, and were recently glad to let him go again without a particle of ransom? Undoubtedly they fancied that the mere fact of kidnapping gives a commercial value to the kidnapped. Herein they showed a degree of folly worthy of the advocates of an inflated paper currency. The child of loving parents has for them a real and inestimable value, but the stray Klamath is totally devoid of any intrinsic value whatever. To impress the stamp of kidnapping upon a Klamath cannot make him valuable, or create the slightest demand for him. There is probably not an intelligent lunatic in any well-conducted asylum who does not at once perceive the supreme folly of an attempt to inflate the kidnapping market with ragged, red-backed Indians.

The particular Klamath who was the subject of this kidnapping stupidity was one of a band of Modocs and Klamaths brought east for purposes of exhibition by ex-Peace Commissioner Meacham. The latter was one of the few companions of Gen. Canby who escaped the rifles of Capt. Jack and his treacherous followers, and he seems to have supposed that an exhibition of real Modocs, and of a real Peace Commissioner with real scalp wounds, would furnish a rational and moral amusement to which all the curiosity hunters would promptly rally. On the 28th of April last he had his Indians, as he imagined, safely boxed up in a New-York hotel, but, on counting them was dismayed to find that one David Hill, called "for short" *Walaiks Skidat*, was missing. As it was certain that Mr. Skidat had not been mislaid by any baggage-master, nor left on the seat of an omnibus by Mr. Meacham himself, the latter naturally supposed that he was merely temporarily absent either with a view to whiskey, or for the purpose of inspecting the fine stock of scalps which adorn the windows of local hair-dressers. Days and weeks went by, however, and Mr. Skidat did not appear. The police were applied to by Mr. Meacham, who, having passed his life on the frontier, naturally knew nothing of the New-York police, but they failed to find the missing Klamath. Somewhat later Mr. Meacham was mysteriously notified that certain persons were ready to return Mr. Skidat for the small reward of a thousand dollars. These mysterious dealers in

cheap aborigines, however, failed to make good their offer, and all hope of finding the unfortunate Klamath was abandoned. Mr. Meacham and his friends probably hired a private parlor, and danced a funeral-dance in honor of the departed. At all events they never expected to see him again, and the conviction that Mr. Meacham was a careless person, liable to mislay and lose Indians at any time, seems to have seized upon his Modoc and Klamath friends, and led them to abandon their exhibiting tour, and return hastily to their native wilds.

The experience of the kidnappers was at least as unpleasant as was that of the kidnapped. They had caught their Klamath, but they found no one anxious to buy that sort of wild game. He had to be watched with the utmost care lest he should scalp his kidnappers, and the expense of supplying him with whiskey and war paint, in order to keep him in a marketable condition, must have been very great. To get rid of him by killing him was not an easy task, since the Sportsman's Club would have been pretty sure to proceed against men who killed an Indian out of season. Finally they decided that the only thing to be done was to let the Klamath loose again. Accordingly they took him to the far West—probably in a bag—and opening the bag on a lonely prairie requested him to “scat.” It is needless to say that he promptly obeyed, and a few weeks since he turned up on the Klamath reservation very foot sore and thirsty, and extremely dissatisfied with New York and civilization generally.

If those kidnappers have any self-respect whatever, they must feel heartily ashamed to look in a looking-glass. They went to the trouble of kidnapping an Indian, and their only reward was unlimited anxiety, and the expense of feeding him for four months. They have undoubtedly come to the conclusion that they were mistaken in supposing that their earthly mission is kidnapping. Something in the pocket-picking or sneak-thief line is evidently the only business for which they are fitted. Unless, indeed, they can obtain engagements to make anti-resumption political speeches, an occupation in which their lack of honesty and their experience of practical inflation would make them peculiarly at home.

THE COMING MAN.

It is painful to notice that, while the advocates of the Darwinian theory trace with perfect confidence the development of man from his Simian ancestors, they refrain from pointing out the next step in his future development. In this, as in certain other matters, they show a curious reluctance to openly acknowledge the inevitable results of their theory. The average Darwinian, who hotly insists that the pig is not a special creation, but that he has been developed by the slow processes of nature, lacks the courage to profess the same view of the origin of the pig-pen, and not only admits that it is a special creation, but also weakly concedes that its existence implies that of a conscious carpenter. This may be merely a wise withholding of the strong meat of development from orthodox babes, but it certainly has very much the look of a cowardly unwillingness to push logic to its final goal.

As to the gradual changes which man is undergoing, they are quite obvious to courageous and clear-sighted philosophers, and plainly indicate what is to be the next stage in his development. It has been remarked that the superiority of American dentists to all other members of the profession was shown by the extraordinary display of dental instruments at the Philadelphia Exhibition. If we ask what is the cause of this superiority,—which, by the way, is generally conceded to be beyond cavil,—the obvious answer is that the American dentist fills more cubic feet of cavities and draws more tons of teeth in the course of a month than the English or Continental dentist fills and draws in a year. This fact, in turn, implies that American teeth are exceptionally prone to decay; and there is a wealth of direct evidence of a conclusive character in sup-

port of this assertion. At this point the superficial thinker pauses, and imagines that he has exhausted the subject of dentistry in America. It is just here, however, that the profound Darwinian philosopher finds the clue to the next great physical change which is to distinguish the man of the future from the man of the present. He sees that in America we are rapidly developing a race of men without teeth, and that precisely as men have laid aside their useless primeval tails, so they are about to drop their nearly useless teeth. The man of the future is, then, to be a toothless animal. This much can science deduce from the apparently irrelevant fact that the American display of dental instruments at Philadelphia was wonderfully and exceptionally fine.

The causes of the rapid disappearance of American teeth are numerous. We may trace its first beginnings to the universal habit of eating oysters, and the invention of canned vegetables and fruits, and of Liebig's extract of meat. These articles can be bolted by the busy American without calling in the aid of his teeth, and the latter, in accordance with the invariable law of development, have grown feebler and more infrequent in proportion to the constantly lessening demand upon their services. When once the decline of teeth began, it was inevitable that it should proceed with ever-increasing rapidity. As soon as good teeth became exceptional they became unpopular, and just as among lean women plumpness is held to be vulgar, so among persons deficient in teeth, the opinion prevails that there is something essentially indelicate in a mouth crowded with obvious and vigorous teeth. Other causes tending to the decline of teeth might be mentioned, but these two are doubtless sufficient to account for the facts as they now are.

The total disappearance of teeth will, of course, involve changes in the habits of mankind. The diet of the future man will consist chiefly of what the American *chef* calls "spoon vittles," and of fish. Oat-meal, oysters, and the delicate brook trout, which melts in the mouth without the intervention of teeth, will form the food of the coming man, and as these articles supply nutriment to the brain, he will

unquestionably surpass the present variety of man in brain power. Of course, when the total disappearance of teeth is predicted, it is not meant that rudimentary teeth will not be found in the human mouth. These will, however, be of no practical value. The human coat-tail is unquestionably a reminiscence of the Simian state, and may be correctly termed a rudimentary tail. It is, nevertheless, of no possible use either in point of flies or as an aid to climbing trees, and in like manner such rudimentary teeth as the future man may retain will be wholly useless so far as pie-crust and tobacco are concerned, and will not be available for gnashing purposes even in the heat of a political campaign.

Not only can we thus confidently predict the development of toothless men, but we can also assume that the next consecutive stage of human development will be an entirely hairless one. Clothing for the body was adopted prior to clothing for the head, and as a result the furry coat of the primeval man disappeared before the hair of his head began to give place to the invading hat. Hair, however, is plainly doomed. In less than nineteen centuries, the long hair of woman, to which St. Paul confidently alludes as to something which notoriously existed, has so far vanished that were St. Paul now living, he would probably modify his original assertion by remarking that the long hair of woman is a glory to her hair-dealer. The normal type of masculine hair is now nothing more than a thin fringe around the base of the cranium, and even this shows signs of early disappearance. We may therefore unhesitatingly decide that the future toothless man will also be hairless, and a very handsome and creditable specimen of development he will be.

There are not wanting certain evidences, which are daily met on the theatrical stage and on the public promenade, that the human leg is to attain an extraordinary development in the near future. This, however, affords little consolation to those who cling fondly to teeth, and abhor absolute baldness. Perhaps the professional Darwinian cannot be blamed for his reluctance to tell us boldly to what a toothless and hairless goal we are steadily march-

ing. Perhaps he feels in his secret heart that no man will adopt the development theory if he is told that it involves the disappearance of his teeth and hair. No such development will satisfy the popular mind, and it is probably better to conceal the truth from the impulsive public than to frankly tell them that there will not be a grain of tooth or a spear of hair among their unfortunate and helpless descendants.

SPIRITUAL CANDY.

AMONG recent ghosts, a new and useful variety of spectre which has just appeared in Council Bluffs deserves to be noticed. Spiritualists desiring a quiet, useful, family ghost, warranted to be popular with the children and without any objectionable habits, had better order a Council Bluffs ghost without delay. The noisy table-tipping and crockery-breaking spirits that were so popular a few years ago have been almost entirely superseded by improved ghosts, which are noiseless, easily managed, and capable of affording innocent amusement to children and weak-minded adults. The Council Bluffs ghost is in all respects the best which has yet been offered to the public, and had it only been exhibited at Philadelphia, it would doubtless have received a medal and a certificate showing its superiority to all competitors as plainly as do the certificates which all the piano-makers have received.

The ghost in question is that of a little girl of excellent judgment in the selection of candy. The members of the family with whom the girl had been acquainted during her lifetime were lately holding a domestic *séance* for the reception of visiting ghosts, when this nice little girl announced that she was present, and intended to present one of the circle with a stick of candy. The ghost was not visible, but the candy was almost immediately placed in the hand of an astonished gentleman, who, when the lamp was lighted, found himself the happy possessor of an undoubted stick of striped candy.

An irreverent person, on being thus provided with gra-

tuitous spiritual candy, would probably have eaten it and demanded more. The recipient of the gift was, however, an earnest Spiritualist, and he knew better than to rashly eat things made in another world. To all appearances the candy was an ordinary stick of white peppermint candy, ornamented with spiral stripes of red paint, but as it is impossible to say to what extent the adulteration of articles of food is carried in the other world, it was only prudent for the earnest Spiritualist to employ a small-boy to test the candy before eating it himself. But before a small-boy could be procured, the curiously indigestible nature of that stick of candy was unexpectedly demonstrated. Instead of becoming sticky when held in the hand, it merely grew somewhat warmer, and then suddenly transformed itself into a rose of remarkable beauty and delicious perfume. It was at once recognized that candy capable of such a sudden and extraordinary change was not meant to be eaten by any person of value. Had it blossomed into a rose when half-way down a rash and irreverent throat, strangulation would have inevitably resulted. When it became cool, the ghostly rose again resumed its saccharine form, and it has since been changed from a stick of candy to a rose, and back again to its original shape, as often as any one has tried the experiment of warming and cooling it.

The superiority of this variety of candy for domestic purposes will at once be perceived. Ordinary earthly candy is useful in persuading noisy infants to silence, but its effect is merely temporary, and is followed by an abdominal reaction, which intensifies the very evil which it was designed to cure. A kind-hearted man may be boarding in a house infested with infants to such an extent that peace of mind by day or sleep at night are utterly impossible. He may go to a confectioner's and buy a dozen pounds of the most deadly candy, and present it to the destroyers of his peace. What is the result? The infants become preternaturally quiet for the space of say half an hour, while they devour the candy, and render the whole interior of the house a sticky conglomerate of mutually adhesive infants and furniture. At the end of this time they announce with start-

ling unanimity their intention to indulge in colic, and before their distracted mothers have soaked them loose from the furniture, and filled them with paregoric, the house vibrates from garret to basement with their yells. Thus the kind-hearted man finds that he has thrown away his money and made his condition even worse than it was before. He cannot even recover damages against the confectioner, for the latter will always take the ground that the candy would have proved fatal had it been administered in proper doses. The truth is, that whatever confectioners and physicians may say, candy is rarely immediately fatal. It will undoubtedly produce good results if administered daily for a sufficiently long time ; but few men have the patience to wait for weeks until the candy accomplishes its perfect work.

Now, the good little ghost of Council Bluffs has made us acquainted with a variety of spiritual candy from which we can confidently anticipate the very best results. Suppose that a good man who wishes to reward his neighbor's small-boy for persistent practice on the drum, gives him a stick of this excellent candy. The small-boy instantly places what is scientifically called " a hunk " of the candy in his mouth, and tries to swallow it. The warmth of his interior transforms it into a rose while it is in the very act of entering the œsophagus. There is a smothered cry, and the small-boy sinks to the ground, where he quietly chokes, while the good man goes cheerfully on his way, rejoicing that the ghost of Council Bluffs has convinced him that the soul is immortal, and that there is another world. Meanwhile, as the small-boy gradually grows cold the rose resumes the shape of candy, and the coroner's jury find the unsuspecting verdict, " Choked with peppermint candy." Thus the benevolent heart of the good man is made happy, and the small-boy ceases from drumming ; and for these two important results we have to thank the good little ghost of Council Bluffs. It can safely be predicted that her candy will speedily become immensely popular. It will drive earthly candy out of the market, and supersede soothing syrup ; and will convince a skeptical world that at least one really meritorious ghost has at last made her appearance.

TWO RECENT INVENTIONS.

AMONG recent American inventions there are two which deserve especial mention, not only for the ingenuity which they display, but for the noble and philanthropic purpose which evidently animated the inventors. One of these inventions has been already patented, and is thus fairly before the public. The other has not yet been brought to the attention of the Patent Office, and the inventor deserves all the more credit for his obvious design of presenting it as a free gift to his fellow-countrymen.

The human baby has heretofore frequently called into action the ingenuity of philanthropic inventors. Years ago some good and great man invented the baby-jumper, and thereby conferred a priceless benefit upon the nurseries of the land. The baby-jumper consisted of a frame-work depending from the ceiling of the nursery by an elastic cord, and intended to encircle the surly infant with a firm but tender grasp. When a baby of obtrusive oratorical habits was placed in the baby-jumper, the machine instantly began to lift him up and down as the india-rubber cord contracted and stretched. The boldest baby, no matter how much he may have been fed upon ginger-bread, or how seriously he may have been suffering from concealed pins, no sooner found himself executing this involuntary and persistent dance than he forgot his desires and his woes, and gradually yielded to incipient congestion of the brain. Strange as it may seem, the baby-jumper has latterly passed out of use, owing, possibly, to the fact that occasionally an infant who had been placed in it and then forgotten by its mother, was found at the end of twenty-four hours so thoroughly shaken up that no care or anatomical skill could repack its internal organs in such a way as to induce them to work smoothly. Still, a great deal of good was unquestionably accomplished by the invention of the baby-jumper,

and the inventor's memory is still lovingly cherished by tired nurses and the manufacturers of infant coffins.

The invention of the baby-pole is, however, a decided advance upon that of the baby-jumper. This new device consists of a pole, which may be of almost any length, to one end of which is affixed a series of straps so arranged as to hold an infant tightly and yet without the infliction of any pain. When it is desired to satisfy the longings of the infantile spirit for the chandelier or the various fruits that grow on trees, the baby is fastened to the pole, and is thus elevated until it can grasp the object of its desires. In this way an infant can be placed within reach of cherries or crab-apples, or assisted to the easy acquisition of the knowledge that a lighted chandelier is more satisfactory when merely looked at than it is when brought in contact with investigating and inexperienced fingers. If the lower end of the baby-pole is sharpened, it can be thrust into the ground in the neighborhood of a cherry-tree, and the elevated infant can be left to choose its own rate of progress towards cholera morbus. Thus innocent and improving amusement can be furnished to energetic and restless babies at very little expense or trouble, and mothers can obtain a blessed respite from their wearisome maternal cares.

A still further advantage possessed by the baby pole is the fact that it furnishes an infallible means of reducing the loudest infant to immediate silence. It is generally known that if a hen be seized and whirled several times in a circle about the operator's head, the fowl will cease to sing and will apparently sink into a profound slumber. In like manner it is only necessary to whirl the infant attached to the baby-pole swiftly through the air, and it will pass into a species of mesmeric sleep so deep that iron boilers might be riveted under its very nose without awakening it. It is, of course, possible that nurses of a riotous disposition may occasionally use the baby-pole, with its appendant baby, as a war-club with which to mow down whole swathes of obnoxious small-boys, or to chastise a personal enemy; but such a perversion of a noble invention would probably seldom be made, since it would be almost certain to involve the breakage of the baby, the value of which would, in most cases, be deducted from the offending nurse's wages.

The other invention to which reference has been made is intended to lessen the labors of those who transport the harmless but self-willed hog to market. Nothing is more difficult than to induce a drove of hogs to cross a gang-plank into a cattle-car or on board a steam-boat. Frequently, when a gang-plank is crowded with these whimsical animals, they will suddenly stand still and refuse to move a single inch, though entreated with boots and hand-spikes. It is for such an emergency as this that the hog-bouncer is intended. That admirable invention consists of a gang-plank, divided in the middle into two equal sections, connected with hinges. The section furthest removed from the steam-boat or car is provided with a powerful spring, which, when set in action, throws it violently upward. When the plank is crowded, and it suddenly occurs to the hogs to pause and reflect upon the propriety of refusing to go any further, the spring is touched, the afterpart of the plank flies up, and the astonished hogs are shot violently forward, filling the air with indignant but helpless pork. A gang-plank fitted with this invention, and capable of holding fifty hogs can thus be cleared in a moment of time, and it is estimated that, were the hog-bouncer to be used in loading Cincinnati steam-boats, a saving of time, labor, and profanity would be made which would be sufficient to reduce one-eighth the cost of transportation to St. Louis.

It is hardly necessary to point out that although the patentee of the hog-bouncer describes it as exclusively designed for assisting the transportation of hogs, it is susceptible of much wider uses. In a modified form it could be placed at the entrances of our places of amusement, and used to prevent the frequent jams that occur when a crowd is forcing its way into the door of the opera-house or theatre. In like manner it would prove very useful in loading excursion steamers, where it would obviate the inconveniences resulting from the feminine practice of pausing on a gang-plank for a few moments' chat with suddenly recognized friends. In fact, wherever a crowd assembles, there the bouncer can be put to efficient use, and the inventor will doubtless be surprised to find in the course of a few years that he has supplied a great popular want, and

will give his invention the more appropriate name of the universal bouncer.

It is pleasant to find that while other nations are inventing new instruments of warfare, and new varieties of nitro-glycerine, America produces the baby-pole and the hog-bouncer. It is only in a land of liberty that genius turns its attention to infants and pigs, and we may well cherish the free institutions that have rendered possible such glorious results.

RAINING CATS.

THE time has arrived when it is the duty of the thoughtful patriot to protest against the zoölogical showers which are occurring almost daily in one or another part of the country. When the first of these abnormal showers covered a Kentucky farm with flesh and blood, wise men felt that the rights of graziers and butchers had been unwarrantably infringed. Nevertheless, inasmuch as no one supposed that the performance would be repeated, and as it had been the means of making a number of Chicago reporters acquainted with the taste of meat, no one publicly found fault with it. In a week or two afterward a shower of fish occurred in Illinois. It so happened that this shower took place at the beginning of Lent, and therefore discreet people abstained from expressing their indignation, lest they should be unwarily drawn into a theological discussion. When, however, it was announced that a heavy rain of mosquitoes had fallen in Canada, there was a universal feeling that this sort of thing had been carried altogether too far. There is no demand whatever for an increased number of mosquitoes. The volume of those pests issued every Summer is always more than commensurate with the necessities of business, and any attempt at inflation in connection with mosquitoes must be vigorously withstood. It ought to be mentioned that the myriads of mosquitoes which fell in Canada last week belonged to a new variety, each one of which was

three times as large, and consequently possessed of three times as much horse power, as an ordinary New-Jersey mosquito. If this shower was the work of a scientific person, who is experimenting upon the capacity of atmospheric currents to transport living organisms and rain them down upon distant localities, the malevolence of Thomassen has been completely surpassed. To blow up a steamship is a small matter compared with raining incalculable quantities of gigantic mosquitoes upon helpless communities. One thing is very certain, and that is that there will be an enormous decrease of the usual number of marriages next summer, if the new Canadian mosquitoes are to render the tailors and furriers of Canada inaccessible except by those who are incased in metallic armor.

But the recent mosquito shower, bad as it was, has been eclipsed by a still more recent and objectionable shower which occurred in California. It was restricted to the narrow area of a single city lot on Van Ness street, San Francisco; but it was of unparalleled violence and malignity. Early one evening the Van Ness street family was quietly seated around the social centre table, the father explaining to a casual Eastern visitor the unequalled beauties of the Californian climate, and the mother hushing her baby by reading in a monotonous murmur the report of the day's sale of mining stocks. Suddenly a loud pattering was heard on the roof, mingled with the last despairing cry of some strong tom-cat in his agony. The pattering and the cries increased, and a shower of heavy objects fell from the eaves and rattled on the pavement below. The whole family rushed to the front piazza, and by the increasing light of the full moon beheld scores of cats pouring from the roof. Cats of all sizes and colors were sliding over the shingles and turning wild somersaults in the air. At one moment a gigantic tom-cat would clutch at the pitiless gutter-pipe, and failing to break his fall, would shoot meteor-like, with outstretched tail through the astonished night and impale himself on the iron spikes of the front fence. At another moment a staid tortoiseshell tabby, of untarnished reputation, would make the fatal plunge, uttering blasphemous and blood-curdling

yells until she brained herself on the brick pavement. The horrified family fled to the cellar, where they passed the night in denouncing the Weather Bureau ; in vainly attempting to convince their Eastern guest that an occasional cat-shower in no way detracted from the unequalled excellence of the Californian climate, and in searching a pocket New Testament for the account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The shower did not last more than fifteen minutes, although it sprinkled cats at intervals until morning. When daylight came, every fence spike was ornamented with an impaled cat, and the yard was so thickly strewn with the dead and wounded that an experienced meteorologist, who subsequently investigated the affair, reported that at least eight inches of cats must have fallen during the night. The theory put forth by this skeptical man of science in order to account for the shower hardly needs to be refuted. He invented a small-boy, whom he accused of greasing the roof with imaginary butter, which caused some hundreds of cats, assembled on the ridge-pole with a view to singing the praises of love and mice, to lose their footing. Inasmuch as he failed to produce either the boy or the butter, and also failed to explain how a boy could keep his footing on a greased roof, where the most skilful cat, even with the aid of four feet and a full set of claws, could not maintain a position, we can only pity the weakness and despise the effrontery of the scientific skeptic.

It is sufficiently evident that this Californian cat shower is the last of the kind which a free and proud people can permit. We have now had showers of flesh, fish, mosquitoes, and cats, and unless prompt measures are taken we shall presently be pelted with puppies and deluged with pitchforks. Men and brethren, shall these things be? Are we to silently permit the hands of the weather-clock to be turned back, and our customary showers of water to be superseded by showers of undesirable animals? Delay is dangerous. While we are yet speaking a wave of atmospheric cats may be approaching us from the Gulf ; light showers of wasps and mosquitoes may be about to descend upon the New-England and Middle States, and an area of cosmical pigs may be threatening the region of the lakes.

TENNESSEE PYGMIES.

PREHISTORIC America must have been an exceedingly curious and interesting country. Its forests were filled with mastodons, megatheriums, and other large and lively beasts, any one of which thought nothing of scratching himself on the sharp pinnacles of a convenient Gothic church, and so toppling it over on its scores of helpless pew-holders. In the Mississippi Valley, the industrious mound-builders were constantly throwing up gigantic mole-hills, and planting them with earthen-pots and copper hatchets, in the vain expectation that the seed thus sown would yield enormous crops of kitchen-ware and carpenters' tools. In Kentucky, the giants to whom the bones recently discovered in a Kentucky cave are said to have belonged, strode loftily along the turnpikes, kicking the Indians and the mound-builders contemptuously out of the way ; and finally, in Tennessee, a race of pygmies was continually holding political meetings and resolving that mastodons, mound-builders, and giants should be promptly abolished, and that the size of the inhabitants of this country should be made and kept commensurate with its commercial necessities.

It is rather odd that the existence of the Tennessee pygmies of prehistoric America was until recently never suspected. The name of the mastodon has long been familiar to every person who is in the least degree addicted to fossils. His remains, in the shape of a plaster-of-Paris skeleton, with the artist's name stamped on the forehead, are exhibited in every respectable museum, and inspire the youth of America with bitter regret that an animal so beautifully adapted for experiments with red-pepper lozenges has gone where the small-boy ceases to trouble and the nomadic circus is at rest. The mound-builders have been the subject of scores of learned essays, in which their identity with the Aztecs, the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Welsh, and the lost tribes of Israel has been triumphantly

shown ; and of the exact height and probable capacity for whiskey of the Kentucky giants, we have had careful and presumably accurate statistics. The discovery of the pygmies is, however, so very recent, that no one has as yet framed any theory whatever to account for their origin, and to explain their complete extinction.

When the Kentucky giants were discovered, it was natural that the State pride of the people of Tennessee should be somewhat hurt. The Tennesseans, however, did not sit down and content themselves with reviling the Kentuckians and insinuating doubts as to the alleged character of the gigantic bones. They promptly proceeded to find rival bones of still greater merit, and their industry has been rewarded by their discovery of a grave-yard containing the skeletons of seventy-five thousand pygmies of the average height of three feet each. What are the three nine-foot giants of Kentucky, in comparison with so great a cloud of pygmies? If we may judge from the price usually paid by circus managers for living giants and dwarfs a three-foot dwarf is decidedly more valuable than a nine-foot giant, and if the same standard governs the price of fossils, the seventy-five thousand Tennessee pigmies are worth fully twenty-five thousand times as much as the three Kentucky giants. While the Kentuckians can present their giants to three eminent scientific men, and thus obtain three distinct scientific reports certifying to the enormous interest and value of fossil giants, the Tennesseans can supply every scientific man in this country and in Europe with a fossil dwarf, and so secure testimonials without number to the unequalled excellence of Tennessee pygmies. Indeed, if the discoverers of the pygmies will only employ some astute piano-maker who is an expert in testimonials, to obtain for the fossil dwarfs the recognition of the scientific world, there is not a living scientific person who will not sign a certificate setting forth his admiration for the beauty and durability of the pygmies, and his determination to use none but those of the celebrated Tennessee grave-yard for the rest of his professional life.

At what period these pygmies flourished, what they accomplished, and by what means they were induced to retire

simultaneously to their graveyard, can only be conjectured. They may have been the identical pygmies that, according to the Greek legend, waged war with the cranes. If so, the cranes must have proved too powerful for them. This is hardly probable, and any modern Tennessean who has attempted to keep chickens in the neighborhood of a family of citizens of African descent, will scornfully refuse to believe that pygmies of three feet in height could not kill cranes on their roost with at least as much success as is achieved by the African small-boy when invading the midnight hen-house. We must wait for further discoveries before it will be safe to decide whether the pygmies were contemporary with the giants and whether they preceded the mound-builders. The bare fact that they once existed is all that we can now safely affirm of them; but doubtless by the time that every home in the country is ornamented with a fossil pygmy, and every newspaper publishes extracts from the certificates of scientific persons who are overwhelmed with admiration of the vast superiority of the Tennessee pygmies to those of all rival communities, we shall be in the possession of information which will enable us to know at least as much of the pygmies as we now know of the mastodon and the mound-builders.

A NEW COMPANY.

WITHIN the last three years those curious people who propose to put an end to sin and misery over the whole earth, by burning instead of burying corpses, have made numerous and strenuous efforts to propagate their peculiar principles. Hitherto they have not met with much success. Here and there an ardent advocate of "cremation" has had the good fortune to have a dead wife or grandmother in his house, and has promptly burned her in the back yard, but the public has steadily declined to follow his example. The truth is that at the present prices of fuel, burning corpses is a luxury quite beyond the means of men of moderate incomes. A man with a large family, who has

the foresight to lay in a stock of coffins in midwinter, when the demand is light and prices are low, can bury half a dozen children in the following Spring and Fall at perhaps a fourth of the cost of the fuel which would be needed to burn them. This is naturally a strong argument against the adoption of the practice of cremation, especially among suburban communities, where chills and fever and railways prevail during the greater part of the year. Hence the agitation in favor of "cremation," which two years ago was quite vigorous both here and in Europe, has gradually died away, and it is now some months since the press has had occasion to mention a corpse-burning festival.

It has recently occurred to certain thoughtful and ingenious persons residing in London, that the constant fire maintained in the crater of Vesuvius generates an enormous amount of heat which is wholly wasted. That such a waste should be permitted in an age when fuel is universally dear, and there is a terrible prospect that in a few short millions of years the entire coal fields of the world will be exhausted, is nothing less than disgraceful. If the Neapolitans had any enterprise, they would long ago have heated their city, and provided a perpetual Summer for the fields of Southern Italy, by utilizing the Vesuvian heat. All that is needed is to induce some scientific person to invent a method of storing and transporting the heat of the volcano, and to organize a company to supply it to customers. Pure Mount Vesuvius heat would, of course, drive all the coal and wood now consumed in South Italy out of the market, and would place the means of cooking macaroni and warming fingers chilled by turning organ-cranks in the frosty Winter air, within the reach of the poorest inhabitant of the province.

The ingenious Londoners already mentioned do not, however, propose to use the heat of Vesuvius for warming purposes; but they have devised a plan of utilizing the volcano which deserves the attention of all Europeans. Experience has shown that whatever is thrown into the crater is instantly consumed. Occasionally a native Italian has inadvertently slipped into it, and has vanished so suddenly and completely that not even a trace of garlic

could be scented in the air, and nothing but a silent hand-organ and a bereaved monkey remained to recall the fact that a citizen of free Italy had flashed into flame and been dissipated in gases. Even the stoutest British tourist who has toppled into the crater while searching for a good place to boil a tea-kettle, has disappeared before he could fairly mention his purpose of writing to the *Times* newspaper, and denouncing the neglect of the local authorities to rail in the crater for the protection of travellers. That Vesuvius is of all places in the world the one where cremation can be practiced cheaply and efficiently ought long ago to have been perceived, and though the astute Londoners deserve credit for having finally determined to make it the universal cemetery of Europe, they would have shown more enterprise had they hit upon the same idea three years ago.

It is the intention of the "London and Vesuvius Cremation Company (limited)" to build a railway from the foot to the summit of the volcano, and to connect it with the great European system of railways. On the verge of the crater they will build a neat chapel, and keep constantly on hand a staff of clergymen of every conceivable faith. Whenever a corpse is to be "cremated," the friends of the deceased will leave an order at the office of the company for a Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or Mormon funeral, as the case may be. The company will dispatch the corpse and the mourners by a special train personally conducted by an official, with a face expressive of the deepest grief, to the volcano, where the proper variety of clergyman will be in attendance, and the funeral having been promptly celebrated, the corpse will be gently lowered into the crater. It is estimated that the company can put this delightful style of funeral at prices which will bring it within the reach of persons of very moderate means, while at the same time rich and extravagant mourners can order special funerals of any degree of magnificence, without any limit as to cost.

There is one other feature of the plan which is especially attractive. Mourners who have seen the remains of their loved ones comfortably "cremated" in the finest natural

furnace in Europe, can straightway distract their minds and allay their grief by enjoying the view from the summit of the mountain, and by making a subsequent visit to all points of interest in Naples and its vicinity. This will naturally tend to divest funerals of their present depressing effect, and will render them really enjoyable. The old proverb "see Naples and die," will henceforth read, "Have some member of your family die, and then see Naples after the funeral." Thus, by the simple device of turning Vesuvius into a "cremating" furnace, funerals will be cheaply conducted, corpses will be comfortably disposed of, and mourners will have their sorrow charmed away, their minds improved, and their tastes delighted by the beauties of the Bay of Naples, the treasures of the Bourbon Museum, the pleasures of the San Carlo, and the wonders of Pompeii and Herculaneum. No more beneficent scheme has been devised within the present century, and the "London and Vesuvius Cremation Company (limited)" will hereafter be ranked even higher in the affections of economical tourists than are Messrs. Cook, Son & Jenkins, with their personally conducted tours.

THE ACHROMATIC SMALL-BOY.

AMONG the wonders of California is a recently discovered small-boy, with unique and marvellous eyes. He is now nine years of age, and until within the last few months his parents have believed him to be totally blind. This belief, being based upon the boy's utter inability to see anything, was not perhaps altogether irrational. When kindly-disposed playmates present a strange cat, a tomato can, and a piece of string to a healthy and active small-boy only to find that he cannot perform the simple feat of putting them accurately together, it is safe to decide that there is something physically as well as morally wrong about him. And when the same small-boy can be left for hours in the immediate presence of accessible jam without

showing the faintest desire to wallow in it, the conclusion that he must be blind is irresistible. The Californian boy of whom mention has just been made exhibited for more than eight years the most unvarying inability to see any object whatever, and it is not strange that he obtained the reputation of unmitigated blindness.

On the 12th of December last this remarkable boy accidentally awoke in the night, and loudly remarked that he saw the moon. Not only did he perceive the existence of that respectable satellite, but he saw it as from a distance of two hundred yards, and could thus accurately describe its contents. He saw hills and valleys and trees and telegraph poles, and, in fact, all the natural beauties which constitute an alluring landscape. Moreover, he saw inhabitants of a new and extraordinary pattern. According to this veracious small-boy, the Lunarians run chiefly to legs. They are constructed on the model of a cart-wheel without a rim, and revolve with enormous rapidity on the extremities of their radiating legs, which resemble in number and disposition the spokes of an ordinary and earthly wheel. These spokes, however, are evidently not developed until the Lunarian emerges from the period of infancy, inasmuch as the Lunar babies resemble pumpkins, and display no vestige of even rudimentary legs.

It appears that there is a College of Sciences in California, consisting of a number of learned men, described by the local press as mathematical and geological sharps. As soon as the wonderful astronomical discoveries made by the supposed blind boy were brought to the attention of these scientific gentlemen, they at once dropped the slates on which they were calculating, in accordance with a request of the Legislature, the probabilities in favor of four aces being dealt to any one in a party of six, and promptly undertook to investigate the small-boy's visual powers. In due time they reported that the boy's lunar observations were unquestionably accurate, and they explained his vast superiority to any telescope hitherto constructed by deciding that his focal distance was of an abnormal character. In the opinion of these ingenious and accomplished scientific persons, the boy possesses

achromatic eyes constructed expressly in order to observe objects at a distance of 240,000 miles, and the inability of such eyes to perceive objects close at hand is natural and inevitable. The best modern telescope brings the moon within an apparent distance of thirty miles, but if the moon were really only thirty miles distant, the telescope could not show it. It is no wonder that a boy afflicted—or rather gifted—with a focal distance greater than that of any telescope should have been blind to the presence of cats and jam. Had he been shown a cat at the distance of 240,000 miles, there is no doubt that he would instantly have called for strings and tomato cans, and displayed the liveliest interest in the apparent duty of the hour.

The discovery of this unparalleled boy marks a new era in the science of astronomy. Of course his peculiarities will at once be made to serve the interests of science. He will be equatorially mounted in the California Observatory in place of the now obsolete telescope, and will be fitted with clock-work, which will give him a constant sidereal motion. From twilight to dawn he will be constantly kept at work discovering asteroids and comets, and taking photographs of distinguished Lunar citizens. The utmost care will be taken to keep him in perfect order, and visitors will be strictly forbidden to touch him or to breathe upon his eyes. Only the best of oil and the softest of chamois leather will be used in polishing him, and only the most experienced astronomers will be allowed to wind up his clock-work or to move him on his axis. Such a boy, if once broken or scratched, cannot be replaced or repaired, and no mechanician will think it possible to contrive an artificial boy of anything like his powers. Let us hope that this last and best gift of California to mankind will be placed at the disposal of the most eminent astronomers of the age, and that they will employ every available moment in gazing through him at the wonders of the starry heavens. Had Herschel only possessed a purely achromatic boy, with a focal distance of ninety feet, he would have left nothing for future astronomers to discover; and if Prof. Peters will now undertake to keep his eye constantly applied to the California boy, he will in a few

months' time capture every asteroid and comet now at liberty, and become as familiar with the topography of the sun, the moon, and the planets as he is with the interior of his present observatory.

SIOUX SERVANTS.

WHEN a woman devotes herself to politics she usually lets the bread burn. Similarly, when she is an earnest housekeeper she does not care to ask her husband which Presidential candidate she supports or whether she is in favor of hard or soft money. Yet, while the general truth of the assertion that women cannot combine politics and housekeeping is confirmed by the almost unshaken testimony of history, an exception must be made in favor of a Bostonian lady, who has just found that she can labor at the same time for the good of the kitchen and of the State. This unique woman has proposed a plan which aims at applying a simple remedy to the evils which the country suffers from hostile Indians, and those which harass the housewife at the hands of objectionable servants. A mind which can thus grasp two vast and widely different questions and discover a simple solution for them both is worthy of Boston—that city where the girl babies are born with spectacles, and refuse to go to sleep unless Emerson's "Brahma" is crooned over their cradles.

The plan in question is a very simple one, and for that very reason is entitled to the respect of those who know how simple have been some of the greatest discoveries of science and some of the most eminent scientific persons. The Bostonian philanthropist lays down the premise that we have too many Indians and too few good servant-girls. She thus reasons that if all the Indian women were to be banished from the Indian's country the red men would soon become extinct, and that if those banished Indian women were to be placed in the kitchens of Massachusetts matrons

the paucity of servants would no longer exist. The plan, then, consists in bringing the squaws to the Eastern States and using them as servants. This constitutes an Indian policy which has all the advantages of extermination without the uncertainty as to which side will be exterminated, which generally exists when troops are sent to exterminate Modocs or Sioux. It also furnishes the housekeepers of our beloved land with a kitchen policy which promises to free them from the tyranny of Bridget and the inefficiency of Dinah.

It is well known that the Indian women are accustomed to work. In fact all the work of the entire tribe is done by the women, the men restricting themselves to the pastimes of war and hunting, and the purchase and consumption of whiskey. If, then, we introduce a Sioux squaw into an Eastern kitchen there will be no reason to fear that she will be physically unable to work. She can cook, and hoe corn, and build wigwams in the back yard to an unlimited extent—provided her employer can convince her that it is her duty to work.

Of course, in dealing with a domestic squaw we must make use of arguments which she can understand, and which she regards as really forcible. Thus, she must be frequently knocked down with a club, in order to induce her to get up and go about her work. Such is the simple method of encouragement to which she is accustomed at the hands of the Sioux warrior, and we could hardly expect that she would work cheerfully and efficiently without it. Care must be also taken to provide her with the amusements with which the Sioux women relax their minds and cultivate a blithe and happy spirit. She must have an occasional plumber given to her for purposes of torture, and must be allowed to scalp the man who comes to inspect the gas meter. These innocent and harmless sports would not only bring happiness to her unsophisticated bosom, but would doubtless have an excellent effect upon the plumbers and gas inspectors. Even the most hardened plumber, who had been for years in the habit of charging a full day's pay for sitting one hour on the edge of a bath-tub, and making up his mind that he had forgotten to bring his tools, could

not help being benefited by being tied to a post in the back yard where the Sioux cook could take a frequent hack at him with the hatchet while waiting for the potatoes to boil or the beef to roast. Of course, she should have free permission to brain all tramps with the poker, and to hang their scalps in the scullery. With these means of recreation she would probably be entirely contented, and would do her work with cheerful alacrity.

But there are two serious objections to the scheme of filling our kitchens with Sioux squaws. It would be impossible to teach a Sioux servant to wash dishes, or anything else. She would probably be willing to wipe an occasional plate on the end of her blanket, but her aboriginal conscience would not allow her to meddle with water or to contaminate herself with soap. Moreover, she would undoubtedly manage to get drunk at frequent intervals, and while in that state she would be certain to exterminate one or more members of her employer's family. Such irregularities could not be overlooked by any judicious housekeeper. Even the Bostonian philanthropist herself would not think it wise to retain a servant who should wait on the dinner-table with the chambermaid's scalp at her girdle, or who should have exterminated the baby on the previous evening. Unless some method can be found of weaning the Sioux squaws from the love of whiskey, and of convincing them that washing is not a dangerous practice, it will be impracticable to employ them in civilized kitchens; and the ingenuity of the fair philanthropist of Boston will have been exercised in vain.

MALE GIRLS.

HITHERTO the enemies of evolution have been in the habit of tauntingly requesting Mr. Darwin, Mr. Wallace, and other proprietors and dealers in that famous theory, to evolve a new kind of human being or a few novelties in pigs or horses. They have asserted that if unassisted nature can evolve a man from a monkey, a skilful scientific

person ought to be able to evolve and patent an improved style of baby, or to develop a race of pigs with ears adapted to the manufacture of silk purses. Because the evolutionists have been apparently deaf to these demands they have been abused with much vigor as self-confessed impostors, and to some extent the unscientific public has accepted this slanderous estimate of them. It now appears that in spite of their proud silence the evolutionists have been busily at work evolving a practical answer to their assailants, and that they have finally produced a specimen of their art which is to be exhibited in the next International Exhibition.

The world has been, and is now, very well contented with its present assortment of animals. It is true that persons of fastidious tastes have occasionally suggested that a few simple improvements might be put upon some of our domestic animals. For example, there are those who think it desirable to have the guinea fowl's voice pitched in a different key, or the tail of the milch cow fitted to the animal in such a way that it could be easily unshipped during the process of milking. These suggested improvements, however, are merely matters of detail. The idea of adding new animals to our present stock is quite a different affair, and no one has seriously advocated it except when jeering at the evolutionists and seeking to draw them into a vexatious position.

On the other hand, the belief that a new variety of human being is imperatively needed has prevailed among the most advanced social reformers. It is generally conceded among the friends of the "Emancipation of Woman" that what is really needed is the invention of a new sex. It is obvious to the minds of our strongest-minded women that men, being unmitigated brutes, are entirely unfit to live, and that women, who are spiritually a little higher than the angels are physically unfit to meet all the exigencies of life. Of course, they consider that if men could be wholly eliminated and the world placed wholly under the control of women, the change would be an enormous improvement; nevertheless, they admit—in the confidence of private tea and toast—that even in a world governed wholly

by women contingencies would arise with which the ablest woman would be unable to successfully cope. For instance, there is the implacable and devastating mouse. What would become of a senate of women if a mouse should venture into the senate chamber? There, too, is the appalling earth-worm. How could women venture to undertake the cultivation of the entire wheat-fields of the world with the certainty that from time to time the plow would bring to the surface a fierce and deadly earth-worm, who would squirm under the very feet of the horrified husband-woman? It is in vain to allege that a woman can face dangers like these with any hope of triumphing over them. The most progressive woman, clad in the best of trousers, armed with the ballot, and holding the most important office in the State, would be liable to faint in the presence of a determined mouse, or to perish under the attack of an enraged and violent earth-worm. It is thus clear that before the world can be brought to a state of absolute perfection a new kind of woman, having the moral and mental excellencies of the present variety of woman, and the boldness in the face of mice and creeping things which distinguishes the brave though brutal man, must be devised. Such a being would virtually constitute a new sex, to whom would rightfully appertain the possession and government of the world.

It is precisely this ideal man-woman that the evolutionists have silently and successfully developed. The fact that they have accomplished this grand achievement has not been directly announced, but it is revealed by implication in the advertising columns of a Philadelphia newspaper. The other day the newspaper in question contained in its columns of "wants" a request for a "wealthy" woman who would be willing "to adopt a male girl." There can be no doubt that this "male girl" is the crowning achievement of evolution, and that she will soon become famous as the grandest scientific production of the age.

What constitutes a male girl, and in what respect she differs physically from the common human girl of current zoölogical text-books, we are left to conjecture. Undoubt-

edly she is masculine in point of legs, and is thus fitted for the full enjoyment of trousers. It is also probable that although she may have a masculine beard, she is distinctively feminine in point of back hair, for otherwise she could not let it down in the heat of debate, and thus crush an opponent with hair superficially pinned on and wholly unfitted for rhetorical uses. How she is fitted up internally we can never know until the drawings and specifications which her inventor has doubtless filed in the Patent Office are published; but we may assume that her heart is so constructed as to be certain not to palpitate at the sight of mice or worms, and that instead of the usual human stomach, she has been provided with large tanks for holding tea, and a roomy compartment for the stowage of cake, caramels, and buttered toast.

When this male girl is formally placed on exhibition, there will be an end of the pretense that evolution cannot evolve a new pattern of humanity, and a revival of courage among the advocates of woman's supremacy. Under the leadership of male girls who can face the fiercest mouse with impunity, and literally beard the earth-worm in his native ground, women can fearlessly undertake all the duties which men so imperfectly discharge. The male girls will constitute a sort of *corps d'élite*, and will come to the front whenever the masculine virtues of bravery in the presence of mice and other foes of women are needed. Thus will the new era prophesied by progressive women be made a magnificent success, and the need and memory of man utterly and forever vanish.

A GROWING VICE.

IN a Philadelphia newspaper issued during the prevalence of the late Exhibition, a householder of that city announced that he desired to rent certain rooms to "a genteel gent," with "a refined wife," but that no "gent," whether "genteel" or otherwise, who used tobacco in any shape need apply. He further announced that he had re-

jected nearly one hundred applicants for the rooms in question on the ground that they were one and all addicted to tobacco, and that no money could induce him to admit a consumer of tobacco beneath his roof. This shameless advertisement is only one of many evidences of the extent to which the degrading vice of abstinence from tobacco perverts the noblest instincts of mankind. It is probable that the strongest passion which nature ever implanted in the Philadelphian breast was a desire to let rooms at high prices to Centennial visitors. Among the more thoughtful Philadelphians it is held as a matter of faith that Philadelphia was founded for the express purpose of letting rooms and an occasional hack to the nations of the earth, who were delivered into her hand during the Centennial Exhibition as a lawful and predestined prey. What, then, must be the strength of that terrible habit which can render the Philadelphian deaf to the voice of nature, and induce him to spurn the proffered dollars of the tobacco smoker? It is indeed disheartening to find a Philadelphia householder, who at some period of his life was doubtless an innocent and kind-hearted man, deliberately ignoring the great mission of his being, casting contempt upon his native city, and permitting the Centennial visitor to go unfleeced. Such, however, is the perverting influence of an unnatural and depraved habit.

The growth of the habit of abstinence from tobacco has been very obvious during the last four or five years. The fate of the late Mr. Trask, who was so completely under the dominion of the anti-tobacco habit that he permitted himself to write the most dreary tracts ever composed by an enfeebled intellect, seems to have had no effect in convincing his fellow-sufferers of the evil of their course. On the other hand, the high price of cigars, and the venomous hostility to the Union, which led men to abstain from smoking lest they should increase the revenue of the Government, have had a vast influence in inducing parsimonious and unprincipled persons to abstain from tobacco. The statistics of this loathsome vice would astonish the careless and unthinking. It is estimated that at least ten per cent. of native American men are confirmed enemies

of the weed, while the number of women who openly express their hostility to tobacco in any form is simply appalling. And what is the most painful feature of this wide-spread vice, is its certain tendency to deprive its votaries of all regard for the rights of those who live purer and more smoky lives.

Our public conveyances afford a constant illustration of this unhappy state of things. On many of our street-cars smokers are positively forbidden to ride, while non-smokers are freely permitted to occupy the seats. On board our ferry-boats the best cabin is entirely given up to victims of the anti-tobacco habit, and smokers are thrust into a nauseous den insultingly called the "gents' cabin." On railway trains smokers are forced to occupy the car nearest to the engine, in order that in case of a collision they may be killed or wounded, and in our theatres smoking is absolutely prohibited. If the non-smokers were in a majority, the tameness with which smokers submit to these humiliations might be understood, but that a few score men, devoid of the least scent of tobacco, and without even a clay pipe in their possession, should be permitted to poison themselves with pure air in the best cabin of a ferry-boat while hundreds of smokers are driven into the "gents' cabin" or compelled to stand on deck, is a curious and disheartening phase of American civilization.

In fact the victims of the anti-tobacco habit seem determined to forcibly bring all mankind under the dominion of the same pernicious vice. They are not ashamed to confess the atrocious sentiment that smokers have no rights which non-smokers are bound to respect. If they had the power they would banish tobacco from the world, and would drive the smoker out of existence. The Philadelphian who will neither lodge, feed, nor fleece a smoker is only a little more outspoken than the rest of his class. Unless steps are taken to arrest the flood of hostility to tobacco which now threatens to overwhelm our once happy land, the near future will be one from which every enterprising tobacconist will shrink back in horror and dismay.

What is needed is not force, but argument. We must leave the non-smoker to perceive the consequences of his

body and soul destroying vice. A pledge binding its signer to use a definite quantity of tobacco daily should be persistently circulated, and signatures kindly solicited. Among the young, tobacco societies should be organized and infantile "bands of smoke" should make war with banners, picnics, and other efficient weapons against the giant evil of abstinence from tobacco. If this is done, the number of those who are confirmed non-smokers will receive few recruits, and in time it will be possible to pass a law in every State by which non-smokers shall be tolerated only on the forward platforms of street cars, and be permitted to ride on railway trains only on conditions of stowing themselves among the coal or in the baggage car.

Of course, such a crusade would provoke the bitter hostility of the enemies of tobacco. The wicked inevitably hate the good ; but pure and upright men can afford to brave the enmity of those depraved beings who insist that pure air is the birthright of every man, and that no one has a right to fill his neighbor's nose with the fumes of tobacco smoke. These atrocious opinions are what we might naturally expect from men corrupted by years of abstinence from tobacco, and they deserve only a pitying smile from those who lead more fragrant and cloudy lives, and have a better knowledge of the ways of salvation.

GHOST CATCHING.

It is conceded that when a person proposes to cook a hare the first thing to be done is to catch the hare. Similarly it has occurred to most persons not suffering under a belief in Spiritualism, that in order to test the alleged ghostly character of "materialized" spirits the first step is to catch a spirit. Until recently, however, no one has adopted this proper course. Investigators have attended the exhibitions of materialized ghosts, and have shown the utmost carefulness in searching for concealed trap-doors, theatrical costumes, and gutta-percha masks, and in tying the operating medium in his or her chair with abstruse and elaborate knots. All this labor might have been

saved, and some really satisfactory result obtained, if an able-bodied investigator had simply caught a ghost in the act of exhibiting itself in the dim irreligious light, and subjected it to a little muscular analysis. If the alleged ghost had proved to be flesh and blood the fraudulent character of the "materialization" would have been established, and if, on the contrary, it had proved to be spirit, the existence of a future state of unmitigated idiocy would have been conclusively demonstrated. In either case there would have been no necessity for any further investigation, and the thankless task of tying ropes about a bony mediums ankles, with the certainty that skeptical people would subsequently insinuate that the investigators were either idiots or confederates of the medium, would have been happily avoided.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Crum, of Rochester, has finally had the good sense to begin the task of investigating the materializing business in the only rational manner. Mrs. Markee, a medium of extraordinary powers, undertook to exhibit a company of select and first-class ghosts to a Rochester audience a few nights since. Mrs. Markee was assisted by Mr. Markee, who acted as master of ceremonies and introduced the ghosts with brief and complimentary biographical sketches. The medium was tied with the usual ropes in the usual cabinet, and the audience sang hymns, in accordance with Mr. Markee's request, doubtless in order to prevent the ghosts from cherishing any longing to permanently return to a world where people who can't sing are always ready to try to sing. After the spirit of Daniel Webster had thrust his head out of the window of the cabinet, and made the astonishing revelation that there was "a Mr. Smith" in the audience, and that he rather thought he had met a Mr. Smith while in the body, the ghost of "Sarah" walked out upon the platform, clad in white, and materialized to the apparent extent of a hundred and fifty pounds. This was the moment for which Mr. Crum had waited. He leaped upon the platform and seized Sarah in his arms. The ghost, regarding this as a liberty, shrieked loudly; Mr. Markee caught up a chair and knocked the investigator down, and Sarah, escaping into the cabinet was seen no more.

There was of course a tremendous uproar. Mr. Markee loudly proposed to destroy Mr. Crum on the spot, as a villain who had laid his hand on a female ghost in other than a spirit of kindness. Mr. Crum argued that his destruction was unnecessary and undesirable; and the audience was divided in opinion as to whether Crum or Markee was the person who stood in need of immediate destruction. The presence of mind of Daniel Webster happily restored order. That eminent ghost yelled out of the cabinet window that the medium would die if the audience "didn't everlastingly sing something," and some sympathetic Spiritualist suddenly striking up that pathetic hymn beginning "Tramp, tramp, tramp," the audience joined in, and Mr. Markee postponed his bloody resolution.

With the singing of the hymn the exhibition ended. Mrs. Markee was found in the cabinet still tightly bound, and with her face covered with blood, which, as Mr. Markee explained, was in some vague way the result of Sarah's hasty "dematerialization" of herself. At any rate, no wound could be found upon her person, and though Mr. Markee, with great liberality, offered to put a bullet through Mr. Crum or to provide him with an additional and obviously superfluous head, he finally decided that his first duty was to wash Mrs. Markee, and to send Daniel Webster to inquire whether Sarah sustained any serious injury.

It is not to be denied that Mr. Crum's praiseworthy experiment was not as conclusive in its results as he had a right to expect that it would be. He caught his ghost, but from circumstances beyond his control and not wholly unconnected with Mr. Markee and a heavy chair, he was forced to abandon his captive before he had thoroughly analyzed her. He, however, unhesitatingly asserts that "Sarah" was a real woman, and no known variety of ghost. It is said that Mr. Crum is an intelligent man, and can diagnose a woman even in the dark, by simply putting his arms around her, as he did around Sarah. Nevertheless the Spiritualists will claim that inasmuch as he did not hand "Sarah" to the audience for inspection, or did not capture from her any hair-pins or other evidences of womanhood, he has not yet demonstrated that she was not a genuine and unadulterated ghost.

It is, then, chiefly as an example that Mr. Crum's exploit is valuable. He is the first man who has tried to investigate materialized spirits in a truly scientific way, and there can be no doubt that other investigators will be found who will pursue the same system. It may be suggested, however, that it is not necessary to seize a ghost with one's bare hands. No sportsman goes out to hunt the deer or to capture the salmon with nothing but the weapons which nature has given him. The investigator should catch his ghosts with a scoop-net, a lasso, or a boat-hook, and thus make reasonably certain of his prey, while, at the same time, he avoids any argument with the medium's husband. Had Mr. Crum, instead of rashly leaping upon the platform, remained in his seat and gathered Sarah to him with a skilfully-thrown lasso, or a boat-hook carefully inserted in her waistband, he would have fairly landed his game and escaped the interference of Mr. Markee. In fact the chase and capture of the materialized ghost can be made a delightful sport, rivalling fly-fishing in the skill which it postulates, and deer-shooting in the size of the "bag" which the sportsman may make. Of course, not more than one ghost could be taken in a single evening; but the sportsman who should return from a materializing *séance* with a hundred and fifty-pound ghost across his shoulder and the sweet consciousness of having demonstrated the true nature of materialization, would enjoy a triumph far exceeding that which the fisherman feels on landing a six-pound trout or a thirty-pound salmon.

SUPERFLUOUS SNAKES.

It may be safely asserted that there is no real need of any addition to our present supply of snakes. Any man who wishes to lay in a full stock of snakes, from the deadly rattlesnake to what may be delicately mentioned as the elastic-ligature snake, can do so at a very trifling expense. We have all the snakes that a free, intelligent, and Christian nation needs, without including the world of ideal

snakes in which the consumer of Western whiskey is accustomed to revel, and hence any attempt to increase the number of North American snakes shows a lack of judgment which deserves to be frankly and firmly rebuked.

It is now fully two years since an enterprising Western meteorologist by the name of Tice undertook to compete with the Signal Service Department in the weather business. Mr Tice at first attracted a good deal of attention by the boldness and liberality of his promises. When the Weather Bureau would cautiously predict nothing more startling than an area of low barometer in the lake region, followed by clear or cloudy weather somewhere between Maine and California, Mr. Tice would predict a hurricane in New England, extreme heat, together with frequent ice-gorges in the Middle States, and an assortment of selected earthquakes in the region of the gulf. Of course, persons who preferred striking and sensational weather to familiar every-day weather, ceased to patronize the old established bureau, and gladly dealt with Mr. Tice. In time, however, it was discovered that Mr. Tice promised more than he performed, and that his weather seldom justified his enthusiastic descriptions of it. Thus he earned the reputation of a busy, energetic, but not altogether trustworthy person, and, of course, his business gradually decreased as his deceived patrons deserted him and transferred their custom to the old shop.

In these circumstances, Mr. Tice felt that bold and decisive measures must be adopted, unless he was prepared to retire from business altogether. It was just at this period in his career that the Western part of our Union was visited by those extraordinary showers of butcher's meat, frogs, and back hair, which inspired Western editors with the hope of becoming familiar with the taste of meat, and held out to boarding-house keepers the prospect of a substantial decline in the price of the materials for butter manufacture. It is not certainly known that these meteorological novelties were the work of the enterprising Tice ; but it is very certain that the Weather Bureau had nothing to do with them. That Tice, however, should attempt some startling novelty in the line of weather was precisely what

might have been expected by those who were familiar with his character and business habits, and there is certainly a strong probability that he was the real originator of the meat and hair showers.

It will be remembered that the hopes created by these remarkable showers were never realized. The meat was found to be little better than mere refuse, and was so obviously uneatable that even the local cats sniffed at it disdainfully. The back hair was also of a coarse and brittle nature, and was unfit either for toilet or butter purposes. Thus, Mr. Tice's showers, although they drew public attention to him, were as worthless for all practical purposes as were his predictions of hurricanes and earthquakes. They possessed a certain gaudy and meretricious brilliancy, but they were really cheap and useless.

Another shower, possessing precisely these twin features of gaudiness and worthlessness, has just taken place at Memphis, Tenn. It was a shower of small snakes, of from six inches to a foot in length. At first it was the universal opinion of the male inhabitants of the town that the time for signing the total abstinence pledge had arrived, and the doctors' offices were thronged with haggard men, who begged for composing draughts, and swore henceforth to lead temperate and sober lives. The reality of the snakes was, however, thoroughly substantiated by hundreds of the women of Memphis, who rushed wildly through the streets, clutching their tightly-folded skirts, and occasionally dealing fierce blows at their surprised ankles. It was not long before the snakes wriggled out of sight; the frightened men returned to their accustomed beverage, and the excited women sought comfort and consolation in hysterics. A few snakes were thoughtfully captured and preserved in alcohol by fearless members of the Good Templar society, and these still remain to prove the truth of the unprecedented shower of snakes.

Now, if Mr. Tice is responsible for this last and most useless of all abnormal meteorological phenomena, he should be plainly dealt with. If we are to have showers of other materials than rain, snow, and hail, let us have something that is useful as well as novel. When the Israelites were

hungry, they were refreshed with showers of good, wholesome manna, which, when nicely cooked and seasoned with a little Chutney or Worcestershire sauce, was extremely palatable. A shower of sausages, or pork chops, or shellfish, would, perhaps, have been equally interesting to scientific Hebrews, but such showers would have been useless from a culinary point of view, while a shower of snakes would probably have driven the Hebrews back to Egypt—where undesirable showers of all sorts were accustomed to fall exclusively upon the Egyptians. If Mr. Tice wants to advertise his weather business, he should prepare a few inexpensive but useful showers of such materials as dried beef, pickles, or condensed milk. He would thus earn the gratitude of the public, and would completely undermine the popularity of the Washington Weather Bureau. Such a miserable trick as a shower of snakes is, however, utterly inexcusable, and if Mr. Tice ventures to repeat it, he should be prosecuted under the statute which forbids any one to deface natural scenery with business advertisements.

A NEW SOCIETY.

THE world is alleged to be full of mute, inglorious Miltons and other great men, who for lack of opportunity have never been able to demonstrate their greatness. This is their misfortune, and it should entitle them to the pity and consideration of their fellow-men. Nevertheless, in at least one respect these unknown great men are treated with unfeeling coarseness. When a statesman, author, or other person of notoriety dies, his friends are frequently guilty of the bad taste of having his brains weighed and the result widely published. Thus, when Daniel Webster died and his brains were put on the scales, the public was informed that they weighed about twice as much as the brains of the average statesman, and that hence his exceptional intellectual greatness was beyond all question. Now, at that date, there were thousands of young men in the New England States alone, each one of whom was

perfectly confident that he was at least the equal of Mr. Webster in intellect, and that he had in all probability from five to seven or eight more pounds of brain than Mr. Webster's skull could possibly have held. But how could these young men demonstrate their wealth of brains? When Mr. Webster's friends flaunted his brains in the face of the public and asserted that no other New Englander could furnish an equal quantity, they knew that their challenge was a hollow mockery. The ambitious young man who felt sure that his brains would outweigh Mr. Webster's also knew that a fair count was out of the question. He could not have his brains weighed while living, and he was morally certain that were he to die, no one would take the trouble to weigh them. Thus his feelings were outraged, and he was virtually taunted with his accidental insignificance. Only the favorites of fortune possessed the privilege of having their brains weighed, while men equally great in their own estimation were compelled to take their brains with them to the silent tomb, without being allowed the consolation of having them weighed upon a platform scale or measured in a bushel basket.

The dissatisfaction which this grossly unfair system of brain-weighing has created has finally led to the establishment of a brain-weighing society on the part of a number of Frenchmen whose intellectual greatness the Academy and the nation have hitherto refused to recognize. Members of this society bind themselves to bequeath their corpses to the society, and in return the society engages to discover and weigh the brains of all its deceased members, and to publish the result in its official journal. Every Frenchman who feels confident that his brain would make a creditable appearance, if properly placed on exhibition, will hasten to join this society, and will thus be enabled to leave, as a precious legacy to his family, a handsomely engrossed certificate setting forth the exact weight of his brain, and thus showing that he had been the possessor of a really gigantic intellect, although while living the public had refused to recognize the fact. Henceforth the honor of having their brains weighed will no longer be the monopoly of a privileged class, but the most modest and obscure

Frenchman can join the Mutual Brain-Weighing Society, and enjoy the certainty of receiving justice after his death.

It is certainly to be hoped that a society so beneficent in its purpose will prove a brilliant success, but it is possible that the present expectations of its founders may be disappointed. When it occurs to M. Thiers to remember that he has neglected to die for a long series of years, and when he accordingly repairs that neglect, and his brains are duly weighed, the society will naturally be anxious to show that among its members are those who in weight of brains equal or even surpass the veteran statesman. There will, hence, be a strong temptation to seize upon the member who possesses the largest head and to weigh his brains without delay, in order to check the boastings of M. Thiers' admirers. This temptation may be resisted during the early period of the society, but the day will come when the man with the large head will be informed that if he does not care enough for the honor of the society to voluntarily surrender his brains, they must be forcibly weighed, no matter how much inconvenience the process may give him. Thus, membership in the society will become a hazardous thing for men who boast that they are obliged to wear unusually large hats, and in time only those possessing small or moderately sized heads will venture to join it.

With the defection of the large-headed element, the society would lose all interest in cerebral investigations. To hunt all over the body of a small Frenchman for the trifle of brain that he may have concealed about his person would be a tedious and thankless task. The friends of the corpse would be indignant at receiving a certificate announcing that the brain of the deceased brother weighed two and a half scruples, and the heartless world would mock and jeer at the society. No organization of Frenchmen can withstand ridicule, and in a short time the society for mutual brain-weighing would be laughed out of existence, and the dissecting instruments and patent scales would be sold at auction.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

AN eminent statistician has made the assertion that there were 64,000 book-agents in this country in 1876, of whom 1,000 committed suicide. Painful as it is to every reverent mind to cast doubt upon figures, it must be said that there is reason to suspect the accuracy of this statistician's statement. It is one of the leading principles of the science of statistics that a round number is essentially suspicious. Had the astronomers told us that the sun is distant from the earth exactly 95,000,000 miles, they would not have commanded our confidence; but when they call the distance 94,723,674 miles and $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet, we surrender at once, and admit the impossibility of contradicting such evidently sincere figures. Perhaps the chief reason why astronomical calculations are so universally regarded as impregnablely true is the fact that, in every single case in which the astronomers have decided upon the distance of any star from the earth, they have avoided the use of round numbers; while in terrestrial measurements they have taken the precaution to add rows of decimals to every set of figures. The man who would express skepticism as to decimals is not far from atheism, and can have no particle of reverence in his nature. In view of this principle, we are compelled to doubt that there were last year precisely 64,000 book-agents and that precisely 1,000 of them died by their own hands—or tongues. We might have believed in 64,012 book-agents, and unsuspectingly rejoiced in the death of $974\frac{5}{8}$; but the numbers as stated are too symmetrical to warrant entire confidence.

It has long been known to profound students of criminal statistics that there is a mystery concerning the fate of those unhappy beings who practice the nefarious occupation of book-agency. Unless a book-agent happens to be killed by a railroad accident, or fatally injured by an exceptionally vigorous stroke of lightning, we never hear of his death. The assiduous attendant of funerals has never heard the officiating clergyman remark: "Alas, our dear

departed brother was a book-agent." The most exuberant obituary column of a Philadelphia newspaper never contained a notice of the death of a book-agent. Neither the Roman nor the Anglican Prayer-book contains a service for the funeral of book-agents, although special services for the benefit of criminals in prison and those condemned to the gallows are thoughtfully provided. We may search ecclesiastical law in vain for a provision authorizing the burial of book-agents in consecrated ground ; and, finally, there is not a medical journal in the country which contains an account of the illness or death of a single member of that pernicious class. The conclusion is inevitable. The book-agent does not die after the manner of other and better men. No physician accelerates his death with drugs ; no clergyman tries to awaken his dying conscience and no undertaker has the satisfaction of placing him where he will do the most good. What, then, is the solution of the mystery which clouds the end of the book-agent ?

There is no doubt that to some extent he does commit suicide. It is impossible that he should always be the utterly hardened and pitiless being that he ordinarily seems. At times the sense of his isolation from mankind must overpower him. When he sees women fleeing in terror from his approach, and strong men grasping clubs, and babies falling into sudden colic, he must wish that he had the brand of Cain, or some other comparatively inoffensive label, upon his brazen brow. It is also possible that an occasional book-agent becomes a prey to remorse, as he remembers the consumptive clergyman whom he talked to the borders of the grave, or the lone widow whom he reduced to imbecility by an hour's relentless exposition of the merits of a new cook-book. There is no doubt that remorse and a vivid sense of the last stalwart Irishman to whom he tried to sell *Fox's Book of Martyrs* have sometimes driven the book-agent to suicide. To suppose, however, that during any one year a thousand book-agents thus evinced the possession of human emotions is manifestly preposterous. Very probably a thousand book-agents did disappear in 1876, but only a very small proportion of them committed suicide. No man, says the Roman poet, can suddenly become a book-agent. When we reflect

upon the total elimination of shame and pity which a man must undergo before he can become an open and avowed book-agent, it is evident that only in rare cases does he retain sufficient moral susceptibility to feel the propriety of withdrawing from the world.

It is manifest that the book-agent cannot die as other men die. He has neither home nor friends, and when he is taken ill the landlord of the hotel at which he is stopping cannot, in justice to his fellow-men, permit any one to incur the terrible risk of venturing into the sick-room. No doctor will visit his bedside, for fear that the patient may revive and attempt to sell him a *Handbook of Domestic Medicine*, and the bravest clergyman, if summoned to attend a dying book-agent, would reply that the unhappy man had put himself beyond the pale of priestly ministrations, and that no clergyman, with a family depending upon him for support, had a right to risk his life or reason by voluntarily entering the presence of a book-agent. Knowing these facts, the book-agent carefully avoids dying in a hotel. When he feels his last hour approaching he takes his implements of crime in his bundle, and seeks the depths of some lonely forest. Then he makes a pillow of the last new humorous book, and, placing his other books by his side, repeats aloud the familiar lecture upon their alleged merits which has so often maddened the strong and crushed the weak. The frightened birds and outraged chipmunks fly from the scene, and not until his lessening voice has finally faded into silence do the cautious crows assemble to discuss the possibility of digesting him.

Such is the manner of the book-agent's death ; such is the solution of the mystery of his disappearance. Perhaps, years afterward, a hunter discovers his bleached skeleton, and it figures in the local newspapers as a "Probable Fiendish Crime." Perhaps his bones molder away unseen by human eye. Will not the young take warning by this terrible picture, and forbear to indulge in murder or burglary, or any of those seemingly unimportant crimes which, nevertheless, sear the conscience and drag their votary downward until at last he takes the fatal plunge, and becomes a pitiless, shameless, club-and-stove-lid-defying book-agent.

THE HAT PROBLEM.

AMONG the most fascinating questions upon which profound and subtle thinkers are in the habit of speculating is the question, what shall a man do with his hat in church? Great men in every age have grappled with this problem without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. It is true that the Jews have tried to solve it by wearing their hats in the synagogue, but this is a subterfuge unworthy of Christianity, and not much better than Spinoza's plan of evading the issue by not going to church at all. We, in this enlightened and Christian age, recognize the necessity of going to church, and the duty, while in the sacred edifice, of putting our hats somewhere else than on our heads. Where to put them is still as unsettled a question to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

Of all the various expedients by which ingenious church-goers have endeavored to safely dispose of their hats, there is not one that has not been abundantly proved to be fallacious. To hold one's hat continually in one's lap is practicable only in a Quaker meeting-house, where the worshippers remain seated during the entire service, and never use any devotional implements, such as prayer-books and hymn-books. No man could successfully balance a hat in one hand and find the Epistle for the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity with the other hand; while to stand up in order to repeat the Creed or to sing a hymn, with a hat under the left arm, would be the height of absurdity. The hat, then, must be laid entirely aside during divine service, and our churches, being constructed with exclusive reference to souls instead of hats, afford no resting-places for the latter.

The extreme danger of placing a hat in the aisle immediately outside the pew is universally known. The first lady that sweeps up the aisle carries with her a confused mass of defenseless hats, which are deposited in the shape of a terminal moraine in the front of the pew which is her

final goal. Of course the hats which have been subjected to this process are reduced by attrition to a rounded form and are covered with scratches, reminding one of the marks of glacial action on granite boulders. However interesting they may be to the geologist, they are of no further value as hats, and can rarely be bent into a shape that will allow their owners to wear them home. In the days when expansive crinolines were in fashion, the fate of the hat deposited in the aisle was still more appalling. When a well-dressed lady passed by in its vicinity, it disappeared totally from human sight. There are cases on record where one fashionable woman has thus caused the disappearance of thirteen separate hats during her passage from the church-door to a pew in the neighborhood of the pulpit. What was the final fate of those hats was never ascertained. Their owners simply knew that they vanished at the rustle of crinoline, and left no trace behind. Whether they were absorbed by contact with soft kid, or resolved into their chemical elements by proximity to steel, is yet to be discovered. The boldest men shrank from making investigations as to their fate, and preferred to bear their loss in sad and dignified silence.

Next to the aisle, the pew-seat is the most dangerous position in which a hat can be placed. Statistics show that out of every one hundred hats thus situated, sixty are sat upon by their owners, thirty-five are sat upon by other people, and only five escape uninjured. It is a curious fact that more men sit down on their hats after repeating the Creed than after reading the Psalms or performing any other perpendicular part of the service; and another curious fact is the attraction which a hat thus exposed upon a seat exerts upon a fat person. Neither of these facts has ever been satisfactorily explained, although they are matters of general notoriety. A man may enter a remote pew in a strange church, and place his hat on the seat in a position where it is impossible that a fat man could perceive it on entering the church. Nevertheless, experience has shown that in six cases out of ten—or, to be exact, in 6.139 cases—the sexton will show a fat man into that precise pew within ten minutes after the hat is in

position, while other and further fat men will from time to time hover about the locality, with the evident desire of ascertaining if the hat is still susceptible of further smashing. There is clearly a law of nature at work here which needs to be definitely formulated, and it is discreditable to science that this has not yet been done.

As to putting one's hat on the floor underneath the seat, no man who follows this reckless course can expect anything but disaster. If there is a small-boy in the pew, he will infallibly discover that hat, and kick it to the further end of the pew within the first thirty minutes of the service. If there is a lady in the pew, a surgical operation will be required to remove her boot from the interior of the hat, while in any event the hat is certain to absorb every particle of dust within a radius of eight feet, and to fasten itself to the floor with the aid of forgotten Sunday-school gum-drops. Neither under the seat, on the seat, nor in the aisle can the wearied hat find rest, and the plan of establishing a hat pound in the vestibule, where hats could be ticketed and kept during service, would simply result in converting a church into a hat-exchange, where the sinners would secure all the good hats, and the saints would be compelled to content themselves with worn-out and worthless ones.

Thus a severe and exhaustive process of reasoning shows that there is no place in a modern church where a hat can be reasonably safe. But let us be thankful that we are at the dawn of better things. A clever inventor has just devised a plan for solving the problem that has so long baffled the acutest minds. He has secured a patent for what he calls "an improved pew hat-holder." It consists of a sort of wire cage attached to the back of the pew, and intended as a receptacle for hats. When filled this receptacle revolves, and carries its precious freight into a safe and obscure recess, whence it is alleged that it can be withdrawn in an uninjured condition at the end of the service. Let us hope that the inventor is not too sanguine, and that his scheme will meet all the exigencies of the case. Who can tell how great will be the effect upon the spiritual welfare of the community when the masculine church-goer can dismiss his hat from his mind and give his undivided attention to other, purer, and better themes.

THE USES OF DYNAMITE.

AMONG recent inventions which deserve notice, are two new applications of the explosive power of dynamite, at least one of which promises to be of substantial benefit to civilization, while both are evidently the work of ingenious philanthropists.

Mr. Duncan, of Nitshill, Scotland, is—or rather was—a poor and humble miner, but his name will live with those of the discoverers of vaccination and anæsthesia. Various causes, among which was a tendency on the part of Mr. Duncan's fellow-townsmen to speak slightly of his moral and mining character, led him to resolve to quit an unappreciative and heartless world. In such circumstances, an ordinary Scotchman would probably have bought a copy of some humorous work, and killed himself with a few pages of jokes; or he would have set free his personal spirit with the pistol, the rope, or the vial of poison. But Mr. Duncan was not an ordinary man. He was anxious to die, but he was unwilling to annoy his surviving friends by leaving his body in their hands. He felt that no true gentleman ought to leave his corpse littering up the street or incumbering his neighbor's fish-pond, and that it would be little less than robbery were he to compel other people to undertake the trouble and expense of burying him. He therefore sought some way by which he could commit suicide, and at the same time effectually dispose of his body, and the result of this search was the invention which is sure to make him famous.

One day the small-boys of Nitshill perceived Mr. Duncan in the act of issuing from his house, with a tin can and a length of fuse under his arm. On reaching the middle of the street he placed the can on the ground, lighted the end of the fuse, and inserting the other end in the can, leaned over it in a thoughtful though unusual attitude. Confident that here was a rare opportunity for safely up-

setting the unpopular miner, the boys stealthily approached him. Suddenly he caught sight of them, and yelled to them to fly for their lives. They did so, but almost immediately the can exploded with a tremendous report. When the smoke cleared away, Mr. Duncan and the tin can had vanished. A few pounds of dynamite had blown that ingenious man into such small fragments that no coroner has been able to find a piece of him sufficiently large to warrant an inquest or to require a funeral.

As a means of easy and successful suicide, Mr. Duncan's invention is nearly faultless. It kills its man in the most thorough manner, and without leaving a particle of waste. Those who use it run no risk of spoiling carpets or of poisoning ponds, and inflict no gratuitous corpses upon innocent people, who have no desire for such gifts, and who grudge the funeral expenses which they entail. If the suicide is only careful to explode his dynamite in localities where there will be no danger of accidentally blowing up unwary spectators, it will be impossible to find any reasonable fault with him. Thanks to Mr. Duncan, the suicide need no longer be an expensive nuisance, but he can quietly take his dynamite into a vacant lot and distribute himself in the shape of impalpable and inoffensive dust over miles of surrounding country.

While Mr. Duncan's invention shows that an humble miner may possess both inventive genius and a rare delicacy of feeling, the inventor of the dynamite machine which lately exploded in a New Jersey baggage-car deserves as much credit for his ingenuity and philanthropy. It is strange that the real purpose of the latter machine has been so completely misunderstood. Most people have jumped to the conclusion that the inventor was a wretch who intended to blow up the baggage-car, either in order to rob the passengers in the ensuing confusion, or to defraud some insurance company. The fact that, while the machine contained sufficient dynamite to blow to pieces the trunk in which it was placed, it did not contain enough to do any serious damage to the train, ought to demonstrate the falseness of the popular theory as to its purpose. If the inventor had wished to wreck the train, he could have filled the

trunk with dynamite enough to throw the passengers all over the State of New Jersey ; whereas, in point of fact, he only placed in it a small bursting charge. Clearly his motive was not that which has been ascribed to him, and at the same time the object which he undoubtedly had in view is so obvious that there ought never to have been any doubt as to it.

That inventor was a man whose honest indignation had been excited by the havoc wrought among trunks by the railway baggage-smashers. In all probability his own trunk had been smashed on its way to and from the Philadelphia Exhibition ; but, at all events, he had seen the trunks of his fellow-men brutally hurled from car to platform, and utterly and irretrievably ruined. He felt that so desperate an evil deserved a desperate remedy, and he therefore prepared a trunk which would teach a wholesome moral lesson to the baggage fiend. There is no doubt that had the trunk in question, with its charge of dynamite, been handled by the ordinary baggage-smasher, in the ordinary manner, he would have been suddenly convinced of the error of his ways, while the appearance presented by specimens of his remains would have struck terror to his companions in crime. If baggage-smashers should once fully grasp the idea that a trunk may contain dynamite, they will abandon their nefarious practices, and will handle trunks with the most exemplary care. Even the premature explosion in the New Jersey baggage-car will not be without its beneficent effects, for, although no baggage-smasher was immediately benefited by it, the evil-doers cannot avoid presuming that the avenger is on their path, and that his invention may be tried again, and with more marked and satisfactory results.

A MODEL CITY.

Dr. RICHARDSON is an English Scientific Person who has invented a new style of scientific city, which is shortly to be built upon land already secured for the purpose. All that remains to be done is for Dr. Richardson to discover

the money wherewith to build his city, and to invent a population willing to live in it. It is to be hoped that he will succeed in both these endeavors, for the plan of his new city, as set forth by him in an elaborate pamphlet, is extremely ingenious and attractive.

Hygeia, as the model city will be called, is to be built on the slope of a hill, so as to afford ample facilities for draining, and for sliding in icy weather. It is to be laid out in rectangular form, and the streets are to be paved with wood set in asphalt. There will be no street railways, but underneath each of the principal avenues will be underground railroads. The houses, of which there are to be exactly twenty thousand, will be built of brick, and placed on vaulted foundations, without cellars. Each house is to be nicely surrounded with trees, and in addition to hot and cold water and gas, will be supplied with ozone from a central ozone manufactory. The sewage is to be used for farming purposes, and the corpses of dead inhabitants will be buried in wicker baskets, wherever they will do the most good, instead of being wasted in cemeteries. None of the residents will be allowed to drink wine or use tobacco, and even the chimneys will be forbidden to smoke. It is Dr. Richardson's opinion that with the aid of an able municipal medical staff, the death-rate in Hygeia will be reduced to 8 in every 1,000. As the death-rate in New York is 28 per 1,000 there is no doubt that the Hygeians will be, in comparison, an exceptionally healthy people. But how the Doctor's municipal medical men are to amuse themselves in such an exasperatingly healthy city he might find some difficulty in explaining.

In spite of the manifest advantages which the new city will possess, it is possible that Dr. Richardson will be disappointed in the actual working of certain details of his plan. For example, he has decided that the population will be "100,000, living in 20,000 houses, built on 4,000 acres of land," and he dwells with much emphasis on the fact that the health of his city will depend to a great extent upon this "equal distribution of the inhabitants." Now, at first he may find no difficulty in obtaining his 100,000 inhabitants and in distributing them in families of five each.

The trouble is, that after he has thus nicely sorted and arranged his citizens, they will immediately proceed to uproot his "equal distribution." What will the Doctor do when a scientific family of five persons is suddenly increased by the addition of a scientific-baby? Then will there be six persons in that disordered household, and the "equal distribution" of the inhabitants of his city will be compromised. He cannot build a new house to meet the contingency, for he has strictly limited the city to 20,000 houses; and even if a new house could be built and inhabited exclusively by the intruding infant, his scheme of equal distribution would be spoiled. Unless every inhabitant of the new city is compelled to sign a lease containing a covenant against the introduction of infants, there will be no such thing as the permanent equal distribution of 100,000 people in 20,000 houses. Doubtless Dr. Richardson has entirely overlooked this weak spot in his calculations, but he will have it forced upon his attention to a maddening extent before the end of the first year of his city existence. Again, the plan of building houses without cellars and placing the kitchen on the upper floor of each house is at first glance unobjectionable, but a little scrutiny will show that it has its faults. Where will Dr. Richardson's people keep their old bottles, and where will the family cat be placed at night? Natural philosophy teaches that the smell of heated dinners ascend. How then can the careful housewife, living in a city where all the kitchens are on the top floors, ascertain what the neighbors intend to have for dinner? Very probably Dr. Richardson imagines that in a purely scientific city there will be no crime or disorder, and no use for policemen. He must admit, however, that it is possible for scientific citizens to quarrel, and even to steal fossils, and valuable bugs. In such an event, the Police, instead of darting out of the area gate and capturing the offender, would have to descend from lofty kitchens, where their soup would grow cold before they could carry their prisoners to the station-house and return to the cook's fireside. It must also be remarked that in this ingenious city there is not the slightest provision for a single clothes-line. It may be that the inventor looks upon

clothes as unscientific and objectionable, for he remarks that "from the sleeping apartments old clothes, &c., are to be rigorously excluded." If a man cannot leave his clothes in his bedroom, on going to bed, what is he to do with them? Is there to be a vast undressing room in the centre of the city where every one is to deposit his clothes at night, or is the population to dispense with clothing altogether? This is a question which Dr. Richardson cannot ignore, and which must be answered before he can induce respectable people to live in his city.

However satisfactory the plan of a Hygeian house may be to the enthusiastic sanitarian, it cannot be denied that it will seem dreary and ugly to most other people. Neither carpets, paint, plaster, nor wall paper will be used in any of Dr. Richardson's buildings. The floors will be of wood and the walls will be of glazed brick. A wall into which a picture-nail cannot be driven, or the pin of an impaled butterfly be thrust, or upon which a match cannot be scratched, will be a cold and glittering mockery. Let Dr. Richardson try to live in one of his model rooms himself and find how he likes to get up in the middle of a Winter's night to turn on the ozone, or to write a note informing the people next door that if the baby which he has reason to believe they have surreptitiously introduced, is not equally distributed all over the city with the aid of nitro-glycerine, their lease will be instantly cancelled. After he has pierced his bare feet with a few splinters from the floor and exhausted his whole stock of matches by vainly scratching them upon the glazed surface of the wall, perhaps he will find that carpets have their uses, and that glazed walls do not alone constitute a paradise. Indeed, he would do well to try the experiment of distributing himself equally in every one of his houses before he urges other people to live in them. It is quite possible that he may find room to alter his plans, at least so far as to provide the city with a good comfortable lunatic asylum, containing a separate room for the inventor and builder of Hygeia.

A BENEVOLENT GHOST.

IT is not often that a modern ghost displays moral qualities which can be honestly approved. As a class ghosts are idle, frivolous, meddling, and apparently wholly devoid of moral sense. Benjamin Franklin, in a ghostly state, does not scruple to tell preposterous lies as to the whereabouts of Charlie Ross; and John Milton, who during his lifetime wrote poetry which even Mr. Taine does not consider wholly devoid of merit, now perpetrates ghostly verse of the most execrable quality. In consequence, ghosts have fallen into general disrepute among sensible people, and before they expect to be heard with respect and attention, they must thoroughly change their present objectional habits.

The recent conduct of a St. Louis ghost gives us reason to hope that a ghostly reformation has actually begun, and that at least a few of the swarming millions of hitherto lazy and frivolous ghosts have determined to do something to redeem the damaged reputation of their kind. That a ghost should choose to visit St. Louis is not, of course, creditable to ghostly taste, but the individual ghost just referred to went to St. Louis exclusively in the interests of humanity. For several successive nights a St. Louis family were annoyed by the nightly ringing of the front-door bell by invisible hands. The local small-boy and the household rats were in turn charged with the offense of malicious bell-ringing, but no proof of their guilt could be obtained. An astute plumber, whose advice was sought, alleged that the bell-ringing was due to electricity, and he accordingly undertook to suppress the nuisance by changing the direction of the bell-wire and putting in new gas-pipes and water-pipes throughout the house. Though his bill was of the most formidable proportions, the mysterious bell-

ringing was not checked, and the household gradually accepted it as a necessary evil which no earthly remedy could cure. Of course, the bell was rung by a ghost, and when the latter found that no further good could be accomplished in that direction, she—for the ghost was of the gentler sex—changed her tactics. She adopted the habit of singing songs in the front parlor, accompanying her voice by playing on a closed and locked piano-forte. After thus opening the evening's entertainment, she would move pictures, chairs, and bedsteads all over the house, and execute more noisy carpenter-work with an invisible hammer and saw than any live carpenter with a proper sense of loyalty to his carpenters' union would be willing to do in a week of consecutive labor. Her most remarkable feats, however, were performed in connection with small-boys, both actual and ghostly. The family were frequently astonished and delighted by seeing their private small-boy suddenly raised by the hair two or three feet above the floor, and thus borne kicking and shrieking from the room. Unfortunately, the ghost always brought him back again, imbued with a sense of injury which led him to lie down on the floor and howl until his disappointed parents pacified him with the bootjack or other convenient and soothing instrument. The ghost's efforts to drive the family to despair were not, however, successful, until she adopted the plan of causing ghostly small-boys to emerge from the fire-place and other unexpected localities. When the persecuted residents of the haunted house found that they could not open a closet, or unlock a burglar-proof safe, or remove the head of a whiskey barrel without being shocked at the prompt appearance of a shadowy and unnaturally silent small-boy, they became utterly demoralized and sent for a spiritual medium to negotiate terms of peace with their tormentor.

Now, what is remarkable and unprecedented in ghostly history is the motive assigned by the ghost for her prolonged disturbance of the household. She asserted, through the medium, that the lady of the house had once promised to treat her dead sister's small-boy as her own, and that instead of keeping this promise she had farmed him out

to a heartless baby-farmer. The accused woman admitted with tears that such had been her faithless and wicked conduct, and she gladly acceded to the ghostly demand to send for the injured small-boy, and to treat him with the utmost kindness. In consideration of this promise the ghost agreed to withdraw from the premises, threatening, however, to return and make things disagreeably lively for the family in case the promise should not be kept. The boy was sent for and the ghost withdrew, and thus the first known philanthropic ghost accomplished her humane purpose.

To say that this exceptional ghost deserves the respect and gratitude of all humane people is hardly necessary. It is to be hoped, however, that she will not content herself with having performed one good action. What she ought to do is to form a ghostly society for the prevention of cruelty to children. Such a society could accomplish far more than any merely human society can hope to do, and all honest and kind-hearted ghosts can rest assured that if they will only enter upon a life of active benevolence, by persecuting cruel parents and guardians, they will soon earn the admiration of mankind, and reinstate themselves in the good opinion of the living.

DR. SCHLIEMANN.

It is announced that the Turkish Government has authorized Dr. Schliemann to resume his excavations on the alleged site of Troy, and that the learned digger, having laid in a new copy of "Homer" and a large supply of spades, will immediately resume his labors.

Some misapprehension exists in the public mind as to the object of Dr. Schliemann's labors. It is generally thought that he has hitherto been digging in search of the alleged City of Troy. In point of fact, he has been trying to exhume the "Iliad," and his success in so doing has been remarkable. There are very grave doubts whether there ever was such a person as Homer, or such a city as Troy,

and granting the existence of the latter, its true site is wholly conjectural. There is, however, no sort of doubt as to the existence of the "Iliad," as every college Freshman sadly knows, and hence Dr. Schliemann showed a praiseworthy discrimination in digging for the topographical and biographical incidents of the latter. At first he was rather embarrassed with the richness of the ruined cities which he unearthed, for he exhumed no less than four consecutive buried cities, one above another. The lowest of these he decided to call Troy—throwing the rest away as comparatively valueless—and in this so-called Troy he found everything of interest which is mentioned in the "Iliad."

The maps which the good Doctor drew were extremely ingenious. They contained a plan of Troy, showing the principal buildings and such localities as have interesting Homeric associations. Priam's palace, the town pump, the cottage occupied by Helen, the Lyceum, the spot where the Trojan horse disgorged its contents, the horse-block on which Anchises perched himself in order to climb on the pious shoulders of Æneas, the Post Office, and the prominent banking and insurance offices, were all duly displayed on Schliemann's maps, and gave the alleged city nearly as imposing an appearance as is presented by the map of some projected town in the far West. As for interesting relics, Schliemann found them by the basketful. His method was a peculiar one. He would strive to put himself in the place of some respectable Trojan, and then imagine how he would have conducted himself in any given contingency. Thus, he said to himself, "If I had been Priam, I would have put my portable property in a small box, and as soon as the Greeks entered the city I would have slipped out of the back door, climbed the back fence by means of the step-ladder, and gone out of the west gate, where a cab would have awaited me." Having thus satisfied himself as to what Priam actually did, he followed that respectable monarch's course until he reached the west gate, where he picked up the box of portable property which Priam had evidently found too heavy, and which the cabman had refused to carry except at an exorbitant price. In like manner Dr. Schliemann was able to

divine where to look for Helen's hair-pins, and where to find the blue spectacles with which Paris strove to disguise himself from the eyes of the private detective employed by Menelaus. Thus the exhumation of the "Iliad" was attended with extraordinary success, and there is no doubt that Dr. Schliemann in his future diggings will find every sort of object not absolutely inconsistent with a liberal interpretation of Homer's immortal epic.

Great as is the interest which attaches to the hair-pins of Helen, and the fine-toothed comb of Paris, there are those who feel that Dr. Schliemann has dug quite long enough at Troy, and that he ought to exercise his remarkable genius in other fields. He is just the man to dig on the site of the Garden of Eden, and to reclaim the articles of personal property which our first parents left behind in the suddenness of their departure. He would not have the slightest difficulty in determining the exact locality of the primeval paradise. All he would think it necessary to do would be to visit the Plain of Mesopotamia; to pick out a good-sized garden spot, and to announce that he had fixed the exact position of the Garden of Eden. Then he would begin to dig and to discover with the energy and success which have hitherto characterized him. He would soon lay bare the asphalt paths over which Adam was accustomed to walk, and would find his lawn-roller and sickle in a rusty but still easily recognizable condition. As soon as the excavations became large enough to warrant a map, he would construct one calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened geographer. On that map would be marked the position of the apple-tree which Eve had such melancholy cause to remember, together with a dotted line, labeled "Probable route of the Serpent on entering and retiring from the garden." That same valuable map would also show "Adam's Swimming Pool," the "Birth-place of Eve," "The Croquet Ground," and the "Sartorial Fig-tree." As for relics, Schliemann would find them to order for the use of clergymen's families and Sunday-schools. Fig-leaf aprons would be picked up by the sharp-eyed searcher on every hedge. Small fish-bones, "supposed to have been used as hair-pins;" polished bits of

tomato cans, labelled "hand mirrors," and innumerable quantities of agricultural tools and packages of Weathersfield garden-seeds would be sent to Europe and America by the ship-load, and if somebody were to order a slip from the original apple-tree, Dr. Schliemann would send out more young apple-trees in the course of two years than the united nurseries of Long Island could furnish in ten.

When such a field as this is open to the good German discoverer, it is a pity to see him wasting his time at Troy. Trojan relics are, of course, very well in their way, but the public has somewhat lost interest in them, and in any event they are less interesting than relics from Eden would be. After what Dr. Schliemann has found at Troy, there is not the slightest doubt that he could find anything at any other locality that anyone might desire. Let him go to Mesopotamia and exhume Paradise, and it may be safely predicted that his discoveries there will be precisely as valuable as those which he has made on the alleged site of Troy.

THE CIRCULATION OF NEEDLES.

A PORTUGUESE physician has recently recovered from different localities in the area of a young lady's person, eighty needles which she had swallowed either from hunger, a desire to store up needles for future use, or to amuse the children.

Many great discoveries have been made, the necessity of which had never dawned upon the public until some one suddenly decided to make them. Thus, long before Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood people knew that the blood circulated, but did not think it worth while to formally discover it. Every scientific person whose nose had been contused in the course of a scientific argument had noticed that his blood immediately circulated all over his shirt-bosom, but it was left for the astute Harvey to announce that he had discovered that the blood was addicted to habitual circulation. It is perfectly well known that needles, when swallowed by the girl of our species,

immediately begin to circulate all over her system, cropping out here and there in the most unexpected places. Yet scientific persons who wonder that Harvey did not sooner discover the circulation of the human blood, delay to discover the circulation of the human needle, and it is in the hope of stimulating discovery in this direction that the attention of the public is now called to the facts concerning the circulation of needles.

From time immemorial certain girls with abnormal appetites have been in the habit of swallowing needles. It is probable that the needle supplies in a more satisfactory degree that feminine demand for sharp and pungent food which most of the sex try to satisfy with pickles and lemons. If the needle is swallowed eye first, it usually finds its way into the stomach with ease and rapidity, and when once there, its first effect is very much like that of red pepper or Chutney sauce. But unlike the latter article of diet, the needle passes directly into the system without undergoing the preliminary process of digestion, and begins to circulate not only through the interstices of the body, but through new paths which it opens in every direction. Needles that have thus started from the stomach have been detected in the back of the head, or in the extremity of the remotest finger. In fact, there is nothing that is more rash and dangerous than for an affectionate father to clasp his needle-fed daughter in his arms. Like the fabled figure of the Virgin which made part of every well-conducted inquisitorial torture-room, and which on being embraced by a recanting heretic suddenly radiated penknives in all directions, and thus cut the worshipping victim into fine slices, the needle-fed daughter may at any moment prick her affectionate parent in unexpected places and stimulate him to language of the most unfatherly nature. She becomes as dangerous as a buzz-saw, and the lover who furtively clasps her hand during church service, is apt to scandalize the congregation by suddenly remarking "ouch" at moments when the Liturgy requires no such response. There is only one contingency in which this kind of girl becomes useful, and that is when there is a sudden demand for a needle. At such moments a careful investigation of

her surface is nearly always rewarded by the discovery of the protrusive point of the desired implement, which is uniformly free from rust, and in a condition for immediate use. Still, the demand for needles is rarely so importunate as to justify the systematic conversion of a girl into a peripatetic needle-case, and the most earnest seamstresses prefer to carry small needle-cases in their pockets, rather than to swallow a paperful and trust to nature to bring them to the surface.

No scientific person will dream of denying that the circulation of needles is regulated by some law of nature. We do not as yet know what that law is by which scores of needles ceaselessly flow backward and forward through the young person who has swallowed them, but we may safely decide that they are not set in motion and directed merely by chance. If they made their way directly toward the feet we might assume that the force of gravity governed their course, but it is a well-established fact that a needle that has travelled from the stomach to the left foot will frequently retrace its path and emerge behind the right ear. Gravity has thus nothing to do with the matter, and some other force must be credited with this remarkable result.

The theory that magnetic action is the cause of the circulation of needles is also untenable. When duly magnetized, the needle is sure to have a habit of pointing towards the pole; but the needles that circulate in the human system, neither point towards any specified pole, nor are they magnetized. Young ladies who swallow needles prefer them raw, and there is not a case on record in which a needle epicure has first subjected her needles to the appetizing process of magnetization. Even the theory that every young lady has her own personal poles, to which needles may point in preference to pointing to the earthly poles, is without the slightest scientific evidence. It is true, that a girl who has swallowed a paper of needles, may occasionally revolve on her axis in a ballroom, but she has no regular and unintermittent revolution, and we have no right to assume that she possesses either poles or an equator, or that the needles which she may have introduced into her system turn invariably in any one direction.

The whole subject is involved in mystery. We know that needles are frequently swallowed, and that they then immediately begin to circulate, but that is really all we know concerning the matter. This is an obvious reproach to our scientific men. They pretend to tell us exactly how the blood is turned on at the heart, and how, when nature once pulls the "starting bar," the blood rushes through the open valves, and continues to flow until death shuts it off; but when we ask what law regulates the circulation of needles they are dumb. Meanwhile, the silent needle is perforating its way through the tissues of eccentric girls, and pursuing its appointed course with a smoothness and certainty of circulation which are in the highest degree marvellous. The Portuguese physician who is now busy in eliminating an excess of needles from the system of his patient has an excellent opportunity for investigating the matter thoroughly, and he may yet make a discovery which will render his name as famous as that of Harvey.

THE YOUNG MAN OF CHEYENNE.

THE Original Old Man of the Mountain, who founded that curious sect of early Protestants known as the Assassins, and taught them to protest with force and arms against the existence of the human race, has been dead for several centuries. It was always supposed that he had left no successor, and that the pure faith of his converts had become so corrupted by worldly influences that they had long since ceased to practice his sanguinary doctrines. It now appears that this was a mistake. Like the original Jacobs, or a railway corporation, the Old Man of the Mountain and his energetic sect have had perpetual succession. The present Old Man resides in the Rocky Mountains in about the latitude of the Black Hills, and his followers, having made breech-loading rifles a part of their ritual, do an amount of missionary work among In-

dians, emigrants, and gold-diggers which would have amazed and delighted the ancient founder of the Assassins.

The discovery of this Rocky Mountain congregation of breech-loading believers was made by accident. Some months since a young man set out from the flourishing City of Cheyenne with his rifle, bottle, poker deck, and other mining tools about him, and a noble determination to lead a life of productive industry in the Black Hills diggings. On reaching "Red Cañon," a locality with which all our readers are doubtless familiar, he "strayed," as he delicately puts it, from the rest of his party. Now and then a hard-working miner does lie down and stray under a convenient tree, and his companions, after taking his boots off and thoughtfully emptying out the more venomous serpents, go on their way, and let him stray until some benevolent Indian finds him and charitably takes charge of his hair. In the case of the Young Man of Cheyenne, his straying was attended by a somewhat different result. He had not strayed more than an hour or two when he felt a lasso gently clasping his neck, and dimly discerned a shadowy figure gradually approaching him and carefully keeping the rope taut. Mechanically feeling for his empty bottle with a view of selling his life dearly, he suddenly felt the rope tighten, and thereupon sank back and became extremely insensible.

When he recovered his consciousness and felt for his hair, he was surprised to find that he was not scalped and that he was lying in a darkened room, "whose predominant atmosphere was a delicious perfume," though he does not mention whether it was Bourbon or rye. His rifle, his bottle, and his cards had disappeared, and the delicious perfume aggravated his intolerable thirst. Presently a person whom he could only vaguely perceive, and whom at first he was inclined to regard as a new sort of snake with immense and presumably venomous Turkish trousers, approached him and bade him "arise and walk." There is reason to believe that the vague person really told him to "get up and get," but the Young Man of Cheyenne is a conscientious historian, who would scorn to narrate any-

thing in a vulgar or commonplace style. Following his vague conductor he entered a gorgeous apartment, brilliantly lighted and evidently forming part of an immense cave. By the light of countless—or at least two—kerosene lamps he saw that his guide was a man of enormous age, wearing a white beard so long that he had been compelled to separate it into two masses and knot them behind his back. This singular being proceeded to summon another white-bearded individual, who was evidently a servant, and who brought with him a gorgeous banquet—of a nature not wholly unconnected with ham and eggs—which the Young Man of Cheyenne devoured with much satisfaction. This done, the first old man administered to his captive a teaspoonful of medicine, which proved to be Oriental hasheesh. So delightful was the effect produced by this drug that the Young Man informs the editor of the *Denver News* that if the latter could only taste it, “he would sell his soul almost to feel it again.” It is fortunate that this ecstatic description was addressed to a Western editor, who was debarred, from circumstances over which he had no control, from making the sale suggested. If, however, hasheesh is really what that Young Man represents it to be, we may expect to find the trans-Mississippi editors uniting in a demand that the volume of their editorial souls shall be made commensurate with the opportunities for buying hasheesh.

For three days the Young Man of Cheyenne was fed on hasheesh, and during that period he never once thought of whiskey or of his duties as a man and a citizen. On the fourth day the first old man came to him and informed him that he was the lineal descendant of the original Old Man of the Mountains; that he was, in fact, the “Only Real Original Old Man of the Genuine Mountains.” He further mentioned that he was the leader of a band of conscientious assassins who had perpetrated all the murders which had occurred in the West for the last twenty-five years, and that the Mountain Meadow massacre, which had been falsely attributed to the Mormons, was his own *chef-d'œuvre*. Then he asked the young man to join his band, offering him as inducements to that end large daily

rations of hasheesh and all the tobacco which he could accumulate by strict attention to business. This noble offer was gladly accepted, and the Young Man of Cheyenne immediately took a large collection of miscellaneous oaths of great strength and terrific purport.

As it so happened, these oaths were never kept. The young man "strayed" before he had an opportunity to commit a murder. Where he obtained his whiskey does not appear, but the fact that he strayed, and that after undergoing a prolonged fight with millions of serpents heavily reinforced by abnormal rats, he was finally found and saved by a party of miners returning from the Black Hills, his story forbids us to doubt. That he is an excellent and trustworthy young man may be conceded, and if either political party in Cheyenne wants an organ which will teem with stories of the abandoned profligacy of the opposition, a newspaper should at once be started in that city and put under the sole control of this able and accomplished person.

A REMONSTRANCE.

OF course Dr. Schliemann is a very nice man. To the Anglo-Saxon mind his name does seem to contain more consonants than a sober, honest citizen really needs, but hitherto this has been about the only charge which enmity could bring against him. He is understood to be an amiable German gentleman, full of science and blue spectacles; an enthusiastic, if not an exceptionally acute, critic of Horace, and a man powerfully gifted in the discernment of beer. But Dr. Schliemann is gradually drawing upon himself the suspicions of envious people, while even his best friends are beginning to find that he is altogether too successful in the unearthing of buried cities, and if he does not shortly make a few judicious archæological mistakes, he may ultimately find his reputation obscured by a very unpleasant cloud.

Dr Schliemann's first exploit was the digging up of

Troy. He wanted to find the city of Priam, and the personal property of that deceased monarch ; so he dug with great diligence until he found exactly what he wanted. As he would not divide with the Sultan, he abandoned the rich Troy lead, and opened a new antiquarian mine at Olympia. There he mentioned that he intended to find statues, and after a brief search he "struck it very rich" —as the Californians phrase it. No statue mine of equal richness had ever been previously discovered, and although the vein was soon exhausted it was estimated that the Olympian diggings yielded fully sixty per cent. of pure marble statues, together with eight per cent. of valuable terra-cotta vases.

The expert digger's next field of action was Mycenæ ; there he found no difficulty in locating a gold-platter mine, which proved as rich as the best gold vein of the Consolidated Troy mine. Gold plates, and gold spoons and gold soup tureens, not to speak of such smaller matters as gold tobacco stoppers and gold sleeve buttons and studs, were daily found by the indefatigable Schliemann. Why he abandoned this auriferous mine after a few weeks' work we are not informed, but it is probable that he intended to raise the price of gold dinner services by temporarily checking the supply. At all events he ceased to dig at Mycenæ early last Summer, and having compromised matters with the Sultan, resumed his labors on the Troy lead.

We are now informed that he has struck a kind of "pocket" at a slight distance from the main Trojan vein, which has "panned out" wonderfully well. He calls it the tomb of Cassandra, and announces that it is full of dinner plates, belt-buckles, crimping-pins, and breech-loading rifles, all made of the purest gold, and by the most skilful workmen of the Homeric period. He explains the peculiar richness of this "pocket" by asserting that Cassandra, the well-known Trojan test-medium, who gave her patrons information on all affairs of life, including marriage, sickness, stolen articles, and absent friends, was buried with all her portable property about her, and that he knew when he determined to discover her tomb that he should find a whole jeweller's shop of ornaments concealed in her coffin.

Now had Dr. Schliemann confined himself to making discoveries on the alleged site of Troy, the world would probably have accepted them in good faith. It is his uniform and unbroken success in finding at Troy, Olympia, Mycenæ, and Cassandra's tomb, precisely the sort of things which he wished to find that seems odd to the unprejudiced observer. When men, as intelligent and energetic as Schliemann, had dug in all sorts of places for all sorts of things and never found them, why should Schliemann always be able to dig up cities in lots to suit customers, in the precise localities where other diggers failed to find anything more valuable than the remains of a contemporaneous cat or a trifle of broken crockery bearing the Birmingham trade-mark? It really will not do for Dr. Schliemann to be so exceptionally successful unless he is ready to incur the gravest suspicions that can fall upon an excavating expert.

It might as well be frankly owned that it is the opinion of many respectable persons that Schliemann could not find so many gold plates and marble statues unless he knew before he began to dig exactly what he was about to find. With these persons the only question is whether Dr. Schliemann has himself sowed antique marbles and dinner dishes in the Plain of Troy and at Olympia and Mycenæ, or whether other persons in collusion with him have been guilty of this disreputable trick. The truly chivalrous man will hesitate to charge a defenseless young woman like Cassandra, or a pair of personally reputable monarchs like the Kings of Troy and Mycenæ, with having deliberately "salted" their estates with gold and marble expressly in order that Schliemann might subsequently be able to claim the discovery of valuable mining property. The theory that Dr. Schliemann is alone concerned in the affair is undoubtedly the one that honorable men will prefer to adopt, provided, of course, they think it necessary to differ from Schliemann's own account of the matter.

It will, however be wiser and more just to give to Dr. Schliemann the benefit of every possible doubt. The talent of discovering buried cities may be a genuine one, and he may deserve our warmest admiration and gratitude.

Still a proper regard for his reputation ought to lead him to pause in his successful career, and to abandon his intention of finding Helen's body in a perfect state of preservation, and the original love-letters written by Paris and intercepted by Menelaus's private detective. He is already finding altogether too much, and there is a limit to the patience of the public. If he will only fail to find a few dead cities during the next six months, public confidence will revive, but if he goes on as he has begun, he may earn the unenviable fame of the men who discovered the famous diamond and ruby mines of Arizona, and who were afterwards themselves discovered by unscientific policemen.

THE SMOKING INFANT.

THERE has latterly been a dearth of novelties in babies. Last winter the West produced several entirely new styles of babies, some with more and others with less heads and limbs than the common variety of infant. However excellent these improved babies may have been in theory, they do not seem to have succeeded in practice. Either they would not work at all or else they were found on trial to be less efficient than infants of the old-fashioned model. At any rate, they soon passed into an obscurity as profound as that which enwraps the Keely motor, and not one of them was exhibited at Philadelphia among the productions of American inventive genius.

Stimulated by these numerous Western failures, the East has now invented an infant which has at least the merit of complete novelty. As might be expected from the fact that the new baby is a Massachusetts production, its peculiarities are of a moral instead of a physical character. Outwardly it resembles all other male infants of three years of age and of the usual pattern, but mentally and morally it is entirely original. This remarkable baby is a confirmed smoker, and the records of the Patent Office may be searched in vain for any model, drawing, or speci-

fication of a three-year-old baby capable of consuming strong cigars and caporal tobacco.

The normal Massachusetts boy learns to smoke by degrees. He leads himself gently up to tobacco by a preliminary course of grape-vine cigars and dried fern leaves, and when he finally makes his first attempt upon a genuine Connecticut cigar, he selects a secure retreat behind the barn, and undergoes agonies of subsequent nausea on the hay-mow. The Smoking Infant, on the contrary, disdained to trifle with the inefficient grape-vine, or to smoke his first cigar in seclusion. Long before he reached his third birthday he had boldly seized one of his father's best four-cent cigars and smoked it in the nursery, careless of the curtains and heedless of his mother's hair. Moreover, this feat was accomplished without the smallest pang of nausea. While his astonished and more mature friends expected to see him turn deadly pale and undergo the wildest abdominal remorse, he declined to do anything of the sort, and actually cried for more cigars. Since that period, he has shown an incessant and unappeasable appetite for tobacco. Though he still prefers cigars, he smokes pipes as a matter of economy, and chews fine-cut with the solemnity and unerring marksmanship of a Western Senator. The feeble efforts of his unhappy mother to prevent him from smoking in the parlor and in bed have been entirely fruitless. He not only smokes in every room in the house, but he strews ashes on the key-board of the piano, and drops his lighted pipe on his pillow, as he sinks into slumber. To the relatives and friends of the family he is a source of mingled wonder and indignation. He has been known to beg his grandmother to put a box of cigars — "Reina Victoria Intimidads, very dark if you please, grandma,"—in his Christmas stocking, and to ask a local deacon, who is a great admirer of the late Mr. Trask, "if he happened to have a chew about him." Of course, he has a money-box to which friends and visitors are requested to contribute. The ordinary Massachusetts boy always has a box of the kind, with a view to collecting money for the missionaries, and empties its contents from time to time into the till of the candy

merchant, hoping that the latter is personally acquainted with numerous deserving missionaries, and that he always sends them his small change. The Smoking Infant either knows nothing or cares nothing about missionaries. He shamelessly demands contributions for a purely imaginary base-ball club, and when he has collected twenty-five cents, he rushes to a tobacco-shop where he selects two imported "Rosa Conchas" with a care and intelligence which challenge the admiration of every really able smoker.

Of course it will be said that this depraved child is growing thin and weak in consequence of his constant use of tobacco. Unfortunately for the opponents of smoking, it must be acknowledged that the Infant Smoker is growing fat and hale on his perpetual diet of smoke. He smokes from dawn to twilight, and his nerves are as firm as those of a trapeze performer. His father looks upon him as a complete success, and it is the judgment of all who have seen him—including three selectmen, a justice of the peace and six ministers of assorted denominations—that as a Smoking Infant it is impossible to find a flaw in his construction or operation.

It must, then, be conceded that the East has signally triumphed over the West in the invention of a new and thoroughly successful variety of baby. Still it is impossible to see in what respect a smoking infant is a specially desirable object. If it be true—as is darkly rumored—that the father of the marvellous Massachusetts child is in the pay of the 'Tobacco-dealers' Association, and that he invented the Smoking Infant merely in order to open a new field for the sale of tobacco, there is no doubt that he has fully earned whatever pay he may have received. That fact, however, does not constitute an argument which will lead parents to prefer smoking infants. Ingenious as the new invention is, it cannot be called a beneficent one, and all men unconnected with the tobacco trade will sincerely hope that the Smoking Infant of Massachusetts will not be duplicated, and will never be successfully introduced into American families.

A NATIONAL WANT.

THE great want of this country—at least in the estimation of young people—is a variety of parent who will go to bed at eight o'clock. The disposition shown by too many fathers and mothers to sit up until midnight on occasions when their daughters are receiving the visits of eligible young men, is an evil as notorious as it is common. No reference is here intended to those heartless mothers who produce endless problems in crochet work whenever the front door bell rings, and set to work to solve them in the front parlor, with an obvious determination never to go to bed while they have strength left to lift a needle. Like the tireless father who reads inexhaustible newspapers in the presence of his unhappy daughter and her visitor, and who sternly represses all hints as to his need of sleep by the crushing remark “that he never goes to bed until after he has personally locked up the house and put out the gas,” the cruel crochet mother is an abnormal, though by no means rare, type of humanity. Such pitiless parents, however, are really less exasperating than the more common variety, who decline to go to bed from ignorance rather than vice. The former have a definite policy which they are morally certain to carry out. The latter torture their victims by permitting them to entertain the fallacious hope that the propriety of going to bed may at any moment dawn upon the paternal mind.

Now, the modern city house affords no opportunity for escaping the gaze of wakeful parents. For the young people to withdraw to the front balcony, with the moral certainty that untimely shawls will be brought by injudicious mothers at precisely the most ineligible moments, is simply to invite dangerous ambushes. The back piazza—if there be one—is out of the question, since it cannot be occupied without inextricably mixing up love's young dream

with the remarks of extraneous cats, while from the clothes-line the family linen flaps menace to young men of moderate means and matrimonial intentions. Certain bold and desperate youths have occasionally proposed an excursion to the roof, under the hollow pretext of an interest in astronomy, but the device has rarely been successful. The simple fact, is, that when parents will not go to bed there is no escape from them short of a total abandonment of their inhospitable house.

In these circumstances the judicious young man makes his call on Sunday night, and escorts the object of his affections to church. If he can only secure a pew in a remote corner, he can whisper for an hour and a half in perfect security. It is true that he and his companion are guilty of a peculiarly indecent form of rudeness, but the sexton cannot eject them without creating a far greater disturbance than that perpetrated by the whisperers. Every one perfectly well understands why the young couple came to church, and however much their conduct may be disliked, it is recognized as one of the inevitable consequences of parents who will not go to bed.

The remedy for this state of things is twofold. Either a style of parent warranted to go to bed at eight o'clock must be introduced, or churches must furnish sequestered nooks in which young people can whisper without disturbing the worshippers. The former remedy is, of course, preferable, and it would be a glorious thing if American ingenuity were to devise a trustworthy eight o'clock parent. It is improbable, however, that any such contrivance will be soon brought into use, and hence the other remedy is alone practicable. There are certain so-called churches in which the preacher, the choir, and the scene-painters—that is to say, the upholsterers and decorators—vie with each other in devising means of drawing full houses. Let these Sunday resorts adopt the plan of setting apart curtained pews in the darkest corners for the exclusive use of young people. There is no cornet player who could offer any sort of rivalry to such an attraction, and there is not the slightest doubt that private whispering pews would draw better houses than the most eloquent preacher, warranted to produce a

new religion every Sunday evening, could possibly attract. Of course, no staid and conservative church would tolerate such a worldly use of a sacred edifice ; but there are not a few congregations that we might reasonably expect to find willing and eager to thus provide for the comfort of the young. At all events, the plan would put a stop to the nuisance of love-making in the sight of a whole congregation, and inasmuch as no appeal to their imaginary sense of decency will have any effect upon the young whisperers, perhaps the plan of isolating them from public sight and hearing would be worth trying.

THE HAPPY YACHTSMAN.

THERE is a large class of men who are convinced that the extravagance of women is the root of all evil. Severe moralists, who find it difficult to clothe their wives and to provide themselves at the same time with costly cigars, insist, in season and out of season, that the woman who is not contented with calico will be sure to lead her husband into crime. Very probably many women are foolishly extravagant, and deserve to have reproving stones cast at them by faultlessly economical men ; but the wildest extravagance of the most reckless woman is so vastly inferior to that of the ordinary yacht, that there is manifest unfairness in lecturing the former and permitting the latter to go scot free.

Unsophisticated persons living in inland towns cannot understand why the cost of maintaining a yacht need necessarily be so enormous as it notoriously is. After the first cost of providing one's self with a yacht is paid, they cannot perceive the necessity for spending vast annual sums upon her. But it is with yachts as it is with women. A man who provides himself with a pretty wife, equipped with a sufficient quantity of clothes, might keep her very cheaply if he did not permit her to go into society. Usually, however, he is proud of her, and wants to exhibit her, and consequently, after he has made her an ornament

of society, he has to defray the constant expense of maintaining her position. It is not impossible for a yachtsman to buy a yacht, and to use her in a modest and quiet way without ruining himself. Experience shows, however, that he is never satisfied until he has joined a yacht club, and thus introduced his yacht to the society of other fashionable yachts. Now, the yacht is far more fond of extravagant display than is the average woman, and when the once modest schooner or bashful sloop has tasted the pleasures of a regatta, she proceeds to lavish her owner's fortune with frightful recklessness.

The world has little conception of the private misery of the owner of a fast and beautiful yacht. During the racing season she splits her sails as though they were lace flounces, and sheds topmasts and booms as though they were hair-pins. The yachtsman, of course, pretends that he has perfect confidence in her, but he is daily harassed by doubts as to the absolute propriety of her conduct in beating to windward, and never lays his head upon his pillow without asking himself the fearful question whether she has too much or too little ballast. There is no American yacht whose constitution can bear the wild excesses of the regatta season without becoming more or less impaired. When the season is over and the yachtsman brings his beloved vessel back to her Winter quarters, he finds her in a condition that requires him to call in the aid of the ship-building profession, and to lavish upon her costly tonics of hemp and iron and the various other expensive remedies prescribed by skilful yachting specialists.

When Spring returns the yachtsman finds that he must either quarrel with his yacht or carry out her ruinously expensive plans for the approaching season. She is not satisfied with the position of her masts, and insists upon having them brought closer together or placed further apart. She is unwilling to enter another regatta unless she is provided with a new and more graceful stern, and furnished with a complete wardrobe of new sails and signals. Then she convinces her owner that unless he is willing to have her called a perfect fright he must lengthen her bow ten or fifteen feet, and equip her with longer top-

masts. Very probably she will be dissatisfied with her figure after these alterations have been made, and will assert that unless she is given more breadth of beam she might as well withdraw from yachting society and slave herself to death in the oyster or fruit trade. It is no wonder that in these circumstances no man can own a yacht who has not an independent fortune, or at least a position as counsel for an insolvent railroad. A yacht which squanders money like water all Summer, undergoes elaborate repairs in the Fall, and is completely remodelled every Spring, is infinitely more extravagant than any woman who ever wore 32mo shoes or microscopic gloves.

There is only one way in which to be a happy yachtsman. It is to buy a slow and rather plain-looking yacht. Such a yacht rarely cares to go into society, and carefully shuns the giddy regatta. Her owner will never be pointed out as the proprietor of a crack yacht, but he can enjoy a quiet, domestic sort of happiness which the owner of a fast yacht can never know, and he can feel that calm confidence in his yacht's ballast which is worth more than money, challenge cups, and other yachting prizes.

THE BOY OF OSHKOSH.

A WESTERN newspaper alleges that a combined boy and girl, has made his, her, or their appearance in the City of Oshkosh. All previous Oshkoshian boys have been of the pattern in common use, and it is understood that the combined boy owes his existence to the stimulating effect of the late Centennial Exhibition upon the patriotic minds of his parents. Unfortunately he was not perfected in time to be exhibited at Philadelphia as a specimen of American ingenuity and industry. Still, although he will be looked upon more in the light of a curious human toy than of a meritorious and practical improvement upon the ordinary boy of commerce, he is certain to command the respectful attention of all persons with a taste for rare bits of human bric-a-brac.

Strictly speaking, the Oshkosh boy is not a combined boy and girl. He is rather a boy with an ingenious female attachment. So far as the larger part of him is concerned he is a complete boy in all respects—possessing the limbs, freckles, pockets, marbles, jack-knives, and other organs with which nature has benevolently endowed the average human boy. Closely attached to him, much after the manner in which a limb is attached to the trunk of a tree, is a certain amount of girl. So far as her head and shoulders are concerned, this girl is a very creditable affair. Nature, which began her with evident care, nevertheless abandoned the undertaking prematurely and in reprehensible haste. The girl had been finished only down to her waist when she was abruptly fastened to the boy's spinal column, and all intention of completing her was relinquished. That she is a girl there is no room for doubt. She has already, at the early age of thirteen months, exhibited an interest in bonnets and a passion for hair-pins which would alone settle any possible question as to her sex. It is true that she is prone to insert the hair-pins into her mouth, but in the absence of hair, she could scarcely dispose of them in any other way. We may regret that Nature delays to serve out to female babies their due allowance of hair until a comparatively late period of their infancy; but this fact in no way justifies any doubt as to their rightful sex.

Looked upon merely as an ingenious variation from the order of architecture which mankind has hitherto adopted in the construction of infants, the Oshkosh prodigy merits our admiration. For all practical purposes, however, the combined boy and girl is worse than useless. When his parents are persistently asked what possible use the boy can make of the small amount of girl thus arbitrarily fastened upon him, they are said to mutter in a feeble and apologetic way something concerning the advantages which the constant presence of a pair of hands ready to sew on unlimited buttons secures to their pattern of a boy. The weakness of this argument is simply pitiable. The trifling advantages in point of buttons which the combined boy may possess are as nothing compared with the disadvantages to which his female attachment will subject him. Placed, with a

lack of forethought which is almost criminal, in a position where she has unlimited command of the boy's hair, the girl will unquestionably develop into an inexorable tyrant. The boy will be made her helpless slave. The sole means of defense open to him will be to imitate the strategy of the army mule, and to back his tormentor violently against a stone wall. Even this method of defense can be attempted only at a cost of hair so frightful as to appall the boldest spirit. It may be safely predicted that the boy will choose the safer plan of absolutely surrendering his will to that of his ruthless ruler. His duty in life will simply be to bear her on his shoulders through a staring and pitiless world; and it is in the highest degree improbable that any further boys will be constructed upon so objectionable a model. Indeed, most humane persons will hope that the story of the Oshkosh boy is nothing more than an idle newspaper hoax. Incredible and revolting as it may appear, there are western newspapers which sometimes fail to discriminate between truth and falsehood, and it is possible that the combined boy and girl is merely the troubled dream of a rural journalist, whose mind has been thrown off its balance by the receipt of a free ticket to a travelling circus.

TOO MUCH PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE is undoubtedly a good thing, but there may sometimes be too much of it. There is an extremely prudent man in Iowa, who recently married a wife in what he regarded as a wonderfully prudent manner; but there is reason to believe that he already bewails his excessive prudence, and acknowledges that any amount of matrimonial rashness would have been wiser and safer.

In order not to lacerate the feelings of this prudent Iowan, he shall be introduced to the reader under the general name of Smith. Mr. Smith had long desired to enter the matrimonial state, but he had a fine head of hair, and a skull which responded with unusual sensitiveness to the

contact of broomsticks and stove-lids. For some time he fancied that a weak, consumptive woman might meet the necessities of his case, but having on one occasion gone home from a torch-light procession with a friend whose wife was a confirmed invalid, and having caught a glimpse of her through the crack of the door, standing grimly erect in a corner, with a deadly pie-board grasped in both hands and poised above her head in very nearly the position of "right shoulder shift," he promptly decided that no prudent man could rely with confidence upon womanly weakness. Probably, he would have remained a bachelor until this day had not the truths of Spiritualism suddenly enlightened his mind and filled him with hope. A powerful medium of great skill in the materialization of spirits happened to visit Mr. Smith's native town, and as the latter witnessed the successful opening of an unequalled collection of the latest styles of female ghosts, the happy thought occurred to him that a materialized spirit would be precisely the sort of wife for a really prudent man.

Full of this inspiring idea, Mr. Smith sought the medium, and unfolded to him his new-born hopes. The medium naturally did not underrate his ghostly stock in trade. He told the prudent Smith that a spiritual wife would be the cheapest and safest article of the kind that could possibly be obtained. He showed him that a materialized spirit always supplied its own clothes, and disdained to follow the fashions or wear the fabrics of the material world. Moreover, a materialized woman cannot be induced to eat earthly food, but always seeks the restaurants and boarding-houses of the other world when she is hungry or desires to stimulate her mind with tea. There is thus no possible expense attending the entertainment of ghosts, and, for an Iowan husband of a frugal turn of mind a ghostly wife would be an unalloyed blessing. As to the dangers which, in districts inhabited by strong-minded women, menace the heads or hair of disobedient or careless husbands, they are unknown in the spirit world. A materialized wife can only handle a materialized broom-stick—the real article being too gross to be wielded by spiritual hands—and a blow from such a weapon would be entirely imperceptible. To

these eminently satisfactory explanations Mr. Smith listened with the utmost joy, and when they were ended, he requested the medium to materialize a neat, attractive ghost, with blue eyes, yellow hair, and a handsome wedding dress, and he would promptly make her Mrs. Smith.

The next evening the desired ghost appeared. She was in all respects a first-class ghost, and as she issued from the cabinet with a step so light that she seemed to float on air, Mr. Smith felt that the dream of his life was about to be realized. He stepped forward, took her shadowy hand in his, and, without carping at the fact that it was rather warmer than the hand of a ghost who had been kept in a comfortably cool place ought to be, underwent the marriage ceremony with the coolness of a veteran missionary who had returned from an unhealthy climate to lay in his fourth or fifth wife. When the ceremony was finished he kissed his bride, and permitted her to withdraw to the cabinet to change her dress, while he waited for her at the stage-door of the spiritual theatre.

It is sad to relate that Mr. Smith has waited for his wife ever since. He has seen her but once since the evening of his marriage, and she then merely put her hand out of the cabinet and mentioned that while she should be true to her beloved husband, circumstances over which she had no control would prevent her from meeting him until he should reach the spirit world. The medium has replied to the reproaches of Mr. Smith, who, exhibiting to him the ragged edge of his wristbands and the decimation of his shirt buttons, piteously demanded his wife, that no one could compel a spirit to materialize unless the spirit wished to undergo that process. He warned Mr. Smith that if he rashly deserted his spirit wife and married an earthly woman, the former would make the future world an uncomfortably lively place for him on his arrival there, and further explained that the spirits had no divorce courts of their own, and that the jurisdiction of Indiana courts was not recognized except in that unpleasantly warm part of the spirit world where Indiana politicians chiefly reside. Thus Mr. Smith, who had thought it imprudent to marry an able-bodied woman found himself wedded to a totally invisible

wife, who could not be of the slightest use to him, and from whom he could obtain no possible decree of divorce. This was the result of his excessive prudence, and it is understood that he now openly calls the "good gosh" of New England mythology to witness that he has made a "t-r-n-t-n fool of himself," and that he would have been wiser if he had married a six-foot woman with red hair and a father in the wholesale broom trade.

THE COMING GIRL.

LONG before the rifle came into general use as a military weapon it was the familiar friend of the hunter and the frontiersman. Its vast superiority to the smooth-bore musket had been conclusively shown, and yet both in Europe and in this country, military men opposed its introduction into the army. In like manner the breech-loader made its way slowly and against persistent opposition. Sharpe's rifles had proved their efficiency in Kansas years before Solferino was fought, but both the Austrians and the French fought that long and doubtful battle with muzzle-loaders, although it is morally certain that had either of the combatants been armed with breech-loaders the other would have been quickly beaten. The dull prejudice with which soldiers clung first to their muskets and afterwards to their muzzle-loaders seems almost inexplicable now; but that civilians can be equally dull in opposing improvements of obvious merit is shown by the fact that the roller-skate has been before the public for many years, and that both America and Europe have until now persistently refused to adopt it.

Curiously enough, the first nation which has seriously considered the propriety of increasing the efficiency of the usual style of girl by mounting her on wheels is the conservative British nation. Within the past two years the roller-skate has become immensely popular in England, and if we properly interpret the tone of the English press, the time is close at hand when the efficiency of English

girls will be at least trebled by the universal adoption of the ingenious device of fitting them with wheels.

The cost of this improvement will be trifling in comparison with the advantages which it will secure. The conversion of the Enfield rifle into a breech-loader cost the British Government an enormous sum, but the nation cheerfully paid the bill. The cost of converting the present pattern of English girl into a four, six, or even eight wheeled girl would probably be so much less than the price paid for converting fire-arms, that it might be undertaken by the Government without involving the slightest increase in taxation. It is not, however, proposed that the Government shall undertake the matter. It will be the pleasure as well as the duty of every head of a family to mount his or her daughter on wheels, and there will not be the least necessity for any legislation on the subject.

As for the advantages which would be gained by the proposed conversion of young English women they hardly need to be pointed out. The sportsman who hunts partridges with a double-barrelled breech-loader is obviously better equipped than he would be were he to arm himself with a bow and arrows. In the pursuit of husbands wheeled girls will possess a similar superiority over unwheeled rivals. The old-fashioned pedestrian girl, who from her window perceives an heir to a title striding along the street, knows how hopeless it would be for her to sally forth with the view of pursuing him on the opposite side of the way and of meeting him accidentally at some convenient crossing. The wheeled girl, however, could practice this strategy with every prospect of success. If she is properly mounted, and her wheels run easily and without much friction, she can attain a rate of speed which will enable her to run down the best pair of unmarried masculine legs in the whole kingdom. The same capacity for high speed will render it easy for her to avoid portionless younger sons whom she may meet either in the ballroom or on the public promenade. In fact the success of the wheeled girl would furnish a fine illustration of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The swiftest girls would capture the

most eligible husbands, and the slowest girls would fail to catch even undesirable younger sons. Thus the poorer and the slower classes would gradually become extinct, and in time England would be peopled only by eight-wheeled girls and desirable young men. It must also be noticed that the wheeled girl can always escape from a heavy and necessarily slow duenna, and the increased degree of freedom which wheels will thus insure will render most girls of the period exceedingly anxious to adopt them.

Of course, no one nation can hope to preserve a monopoly of wheeled girls. France and Germany will speedily follow the example of England and will convert their girls upon the six or eight wheeled system, and America will inevitably adopt the prevailing fashion. However efficient the pedestrian girl may hitherto have been, she is doomed to become obsolete except among savage nations. Henceforth the girl of civilization will pursue her prey on wheels, and until some cunning inventor can solve the problem of equipping girls with wings our sidewalks will echo with the whir of wheels, and lovely faces will flash by us with nearly the speed and more than the brilliancy of meteors.

AN UNNECESSARY INVENTION.

FEW people have any accurate idea of the immense number of ingenious inventions that are annually patented at Washington. It is creditable to the inventors that for the most part these inventions are intended to serve some really useful end and to meet some obvious want. Nevertheless, there are inventors who appear to have more desire to display their ingenuity than to accomplish any public benefit. Such inventors are akin in spirit to those captious persons who decline to rent a room or an office unless it possesses facilities for swinging a cat, although they have not the remotest intention of ever performing that exciting but frivolous experiment. The Patent Office contains numerous models of machines framed with the utmost skill, but intended for purposes for which no man will ever de-

sire to employ them, or which are hostile to the best interests of the community. We may admire the ingenuity of these machines, but at the same time we must regret that the inventors have wasted or perverted their abilities.

It is to this latter class of inventions that the recently patented "Smith Rolling and Crushing Machine," undoubtedly belongs—unless, indeed, the nature and object of the invention have been grossly misrepresented. As its name implies, it is obviously intended for diminishing the number of Smiths. It is understood that it consists of a series of heavy rollers resembling those by which iron plates are rolled, and also of a pair of gigantic grindstones of novel pattern and enormous power, the whole being set in motion by a 12-horse power engine. Its method of operation is at once simple and effective. The operator takes a Smith of any size, and adjusting the gearing of the rollers to the exact width to which it is desired to roll the Smith, gently inserts his head between the rollers. The machine is then set in motion, and in the brief space of fifty-eight seconds the Smith is rolled to any desired degree of thinness. If a Smith is to be crushed, he is placed in a hopper communicating with the grindstones, and after a rapid trituration, varying from two minutes to five minutes, according to the size and toughness of the Smith, he is reduced to a fine and evenly-ground powder, in which such foreign substances as buttons or shirt-studs can be detected only by the most delicate chemical tests. The inventor, so it is said, claims that by a very simple mechanical attachment the machine can be made to roll or crush Smythes and Schmidts with equal efficiency, and he is confident that the general principle underlying his invention can be applied to Brown-crushing or Robinson-rolling machines.

Now we may fully appreciate the ingenuity displayed in the conception of the Smith roller and crusher, and the skill with which that conception has been embodied in iron and grindstones. A grave objection, however, can be urged against the invention, and that is that there is no evidence of any existing demand for such a machine. That there is a large quantity of Smiths, not to speak of Smythes and Schmidts, in this country is undeniable. There is, however, no proof that the volume of Smiths is

more than commensurate with the necessities of business. It may be conceded that, at certain times and in certain limited localities, there is an excess of Smiths. A plethora of Smiths in one place, however, implies a corresponding paucity of Smiths in another, and the difficulty soon regulates itself. It may be confidently asserted that the great law of supply and demand can be trusted to preserve the balance of Smiths from any serious disturbance. Hence it is sufficiently plain that there is no need of a sudden contraction of the volume of Smiths, and that the Smith roller and crusher is wholly superfluous.

There is still another objection to the machine, which is, at least, as serious as that already suggested. No one will deny that were it desired to contract the volume of Smiths by a certain definite number, every week or month, the Smith roller and crusher would accomplish that end with thoroughness and success. A Smith when once rolled to the uniform thinness of a quarter of an inch, or crushed to the fineness of ground coffee, would be of no further use as a Smith. But why employ costly machinery to roll and crush Smiths, when they could be retired with equal efficiency in a dozen different and less expensive ways? The inventor has as yet made no suggestion as to the possible uses to which a rolled Smith might be put; neither has he proposed any plan for the utilization of crushed Smiths. On the other hand, it is perfectly evident that one result of his process would be the financial ruin of coffin-makers, who, as is well known, regard the Smiths as their most valuable clients. The more closely the invention is studied, the more plainly is it seen that it meets no real want, and that it proposes to do, in an elaborate and costly way, what might be done more simply and cheaply. It is an unpleasant task to say to an ingenious inventor, "You have wasted your labor and have produced what is, at best, only a curious scientific toy." This, however, must be the universal verdict upon the Smith roller and crusher. The rich and idle amateur of science may occasionally amuse himself by rolling or crushing Smiths in his private laboratory or workshop, but it is folly to suppose that the machine will ever come into general use, or that the inventor or the public will ever reap any decided benefit from it.

A BENEFICENT INVENTION.

THOSE who were familiar with the appearance of a district school-room thirty years ago would find little to remind them of their school days were they to enter a class-room in any of our public schools to-day. The old-fashioned benches that afforded such a delightful surface for carving, and that could be so easily tipped over whenever a boy felt that the sight of a dozen pair of juvenile legs waving wildly in the air would strengthen and encourage the weary schoolmistress, have been replaced by elaborate chairs moulded to fit the sinuosities of the writhing small-boy, and turning on pivots entirely devoid of squeak. The capacious desks, in which hoards of apples and batteries of pop-guns could be easily stowed away, have given place to smaller desks, astutely contrived to hold only the limited quantity of school-books in daily use, and the rude blackboard of primitive times has been succeeded by a wide wainscot of black plaster which encircles the room, and which cannot be stolen, nor covered with soap, except at a vast outlay of time and material.

These improvements are the work of ingenious persons, who apparently pass their lives in the invention of new chairs, desks, and other school-room furniture. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to calculate without the aid of a blackboard the immense quantity of patents that have been recently granted for improved school furniture. Of course, no inventor claims to have originated the generic idea of a chair or a desk. It is, however, apparently held at the Patent Office that whenever a man manufactures a chair with the back at a different angle from that selected by the last preceding inventor, he is entitled to a patent, and a similar theory leads to the issue of patents to men who invent desks differing in size from those already in use by a half or a quarter of an inch. When we consider

the multiplicity of patents which have hitherto been issued, and the ingenuity which inventors have shown in their efforts to produce ideally perfect chairs and desks, it is odd that no one has hitherto invented a chair contrived with a view to the entire suppression of "joggling."

Of the evils of "joggling" it is unnecessary to speak. They are acknowledged and bewailed by all school-teachers, but they have been regarded as among the necessary evils of the school-room. The small-boy is as prone to "joggle" as the sparks are to fly upward, and although a muscular teacher can easily convince him that the practice is fraught with danger, he cannot be induced to abandon it. Many of our best and noblest statesmen have "joggled" in their school-boy days, and venerable matrons, whom the breath of scandal has never touched, know in the secret recesses of their hearts that in their childhood they were "joggled" by reckless schoolmates, and did not hesitate to "joggle" in return. In view of the universality of this nefarious habit, all who are interested in the permanence and prosperity of our school system will be glad to learn that an inventor has at last been found who has devised an absolute cure for "joggling."

This invention, like many other valuable inventions, is charming in its simplicity. In the seat of each school-room chair is placed a small metallic plate connected by a wire with a galvanic battery placed within the teacher's reach. Every alternate chair is connected with the positive pole of the battery, while the remaining chairs are connected with the negative pole. Let us suppose that a boy addicted to "joggling" seats himself on one of these chairs. He is, of course, in close contact with the metallic plate, and though it is possible that the mind may be thereby gently stimulated, he experiences no shock, and remains unconscious of the fact that a current of electricity is passing through him. Presently the Great Adversary tempts him to "joggle" his nearest neighbor, and he stretches out a surreptitious foot or hand, but no sooner has he touched his victim than the galvanic circuit is completed, and the unseen torturer has them both in an inexorable grasp. Two yells of contemporaneous human agony

startle the school-room, and the teacher beholds the "joggler" and the "joggled" writhing in anguish and unable to break the bond that holds them in contact. When this spectacle has been fully seen by every scholar, and the teacher has improved the occasion to point out the wickedness of "joggling," he breaks the current and the victims are released. It is safe to say that a boy thus punished would never "joggle" again, and that the chief effort of every scholar would be to avoid the slightest contact with another while in the school-room.

An invention so ingenious and so efficacious ought to be brought to the attention of every school-teacher in the land. It should be exhibited at the American Institute Fair where unsuspecting boys could be bribed to "joggle" in public, and to thus illustrate the working of the invention, while at the same time serving as frightful examples of the evil of "joggling." Let school-teachers take courage. The day is at hand when "joggling," with all its train of attendant evils will be at an end. The peace of the school-room will be kept by electricity, and the detection and punishment of every offender will instantaneously follow the commission of the offense.

SMITING THE HEATHEN.

It is undoubtedly true that mobs are inexcusable, and that riots are not to be tolerated in any civilized community. And yet it sometimes happens that the law is unable or unwilling to suppress some public and gigantic evil. In such case mob violence becomes the only alternative of degrading submission, and to this alternative a courageous and high-spirited people will usually resort. It is evident that this is the true explanation of the frequently threatened popular risings against the Chinese in California, and however much we may deprecate unlawful massacres perpetrated by unauthorized rioters, it cannot be denied that the conduct of the Chinese has provoked and invited public hostility.

When the earliest Chinese immigrants arrived in California they were not regarded with any serious dislike. On the contrary, much innocent amusement was derived from them by that frank, free, and manly class of the American population locally known as the "hoodlums." To drag a Chinaman backwards by his cue was considered a wholesome and enlivening sport, and children too young to be trusted with revolvers were taught to cultivate accuracy of aim by throwing stones at the timid heathen. At that period the Chinese were too few in number to compete in any way with resident Christians, especially as they were allowed to search for gold only in claims which had been previously worked out and abandoned. This happy state of things was, however, of brief duration. The Chinese immigration increased with alarming rapidity, and it is now estimated that in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco there are fully twenty thousand so-called souls.

That these alleged men—for even in California there are Americans who unblushingly assert that the Chinaman is a man—should incur the hostility of the "hoodlums," was inevitable. Their want of manliness and morality is simply disgusting. The Chinaman is not only always willing to work, but he does his work with mean-spirited thoroughness, and for wages which a "hoodlum" would refuse with loathing and contempt. He has no conception of the manly joy of intoxicating himself on bad whiskey and of engaging in spirited "difficulties" with his friends or with casual strangers. Though he may have resided for several years in a Christian country, the Chinaman is seldom able to swear with fluency or originality. It is true that in his own quarter of the city he gambles with other Chinamen for preposterously small stakes, and it is not impossible that he blasphemes in his own intricate language, and in a feeble, heathenish way. It is nevertheless undeniable that he lacks the courage or the ability to practice those virtues in public, and right-minded men cannot do otherwise than despise those who are manly and chivalrous only in private.

There are other and, if possible, worse vices to which the Chinamen are notoriously addicted. They wash themselves and wear clean clothing. This loathsome practice

naturally renders them hideous in the sight of the "hoodlum," and it is not surprising that it is generally regarded as a direct insult to voters. Equally heinous is the frugality practiced by these depraved heathen. The Chinese actually save money out of their meagre earnings ; and while they affect to scorn the free lunches provided by beneficent liquor-sellers, it is currently reported that they dine on carefully-fattened puppies, and even prefer that unnatural diet to the wholesome flesh of the still-fed hog.

It will hardly be credited by persons unfamiliar with Californian law that there is not a single statute which prohibits the revolting pagan practices above described. Not only is this true, but certain Californian courts have deliberately decided that if an American citizen playfully shoots a casual Chinaman, or if an American small-boy fractures a Chinese skull with a paving-stone, the injured Chinaman can cause the arrest, and in rare instances the punishment, of the aggressor. The law, so far from declaring the Chinaman to be *feræ naturæ*, and thus placing him on the same plane with the umbrella, as an object which can be stolen or smashed without fear of punishment, shamelessly proceeds upon the absurd assumption that he is a man, and has thus certain natural and inalienable rights. It is therefore, worse than idle to appeal to the law to suppress the Chinaman ; and it follows that either the "hoodlum" must submit to the degrading presence of thousands of industrious pagans, who corrupt his moral nature by the open parade of their heathenish vices, or he must rise above the law and cure the Chinese ulcer with knife and pistol.

The latter is the course which he is apparently resolved to take, and though we may not approve of rioting in the abstract, it cannot be denied that an industrious, orderly, and frugal heathen is a sight adapted to goad the average "hoodlum" to frenzy. San Francisco has evidently made up its mind that the time has come when the resident Chinamen must be taught that this is a free and Christian country, where they and their pagan vices cannot be tolerated. The massacre of the Chinese can be easily accomplished, and as China has no fleet with which to bombard San Francisco, in imitation of the American and European

custom of exacting satisfaction for the murder of a drunken sailor by a brutal mob of bloodthirsty Chinese, the "hoodlums" need have no fear of punishment. Of course, the municipal authorities of the city will nominally object to the threatened riot, but inasmuch as the Chinese have no votes, while every "hoodlum" polls at least a score, no very vigorous interference with the popular will need be apprehended.

THANKSGIVING PIE.

THANKSGIVING Day is the one national festival which is peculiarly and thoroughly American. Other nations undergo annual sufferings from noise and gunpowder which are analogous to those which are associated in our minds with Fourth of July. Christmas is the common property of the Christian world, although Russia celebrates her Christmas some weeks later than other nations, in order that Russians residing in foreign countries may obtain a double supply of Christmas presents. Thanksgiving Day, however, was the invention of the New England colonists, and though it has since been universally adopted by the American people, no other nation has imitated it. We alone express our annual gratitude by the sacrifice of turkeys, and it is, hence, greatly to be desired that the one exclusively American festival should be in all respects perfect and beyond reproach.

It is impossible to deny that in active practice our method of celebrating the day is open to one serious objection. In spite of the progress which we have made towards a higher morality than that of the last century, we still adhere, on Thanksgiving Day, to one barbarous and demoralizing ceremony. To a great extent the hot New-England rum of our forefathers is banished from our dinner-tables, but the no less deadly and demoralizing pie forms part of every Thanksgiving dinner, no matter how moral and intelligent its consumers may believe themselves to be.

The Thanksgiving array of pie is usually of so varied, as

well as lavish a nature, that it seems cunningly devised to entrap even the most innocent palate. If mince-pie alone were set before a virtuous family, it is quite probable that many of its members would have the courage to turn in loathing from the deadly compound, but the Thanksgiving mince-pie is always accompanied or preceded by lighter pies, in which weak-minded persons think they can indulge without injury. The thoughtless matron—for thoughtlessness, and not deliberate wickedness, is indicated by the presence of Thanksgiving pie—urges her guests to take a little chicken-pie, assuring them that it cannot injure a child. The guest who tampers with the chicken-pie is inevitably lost. The chicken-pie crust awakens an unholy hunger for fiercer viands, and when the meats are removed, he is ready and anxious for undiluted apple or pumpkin pie. From that to mince-pie the transition is swift and easy, and in nine cases out of ten the man who attends a Thanksgiving dinner and is lured into touching chicken-pie abandons all self-restraint and delivers himself up to the thralldom of a fierce longing for strong and undisguised mince-pie. Hundreds of men and women who had emancipated themselves by a tremendous effort of the will from the dominion of pie, have backslidden at the Thanksgiving dinner, and have returned to their former degradation with a fiercer appetite than ever, and with little hope that they can find sufficient strength for a second effort towards reformation.

The chief evil of the Thanksgiving display of pie is, however, its terrible influence upon the young. It is a well-known fact, however revolting it may seem when rehearsed in cold blood, that on Thanksgiving Day many a foolish mother has herself pressed pie to the lips of her innocent offspring. To the taste thus created thousands of victims of the pie habit ascribe their ruin. It is a common spectacle on Thanksgiving evening to see scores of children, mere babes in years, writhing under the influence of pie, and making the night hideous with their outcries. Physicians can testify to the appalling results of the pie orgies in which children are thus openly encouraged to take part. The amount of drugs which is consumed by the unhappy

little victims on the day following Thanksgiving Day would fill the public with horror were the exact figures to be published. How can we wonder that children who are thus tempted to acquire the taste for pie by their own parents grow up to be shameless and habitual consumers of pie! The good matron who sees a haggard and emaciated man slink into a public pie shop, and presently emerge brushing the tell-tale crumbs from his beard, shudders to think that the unhappy wretch was once as young and innocent as her own darling children. And yet that very matron will sit at the foot of a Thanksgiving table groaning with pie, and will deal out the deadly compound to her children without a thought that she is awakening in them a depraved hunger that will ultimately lead them straight to the pie shop.

All the efforts of good men and women to stay the torrent of pie which threatens to engulf our beloved country will be in vain, unless the reform is begun at the Thanksgiving dinner-table. Pie must be banished from that otherwise innocent board, or it is in vain that we try to banish it from shops, restaurants, and hotels. May we not hope for a great moral crusade which will sweep pie from every virtuous table, and unite all the friends of morality in a vigorous and persistent attack upon the great evil of the land.

STAR-TRAPS.

It is yet fresh in public recollection that M. Leverrier announced for production on a certain night in October last a transit of the new planet Vulcan across the sun; and that for causes which have not yet been explained the management failed to keep its promise, thus shamefully insulting all lovers of astronomy. Ever since that date there has been an active discussion among astronomers as to the existence of Vulcan, some firmly believing Vulcan to be a regular professional planet, although he failed to make a transit at the proper time; and others insisting that there

is no such planet as Vulcan, and that he was wickedly invented by M. Leverrier for occult and ulterior purposes. Amateur astronomers, however, profess to have recently seen Vulcan to a prodigal extent, and every few days some enthusiastic rural person who is in the habit of studying the celestial heavens and his neighbor's back-windows through an opera-glass writes a letter to his favorite newspaper, pretending that he has actually seen Vulcan, when, in all probability he has seen nothing more remarkable than a bald-headed old gentleman in the act of drawing down his bedroom curtains.

Now, the failure of the promised transit of Vulcan, the doubts as to his existence, and the reckless astronomical observations of inquisitive amateurs, are matters of comparatively little importance. There is, however, one very grave consequence which has resulted from M. Leverrier's broken promise, and which illustrates the malign and far-reaching influence of a single dishonest and mendacious act. Heretofore the astronomer has pursued his celestial game with as much spirit and boldness as though he were Boötes himself, with his eager hunting-dogs "in their leash of sidereal fire." The men who have the greatest distinction as star-hunters have swept the heavens, telescope in hand, and have depended for success upon their steady aim, the excellence of their weapons, and their familiarity with the habits and lurking-places of timid planets. When such men captured a new star, it was a fact of which they had a right to be proud. When Prof. Peters, after a long night's sport, returned to his home, and sat down to the breakfast-table in his astronomical clothes, and the glow of healthful excitement on his cheek, he would modestly answer the inquiry of Mrs. Peters, "What luck, my dear?" with the cheerful reply: "Three asteroids, two Neptunian satellites, and a fine large nebula." It is no wonder that even the servants admired the skill and prowess of so successful a sportsman; and if at times men like Prof. Peters and his comrades seemed to forget, in their passion for star-hunting, the more prosaic duties of astronomy, we can easily pardon them. Their methods were those of true, chivalrous sportsmen, and they would

have disdained to snare a planet by the tricky means employed by Leverrier and Adams for the capture of Neptune, as much as they would to have hunted asteroids out of season, or to have wasted their time with shooting stars and such like sidereal vermin.

But now we are told that a soulless, pot-hunting person, who pretends to call himself an astronomer, has been led, by his desire to settle the question of Vulcan's existence, to invent a planet-trap, which, if it should come into general use, would speedily capture every star not yet in the catalogue. The new trap consists of a photographic camera, provided with clock-work and other devilish devices. This is set at night-fall in some secluded spot, and left to accomplish its infamous and unsportsmanlike purpose. A timid asteroid notices the light reflected from the trap, and thoughtlessly peeps into the camera. Instantaneously its likeness is taken, the negative glides from its place, a fresh plate advances into position, and the trap is again ready for action. The inventor intends to bait this trap especially with reference to the capture of Vulcan; but he asserts that after leaving it set for a single night, he will find in the morning photographs of every star which has ventured near it during the night.

There is, unfortunately, no reason to doubt that the trap will do all that its inventor claims. It will prove a species of sidereal pound-net which will capture indiscriminately everything which comes in its way. The full-grown planet, the feeble asteroid, the fierce comet, the worthless ærolite, and the valuable fixed star will be photographed with equal promptitude and certainty. It is true that the midnight mosquito and the wandering cat will occasionally intrude into the camera, and be mistaken for curious nebulae or exceptionally brilliant comets, but though the pot-hunting astronomer may thus be made ridiculous in the eyes of discriminating men, he will nevertheless continue to gather in his miscellaneous game, and thus render the efforts of the legitimate sportsman utterly fruitless.

Of course, there are hundreds of incompetent astronomers—men who cannot hit a full moon with the best telescope in existence—who will eagerly provide themselves

with traps, and fancy that they are the worthy rivals of Peters and Olbers. We know how the analogous practice of pound-net fishing has exterminated the game fish of our rivers, and driven the fly-fisher to the remote regions of Maine and Canada. A like result will follow the introduction of star-trapping, and the ardent sportsman will have to carry his telescope to China or Australia, if he hopes to have any legitimate sport. The only remedy is to fight trap-hunters at once, and before it is too late. If Prof. Peters wishes to uphold the dignity of telescopic hunting, let him petition the legislature for the appointment of an astronomical commission, with power to prevent the introduction of star-traps, and preserve the celestial game from extermination. If this is not done, star-traps will be set on the roof of every house, and the time will soon come when Prof. Peters will be compelled to lay aside his rusty telescope, and mourn over the total extermination of the game that he now so gallantly pursues.

SOLVED AT LAST.

THE mysterious mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley have been a source of much solid satisfaction to patriotic Americans. It is true that we knew nothing whatever about the mound-builders, but neither, for that matter, did any one else ; and it was quite certain that when we boldly asserted that they were a prehistoric race there was no danger that any European antiquarian would disprove the assertion. But now comes a learned western professor and ruthlessly snatches from us our only antiquities. He tells us that the mounds were built only four hundred years ago, and that the builders, instead of being a prehistoric race, were merely ordinary Mexicans.

The professor bases his assertion of the identity of the Mexicans and the mound-builders upon two remarkable facts. In the mounds are found pieces of volcanic glass—such glass as is found in Mexico ;—and Cortez, when he invaded the latter country, found copper tools made of a

variety of metal which he instantly recognized as coming from the Lake Superior copper mines. The inference to be drawn from these facts is evident. Whenever a Mexican wanted a trifle of copper, he simply went to Lake Superior and got it. As the journey was a rather long one, he naturally filled his pockets before starting with pieces of volcanic glass, a very little of which, when used as an article of food, goes a long way ; and as the road was somewhat infested with Indians and wild beasts, he wisely threw up a mound or two as a breastwork wherever he encamped for a night. Of course, he occasionally dropped a few bits of unusually tough glass, when breakfasting in camp, and hence we find glass and mounds in close proximity to one another. The desire for copper was then probably very general among the Mexicans, just as the desire for Texan cattle is in our day. Thus a large number of Mexicans doubtless stepped over to Lake Superior in leisure moments for a pound or two of copper, and these frequent journeys fully account in the professor's mind for the frequency of mounds in the Mississippi Valley, and the abundance of copper in Mexico at the time of Cortez' invasion. When Mexico was conquered by the Spaniards, copper probably went out of fashion. At all events, the Mexicans no longer went to Lake Superior in search of it, and their neglected camps crumbled into shapeless and meaningless mounds.

The only thing which could possibly reconcile us to the destruction of our cherished prehistoric mound-builders is the ingenuity and clearness of this demonstration that the real mound-builders were stray Mexicans. There are dull persons who might easily have misinterpreted the above-mentioned facts as to copper and volcanic glass, and held them to mean that the mound-builders were an independent race of people who went to Mexico occasionally to lay in their winter glass, and paid for it in copper. The professor's interpretation, however, is much more satisfactory and interesting. He ought to have carried his theory still further, and proved that the Egyptians were merely Mexicans who travelled a little further than the mound builders. Copper tools are found in Egypt as well as in Mexico, and

the people of both countries were apparently equally fond of pyramids. If we assume that whenever it occurred to a Mexican that a pyramid would look well in his front yard he went over to Egypt and selected one—dropping, it may be, an occasional copper tool out of his coat pocket as he stooped to thoroughly examine the interior of his chosen pyramid—we need have no further doubt that the Egyptians and Mexicans were the same people. In fact, if we adopt the professor's apparent axiom that the finding of the same article in two countries proves that the inhabitants of each belonged to the same race, the science of ethnology will be greatly simplified. We can consider that we are all Chinamen because we drink tea, and that Barnum is an Esquimaux because he associates with a Polar bear. Perhaps the discovery of this great scientific axiom is worth more than the fondly-cherished belief in the antiquity of our mounds. After all, we need not tell our foreign visitors that the mound mystery has been finally solved. When they ask to see some relics of the mound-builders' work, we can show them certain marvellous specimens of architecture in New York. They will never detect our patriotic fraud, nor fancy it possible that intelligent beings of the nineteenth century reared such monstrous and misshapen piles. Thus shall we satisfy their desire for the marvellous, and send them home prepared to write volumes of learned essays upon the "Probable Purpose and Possible Builders of the Court Houses and Post Offices of the New World."

BOYTON'S MISTAKES.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON is still cruising in European waters. Not very long ago he spent eighty-three consecutive hours in the river Po ; since then he has floated down the Arno ; and recently he descended the Tiber. Of course, if he likes this style of yachting, it is his own concern, but to most men it is painful to see an alleged fellow-being wasting so much time and energy by stubbornly clinging to obsolete methods of navigation. Every one knows that Capt.

Boyton wears a life-preserving dress, in which he floats on his back on water, and propels himself either with a paddle or a small sail. It is difficult to see how he can find much pleasure in this pursuit. He is in no danger of sinking unless he knocks a hole in himself by running on a sharp reef, but he is compelled to remain in a tedious and uncomfortable position. If he were able to go on deck, so to speak, and stretch his legs by walking up and down his abdomen, or if he could go aloft and scan the horizon from the lofty elevation of his nose, the wearisome sameness of his voyages would be to some extent broken up. Owing to the way in which he is constructed, these recreations are impossible, and he can only vary the monotony of paddling head first by occasionally backing astern and slowly forcing his blunt boots through the water.

These inconveniences are, however, unavoidable, so long as Capt Boyton persists in converting himself into a sea-going vessel. Where he is at fault is in his stubborn refusal to avail himself of modern improvements in the art of propulsion. Whether we regard him as a sailing or a paddling craft, he is equally behind the age, and he has even failed to adopt the most efficient means of securing speed and weatherly qualities when under sail. He made a grave mistake when he had himself cat-rigged instead of cutter-rigged. He carries but one sail, and when he is running before a fresh breeze and rolling heavily—as he inevitably must, in consequence of his depth of hold and the dead weight of his skirt pockets—he is very apt to roll the extremity of his boom under, and thus incur the risk of a capsize. Had he adopted the cutter-rig, he could have safely scudded before a gale of wind under his foresail alone, his mainsail being snugly stowed and his top mast housed. A graver mistake, however, was his failure to provide himself with a centre-board, or even a temporary false keel. Owing to this unaccountable omission, he cannot beat to windward, and he makes an enormous amount of lee-way when sailing with a beam wind. Hence, unless he has the wind directly astern or on his quarter, his sail is worse than useless. It is idle to say that this is the fault of his model. His model is well enough, though he was

evidently not designed for speed, but no light-draught man without either keel or centre-board can go to windward. For Capt. Boyton to claw off a lee-shore under sail would be an absolute impossibility, and if ever he finds himself in such a situation, and his paddle breaks down, he may make up his mind that he will have to abandon himself to his underwriters and claim a total loss.

Doubtless, Capt. Boyton's friends will assert that his sail is intended to be used only as an auxiliary to his paddle, or as a final resort in case of any accident to the latter, and that in this respect he resembles the old-fashioned paddle-wheel steamers. But by what possible course of reasoning can either they or Capt. Boyton justify this imitation of an obsolete model? It is impossible that Capt. Boyton does not know that the screw has completely driven out the paddle. It is true that he has the legal right to adopt any propelling machinery that he may fancy, but when he exhibits himself to the Europeans as the latest specimen of American marine architecture, he has no right to produce the impression that we are ignorant of the screw. It is possible that he may be in some way connected with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which, a few years ago, built a number of large paddle-wheel ships for the Pacific trade, long after the superior speed and economy of screw propellers had been demonstrated. Still, this would not be a sufficient excuse for his worse than folly, and the only way in which his conduct can be explained is upon the almost incredible hypothesis that he is ignorant of the screw.

Had this man fitted himself with a light three-bladed screw, driven by a small engine, using alcohol or petroleum instead of coal, he would have reflected some credit upon our ship-builders. He would have secured a much higher rate of speed than he can now command, and avoided the immense consumption of tissue which the steady use of the paddle requires. By dispensing with the cumbrous paddle, he would have had plenty of room for carrying fuel and fresh water, besides an additional quantity of freight. Of course, his machinery should have been of the simplest character, and as light as would have been consistent with strength, but there is no doubt that if he had gone to some

prominent English or Scotch engine-builder he could have had light and powerful machinery put into him at much less cost than his continued use of the paddle has involved.

In addition to these grave defects, it is generally conceded that Captain Boyton's interior arrangements are wretchedly unsatisfactory. He is so badly ventilated that after a voyage of a few hours' duration he is entirely prostrated with excessive heat. He has never been coppered since he was first launched, and has hence been obliged to go on the dry-dock at frequent intervals in order to be thoroughly scrubbed. It may be granted that he is perfectly tight, and has never yet leaked a drop, but it is not certain that this is an advantage. A very slight leak, which would require him to use his pumps for ten or fifteen minutes every day, would not injure his cargo, but would tend to preserve the wood in the neighborhood of his keelson, and to keep his joints and butts swelled.

These criticisms are made, not in any spirit of hostility to Capt. Boyton, who is probably stanch and seaworthy. When, however, he enters a foreign port with the American flag at his peak, and throws himself open for inspection as a specimen of what American builders can do, we have a right to demand that he should reflect credit upon his countrymen. Let him make the changes in his rig, machinery, and general fitting up which have been suggested, and we will then be able to feel proud of him. Until he does this he may be very sure that although he may astonish Frenchmen and other landsmen, no American sailor or ship-builder can look upon him with any real complacency.

GHOSTLY MALIGNITY.

WHEN a woman becomes thoroughly depraved she is generally held to be proportionally worse than a depraved man. This rule seems also to hold good in the shadowy world of ghosts. The male ghost is usually a preposterous idiot, but he is rarely vicious, whereas the female ghost displays a cunning malevolence which cannot be too heartily

reprobated. A single illustration will show the difference in disposition between the two ghostly sexes. There is nothing which is more revolting to a sensitive ghost than the sharp, flat-headed tacks known to artists as "drawing tacks." When one of these tacks is tossed on the stage where materialized ghosts disport themselves, it invariably remains with its point upward. It may readily be conceived that an unsuspecting barefooted ghost who treads heavily on such a treacherous and penetrating tack would have a right to manifest a hearty and violent indignation. Indeed, almost any amount of language on the part of the injured ghost would be pardoned by all humane men. But what did the ghost of Daniel Webster do when he recently tried to walk over a stage strewn with drawing tacks, during a "materializing séance" in a Wisconsin town? When the first tack entered that respectable ghost's right foot he calmly lifted up his injured limb and undertook to withdraw the intrusive bit of steel. It was not until, in his efforts to balance himself on one leg, he ran another tack in his left foot that he broke silence by softly remarking "ouch," and it is doubtful if he would have repeated that statement or ventured upon any other had he not incautiously sat down and thus inserted two more tacks into his person. In these circumstances he might have totally lost his temper, and no man could have had a word of blame for him; but instead of letting his ghostly passions rise he merely expressed his views of the matter by the simple and touching remark: "Well! by gosh!" and hurriedly withdrew into the mystic cabinet. The other world may be safely challenged to produce a single female ghost that, in like trying circumstances, would have abstained from shrieking loudly and denouncing the anonymous tack-distributor as a fiend of more miscellaneous and objectionable atrocity than any of the leading fiends of the warmer world.

Not only is the female ghost addicted to losing her temper upon due provocation, but she often wantonly annoys persons to whom she is a total stranger, and who have not sought her acquaintance. The little town of Bethel, in Ohio, was recently made aware of this fact in a very startling and vexatious way. Precisely at 12 o'clock

on a warm September night, a ghostly lady, dressed exclusively in white, and riding on a white horse without saddle or bridle, made her appearance on the main street of Bethel. Whence she came no man knew, but, in the language of the local reporter, "she arose, as it were, from the ground." Her horse paced slowly down the street, pausing in front of each house, as though he still retained an active interest in earthly garbage. At every pause the weird lady sang songs, the mere hearing of which had a tendency to loosen the back teeth of the strongest man; and in a short time the street was filled with astonished and maddened citizens, who swarmed about the implacable singer. Nothing could induce her to stop, for not only was she deaf to all entreaties, but she and her horse were intangible to mortal hands and weapons. Those who smote the horse with clubs found that they were beating the air, and those who sought to drag him by the ears clutched nothing more substantial than vapor. The constable who tried to seize the ghostly singer's arm stumbled and fell directly through the body of her delusive horse, and the missiles that indignant householders hurled from the windows passed through her head or bosom and splintered themselves upon the upturned foreheads of the dissatisfied spectators below. Until dawn this phenomenal singer continued to torture the ears of the helpless Bethelites, and as each one of her songs contained at least eighteen separate verses, all of which were totally unintelligible, she was even more oppressive than a rural choir in the act of singing a cantata. When daylight began to show itself the ghost and her horse vanished, sinking, "as it were, into the ground," and disdaining to give the slightest explanation of her atrocious conduct.

Now, it will scarcely be denied that there are few offences more atrocious than the nocturnal singing of unsolicited and unmelodious persons. Still more atrocious is the act when it is perpetrated by a shrill female ghost whose voice has suffered from exposure to midnight air and the extreme cold of the inter-stellar spaces. It is bad enough to be waked up in the middle of the night by a belated statesman recalling in lugubrious strains the happy days

“when Teddy joined the gang ;” but it is far worse to be wakened by a female ghost chanting the music of the future, and utterly impervious to the neaviest and best-aimed crockery. Of course, there are those who will claim that the Bethel ghost sinned through ignorance rather than malevolence, and that she really fancied she was conferring a musical boon upon the Bethelites. It is quite probable that her earthly parents did neglect to teach her how not to sing. The extent to which American parents neglect their duty in this matter is appalling, and, as a consequence, the country is full of young women who are in the confirmed habit of singing, but who might easily have been made useful members of society had their parents had the wisdom and liberality to hire competent teachers to instruct them in the beautiful art of never trying to sing. Even if we grant that the Bethel ghost was one who had been deprived of the advantages of unmusical instruction in her youth, she nevertheless must have known that she was committing an outrage in singing in spite of the protests and crockery of her midnight victims. Nothing can explain her conduct except the theory that it was dictated by sheer malevolence. The subtle and determined malignity of her equestrian serenade is too obvious to be questioned, and her depravity gives us a frightful glimpse of the moral condition of the female sex in a ghostly state.

FOUND AT LAST.

THE tailed men have been found at last. Ever since the days of Herodotus there have been people who believed in the existence of a nation decorated with tails, although no traveller ever succeeded in penetrating into their country. This want of success was due to the vague and wandering character of that country. At one period it was popularly supposed to be in the region of the frozen ocean ; at another it was confidently located in China, and during the last century the tailed men were believed to reside in the heart of Africa. Just as soon as an explorer reached their

alleged country, they silently flitted away to some more distant land, and thus uniformly succeeded in eluding all pursuit, and in preserving their privacy unimpaired.

At last, however, a Wesleyan missionary who has been engaged in a professional tour through the South Sea Islands has run the tailed men to the earth on the Island of New Ireland. He found that they corresponded closely to the descriptions given of them by imaginative travellers. They were, of course, a savage race, inhabiting dark and difficult forests, but they kept up the good old custom of their forefathers by piercing small holes in their arm-chairs and piano-stools for the accommodation of their tails. These tails are described as being not more than from three to four inches in length, and are hence of little use in point of flies. Still that they are true—not to say over true—tails, no anatomist can honestly deny, and we are thus compelled to admit that the venerable legend of the tailed nation has a substantial basis of fact.

It will not do for skeptics to assert that these tailed men are nothing more than a new species of ape. Their humanity is conclusively proved even by the few facts that we know about them. Do apes carry about with them camp-chairs with perforated seats? Do apes distil illicit whiskey, and beat their wives with real clubs? Do apes practice tobacco-smoking as a profession, and compel their females to cut kindling wood and carry in all the coal? That these are among the habits of the tailed men is an unanswerable proof that they have risen above the plane of the brute, and developed the most characteristic attributes of man. No doubt they are the connecting link between apes and men, but only blind prejudice can ignore their essential humanity, and class them with the orang-outang or the gorilla.

It was the opinion of Lord Monboddo that originally all men possessed tails, but that they gradually wore them off by persistently sitting on hard substances, such as the rural district-school bench. The new discovery shows the soundness of Lord Monboddo's judgment. Why is it that one race of people alone has preserved the primeval tail? Evidently because they have cherished it with the utmost

care, and designed their household furniture with a constant aim to its accommodation. Had our immediate ancestors used perforated chairs, and steadfastly refused to sit down upon anything else, Lord Monboddo would never have had occasion to trace the decline and final falling off of the luxuriant tails of prehistoric times.

Now that it is demonstrated that tailed men are not the idle dream of the poet's dainty fancy, it is not impossible that unexpected revelations of the existence of contemporary tails may be made by bold and honest scientific men. It has been frequently suggested that Lord Monboddo wrote with a degree of earnestness only to be fully accounted for upon the hypothesis that he was writing of matters within his own personal knowledge. If we can imagine a man secretly possessed of a tail, and writhing under the belief that he was in that respect a *lusus naturæ*, we can understand why he should write a book to prove that the tail is a proper attribute of humanity. If such was Lord Monboddo's condition, he might naturally have become a sort of reversed fox, anxious to impress upon his fellows that tails should be worn by all intelligent and cultivated men. If he really had a tail, his conduct is easily explicable, and the intense earnestness with which he wrote is seen to be entirely natural and appropriate.

A similar train of reasoning explains the ardor with which the Darwinian hypothesis has been urged by certain scientific persons. If they are in the habit of wearing surreptitious tails, which they dare not openly acknowledge, they would naturally seek to educate public opinion up to the point of recognizing the tail as a manly and honorable appendage. In order to do this, their most efficient plan would be to convince us that we are descended from the apes, and that the loss of our tails is a matter to be regretted, since it places an obstacle in the way of readily demonstrating our simian origin. When every one should have been induced to adopt this theory, the time would be ripe for the discovery that Professor So-and-so has a well-developed three-inch tail, and is thus entitled to be regarded as a special authority upon all questions connected with the descent of man.

It is by no means certain that the tail is a rarity in modern society. Being, as it is, under the ban, no man with a tail would be willing to confess its existence. Such a peculiarity would admit of easy concealment among all civilized races. It is a solemn thought that not only the leading advocates of Darwinism, but even our best and most intimate friends, may have secret tails. The world may think them gay and happy, but the heart of him who has a concealed tail knows its own bitterness. For such the discovery of the tailed men of New Ireland is the dawn of hope. As our intercourse with this strange tribe becomes closer, the prejudice against tails may vanish, and the day of which Lord Monboddoo dreamed, and for which the Darwinians have sighed—the day when tails shall become the bridge to social distinction—may arrive even during the lifetime of the present generation.

It ought, perhaps, to be added, that the travelling Wesleyan missionary has not actually seen the tailed people with his own personal eyes, but has gained his knowledge of them from intelligent natives of the usual South Sea pattern. There is no doubt, however, that these natives told the truth, for he expressly asserts that they are cannibals. Let us, then, give him due credit for the discovery of the tailed nation, and for whatever beneficent results may flow therefrom.

SYSTEMATIC VILLANY.

DESTRUCTIVE as the pie habit unquestionably is, many moral and upright men evince an apathy as to the subject from which it is difficult to arouse them. They cannot help noticing that nearly every block in the business thoroughfares, as well as in the streets inhabited by the poorer classes, has its pie shop, where the various deadly compounds generically known as pie are shamelessly exposed for sale. They comprehend perfectly well that the legislators of our country are virtually controlled by the pie-sellers, and that they never venture to pass any measures

looking towards the suppression, or even the regulation, of the pie traffic. They have seen with their own personal eyes the victims of pie in the various stages of their moral and physical degradation, and they can scarcely plead ignorance of the recent census report which shows that in New York State alone are no less than 31,415 habitual and confirmed pie-eaters, besides 74,021½ persons who admit that they eat pie in what they call moderation. Strange as it may seem, this terrible array of facts has failed to awaken scores of virtuous and intelligent men to the imperative necessity of an organized and determined resistance to pie; but a new feature of the pie traffic, which has recently come to light, is of so revolting a character that it would kindle the indignation of a brass monkey.

There can no longer be any doubt that there are certain depraved persons, who make it a practice to seduce the young and innocent by secretly placing pie in their hands. The object of this atrocious outrage is self-evident. If pie is put into the hands of a thoughtless child, at the age when impulses are strong and the moral sense is weak, there is every reason to suppose that the unhappy child will develop a taste for pie which will grow rapidly and surely, and thus increase the sales and profits of the pie-sellers. Of the extent to which this revolting system of juvenile corruption is carried the public has little idea. Pie is introduced surreptitiously into boys' boarding-schools and young ladies' seminaries, where it is passed from hand to mouth until scores have felt its blasting influence. Children on their way to and from school are way-laid by men who tempt them to spend their pennies for pie; and peripatetic pie-sellers, who thinly disguise their business under the pretext of apples or matches, visit the offices of lawyers, bankers, and brokers, to seek their victims among the office-boys, and to pander to the vicious appetites of depraved clerks and cashiers. Thus a vast conspiracy for the secret propagation of the pie habit among the young is in constant activity, and of the frightful success which attends the hellish scheme there is unfortunately no room for doubt.

At the same time a systematic effort is making to tempt the leading opponents of pie to disgrace themselves and to bring scandal upon the cause. Pie is anonymously sent to men whose whole lives have been devoted to fighting the pie-sellers ; and the wicked senders evidently hope that they can thus awaken the thirst for pie in some reformed pie-eater, and drag him down to their own loathsome level. Hitherto it is not known that any success has attended these efforts, but human nature is weak, and it would not be surprising if a tried and trusted opponent of pie, who finds a seductive pumpkin-pie concealed in his room, should be tempted to try just one single slice, and thus overthrow in a moment the results of years of struggle and endeavor. That these assertions are not made at random will clearly appear from the recital of the following case, the facts as to which are abundantly susceptible of conclusive proof :

A few days since a well-known enemy of the pie habit received an anonymous letter, skilfully adapted to flatter his vanity and throw him off his guard, in which it was mentioned that a substantial tribute of admiration had been sent to his office by express. Soon after the promised tribute made its appearance in the shape of a pie of unusually attractive appearance. It was evidently the intention of the senders that their victim should receive the pie in the seclusion of his business office, at an hour when hunger would tempt him to taste the deadly compound, and the absence of witnesses would furnish him with an opportunity to gratify a base passion in secrecy. It so happened, however, that the box containing the pie fell into the hands of a member of his family, and was opened in the presence of the whole household. Of its potent, deadly nature there was little room for doubt, but it was nevertheless subjected to a careful abdominal analysis by an eminent expert, who pronounced it to be mince-pie of the strongest Connecticut brand. Had the person for whom it was destined opened the box alone, and yielded to the impulse to take a single bite, his usefulness would doubtless have been ruined. He would have been unable to restrain himself when once the slumbering appetite had been awakened, and he would

have plunged into a debauch from which he would have emerged to find his self-respect and his reputation among his fellow-men forever vanished, and himself the derision of pie-eaters, and the contempt of the very pie-sellers who had previously hated and feared him.

Fortunately, in this case, the machinations of the conspirators were frustrated, but the incident shows the diabolical persistency and cunning with which they press their unholy purpose. These subtle secret attempts to undermine the principles of prominent reformers, and the even more revolting efforts to corrupt the stomachs of innocent children, are convincing proofs that the pie-demon must be fought with all the energy and skill that we can muster. We need constant agitation, severe legislative enactments, and unremitting personal effort upon the part of every friend of mortality. There is no longer any room for neutrality in this matter. The disclosure just made cannot be passed over with indifference. The pie-sellers are active, aggressive, and utterly unscrupulous, and unless we are ready to see their triumph and to witness the awful spectacle of a whole nation wallowing in the mire of mince-pie, we must cast off our fatal apathy and make a determined stand in behalf of virtue and temperance and total abstinence from pie in every form.

THE GREEK CHRISTMAS.

TWELVE days after our Christmas, the millions who adhere to the Orthodox Greek Church celebrate their private Christmas. The rest of the Christian world usually note the fact with languid surprise, but few persons outside of the Greek communion reflect upon the serious and melancholy features of the day. Who ever thinks of the cold and gloomy feeling of isolation which must oppress the youthful Greek on the 6th of January? The Western small-boy has had his Christmas twelve days before. His candy and colic have vanished, his drum has already a hole

in it, and his tin trumpet has been violently flattened by the exasperated foot of a father who, when purchasing that injudicious toy, thought more highly of his personal fortitude than he was justified in thinking. So, too, the little girl of Catholic or Protestant parentage has nearly forgotten the joy with which she clasped her stocking in the dim dawn, and has even ceased to weep over the cruel accident which set free the current of her new doll's sawdust. And now, after every one else has entirely recovered from Christmas, the small-boy of the Eastern Church is made to celebrate his tardy festival with what factitious enthusiasm he can muster. It is worse than dining at the second table upon ragged turkey, with coagulated gravy. He feels like a masker bereft by some horrible accident of his carriage, and compelled to return home on foot and in his grotesque costume through the crowded daylight streets. If he happens to reside in a community which adheres to the Gregorian calendar, he knows that the police will pounce upon him if he fires untimely crackers and blows belated horns. He keeps his Christmas in a shamefaced manner, and in a back room, and when night comes goes sadly to bed, harassed by doubts as to the truth of his parents' creed, and asking himself whether he would break his father's heart if he should beg him to change his views as to the *filioque* clause, and to embrace Catholicism and an early Christmas.

It is strange that the Greek Church does not listen to the cry of its children, and consider the propriety of a rectification of the calendar. The change must inevitably be made at some day, and the longer it is postponed the more costly it will be. Steadily, though almost insensibly, the error in the Julian calendar increases, and it will ultimately carry the Greek Christmas into midsummer. To make the change then will be to bring two successive Christmases within a few days of each other, thus doubling the cost of filling Greek stockings, and involving an enormous outlay for candles. Of course, the Russian Government will not adhere forever to a system which leads to innumerable misunderstandings between young lady correspondents, and which interferes seriously with

the transaction of business between persons holding different views as to the true day of the month. The sooner the change is made the better. A conservatism which brings misery to children, and confusion upon promissory notes, cannot be defended. The Greek boy should be permitted to join with the rest of juvenile Christendom in stuffing himself with Christmas plum-pudding, and in draining the subsequent chalice of penitential rhubarb, and the Russian merchant should be able to calculate the date on which the note of his Greek debtor falls due without the use of a black-board and a table of logarithms.

BOTTLED BOOKS

AN odd story is current concerning an eccentric Englishman who fears that the attacks of certain scientific men upon the Mosaic account of the creation will result in the total disappearance from literature of the book of Genesis, and the universal loss of all knowledge of its contents. In order to guard against this apprehended calamity, he has invented a method of preserving the Mosaic record which is extremely ingenious. He has freighted a vessel with ten thousand tightly corked bottles, each containing the story of the Garden of Eden, and has sent them to the Arctic regions. There the bottles are to be imbedded in the snow, where it is supposed that they will remain until the gradual shifting of the earth's axis brings about a climatic change, and the consequent melting of the snow sets the bottles free to drift down to regions where their contents will be read with astonishment and gratitude by future generations.

Whether the alleged Englishman and his bottles have or have not any existence, is not a matter of very great consequence. The real value of the story consists in the hint which it gives to authors who desire to secure a republication of their works thousands of years hence. Books which were published yesterday, and are dead and forgotten to-day, can be called in by their authors, packed in

air-tight cases, and buried in the Arctic snows. When these books finally float back to the descendants of the public which now scorns them, they will be sure of the notoriety which they have so far failed to secure, and their republication by the Arctic current will be vastly more to their advantage than would be their possible reissue by a reckless publishing firm.

It is greatly to be hoped that the merits of this plan of bottling undesirable works for future consumption will be perceived by certain authors now living. With what joy would the intelligent part of the public learn that Mr. Tupper had bought up all existing copies of his *Proverbial Philosophy*, preferring the certainty that his wisdom would be supplied in quart bottles to the public of the thirtieth or fortieth century, to the chance that readers of the remaining twenty-five years of the nineteenth century might care to continue to draw it, so to speak, from the wood. How heartily could we, for the first time, applaud the gushing and grammarless "Ouida," were she to pledge herself to bottle all her future novels, and to keep them on Polar ice for the delectation of posterity. In our land there are novelists whom the public has utterly rejected; poets without number whose works vainly lie in ambush for readers in second-hand bookstores, without ever finding a victim; and not a few humorists whom the world would not willingly let die in any slow and peaceful way, were there only a beneficent provision of law allowing any one to kill them with promptness and impunity. These should gather their works together and ship them to the Polar continent. What though some venturesome Polar bear should chance to devour a five-act tragedy, or a volume of humorous police reports, and perish miserably in intestinal anguish? What if even an Esquimaux were to stimulate his sluggish mind with bottled Tupper, and so fall into sudden and hopeless idiocy? The welfare of civilized men must be preferred to that of casual Polar bears, and the happiness of whole nations must not be hazarded through fear of the possible ruin of an occasional Esquimaux.

But, it may be objected by humane men, that this

scheme entails frightful consequences upon posterity, since it is ridding ourselves of a vast burden of oppressive literature, only to heap it upon the devoted heads of unborn generations. It is true that the philanthropic mind cannot contemplate without a shudder the thought of a tremendous cataclysm of Tuppens and Ouidas, sweeping down from the North, and carrying mental devastation throughout the civilized world. And yet we may justify ourselves in some measure by the same argument with which we excuse the heaping up of a national debt which our children will be compelled to pay. In either case, the immediate necessities of the present take precedence of the remote contingencies of the future. Perhaps a few thousand years hence, men will be strong enough to endure books which now burden us beyond our strength. At any rate, there is no doubt that the majority will be willing to let the future take care of itself, and to secure their own happiness by sowing the Arctic fields with bottled literature. It remains for ambitious authors to take immediate measures for preserving their fame on ice. We now see that the desolate Arctic lands were not created in vain. Let us hope that there will be no delay in the use of so capacious and trustworthy a refrigerator for tainted and intolerable literature.

A STEAM HORSE.

AN ingenious Californian has invented a new method of employing steam as the motive power of street cars. The task which he proposed to himself in making this invention was a simple one, inasmuch as he did not intend to do away with railway tracks nor to change the pattern of the street cars now in use. What he tried to do was to devise a locomotive which would not frighten horses, and he fancies that he has fully accomplished his purpose by building a locomotive in what he regards as the likeness of a horse.

The new steam horse resembles the ordinary style of animal so far as its head and shoulders are concerned.

There, however, its resemblance abruptly ends. The iron animal is devoid of legs, for which are substituted wheels, just visible at the foot of an iron petticoat. Where the hind quarters of a well-constructed horse ought to be, the inventive Californian has placed a cab, reminding one by its appearance of a sedan chair. The steam horse is harnessed with a cow-catcher, a head-light, and a bell, but being built with immovable ears and no tail whatever, it is unable to express its emotions except by the unequine process of whistling.

That any intelligent man should for a moment fancy that so preposterous a machine could impose upon even the most stupid cart-horse, is something wonderful. The inventor actually believes that the average horse will mistake this legless and tailless machine for an animal of his own species. Now a horse may not be much more intelligent than a conscientious advocate of an irredeemable paper currency, but he cannot be imposed upon by any such shallow device as the Californian steam horse. He knows perfectly well that horses have legs, and that they do not wear iron petticoats. A horse with a cow-catcher would provoke his scorn and contempt, while he would undoubtedly regard a horse with a blazing head-light on his breast and a bell mounted between his ears as an equine demon from which every animal with any vestige of self-respect ought to promptly run away. Even when standing motionless on the track, and with an empty boiler, the iron horse would exhibit peculiarities which would instantly convince real horses of his fraudulent character. They would notice his incomprehensible indifference to flies; the unnatural calmness with which he would witness the gambols of a bit of paper blown about by the wind; and the inexplicable firmness with which he would refuse to fly from the presence of that terrible danger—a sun-umbrella. When neighed at in a friendly way by passing horses of a social turn of mind, his stolid refusal to prick up his ears, and his inability to whisk any sort of tail, would instantly give rise to grave suspicions of his character. It would be useless for the engine-driver to make a show of whipping his insensate beast, or of cursing him with all the resources of

Californian profanity. The sound made by beating boiler iron would never be mistaken by an experienced horse for the familiar thud of the cart-rung upon hide and bones ; and the failure of the driver to dismount and kick his steed in the ribs would convince all reflective horses that there must be something wrong about him.

So far as the newly-invented steam horse is designed to impose upon the presumed stupidity of other horses, he is undoubtedly a failure. But there is a still stronger objection to him. Even if he were not to frighten horses, he would most certainly frighten children, nervous people, and persons addicted to an excessive consumption of whiskey. It is said that in early California days, the sight of a single harmless rat would throw a whole mining camp into a fearful looking-for of delirium tremens. How much more alarming will be the sight of a horse with a parabolic headlight and a perpetually tolling bell. The terrible vision would fill the lunatic asylum of San Francisco in twenty-four hours, and besides frightening existing children into complicated fits, would endanger the safety of the next Californian generation.

A NEW WEAPON.

IT is a reproach to the inventive genius of the age that hitherto no improvements have been made in that familiar weapon, the umbrella. The present generation has seen the smooth-bore musket succeeded by the breech-loading rifle, and the old-fashioned 32-pounder made obsolete by the introduction of the 15-inch Rodman gun. The revolver and the bowie-knife, the percussion shell and the naval torpedo have all been invented during the present century, but the umbrella remains precisely the same uncertain and inefficient weapon that it was when first adopted as a substitute for the rapier. Whether it is used for purposes of offence or defence, it is equally unsatisfactory. Occasionally an irascible old gentleman attempts to

strike a blow with a furled umbrella, but there is not on record a single case in which a serious wound has been thus inflicted, and it is now generally recognized that the umbrella cannot be effectually used either as a club or a cutting weapon. Tacticians are agreed that when an attack is made with an umbrella, the attacking party must use it exclusively as a thrusting weapon. Even when thus used, it is far inferior to the bayonet or the pike. If thrust violently into an adversary's stomach, or inserted carefully in his eye, a wound may be inflicted which will temporarily disable him. It is seldom, however, that a man will hold his eye sufficiently still to enable another to hit it with an umbrella, and the inability of the weapon to pierce through several thicknesses of cloth renders the modern stomach comparatively safe from an umbrella-thrust. In the hands of determined women, the umbrella is sometimes effectively employed in order to attract the attention of a car conductor, or to prepare a careless young man smoking a cigar on the car platform, to receive a tract on the sin of profane swearing. In such cases, however, the umbrella is intended merely to stimulate the mind through the medium of the ribs, and not as an offensive weapon. When used for defensive purposes, an open umbrella will sometimes ward off the attack of an infuriated poodle, and it is asserted that it has occasionally sheltered a cautious husband from a sudden shower of crockery, resulting from a depressed state of feminine hopes concerning a new bonnet and the sudden appearance of a domestic storm-centre in the area of the breakfast-room. Still, when all has been said in behalf of the umbrella that its advocates can possibly claim, the facts of its miserable inefficiency both for attack and defence must be conceded.

The recent invention of the torpedo-umbrella, by an ingenious citizen of Chicago, can be compared in value only to the invention of gunpowder, and the new weapon is as much superior to the old-fashioned umbrella as the musket was to the bow and arrow. The torpedo-umbrella resembles in its outward appearance the ordinary silk or cotton side-arm, but its stock is somewhat larger in diameter, and consists of two pieces, a hollow metallic tube

and a wooden piston, the latter forming the handle of the weapon. Within that part of the tube which projects beyond the frame of the umbrella, and forms what is commonly called its point, is inclosed a cartridge containing a heavy charge of dynamite. This cartridge can be pushed forward and exploded simply by pressing the handle of the piston-rod, and as the force of the explosion is exerted on a line with the tube, the cartridge can be fired without danger to the operator, especially if he first spreads the umbrella and thus interposes a shield against any possible splinters or flying fragments of an enemy.

It can easily be perceived that this simple weapon may be made extremely formidable in the hands of a cool and courageous man. If such a man were to be accosted in a lonely street at midnight by a suspicious-looking stranger, who should express a wish for his money or his life, without evincing any particular preference for either, he would instantly open his umbrella, bring the point in contact with the stranger's waistcoat, and smartly drive down the piston. There would be a sharp explosion, and the stranger would vanish. No trace of the tragedy would be left in the neighborhood for the edification of the possible policeman who might bend his slow footsteps in the direction of the explosion during the following day, but minute and widely dispersed materials for a hundred inquests would afterwards be collected by expert coroners, who would enjoy a prolonged carnival of fees. No such satisfactory results could be achieved by any other known weapon. Unlike the revolver, the torpedo-umbrella never misses its aim; neither does it burden the operator with a useless corpse. Its work is done instantaneously, thoroughly, and with absolute certainty, and the Chicago inventor claims that by its aid an enterprising wife, who modestly shrinks from the trouble and cost of divorce suits, can prepare herself for a fresh husband, even in the most crowded thoroughfare, without danger of impertinent interference. So instantaneous is the effect produced by the explosion of the umbrella-torpedo, that had Mrs. Laura Fair used it in connection with the late Mr. Crittenden, all that the bystanders would have noticed would have

been a violent report and the inexplicable disappearance of Mr. Crittenden—phenomena which no one would have dreamed of associating with a pretty woman and a seemingly harmless umbrella.

Hereafter the privacy of men with umbrellas will be strictly respected, and the travelling Briton who visits this country with his inevitable umbrella in his hand, can roam over the entire continent without finding a single representative of the traditional Yankee whose thirst for information has been recorded by every foreign book-making tourist.

THE THOMSONIAN THEORY.

A FEW years ago we all believed the interior of the earth to be a sea of melted rock. This theory was supported by such convincing facts, and gave such an easy explanation to the phenomena of volcanic eruptions and hot springs that it was a real comfort to persons who preferred certainty to speculation. We were then told with great confidence by the scientific persons that five miles was the average thickness of the crust of the earth, and that in some places,—as in Iceland, for example,—this crust was so exceedingly thin that the Iclander was continually in danger of breaking through and drowning in a vast sub-cellar of liquid lava.

Sir William Thomson, who recently tried to prove that the solar system has only existed a few million of years, and who thus incurred the bitter resentment of all sincere geologists, has now struck a blow at the cherished popular belief in the extreme internal heat of the earth. In an able paper, read before the British Association at Glasgow, he demonstrated the falsity of this belief, and the solidity of the earth. Putting aside all facts which seem to conflict with this theory, he laid down the premise that matter contracts as it cools, and that the earth, in passing from a fluid to a solid state, began to cool on the surface. Now what happens when heated matter cools? "It contracts," answers Sir William, ignoring the eccentric habit

of expansion which characterizes water when approaching the freezing point. Consequently, the surface of the earth contracted in proportion as it cooled, and the fragments of rock broken by this contraction continually fell into the molten interior of the globe until they finally formed ribs on which the crust rested, and thus separated the liquid lava into small isolated ponds. These in their turn became gradually filled with fragments of solidified matter, and finally the whole earth became a vast pile of "rip-raps," without any interior heat worth mentioning. This was the substance of Sir William's argument, and it must be conceded that as a specimen of inductive reasoning it is wonderfully clear and quite unanswerable.

Whether Sir William Thomson illustrated his argument by experiments we are not told, but any one who is interested in the matter can easily try a very simple experiment, which will prove the truth of the new theory. If we take a common domestic baby, and with the aid of a glass siphon fill it with boiled milk of the temperature of 200° Fahrenheit, and then place the infant in a cool room, its surface will immediately begin to contract, and the process will go on until the interior of the subject of the experiment becomes wholly solidified, and all traces of liquid milk vanish. The same effect, though of course to a less obvious extent, is produced whenever warm food is placed in the interior of any human stomach. The surface of the body necessarily cools faster than the interior, which contains the heated food, and hence it follows that fat men can easily contract themselves by frequent indulgence in hot dinners. The proverbial thinness of maiden ladies of advanced years who are addicted to tea, is a striking illustration of Sir William's theory. The more hot tea they drink, the more rapidly their surfaces contract, and thus the popular theory that the average maiden lady consists of a thin crust of flesh and bones surrounding a sea of super-heated tea, is seen to be as fallacious as the theory of the existence of central fires in the interior of the globe.

In case there is no baby at hand with which to experiment, the ordinary household cooking-stove may be em-

ployed to demonstrate the beautiful Thomsonian theory. When, towards night, the cook permits the fire to gradually die out, the exterior of the stove cools more rapidly than does the glowing mass of coal which it contains. Hence the stove contracts violently, and breaks into fragments which fall into the fire. The final result is exactly analogous to that which followed the cooling of the earth. The crumbling fragments of stove gradually fill up the space originally occupied by the fire, and in the morning the cook finds a heap of broken iron of a globular shape in the place where the cooking-stove had stood on the previous evening.

It is proper to say that these experiments upon babies, fat men, and cooking-stoves have not been actually tried by Sir William Thomson, at least so far as is known, but there can be no doubt that if they were tried, they would be perfectly successful. What Sir William has said of the phenomena which attended the cooling of the earth was based solely upon the great natural law that contraction follows the cooling of heated bodies, and if this is true of the earth, it must also be true of babies, fat men, cooking-stoves, and all other articles. It is therefore unnecessary to try the experiments just described, and Sir William Thomson is doubtless so perfectly confident as to their inevitable result, that he would regard it as a waste of time to cool Lady Thomson's cooking-stove, or to induce her to surrender a baby with a view to the siphon experiment.

Since the Thomsonian theory of the solidity of the earth has been thus conclusively proved by a faultless process of reasoning, we shall have to devise some new method of explaining the presence of melted matter in the craters of active volcanoes, the heat of geysers, and the regular increase of temperature which keeps pace with the progress made in the direction of the centre of the earth in boring artesian wells. Sir William very properly declines to be annoyed by questions as to these matters. His argument is complete and unanswerable, and, having made such an argument, it is not necessary for him to reconcile with it facts which seem to contradict it. Any person is at liberty to explain volcanoes in the way that

may best suit his personal tastes, but henceforth no one can honestly maintain that the interior of the earth is still in a molten state, or that fat men do not contract after eating hot dinners.

A WESTERN TRAGEDY.

RECENTLY two simultaneous infants were born in a Des Moines boarding-house, and inasmuch as they were not twins, it is perhaps, unnecessary to mention that two distinct mothers were involved in the affair. The judicious infant notoriously prefers to be born in the middle of the night, for the reason that it is certain to find its father at home ready to carry messages and execute commissions. The wild western infant, on the contrary, disdains custom, and is careless of the convenience of others. The two Des Moines infants made their first appearance in the middle of the day, when there was no one in readiness to welcome them; and if they have life-long reason to regret their precipitancy, the verdict of staid and orderly people will be that it served them right.

It so happened that a friendly and neighboring matron, who heard of the casualty, promptly called on the two mothers and volunteered her assistance. Her aid was cheerfully accepted, and the infants being handed to her she placed them in a convenient market-basket, and carried them to her room in order to dampen the enthusiasm with which they had entered on their new existence by making them acquainted with the pins and soap of every-day life. No one claims that she did not perform her task in a thorough and proper manner. The infants were soon made ready for exhibition, and were brought back to their mothers much depressed in spirits, and entertaining grave doubts whether, on the whole, they had acted wisely in emigrating to Des Moines. When, however, the more inquisitive of the mothers desired to know which was her private infant, the officious matron uttered a wild cry and sank fainting to the floor, while the infants rolled from her limp arms

and brought up with considerable violence against the coal-scuttle and the rocking-chair.

It will hardly be credited that the well-meaning but unfortunate matron had taken no precaution to distinguish one infant from the other. As a consequence she was entirely unable to return each to its actual mother. Nothing could have been easier than to mark them, for identification—calling one, say "Schedule A," and the other "Schedule B." This, in fact, is the precise way in which a local lawyer, whose advice was subsequently asked, asserted that the affair ought to have been managed. The same purpose would have been accomplished had the matron cut a small notch in the leg of one infant, or pasted a written label on its forehead, or marked its nose with indelible ink. As she remarked, however, it is easy enough to think of these things when it is too late to use them; and it is doubtful if those who now so severely condemn her for not habitually carrying brass checks in her pocket for the purpose of checking casual infants that may be thrown upon her care, would have been much less "flustered" had they been in her place. That she was "flustered" she readily admits, and though the precise meaning of that term is not very well ascertained, it is generally understood to denote a state of temporary insanity, induced by an excess of infants.

It is not pleasant to dwell upon the grief of the disappointed mothers. To find that, instead of owning one infant each, they had only a tenancy in common of two infants, must have been extremely painful. It is true that a mother who owns an undivided half part of two infants has just as much infantile property as though she owned one entire infant in fee simple. Still, every mother prefers to have a strictly private infant, and the law makes no provision for a partition suit between tenants in common of the same infant. The repentant matron tried to mend matters by advising the mothers to draw for the choice of children. First carefully mixing the infants behind her back, she covered them with a blanket, leaving a single leg of each projecting about three inches from the blanket. Each mother then selected a leg and drew forth the correspond-

ing infant. Perhaps, in the circumstances, this was the best plan that could have been adopted, but it by no means repaired the mischief that had been done. Neither mother will ever have any real satisfaction in her alleged child. Each will always have a terrible fear that she is wasting her time and energies over a colic that rightfully concerns the other mother, and when one child is praised by indiscreet friends for its imaginary beauty, both mothers will insist that their own features have been inherited by the infant in question. When these unhappy babies grow to years of discretion, they will never be satisfied as to their identity, and the blighting consciousness that while other men are forbidden to marry only two grandmothers, they are each forbidden to marry four, will effectually take away the zest of life.

The moral of this tragedy is obviously twofold. It is a warning to western infants to return to the good old custom of entering upon existence in the night-time, and it will impress upon the minds of all mothers the necessity of keeping labels always on hand for use in sudden emergencies. If these two results should follow, the Des Moines infants will not have been mixed in vain, and what is their loss will prove the gain of future generations.

A NEW BRANCH OF STUDY.

It has just been discovered that there exists a "Male and Female" college in Tennessee which includes in its curriculum a new study of vast practical importance. This is nothing less than the study of the human spine; and, though it is pursued as merely one branch of the general subject of "etiquette," that fact does not in the least degree lessen its importance. The catalogue of the institution informs us that, "the salutation, the bow, the courtesy, the word, the tone, the inflection—vocal and physical, the attitude, the hand, the feet, the spine, and eye are all observed and studied, and the students daily exercised in them." It is only necessary to compare this

intelligent curriculum with the Greek and Latin and mathematical studies still in vogue at Harvard and Yale to perceive that, in true progress, Tennessee has far outstripped the slow, pedantic East.

The spine may be said to make the man. The lower vertebrate animals are possessed of fore and aft spines, but the true perpendicular spine is the exclusive property of the human race. It is the spine which enables man to stand up at a bar and drink in a perpendicular position ; to make campaign speeches ; to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours for large stakes and half the gate-money, and to do other things which distinguish him from the brutes, and prove his intellectual and moral superiority. Slight variations in spines are sufficient to affect the entire character of their proprietors. The humble and submissive person usually owes his character to the weakness of his spinal column, while the resolute and devoted Ritualist possesses a spine of wonderful stiffness and elasticity. It is true that occasionally the wrong spines appear to be in the possession of the wrong man, and our sense of the fitness of things is shocked by finding a ritualistic spine wasted on a Baptist or Methodist, who cannot possibly develop its full capabilities. Still, as a rule, spines are usually well distributed, and, in nine cases out of ten, the rigid and the willowy spines are placed where they will do the most good.

The great importance of the spine being thus clearly manifest, it is eminently proper that it should be studied with the utmost thoroughness. In the enlightened Tennessee college to which reference has been made, the spine is not only "observed and studied," but the students are "daily exercised in it." It may occur to carping critics that a college recitation-room is not the best place in which to observe spines, and that a fashionable ball will ordinarily present a greater extent and variety of spine to the gaze of the earnest student than will any other public or private museum. While this may be true as to the feminine spine, it is not true of spines in general, and however pleasing the exclusive study of a particular department of spines might be, the result would be to make spinal special-

ists, instead of men thoroughly learned in the whole field of spines. We may rest assured that when we are solemnly told that spines are daily "observed" by the students of this excellent institution, the means of properly observing them are duly supplied. What these means are the public is not informed, and probably for wise reasons. If any one wishes to "observe" spines, let him pay his matriculation fee, and enroll himself among the students of the only college where spinal observation is practiced. To demand a full explanation of the process in advance would be as unfair as it would be to insist upon inspecting the contents of a museum before paying the price of admission.

It will, of course, be noticed that in addition to observing and studying spines, the Tennessee students are "daily exercised in them." What this latter process may be passes conjecture. To observe spines minutely and thoroughly, and to study them in all their relations to human clothes and human affairs, ought, one would think, to completely exhaust the subject. The young oculist who observes and studies the human eye, and does all that is requisite to make him a master of his specialty, would be much astonished if, before receiving his diploma, he were to be required to prove that he had been daily exercised in eyes. It may be suggested that the Tennessee student is required to exercise his personal spine in stiff Ritualistic, stern Presbyterian, or plastic Methodist functions, but this would be an undisguised introduction of sectarian studies, and as such contrary to the charter of the college. Of course, the human spine can be exercised precisely as the muscles are exercised in a gymnasium. The students can be required to balance themselves on their hands, in order to give rigidity to the spine, or to bend themselves in tortuous positions, with a view to increasing its pliability. But it must be remembered that the college where this study is pursued is a "male and female college," and it is extremely doubtful if, in a mixed class of students of both sexes, these methods of exercising the spine would be found entirely satisfactory. Moreover, exercising one's own private spine is obviously some-

thing very different from being daily exercised in spines, and we might as well admit that the unassisted intellect is not capable of devising the precise way in which the latter process is carried on.

What will be the result of a course of education which entitles men to the degree of Bachelor of Spines remains to be seen. If it will lead to the discovery of some infallible method of strengthening the spines of timid statesmen, and of infusing grace and flexibility into the severe spines of earnest female reformers, its usefulness will be demonstrated. In any event it must develop a fuller interest in spines, which, if properly directed, cannot fail to increase the physical welfare of the human race, and to satisfy the hunger of the soul.

GOING TO THE ANT.

SOME men amuse themselves with horses, others with dogs, and occasionally an eccentric naturalist affects the society of snakes. Sir John Lubbock, however, cares for none of these animals. The ant monopolizes all his affections, and apparently all his time. His private ant-stables are large and commodious, and they are stocked with thorough-bred ants of unusual beauty and intelligence. If we may place confidence in his published statements, Sir John goes to the ant to a greater extent than any sluggard of whom we have any knowledge. He rises early in the morning, and spends his entire day in the acquisition of wisdom by observing the habits of the ants. From time to time he announces to the world new proofs of the astonishing attainments which ants have made in civilization and culture. Not long since, he confidently assured us that in addition to their profound knowledge of agriculture, mechanics, and politics, the ants possessed a religion the outward manifestation of which consisted in the worship of a blind beetle. Doubtless, before very long he will tell us of painful conflicts between Frastian ants, who hold that the ant-hill should feed the beetle out of the public

granaries, and non-conformist ants, who demand that every ant should choose its own beetle and feed him by voluntary subscription. In fact we need not be surprised at anything that Sir John may discover as to ants. He believes that an ant-hill is a microcosm, and that the ants have, if anything, surpassed men in the arts, sciences, and useful industries.

The most recent ant bulletin put forth by Sir John Lubbock differs somewhat in tone from those which have preceded it. The industrious investigator has discovered fresh resemblances between ant nature and human nature, but these, unfortunately do not reflect credit upon the ant. It appears that when an ant finds an accessible sugar-bowl, or a pot of eligible jam, he is far too astute to inform his acquaintances of the fact. A short time since Sir John took two favorite ants by the fore-legs and showed them the way to a quantity of excellent jelly. On every subsequent day these two ants slipped quietly out of their ant-hill, and hastening to the jelly, spent hours in reducing themselves morally below the level of the largest beasts by gorging themselves with jelly. They did not share their secret with a single friend, and when on their way home from the scene of their revels, they were careful to remove every trace of jelly from their persons. No Wall street broker with private information of the certain rise of New York Central could have observed a more discreet silence, and no railway speculator owning an absolute monopoly of all the railways within a limited district could have displayed a more complete indifference to the comfort of the public, and a firmer determination to take care of his own interests.

Sir John also announces that he has tried an experiment to determine the extent to which ants are influenced by sympathy for the unfortunate. He found that if he wounded an ant loaded with valuable property, other ants would immediately show a great solicitude for the unfortunate one, and would promptly relieve him of his burden. On the other hand, he found that a wounded ant who carried no articles of value on his person, might lie for hours in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare without at-

tracting the slightest attention from his fellows. Good Samaritans are not very abundant among men, but among ants they appear to be totally unknown. Sir John has been forced to this painful conclusion in spite of his ardent admiration of ants, and though perhaps it furnishes an additional evidence of the resemblance between ants and men, it certainly gives us no reason to admire the moral status of the heartless insects.

Now that it is established that selfishness, greed, and want of sympathy for the suffering are among the characteristics of ants, doubts will begin to be entertained whether an ant-hill is the best possible school to which to send a persistent sluggard. It is true that he may learn from the ants to get up at preposterous hours in the morning, and to carry grains of sand all over the neighborhood, but he may also learn to make corners in jelly, and to aid people in distress only when he derives some personal benefit thereby. Certainly Sir John Lubbock, and other scientific partisans of the ant cannot hereafter hold up that exasperatingly industrious insect as a model of all possible virtues. Indeed, Sir John ought, in the light of his recent discoveries, to inquire whether there is not something radically defective in the ant religion as it now exists. May it not be true that the cult of the blind beetle has become overlaid with corruptions, and is at the present time as dangerous to morals as is the worship of fortune among men? At all events, the theory of the immaculate character of the ant has received a severe blow, and until Sir John informs us that there has been a reformation in the religion and morals of ants, we shall not be reminded quite so frequently as we have been of our enormous inferiority to them.

POSTAL CATS.

THOSE who are intimately acquainted with the domestic cat must sometimes wonder why no effort has been made to develop his intellectual powers. There is no doubt that the cat possesses a strong and subtle intellect, and the

capacity to use it for the benefit of mankind. And yet this able beast is currently believed to waste his vast abilities in the frivolous pleasures of the chase, or in more questionable forms of dissipation. No animal has been more thoroughly misunderstood by the careless and prejudiced observers who constitute the majority of mankind. Because the cat is a beast of refined tastes, accustomed to wear neat and elegant fur and preferring to sleep on cushions rather than door-mats, he has been constantly classed among useless and brainless dandies. His fondness for mice has been pointed out as a proof that low propensities may accompany luxurious habits, and his musical genius and romantic tendencies, which are so frequently displayed on the back fence, have actually been cited as evidences of his depraved and riotous courses. His accusers, with wonderful inconsistency, praise the terrier, who is quite as much addicted to rats and mice as is the cat; and they profess to be charmed with the robin, whose voice and method are vastly inferior to those of a cultivated tenor or soprano cat. The worst that can be truly said of the cat is that he is the Alcibiades of animals, and were half the pains taken with his education that were lavished upon that of the brilliant Greek, he would probably prove his native superiority to the ablest Newfoundland or mastiff Pericles.

The fortunate few who have broken through the disdainful cloak of cynicism in which the unappreciated cat has wrapped himself, and who have learned that however heartless he may seem, there is always an angel in him as well as in the late Lord Byron, will be pleased to learn that certain Belgians have formed a society for the mental and moral improvement of cats. Their first effort has been to train the cat to do the work now done by carrier pigeons. It has long been known that the cat cannot be intentionally misled. The most astute and accomplished scientific person would have his ideas of locality totally confused by being tied up in a meal bag, carried twenty miles from home, and let out with a loud request to "scat" in a strange neighborhood in the middle of the night. This experiment has, however, been repeatedly tried upon

cats of only average abilities, and the invariable result has been that the deported animal has reappeared at his native kitchen door next morning, and calmly ignored the whole affair. This wonderful skill in travelling through unfamiliar regions without a guide-book or a compass has suggested the possibility of using cats as special messengers. Recently the Belgian Society for the Elevation of the Domestic Cat invited thirty-seven cats residing in the city of Liège to take a social meal-bag trip into the country. The animals were liberated at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at a long distance from Liège, and promptly proceeded to "scat." At 6.48 the same afternoon, one of them reached his home, and beyond hinting, though in a much more delicate way than that employed by Mr. Wegg that a saucer of milk would be peculiarly "mellering to the organ," he did not make the slightest allusion to his long and troublesome journey. His feline companions arrived at Liège somewhat later, but it is understood that within twenty-four hours every one had reached his home.

This result has greatly encouraged the society, and it is proposed to establish at an early day a regular system of cat communication between Liège and the neighboring villages. Messages are to be fastened in water-proof bags around the necks of the animals, and it is believed that, unless the criminal class of dogs undertakes to waylay and rob the mail-cats, the messages will be delivered with rapidity and safety. At first it is probable that the new method of letter-carrying will be patronized chiefly by domestic servants, since the kitchen is at present the usual habitat of the cat. Cooks and policemen will not, however, be long permitted to monopolize the services of so swift and discreet a messenger, and before very long the lover will commit his daily vows to the safe keeping of his mistress' Tabby, and the Plymouth people will attach to every stray cat that may come within their reach letters involving the most tremendous secrets, which they will implore the chance receiver to aid them in keeping inviolate.

PSAMMETICHUS AND TAINÉ.

BEFORE the comparative philologists undertook to convince us that there never was any primeval language, but that the Aryan races always conversed in a graceful inflected tongue, while the Turanians always indulged in grossly agglutinative language, it was firmly believed that all the languages of the earth had sprung from one original mother tongue. Various attempts were made to ascertain what language most nearly resembled the primeval speech. King Psammetichus of Egypt tried to solve the problem by placing two infants in charge of a deaf and dumb shepherd, properly equipped with bottles and things, and strictly ordered to permit no human being to hold any sort of conversation with his youthful wards. When the infants reached the age at which all properly-educated Egyptian children were accustomed to converse in hieroglyphics, by the simple process of carving their views in regard to candy and other important matters on the sides of obelisks, a committee was sent to hold an interview with them. The children ran to meet their visitors, and instead of handing them a portable obelisk profusely covered with requests for cake and pennies, loudly and with much iteration remarked, "Beccos." The astonished committee at once consulted the unabridged dictionaries of various existing languages, and thereupon announced to the King that "beccos" was the Phrygian word for bread, and that he might therefore decide that the Phrygian language was the primeval language of mankind.

M. Tainé, the entertaining author of a *History of English Literature* that deserves to rank with Gilbert Becket's *History of Rome*, appears to adhere to the ancient conception of a primeval language in spite of comparative philologists. He has even tried, in a modified way, the experiment of Psammetichus. In a recent article in the *Revue Philosophique*, he asserts that the first word used by his

personal infant, on reaching the age of fourteen months, was the word "ham." The child always made this concise and appropriate remark "when hungry or thirsty." M. Taine does not seem to be aware that "ham" is an English word, and one which many intelligent English-speaking people are in the habit of using when hungry. He regards it as an entirely new word, invented by his ingenious infant to express phonetically the idea of hunger. He says that it is a sound which is "the natural vocal gesture of a person catching something in his mouth," as for example, flies. "It begins by a guttural aspirate, not unlike a bark, and ends by the lips closing as if the food were seized and swallowed." This ingenious explanation does almost as much credit to M. Taine's imagination as does his *History of English Literature*, but it is entirely unnecessary to impute to an innocent babe, an attempt to supersede French by a newly-invented and purely phonetic language.

Those who do not accept as final the philologist's theory that the respectable Aryans used inflected language, while the shameless Turanians habitually used agglutinative language, will interpret the results obtained by the experiments of Psammetichus and Taine in a way entirely different from that in which they have hitherto been interpreted, and will, at the same time, furnish a new argument in support of the theory of an original and universal language. "Beccos" may be a Phrygian word, but if the Egyptian investigating committee had been really anxious to arrive at the bottom facts, they would have easily discovered that the word is merely a childish corruption of the English word "breakfast." In fact it is a recognized part of the nursery dialect of England, and when used by an infant, its meaning is never misunderstood. The children upon whom Psammetichus experimented were admitted by the investigating committee to be hungry, and their cry for "beccos" was, in a measure, properly interpreted to mean bread. It also meant more, inasmuch as it meant "breakfast," with all that the term implies, including bread, jam, and milk and water. This ought by itself to suggest that English, and not Phrygian, is the oldest of all languages; but when it is taken in connection with the remark of M. Taine's excep-

tional infant, there is no longer any room for doubt, except, of course, in the mind of a confirmed comparative philologist. The latter infant, when hungry, asks for "ham," holding undoubtedly that every intelligent person will understand that eggs are also wanted, and that hence they need not be expressly demanded. When hungry Egyptian children ask for breakfast in good nursery English, and a modern French infant calls for ham and eggs in still better English, we need not question the extreme antiquity of the English tongue. Though Psammetichus and Taine babble of Phrygian and phonetic words, and though the philologists confront us with Sanscrit dictionaries and denounce us with insulting and agglutinative expressions, we can calmly trust in the superiority of our facts to their finely-spun theories. Doubtless Adam's remark to Eve was a suggestion of the propriety of "beccos," and her reply was a special plea for "ham." M. Taine must experiment with more infants and interpret their remarks with better success before he can convince plain and common-sense people that "ham" is not English, and that when a hungry child asks for ham, it is merely trying to invent an improved dialect of "Alwato."

FOOD AND POISON.

EVERY one knows that nearly everything which is bought from grocers and provision dealers is grossly adulterated. At least, so the public is assured by sanitary reformers. Temperance lecturers long ago demonstrated that instead of making beer out of malt, the brewers spend enormous sums of money in manufacturing that popular beverage out of costly poisons and rare pigments. So, too, we are told by persons who regard coffee as a demoralizing and deadly drink, that the grocers purchase at a vast expense second-hand rosewood coffins which they grind up and mingle with a small proportion of the genuine Java berry. As for milk, it is notorious that no living milkman ever consented to sell the pure product of the cow. Indeed the real reason of the high price of the milk of commerce is the cost

of the ingredients which enter into its composition. Of course, there are rash skeptics who affect to doubt the extreme wickedness of grocers and milkmen, but we have only to read one of the numerous sanitary magazines devoted to the humane purpose of disquieting the human stomach, to know that we are fed upon poisons and nourished by deadly beverages thinly disguised as beer, rum, coffee, and milk.

This being our lamentable condition in regard to our daily food and drink, we need not be surprised to find that grocers are not the only persons who commit habitual adulterations. According to a London newspaper, the druggists of that and other English cities are guilty of the crime of adulterating their drugs. Doubtless the same practice prevails here, and our numerous drug stores are very probably filled with diluted and impure drugs. The New Jerseyman who in midwinter wisely lays in a barrel of quinine for summer use, cannot be sure that he is not buying a drug that is far too feeble to grapple efficiently with the ague. The thoughtful school-boy, who purchases asafoetida with a view to quietly disinfecting his school-room, has no certainty that the drug is sufficiently pure to overcome the teacher's obstinate reluctance to dismiss his class. Wives who provide themselves with arsenic in order to prevent possible rats from invading their premises, cannot feel certain that their husbands will not entirely recover from any little temporary uneasiness resulting from eating home-made bread ; and the young woman whose life has been blighted by the fickleness of some heartless male being whose vows are as false as his jewelry, may find that the druggist from whom she has purchased Paris green has palmed off upon her an adulterated drug, not half so deadly as the usual boarding-house pie.

The practice of medicine must, of course, be greatly interfered with by the sale of adulterated drugs. When our druggist is trustworthy, there is some satisfaction in obtaining a medical prescription and taking it to him to be made up. We are then reasonably sure that we shall procure something that will taste extremely unpalatable and that will create a wholesome surprise in our vital organs. But how can a prescription give us any real comfort when

we lack faith in the apothecary, and think it only too probable that he will give us chalk instead of magnesia, and brick-dust instead of rhubarb? And what is to become of our merchant marine if weak Epsom salts and adulterated castor oil are supplied to our sea captains? In former days when a sailor became ill—say with a fractured skull, with typhoid fever, with a broken rib, or any other of the diseases peculiar to seafaring life—it was the custom of the captain to administer to the sick man a tumblerful of salts and castor oil in equal parts. This familiar medicine was held to be a specific for all fore-castle diseases, and it is quite certain that a single dose has often worked a cure so rapidly that the patient has either returned to duty or leaped overboard before the hour of the second dose arrived. If salts are to lose their savor and castor-oil become no more difficult to swallow than is salad-oil, ill health will prevail in the fore-castle to such an extent that our ships will be without enough able-bodied men to work them; unless, indeed, a resort is had to surgery, and the officer assumes the risk of performing hazardous operations with belying pins, hand-spikes, and other available surgical instruments.

Long experience has shown that it is possible to drink adulterated beer and coffee, and to consume sanded sugar and miscellaneous sausages, without immediate peril to life. We cannot, however, afford to permit our drugs to be tampered with. Let us insist upon being supplied with pure strychnine and arsenic, and with medicines that will not disappoint the just expectations of undertakers, and create in their minds a prejudice against young physicians just beginning their career. We need less poison in our food and more poison in our drugs. The druggist must not fancy that the surreptitious medicine supplied to us by grocers can be made an excuse for the adulteration of drugs with harmless groceries. Let us have everything in its proper place—groceries at the grocer's and poisons at the druggist's. The efforts of druggists and grocers to quietly exchange their respective trades without permitting the public to be made aware of the fact should be resolutely opposed.

SURGICAL ENGINEERING.

It is not very long since a beneficent Frenchman swallowed a fork, and thereby developed a series of delightful symptoms, and opened the way for a surgical excavation of his person, which filled the medical profession with unbounded joy. Encouraged by this example, a second Frenchman has lately swallowed a preparation of phosphorus, which so severely burned his throat as to compel nature to completely close that avenue to alimentary business. By almost superhuman exertions the physicians were able to save this man's stomach, but it was evident that a stomach to which the owner could not gain access, owing to the shutting up of his throat, would be a useless, though aggravating organ. In these circumstances the physicians recalled the case of the man who had swallowed a fork, and they argued that if a fork can be safely withdrawn from one stomach by tunnelling from the exterior of the body, it would be practicable to employ a like process to convey food to another stomach. Thereupon, the aid of several able surgical engineers was sought, and a shaft was sunk in the region of the patient's waistband. Into this shaft an India-rubber tube was inserted, and when, with the aid of putty or some similar compound, the connection between the tube and the stomach was made air-tight, it was found that food could be introduced through the artificial avenue even more easily than through the ordinary style of *æso-phagus*. The man is now perfectly well, and owing to the fondness of the medical men for trying experiments upon him, is never hungry. Indeed, it is said that he is exceedingly well satisfied with the success of the surgical engineers, and that he takes castor-oil and other distasteful drugs with a smiling consciousness of his great superiority to persons who cannot swallow anything without the interference of the organ of taste.

Although at first glance there seems to be something marvellous in the idea of eating and drinking by way of an

abdominal India-rubber shaft, there is really no great difficulty in the way of the universal adoption of the new device. It is neither expensive nor difficult to drive a small tunnel through the walls of the abdomen, and there is no reason why the operation should be a dangerous one. India-rubber tubes are cheap, and putty is still cheaper. Indeed, there are very few men so poor that they could not afford the cost of an India-rubber food-pipe ; while its advantages are so many and incontestable that we may expect to see it attain a sudden and general popularity.

The present style of throat is open to several grave objections. It is narrow, and liable to become choked up with bones, buttons, pins, and other frequent ingredients of boarding-house food. Its worst feature, however, is its close association with the organ of taste. Nothing can be introduced into the throat without having first passed a strict examination on the part of the tongue and palate, and incurred their vigorous protest in case it proves disagreeable. Hence arise the sufferings which men undergo who are compelled to eat ill-cooked and unsavory food, or to swallow unpleasant medicines. Once safely lodged in the stomach, nothing that is not positively unwholesome gives any further trouble, but so long as the throat affords the only means of access to the stomach, food and drugs must be tasted before they reach their destination. It will, of course, be said that the sense of taste has its compensations as well as its trials ; but this also constitutes an objection to the process of imbibing nourishment by way of the *æ*sophagus. It is the very fact that candy and cake have a pleasant taste which induces children to cry for them, and the consumers of ardent spirits and mince-pie excuse their weakness by pleading that to their depraved taste these deleterious articles are surpassingly delightful. If candy and cake and pie and brandy could be introduced into the stomach without tickling the palate, they would lose at once and forever their unfortunate popularity. This can be accomplished with absolute certainty by the new invention of the India-rubber abdominal tunnel, and hence wise men have good reason for preferring it to the objectional *æ*sophagus hitherto in use.

The ease and rapidity with which the demands of the stomach can be satisfied under the new system constitute one of its most obvious advantages, and ought to make it especially popular with railway travellers. By the aid of a small portable funnel, breakfast, consisting of coffee and prepared meat, could be safely swallowed—if the term is applicable to the process—in from one to two minutes, while dinner would occupy but a trifle longer. A self-feeding clock-work attachment could be readily devised which would fill the stomach at certain fixed intervals from a pocket-reservoir. Thus, the time now devoted to eating would be entirely saved, and our breakfasts and dinners would occur almost without our knowledge. All mothers will readily appreciate the unequalled opportunity which the stomach-tube presents of feeding children with those oatmeal preparations which are so extremely unpalatable that they are universally believed to be exceedingly wholesome. In the case of children's tubes, however, it would probably be found necessary to contrive some method of closing them with lock and key. Otherwise, the dirt-pies which infancy delights to make, but which even the boldest juvenile throat declines to swallow, would occasionally be introduced into the stomachs of infants of an experimental turn of mind, and lead to consequences almost as serious as those which ordinarily follow the consumption of stolen doughnuts and surreptitious jam.

Let us, then, hasten to abandon the inefficient and objectionable *æsofagus*, and adopt an invention which gives us all the benefits of eating and drinking without the labor and inconvenience which have hitherto been associated with those processes. It is discreditable to us that, while we have been improving everything about us, we have remained satisfied with our own bodies, and made no attempt to improve them. For as many years as man has been on the earth he has been content to reach his stomach by a long, narrow, roundabout way, when a little energetic work at the outside of his abdomen would have given him an infinitely better path. The race that has tunelled the Alps and covered the face of nature with railroad trestles and railroad cuts, ought to be ashamed to cling to the old-

fashioned æsophagus, and we can confidently expect that every earnest and practical man will promptly take measures to provide himself with a stomach-tube, and to thus keep pace with the spirit of the age.

THE BOSTON ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

THE trophies of Schliemann disturb the sleep of the New England antiquarians. A wild desire to go somewhere and dig up something is at present characteristic of every antiquarian, but the New England lover of the antique is true to his protectionist prejudices, and prefers to dig at home rather than abroad. It is the opinion of leading Bostonians that the pauper antiquities of despotic Europe must not be permitted to flood the market and drive out American antiquities, and that true patriotism demands the exhumation of valuable archæological relics on this side of the Atlantic. Whereupon the Bostonians are now engaged in discussing the propriety of immediately digging up a set of choice antiquities, such as the Newport Mill and the Dighton Rock, and thus showing the world that New England can hold her own in respect to archæology with either Greece or Troas.

The so-called Dighton Rock is a stone in the Taunton River covered with a quantity of well-defined scratches which local antiquarians, who are interested in the hotel business, call an inscription. This alleged inscription is absolutely undecipherable and is hence said to be the work of early Norse explorers, who were deficient in education and consequently wrote very illegibly. If it is really a relic of the Norsemen, it is by far the oldest work of human hands to be found in New England. The dates assigned to it by rival antiquarians differ to some extent, but all agree that it is even older than Mr. Adams, and that it was in existence before the first voyage of Christopher Columbus. Mr. Ole Bull, the eminent violinist, is so fully convinced that the inscription was written, as an advertisement, by an eminent Norse fiddler, that some time ago, he

induced a learned Danish society to buy it, rock and all; and had it not been for the noble conduct of certain Bostonians, who induced the Danes to relinquish their purchase, the inscription would now be in Copenhagen, and the learned Danish society hotly quarrelling over its meaning.

The other day the Bostonian archæologists, including Gov. Rice and a prominent manufacturer of sewing-machines, held a meeting, and discussed the Dighton Rock with a degree of enthusiasm seldom displayed since Mr. Pickwick discovered his ancient inscription at Ipswich. One learned archæologist proved that the inscription was of Norse origin, inasmuch as several antiquarians in Denmark and in England, who have never seen it, are inclined to believe that it must have been made either by the Norsemen or by some other person or persons unknown. He also urged that the man who made the inscription might possibly have been called Eric, or that at all events some other Norseman may have possessed that name, and that hence a statue of the hypothetical Eric ought to be erected at once. Another archæologist asserted that the Dighton Rock was the only inscribed rock in New England, and that this fact clearly demonstrated that the Norsemen were the first human beings who ever landed on this continent. Having thus settled the question of the true nature of the marks on the Dighton Rock, the learned archæologists were in a glow of happiness and enthusiasm, and would doubtless have proceeded to appoint a committee to solicit subscriptions in New York and Philadelphia for money wherewith to erect a statue to Eric, had not a profane and skeptical person, who was unfortunately present, rose up and indulged in remarks which, like the colored minister's sermon against chicken-stealing, cast a gloom over the meeting.

This objectionable person began by boldly denying that the inscription in question was the only one in New England. He asserted that not only were there several such inscriptions within twenty miles of Dighton, but that quantities of them were to be found in Maine, Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania. Furthermore, he claimed that these inscriptions were the work of Indians, and that

they probably commemorated successful scalping expeditions against the Pilgrim Fathers or other barbaric events of contemporaneous aboriginal interest. Finally, he insisted that there was not a shadow of evidence connecting the Norsemen with the Dighton Rock, and was evidently inclined to think that Norsemen who could not write their own language would never have been guilty of the folly of making unintelligible scratches in order to appal the Indians with a pretense of vast literary skill.

In all probability the depressed archæologists would have dispersed in silence, and mourned in private over the destruction of their antiquarian hopes had not Mr. Ole Bull dropped his violin and courageously rushed to the defense of the Norsemen. He exhibited to the unbelieving scoffer a photograph of the Dighton inscription, and solemnly asked him if he knew what it meant? The scoffer calmly replied that he did not, and was thereupon crushed by being advised not to criticise those who did. Inasmuch as no human being has ever been able to translate the inscription, the boldness of Mr. Bull's retort was really sublime, and it rendered the scoffer temporarily dumb with amazement. The archæologists thereupon seized the opportunity to adjourn, and in all probability they will soon meet in secret, free from the presence of wicked skeptics, and solemnly resolve that the Dighton Rock was originally scratched by Norsemen who invented a new and intricate language for that occasion only.

If they are wise they will refrain from digging up the rock and placing it where the heartless world can gaze upon it. Sooner or later Mr. Adams will see it and will remember that he made the inscription during his prehistoric youth by splitting kindling wood with a hatchet and carelessly permitting the blade to come in contact with the rock. If, however, they are determined to dig it up, let them send for Dr. Schliemann, and, after explaining to him that they wish to find the skeleton of Eric, together with a tin box containing a full history of the inscription, put him in charge of the affair. He will promptly discover anything within the bounds of reason, and the myth of the Norse explorer will thus be converted into genuine history, and skeptics and scoffers be permanently put to shame.

THE MISSING LINK.

THE absence of any connecting link between apes and man has always been a stumbling-block in the way of those who would otherwise fully accept the Darwinian theory. We may be willing to admit that the monkey, by strict industry and attention to business, developed himself into a baboon, and that the earnest and ambitious baboon gradually became an eminent and esteemed ape. Between apes and men, however, there is a vast difference, and hitherto no traces have been found of any intermediate type. If we could only find a fossil ape who had developed trousers, or a fossil man with an evident and respectable tail, the Darwinian theory would receive very strong confirmation. Its present supporters admit that it is impossible to suppose that some prehistoric ape suddenly twisted off his tail, cut out and sewed a pair of trousers, and thus abruptly transformed himself into a man without waiting for the slow process of development. They have conceded that the link between the simian and the human animal is imperatively needed as the final evidence of the truth of their favorite theory, and they have been inclined to resent with a good deal of bitterness the failure of the intermediate ape-man to preserve himself in a fossil state for the satisfaction of posterity.

The joy with which Darwinians will learn that the missing link has at last been found can hardly be overestimated. There is no doubt, however, in the mind of Mr. Silas Wilcox, of Prince Edward Island, that he has found the identical link, and that he now has it in his front parlor ready for exhibition to such scientific persons as may be willing to pay him a reasonable fee. The grand discovery was made in this wise: Mr. Wilcox was recently digging for peat in a marshy part of the island, and, after reaching a depth vaguely described as "considerable," he unearthed the skeleton of an alleged man. The skeleton resembled that of a man of average height, with the import-

ant exceptions that the skull was flattened, the jaws were extremely prominent, the arms were excessively long, and the spinal column was prolonged by nineteen vertebræ, forming an unmistakable tail of at least eight inches in length. Of course the separate vertebræ were unconnected by any remnants of cartilage, and the local clergyman made this fact an excuse for the suggestion that the tail was an artificial one which had been worn by the owner of the skeleton as a fashionable ornament, and buried with him. The weakness of this feeble effort to deprive Darwinians of the benefit of so remarkable a skeleton is sufficiently apparent. It is, of course, conceivable that the prehistoric male inhabitants of Prince Edward Island were addicted to the wearing of extraneous tails, but it is in the highest degree improbable that a dying man would previously put on a frivolous and fantastic tail. No fashionable lady, in her last moments, requests her friends to wrap her pull-back skirt about her and bury her with her bustle, and it is equally improbable that the prehistoric man of Prince Edward Island permitted thoughts of tails to disturb his last moments. The tail of Mr. Wilcox's skeleton is, undoubtedly, part and parcel of that interesting anatomical specimen; and that the skeleton is that of an animal a little less than man and more than ape, no reasonable being who believes in Mr. Wilcox's veracity can doubt.

The oddest feature of this discovery is the light it throws upon a strange custom of the early apes. They evidently used Prince Edward Island as a developing place. When an ape wanted to better his condition by ascending to a higher scale of being, he took passage for the island, and on his arrival there put on trousers and a silk hat, and assiduously practiced the art of walking erect. No ape could do this in his native country without exciting the derision of his fellows. At Prince Edward Island, however, he would meet none but those who were engaged in similar practices, and, like the patients at a hydropathic hospital, they would rigidly abstain from laughing at one another. It is probable that the system pursued at the island gradually eliminated the tails of the patients, and

that none were discharged until they had been transformed into tolerably presentable men. This would fully account for the failure of scientific men to find any traces of the missing link except at Prince Edward Island, and would lead us to believe that the skeleton found by Mr. Wilcox belonged to a patient who had unfortunately died before his development had been fully completed.

However this may be, the fact remains that a skeleton, simian in point of tail and arms, but human in all other respects, has been discovered by Mr. Wilcox, either in his peat bog or in the bottom of his brown jug. Beyond all doubt this discovery is, in the estimation of the Darwinians, the greatest discovery of the century. Mr. Darwin ought to celebrate it by a magnificent epic, beginning, "Arms and the tail I sing," and Mr. Wallace ought to instantly rectify the present classification of mammalia, by adding to the order of bimana, of which man has hitherto been the sole specimen, a new genus, entitled "Homo Wilcoxius."

A WARNING TO BRIDES.

It is impossible not to feel a lively sympathy for the bereaved bride whose husband is snatched from her at the foot of the altar or in front of the private desk of the officiating justice of the peace, as the case may be. Especially is such a bride to be pitied when she loses, through her own carelessness, a husband whom she has caught after protracted and skilful effort. Such is the misfortune which has lately befallen a Connecticut bride, and her story is one which conveys a wholesome lesson to expert but over-confident widows.

The bride in question, while yet a blooming and energetic widow, met with an elderly gentleman of eighty years of age, and an indefinite quantity of bonds and stock certificates. In spite of the opposition of his family, she convinced him that it was his duty to marry the trusting and ingenuous woman who had lavished upon him her

priceless and experienced affections. It is not a matter of very great difficulty for a skilful widow, or other astute woman, to hook an elderly gentleman. The real difficulty is in landing him. When once he is fastened by his promise, he must be played with with great care, or he will escape before he is finally gaffed by an efficient marriage ceremony. Until then he is always prone to seek refuge in inaccessible places, from which neither coaxing nor petting can dislodge him, or to suddenly break his promise and dart away into some secret and secure hiding-place. In the present instance the widow played her prize so firmly and tenderly that he was finally successfully landed. Unfortunately, she then relaxed her vigilance, never dreaming that he would so far revive as to leap back into his original celibacy, and accomplish his escape. Let other widows note her carelessness and its consequences, and save themselves from disappointment and humiliation.

No sooner was the marriage ceremony ended than the happy bride directed her husband to run back to his house and bring his bonds and mortgages, so that they might begin to enjoy a happy honeymoon. The husband went, but as soon as he had entered his house he was seized by his relatives and safely locked up. He had made a will in their favor, and they had no intention of allowing it to be unmade by a new and unwelcome wife. His prolonged absence disturbed the bride, who sent a carriage to hasten his return; but the carriage came back empty, and the driver's mind was too much confused by strong language, broken crockery, and pails of water to explain the reason why his presentation of a written order to "deliver to bearer one (1) elderly bridegroom" had given rise to so much vigorous discussion. The bride at once comprehended the true state of affairs. She armed herself with a pistol and a stout Irishman and stormed her husband's prison. The battle was short but fierce. From his remote dungeon, the imprisoned husband could be heard cheering on the assailants, but there were too many bolts on the front door, too many determined maiden sisters, and too much available crockery in the house to render its capture possible by the assaulting column. The bride was beaten

back, after performing prodigies of valor with a long pole against the parlor windows, and she has since appealed to the law for assistance. A suit for the forcible theft of a valuable husband, whose photograph is annexed to the complaint, and marked "Schedule A," is now pending, and it remains to be seen whether a Connecticut court recognizes the right of property in husbands, or whether it looks upon them as *feræ naturæ*, and hence incapable of being made the subject of an action for trover and conversion.

The lesson conveyed by this affecting narrative hardly needs to be emphasized. It is a warning to widows never to let a freshly-caught husband pass out of their hands; but to carry him off the moment the marriage ceremony is completed, and to keep him locked up until his spirit is broken and the rage of his relatives has subsided. Had the Connecticut bride pursued this course, she would not now be suffering from the humiliation of having her husband locked up in somebody else's two-pair back, while she herself cannot stand below his prison windows and ask for one word of affection from his beloved lips, and one five-dollar bill from his adored pocket, without incurring scathing insults and scalding water at the hands of her husband's cruel jailers. Eternal vigilance is the price of an elderly and rich husband, and widows who fancy that vigilance becomes unnecessary as soon as they have married their latest prize, should revise that opinion, and redouble their precautions until the honeymoon has passed at least through its first quarter.

THE SPIROPHORE.

HITHERTO drowning has never been free from certain unsatisfactory, not to say unpleasant, features. Confucius has ably remarked that, when a man drowns, "him heap chokee, chokee," and experience has fully confirmed the sage's assertion. Moreover, the drowning man always develops a sudden and vivid brightness of memory, in which, as in a glass, the whole history of his life is spread before

him. Thus his last moments are embittered by the recollection of the money he has lost in betting on elections, and of the precious opportunities for securing an accident insurance policy which he has neglected. Unpleasant as these incidents of drowning must necessarily be, the ignominy to which the drowned person is compelled to submit at the hands of friends and creditors, who try to resuscitate him, is still more repugnant. Ordinarily he is rolled on barrels, in a posture that is at once ridiculous and painful. If a medical man is permitted to experiment on him, the helpless victim is stood on his head, in order to empty his interior of superfluous water, and he is then sat upon by some muscular ruffian, who squeezes his ribs and takes liberties with his diaphragm, under the pretext of promoting artificial respiration. Nothing can be more humiliating than the situation of the man who is subjected to this indelicate process. Undoubtedly, it often proves successful, for a person must be unusually dead who will not revive under such treatment sufficiently to ask for a club or a pistol with which to express his thanks to his noble preservers. Still, when one reflects upon the gross liberties to which the drowned man is forced to submit, and the contempt which the smallest small-boy must inevitably feel for a limp citizen forcibly compelled to stand on his head, it is evident that fastidious persons must look upon drowning as one of the most unsatisfactory of all occupations.

But an ingenious, chivalrous, and delicate Frenchman has just invented a machine which enables even the most modest man to be drowned and resuscitated with ease, comfort, and perfect dignity. The machine is called a *spirophore*, and it is a luxury with which no family can afford to dispense. The *spirophore* consists of a hollow sheet-iron cylinder, closed at one end and open at the other. Into this the drowned man is inserted feet first, until only his head protrudes. When this has been done, we are told that "a tightly-fitting diaphragm closes the aperture about the neck." Of course, the object of this is to prevent the external air from penetrating into the cylinder, and it is to be hoped that it accomplishes that end. Nevertheless, most anatomists would be puzzled if they

were required to place a man's diaphragm closely about his neck, and the inventor of the spirophore ought to be told that, as to this point, his directions should be made plainer and more specific. When the tightly-fitting diaphragm is thus properly adjusted, an air-pump is connected with the cylinder, and a few strokes of the piston exhausts the air from the machine. As soon as the patient's body is thus relieved of the weight of the atmosphere, the outer air immediately rushes into his mouth, fills all the interstices of his person, and thus expands his chest. Next, the air is re-admitted into the cylinder, under a pressure somewhat greater than that of the atmosphere, and the lungs of the patient are thus sufficiently compressed to expel the air from them. By repeating those two processes alternately, the drowned man is made to enjoy all the comforts of respiration without the least trouble or exertion on his part, and in the course of an hour or two he usually recovers, and feebly suggests pie or some other powerful stimulant. Meanwhile, his children, who, under the old system, would have fought with one another to secure front seats for the entertaining spectacle of their parent rolled on a barrel, secure a great deal of innocent enjoyment by pounding on the outside of the cylinder with big sticks and singing some simple but reviving hymn, such as the "Mulligan Guards" or "Finnegan's Wake." When the man is fully resuscitated, his diaphragm is removed from his restored neck and to its proper position, and he is liberated from the cylinder, after giving a solemn promise to pay the expenses of the affair, together with a royalty to the inventor of the machine. Of course, he emerges in a damp and somewhat exhausted condition, but he has the proud consciousness that his self-respect has not been impaired by barrels, and that he has not been outraged by the manual squeezing of his insulted ribs.

It is needless to point out that every family residing in the neighborhood of water more than a foot deep should have a spirophore always in readiness for immediate use. When not needed for the resuscitation of drowned persons, it would prove useful in a variety of ways. Infants of excessive conversational powers could be placed in the spiro-

phore, and thus compelled to breathe with a slowness and regularity which they would at once recognize as being entirely incompatible with prolonged remarks concerning colic and pretended pins. As defense against mosquitoes the spirophore would also be extremely efficacious, provided the user were to enter it head first, and to twist his tightlyfitting diaphragm around the legs of his protruding boots. A law should be passed requiring every ocean steamship to carry a spirophore for each and every passenger, so that in case of shipwreck the passengers could be promptly resuscitated. The only possible objection to the machine is that it may promote the practice of excessive drowning; since every small-boy whose parents possess a spirophore will constantly drown his sister, in order to enjoy the excitement of witnessing her resuscitation. Still, where children are numerous, and the spirophore is allowed to get out of order, this objection would generally be considered a trivial one, and most persons will agree that by inventing the spirophore the ingenious Frenchman has deprived drowning of its most unpleasant features, and earned the warm gratitude of his fellow-men.

SOLAR INSECURITY.

ON the night of the 24th of November last a serious accident occurred in the constellation of the Swan. One of the smaller stars of the constellation caught fire from some unknown cause, and the flames had gained such headway before the astronomers were notified that all attempts to extinguish them were manifestly useless. The fire was first discovered by Prof. Schmidt, of Athens University, who promptly gave the alarm, and in a short time had all the available telescopes in Europe pointed at the star, although they produced no more effect than would have been produced by so many hot-house syringes. Fortunately, the conflagration gradually burned itself out without extending to any of the neighboring stars, and

though its embers are still glowing, there is no reason that any further danger should be apprehended.

Although the destruction by fire of a valuable and uninsured star is always a matter to be regretted, the fire of the 24th of November was so remote that it attracted little attention from the public. Since that date, however, Prof. Proctor, an accomplished sidereal expert, has made an official investigation into the origin of the fire, and has arrived at results which are full of interest and importance to mankind. Prof. Proctor asserts that the star was covered—rather recklessly as it seems to prudent men—with an envelope of hydrogen gas, and that the latter caught fire, possibly from a match dropped by a vagrant comet, and blazed so fiercely as to wrap the whole star in flames. He does not say whether or not there were any means at hand for extinguishing the fire. That is a question which it is now too late to press. What we do know is that the moment the hydrogen caught fire the star was doomed, no matter how abundant the water-supply may have been or how efficient may have been the local fire department.

Having thus ascertained the proximate cause of the disaster, Prof. Proctor proceeds to call attention to the alarmingly unsafe condition of our sun. Not only is the sun entirely surrounded with an enormously thick covering of hydrogen, but on some occasions the latter has undoubtedly been on fire to a greater or less extent. Like the recently-destroyed star in the constellation of the Swan, the sun is rushing through space, dragging its train of planets with it, and evidently striving to reach some distant and unknown station situated far beyond the edge of the largest sidereal map. Neither Prof. Proctor nor any other astronomer has a copy of the celestial time-table, and hence we do not know whether the sun is running on schedule time or not. What does have a very suspicious look is the fact discovered last summer by Secchi, the Italian astronomer, that unusually large quantities of magnesium, a metal that develops intense heat when burning, were used as fuel in the solar furnace in July and August last. Now, when a Mississippi engineer feeds his furnaces with pitch and turpentine, it is because his boat is behind time or is

engaged in racing. The sun may be travelling at its usual rate, but, on the other hand, it may be trying to make up lost time, or may be racing with Sirius, Arcturus, or some other fast star. In such case, we could easily understand the reason for the exceptional use of magnesium as fuel, and we should have abundant reason to dread an explosion or other terrible catastrophe. Even if the sun is quietly proceeding on its way without making any unusual effort, the danger that its hydrogen envelope will take fire and be partially or totally consumed is sufficiently great to excite in us the liveliest apprehensions. Prof. Proctor assures us that should such an accident occur, the heat would be so tremendous that human life would be totally extinguished. In order to produce this terrible result it would not be necessary that the entire sun should be consumed, for a fire that should destroy, say a quarter of its hydrogen envelope, would roast the earth till its surface would be a mere blackened crisp.

It has been already remarked, this hydrogen has more than once caught fire, apparently from causes existing in the sun itself. Prof. Proctor now points out an additional source of danger in the reckless conduct of irresponsible comets, which are constantly passing to and fro in the neighborhood of the sun. Any one of these celestial tramps may set the hydrogen on fire, either accidentally or purposely, in such a manner as to insure a tremendous conflagration. If we can imagine a powder magazine with a large fire burning in close proximity to the powder, to which fire tramps are constantly coming to warm themselves and to light their pipes, we shall have a fair idea of the frightfully dangerous condition of the sun. And this state of things has existed, no man and no astronomer knows how long, and were it not that the accident in the Swan led Prof. Proctor to investigate the condition of the sun we should never have suspected the danger that menaces us.

Of course, our first duty is to inquire what measures of safety, if any, we ought to take. It is distressing to learn that Prof. Proctor, with all his experience, has nothing to suggest, and that no other astronomer is likely to give us any aid. There is no Department of Public Buildings

which has any jurisdiction in the sun, by virtue of which it could make the usual recommendation that buckets of water should be kept constantly within reach, and that the means of exit should be increased. So far as can be seen, we must content ourselves with hoping that the hydrogen envelope will not be brought in contact with fire, and that comets will see the propriety of conducting themselves in an orderly manner while in the neighborhood of the sun. Unless Mr. Proctor has been grossly deceiving us, the sun is liable at any moment to burst into flames, and we are powerless to prevent the catastrophe. Our only possible expedient in such a contingency would be to paint ourselves with a solution of tungstate of soda, but when we remember that a grand solar conflagration would probably rage for five or six weeks before burning itself out, we can perceive how little confidence could be placed in tungstate of soda or any other incombustible preparation known to chemistry.

WANDERING HOUSES.

THE wild animals of Long Island have been pretty thoroughly extirpated, except, of course, at Huntington. There is an occasional deer to be shot on Montauk Point, and the fierce and sanguinary woodchuck still lingers in the forests of the North Shore, but the bold German huntsman, who tramps over Queen's County in company with his Spitz dog and Belgian gun, rarely slays anything more dangerous than the wild robin or the depraved cat-bird. Nevertheless, a strange tendency to revert to the savage state has of late been shown by the houses of Long Island. The meekest meeting-houses and the tamest cottages have developed a lawless thirst for adventure, which impels them to wander away from their accustomed localities, and to roam the face of the country as if they were habitual photographic wagons or confirmed gypsy tents.

This singular tendency was first developed among the houses of Flushing. A quiet Baptist meeting-house, which

had never shown the slightest sign of restlessness, suddenly left its usual haunt, and proceeded at a leisurely rate up the main street of the village. It was at first supposed that it intended to make its way to the water, but instead of so doing, it wandered aimlessly through the village, until it was finally caught by a few determined men, and confined in a strongly-fenced yard. Its example was soon followed by a full-grown Methodist meeting-house, which escaped from its yard one afternoon, and created a panic among the horses by its obstinate determination to monopolize the highway. For fully a fortnight this fierce building infested the streets. Every morning it would be found in a new locality, and bearing the most painful evidences of having been out all night. On one or two occasions it was found in the gutter in a muddy and frightfully disreputable condition, and it was at one time feared that it would make a violent attack upon the Episcopal church, so prolonged was its stay in front of that inoffensive edifice. After a time the more hardy villagers rallied, and by a vigorous attack overpowered it, and dragged it into a side street where it was hastily secured. It has since been quite docile, but should the sexton accidentally leave the front gate open, it is very probable that it would seize the opportunity to make its escape and renew its wandering and dissolute habits.

Seven miles from Flushing is Hunter's Point. Whether the houses of the latter place heard, in some mysterious way, of the conduct of the Flushing meeting-houses is not known. It is certain, however, that the general outbreak of the Hunter's Point houses occurred soon after the disturbances at Flushing. Whole rows of houses were simultaneously affected. At one period the streets were full of wandering houses. Here a disreputable grocery staggered shamelessly through the mud, and there a timid cottage crept through an unfrequented street with the evident intention of concealing itself in the distant meadows. The Hunter's Point citizen who left his house in the morning never knew where to look for it at night. This state of things naturally became intolerable, and the stray houses were finally captured by the aid of well-trained steam-engines and sagacious

hydraulic jacks, and the town has now resumed, to some extent its normal appearance.

So far, the Long Island houses had shown no actual hostility to mankind and had apparently no other object in view than that of escaping from confinement. The other day, however, an escaped house made a determined attack upon a Long Island railway train. The incident occurred near the village of Hillside, and although it caused much anxiety and delay, it did not result in bloodshed. The house, which, though undersized, was powerfully built had evidently been at large for some time, for it had a soiled and travel-worn look, and was perhaps suffering from the pangs of hunger. It placed itself directly across the railroad, and for several hours disputed the passage of any train. It could not be coaxed from its position nor driven away by threats. The whistle of the locomotive did not terrify it in the slightest degree, and the tempting display of prize packages of candy could not lure it from the track. In this emergency the threatened passengers felt that there was no hope except in Poppenhusen. To him they appealed, and he generously heard their cry. A fearless and ferocious locomotive was brought from Hunter's Point, and loosed upon the still defiant house. With a hoarse yell the locomotive sprang upon its prey, and in a few moments so severely lacerated it that it could no longer offer any serious resistance.

There is every reason to believe that this strange form of madness which has already seized upon so many houses will continue to spread. It is evidently infectious in its character, though sporadic cases occur, the origin of which cannot be traced. Darwinians see in it a new confirmation of the development theory, since the return to savage and nomadic life on the part of a staid meeting-house, and other civilized buildings, is a fresh proof that our present race of houses has been developed from the wild tent of prehistoric ages. The evil must be met with prompt repressive and preventive measures, or Long Island will become a howling wilderness, swarming with ferocious houses, which, either singly or in packs, will hunt down the railway trains and waylay incautious men, women and cattle.

Common prudence suggests that every Long Island house-owner should look well to his gate fastenings, and keep his house chained up night and day. Where fences and chains cannot readily be procured, large yokes, modelled after the familiar pig-yoke, should be fastened upon the houses, so that in case they do escape, they cannot leap fences or force their way through narrow openings. All houses found on the streets should be instantly destroyed by proper officers appointed for the purpose. In addition to these measures, the Long Islanders should treat their houses with kindness, and thus strengthen their attachment to their owners. A few coats of paint, or a new tin roof, judiciously bestowed upon a house may secure its lasting affection. The truth is we do not treat our houses with the care that they deserve, and doubtless this has had its share in reviving in the houses of Long Island the long dormant love of the wild, free life of the Asian steppes.

ICE-WATER.

EVERY one except the amateur or professional drunkard admits that ardent spirits ought not to be used as a beverage in hot weather. They simply increase the heat of the system and thus give aid and comfort to the thermometer in its summer assaults on the lives and collars of the human race. The English troops in the torrid zone were formerly addicted to the excessive use of brandy as a supposed prophylactic against malarial diseases. Experience, however, demonstrated that the brandy-drinkers did not withstand the climate nearly as well as did the men of more temperate habits. It is true that one English Temperance Society, which had undertaken to collect statistics on this subject, was recently shocked by the official statement that of the "teetotalers" belonging to a regiment stationed at Sierra Leone, fifty per cent. had died and fifty per cent. had been invalided. Further inquiry, however, showed that the whole number of "teetotalers" in question was two, and

that one had died of snake-bite and the other had broken his leg; while the statistics concerning the mortality of brandy-drinkers were such as to fill the "teetotal" mind with joy and triumph.

It is an abuse of language to style a man temperate merely because he does not drink ardent spirits. The truth is that many so-called temperate people, who decline to look upon the wine not only when it is red, but also when it is yellow, as in the case of egg-nogg, are extremely intemperate. While there is no doubt that intemperance in the use of ardent spirits is one of the most deadly evils incident to civilization, it is equally true that intemperance in the use of ice-water is rapidly undermining the constitution of American men and women. As a nation, we are fearfully addicted to cold drinks, and there is imperative need of an organized movement to fight the demon of ice-water.

Strange as it may seem to the conscientious man who comprehends the deleterious effects of cold drinks, there are thousands of our best and noblest citizens who are victims of the cold-water habit. They begin the day with one or more glasses of ice-water before breakfast. During that meal they frequently turn from the coffee which cheers but does not inebriate—in case it is sufficiently adulterated with the simple and healthful bean—and satisfy their depraved thirst for water. On their way to their business they stop at the numerous drug stores which shamelessly flaunt their soda-water fountains in the face of the public, and hastily pour down the deadly ice-water which perverted ingenuity makes palatable with creams and syrups. In the office or the store, the water-cooler, filled with the stomach and tooth destroying beverage is always at hand, and when the water-drinkers return home after a day of constant drinking, they too often spend the greater part of the night in solitary and aquarial debauchery.

The result of this pernicious practice has been to fill the country with a class of stomachs that are incapable of any earnest digestive efforts, and to crowd the chairs of busy dentists. American stomachs and American teeth are daily growing feebler, and the time is apparently at hand

when a set of false teeth will be presented to every newborn infant at the same time that he receives his first India-rubber ring, and when all sorts of stomach bitters and digestive pills will invariably supplement his daily meals. For this state of things ice-water, either in its undisguised form, or in the shape of soda-water is responsible. And the worst of it is that the victims of the water-habit are the very men who form our temperance societies and who fancy themselves temperate because they never drink anything but water.

Water is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage which we can use, but there is a vast difference between water at a safe and natural temperature and the ice-water which alone satisfies the unholy cravings of the American throat. Let us by all means drink water, but let us decline to endanger our health and degrade ourselves below the level of the beasts by drinking inordinate quantities of ice-water. There is not a single animal—except man—which ever dreams of contaminating wholesome water with ice. The ordinary water of the hydrant and the faucet satisfies the thirst of the wild elephant and the domestic cat. Poor fallen human nature, on the contrary, longs for ice, and gratifies its corrupt cravings at the cost of outraged stomachs and ruined teeth.

SPIRITUAL SPORT.

THE fine athletic sport of spook-catching which was so lately introduced to the American public by Mr. Crum, of Rochester, bids fair to become extremely popular. No sooner had that gentleman described in eloquent terms the exciting character of the sport than two physicians, residing in Portland, Me., immediately equipped themselves and started forth in search of game. They were much more successful than Mr. Crum, who, it will be remembered, hooked a fine one hundred and fifty pound ghost, but was unfortunately unable to land it. The two Portland doctors not only hooked a large and powerful

spook, but they also dragged it out of its spiritual element, and exhibited it with pardonable triumph to a host of astonished and delighted Portlanders. Such a feat deserves to be fully chronicled, especially as the method pursued by the sportsmen may afford useful hints to other amateur ghost-catchers.

More than a year ago Mrs. Hull, an industrious spiritual medium, established a preserve of materialized ghosts in her house in Portland. The superiority of her artificially bred ghosts over the wild ghosts of the graveyard and the traditional haunted house was soon generally acknowledged. From behind a curtain hung across a corner of her dining-room she would produce ghosts of all sizes and of any desired sex in unlimited quantities. Her male ghosts were not, perhaps, as large as those produced by the Eddy brothers, but they were plump and well proportioned, while her female ghosts were remarkable for their grace and beauty. Of course she exhibited only one ghost at a time—for ghosts are well known to be unsocial, and to object in the most decided manner to materializing in squads, or even in couples. Now and then a wicked skeptic insisted that Mrs. Hull personated each and every one of her ghosts, but recently she adopted the plan of permitting the hem of her skirt to project under the edge of the curtain behind which she sat while professionally employed, and thus convinced the public that she could not be playing the part of a ghost on the platform while her skirt remained behind the curtain.

Now, it so happened that Portland possessed two learned physicians, whose knowledge of physiology and anatomy was so profound that they knew it to be possible for a woman to exist separate and apart from her skirt. These two learned men were also fond of athletic sports, and they determined to try their luck at ghost-catching. In pursuance of this design, they systematically scattered ground-bait in Mrs. Hull's ghost preserve by professing an earnest belief in spiritualism and by carefully suppressing their knowledge that Mrs. Hull could maintain an independent existence when separated from her skirt. This astute course had its natural results. The ghosts lost all

fear of the two doctors, and when the latter were present in Mrs. Hull's dining-room whole schools of ghosts would float out, one by one, from the cabinet, and gaze fearlessly and lovingly at the two good medical men.

Finally the evening arrived which the sportsmen had fixed upon as the time for capturing a ghost. They were seated close to the platform, where they watched the smaller fry of miscellaneous ghosts come and go. Presently a fine plump female ghost floated towards them. To this ghost the strongest medical man, after making sure that his wife was not present, addressed the insinuating question, "Will you touch my hand, dear?" The over-confident ghost acceded to the request, and placed her spiritual fingers within the doctor's expanded hand. Quick as thought the medical sportsman closed his hand, and began to haul in his prey. The ghost was a game one, and fought desperately, but the sportsman played her with great skill, and steadily drew her towards him. At last exhaustion overcame her, and her captor was able to gently remove her veil and exhibit her as the identical Mrs. Hull, whose skirt was still visible underneath the curtain of the cabinet. Instantly the second doctor drew aside the curtain and showed an empty chair and a collapsed skirt, while Mr. Hull, an alleged man, attached to Mrs. Hull in the capacity of husband, nobly came forward and stated that "it was all her doin's," and that "he didn't know nothin' about it."

This capture reflects the utmost credit upon the two accomplished sportsmen, and shows that ghosts may be taken with the bare hand, provided they are previously rendered somewhat tame by lavishly feeding them with the ground-bait of flattery and professed confidence. We are inclined to think, however, that trolling will prove to be the best method of ghost catching. No spoon need be used, but the sportsman has only to attach a gang of large hooks to a stout line, and to draw it gently over the stage. The ghost will not notice the hooks in the dim light, but as she wanders up and down the platform she will certainly brush against them. A quick pull on the line will stick the hooks into the ghost's skirts or shoes, and there

will be no difficulty in landing the game, provided the tackle is sufficiently strong. It is also probable that ghosts may be taken with a fly, made in the shape of a new bonnet, and deftly thrown immediately in front of the ghost, or in the neighborhood of the cabinet in which the ghosts are known to lurk. However, the sport is yet in its infancy, and it would be unsafe to decide absolutely in favor either of the trolling line or the fly. That it is wholesome and delightful sport, in whatever way it may be practiced, there is no doubt, and as the ghost season is just beginning, we shall soon hear from all parts of the country of the capture of magnificent single ghosts, and of fine messes of smaller, but no less desirable, spooks.

THE CONFLICT OF RODS.

THE rapid decay of faith in lightning-rods has naturally increased the terror which a thunder-storm excites in persons of nervous temperament or timid disposition. In the days immediately succeeding Dr. Franklin's kite-flying experiment, it was held that a lightning rod should be insulated from the house which it was supposed to protect. The theory prevailed that the lightning, when trying to strike the house, would be cleverly caught by the end of the lightning rod and conducted to the ground, without having an opportunity of effecting an entrance into the building. People who provided themselves with rods erected in accordance with this theory felt reasonably safe ; and although the lightning did occasionally miss the rod and come down the chimney, the accident was always explained by the supposition that the rod was not quite so long or as thick as it ought to have been.

Of late years a new theory has been broached. It is alleged that during a thunder-storm houses are filled with a certain kind of electricity which renders them liable to incur lightning strokes. In order to avert this danger, the objectionable electricity must be removed. This can be accomplished by placing a lightning-rod in close contact

with the building which it is desired to protect. The resident electricity runs off on the rod, and the house is then in no more danger of contracting a stroke of lightning than a man who has been vaccinated is of contracting small-pox. Those who hold this theory assert that an insulated rod, so far from being a safeguard, is a positive danger. It does not eliminate the resident negative electricity, and it simply banters the lightning to hit it.

It so happens that the men who sell lightning-rods are about equally divided in support of these rival theories. One will assert that a rod is dangerous unless it is insulated, and another will claim that to trust one's self to an insulated rod is suicidal. Occasionally a lightning-rod vendor is found who, with the utmost shamelessness, will offer to put up just such a rod as the purchaser may desire, thus showing that either he knows nothing about the habits and customs of lightning, or that he cares nothing for the lives of the public. It follows that the unscientific householder can place no sort of confidence in his rod, whether it is insulated or not, and hence, if he has any fear of lightning, a thunder-storm renders him extremely uneasy, and fills him with indignation against all lightning-rod dealers, from Franklin's time to the present day.

This conflict of faith in connection with the insulation question also vexes the souls of timid women. Formerly the average woman insulated herself during a thunder-storm either by sitting on a feather-bed, which was said to be a non-conductor of electricity, or by putting the legs of her chair in glass tumblers. But if the new theory of electricity is true, this is the most dangerous course that could be pursued. The negative electricity contained in the woman who places herself in an insulated chair while a thunder-storm is in progress cannot escape, and it constantly invites the positive electricity of the atmosphere to come and strike her. When the latter event occurs, the unhappy woman has two distinct varieties of electricity struggling in the interior of her person, and making desperate but unavailing attempts to escape. Thus, her last state is decidedly worse than her first, and unless she can make her husband lay his hand on her and thus convert

himself into a self-abnegating lightning-rod, she can hardly endure, without permanent injury, the throes of the imprisoned fluid. A similar calamity might be expected to overtake the woman who insulates herself on a feather-bed, and thus the new and objectionable theory renders the sex unable to protect themselves from lightning, except by tightly shutting their eyes, and loudly remarking "oh," at frequent intervals.

It is impossible that this universal uncertainty should long prevail. Men will insist upon knowing whether their houses and wives ought to be connected with the ground by non-insulated rods, or whether safety is to be found only in insulation. If insulation is the proper thing, we ought to live in glass houses, and provide ourselves and our wives with glass garments, to be put on whenever a thunder-storm is in prospect. If the new theory is true, prudent men will cover their houses with insulated rods, and prudent women will connect themselves with the ground by lengths of copper wire attached to their ankles. Until we know which theory is the true one, it is folly to take any precautions against lightning whatever, and the sooner the scientific electricians tell us the whole truth in regard to the matter the better.

IVORINE.

WHAT is popularly known as the petrification of human bodies, is by no means a rare phenomenon. In this country, where the exigencies of town lot speculations require the removal of the occupants of cemeteries at least once in every generation, two or three petrified bodies are annually exhumed. The cause of this phenomenon has generally been supposed to reside in the soil in which the petrified bodies are buried, but curiously enough no one has hitherto thought of definitely ascertaining its nature, and securing by patent the exclusive right to use it. Although the embalmers drove a thriving trade during the civil war, there is little call for their services at present, and the efforts of inventors have been directed towards the discovery

of the swiftest and surest method of destroying the bodies of departed citizens. Yet all the while Nature was showing us that a corpse could be petrified and made as indestructible as marble, and hinting in the plainest manner that instead of burning or burying bodies, we ought to petrify them. It seems that at last an eminent chemist has discovered the precise process by which a corpse can be converted into a substance that is finer, harder, and better adapted to withstand the ravages of time than is the best quality of African ivory, and he is convinced that, before many years, cemeteries and "cremation temples" will become desolate, and the whole civilized world will petrify its dead.

No man can read an eloquent circular setting forth the advantages of the new process without wondering why it was not invented ages ago. It will save nearly the whole expense of the old-fashioned funeral, which, as is forcibly remarked, "is an investment which yields not a cent of returns." When Mr. Smith loses his wife, he need not employ neither an undertaker nor a sexton. All that he has to do is to pay the trifling cost of converting her beloved remains into "ivorine." He can then place her on a pedestal in his parlor until her successor is chosen; at which time a delicate sense of what is due to the new wife will suggest the removal of her predecessor to one of the spare bedrooms. Of course, if the widower fancies that something in the way of funeral ceremonies would be a comfort to the corpse, he can substitute a formal "inauguration of her ivoriné statue," for the now customary funeral. The cost of such an inauguration would, however, be trifling, while the ceremony itself would be of a pleasing and attractive, instead of a dismal and depressing nature. The local clergyman would probably deliver an oration, and the local poet would furnish a copy of verses in praise of the deceased, and containing a few neat allusions to Phidias and Praxiteles. Both the orator and the poet would doubtless give their services gratuitously, and unless the bereaved husband were to go to the unnecessary expense of fireworks and an elaborate banquet, the whole affair could hardly cost him more than five or ten dollars.

Inasmuch as "ivorine" is warranted to "withstand without injury the fiercest attacks of the elements," the new invention enables every father of a large family—unless he resides in an exceptionally healthy region—to decorate his grounds with statues, and thus exercise an art-educating influence upon the community. A few petrified children skilfully placed among the shrubbery of the front yard would give quite an Italian air to an otherwise commonplace New Jersey villa. A pair of deceased wives could be utilized as caryatides to support the arch of an elaborate front gate; while the two corresponding mothers-in-law might be armed with umbrellas and placed in conspicuous positions in the vegetable garden, with a view of discouraging the crows. As a material for memorial statues of public men, "ivorine" will be infinitely superior to the sculptor's marble or bronze. If a marble statue of the founder of the Drew Theological Seminary were to be placed in front of that institution it would naturally elevate and purify the minds of the students; but how much more ennobling and satisfactory would be the "ivorine" petrification of Mr. Drew himself in the apparent act of giving "p'int's" in connection with Erie to a rural deacon, and beaming with benevolence and guileless innocence! The art of Michael Angelo and Vinnie Ream will no longer be needed when a grateful nation wishes to honor a dead statesman. The capitol at Washington will be decorated with the actual bodies of dead presidents and generals, and the country will be saved the cost of contracting with sculptors to make marble caricatures of the helpless dead.

The advantages which the new process affords, and which have been hastily enumerated, are sufficient to demonstrate the great value of the invention. The enthusiastic inventor dwells at some length upon the manifold uses to which "ivorine" may be applied by manufacturers; but public sentiment will have to be educated by degrees to the use of deceased relatives as billiard balls and hair-brush handles, and for the present the inventor will do wisely to refrain from dwelling upon all the possible uses of "ivorine." He can justly claim that he has provided a way for avoiding the expense of funerals, and that he has

rendered the services of the sculptor, the portrait painter, and the photographer useless. This ought to content him; and a proper reverence for the prejudices of commonplace people ought to restrain him from proposing to convert a respectable citizen weighing, while living, 170 pounds, into "four hundred and sixteen pounds of first-class ivoryne, perfectly adapted for all the purposes for which the best ivory is now employed."

STILL ANOTHER SHOWER.

AFTER the showers of snakes, frogs, hash, and other remarkable objects which have recently occurred in this favored land, we ought not to be astonished at anything of the sort, except, perhaps, a shower of extra sized elephants, with their tails tied up with blue ribbon. Nevertheless, a shower occurred the other day in Oshkosh, or some other western city to the same effect, which nearly created a terrible and fatal panic, and indeed did result in serious injury to at least one estimable citizen.

It took place in a meeting-house on Sunday morning, and its area was restricted to the region immediately under the organ-loft. It is a noticeable fact that the area of abnormal showers always is extremely small. The recent snake shower in Memphis, for example, was confined to two vacant lots. There is, then, nothing in the limited extent of the Oshkosh shower which need create any doubts as to its actual occurrence. Of course, its area might have been coincident with the entire length of the galleries, but it is not our place to sit in judgment upon the operations of nature and dictate the precise area of this or that variety of shower.

Now that the shower is over, it is very easy for the critical Oshkoshian to claim that young ladies ought not to be allowed to occupy the organ gallery. It will not do, however, to thoughtlessly admit this claim. Its advocates could, with equal justice, insist that new bonnets ought not to be admitted to the body of a meeting-house, and that

deacons should be compelled to wear fire-helmets while on duty. It is true that were these precautions to be taken, the recurrence of the shower would become either impossible or at all events harmless ; but radical changes like these should not be lightly made in any church. The proposal to spread a large net immediately under the front of the organ gallery is also objectionable, since it would rapidly become a receptacle for hymn-books and sandwiches, and would only partially arrest the danger of a sudden shower of the kind in question. These proposals are akin to those of preventing panics in theatres by chloroforming the spectators, and of rendering the latter safe against fire by soaking them in tungstate of soda. In each case the desired end might be partially secured, but only at a sacrifice of comfort too great to be thought of.

The shower descended just as the minister had reached the most eloquent part of his sermon. It is all very well to say that the audience ought to have kept their eyes fixed on their pastor, and their ears deaf to all sounds save that of his eloquent voice. There are circumstances in which the strongest men lose, momentarily, their self-control, even when in church. When preliminary shrieks, followed by a heavy crash, and the cry of some strong deacon in his agony, drown the minister's voice, only the soundest sleeper can avoid being startled. In this particular instance the minister himself abruptly paused in the discourse and turned deadly pale, and we cannot wonder that his hearers sprang to their feet and began to rush wildly to the door. Those who witnessed the shower were under the impression that it was a rain of purple and fine linen mingled with barber's poles. A meteorological phenomenon of this kind would naturally have a blood-curdling effect, and the wonder is not that a panic occurred, but that it was checked by the timely efforts of two or three calm and determined men before any one had been trampled to death or seriously wounded.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to eradicate an interest in bonnets from the female soul. Theoretically, a church soprano ought to give her whole attention to her vocal duties, except when courteously listening to the

humble efforts of the pastor to fill up in an attractive way the intervals between the hymns. But we must not lay upon any church singer burdens heavier than her sex can bear. If during the sermon a new bonnet of remarkable architectural merit enters the church the soprano will inevitably look at it. We might as well attempt to abolish the law of gravitation as to abolish this feminine instinct. Either remedy would of course have prevented the Oshkosh shower, could it have been employed, but it is idle to talk of repealing the fundamental laws of nature.

The deacon was severely, but not fatally, hurt. He was struck directly upon the back of the neck, where two indentations, of the general size and shape of small boot-heels, are still visible to attest the violence of the shower. It is unnecessary to repeat the exact words which he is said to have used at the moment when he first felt the blow. Very possibly he never said anything of the kind; but if he did, it should be remembered that, under the influence of sudden surprise or sharp agony, a good man may sometimes express himself in a brusque manner. Moreover, it has yet to be established that "Jerusalem" is a profane expression. The deacon may have intended to repeat the first lines of the hymn—"Jerusalem, my happy home." If so his intention was unquestionably devout rather than profane.

It may be safely assumed that she will never lean over to look at another bonnet, at least in that particular church. She was not seriously injured, for the deacon was soft and elastic, at least for his years; but she resigned her position as the church soprano early in the following week. There was a general feeling among the church members that she was not conducive to the solemnity which ought to characterize the services, and that the deacons must be protected at any cost. Especial stress was laid by the elder ladies of the congregation upon the essentially worldly nature of alternate red and white stripes. The upshot of the matter was that the soprano withdrew permanently from the organ gallery, and the deacon, after having been carefully repaired, was provided with a pew in the exact centre of the church.

Of course, this shower was not predicted by the Weather Bureau. No shower of any real merit ever is. Very likely it will be repeated in some other church at some future time, but it will fall upon the just deacon or the unjust small-boy without being previously announced by "Probabilites." The story of the Oshkosh shower ought, however, to be widely published, for the sake of its moral, though, so far, it does not appear altogether clear precisely what its moral really is.

THE SUBTLE TACK-HAMMER.

THIS is the season when the ordinarily calm and methodical housewife dishevels her hair, binds a handkerchief about her forehead, and plunges into a mad orgie of house-cleaning. Much as we may regret to see women thus transformed into temporary domestic Bacchantes, and painful as it is for any man to have his carpets supplanted by shallow lakes of soap-suds, these things are inevitable. It may be hard for us to comprehend how a woman who believes herself possessed of an immortal soul can thus change a happy home into a damp purgatory strewn with crooked tacks, but the fact that she is capable of such conduct there is no room to doubt. Beyond any question Mrs. Washington cleaned house every Fall, and the Father of his Country was forced at such periods to pick up precarious dinners in the kitchen pantry, and to search for his mislaid slippers in the dark recesses of the coal cellar.

It is during the house-cleaning cataclysm that the wild and malicious nature of the domestic tack-hammer is most conspicuously displayed. There are many animals which can be so thoroughly tamed as to lose all trace of their original timidity in the presence of man. The terrier, for example, knows not the fear of man, and will bark at a bishop and threaten to tear a justice of the peace into small fragments with as much fearlessness as if they were timid old ladies or superannuated cats. The tack-hammer, on the other hand, can never be wholly tamed. No mat-

ter how well it may be treated, or how familiar it may be with human society, it is always ready to avail itself of the first chance which offers for flight or concealment.

Nothing is more thoroughly understood by the managers and victims of house-cleaning than that a tack-hammer cannot be trusted alone for a single moment. The first question that is asked by the unhappy husband who, on his return from business, is informed by his wife that he is expected to put down the parlor carpet before he goes to bed, is, "Where is the tack-hammer?" This question is uniformly the signal for the beginning of an argument which only too often ends in marital misery. The wife asserts that she left the tack-hammer on the piano, but the husband cannot find it. Then she refers in general terms to the inability of men to see anything that is "right before their very eyes," while he retorts by wishing that women could rid themselves of the habit of hiding everything. A prolonged and exhaustive search finally leads to the discovery of the tack-hammer tightly squeezed in between the clock and the wall, where there is no possible doubt that it had voluntarily concealed itself. How it made the journey from the piano to the clock can only be surmised, for there is no animal which in the stealth and secrecy of its movements begins to equal the apparently dull and inert tack-hammer.

Scientific persons in all ages have studied with great interest the habits of the tack-hammer. Sir Isaac Newton remarked that when he tried to comprehend the mental processes, and catalogue the peculiarities of the tack-hammer, he felt as if he were standing on the shore of a vast ocean and picking up handfuls of the myriad tacks strewn along the strand: and Mr. Tupper has beautifully said in his *Proverbial Philosophy*, "The tack-hammer is small and subtle; but the stars are innumerable and bright," thus recognizing in the most unequivocal way one of the distinguishing traits of the tack-hammer. Especial interest, however, attaches to the experiments made by Prof. Huxley, since they illustrate with peculiar fulness the extraordinary timidity and the wonderful skill in concealment which distinguish the tack-hammer from other hammers larger in

size, but vastly inferior in other respects. These experiments demonstrated first that the tack-hammer, when left on the floor in the three-pair front bedroom, would convey itself into the laboratory, and hide under a pile of heavy scientific books; secondly, that when a tack-hammer is shut up for the night in a dark closet, it is able to escape and to conceal itself for three entire days in Prof. Huxley's breast pocket; and thirdly, that when extricated from the pocket, and delivered into the custody of Mrs. Huxley, it can elude that lady's vigilance and not only secretly accompany the Professor to his lecture-room, but remain hidden for weeks at a time under a spare handkerchief or between the leaves of a copy of Milton's poems.

Inasmuch as Prof. Huxley stoutly affirms that in none of these instances was he privy to the escape or concealment of the tack-hammer, it follows that he has fully demonstrated its apparently untamable disposition. He need not, however, abandon all hope that the tack-hammer can be tamed. Many housewives are ready to testify that they have completely subdued the wildness of the common domestic scissors by chaining its handles. The same system might very probably be found efficacious in the case of the tack-hammer. Were a heavy weight to be fastened to its handle by a stout chain, it would be extremely difficult for the tack-hammer to glide noiselessly across the floor in search of a hiding-place. At all events, the experiment is worth trying, for, as the late Mr. Buckle ably showed in his tables of social statistics, at least five per cent. of modern divorce suits can be traced to domestic dissensions arising from discussions as to the possible lair of an escaped tack-hammer.

FOSSIL FORGERIES.

THERE is a town in Ireland which affronts common sense and the language of the tyrannical Saxon by calling itself "Haulbowline." Recently it has added to its original offence by perpetrating a gross and malignant attack upon the Mosaic cosmogony. The Haulbowline authorities have,

for a long period, been engaged in the construction of a dock of such magnificent proportions that were Ireland a free and happy republic, every Haulbowline statesman would by this time have saved at least a million dollars out of the annual dock appropriation. The other day the workmen were lowering a heavy granite block upon the bed of concrete which forms the foundation of the dock, when a reckless and presumably atheistic Haulbowliner deliberately threw himself in its way. The block descended, and the man was slowly but thoroughly flattened out. The concrete yielded to receive him, and by the time that it occurred to a bystander to mention to the workmen that they had deposited their block on a layer of flattened Irishman, the latter had accomplished his suicidal purpose. As there was no active demand for his remains, no attempt was made to exhume them, and accordingly they will remain imbedded in the dock until, at some future day, the dock crumbles into pieces and the flattened skeleton is brought to light and exhibited by eminent scientific men as a conclusive proof of the vast antiquity of man.

The calm deliberation with which this Haulbowline enemy of Moses converted himself into a fossil, throws a flood of light upon the motives of previous fossil men. There are the cave-dwellers of the British islands, whose skeletons and jack-knives are found in secluded caves surrounded by the bones of extinct animals, and carefully covered with layers of gravel and water-proof stalagmite blankets. An able geologist examines these remains, and with the aid of a few theodolites, stethoscopes, and other meretricious instruments designed to dazzle the popular mind, readily calculates that they are at least 500,000 years old. If he is pressed for the details of this calculation, he will explain that two layers of gravel three feet thick equal 100,000 years; twelve cave bears at 10,000 years each, make 120,000 years, and four layers of stalagmite bring the entire age of the fossil men up to 500,000 years. If this plausible calculation is met by a feeble reference to the Mosaic record, the eminent geologist will reply that Moses was no doubt an able man, but that he had no knowledge of geology, and that his introduction into a scientific argument

is uncalled-for and ungentlemanly. What was done in regard to his bones by the British cave-dweller has been paralleled by certain depraved Frenchmen, and by the eccentric Floridian who deposited—or possibly mislaid—his jawbone somewhere on the peninsula of Florida, where it was built upon by coral insects for a period of at least ten thousand years, as computed by the late Prof. Agassiz.

Now, it must strike the ordinary and unprejudiced mind that this sort of conduct could not have been wholly accidental and unpremeditated. It is essentially improbable that any man would call his favorite rhinoceros, hyena, and bear about him, lie down with them in a damp and uncomfortable cave, and draw a few layers of gravel and stalagmite about him, merely for the purpose of taking a brief and quiet nap. There is not a scientific person living who would dream of courting sleep under such conditions. What the cave-dweller really meant to do was to throw suspicion upon Moses, and if we accept this explanation of his motive, his conduct was intelligible and astute.

That such was the purpose of the Haulbowl suicide it is safe to assume : and there is too much reason to fear that in the course of a few generations his stratagem will prove successful. When his future exhumation occurs, the geologist will at once calculate the time required for the deposition of the successive granite strata of an Irish dock. They will doubtless quote the record of the building of the New York court-house as a convincing proof that the Irishman deposits heavy blocks of stone with a slowness almost equivalent to that with which the coral insect labors at his interminable roof. At the lowest calculation the careful geologist will assign 50,000 years as the period during which, say six strata of granite blocks were deposited over the remains of the dock fossil, and he will probably add another 10,000 years as the time during which a layer of concrete formed about the skeleton. Thus will Genesis be refuted and Moses utterly put to shame, and the conflict between science and the Pentateuch will receive a new and powerful impulse.

It will probably occur to thoughtful people that measures should be taken to prevent the repetition of such de-

liberate attempts to manufacture forged fossil testimony. It is too late to do more than expose the fraudulent and heretical purpose of the cave-dweller and his private menagerie, and of the Florida person who left his jawbone as a stumbling-block in the path of future and orthodox generations. That Haulbowline Irishman can, however, be blasted out with the aid of nitro-glycerine, and his malignant purpose can be frustrated. If this is not done, some fanatical imitator will bury himself under the new granite pier which our own dock commissioners are building, and if he is not dug up until the improvement of the entire river front is finished, the geologists will not have slates enough to compute his enormous age. Meanwhile it would be well to prevent all scientific men from entering the new court-house. We have no certainty that some malicious Irishman did not imbed himself in its foundations, in the dim antiquity when its corner-stone was laid. As we cannot deny the enormous age of the lower stories of that building, the discovery of human remains in its sub-cellar would be a triumph for the enemies of Moses, and common-sense and prudence dictate that no man with a hammer or quadrant or other scientific instrument concealed about his person should be permitted to enter and explore that ancient and yet unfinished edifice.

TAMING THE LAMP-CHIMNEY.

AMONG the latest of the innumerable inventions which reflect so much credit upon the ingenuity of our countrymen, and so strikingly illustrate their reluctance to do any sort of work which machinery can be induced to do, is a substitute for the common hammer, whether of the tack or nail variety. It is estimated that every man who has reached the age of fifty years has spent no less than eighteen entire weeks in searching for mislaid hammers. This protracted labor would have been needless had he always had some effective substitute for a hammer close at hand. It is therefore evident that the National Glass Company, which

has invented a lamp-chimney made of Bastie glass, with which an eightpenny nail can be driven through an inch and a half board, has made a substantial contribution to the labor-saving inventions for which Americans are so deservedly famous. The utility of the new tool hardly needs to be emphasized. The man engaged in putting up a stove-pipe need no longer stand for twenty minutes on a precarious step-ladder, holding aloft an obstinate joint of pipe, and waiting for his wife to find the missing hammer. He has only to ask her to hand him the lamp-chimney, and with that effective weapon he can pound that stove-pipe to an extent that will completely satiate his vengeful passions. Similarly, a party of sailors who have been shipwrecked on a desert island, where hammers are absolutely unattainable, can knock together a summer cottage, or build a boat with the help of their lamp-chimneys. Hereafter the heavy and clumsy iron hammer will fall into disuse, and the carpenter and the geologist will go to their daily toil each carrying in his hand a kerosene lamp, the chimney of which will drive nails or break stones with equal efficiency.

Such is the view which the majority of men will take of the new invention. To the thoughtful student of nature the subject presents itself in a totally different and far more interesting aspect. His attention will be wholly devoted to the important fact that at last the lamp-chimney has been subjugated and made subservient to the will of man. There is an interesting animal known as the "Tasmanian devil," which is so untamably fierce that it tears itself into small fragments and burns the pieces whenever it is placed in captivity. Though much smaller and less noisy than the Tasmanian devil, the lamp-chimney has hitherto been fully as wild and untamable. There are few men living who have not tried to domesticate the lamp-chimney, but there is not one who has succeeded. A chimney may have been treated with the utmost kindness for weeks, but it will nevertheless seize the most inconvenient moment for bursting into pieces and strewing its heated remains over the carpet. The most prolonged efforts will never render it willing to enter the lamp to which it belongs. It will catch hold of the lamp-shade and strive to overthrow it, and it

will cling to the edges of the cage surrounding the wick and make violent efforts to lacerate the fingers of its owner. Its timidity is as great as that of the ostrich, and its skill in concealing itself is infinitely greater. As is well known, the wild ostrich of the desert imagines that when it has inserted its head in a flour barrel or other convenient receptacle, the Bedouin hunters are as unable to find it as the average detective is to find a modest murderer. The lamp-chimney commits no such folly, but conceals itself in the most thorough manner. Frequently the house-wife buys a flock of half a dozen chimneys, with a view to having one in readiness whenever it is wanted. In nine cases out of ten the whole half dozen chimneys have completely vanished long before search is made for them. They may have been placed in a nice roomy box, with plenty of cotton batting, and laid away on the dining-room closet shelf, but when the moment comes that a chimney is in immediate demand, it will be found that they have absconded, taking the box with them. Such is their haste to conceal themselves that they often roll off the shelf or the table, and perish miserably on striking the floor. Often the house-wife has found the crushed remains of a lamp-chimney which had hidden itself behind a chest of drawers, or underneath a heavy flat-iron, and been subsequently and unintentionally smashed. It is the deliberate opinion of nearly all marfied scientific persons, that in the whole range of the lower orders of creation there is nothing so utterly untamable as the lamp-chimney; and an eminent Bostonian zoölogist, who has made the lamp-chimney a special study, and who was once severely wounded by one which he had foolishly placed in his pocket, has repeatedly asserted in language characterized by a forcible though painfully profane use of the word "gosh," that he would prefer to tame a dozen rattlesnakes rather than one lamp-chimney.

This being the notorious character of the lamp-chimney, it will be at once perceived that when a chimney has been so far tamed as to permit itself to be used as a hammer, both its fierceness and its timidity have been completely overcome. Henceforth the lamp-chimney may be fairly

classed with the horse, the cow, and other placid and docile domestic animals. No longer will it refuse to do its duty in connection with lamps. The fearful spectacle of an irate chimney suddenly bursting and leaving the lamp to fill the room with noxious smoke will never again appall a peaceful family. The tame lamp-chimney will meekly lie on the shelf where it is placed until its time of service has arrived, and it will never dream of rolling from the table with suicidal intent. To have accomplished this triumph over the instincts of the lamp-chimney is a far greater matter than to have provided a substitute for the hammer. Now let the ingenious inventor turn his attention to the buzz-saw, and if he can eradicate its thirst for fingers and blood, he will deserve the lasting gratitude of mankind.

THE COLOR CURE.

SIGNOR PONZA is a distinguished Italian physician who has charge of an insane asylum at Alessandria, in Piedmont, and who has invented an entirely new system for the treatment of insane and nervous patients. It is astonishing to note from what simple facts an ingenious scientific person can deduce truths of tremendous importance. It has perhaps been mentioned once or twice in the course of the last century that when Sir Isaac Newton made the discovery that apples have a tendency to fall to the earth, provided there is nothing to keep them suspended in the air, he instantly suspected the force of gravitation. In like manner Dr. Ponza, by noting the fact that whenever he wore a red waistcoat the Alessandrian bulls proceeded to toss him in a manner which evinced angry excitement rather than genial hilarity, came to the conclusion that red invariably infuriates bulls. Following up this train of reasoning, he asked himself whether insanity in human beings might not be induced or aggravated by scarlet, and whether a more quiet color like blue or brown might not be used as a remedy for over-excitement of the brain or

the nervous system. He tested the matter without delay, and found such excellent results following the exhibition of a blue veil or a brown pair of trousers to male and female lunatics that he immediately discarded drugs and adopted colors, as the only *materia medica* fit for cerebral diseases.

The new system is still in its infancy, and we may expect from it in future much greater results than have yet been obtained. So far, Dr. Ponza considers that he has ascertained beyond any question that scarlet, in small doses, produces cheerfulness, and when used in excess excites acute mania ; that blue calms an excited patient and depresses the spirits of a person in normal health ; that brown is a strong sedative, and that violet is possessed of extraordinary nutritive and tonic powers. We can now understand why the red flag of European radicalism has so maddening an effect upon the peaceful capitalist, and why it increases the insanity of the Communist lunatics who look upon it with reverence and love. We can also perceive the wonderful fitness of the word "blue," when used to describe a morbid state of gloom, and of the phrase "a brown study," as employed to denote a condition of tranquil enjoyment. It can no longer be doubted that it is the contemplation of his own surface which excites the red Indian to deeds of blood, and that the calming study of his bare brown legs lulls the Sandwich Islander into a complete forgetfulness of the edible qualities of his missionary friends. Dr. Ponza has as yet given us no information as to the effect of black, but there is certainly reason to suppose that black induces a disposition to propound abstruse conundrums and to play on the tambourine. No one ever knew a red Indian or a yellow Mongolian to exhibit these symptoms ; while, on the other hand, it is notorious that the black man, whether in Central Africa or in a New York minstrel hall, is perpetually seeking information as to when a door is not a door, and constantly banging himself on the head with a tambourine.

It is an immense benefit to mankind to know that by the use of inexpensive colored spectacles any one can minister to his own diseased mind. If a man is melancholy,

all he has to do is to wear red spectacles for a few hours, and he will find himself overflowing with hilarity. The excitable man, who is constantly falling into fits of rage, can become meek and gentle by the use of blue goggles. The tonic powers of violet are asserted by Dr. Ponza to be little less than miraculous, and he claims that he recently cured an imbecile patient by shutting him for a single day in a room into which the light was admitted through violet-colored glass. The miraculous nature of this cure will be understood when it is mentioned that this particular patient had fallen into such a deplorable state that he was constantly memorializing the Italian Government to issue more paper currency.

When we remember that we owe this wonderful discovery of the medicinal property of colors to the seemingly meaningless incident of the frequent tossing of a fat but learned Italian gentleman on the horns of unreflecting bulls, we can well doubt if there be any such thing as chance. Persons who have seen Dr. Ponza, with his red waistcoat, in meteoric flight through the air, while a vindictive bull waited for his descent in order to reiterate his objections to scarlet, have undoubtedly characterized the affair as an unhappy accident. We, however, know better. The miscalled accident was only the first step in a grand and beneficent discovery. Had Dr. Ponza never worn a red waistcoat, and never met a bull, he would never have discovered that lunacy can be induced or cured by a course of appropriate color. The tailor who made the waistcoat, and the bull who protested against it, were really laboring in the cause of medical science. The tossing of Dr. Ponza was no more an accident than the birth of Washington. The times needed Washington, and he was born; the lunatics needed Ponza, and he was tossed. It were worse than blindness to call either occurrence an accident, or to attribute it in any way to chance.

THE "EMANCIPATED COSTUME."

It is a well-known fact that the small-girl of our species is accustomed to derive early but erroneous views as to anatomy from the dolls which her fond imagination converts into loving, though commendably noiseless, babies. Having learned that dolls are filled with sawdust, she firmly believes that the interiors of men, women, and children are artistically packed with the same material. Her first theological problem is how to reconcile the Biblical assertion that she is made of the dust of the earth with her firm scientific conviction that sawdust is really her chief ingredient; and her earliest and most formidable fear arises from the delusion that an accidental pin-prick may let loose her vital sawdust and transform her into an empty and shapeless bundle of clothes. Of course, this anatomical error vanishes with her infancy. Before she has reached her tenth birthday she has discovered that she is filled with a variety of organs which are far more complex than the contents of her doll, and has totally abandoned the theory that the extreme attenuation of her maiden aunt is the result of a chronic leakage of sawdust. It must be a sad moment when a small-girl learns that her doll bears only a surface resemblance to humanity, and that, instead of being dilated with dry and compressible sawdust, she is herself filled with a material that cannot be safely brought in contact with green apples, and for which no ingenious nurse can substitute coal ashes or cotton in case of a serious accident.

But now comes Mrs. Martha Gearing—vaguely described as "of Wisconsin"—with an invention which aims to convert the sawdust illusion of girlhood into the actual condition of womanhood. Mrs. Gearing is evidently a reformer whose specialty is the elevation of woman; for it is expressly in order to elevate her sex that she has de-

signed a new garment, to be known as the "emancipated costume," and—we may assume—to be exhibited and described at the next Dress Reform Convention, by the inventor herself. The "emancipated costume" first dawned upon the inventive mind of Mrs. Gearing as she entered her ice-house one winter's day. The ice-house was lined with sawdust, and though it was cool in summer, Mrs. Gearing found that it was warm in winter. At once the idea came to her that she could keep warm in winter and cool in summer by lining her own person with sawdust. From this happy thought was gradually developed the "emancipated costume," by the wearing of which any woman may emancipate herself from the thralldom of fashion, the trammels of skirts, and the bills of dress-makers, besides securing the utmost physical comfort compatible with a due deference to the present prejudices of civilization in favor of clothes. Thus, Mrs. Gearing kills a variety of objectionable birds with a single garment, and she certainly deserves the fame which she will doubtless earn by her first appearance in public clad in the "emancipated costume."

It is not an easy matter to describe the new dress. Not that it is at all complex—for it consists of a single garment—but because the theme is too sacred for irreverent handling. Perhaps it may be permissible to hint that were an "emancipated costume" to be made for a small boy of six years of age, it would consist of a shirt and trousers combined, and forming but one all-enveloping garment. When it is further hinted that whether the "emancipated costume" is intended for a small-boy or a large female reformer, its pattern is precisely the same, a conception of the true shape of the garment may be delicately conveyed to the most modest mind. Of course, there is no law to prevent the wearer of this new garment from also wearing a skirt or two, and such other external articles as taste or prejudice may dictate. Mrs. Gearing, however, urges that the true reformer will wear the "emancipated costume" and nothing else—except a few trifles in the way of boots, hair-pins, and such like coverings for the extremities of the person; and we may expect that all dress-

reformers who are really anxious for the elevation of woman will share the distinguished inventor's views.

But the chief characteristic of the "emancipated costume" is the fact that it is made double, and that the intermediate space is divided into a number of presumably water tight compartments. These are each provided with small valves through which sawdust can be introduced in quantities to suit the wishes of the wearer. Mrs. Gearing claims that in extremely hot or cold weather a layer of sawdust an inch thick, evenly disposed about the person, will make the wearer perfectly comfortable. In proportion as the temperature of the atmosphere rises or sinks to the neighborhood of 65° (Fahrenheit) the quantity of sawdust is to be regulated, until the wearer feels neither too warm nor too cold. Thus clothed, she would need but one dress for all seasons of the year, and could adapt her clothing to meet the most sudden changes of weather by merely taking in or letting out a little more sawdust.

Of the beauty and utility of the "emancipated costume" there can be but one opinion. It will certainly be cheaper than the present style of feminine dress, and Mrs. Gearing asserts that it will be far more healthful. There will be "no more corsets," cries the exultant inventor, "and no more cotton!" The latter allusion we do not clearly understand, but the disappearance of the corset would undoubtedly conduce to the welfare of mankind. There is no reason, however, that this beneficent invention should be monopolized by women. The school-boy will clamor for an "emancipated costume," which will enable him to bear with fortitude the reproofs of his father and school-teacher—especially if he lays in a little extra sawdust just prior to an interview with either of them. The brakeman will find that he can survive an unusual quantity of collisions if he is carefully padded with sawdust, and the like precaution will be found extremely useful by book agents and map peddlers in regions where the inhabitants are athletic and wear heavy boots. Thus the "emancipated costume" will elevate boys and brakemen and peddlers, as well as women, and all over our country those who are peculiarly exposed to contusion will rise up, without regard to sex,

color, or previous condition of turpitude, and call Mrs. Gearing blessed. Meanwhile, the small-girl will be more than ever convinced that humanity is largely composed of sawdust, and will undergo the most terrible apprehensions when her brother, who has failed to convince his father that skates are a devotional implement, which a truly devout youth invariably carries to prayer-meeting under his jacket, comes forth from the paternal "study" leaking sawdust at every pore from a rent and treacherous "emancipated costume."

A NEW ATTRACTION FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

OF new plans for making Sunday-school attractive there is no end. An active superintendent knows no such word as rest. The attraction which fills his Sunday-school to-day will be imitated by the superintendent of a rival school next Sunday, and unless he is willing to witness the desertion of his scholars to the opposing camp, he must devise some new means of retaining their allegiance. Thus the life of the successful Sunday-school superintendent is a continual reaching out after that which will satisfy the capacious and pampered pupil, and to his gaze Alps upon Alps of magic lanterns forever rise, and a limitless succession of picnics and fairs stretches out into futurity.

During the recent winter season, Sunday-school fairs and sleigh rides were comparatively infrequent. That improved species of magic lantern, the stereopticon, eclipsed all other attractions; and when supplemented by a distinguished missionary, it attained a popularity which even monthly recitations in the Westminster Catechism could not check. There is scarcely a Sunday-school in the land which has not reveled in the stereopticon at some time during the last ten months, and it is probable that a very large majority of them have also enjoyed the luxury of a real missionary. Feeble attempts have here and there been made by mistaken superintendents to impose upon their scholars a respected fellow-townsmen who has made a visit

to the Holy Land, or a popular clergyman who has personally bearded the Pope by looking at the outside of the Vatican. The experiment has uniformly failed, and even the members of the infant class have insisted upon the production of a real missionary, and scorned all cheaper substitutes. It is impossible to estimate the amount of Biblical knowledge which Sunday-school scholars have derived from the favorite stereopticon picture representing a British traveller pelting an unruly donkey with discarded aspirates, or the fervor of religious feeling which has been awakened by the picture of sea-sick pilgrims on a voyage to Mecca. There is no doubt that the stereopticon has proved an enormous success, and that it has drawn hundreds of children into the Sunday-school, a very large proportion of whom have continued their connection with the school until the distribution of Christmas presents or until the regular May excursion.

There are, however, in certain remote localities, Sunday-schools which cannot afford even a small stereopticon or a genuine missionary with a choice collection of portable idols. Necessarily, the superintendents of such schools have been forced to extremities in order to keep their scholars together. The result has been the invention of several extremely ingenious attractions, which have reflected great credit upon the skill and enterprise of the inventors. Among these moral attractions, that which was exhibited a few weeks since to a Kentucky Sunday-school deserves especial notice. The school had assembled, the opening hymn had been sung, and the boy pupils were bracing themselves to answer questions upon the lesson of the day and to receive without wincing the pinches of their mischievous fellows. Suddenly a young lady, certified to be "of excellent standing in the community," entered the room, carrying a large hickory stick. Pausing just within the threshold, she propounded to the superintendent in a loud voice the startling conundrum, "Where is the scoundrel?" The superintendent, with a skilfully assumed air of surprise, made no reply, and the scholars, conceiving that the question was part of the lesson, began to feel uneasy as to the proper answer. Their anxiety was soon

relieved, for the young lady suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, there he is!" and rapidly approached a teacher who had been thoughtfully assigned a seat where he was easily within view of every scholar. Having reached him, the young lady fell upon him with the hickory stick, and began to destroy him with wonderful vigor and animation. No words can paint the enthusiasm which the scene excited. The smaller children stood on the seats in order to obtain a fair view of the entertainment, and kind-hearted teachers caught up little girls on their shoulders and rushed with them to the front. The superintendent, with a face beaming with delight, held the young lady by a corner of her sleeves, and pretended to make desperate efforts to draw her from her prey. Not until he was reinforced by several teachers did the young woman pause in her labors, and when she had gracefully retired, amid the applause of the excited house, the alleged scoundrel, in a partially destroyed state, was led forth in quest of arnica and brown paper.

Now, here was an attraction which involved a very small outlay of money, but which gave the most complete satisfaction to every youthful Kentuckian in the room. It was an entertainment which appealed to the tenderest emotions of the Kentucky small-boy in a way that the best picture ever presented by the stereopticon could not have done. No elaborate preparations were required in order to give the scholars this delightful treat. All that was needed was an agreement between the intelligent superintendent, a warm-hearted and earnest young lady, and a self-sacrificing scoundrel. These three excellent persons made the Sunday-school the liveliest place in the whole region, and generations of Sunday-school scholars yet unborn will remember with reverential gratitude the names of the ingenious inventors of this unparalleled Kentucky Sunday-school entertainment.

This affecting incident shows how much good may be done by persons who have no money at their command, but who are animated by a love for children and a determination to make them happy. That Kentucky Sunday-school will secure the attendance of every child within a radius of

ten miles, if it continues to repeat so powerful an attraction. A word of caution should, however, be given to the Superintendent. He should remember that the part of the scoundrel is not a pleasant one, and he should insist upon all his male teachers assuming it in turn. Otherwise, the earnest young lady with the hickory stick, may ultimately destroy her victim, and so bring the Sunday-school into painful conflict with the local Police Court.

ARMS AND THE CHAIR.

AN aggrieved traveller, who had suffered from the ingeniously-uncomfortable chairs with which certain railway palace-cars are furnished, recently wrote to the *Times* and explained at some length the varieties of muscular anguish which chairs without arms and unaccompanied by footstools inevitably produce. The next day a lady replied with great vigor in defense of the armless chairs, and expressed the utmost surprise that "any living being" should object to them. Whether she intended to concede that a corpse of good taste and judgment might have some special reason for preferring arm-chairs is not absolutely certain. She makes it very apparent, however, that living women prefer chairs without arms, while it may be assumed as an axiom that men always prefer chairs with arms. In these circumstances, what are the owners of palace-cars to do? If they please one sex, they must displease the other, unless they can change the fashion of feminine dress or alter the whole character of the masculine spine.

Hitherto palace-car chairs have been constructed exclusively in the interests of women. Any skilful anatomist if he were to be shown one of these chairs would instantly detect its feminine peculiarities. The unreflecting masculine letter-writer complained that the back of the palace-car chair is furnished with cushions at its point of contact with the shoulder-blades, and that the locality properly known as the "small of the back" is left without any support whatever. This he regarded as a proof that the chair-

builders know nothing of anatomy. It evidently has not occurred to him to ask if this peculiar pattern of chair-back is not designed for women instead of men ; for the slightest investigation would have convinced him that the very features to which he takes exception are precisely those which recommend the palace-car chair to its female admirers. A very simple experiment will demonstrate this fact. Let him place twelve copies of his favorite newspaper rolled into a neat bundle, in the skirts of his coat, and then sit down in the chair which he now denounces. He will find that the back of the chair has suddenly become perfectly comfortable, and, after he has been told that during the last two years these chairs have been carefully constructed to fit precisely twelve single or nine triple-sheet copies of one of the leading journals of America, he will no longer charge the chair-builders with gross ignorance of anatomy.

A little reflection will also show that the palace-car chairs are made without arms expressly in order to satisfy the exigencies of feminine fashion. It is true that the narrow skirts now in vogue have to some extent opened the world of arm-chairs to the fair sex, but the chair-builder builds not for a day, but for the whole period during which a palace-car may last, and consequently he must provide for any sudden change of fashion. If the palace cars were furnished with arm-chairs, and if crinoline were to suddenly become once more fashionable, it would be mere folly for any lady to buy a palace-car ticket. Even during the present reign of narrow skirts there is a want of female confidence in arm-chairs, due partly to early education and partly to the fact that such chairs are justly suspected of "crumpling" every woman who is not abnormally limp. Of course, the advocates of "dress reform" do not object to arms, as they are proof against all possibility of "crumpling," but it would hardly be worth while to build palace-cars merely for the purpose of accommodating so small a class of the community.

There is one more objection to arm-chairs, the force of which every close student of feminine habits must admit. When a woman sits down with the intention of making

herself comfortable, there is an immediate and total disappearance of one of her boots. What becomes of that boot is a mystery which thoughtful men in all ages have vainly yearned to solve. Bacon is understood to have classed it among his list of the arcana of nature, though it is unaccountably omitted in the later editions of his works, and Sir Isaac Newton, when on his death-bed, sadly remarked to his daughters that he had successfully grappled with gravitation, but that this boot problem had "thrown him." A long series of careful scientific observations have, however, established the fact that this curious phenomenon cannot occur in connection with an arm-chair. It is hence plain that no woman can achieve comfort except in a chair devoid of arms, and it is our duty to reverently accept this truth, although in this stage of our existence, our minds cannot grasp the mystery which underlies it.

It having been thus demonstrated that palace-car chairs are made after their present pattern solely in order to adapt them to the comfort of women, it is hardly probably that chivalrous men will continue to find fault with them. Of course, there are selfish bachelors who would prefer that palace-cars should be exclusively reserved for men; but, fortunately, such hardened misogynists are not numerous. The American gentleman will cease to ask that palace-car chairs shall be fitted to his personal wants, but he will try the more generous alternative of fitting his own person to the armless chairs. On entering the car he will fold his twelve newspapers about him, and sit down with confidence in the comfort of his spine. He will improvise a couple of slings by aid of handkerchiefs, and so secure a pleasant support for each arm, and it is not impossible that he may devise some plan for disposing of one of his boots, which although it may differ from the feminine method, may yet conduce to ease and comfort. Thus will both sexes be satisfied with the palace-car chairs, and there will be no further occasion for an unseemly strife between men and women as to the proper way in which the chairs should be constructed.

WAS IT A COINCIDENCE?

LATTERLY the ghost market has been unusually dull. Owing, possibly, to the repeated exposures of "materializing mediums," the demand for ghosts has largely fallen off, and dealers have lacked courage to bring forward any new and attractive styles. A novel and interesting ghost has, however, recently made its appearance at Walkersville, Wis., which really deserves to be brought to the attention of all enterprising ghost collectors.

For a long time a young gentleman of Walkersville, whose identity may be concealed under the name of Smith, cherished a desire to make the acquaintance of a few select and attractive ghosts, with a view to mutual improvement. To this end he placed himself under the tuition of a Chicago medium, who undertook to refine his spiritual vision to that extent that he would be able to see any specified sort of ghost at any time or place. With the medium Mr. Smith had daily "sittings" for several weeks, at the low rate of \$5 per sitting, but when his first quarter's tuition was ended, and he had not seen so much as the glow of a political ghost's nose, he became indignant, denounced the medium as an impostor, and returned to his rural home. It is only fair to say that the medium indignantly repelled his accusation that he was an impostor. He pleaded that a watched ghost rarely boils, so to speak, and that the mere fact that his pupil had not been able to see ghosts on demand was no evidence that he would not be able to see them at some future time. The justice of this defense has since been established. Mr. Smith, who could see no ghosts in the medium's room, has since seen the most remarkable ghost of the year—not to say of the century.

A month ago Mr. Smith was sitting in his bedroom wishing that when the landlady boiled cabbage she would keep the kitchen door shut, and yearning for the infinite.

The hour was 11 o'clock P.M., and he was on the point of preparing for bed by throwing something at the tuneful cats on the back fence, when he suddenly became aware that he was not alone. A vague mysterious dread as of a large athletic creditor with a heavy club, oppressed him, and he would probably have fled into the hall were it not that he would have been certain to fall over the house-dog and thus excite the suspicions of that hasty animal. He therefore seated himself calmly in a chair, with his back against the wall, and remarked to himself in a soothing and explanatory manner, "rats." In another moment the rat hypothesis was overthrown by an elderly and fat female ghost, who quietly floated before his astonished vision, and gazed steadfastly into his terrified eyes.

Female, fat, and elderly ghosts are by no means novelities, but there was that in the appearance of this particular ghost which was well adapted to startle the coolest ghost-seer. The ghost did not touch the floor, but floated about four feet above it, in a graceful, wavy manner, not unlike the swaying motion of a captive balloon. What chiefly attracted Mr. Smith's attention, however, was the peculiar attitude of this ghostly female. She was poised in mid-air with her head downward, and her arms and legs extended in straight and rigid lines. Her dress was a voluminous black alpaca, somewhat rusty, and apparently water-stained, and a wide belt of some unrecognizable material was fastened around her in the presumed region of the knees, which preserved Mr. Smith's feelings from too violent a shock. Swaying gently to and fro, this peculiar ghost smiled sadly at Mr. Smith, and winked at him in a manner so trying to his sensibilities that he could scarcely bear to look at her. Had she winked with her mouth and smiled with either eye, his nerves would have borne the strain, but there was undoubtedly something very painful in a wink situated three or four inches below the locality of the accompanying smile.

Mr. Smith had finally achieved his longing to see a ghost, but after all, this reversed old lady failed to give him any real comfort. It was impossible to ask such a preposterous being any serious questions as to the other life,

or to propose to her to become his guardian angel and spirit wife. Still, he was determined not to be afraid of her, and so, hastily bending down the ends of his hair with both hands he requested her to "avaunt"—such being, in his opinion, the most effective method of exorcism. But the ghost declined to do anything of the sort. She merely floated once around the room, occasionally banging her head on the edge of the trunk and the foot board of the bed, and then resumed her station at three yards' distance from the too-successful ghost-seeker.

Now, Mr. Smith was one who firmly believed that he who lays his hand upon a woman, save in kindness and in a reasonably dark room, is a man whom it would be unfair to call a book agent. But a ghost is not, strictly speaking, a woman, and is not entitled to be treated as such. Holding this very reasonable view, Mr. Smith firmly requested his ghostly visitor to "get out," thinking that she might have misunderstood the word "avaunt"; but, finding that she still persisted in dangling before him, he seized the poker and dealt her a violent blow. The poker passed directly through her shadowy form and smashed the lamp, and when the occupant of the next room, who had been awakened by the crash, rushed in with a candle, Mr. Smith was found in a fainting fit, beautifully diversified with kerosene and broken glass, but still grasping the poker in his rigid hand.

Since then Mr. Smith has seen no more ghosts, and does not wish to see any. Of course, the average person who reads of the floating female ghost will scornfully insist that Mr. Smith was either dreaming, drunk, or idiotic. Without going behind the face of the returns to investigate this question, it must be mentioned that he subsequently learned that years ago his room had been occupied by an old lady who was drowned by the sinking of a steamer on Lake Michigan, and whose body was found with a life preserver fastened about the knees, the effect of which was to cause her to float head downward. Was this historical fact connected with Mr. Smith's vision, or did the two merely constitute a coincidence? This is a question which does not admit of a conclusive answer without careful in-

vestigation. Meanwhile, it may be cheerfully admitted that Mr. Smith's ghost was decidedly the most remarkable ghost which has so far revisited the glimpses of the Wisconsin, or indeed the American, moon.

THE SPREAD OF RESPECTABILITY.

THE recent flight of several eminently respectable gentlemen who had misappropriated the funds of other people, ought to attract attention to the rapid increase in numbers and power of the so-called respectable classes.

It needs no demonstration that the crime of abusing trusts and embezzling trust estates is one which is monopolized by the respectable classes. The tramp, the burglar, or the pickpocket, no matter how depraved he may be, is never known to run away with one or more hundred thousand dollars which have been confided to his care. Poverty, undoubtedly, tempts weak men to crime, but when has a poor workman, or even a common pauper, been guilty of embezzling the funds of a savings bank or of squandering at the gaming table or the Stock Exchange the property of widows or orphans? Crimes of this character are invariably committed by respectable men, and their growing frequency shows that the respectable classes are increasing to an alarming extent. Respectable men have gradually worked their way into positions of prominence and trust, until at the present moment they actually control most of our banks, insurance companies, and other moneyed corporations. As a rule, the presidents of these corporations are men of notorious and conspicuous respectability. Among the bank cashiers and treasurers who daily handle vast sums of money can be found men whose confirmed respectability has been a matter of common report for years. We have in this city become pretty well accustomed to the rule of the vicious elements of society, but were the statistics to be published which prove the extent to which the respectable classes control

moneyed corporations and private trust funds, the community would be absolutely appalled.

The danger of this state of things is self-evident. Experience has shown that when an eminently respectable man thinks that the time has come for him to take whatever money is within his reach, and to carry it with him to Belgium or Spain, nothing can prevent him from carrying out his purpose. Our first knowledge of his crime comes from the discovery that he has already made his escape; and our only consolation must be drawn from the assertions of his friends that they had never thought him capable of embezzlement. The blindness of such friends is difficult of explanation. Those who know the last respectable gentleman who has disappeared with the property of confiding persons, must have known that for years his respectability was notorious. He was not merely accused here and there, by malicious enemies, of having been occasionally respectable, but every man and woman who had ever heard his name knew that habitual and hardened respectability was his most prominent characteristic. Had he been a penniless outcast, sleeping at night on the Park benches, and begging whiskey from charitable liquor-sellers, no one would have suspected him of an intention to embezzle the funds of a church or a savings-bank; but why any one should have been surprised that so thoroughly respectable a man should have been proved a defaulter is explicable only upon the hypothesis that too partial friends wilfully shut their eyes to his respectability and its natural tendencies.

How we can suppress the respectable classes and put a stop to their depredations is not very clear, but it is evident that unless we are willing to have all the loose change in the country carried off to Europe by absconding defaulters, something must be done. It is worth while to inquire whether an "Habitual Respectability act," modelled upon the "Habitual Criminals act," might not prove useful. Under the latter act the police have the right to arrest any person who is known to be an habitual criminal, and the magistrates have the power to commit him to prison. It is not necessary for him to commit any overt

act of crime, but the mere fact of his habitual criminality warrants his arrest and detention, as a preventive measure. Now, if the police were authorized and required to keep under surveillance all men who are known to be habitually addicted to respectability, the opportunities for successful crime would be greatly lessened. From time to time it would be well to arrest two or three pre-eminently respectable men, and to give them thirty days each on Blackwell's Island, as a wholesome warning to their confederates in respectability. It is not pretended that respectability could be wholly suppressed by the passage and enforcement of such an act, but there is certainly good reason to suppose that the measure would have a restraining and beneficial influence.

After all, we must rely mainly upon the effect of education and careful moral training. Most of our leading, respectable men are the offspring of respectable parents, whose tendencies they inherit. We have no right to expect that a boy born in a hot-bed of respectability, and accustomed from his infancy upward to associate exclusively with persons among whom respectability is esteemed as something manly and creditable, will be better than the influences which surround and form him. He will grow up an open and shamelessly respectable man, and he will naturally have funds committed to him, with which he will run away in due time. If we wish to successfully combat this giant evil, we must rescue the young and innocent from the respectable influences to which they are exposed, and carefully train them in a better way. By this means we may check their evil tendencies, and render them a blessing rather than a danger to the community. That things can be long permitted to go on as they are at present is manifestly impossible. To the danger to life from the bold and lawless police element is now added the danger to property from the alarming increase of the respectable class, and if we are successfully to cope with these two dangers, we must arouse ourselves to the task at once.

SOCIAL BANDITS.

THE bold bad men and women who make it a practice to outrage the sanctity of happy homes, by invading them under the hollow pretext of "surprise parties," are now laying their plans and organizing their forces for a winter campaign of active crime. It must be admitted that they pursue their wicked business with a skill much greater than that of the average burglar. They never attack a house except in circumstances which insure the infliction of a satisfactory amount of misery upon the inmates. The knowledge requisite to insure this uniform success is, of course, the result of a careful system of espionage. Whenever a householder is laboring under a black eye, or whenever his wife has sent her only set of false teeth to the dentist's with a view to repairs, the social bandits swoop down upon that devoted house in resistless force. Doubtless, the bandits are in many cases in league with the servants, and obtain from them the information which is subsequently turned to so nefarious an account. Still, even households in which there are no servants whatever are not safe from assault, and hence the conclusion is inevitable that the managers of surprise parties employ to a great extent their own private detectives. The knowledge of this fact adds to the terror in which the timid householder lives. He cannot tell what moment he may be inveigled into entertaining spies unawares. The plausible tract-distributor, the ostensible returned missionary, or the alleged gas-inspector may be the hired tool of social bandits; and while he is discussing topics of apparently the most innocent character, he may be noting the weak points of the household defenses, and fixing upon the best time for a night attack.

It is not creditable to the respectable part of the community that so little effort is made to repel the assaults of

surprise parties. Usually the bandits succeed without difficulty in allaying the suspicions and abusing the confidence of the most faithful dogs, and thus reach the front door unharmed, and summon their victims to surrender. It is true that the bandits always attack in strong parties, but that is not a sufficient reason that they should not be resisted. Humiliating as it undoubtedly is, it cannot be denied that in nearly every instance, the summons is obeyed and the doors are opened. The enemy rushes in, and all the horrors of a moral sack immediately follow. The children, awakened by the uproar, yell dismally from their rooms. The trembling matron in her wrapper and with one hemisphere of her head in curl papers, is surrounded by heartless wretches who mock her misery with protestations of pretended friendship, while the man of the house, in slippers and dressing-gown, is made wretchedly conscious of the ungainly figure which he presents by contrast with gay, well-dressed and handsome bandits. Occasionally the malefactors bring with them refreshments of a peculiarly greasy nature, which they scatter among the books and prints on the drawing-room table, and trample into the carpet. The mental anguish and the material devastation wrought by a ruthless surprise party cannot be contemplated by a humane person without a shudder ; and were the true history of a single season of American surprise parties to be written, the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria would seem in comparison, trivial, if not positively pleasant and soothing.

So far as can be learned, there is but one instance in which a surprise party has been successfully worsted and beaten off. This glorious achievement was the work of an ingenious and determined man residing in Chicago. Having reason to expect an attack, he severed the wire of the front-door bell and securely riveted the bell-handle to the door-post. He then sawed through the fastenings of the door-post, and, arming himself with a large club, lay in ambush behind the parlor window. The bandits approached in a solid phalanx at least thirty strong. A hoary-headed reprobate who had achieved an infamous notoriety as a ringleader in surprise parties, donation riots,

and other scenes of violence and crime, led the way, and boldly attempted to pull the door-bell. Urged on by his malignant disposition and a false report that the head of the house was suffering from a nervous headache, he pulled the bell-handle with all his force. The treacherous door-post gave way, crushing him in its fall, and sweeping the legs of a dozen bandits from under them as it rolled heavily down the steps. With a despairing yell the miscreants who were yet unhurt fled away, and the heroic householder sallied forth and humanely put the wounded out of their misery with his club. In the morning the dustman removed thirteen lifeless bodies, while a fourteenth bandit, who still showed signs of life was carried to a hospital for purposes of vivisection.

May we not hope that this thrilling story will infuse new courage into the breasts of timid householders? It proves that the social bandit is not invincible, and that only courage and determination are needed to put him to flight. In this land of chemical engines and hot-water boilers it is folly to say that a brave man cannot defend his house against a score of bandits, whose bravery is mainly due to the impunity which has hitherto attended their exploits. They who would be free, themselves must keep the front door locked. When the enemy rings the bell and summons the garrison, let him be met with a shower of hot water and played upon with a carbonic acid fire-extinguisher. If he proves intractable to mild measures, let the revolver and rifle accomplish their perfect work. It is time that a free people should rise in their majesty and remark that they will no longer be intimidated by surprise parties. If this great evil can be successfully resisted in the very heart of Chicago, it can surely be attacked in cities where civilization and Christianity prevail, and where there exists at least a vague impression that violence and crime are to a certain extent undesirable.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

IT is the professed opinion of numerous timid and dissatisfied souls that this country is going to the dogs. Neither the particular species of dogs, nor the exact quantity of them, is specified, but that our beloved land is rapidly going to a good many different kinds of dogs is a conclusion to which every credulous person must come who listens to the despairing prophecies of discontented old gentlemen. Now, there is nothing to be gained by shutting our eyes to the possibilities of the future. When unpleasant people make what at first glance seems to be an unpleasant prophecy, it is much better to boldly look the matter in the face. When we are told that we are going to the dogs, let us examine the character of the dogs, and inquire what would be the result if we were really to go to them. It is far better to know and to be prepared for the worst that can possibly happen than it is to go forward in foolhardy confidence until the crisis is at hand, and we are compelled to face it without preparation, and hampered by the demoralization produced by a terrible surprise. It may be possible that the dogs are already aware that the country is shortly coming into their paws, and that they are qualifying themselves for the vast responsibility that is to be thrust upon them. At any rate, they have recently given new evidences of their wonderful intellectual powers and extraordinary nobility of soul. The other day a Chicago dog, who had been left at home in sole charge of a number of young children, whose parents had just stepped out for a friendly divorce, noticed that the youngest child had managed to set her dress on fire. Instantly that admirable dog threw the child down on the floor, tore off its garments, and saved its life, although, in the effort, he sustained burns which will probably disfigure his tail forever. Our readers have doubtless heard of the Oshkosh dog, who had won a brilliant reputa-

tion by dragging scores of drowning people out of the water, but who, on seeing a wandering book agent struggling in the lake, into which he had accidentally fallen, turned a series of joyful sommersaults on the bank, and then, fearing that the book agent would struggle into shallow water, deliberately swam out to meet him, and held his head under until the good work was fully accomplished. Then there is the story of the dog belonging to a colored preacher residing in Kentucky, into whose house his neighbor's chickens were in the habit of breaking in the dead of night in order to intimidate him, and whom the same skeptical neighbor accused of having wickedly robbed his hen-roost. One day that intelligent dog determined to avert all suspicion from his master. The very next time that a chicken broke down his master's front door he seized the intruder, carried it to the back-yard of the leading Presbyterian Elder, where he carefully pulled out all its feathers, and then carried the denuded corpse home to his appreciative master. And then there is the seafaring dog belonging to a down-east schooner, who, meeting an unhappy friend in Water street with a tin kettle tied to his tail by a long string, carefully took a turn with the string around a telegraph post, made it fast with a running bowline, and then taking his friend by the collar, hauled away until the sudden unshipping of his tail set the insulted animal at liberty. And, finally, brief reference may be made to the commercial ability of the terrier dog of Cincinnati, who, being extremely skilful in the capture of rats, was accustomed to retail them to the local cats at a fair price in current bones, and who so thoroughly comprehended the modern spirit of trade that he was in the habit of offering attractive premiums in mice to the cat who should bring him the largest quantity of bones within a given period.

If the country is really going to such intelligent dogs as these, what is there in the prospect that need fill us with alarm? Surely, a Congress of dogs would make fewer tedious speeches—except when debating questions relating to the full moon—than would a Congress of American statesmen, and would display quite as much intelligence in grappling with the financial problem as is displayed by the

average inflationists. It may be objected that the dogs would legislate in their own interests, but it must be remembered that any legislation aiming at rendering bones abundant and cheap would necessarily benefit mankind, by reducing the price of butchers' meat. As to oppressive game laws in relation to rats, they could be passed only by a Congress with a large terrier majority, and it is extremely improbable that, in a country where terriers are in an unquestioned minority, they would ever be able to gain control of either branch of Congress.

When we think of the dignified appearance which would be presented by a Senate of Newfoundland and mastiff dogs sitting gravely on their tails, and listening to a profound argument from a Pennsylvania dog in favor of protection to American bones, we can hardly deny that the average Senate quarrelling over a question of pig-iron would suffer by comparison. Of course, in so large a body as the House of Representative Dogs, a number of curs and Spitz dogs would doubtless be found, but the good sense and patriotism of the setters, pointers, and terriers would keep the disorderly element in subjection; and we may be very certain that in no event would such a House be capable of an attempt to throw the country into anarchy in order to make a wild, hopeless scramble for the public bones. Worse things may happen to us than a national going to the dogs, and such a canine catastrophe would be far better than our deliverance into the hands of unscrupulous and reckless demagogues.

"ENOCH ARDEN."

WHEN Mr. Tennyson wrote that popular poem "Enoch Arden," he probably meant well enough, but he ought to have foreseen the inevitable consequences of his act. From that day to this no husband has ever returned home from a temporary absence and found his wife in the possession of a substitute without having his domestic difficulties paraded in the local newspapers, and himself

described as "another Enoch Arden." In this country, especially, the annual crop of Enoch Ardens has been enormous.

"Out of the golden, remote, wild west,
Where the sea without shore is"—

a vast procession of wandering husbands is continually winding its way homeward to Eastern hearth-stones, where other and superfluous husbands are comfortably trespassing. One would naturally think that no really chivalric husband, after going alone to California and residing for a dozen years in a land flowing with bowie-knives and revolvers, without once writing to his deserted wife, would dream of returning home to earn the title of "another Enoch Arden." Yet the wandering American husband always comes back at last. He may be cast upon the waters in a Pacific Mail steamship, but instead of being drowned or burned he is sure to return after many years. And when he does return, so potent is the influence of Mr. Tennyson's preposterous teachings upon him that he always tries to surpass the original Enoch Arden in unprofitable idiocy.

It will be remembered that Mr. Tennyson's hero, after spending several years on a lonely island, in the unworthy occupation of reciting doleful blank verse to the grieved but patient monkeys, finally took passage for England, and returned to the cottage where he had left his wife. Most men in his circumstances would have gone boldly to the front door, and, after tenderly embracing their wives, would have asked where on earth their slippers had been hidden, and whether they were ever to have any supper. Arden, however, preferred to look through the dining-room windows; to gaze upon the apparent felicity of his wife's new husband, and to make a rough estimate of the number of new children who infested the house. After this disreputable proceeding he withdrew from the window, rolled on the vegetables in the back garden, and finally went away to a cheap boarding-house, where he died on a suspicious-looking cot-bedstead, after having told his landlady his true name, and thus made it certain that his wife's matrimonial mistake would become the theme of universal gossip.

Absurd as this poor creature's conduct was, Mr. Tennyson and the dramatists who have fitted the story for the stage have convinced nearly all wandering husbands that they ought to do likewise. When the American Enoch Arden returns from California to Oshkosh, he does not, indeed, descend to the meanness of surreptitiously gazing through the back window, but he enters his house stealthily and under cover of night, and creates a wanton and useless degree of embarrassment in the family. The wife hurriedly sends both kinds of children to bed lest they should ask troublesome questions, and then bursts into tears to avoid taking an active part in the ensuing conversation between the two husbands. Then the personator of Enoch Arden nobly says that, heart-broken as he is, he will not make his wife unhappy, but will go forth and wander, leaving her to reflect that she is living with a man who is not lawfully married to her, and that her conduct has made her real husband an outcast and a homeless vagabond. The next day, after having mentioned the matter to the editor of the Oshkosh *Commercial Eagle*, he hastens to his California wife, feeling that he has, on the whole, proved himself as intelligent and noble as any Enoch Arden on record.

Had Mr. Tennyson never written that unfortunate poem, the wandering husband, on learning that his original wife had promoted another man to his place, would stay away altogether, or else would return with the intention of either promptly insisting upon his rights or of effecting a compromise. Perhaps the latter course would be more in keeping with the spirit of our institutions, provided the second husband is possessed of money and a desire to avoid scandal. If not, he should be immediately evicted by the strong arm of the law, and whatever improvements in the shape of bonnets and furs he may have put upon the disputed property during his term of occupancy should be confiscated by the real owner. It is safe to say that in the absence of the Tennysonian precedent, disputes between lawful and trespassing husbands would invariably be settled in some such manly and intelligible way, and the so-called Enoch Arden who returns home merely to make everybody uncomfortable, and goes away again without having reaped

the slightest benefit from his visit, would be absolutely unknown.

The dawn of a better day is at last heralded by the able conduct of a wandering husband who returned to Boston last week, and is now mentioned by the provincial press as a new and startling species of Enoch Arden. This man walked boldly into his house, and, finding an unnecessary husband upon the premises, quietly sent for a policeman, had the intruder removed to the sidewalk, and then, putting on the abandoned slippers of his rival, calmly sat down to enjoy his cigar and the evening paper. He shed no tears, and he upbraided no one; he merely took possession of his own wife and furniture, and rid himself of the superfluous husband in the simplest possible way. The contrast between this man's prompt and efficient course and the preposterous conduct of the usual Enoch Arden is so manifestly creditable to the former, that it is to be hoped that hereafter the influence of Mr. Tennyson and the number of Enoch Arden's imitators will steadily decrease.

RIFLEWOMEN.

ONE bright spring morning the members of a California rifle association were engaged in the great moral duty of shooting at a mark when a lady, carrying a long-range rifle, decorated with the usual quantity of surveying instruments and meteorological machines, made her appearance, and announced that she intended to shoot. The astonished riflemen did not dare to interpose any objection, but flew madly towards the target in order to obtain a safe position. The unruffled lady—though, on second thought, she may have had more or less ruffles concealed about her person—stretched herself upon the ground, tied herself into the intricate knot usually called "the Creedmoor position," shut her eyes firmly, and fired. To the dismay of the riflemen, she actually hit the target at the distance of a thousand yards, thereby seriously imperiling the lives of those

who had sought safety in its vicinity. It was evident that something must be promptly done to check the threatened effusion of blood, and the lady was therefore hurriedly presented with a gold medal, and lured from the ground before she had time to fire a second shot.

Californians have been so long in the habit of having themselves shot in the course of social "difficulties" that they ought not to be seriously alarmed because they are now threatened with the devastating rifles of ambitious riflewomen. It is, however, a matter of very great importance to riflemen of other States that a woman has set her sex the example of shooting at a mark other than an objectionable husband or an unsatisfactory lover. Women have already invaded the domains of physicians, lawyers, and clergymen, but if they are bitten by a desire to become expert riflewomen, the insecurity of life and limb which will ensue will be a serious, if not fatal, check to the prosperity of the country.

It is quite possible that by careful study women may learn to distinguish between the muzzle and the breech of a rifle, although they are undoubtedly born with the idea that the breech, being much larger than the muzzle, is the active and efficient end of a gun. It is when they have learned the truth as to this matter, and rashly fancy themselves able to load and fire, that the real danger to the community will become imminent. Unfortunately, the cartridge of a breech-loading rifle is so constructed that it cannot be inserted wrong end first; and hence women can hardly make any useful mistake in loading their weapons. If we had a rifle which, when carelessly loaded, would discharge itself backward, the slaughter resulting from female rifle-practice would be greatly curtailed, and would, moreover, be of a kind which would tend to discourage the sex from meddling with fire-arms. Such a rifle will, of course, be invented as soon as the number of riflewomen demonstrates its necessity, but before that time our fair land may be covered with the corpses of unhappy men who chance to be within range of a rifle wielded by feminine hands.

The riflewoman will have no insuperable difficulty in assuming the "Creedmoor position," though she will nat-

urally kill a few persons by accidentally twisting the hammer of her rifle in her back hair while tying herself into the requisite quantity of knots. It is when she shuts her eyes and aims at the vague target which, to her imagination, extend along the horizon through an arc of 180° that the chief slaughter will begin. That she cannot fire without previously shutting her eyes will be universally conceded by every one who has the slightest knowledge of her sex, and hence the direction which may be taken by her ball will be wholly a matter of chance. The innocent boy who may be blithely stealing apples in a tree a hundred yards to the right of the target will be as liable to be hit as is the man who is standing by the riflewoman's side, and the yells of those who are unexpectedly hit in painful places will be the only means of ascertaining whither the wandering bullets have sped. Of course, most persons will regard the space immediately in front of the target as the safest position, but even here they cannot be sure of immunity. The riflewoman may suddenly take it into her head to aim at the north star, and thus hit the very centre of the bull's-eye. The simple truth is that there will be no such thing as safety within a radius of at least fifteen hundred yards of a woman with a rifle, and her path to and from the rifle ground will be strewn with the victims of accidental discharges.

This is a picture which may fill us with alarm. The poet has forcibly, and apparently prophetically, said, "that angels rush in where riflemen fear to tread," and there is every reason to fear that the example of the California riflewoman will inspire her contemporary angels with a thirst for target-shooting. Fortunately, however, we do not grieve as those who have no hope. We cannot expect to keep women out of Creedmoor and other rifle-grounds by force, but we can call to our aid the fierce and terrible field-mouse. With a little encouragement in the nature of crumbs, Creedmoor can be made, in the course of another season, to swarm with mice. Let it be once thoroughly understood that to assume the "Creedmoor position" on any rifle-ground is to deliver one's self to the careful and conscientious scrutiny of hungry and curious mice, and no

woman will venture within miles of the place. It would not be necessary to go to the extreme length of rats, or even to circulate rumors of suppositious snakes. The mice alone would insure Creedmoor from female invasion, and if husbands and brothers would aid in the good work by stealthily concealing mice in the cartridge-boxes of rifle-women, it is morally certain that feminine zeal for rifle-shooting would suffer a sudden and complete eclipse.

BUTTER-CULTURE.

PISCICULTURE is a business of such recent origin that it is still regarded by the public as an interesting novelty. More novel, more curious, and far more interesting is the business of butter-culture, which, like pisciculture, is an aquatic industry. Extensive butter-beds have been planted in the Thames, at London, and are yielding large and profitable harvests. Within a few years we may expect to see the slow old-fashioned methods of the cow and churn wholly superseded by the more rapid results achieved by river butter-culture. Dairymen will retire from the butter arena, and, under the supervision of able and intelligent Boards of Butter Commissioners, the growth of butter will be brought to such a degree of perfection as to place that useful compound within the reach of the poorest householder in the country.

The London *Medical Examiner* of a late date contains an interesting description of the process of planting and growing butter. The butter-culturist selects a nice muddy locality in the bed of a river flowing through a large town, and carefully plants his butter-seeds. The bed must not be more than a foot below the surface of the water at low tide, and it must be constantly swept by a strong current. Butter cannot be grown in a pure mountain stream, but only in a river which receives a large amount of sewage, by which the butter-plants are nourished. Having selected an eligible bed, the butter-culturist sets out a number of

small globes of the size of a filbert, made of cork, hair, and woody fibres. As is well known to analytical chemists who have experimented upon the common butter of boarding-house tables, these small globes contain all the essential ingredients of butter except its oleaginous parts. Of course, the butter-culturist is not strictly confined to the use of cork, hair, and woody fibres, but may also add hair-pins and buttons in quantities to suit his own taste. Having, however, decided upon the first ingredients of his butter, he plants his seed-globes in the mud of his butter-bed, placing them upon short but stout stalks either of wire or wood. The seed rapidly germinates, and, under the genial influence of the sewage, the plant soon reaches maturity. When fully ripe, it is gathered by boys with bare legs and carried to the butter-press, where it undergoes certain refining processes. The ripe butter plant presents the appearance of a ball of dark-colored wagon-grease, through which hair, particles of corks, and bits of woody fibres are woven by the action of the tide. Its oleaginous particles are, of course, derived from the refuse grease which finds its way from kitchens and manufactories into the sewers: and though the ripe butter-plant is neither palatable nor attractive in its appearance, it is readily transformed, by a cheap process of refining and flavoring, into as vigorous, substantial butter as the most exacting boarding-house keeper could desire.

The *Medical Examiner* remarks that "the process by which the questionable fat is ultimately manufactured into an article of food unobjectionable to the eye and palatable to the taste is necessarily exciting public curiosity." All judicious people will agree that to indulge one's curiosity concerning the manner in which any kind of butter is made, is worse than idle. The wise man eats his butter and drinks his beer without seeking to know their origin. Were the boldest of us to try to trace the pedigree of pure Orange County butter back to the cows of the Brooklyn distilleries, the result might be extremely disastrous. That way madness lies. Between butter and science there is an irrepressible conflict, and if we are not ready to abandon butter altogether, we must put blind faith in its truth and

purity, and resolutely decline to pry into its origin. There is no half way between the humble acceptance of butter and the total rejection of all edible grease, and those persons who, according to the *Medical Examiner*, are curious as to the process of converting the fruit of the butter-plant into an article of food, are entering upon a path which will lead them to reject all butter and to deny the very existence of lard.

If, under the fertilizing influence of sewage, a little hair and a trifle of woody fibre and cork can be made to develop into butter it is quite possible that many other articles of food can be thus artificially propagated. The chemical basis of much of the sugar of commerce is admitted to be sand and starch. It is not quite possible that, if small globes of sand and starch were to be planted in the Thames, they would grow and blossom into brown sugar? Might not pure corn-fed lard be grown from germs of bristles, dashed with brine; and is it not possible to sow a handful of buttons and bits of dog-collars with the well-founded hope of reaping a harvest of hash? The ordinary boarding-house kitchen gardener will doubtless look upon these suggestions as wild and impracticable, but now that we know that the Thames sewage, when tickled with hair, will laugh into butter, it would be rash to reject as impossible any horticultural scheme which relies for its success upon the marvellously fertilizing power of the London sewage.

Of course, there are timid people who, after learning that butter-culture is an established industry, will decline to use any butter unless they are personally cognizant of its close connection with some reputable cow. Is, then, the cow cleaner than the river in which she wades, and is the stable more savory than the sewer? These are questions which each one must settle for himself; but except in those cases where one's butter is obviously stronger than one's faith, it is probably best to eat it boldly and to waive the question of its origin as one of those things which no prudent fellow should try to find out.

THE MOSQUITO HYPOTHESIS.

AMONG the most recent discoveries in medical science is that which an ingenious scientific person claims to have made in regard to mosquitoes. Hitherto, the opinion has universally prevailed that the mosquito is a small but vicious insect which displays a preternatural skill in forcing its way through the most elaborate wire and lace barriers, in order to feast on the blood of plethoric humanity. A theory which boldly denies the existence of such an insect, and which interprets all the alleged facts as to its appearance and habits as the symptoms of a malarial disease, certainly merits attention, even if it is not conclusively proved to be true.

It has long been noticed that the so-called mosquitoes are sure to attack persons who rent or purchase cottages in suburban villages. There are scores of towns in the neighborhood of this city, the inhabitants of which will solemnly assure any one who proposes to take up his residence among them, that they have never seen or heard a mosquito. Nevertheless, the new-comer and his entire family will be attacked by mosquitoes within a very few days after they have occupied their suburban cottage. This fact can hardly be misinterpreted. It means that the mosquitoes only attack unacclimated persons. In this respect they differ from all other representatives of the animal creation, and bear a striking resemblance to malarial fevers. It was this peculiar characteristic of the mosquito scourge which first suggested the hypothesis that it is really a disease, and it is certainly remarkable how closely facts fit themselves to this hypothesis.

An attack of the mosquito malady—if we assume that it is a disease—begins with a feverish state of the system, accompanied by more or less cerebral congestion. The patient hears a peculiar buzzing sound, due to the rushing of the blood through the arteries lying behind the ears.

He becomes extremely irritable, and in many cases this irritability verges closely upon insanity. In severe attacks patients have frequently been known to seize pillows or other available weapons, and pursue imaginary foes about the room, breaking crockery and fragile furniture, and using language of a violent and painfully profane character. The buzzing in the ears is either accompanied or almost immediately followed by a fulness of the blood-vessels of the eyes, which causes the patient to perceive spots or motes apparently floating in the air. It is these spots which have hitherto been mistaken for living insects, and dignified with the name of "mosquitoes." Their non-existence ought to have been long ago suggested by the uniform failure of all the patient's efforts to capture them. Fully believing that the floating spots which obscure his vision are actual and malignant insects, he strikes wild and terrible blows at them, and although he is maddened by the supposed celerity with which they evade his blows, he is never discouraged by his repeated failures. Occasionally he captures a harmless gnat, which he fancies is one of his imaginary tormentors, but it may be safely asserted that there is not a case on record in which the capture of one or more gnats has had the slightest effect in diminishing the number of the supposed mosquitoes.

The identity between the alleged insects supposed to be seen by the sufferer from the mosquito malady and the floating spots resulting from a congested state of the vessels of the eye, satisfactorily explains the unvarying failure of mosquito nets to prevent the ingress of mosquitoes. Every crevice by which mosquitoes might be supposed to enter the patient's room may be carefully closed with strong iron net-work, but nevertheless the alleged mosquitoes will be seen and heard. This is obviously inconsistent with the theory that the mosquito is an insect. If such were the case, the barriers that keep out flies and wasps would keep out other insects, instead of proving hollow, or, more strictly speaking, reticulated mockeries, in the case of the most exasperating insect of all. And yet thousands of people annually fence themselves in with mosquito nets and never once ask themselves why these precautions are uniformly worthless.

The congestive symptoms are rarely of long duration. After two or three hours they pass away and the patient reaches the third stage of the disease. This is ushered in by an itching sensation which usually affects the face, neck, and extremities, but which in many instances extends over the entire surface of the skin. This itching is followed by an eruption of red pustules, having a small white centre and surrounded by local inflammation and swelling. If these pustules are not disturbed, they will vanish in the course of twenty-four hours, and the patient will recover. In most instances, however, they are violently rubbed by the patient, in a vain attempt to allay the irritation of the skin which accompanies them, and the result is to bring about a relapse into the feverish condition with which the attack commenced.

It will thus be seen that the disease is as brief as it is violent. It rarely lasts over twelve hours, and in many cases runs its course in a still briefer period. Fresh attacks may occur day after day, and there is no evidence that the susceptibility of the system to the disease is ever eradicated until the patient has undergone at least a year of acclimatization, and has bought a house. Children and women are more liable to the disease than men, and among the former class of patients the characteristic eruption is usually much more extensive than it is among the latter. So far as is known, the disease is never fatal, but that it is extremely painful there is no room for question.

The fact that it is common in damp and swampy regions, and that fever and cerebral congestion are among its symptoms, indicate its malarial origin. It is also noticeable that it prevails only during warm weather, and that its germs, like those of yellow fever, are rendered inert by frost. Quinine, aconite, and belladonna are among the remedies which seem to be indicated by its symptoms, but what is especially needed is some prophylactic which will render the system proof against it.

Such is briefly the new theory. It is certainly plausible, but it remains to be seen whether it can make any headway against the prejudices of those who prefer the testimony of their own senses to the fine-spun theories of scientific men.

JUSTICE TO STOVES.

IN the Fall the rural house-holder brings forth the stove from its six months' imprisonment, and with fear and trembling undertakes the dangerous task of putting it up. Few fatal stove casualties are reported by the press, but the sudden and enormous increase in the demand for arnica and divorces which is shown by the records of rural druggists and rural courts, and which occurs every Fall, is a sad proof of the danger which menaces the man who grapples with a large and violent stove.

There is a melancholy sameness in the manner in which the stove displays its unwillingness to be handled by man. Like the scorpion, which argues with its tail, the stove uses its articulated pipe as its instrument of attack and defense. So long as the house-holder confines himself to carrying the stove from place to place, it rarely attacks him; but no sooner does he meddle with its pipe than its fury is aroused. His first effort is to connect the lower joints of the pipe with one another, and here is he met by a determined obstinacy which is worthy of an independent and self-poised pig, or even of an experienced army mule. The joints refuse to come together, and bend all their energy towards gratifying a fiendish thirst for human fingers. Sometimes, after a long struggle, the wrong joints are forced together, and when the house-holder discovers his mistake, they refuse to be separated except at the price of more blood and additional scraps of cuticle. Nothing but cool bravery and determined perseverance will succeed in properly joining the three lower joints of a stove-pipe, and when this victory has been won, the worst of the battle is yet to come. It is not until the householder has mounted on a step-ladder and undertakes to place the upper "elbow" on the pipe and to insert it in the chimney that the strength, activity, and malignity of the stove-pipe is fully

displayed. Its favorite feat is to release itself suddenly from the hands of its antagonist, strike his foot with its whole weight and its sharpest edge, and then to roll on the floor in evident convulsions of joy. Occasionally the upper "elbow" makes a vicious plunge for the house-holder's head, and instances are on record in which it has violently torn his nose from its foundations, or driven its fangs deep into his skull. Efforts to subdue it with clubs or hammers are seldom effective. Usually, the more the pipe is pounded the more unruly it becomes, and the more resolutely it refuses to enter the chimney-hole or to adhere to the stove.

Startling as the assertion may seem, it is by no means certain that these terrible conflicts are necessary, or that mankind cannot live on peaceable terms with stoves and stove-pipes. It is an assumption, which is unsustained by satisfactory evidence, that the stove is necessarily untamable. Buffon, it is true, asserted that "the stove possesses a fierce and indomitable nature, which cannot be tamed," and most subsequent naturalists have been content to adopt his opinion. Mr. Huxley, however, who, as an animal expert, is certainly at the head of his profession, disputes Buffon's assertion, and argues that inasmuch as the law recognizes the right of property in stoves, it implies that they are not *feræ naturæ*, and can therefore be tamed. He has never actually tamed a stove himself, for theory and not practice is his specialty, but his opinion is certainly entitled to respect, and is sufficient to show that the scientific world is not unanimous as to the alleged untamable nature of the stove.

There is good reason to believe that, were the stove treated kindly and intelligently, it would become as harmless as the grate or the furnace. Professional stove fanciers who deal in stoves never have any difficulty with them, and can always put up a stove without exciting it to the slightest demonstration of hostility. The average house-holder is probably to a very great extent responsible for the violence and bad temper of which he accuses his stove. He keeps it during the summer in close confinement, where it mentally rusts and naturally grows morose. He does not make himself familiar with it and accustom it to

be handled, but relies wholly upon his brute strength to keep it in subjection. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that when he mounts the step-ladder for the decisive struggle, he is almost invariably hot and excited. The presence of his wife, who stands near the foot of the ladder, expressing those wild and impracticable views as to the uses of the hammer, which are so characteristic of her sex and so well adapted to madden the other, has also its share in increasing his nervousness and in rendering him unfit to deal with his difficult task. In these circumstances he is apt to resort to harsh and violent treatment when it is not needed, and he ought not to wonder if he thereby excites the fear and resentment of which he subsequently complains. The mere fact that when a man is standing on a step-ladder with a stove-pipe in his arms he betrays a readiness to undervalue his wife's intellect, and to accuse her of "everlastingly chattering," speaks volumes as to his state of mind. The disasters incident to the season of putting up stoves are proofs, not of the wildness of the stoves, but of the irritability of husbands, and it may be safely asserted that an irritable man is unfit to deal with stoves or with any domestic animals.

Let us, then, instead of persistently treating the stove as though it were the inveterate enemy of the race, try the effect of kindness and gentleness. Weeks before the stove is to be put up, the pipe should be brought out and accustomed to the presence of the family. Its joints should be allowed to lie on the rug, or under the table, and from time to time they should be gently brought in contact, so as to accustom them to their approaching duty. When the hour for putting up the stove arrives, the house-holder should send his wife out of town, and after engaging a large Irishman with a club to remain within call in case of any extreme violence on the part of the stove, he should proceed to put it up alone. Possibly, this course of treatment might fail of securing the desired end, but at all events it is worth trying. The assumption that intelligent men cannot live in peace with stoves is simply disgraceful, and all humane persons should be anxious to prove its falsity without delay.

INEXPENSIVE GIRLS.

EVERY intelligent man knows that what is popularly called "perpetual motion" is an impossibility ; nevertheless the constant idiot who believes that he can make an engine which will furnish its own motive power never loses faith in perpetual motion. He goes on, from year to year, spending his money in cog-wheels and other vain machinery, and dies in the full conviction that if he could have lived a fortnight longer he would have proved the practicability of perpetual motion.

Closely analogous to this curious delusion is the theory that it is possible to construct a girl who shall live without food. As science has conclusively shown, the mysterious object commonly known as the human girl is merely an engine which consumes caramels and other miscellaneous fuel, and which is built of weak materials, which cannot last much longer than seventy years. To invent a girl that will furnish her own motive power and will consume no fuel whatever is as impossible as to invent any other variety of perpetual-motion machine. And yet ignorant persons are constantly engaged in this hopeless task, and about once in every year we are told that the desired girl has been successfully constructed and is in full operation. The latest announcement of the kind comes from the town of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, which boasts the possession of a girl who has eaten nothing for six consecutive months, but who has nevertheless been in constant motion during that entire period.

There is no doubt that, were it possible to manufacture girls who could live without food, they would speedily supersede the kind of girl now in use. At present girls are undeniably dear. The first cost of a well-built girl is not very great, but the necessity of supplying her with food three times a day entails a constant outlay of money.

There is no economy in feeding her with an inferior quality of food, or in diminishing the amount which she is calculated to consume. Scientific persons have ascertained the precise number of "units of work" that are contained in a single pound of pure caramels, and if a girl is constructed so as to perform a certain amount of flirtation, piano-playing, and novel-reading upon one pound of caramels, she can do only half as much work upon half a pound. The worst of it is, the girl requires to be regularly supplied with food and to have her steam constantly kept up, so to speak, no matter whether there is any demand for her services or not. In this respect she is decidedly inferior to the ordinary steam-engine, the fires of which may be banked or even entirely extinguished when the engine is not in use. No such expedient can be adopted in the case of a girl, for as soon as she is deprived of food her machinery falls to pieces, and she becomes entirely valueless. It is true that occasionally she may be sold for a trifling sum to the junk department of some medical college, but the demand for scrap-girl is usually very limited.

There would obviously be a great saving effected if this daily consumption of fuel could be avoided. If, during Lent, for example, girls could have their fires banked, and their machinery could remain inactive until they should be needed to set society once more in motion, the saving thereby effected would be enormous. Every scientific person, however, knows that this is impossible so long as the law of nature, which strictly prohibits the production of effects without adequate causes, remains in force. When, therefore, the inventor of the Sheboygan girl gravely asserts she has used no food for six months, and is, nevertheless, in good running order, we know that he is an impostor. It is admitted that the girl does not develop as much power as an ordinary girl of the same dimensions would develop. She walks slowly, and a local young man who has experimented with her asserts that she swings on the front gate in a feeble and listless manner, and that her stroke, when engaged in croquet, is weaker than that of the average theological student. Still, the fact that she is capable of any work whatever proves that she consumes food. The

quantity may be, and probably is, smaller than that used by other girls, but that she is regularly supplied with food is an absolute certainty.

The inventor claims that the girl consumes her own adipose tissue by some mysterious system of absorption, and that as fast as it is consumed it reappears in its original shape. Were any one to assert that the smoke and gases arising from the coal consumed by a Cunarder could be collected and solidified into precisely the original quantity of coal, and that this could be again used as fuel, he would be instantly advised to go west and edit a Wisconsin paper. Yet there are persons not entirely devoid of intelligence who really believe that the Sheboygan girl constantly accomplishes quite as impossible a feat. When it is remembered that they believe this solely upon the bare word of her inventor, we can hardly wonder that purchasers have been found for the stock of the Keely Motor Company.

There is a very simple way of exposing the false claims made for this impossible girl. Let her inventor allow her to be thoroughly searched for concealed sausage and other condensed food, and then let her be confined for a week in a cell where no food can be secretly brought to her. Before that time has expired the girl will either beg for food or her machinery will have ceased to act. Of course, the inventor will not consent to do this, since it is much more profitable for him to exhibit his girl at popular prices, but his unwillingness to allow her to be thoroughly tested will be a sufficient proof that he is imposing upon the Sheboygan public and raising false hopes among unscientific fathers who are dissatisfied with the annual cost of operating girls of the usual pattern.

WOMEN IN THE PULPIT.

THE dismissal of Rev. Miss Phœbe Hanaford by her congregation is a matter of general notoriety. In her case the experiment of a female Pastor has proved a failure. So far as can be learned the only charge brought against Miss

Hanaford was the charge that she was not a man. This she attempted neither to palliate nor deny, and she was therefore deprived of her pastorate in order that her place might be filled by a man.

Those enthusiastic reformers who advocate the admission of women to the ministry have uniformly looked at only one side of the matter. They insist that inasmuch as a woman can write and deliver a sermon at least as well as a majority of male ministers, there can be no valid argument against a female ministry. They fail, however, to perceive the inevitable effect which female pastors must have upon their congregations. If the order of nature is reversed in the pulpit, it will also be reversed in the congregation. Nature will maintain the just balance of the sexes in ecclesiastical affairs, and she will not permit a pretty woman to be substituted for an ascetic clergyman without striving to produce corresponding changes among the flock.

When the experiment was first tried in a rural New-England town some twenty years ago, it was clamorously asserted that it had brilliantly succeeded. In a short time, however, acute observers noticed that the young men of the congregation were undergoing a curious change. They became abnormally regular in their attendance at meeting, and although they showed a stern determination to occupy the front seats, they also manifested a winning modesty of manner previously unknown in the history of their sex. They would sit with upturned eyes gazing at their pastor and drinking in her eloquence with every token of earnest admiration. Sometimes they would be affected to tears, and would hide their eyes with perfumed handkerchiefs. In casual conversation they always mentioned the minister as "our dear pastor," and constantly quoted her as authority upon all questions of morals and manners. A little later and the price of worsted began to rise. The cause of this was soon known. Every one of the thirty-four young men was engaged in working slippers for his pastor. As this was a duty to which they were unaccustomed, they naturally spoiled an immense quantity of worsted, and mislaid or broke innumerable needles. Before the pastor had been

six months in the pulpit she had received thirty-four pairs of slippers, nine-tenths of which were embroidered with a cross, while the remainder bore, in letters of white floss-silk, the legend, "Bless my pastor."

After the slippers should have come, in regular ecclesiastical order, the usual smoking caps, but it was obvious that the latter would have been grossly inappropriate gifts to a female pastor. Much ingenuity was displayed in providing substitutes. One young man knit out of scarlet worsted a "cloud" for the pastoral head, and another braided with his own hands a magnificent "switch" of back hair, the material for which he purchased from a professional hair-dresser. The majority of the young men, however, expressed their pious devotion in embroidered handkerchiefs and lace collars, although it is rumored that an ill-advised widower, who was perhaps the most outspoken of the pastor's admirers, sent her a—that is to say, a garment made by his own hands out of the best quality of steel and modelled upon one formerly the property of his deceased wife, it is further asserted that his present was promptly returned to him, and that he therefore left town in a depressed state of mind, carrying his blighted hoops with him.

As the pastor did not wear a gown or surplice, the young men, after they had overwhelmed her with slippers and handkerchiefs, were at a loss what to do next. They finally hit upon the happy thought of making a magnificent overskirt of red cashmere, embroidered with blue, and ornamented with alternate yellow silk dogs and green silk horse-shoes in the angle of each scallop. One of the young men surreptitiously helped himself to a pattern from his sister's wardrobe, and produced it, under a strict vow of secrecy, to his admiring associates at their next Dorcas tea-party. Great difficulty was experienced in cutting out the garment, but by carefully ripping the pattern apart, and making a *fac-simile* of each piece, the new overskirt was made ready for sewing. The unconquerable tendency of some of the young men to sew exclusively with white cotton led to frequent disputes and delays; but at last the garment was accurately sewed together with black silk. De-

terminated to improve upon the original pattern, they put half a dozen pockets in the skirt, and attached a buckle and strap to the waistband, together with six metal suspender-buttons. Then the garment, nicely perfumed and neatly folded, was sent to the parsonage, with a note written in a fine Italian hand, and breathing the earnest affection of thirty-four pious and innocent hearts.

What was the surprise of those young men to learn on the following Sunday that the pastor would no longer conduct the Bible-class of which they were the sole members. They called upon her to beg a few moments' conversation upon the true meaning of Ezekiel's wheels, but were told that the pastor was busy, and that she begged to refer them to Deacon Smith. They felt that something was wrong, but they could not imagine what the matter really was. In the course of the next fortnight, however, the pastor suddenly brought home a husband from some distant town, who, being of an excitable and withal worldly nature, soon allowed it to become known that he felt perfect confidence in his ability to thrash the irreverent rascals who had insulted his wife by sending her a preposterous red p—tt—t.

After that, the young men lost all interest in religious things, and returned with great unanimity to their wallowing at the billiard-table, and it was generally felt that the experiment of a female pastor had not succeeded. But the fault was not in the pastor's sermons, nor in any lack of piety or discretion on her part. The failure of the experiment was the natural result of the attempt to reverse the proper sex of the pulpit. As soon as the female minister usurped manly functions, the young men of her flock developed feminine tendencies. Such will, doubtless, be the inevitable consequence of the presence of women in the pulpit, and it is surprising that no reformer can perceive what a powerful argument against a female ministry this state of things constitutes.

JAMES HENRY.

THE power to bear deserved punishment bravely, and to metaphorically kiss the rod, is one which belongs only to mature age. The small-boy never has it. When, after the commission of some juvenile crime, he is summoned by the school teacher to come and rest his weary form upon his beloved preceptor's lap, he goes to meet his fate with bitterness of heart ; and when the echoes of the interview have died away he returns sullenly to his desk, and, as he wearily seats himself on the extreme edge of his chair, he mentally "gol-darns" the teacher and determines to lay the crooked pin or the adhesive shoemaker's wax at the foundation of the tyrant, and to thus make him feel the misery which he inflicts on others. It is true that at times the spirit of the very small-boy is so utterly crushed by punishment that he is temporarily incapable of schemes of vengeance ; but sooner or later his anger burns, and he breathes out caricatures and chewed paper balls whenever the teacher is looking the other way. For the small-boy of whatever age to forgive and love the teacher who faithfully permeates his system with geography or arithmetic by means of a cane is an unheard-of phenomenon, or rather was unheard of until the advent of a recent and unique small-boy in Indiana.

In one of the small villages of that Western Commonwealth there is a flourishing school taught by a pretty school-mistress, who is nevertheless a stern and strict disciplinarian. Among her scholars is—or, at all events, was—a small-boy of the age of fourteen. Though a small-boy in years and moral character, he was by no means a small-boy in point of size, since he was tall, heavy, and muscular. There had been what rural newspapers would have called an epidemic of joggling in that school, and the teacher determined to crush out the loathsome vice with the utmost rigor. She therefore announced, one morning, that, inas-

much as mild measures had failed to suppress the evil, she had determined to whip the very next boy who should be detected in joggling. Fear fell upon the small-boys, and they sat in silence for fully half an hour, when suddenly a small hand was raised, and the teacher was informed that, "Please, mum, James Henry is a-joggling awful." In fact, the teacher had herself seen the culprit in the very act, and she had no choice except to summon him to the platform for punishment.

Now, James Henry was the preternaturally large small-boy who has just been mentioned, and the school-mistress' heart sank within her probable bosom as she realized the fact that he was taller and vastly stronger than herself. On reaching the platform he firmly denied his guilt, and when he was severely requested not to lie about it, he proposed that inasmuch as there seemed to be a difference of opinion as to the matter, which might lead to a breach of the peace, he would be entirely satisfied to "leave it out" to five judges of the Supreme Court, whose decision should be final. But the school-mistress had announced her policy in respect of joggling, and she could not now depart from it. So James Henry's compromise plan was rejected, and the teacher, armed with a heavy ruler, rose to enforce her authority.

It was so clearly impossible for her to—in fact, it was so totally out of the question, that she was compelled to commute the threatened punishment into a severe "ruling." The large small-boy was therefore directed to hold out his right hand, at which the conscientious teacher aimed a dozen violent blows, most of which hit her own skirts, though a few fell on good ground, where there was the usual juvenile abundance of soil. "Now the other hand," gasped the flurried and breathless teacher; but James Henry, with a sweet, sad smile, extended both arms, inclosed his instructress in a respectful though tender embrace, and, calmly kissing her, remarked that, if she wanted to "lick" him any more, she might go on for six months at the same price. Then the good and forgiving small-boy went back to his seat and plunged into the multiplication table, while the pretty school-mistress first dropped the

tear of sensibility, and then, defiantly calling up the first class in spelling, allowed them to spell six-syllable words by the light of nature, without once intimating that she noticed the indecent liberties which they took with the orthography of the English tongue.

What a lesson of practical forgiveness and true Christian benevolence is taught by this simple story. The heart of the natural small-boy, had he been in James Henry's place, would have been full of hatred toward the school-mistress, and he would have openly reviled her, after school hours, as a hateful old maid, and would have made faces at her in church next Sunday behind her back. The heart of the good James Henry, on the contrary, harbored nothing but love and gratitude towards his teacher, and so far from fighting against punishment, he was willing to endure the ruler and to kiss the young woman who smote him. Juvenile literature possesses no youthful hero whose example is more thoroughly worthy of imitation, and were it imitated by all small-boys, our schools would become so many dove-cots wherein juggling and wickedness of every kind would be unknown. Of course, so good a small-boy as James Henry will presently die of slow consumption, as all good boys do, but his memory will be a precious legacy and his example may turn thousands of thoughtless jugglers from the evil of their ways and bring kisses to scores of hungry and hopeless school-ma'ams.

MOUNTED MISSIONARIES.

THE Baptist ministers of New York held a meeting not long since to discuss the propriety of buying an elephant. At first glance it does not seem as if an elephant could give any real comfort to an association of Baptist ministers. The Methodists or the Presbyterians might, perhaps, look with some favor upon the unwieldy beast, because of his skill in sprinkling water through his trunk, but he has not a single trait that fits him for Baptist purposes. Of course, an elephant could be used to great ad-

vantage as an attraction in Sunday-schools, of whatever denomination. Where the stereopticon is scoffed at by the *blasé* Sunday-school scholar, and even the returned missionary with real idols has lost his charm, a live elephant might do a vast deal of good in building up a prosperous school. If a Sunday-school were to advertise that its scholars should enjoy a monthly ride on a real Indian elephant, rival Sunday-schools would be totally deserted. Although the first cost of an elephant would be heavy, the animal would pay for itself within a year by the saving in candy, prize books, ice-cream, strawberries, distinguished lecturers, and magic-lanterns which its use would permit; and as the elephant is a Scriptural animal, while magic-lanterns and candy are not so much as mentioned in the whole extent of the Bible, the elephant's religious influence would, doubtless, be even greater than that of any other edible or optical attraction. Still, there is nothing about the elephant which commends it to a Baptist rather than to any other style of Sunday-school, and in point of fact, a nice whale, or even a modest aquarium filled with inexpensive fishes, might naturally be expected to possess stronger attractions to the earnest Baptist mind.

The Baptist ministers in question, however, had no intention of buying an elephant for home use. It seems that a Baptist missionary residing in India desired to have a nice, easy-riding elephant, with which to lighten the labor of making parochial visits, as well as to pursue the outlying and elusive heathen of the neighboring provinces. He had heard of a good elephant which could be bought for five hundred dollars, and he therefore asked his ministerial brethren at home to present him with this cheap and useful beast. Whether this request should be granted was a question which led to a good deal of debate. One of the ministers suggested that although five hundred dollars was not a high price for an elephant, nevertheless the cost of feeding it would be unpleasantly heavy; but he was silenced by an astute brother, who explained that if the missionary were to hire a coolie at \$3.25 per month, the latter would manage to feed the beast without further expense to the owner. Very probably an enterprising coolie could collect

enough peanuts, candy, pop-corn, marbles, and other articles, such as constitute the food of the average circus elephant, to keep his reverend master's beast from actual starvation, but can the Baptist ministers coolly ignore that coolie's soul, and wink at the forced collection of elephant fodder from the young and helpless heathen?

The purchase of this elephant would be a matter of unusual importance, since it would be the adoption of an entirely new system of missionary effort. At present the missionaries in India are all of the nature of heavy infantry troops. They intrench themselves in permanent quarters, where they besiege the heathen with schools, church services, and other time-honored weapons of spiritual warfare. As their marches must be made on foot, and they are without proper means of transportation, they can move but a short distance from their base of supplies, and hence their influence is circumscribed within comparatively narrow limits. A corps of light missionaries, mounted on swift elephants, and carrying a fortnight's supply of rations and tracts, would revolutionize the whole art of missionary campaigning. The intrepid missionary could enter a village at a brisk trot, delivering volleys of tracts at the flying natives, and on reaching the market-place could preach a sermon from the safe elevation of his "howdah," which would command far greater attention than any sermon preached by a dusty pedestrian could possibly command. If the elephant, who is a wonderfully intelligent beast, were taught to hunt idols and dash them in pieces with his trunk, the heathen would hardly fail to be struck with awe. It need scarcely be pointed out that a sermon preached against Juggernaut from the back of an elephant constantly occupied in throwing that objectionable idol into the air and catching him as he came down, would appeal in the strongest manner to the impressible Oriental mind.

The mounted missionary thus roaming the Indian plains would present a very different spectacle from that presented by the slow-plodding missionary of the Judson type. In fact, the difference would be as marked as that between the old-fashioned Sunday-school, where children

struggled with the Catechism, and its modern successor, where the comic slides of the magic-lantern strengthen and purify the juvenile soul. Dr. Judson and his compeers, who gave their lives to teach the heathen the way of life, may have been well-meaning and not wholly unsuccessful men, but they must now be regarded as old-fashioned persons. What is now needed is the dashing light missionary, dressed in a striking uniform, mounted on his fast elephant, and making brilliant and unexpected raids upon the astonished heathen. If some one would only invent a light howitzer, capable of being carried on the back of an elephant, and warranted to throw tracts with accuracy at least a thousand yards, the mounted missionary would need nothing further to increase his efficiency.

THE BUZZ-SAW.

THE recent partial destruction of a leading citizen of Sheboygan by an infuriated buzz-saw calls renewed attention to the ferocious character of the latter and the extreme danger of all attempts to domesticate it. The buzz-saw in question was a large one which had been for nearly a year in the possession of a prominent Sheboygan lumber-merchant, and had been remarkable for its uniform good behavior and its supposed gentleness. In fact, it was believed to be thoroughly tame, and its proprietor, although a man of unusual caution, had long since ceased to apprehend any danger from it. Last Friday the unfortunate leading citizen to whom reference has been made entered the room in which the buzz-saw is confined, and while engaged in an animated conversation with the lumber-merchant incautiously stroked the side of the buzz-saw, under the apparent impression that it was asleep. Without an instant's warning, the leading citizen's right hand was severed at the wrist, and his left hand, with which he involuntarily tried to save the severed member, was also frightfully mangled. Faint with pain and loss of blood, he fell directly within reach of the ferocious teeth already

bathed in his private gore, and the result was that before he could be rescued he was nearly cut in two in the region of the upper vest pocket. He still survives, although in a most lamentable condition, and his physicians assert that had the buzz-saw succeeded in its deadly purpose of dividing him into two parts, it is more than doubtful whether the resources of medical science would have been able to put him together again. The affair has naturally created a good deal of indignation, and the people of Sheboygan are asking whether it is tolerable that men should keep buzz-saws which may at any moment destroy unwary leading citizens and dissect incautious women and children.

That the buzz-saw is absolutely untamable has been thoroughly proved. In the North-western States, where they abound, buzz-saws are kept by lumber merchants as commonly as dogs are kept by the herdsmen of sheep-grazing countries. The buzz-saw, however, has no sense of gratitude, is insensible to fear, and cannot be trusted for a single moment. It may be daily fed with the best lubricating oil, but it is always ready to tear the hand that feeds it. Though it may feign gentleness for many consecutive months, it does so merely in order to render its selected victims sufficiently confident to place themselves within its grasp. Sooner or later its savage thirst for blood will assert itself, and the despairing shriek of its unhappy prey will attest the sharpness of its cruel teeth. There is probably not a single buzz-saw in the United States which has been in captivity for more than six months of which some horrible tragedy cannot be told. In view of these facts the indignant question of the Sheboygan people deserves an answer, and there can be but little doubt as to what that answer should be.

Before, however, deciding that the keeping of buzz-saws should be prohibited by law, it ought to be ascertained whether they cannot be rendered harmless by filing their teeth. It has been already shown by certain dog-fanciers that a dog whose teeth have been filed so as to render them comparatively blunt cannot inflict a dangerous bite, for the simple reason that his teeth cannot break the human skin. Might not a similar experiment be made upon the buzz-

saw? Mr. Bergh would doubtless interpose objections, and argue that where there exists a deep-rooted desire for human gore it is cruelty to take any measures calculated to render the satisfying of this desire impossible. All other persons, however, will agree that the safety of leading citizens is of more consequence than the comfort of the buzz-saw; and that society has a right to protect the former from complete or partial destruction, even at the cost of inflicting temporary pain upon the latter. In point of fact—however, there is no cruelty in filing the teeth of the buzz-saw. The only possible objection to such a course is the uncertainty whether a buzz-saw with blunt teeth would be really innocuous. As there would be considerable danger in performing the experiment—owing to the fierce resistance which the buzz-saw would undoubtedly make—it would be well to try it on the tiger or the lion. If those animals cannot bite with blunt teeth, we may be reasonably sure that the buzz-saw will cease to be dangerous after undergoing a careful process of dental filing, and there will be sufficient reason for incurring the danger of performing the operation. If, on the other hand, it should be found that the buzz-saw, even after its teeth have been blunted, is still able to gratify its blood thirsty instincts, the decree for its extirpation should go forth. It is by no means creditable to use that while we have shown no mercy to the grizzly bear, the wolf, and the rattlesnake, we have permitted the buzz-saw to multiply without restriction. The latter is far more dangerous than the indigenious wild animals which it has, to so great an extent, supplanted; and now that it has set its teeth in the flesh of a leading citizen, it should be made to feel the vengeance of a long-suffering and mangled people.

THE TWO BROWNS.

THERE is a class of people who are always ready to tell what they do not like, but who carefully refrain from mentioning what they do like. They are eager to tear down, but entirely unwilling to rebuild. There, for example, is Mr. Talmage, who some time since mentioned with indignant eloquence that a ship once sailed from Boston on board of which were "three missionaries and twenty-four thousand gallons of rum." Of course, he meant to say that there was a want of proper proportion of the two articles which formed that vessel's cargo. In his opinion either there was too much rum for the missionaries, or too many missionaries for the rum; but he contented himself with merely expressing his dissatisfaction. To this day the world does not know what Mr. Talmage considers the true proportion between rum and missionaries, and whether he thinks that the Boston ship ought to have carried less than three missionaries or more than twenty-four thousand gallons of rum. He found it easier to abuse the ship-owners than to explain to them what they ought to have done; and preferred to scoff rather than to teach.

Of a like habit of mind are those numerous persons who scoff at young Mr. Brown, of Utica. The other morning young Mr. Brown's father arose at an unholy hour and proceeded to examine his refrigerator. The refrigerator in question was an unusually large one—for old Mr. Brown is a butcher, and necessarily uses a great deal of ice in keeping constantly on hand for a week or a fortnight "beef that was killed yesterday." Entering his refrigerator for some purpose not distinctly specified, Mr. Brown unwarily permitted the door to close after him. It closed with a spring-lock, and the unfortunate butcher found himself locked up in an air-tight box with the thermometer at 20°. Death—and a particular cold variety of death at that—

stared him in the face ; and it is to be hoped that for once in his life he saw the folly of early rising, and bitterly repented of his fault.

Meanwhile, young Mr. Brown was sleeping in his own bedroom and dreaming with great energy and success. When he awoke, at a comparatively reasonable hour, he remembered that he had been dreaming that he had a father in the refrigerator. It does not appear that this dream had the effect of inducing him to get out of bed earlier than was his custom. Probably he took very little interest in the dream, and rather regretted that he had not dreamed of a refrigerator of strawberries and cream, or some other really useful article. Or perhaps he reflected that the weather was extremely warm, and in case his father actually was in the refrigerator he would be sure to "keep" for at least a week or ten days. But even the youngest men must in time get out of bed, and so young Mr. Brown ultimately got up and went down stairs to enjoy the morning air and to ascertain if there were any pork chops for breakfast.

Whether young Mr. Brown opened the door of the refrigerator because he had dreamed that it contained his father or because he hoped that it contained pork chops is not certain. Neither is it positively known whether his search for pork chops proved successful. We do know, however, that on opening the refrigerator young Mr. Brown found the author of his existence so nearly frozen that he could have been sent to a Fiji Island hotel with the certainty of arriving at his destination in perfect condition for the table. Hurriedly lifting up his congealed parent, and casting a rapid glance at the shelf where the pork chops were usually kept, the horrified son called for help. The other members of the household promptly assembled. Old Mr. Brown was judiciously thawed out, and on recovering his consciousness learned that he would certainly have been a dead man had not his son come to his rescue.

Now it will be perceived that the question whether young Mr. Brown expected to find his father in the refrigerator, or whether his whole mind was occupied with pork chops is not one of any importance. What the public

wishes to know is how he came to dream that he had a father in the refrigerator? It is this question that scoffing iconoclasts refuse to answer. They content themselves with saying that it is all rubbish to claim that information is ever conveyed by dreams. This is merely an attack on young Mr. Brown's dreaming abilities, and it suggests no answer to the question under consideration. Of course, it might be said that the presence of old Mr. Brown in the refrigerator and the dream of young Mr. Brown merely constituted a coincidence. If young men were in the habit of dreaming of fathers on ice, and if old men were in the habit of shutting themselves up in refrigerators, this explanation might be accepted. If young Mr. Brown had dreamed of pork chops in the refrigerator and had subsequently found them there, it would undoubtedly have been a mere coincidence, since the facts would have been in accordance with the usual habits of both young Mr. Brown and pork chops. But in the case as it actually occurred there was an entirely novel dream which entirely coincided with an entirely novel state of things. If this was a mere coincidence, it is idle to presume that there is any such thing as cause and effect in the sequence of any successive events.

Instead of sneering at all dreams, it would be wiser if skeptical people would try to explain young Mr. Brown's meritorious dream of his father and the refrigerator. There is no reason to doubt that the facts of the case are substantially as they have just been narrated. The subject deserves to be investigated in an unprejudiced spirit, and without any connection with irrelevant pork chops. Until it is so investigated, scoffers should keep silent and refrain from attacking one theory until they are ready to replace it with another.

THE RIVAL "MOTORS."

It is nearly two years since Mr. Keely first announced that his new "motor" was nearly ready to begin its great work of supplanting steam, horses, small-boys, and all other previous motive powers. All that he wanted was a pailful of water and a generator. Since that time he has repeatedly completed his generator, but he still delays to begin his great supplanting process. Probably he has been unable to obtain the needed pailful of water. Indeed, this is the only explanation which will account for his delay, unless we accept the hypothesis that his alleged motor is a delusion.

Meanwhile, Mr. Daniel Cook, of Mansfield, Ohio, has invented another motor which promises to completely eclipse that devised by Mr. Keely. As might have been expected, since it is the invention of a Western man, the Cook motor requires no water. It consists simply of a generator, which generates unlimited quantities of electricity, and of an engine, in which the force of electricity is trained to do the inventor's bidding. Hitherto scientific persons have found it extremely easy to generate electricity in small quantities, but they have never been able to generate enough to be of any use. There are scores of learned scientific men who are fully capable of taking a cat into a dark closet and of rubbing her fur the wrong way until it sparkles and crackles with electricity; but if they were to be asked to fill, say, an eight-quart pail with the electricity thus evolved, and to construct even a one-cat-power engine in which to use the subtle fluid, they would immediately begin to talk about the correlation of species or the survival of forces, and thus endeavor to conceal, under a cloud of scientific terms, their utter inability to accomplish the task proposed. It is true that Dr. Franklin, who was once caught in a thunder-storm while flying a kite, sustain-

ed a severe shock from the electricity which passed down the string. He could not, however, be properly said to have generated the electricity thus collected from the clouds, and his subsequent insincerity in excusing his want of sufficient knowledge to come in when it rained by alleging that he flew his kite in a thunder-storm as a scientific experiment, casts doubt upon his entire account of the affair. The truth is, electricity has never yet been produced, much less bottled, in large quantities, by any scientific person, and the utmost that science can do in that direction is to produce a few sparks with the common domestic cat, or a small stream with the help of a galvanic battery.

Mr. Cook, on the other hand, has discovered a method of generating, not merely currents, but "whole floods and oceans of electricity," at a ridiculously small cost. His generator needs no fuel, but when once put in working order will generate electricity by the hogshead for a practically unlimited period of time. This electricity he proposes to supply to the public in quantities to suit customers, and he claims that as fuel and light it will speedily supersede coal and gas. It is, however, chiefly as a motive power that he values his invention. It can be applied to all the purposes for which either steam or gunpowder is now used, and is infinitely more powerful than either. With it he has repeatedly performed the interesting experiment of sending "chunks of iron" through the roof of his house and out into space, beyond the reach of the earth's attraction. This clearly demonstrates the tremendous power of the new motor, but it is doubtful if Mrs. Smith fully appreciates the grandeur of the feat of hurling "chunks" of iron through her ceilings, or if the natives of other planets approve of the recklessness which sends the same "chunks" flying about their heads. Mr. Cook has become so elated with the success of his chunk experiment that he thinks he can navigate space by machines propelled by the same force which hurls his chunks of iron through Mrs. Smith's dining-room ceiling and spare bed. There is no doubt that if iron can be shot beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction, other missiles could be similarly projected, and there are probably scores of men who would be as willing to have

all their wives' relatives thus hurled into the inter-stellar spaces as Artemus Ward was to have his wife's relatives enter the army. No person, however, will be willing to lead the way in such a hazardous expedition into space, and Mr. Cook will have, for some time to come, to devote himself to the benevolent work of converting his neighbors' cats into improved comets which will circle forever round the sun with glistening eyeballs and with streaming and expanded tails.

While there is no more reason to doubt the truth of Mr. Cook's assertions than there is to doubt those of Mr. Keely, it is annoying to reflect that neither inventor has yet fully perfected his respective motor. It is announced that the Cook motor is to be patented and laid before the public at once, but very possibly something will intervene to delay its completion. Perhaps the most satisfactory proof which these two great inventors could give of the genuineness of their claims would be for Mr. Keely to shoot Mr. Cook into space with the electric motor, and to subsequently blow himself into fine particles with his own water-pail motor. There would then be an end of all uncertainty as to these two great inventions, and there would also be a satisfactory end of the two inventors. The world has a great respect for inventive genius, but when a man continually announces for a long period that he has invented a new motor which he is never quite ready to exhibit, the desire to kill him, and thus silence his aggravating claims forever, becomes one of the strongest passions ever developed in the human breast.

THE WHEELBARROW IN POLITICS.

It is undeniable that the American is fond of betting on elections. He does this from a variety of motives. Sometimes he bets because he is anxious to know who is to be elected, and remembers the reply of that profound investigator, Sir Isaac Newton, to an ignorant person who questioned the truth of the theory of gravitation—"How

can you find out whether anything is true or not unless you bet on it?" At other times he bets because he is confident as to what the result will be, and desirous of winning money and hats. And, finally, he bets because he is a cheerful idiot, who longs to be publicly wheeled in a wheelbarrow, or to witness a congenial display of idiocy on the part of his opponent.

The extent to which the wheelbarrow pervades our system of popular government is one of the first things which strikes an intelligent foreigner who visits this country immediately after an election, and travels from New York to Niagara Falls and thence to Canada, in order to thoroughly study American institutions. On every road men are seen solemnly wheeling wheelbarrows which contain barrels of flour, barrels of apples, or exultant citizens. Occasionally the electoral wheelbarrow is empty—thus indicating that the intellect of the wheeler or of his betting opponent has been able to grasp the bold conception of an empty wheelbarrow, but has proved too feeble to simultaneously grapple with the idea of a wheelbarrow laden with citizens or barrels. All over the country the wheeler and the wheeled pursue their solemn way until they have accomplished the full mission of their idiocy as prescribed by the conditions of their respective wagers. The spectacle is one which necessarily fills the thoughtful foreigner with amazement, and it was perhaps only natural that the distinguished Italian historian and essayist, Signor G. Maccheroni, should have mistakenly asserted in his *Storia Politica Degli Stati Uniti*, that "after an election the defeated party is always wheeled by its successful antagonists many miles into the gloomy interior of that vast and savage country, where it is compelled to remain in exile until the next election, subsisting exclusively upon flour and apples, and cruelly deprived of the consolations of music and monkeys."

There is no doubt that the man who makes a wheelbarrow bet fancies that if he is publicly wheeled by his opponent, the latter will be covered with ridicule. Herein he shows a hopeless idiocy, nearly allied to that which is evinced by the alleged persons who bite off their personal

noses in order to spite their respective faces. The wheeler is vastly less ridiculous than the wheeled. The latter cannot possibly maintain a dignified appearance when huddled together in a wheelbarrow, built without the slightest reference to the exigencies of the human legs, while the former has the priceless privilege of wheeling him over every stone in the road, and thus bumping him until he is unable to remember whether he was originally flavored with lemon or vanilla, and utterly careless as to what form of mold he is to be emptied into at the end of his ride. It is the wheeled and not the wheeler who absorbs the interest of the small-boy, and the fact that he cannot extricate himself from a wheelbarrow in motion in order to pursue a juvenile humorist renders him the target of every sarcastic cat and ironical cabbage that the small-boy can bring to his attention.

It is possible that a vague perception of the disadvantages of being wheeled may have led the less violent idiots to restrict their wheelbarrow bets to the wheeling of barrels of apples and of barrels of flour. The man who wheels a heavy barrel for several miles, while his successful opponent follows in a carriage and reads the election returns in a loud and cheerful voice, is naturally, in public estimation, the more pitiable idiot of the two. But even he has at his command the means of relieving himself of his task, and of achieving sudden popularity. He has only to upset his barrel in a crowded street, and to sit quietly on the curb stone until the last apple or the last pound of flour has been carried off by the grateful populace. It is a convincing evidence of the weakness of the wheelbarrow idiot that he rarely thinks of this device, but calmly wheels his barrel to his own home and then confiscates it. Of course, if he thus prefers theft and ridicule to ease and popularity, it is his own affair, but it is sufficiently clear that no one with any glimmering of sense need look upon the wheeling of electoral barrels as a burdensome penalty for rash betting.

The recent Presidential election, the result of which was so long in doubt owing to the determined effort of the politicians to keep back the returns with the view of

counting out Peter Cooper, affords an excellent opportunity for the final withdrawal of the wheelbarrow from American politics. The uncertainty which for so many days prevented the payment of bets caused the wheelbarrow betters to lose all interest in their prospective wheeling. A torch-light procession by daylight, waving banners inscribed with the names of last year's defeated candidates, would be cheerful in comparison with feats of public wheeling performed in connection with an election, of which we are now all so thoroughly tired. Thus it is highly improbable that this year's wheelbarrow wagers will be paid, and there is hence an opportunity for people to seriously ask themselves what good purpose such wagers can possibly serve? What benefit will the country derive if Mr. Bowles should persist in wheeling a rival editor from Springfield to Boston? Could the former nominate Mr. Adams with any more vigor and constancy than he has hitherto done, and could the latter conduct his paper any better for being bumped into a mass of palpitating protoplasm? Let these great men set the noble example of voluntarily cancelling their bet, and let them henceforth urge upon the people the duty and expediency of totally eliminating the wheelbarrow from the political arena.

ROYAL QUARRELS.

ONE of the chief objections to following the business of a reigning king or queen is the publicity which is given to every royal act and thought. The modern newspaper correspondent knows everything that takes place within the walls of every royal or imperial palace in Europe. Why it is that Victoria, and William, and Alexander, and the other members of the profession confide all their hopes, anxieties, and troubles to the correspondents of the *Oshkosh Bugle of Freedom*, or other leading beer journals of America, is not plain to the ordinary mind; but that such is the habitual conduct of those confiding monarchs there is no room for doubt. Thanks to the newspaper correspondents, the

world knows exactly how often the crown prince of Germany boxes the ears of the crown princess, and precisely what the Emperor William remarked to his wayward son when he last caught him in the act of enforcing marital discipline, and gently checked his ardor by twisting his left ear. Especially are we familiar with the respective griefs of the members of the English royal family. We know how the Princess Beatrice told her mother that she would not walk behind any Russian minx that ever yet breakfasted on candles; and how the queen said: "Never mind, my dear, Mr. Disraeli shall give us the imperial title, and then no imported minx can take precedence over princesses of native manufacture." Then we are told how the Duchess of Edinburgh resented this astute device, and said to the queen: "If you think, mum, that I shall recognize your Indian title, mum, you are mistaken; which I am not to be put upon in that way, mum, and am going back to Russia to-morrow, mum." These and other stories might seem a trifle improbable did not the newspaper correspondents assure us of their truth, and unless we are to doubt their word, we must accept the painful certainty that royal families cannot indulge in the most private "tiff" without having a full report of their remarks subsequently laid before the public.

The latest domestic disagreement in the household of the Prince of Wales is so unique in its origin, and promises to be so serious in its results that it is strange that it has hitherto received only a passing notice from the enterprising correspondents. It is generally known that the prince brought home a large menagerie of wild animals from India, partly with the view of eclipsing the Skye terriers of which his brother Alfred is perpetually boasting, and partly to go into business as a travelling menagerie exhibitor in case Mr. Bradlaugh carries out his threat of refusing to permit him to ascend the throne. Among these animals were two fine ostriches of the most miscellaneous digestive powers. These ostriches were at first welcomed with delight by Alexandra, who is fond of singing birds, and were placed in the back yard of the Sandringham palace. On the very first night of their arrival they ate up the lawn-

mower, all the garden tools, and a set of camp-stools. On discovering that these articles were missing, the prince instantly accused his wife of having put them away, according to the aggravating custom of orderly women, and expressed the wish that she would learn to leave his things alone. That day the correspondents were pained to know that Alexandra was constantly weeping, and that the prince remained sullen and silent. On the next day one of the ostriches was detected by the princess in the act of swallowing the very last article of the week's wash, while the other was ravenously devouring the clothes-pins. This terrible scene afforded a clue to the disappearance of the lawn-mower and the agricultural tools, and we can easily understand that the princess, indignant at the false accusations which had been levelled at her, and outraged by the loss of the week's wash, demanded, with flashing eyes, that the ostriches should instantly have a few feet of their necks wrung, and should subsequently be sent to the poulterer's. The prince refused to accede to this proposal, and asserted that he would keep ostriches in his own back yard in spite of all the princesses in England or Denmark, and the upshot of the whole affair was a complete estrangement between the once loving pair, and the promulgation of mutual threats of divorce and ostrich poisoning.

This curious illustration of royal manners and customs has not been minutely described by the correspondents, but the story is as intrinsically probable as any of the anecdotes of palace dissensions which are daily published. It is not saying too much to claim that it deserves precisely as much credit as is due to the elaborate accounts of the quarrel between the Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the public which believes the latter ought to have no difficulty in accepting the former.

THE EXPRESS EVIL.

THERE are certain moral evils which are always prominently developed in thickly populated towns. It may not be true that the inhabitants of a city are more frequently immoral than the inhabitants of rural villages, but it is very certain that forms of vice which are scarcely known among the latter are repulsively prominent among the former. How to deal with these vices is the problem of the legislator. They may be totally ignored, or the attempt may be made to regulate or suppress them. The latter, is, of course, the plan which the moralist instinctively advocates, but if experience demonstrates that repression is impossible, it is then the duty of the wise man to ascertain if another course may not lessen the evils which all decent men deplore.

Among these moral evils inseparable from city civilization is the express evil. It was unknown in the earlier and purer days of the Republic, but of late years it has made terrific strides. Our cities swarm with its ministers and votaries. The expressman lies in wait for his prey not only in the streets and hotels, but he hunts for victims on the railway trains and steamboats that bring hither the innocent rural traveller. In the most prominent thoroughfares the temples of the express evil raise their shameless front, and the infamous work of ruining externally and internally the trunks of confiding tourists is practiced in broad daylight, and without a pretence of concealment. This state of things has now existed for many years, and it daily grows worse and worse. It is time that we seriously inquired what is our real duty in regard to it.

At an early period our legislatures seemed to have formed the decision that the express evil cannot be supposed by penal legislation. While men and women remain the same as they are at present, they will possess trunks,

which they will inevitably insist upon moving from place to place. Even were the police to arrest every known professional expressman, others would be found who would carry on the trade of trunk-smashing in secrecy, and this very secrecy would be attended by evils perhaps greater than those which now characterize the express business. Holding these views, our legislators have despaired of crushing out the express evil, and they have hence undertaken to lessen its horrors by subjecting it to legal regulation. To the moralist there is something inexpressibly revolting in the idea of licensing expressmen, and thus giving the implied sanction of law to their trunk and valise destroying trade. But if the license system limits the number of expressmen, and lessens the number of trunks that would otherwise be irretrievably lost and ruined, does not the gain justify the system? We do not say that it does, but the question is not one to be lightly put aside and disregarded.

The license system has been in force so long that its result can easily be ascertained and its actual value estimated. It is obvious that while it has prevented clandestine baggage-smashing, it has greatly increased the number and boldness of professional expressmen. Where a dozen years ago there was one express-office in this city there are now a dozen, and each one seems to vie with its rivals in the evil which it accomplishes. Every day there are hundreds of men and women who yield to the seductive wiles of the railroad express agent, and intrust him with trunks which he promises to deliver promptly and in an uninjured state. We all know what follows. Hours after the promised time the unfortunate trunks are returned to their owners—if indeed they are returned at all—in a condition of dilapidation which shocks the most hardened traveller. Even if they are not irretrievably ruined, their straps have departed forever, and no repentance for misplaced confidence can ever restore the integrity of their hinges. In many cases trunks that falls into the hand of the expressmen are never seen again. They are swallowed up in the whirlpool of the express evil, and are lost as irretrievably as though they had sunk to the bottom of the river.

If this has been the result of the license system, it is difficult to see how we can refrain from calling it a failure. And yet we should probably gain nothing by adopting the policy of repression, while the idea of ignoring the whole matter and permitting every one to ply the vocation of an expressman without the slightest restraint is, of course, out of the question. It cannot be that the enlightened nineteenth century is incapable of grappling with this formidable evil and rendering it henceforth innocuous. Still the true method of so doing has yet to be devised, and the subject is one which ought to engage the earnest attention of moralists and social reformers.

PORCINE PRODIGIES.

EVERY one knows that the law of Moses forbade the ancient Israelites to eat pork. It does not follow, however, that the Jews despised the pig. Their abstinence from pork may have been a proof not that they loved pork less but pig more. Among the Gentiles, on the other hand, the pig has been universally prized as containing the promise and potency of ham, bacon, roast pork, and sausages. He is found all over the globe, and it is a touching thought that the morning squeak of the hungry pig follows the sun in his rising and that the universal habit of gathering swill for the sustenance and comfort of swine indicates the common origin of all mankind, and binds humanity together by a fragrant and semi-liquid bond.

In all ages the pig has been the friend and companion of a man. In the cottage of the Irish peasant he shares the bed and board of his proprietor, and in our Western land the pig's palatial sty is built close under the eyes and noses of the farmer's family. In Polynesia so greatly is the pig venerated that the simple islander can find no better way in which to describe the tender and wholesome missionary than to call him "long pig." In some parts of the world the pig has been made the standard of value, and used as currency. Thus, in the Fiji islands, pigs were

formerly made a legal tender for the purchase of wives, and were regarded by native financiers as a wonderfully convenient, satisfactory, and non-exportable species of currency. It was found, however, that unprincipled Fijian speculators would occasionally inflate their pigs with dried apples and water, and thus defraud their creditors and disturb the national finances, whereupon the king called in the whole outstanding volume of pigs, and decreed a return to the old-fashioned system under which the strong paid the weak with clubs and battle-axes.

Aside from his uses as food and currency, the pig possesses many charming qualities of head and heart, together with accomplishments that endear him to every cultivated mind. He has a powerful and beautiful voice, and when he lifts it up to sing his passionate and despairing death song in the presence of the remorseless butcher, he frequently surpasses the best efforts of certain popular interpreters of the Verdian opera. It is only fair to admit that his habit of soliloquizing when analyzing the contents of the swill-tub is not an evidence of good breeding. Still, if we knew the meaning of his remarks we might be forced to recognize him as a profound philosopher, and hence a beast absolved from a close compliance with the artificial laws of social intercourse. Indirectly the pig has had a large share in the achievements of art for which men have basely taken the exclusive credit. The pig built the two great cities of Cincinnati and Chicago, and it was with his inspired bristles that Rubens painted his greatest pictures, and our leading African artists whitewashed our walls and ceilings.

The pig's intellect is clear and strong. What has been mistakenly called his "obstinacy" is only his intense individuality. He disdains to yield to coercion, and before blaming the pig for refusing to be dragged in a given direction by a string tied to his hind leg, his critics should ask themselves whether in like circumstances they too would not protest with equal shrillness against so indecent an outrage. That the pig has a remarkable capacity for learning has been repeatedly proved. Pigs have been taught, to solve mathematical problems without the aid of

slate and pencil, which men calling themselves intelligent and accomplished could not have solved with a whole school-room full of black-boards and absolutely unlimited chalk. The crowning intellectual achievement of the pig has been his mastery of the game of whist. There have been learned pigs who could sit down to a whist-table and play a brilliant and successful game without once grunting at an opponent who was slow in leading, or yelling at a partner who timidly held on to five trumps and an honor. We might seek in vain at our best clubs for so much skill, combined with such careful courtesy, at the whist-table, and even if the story of the California pig, who played poker and dealt himself four aces every time, be untrue, the fact that the pig is a whist-playing animal demonstrates his rare intellectual capacity.

And now a Kentucky pig has suddenly developed a genius for gymnastics and engineering which eclipses the proudest previous achievements of his race. This eminent pig was recently placed by his owner in a pasture surrounded by a high wall and ornamented by elm-trees festooned with wild-grape-vines. The walls, however, could not confine his bold and vagrant spirit. Selecting a tree standing near the western wall of the pasture, he carefully bit loose the lower end of a stout grape-vine which was attached by its tendrils to a limb of the tree, and taking this improvised rope in his mouth, swung himself in the air until he had gathered an impetus which sent him entirely over the wall and landed him in the next field. Though often recaptured, he has constantly repeated this extraordinary feat, and his intelligent owner, instead of cutting down his elm-trees to restrain his pig's wandering propensity, has wisely decided to educate him for the trapeze business, provided so noble a spirit proves willing to minister to the amusement of a circus audience.

Henceforth men will have a higher estimate than ever of the abilities of the pig. It is impossible to say what education may not do in the way of developing the porcine intellect. If the pig can turn somersaults on the trapeze, why may he not become a successful politician? He has the obstinacy, the lung-power, and the innate love of dirt

which distinguish the politician. Let the Kentucky inflationists nominate the particular pig above described for Congress on the broad platform of "Reform and Repudiation," and the next House of Representatives will have a leader who will instantly eclipse the fame of the noisest and most agile of the present members.

CRUSHED TRUTH.

TRUTH, when crushed to earth by a single blow, may very likely rise up and vanquish her enemies ; but when Truth, in addition to being knocked down, is set upon by quantities of heavy scientific persons and hosts of hotel-keepers for long successive years, there is very little chance that she will ever get up again. This nefarious outrage is now, and has been for a quarter of a century, in progress in connection with the Old Stone Mill at Newport, and there is no reasonable doubt that the true origin and nature of that ugly edifice will be utterly forgotten in the course of the next hundred years ; and that the myth which assigns the Northmen as its builders will be universally received by our great-grandchildren. The annual summer investigation into its origin by a "party of antiquarians" occupying front rooms at the leading Newport hotels has just been finished, with the usual result that every antiquarian decided that it must have been built by the Northmen, and that he would like to have a fresh box of cigars sent up to his room. Every such investigation has its effect upon the young and thoughtless, and thus assists in crushing into a permanent and hopeless jelly the real truth of the matter.

Thirty years ago every resident of Newport who was not interested in the hotel or in the real-estate business knew that the Old Stone Mill was simply a mill and nothing more, and that it was built at a comparatively recent date by a Rhode Island miller. It so happened that the hotel-keepers at Nahant, which was then the sole New England rival of Newport as a watering-place, hit upon the happy thought of attracting patronage by means of a

sea-serpent, and thus drew away from Newport those thrifty summer loiterers who held that a watering-place which offered free sea-serpents was preferable to one that could boast of nothing better than an occasional shark. Now, it would have been easy for the Newport hotel-keepers to manufacture a score of witnesses who would have sworn that they had seen sea-serpents in Narragansett Bay a thousand feet long, and with blue monkeys sitting on their backs. This result, however, could not have been achieved without first giving the proposed witnesses a fortnight's free use of the hotel bar-rooms, with all that the name implies. The hotel-keepers therefore preferred to invent a prehistoric ruin, and to father its construction upon the shadowy Northmen whom a doubtful legend names as the discoverers of Rhode Island. Thus Newport offered its Old Stone Mill, rechristened the "Northmen's fortress," as an offset to Nahant's sea-serpent; and proudly claimed that while the latter appealed only to a depraved and vulgar taste for the horrible, the majestic tower of the ancient Sea Kings was eminently adopted to satisfy the immortal longings of a refined and cultured spirit.

Of course, so bold and violent a conversion of a Yankee grist mill into a Norse fortress needed to be constantly supported by fresh and plausible evidence. It may not be true that during the last thirty years every Newport hotel-keeper has kept a scientific person—falsely so called—who was under a written obligation to make an annual report, setting forth his belief in the Tower of the Northmen. So, too, the story that the real-estate owners of Newport club together and advertise every spring for half a dozen antiquarians who would have no objection to spend a few weeks in the country at a popular watering-place, may be a mere invention of the envious owners of Long Branch property. Still, it is a significant fact that no Newport hotel is without its special scientific person, who is as learned as blue spectacles and a large cotton umbrella can make him, and who confidentially expresses the opinion to every newly-arrived guest that he ought to spend at least a month in examining the most interesting ruin in this or any other country, and in studying the history of the

Northmen in the very place where they reared their strongest tower, and where posterity has built the most admirable hotels.

The latest scientific investigation of the mill has been made by a number of ingenious antiquarians, who have certified that it is covered with Masonic emblems, and was hence built by Northmen belonging to the fraternity of Freemasons. It is a little odd that nobody has hitherto been able to perceive these emblems, and it is equally odd that the Northmen should have sculptured them on a building alleged to ante-date modern Freemasonry by at least a hundred years. Still, when people once accept as a plausible assertion the story that a ship-load of wandering Vikings touched for twenty-four hours on the shore of Rhode Island, and employed that brief period in building a stone mill on the exact pattern of those built a few centuries later by Yankee farmers, they will believe anything. It is quite probable that Masonic lodges will now make pilgrimages to Newport and try to decipher the Masonic emblems which the last half dozen antiquarians have discovered. At any rate, if they do not, their successors certainly will, and the latter will religiously believe that the emblems which they cannot see were plainly visible in 1876.

For it is useless for the isolated lover of historic truth to struggle against the organized propaganda of Newport. The Norse myth will be reiterated until it is universally accepted. Another hundred years will suffice to establish the imposture on an impregnable basis, and when our next Centennial celebration is held, there will not be an American citizen who will dream of doubting that the mill was built by Northmen as a defence against the fierce and dangerous woodchuck, who in that remote period devastated the country.

DYE AND DIET.

It is all very well for certain theologians to argue that man is a free agent, but they can hardly reconcile this dogma with the fact that he cannot select his own hair. Nature deals out the regulation supply of hair to each new infant without consulting in the slightest degree the taste of the infant or that of its parents. It thus happens that there is a vast amount of dissatisfaction among mankind in respect to hair. The light-haired sigh vainly for dark hair, and the dark-haired yearn for unattainable golden locks. Men whose moral nature imperatively demand curly hair are mocked with hair that is as hopelessly straight as the spine of a ritualistic clergyman; while the African, whose hair curls naturally and closely longs for heaven as a place where crooked hair is made forever straight.

Of course, there are expedients by which sanguine natures try to modify and improve their hair, but they are, after all, vain and unsatisfactory. Those who hanker after golden hair, which just at present is the variety most ardently desired, can have their original hair bleached and painted, but the result is not worth the trouble and expense. The intelligent public is never deceived into confounding counterfeit hair with genuine golden hair, or into mistaking the blue-black dye that conceals the grizzled locks of an ancient beau for the work of nature. Moreover, the process of dyeing the hair is at best a risky one. A black ear, or a golden nose are not to be desired, and yet a slight accident with the dye-bottle may suddenly produce those startling phenomena. Occasionally, too, the dye penetrates to the brain of the user, and the result is a yellow-brained, or black-minded lunatic. Still more unsatisfactory is that hollow mockery, the wig. No matter how skilfully it may be made, its insincerity forces itself upon the notice of every observer. It is the invariable decision

of those who have yielded to temptation in the shape of hair-dye that it is better to wear the hair we have than to dye with drugs that cannot satisfy the soul ; and there is not a wig-wearer in existence who does not know in his secret heart that even the wild Indian of the plains would view that wig with scorn and hatred, were it brought to the notice of his discriminating tomahawk.

Painful and hopeless as have hitherto been man's relations with his hair, a great discovery has just been made, which will not only enable us all to undergo a permanent change of hair, but which even places within reach of the intelligent leopard a sure and easy method of changing his spots. Like many other great discoveries, this was made by accident, and though it incidentally cost a number of lives, it will be held, in the estimation of most ladies, an extremely cheap discovery at the price.

In 1875 the British ship *Strathmore* was wrecked on one of the Crozet Islands, a group of rocks that are situated below the bottom of the page in most geographies, and are, indeed, among the most southern bits of land on the globe. The survivors, who at first fancied themselves extremely unfortunate in being cast away upon a desolate island, were obliged to subsist exclusively upon penguin's eggs. The penguin, as all students of natural history know, is a large, fat bird, which sits on the extremity of its tail feathers, and divides its time between laying eggs and laying plans for the capture of fish. The eggs are not savory, for, though they are well planned in point of size, they are injudiciously mixed with more sulphuretted hydrogen than an epicure really needs. We can imagine with what wry faces the people of the *Strathmore* began to devour these eggs ; but we cannot imagine the delight with which they recognized the remarkable effect wrought upon them by their unaccustomed diet. First, their complexions grew clear and fair, and then their brown, black, or grey hair slowly assumed a gorgeous golden tint. When, after six months of egg diet, they were rescued by a passing vessel, they resembled a theatrical company of blonde burlesquers, especially as their supply of clothing was remarkably scant. What is still more strange, their return

to the English climate, and to English beef and beer, has made no alteration in the brilliancy of their locks, and there is no reason to doubt that they will remain blonde and golden for the rest of their happy lives.

With what joy will those who vainly sigh for golden hair learn that there is balm in the Crozet Islands in the shape of penguin's eggs. They can sail for that marvellous region, shipwreck themselves upon the magic rocks, and eat themselves into a state of bewildering beauty. That thousands of our countrywomen will demand to be sent to the Crozet Islands without delay is, of course, self-evident, but a little reflection will show that the desired end can be attained without the discomforts of a long voyage and a hazardous shipwreck.

What is the ingredient in penguin's eggs which colors the hair of those who eat them? No chemist will have the slightest hesitation in replying that it is the excessive amount of sulphur which they contain. Every one knows that sulphur possesses the property of bleaching vegetable fibres which are submitted to the action of its fumes, and it can easily be comprehended that the survivors of the *Strathmore* were thus transformed by the bleaching powers of the sulphur which, in the condition of sulphuretted hydrogen, was so conspicuously present in the penguin's eggs. Hence, those who wish to change themselves into yellow-haired blondes need not go to the Crozet Islands, neither need they live upon penguin eggs. All they have to do is to remain quietly at home and confine themselves to a diet consisting chiefly of sulphur. The use of sulphur baths, sulphur ointments and smelling bottles containing sulphuretted hydrogen would doubtless hasten the desired effect, and it is possible that in the course of two or three months of persistent sulphurization even Gen. Logan could transform himself into a sunny-haired blonde whose beauty would inspire unusual confidence and esteem. Hereafter we shall hear no more of hair-dye or hair-dyers, and the demand for sulphur will be so enormous as to task the resources of our best volcanoes to their utmost limits.

A BENEVOLENT SCHEME.

SACRED history informs us that the Jewish public was greatly astonished when the rather disreputable King Saul suddenly assumed the character of a prophet. With similar astonishment the English-reading public finds the cynical *Saturday Review* proposing without the slightest warning a grand philanthropic scheme, which is second in point of practical benevolence only to the famous plan for supplying silk pocket-handkerchiefs to juvenile Africans. Improbable as such conduct on the part of the *Saturday Review* may seem, there is no doubt that it has seriously proposed the benevolent enterprise of stocking uninhabited islands with pigs and rabbits, so that shipwrecked sailors can celebrate their escape from the waves by cheap and abundant dinners.

That certain features of this plan are practicable no one can deny. If a "Society for the Propagation of Pigs and the Diffusion of Rabbits" were to be formed, its agents would have no difficulty in collecting large quantities of these nutritious animals. Large bins, resembling in everything but size the collection-boxes now in common use, might be placed at church doors and in railway stations. In these bins charitable men and women could drop their spare pigs, and children could drop their extra rabbits. At the meetings of the society in Exeter Hall or elsewhere collections of pigs and rabbits could be taken up by ushers provided with wheelbarrows, while every Sunday scholar might be urged to bring a rabbit or a young pig to his teacher on the first Sunday in every month. That plenty of pigs and almost unlimited quantities of rabbits could be obtained by these and other means there is no doubt, and so far the *Saturday Review's* scheme is certainly feasible.

It will be a much more difficult matter, however, for the Society for the Propagation of Pigs, &c., to find its

uninhabited islands. Of course, there is Kerguelen's Land, and the Falkland Islands, and a few other extremely remote places that are both islands and uninhabited. These places, however, would not be available for any large disbursement of pigs. They are not only small in area, but as they contain nothing that either pigs or rabbits could eat, it would be useless to stock them with these animals unless an auxiliary society were first organized to supply the pigs with mud and the rabbits with young and valuable pear-trees. Unless more uninhabited islands can be found than are at present known to the geographers, it is plain that the "S. P. P. D. R.," &c., would suffer from a plethora of pigs and a surplus of rabbits in its treasury. This would be unprecedented in the history of charitable societies, and would offer temptations to the managers to embezzle their trust pigs for purposes of private speculations, or to abscond with thirty or forty thousand rabbits concealed about their persons, leaving the society bankrupt.

But by far the most formidable difficulty in the way of the society will be to procure their shipwrecked sailors. If it is supposed that sailors in the North Atlantic trade can be induced to go and wreck themselves on Kerguelen's Land merely in order to eat pigs and rabbits, the supposition is founded on a total ignorance of seafaring character. Were the society to stock its desert islands with rum and tobacco, no doubt large numbers of sailors would come forward to consent to go and be wrecked in the society's vessels, but no such enlightened scheme of inducing voluntary shipwrecks has as yet occurred to the *Saturday Review* philanthropist. Of course, vessels occasionally pass in the vicinity of certain uninhabited islands in the Pacific Ocean, and their officers and crews might be hired by the society to cast their ships away. Still, it is hardly possible, in view of the high wages which would be demanded as the price of voluntary shipwreck, that the society could really accomplish much good in this way. In any circumstances, such shipwrecks, being limited to vessels in the Pacific trade, would be few in number, and the members of the society who should read in its annual reports of only two or three cases of shipwrecks directly re-

sulting from the society's efforts, would feel that their pigs and rabbits had been virtually squandered.

It should be remembered, moreover, that, unless frequent shipwrecks can be achieved, the society's animals will suffer greatly. It is true that when the pigs placed on Kerguelen's Land feel the pangs of hunger, they can eat the rabbits ; but the day will certainly come when the pigs, having increased to an enormous extent, and having extirpated the rabbits, would find starvation staring them in the snout. If at that precise period a few shipwrecked sailors should come ashore, they would be instantly devoured by the delighted pigs ; but no reasonable breeder of swine would be willing to depend upon an occasional shipwrecked sailor as the sole fodder for an entire islandful of pigs. The pigs would unquestionably starve to death, and as the result of its labors the "S. P. P. D. R.," &c., would have the blood of the massacred rabbits and the death of the starved pigs forever staining its corporate soul.

Looking at the scheme calmly, and with a disposition to encourage the benevolent inventors, it is only too evident that it is impracticable. Uninhabited islands are scarce, and as a rule are addicted to savage and unendurable climates, in which neither pigs nor rabbits would find sufficient inducements to live. Sailors are singularly prejudiced against undergoing the process of being shipwrecked, and no society could hire any respectable number of them to go and be wrecked on an exclusively pig and rabbit island. If the people of England subscribe their domestic animals to any society formed to carry out so impracticable a scheme, they will be sure to regret their heedless liberality. If the *Saturday Review* really wants to promote shipwrecks, it must first build an artificial island in the middle of the North Atlantic, stock it with rum and tobacco, and guarantee to every sailor who will consent to be wrecked upon it a free passage home at the end of six weeks, and a small bonus—say, five pounds—when he presents himself at the manager's office.

A NEW PLEA.

THE need of some new plea in defense of the poor—but honest—murderer has for some time been generally recognized by both the legal and the murderous professions. The plea of insanity was originally an excellent one, but it has lost somewhat of its weight through excessive use. At first the juryman was easily convinced that every man who had had a remote ancestor with a headache, and who had become addicted to the small vice of murder, was unquestionably insane, and hence deserved to be acquitted and licensed to kill on his own or any other man's premises. Of late, however, the conscientious and philosophic juryman has fallen into the habit of recollecting that his own personal grandmother was a victim of headache, and has hence argued that inasmuch as he must be hereditarily insane, he is bound to commit the lunacy of convicting insane murderers. Psychologists tell us that the strength of the plea depended upon the assumption of the congenital idiocy of juries; and now that juries have discovered this fact, they are determined to show the murderer and his lawyers that the more idiotic they may be, the more consistency requires them to punish irresponsible criminals.

Nature always makes a point of supplying whatever new want may be developed. Thus, when the Atlantic cable was laid, there was no insect which was competent to gnaw through its gutta-percha envelope. In a very few years, however, beneficent nature invented an insect for that express purpose, and at the present time the gutta-percha casings of marine cables are being devoured in the most thorough and satisfactory way. We might have been reasonably sure that a new plea in behalf of the murderer would be invented as soon as the want of such a plea should be distinctly perceived. That time having arrived, the needed plea has also made its appearance, and we

read that in Belgium a man who had been convicted of two separate and aggravated murders has been recommended to mercy on the ground that he possessed a wooden leg.

While it is certain that the Belgian jury has adopted the great principle that a murderer with a wooden leg must not be hanged, it is not quite clear whether the wooden-leg plea was urged in the case in question as a general defense to the charge of murder, or simply as an extenuating circumstance. It will readily be admitted that a man with a wooden leg is peculiarly liable to the temptation of carrying a sharp knife. In moments of idleness he is naturally apt to while away the time by cutting the initials of his lady love on the upper part of his leg, or by shaving down his ankle or scraping his calf. At such moments, if he is irritated by an enemy, he may readily be tempted to use his knife in less artistic but more serious and inexcusable carving. Moreover, the wooden leg itself is equivalent to a concealed and deadly weapon. The wearer has only to unscrew it in order to provide himself with a stout and serviceable club, and in circumstances where a man with two merely fleshly legs would quietly withdraw from a quarrel, the wooden-legged man, if of a hasty temperament, would probably shoulder his leg and prepare for combat. It thus needs no elaborate argument to show that in many cases the mere fact that one wears a wooden leg is a direct incentive to strife and violence, and may be very properly urged as an extenuating circumstance in behalf of the wooden-legged homicide.

But it is more probable that the Belgian murderer to whom reference has been made was recommended to mercy not so much because his leg was looked upon as an extenuating circumstance, but because it was held to be a valid answer to the charge of murder. The wooden-legged man is manifestly different from the rest of his species. A foreign and purely vegetable element has entered into one leg of his trousers, and who shall say what effect its presence may not have upon his moral and intellectual, as well as his physical, nature? If we remove part of the skull and a quantity of the brains of a patient, and fill up the

hole with silver, all physicians agree that the man should not be held strictly responsible for such mental vagaries as he may subsequently develop. Similarly, if we cut off a man's leg and supply its place with either wood or cork, it is only reasonable to hold that a decided change in the man's character may ensue. How much wooden-leg can be introduced into the human system without any perceptible effect, we have, as yet, no means of knowing ; but it would be rash to assume that a man can have twenty-eight or thirty-inches of wooden-leg suddenly incorporated with his body without developing distinctly wooden mental habits. If the leg is made of pine, we should expect to find him becoming light and inflammable. If it is made of oak, a dull, heavy, sullen demeanor would probably be manifested by its possessor. When we recall the viciousness of mahogany furniture, and its malignant fondness for abrading us with its corners, and tripping us up at unwary moments, we can scarcely doubt that a man with three or four pounds of mahogany in his constitution would become a prey to cruel and homicidal impulses.

Whether porcelain teeth or glass eyes should also be considered in the light of pleas in defense of murder has not yet been decided. Doubtless, however, the next time that a murderer with artificial eyes or teeth is tried by a Belgian jury, he will escape as easily as did the wooden-legged murderer. We shall have no more of the insanity plea except in behalf of un mutilated murderers, and the great principle that crime committed under the influence of wooden legs, false teeth, and glass eyes should excite pity rather than reproach will be urged by all skilful criminal lawyers. The courts will recognize the distinction between whole men and composite men, and the latter will become a privileged class, and will succeed to the honors and immunities heretofore conceded to murderers gifted with emotional insanity.

ANOTHER DISTRESSING CASE.

THE British mariner is seeing altogether too many sea-serpents, and those, too, of unnecessarily large size. A few weeks ago, we had the story of a British captain and one of his mates who saw an immense sea-serpent of a unique pattern, both as to shape and color, somewhere near the Straits of Sunda, and who were so terribly frightened that as soon as they reached port they went before a magistrate and solemnly swore never to touch—that is to say, swore to the truth of their story. A little later, a retired sea-captain in the Coast Guard service was walking along the shore near Plymouth, England, when he saw a large ship at a distance of about three miles from shore suddenly vanish as though it had made itself air, like a Shakespearean witch. While he was yet wondering at this phenomenon, he saw in the place lately occupied by the vanished ship what he took to be a large steamer with two funnels, but which a little observation proved to be an enormous serpent with two upright dorsal fins, painted with alternate black and white stripes. Had it been night, the snake would doubtless have carried the usual red and green lights, and would have burned a private Coston signal. As nearly as the Coast Guard man could judge, this sea-serpent was six hundred feet long, and there is but little doubt that he had just gorged the vanished ship, and was on the look out for a tender long-boat or an appetizing life-raft.

Neither of these unhappy British mariners, however, saw sea-serpents to the terrible extent to which the captain of a British bark has recently seen them. On the 8th of July, 1875, while the bark was off Cape St. Roque, the weather being fine and clear, and the steward opening one of the last half dozen, the captain noticed an unusual commotion in the water at a distance of about two miles on the lee bow. Ordering the man at the wheel to “keep

her off four pints, — — — your eyes,” and requesting the watch to “take a small pull of them weather braces, you lazy — — — ; slack the lee ones handsomely, — — — you,” the warm-hearted Christian sailor steered for the scene of disturbance, thinking that he might, perhaps, find a fragment of wreck bearing the body of some unhappy fellow-being with a bottle in his pocket. He soon, however, discovered the true state of the case. A tremendous battle was in progress between a sperm whale and a sea-serpent, while two other sperm whales, who had formed a ring, were watching the conflict with faces expressive of grief and alarm. The snake, which was from 160 to 170 feet in length and 7 or 8 feet in circumference, had taken two turns with his tail around the whale, bringing the tail around the standing part of him and passing it through the bight, thus making an imperfect but still sufficiently trustworthy “stunsail-halyard-bend.” Having thus a firm hold of the whale, the serpent was tossing him up in the air and bringing him down again on the surface of the water with a violence that must have proved excessively trying to the whale. The battle did not last long, for the whale soon became totally exhausted, and the serpent sank with him in order to swallow him without the presence of spectators. The two other whales then swam away, too much depressed in spirits to think of spouting, and the captain felt a “cold shiver” run through his frame. Fortunately, he had taken the precaution to lean against the lee-rail, and to keep a firm grasp of the mizzen-rigging. He thus escaped making a spectacle of himself by sinking fainting to the deck, and successfully concealed his emotions.

In spite of the care which he naturally took of himself after having received this terrible warning, the captain saw another serpent eight days after, when about eighty miles from Cape St. Roque. This serpent stood on his tail, with some sixty feet of his body out of the water, and grimly scrutinized the bark as if in search of the unhappy captain. That fearless mariner instantly shouted, “Gim-menaxe?” and the carpenter having brought him the best axe on board the vessel, he carefully emptied his boots

overboard, to avoid any attack in the rear, and announced that, if the sea-serpent wanted to attack an honest and sober sailor, he would show him who was the master of that vessel. The monster, however, thought better of it, and slowly disappeared, when the captain was escorted to his cabin by the steward, where he subsequently wrote out a full account of the affair for the London medical journals and temperance societies.

Why this account was not published until a year and a half after the affair took place we are not informed; neither is it known whether the captain has changed his habits, or is still in danger of another attack. There is no doubt, however, that his case is rather the worst on record. Other mariners have seen sea-serpents of great size and ferocity, some of which have shown a persistence in coiling themselves around the spectator's neck and stowing themselves away in his pockets, which must have been very trying; but a sea-serpent engaged in beating the breath out of a whale is quite unprecedented. The captain makes a feeble attempt to excuse himself by referring to the prolonged heat of the weather in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. This is not an excuse which can be accepted. If the weather was hot the captain should have tried cold baths and light diet, and should have avoided heating beverages with the utmost care. It is certainly to be hoped that he is a thoroughly reformed man, but the public would have more confidence in him if he had honestly confessed his fault without attempting to apologize for it.

It is plain that something must be done to improve the condition of the British mercantile marine. Where one captain confesses that he has seen a sea-serpent, there are probably a dozen others who keep their own counsel. It is a terrible thought that at this moment there may be a hundred vessels at sea, under the command of men who are seeing sea-serpents day and night. Where is Mr. Plimsoll, that he does not expose this frightful source of danger to life and property, and insist that no vessel shall be permitted to go to sea except in charge of a captain who is a member of the Good Templars or the Infant Band of Hope?

THE RECENT CALAMITY.

IN the face of the recent awful calamity at Bloomington, Iowa, the most reckless man can hardly avoid remembering that he is more or less human, and the coldest cynic must for once admit that all men are his brothers, up to a certain point. When a horrible catastrophe strikes down men and women in the vigor of health and the glow of happiness, we are compelled to pause and ask ourselves a series of philosophical and humanitarian conundrums. Why was it that we were not put to death by Nero, or overwhelmed by the Lisbon earthquake, or banished to Siberia by Peter the Great? When everything around us is bright and fair, we may perhaps answer these and similar questions with the flippant remark that we were not born in time to share in any such calamities; but when we are in the very presence of some horrible tragedy, flippancy and skepticism can no longer sustain us. Undoubtedly, one of the chief uses of other peoples' sorrows is to lead us to ask why such and such things are so and so. Let us recognize this great fact, and strive to bear the griefs that beset other men with cheerful resignation.

It was late in the season when the mania for skating on roller-skates reached Bloomington, and the construction of a rink was begun and carried forward with more haste than ought to have characterized so important a work. It was determined that the rink should be ready for use by the 1st of February, but it was not actually completed until near the end of the month. The greatest interest in the undertaking was manifested by all classes. The local Baptist minister gave a lecture on the "Tortures of the Inquisition" in aid of the rink, and a leading citizen who had been in Europe followed with a lecture upon the Crusades, illustrated with a plan of Solomon's temple and a chromo showing an army of blue Israelites crossing the

Red Sea and pursued by green and yellow Egyptians. The ladies of the town gave a "Martha Washington Reception," and the Dorcas Society decided to divide the profits of its annual fair between the missionaries and the rink. Even the local small-boys caught the enthusiasm, and worked pious mottoes upon card-board, which they would have sold had they not quarrelled over the question which motto was the most attractive, and so strewn the streets with fragments of "Blessed are the Peacemakers," and "Love one Another," mingled with hair and buttons.

In time the necessary funds were raised and the rink was completed. The floor was covered with a composite pavement made of tar, fine sand, and other abstruse chemicals, and the building was warmed by a furnace, the "registers" connected with which were judiciously placed here and there in the floor, so that the skaters could readily warm their feet. On the evening of the 26th of February, the rink was formally opened with a prayer by the Methodist minister and singing by the Presbyterian choir, together with an address on general topics by a former justice of the peace. Then, amid the inspiring strains of the Bloomington brass band, the skaters adjusted their rollers and the sport began.

All went as merry as an Indiana marriage bell, which is as ready to ring for a divorce as a wedding. At least sixty persons were on the floor, and a large number were ranged along the raised platform at the sides of the building, enjoying the spectacle and peanuts. Before long, however, the rink became oppressively warm. The engineer in charge of the furnace was new to the business, and had injudiciously filled it too full of pine logs. Slowly the thermometer climbed upward. It began at 58° , but at 9 o'clock it had reached 80° , and was still rising. At precisely 9.20, Judge Bowman, who weighed 213 pounds, was seen to sit violently down, and to remain seated in spite of the efforts of his friends. A few moments later, a lady of great moral worth and cubic dimensions followed the judge's example, and a panic at once began.

There were fourteen "registers" on the floor, and for a space of several yards around each one of these registers

the tar pavement had suddenly yielded to the excessive heat. As the frightened skaters, warned by the fate of the first two victims, tried to reach the platforms, many of them skated too near the registers, and involuntarily sat down in the most pronounced manner. Within ten minutes after the panic began, fifteen leading citizens of Bloomingville and twenty-two ladies were fastened to the floor as firmly as if they were express labels pasted upon nicely polished articles of furniture. Again and again was some leading citizen partially pried loose, but to the sound of rending garments was uniformly added his piercing entreaty to be allowed to resume his meditative attitude until he could be furnished with an Ulster overcoat. The ladies, with characteristic inconsistency, implored their friends to aid them, but when approached by charitable young men with crow-bars, fiercely demanded to be let alone. Over the horrors of this scene humanity requires that a veil should be dropped. It was midnight before a full supply of Ulsters was obtained, and the simultaneously happy thought of putting out the lights occurred to an intelligent man. The fifteen leading citizens and the twenty-two ladies were finally extricated and carried to their several homes, and on the very next night the rink accidentally took fire and burned to the ground.

How pointedly this sad calamity teaches us that in the midst of life we may sometimes happen to be in the midst of tar! This is a solemn thought, and it is to be hoped that it will not be lightly put aside, and that the Bloomingville calamity may inspire us all with a firm determination never to go and do likewise.

QUACKERY AND SCIENCE.

To mistake a mere symptom for a disease is the common error of ignorant people and quacks ; and, of course, the medical treatment which is based upon such an error must be entirely useless, if not actually hurtful. For example, a pain in the foot is usually a symptom of tight boot ; and when the symptom is mistaken for the disease, and the foot is treated with all sorts of lotions and other palliatives, the patient receives no benefit whatever. If, however, he calls in a scientific physician, the latter makes a careful diagnosis ; finds that the real seat of the difficulty is in the boot, and thereupon blisters and scarifies the offending boot, instead of the inoffensive foot. No matter what the quack may do to cure the symptomatic pain in the foot, the patient does not improve, but no sooner does the intelligent physician begin to plaster and blister the outside of the boot, and to fill up its interior with laxative and antispasmodic pills than the patient feels strong enough to rise up and place that boot where it will do the most good. Thus we see that there is a wide difference between quackery and science, and that symptoms ought never to be confounded with disease.

Although medical science has made vast strides within the last century, and several novel and entirely incurable diseases have been discovered, there is still an almost universal ignorance displayed in the ordinary methods of treating the back fence. In this matter quackery monopolizes the field, and our strength is wasted in futile efforts to suppress the symptoms instead of the disease. Now the worst—and in most cases the only—symptom of a well defined back fence is the nocturnal development of cats. It is this symptom which we attempt to combat with palliatives, while we leave the disease itself untouched ; and we need not wonder at our total want of success.

It would be impracticable to give in this place a list of the popular quack remedies for cats. They are as numerous as the infallible remedies for consumption, and quite as useless. Stones, coal, bottles, crockery of all sorts, boot-jacks, other people's boots, borrowed books, and fire-arms have all been recommended as infallible remedies for cats on the back fence. That among these quack remedies there are several which may have a slightly sedative action may be frankly admitted. Thus, when Rev. Mr. Smith, Pastor of the Eleventh Day Baptist Church of Oshkosh, writes to the proprietor of one of these remedies, saying: "I have used your 'Infallible Feline Boot-jack' with the best results, and have slept peacefully for two consecutive nights. Please send me two dozen more without delay, and make whatever use of this letter you see fit," we need not doubt the reverend gentleman's word. If a boot-jack, or a bottle be suddenly applied to a cat, the cat will temporarily disappear. The difficulty is, the cat is sure to return the moment the effect of the boot-jack or bottle has passed off. Like all other palliatives, the best of these so-called cat cures have only a temporary effect, and if often repeated, they lose their power and have no effect whatever. There are few householders living in a neighborhood where back fences prevail who have not tried all the popular cat-cures, and found them useless. It is for this reason that the nocturnal cat is so generally believed to be entirely incurable, except by a total change of climate. Persons who have suffered from nocturnal cats for years have been completely cured by camping out in the Maine woods or taking a sea voyage. Nevertheless, they have always experienced a relapse on returning home, and as a rule they are perfectly convinced that in this climate the cat is incurable.

If we examine this subject in the light of science we shall soon arrive at a very different judgment. It is notorious that the nocturnal cat is uniformly connected with the back fence, and that, in point of fact, where there are no back fences—as in the Maine woods or on the ocean—the nocturnal cat is unknown. A very little observation, intelligently made, will demonstrate that the cat is simply a

symptom of the back fence, and that the latter is the real disease to be attacked. We should discard all boot-jacks and other palliatives—except, of course, in emergencies, when the patient must have temporary rest at any cost—and should strive to cure the back fence. When once this has been thoroughly accomplished, the symptomatic cats will disappear, and the rear rooms of city houses will become once more inhabitable by others than deaf persons.

The most obvious remedy which suggests itself is the total extirpation of the back fence by a surgical operation. This, however, would be so difficult and hazardous in many cases that we should seek rather to render the back fence harmless by the use of remedies less violent than the saw and axe. An alleged remedy of this sort has recently been discovered by a scientific person, and deserves to be briefly described. It consists of a parallelogram of wood, or any other material, two feet in length, and as wide as the back fence to which it is to be applied. The parallelogram is fitted with upright wires, set close together and ending in sharp points. When placed on the back fence, it presents a complete barrier to the passage of any cat. It is claimed that this Back Fence Irritant, as it is called, acts upon the principle of an ordinary counter-irritant, and creates in the back fence to which it is applied sufficient strength to throw off even the most chronic cats, and to resist the development of any new ones.

Very possibly this remedy may not be so efficacious as it is said to be, but at all events the inventor comprehends that the back fence, and not the cat, should engage the attention of the medical man. If we once cure our back fences, we shall hear no more of the nocturnal cat. The wonder is that mankind has so long mistaken the symptomatic cat for the back fence disease, and now that a scientific diagnosis of the matter has been made, we may expect that before very long a specific remedy will be discovered.

THE BOY OF DUNDEE.

A BOY with two stomachs has recently been produced at Dundee, in Scotland, and his inventor has the effrontery to describe him as an improved style of boy. Useless inventions are numberless, but they do not need the condemnation of public-spirited people, for the obvious reason that they can never be brought into general use. It is different with inventions that are demoralizing and otherwise hurtful in their tendency. Such inventions should be exposed and denounced by an honest and enlightened press. The improved boy of Dundee is not only the most uncalled-for boy now living, but he is a peculiarly atrocious example of the very worst type of objectionable inventions.

There is nothing more evident even to the most superficial observer than that the ordinary boy has a disproportionate quantity of stomach. It has been calculated by Sunday-school superintendents with much experience in point of picnics, that the small-boy between the ages of ten and thirteen can devour at a single picnic thirty-two pints of ice-cream, eleven cubic feet of cake, seventeen and a half pounds of candy, and a practically unlimited quantity of peanuts. The consequence of this vast stowage capacity on the part of the small-boy is that the cost of one average-sized picnic is equal to that of ten assorted heathen. It is well known that nearly every large Sunday-school keeps a private heathen in Hindostan or elsewhere, who is fed, educated, clothed with old hats, and occasionally washed at the expense of the school. It is a painful thought that the value of ten heathen must be annually expended in a picnic in order to attract enough Sunday-school scholars to pay for a single heathen. This lavish outlay is directly traceable to the large capacity of the small-boy's stomach, and no earnest superintendent will venture to deny this fact.

In the domestic circle the immense quantity of food which

the small-boy can consume is a source of constant anxiety to affectionate parents. How much jam can be put into one boy has never yet been ascertained. Sir Isaac Newton tried to test the matter by experimenting upon a borrowed boy; but he tells us that, after consuming thirty-seven pots of jam—the size of which he strangely forgot to mention—the boy calmly remarked that he was “ready to begin to prepare for to eat that there jam,” and was abruptly driven out of the house by Sir Isaac’s exasperated and misanthropic housekeeper. There is no doubt that, next to his pocket, the average boy’s stomach is by far the most capacious of his organs, and the criminal folly of doubling his stomachic capacity must be evident to the most obtuse mind.

It may be urged that inasmuch as the people of Scotland notoriously eat nothing but oatmeal and an occasional haggis,—a bird so tough and fishy in its flavor that it is never shot for the table south of the Scottish border,—it matters very little whether a Scotch boy has one or many stomachs. It must not be forgotten, however, that Scotch ideas have a marked tendency to spread into other countries. Scotch philosophy, Scotch theology, and Scotch whiskey are found wherever the English-speaking races exist, and if the Scottish boys were to be generally constructed with two stomachs each, we may be sure that among the thousands of Englishmen and Americans who have adopted Scotch Presbyterianism, the new style of boy would sooner or later make his way. Moreover, it will not do to assume that even in Scotland boys can be safely provided with two stomachs. The quantity of oatmeal and the number of haggises in that sterile, mountainous country is not unlimited, and if we double the stomachs of all the Scottish boys, a famine would be almost unavoidable.

We might learn a lesson from the results which have attended the construction of boys with two pockets. A century ago a boy with more than one pocket would have been regarded as a *lusus nature*; but now every boy has two pockets, and boys with three or even four pockets, are by no means rare. Mark the result of this unfortunate change. Whereas, a boy could formerly carry about his

person not more than a peck of miscellaneous hardware, glass, cutlery, and tops, he can now put all his own portable property in one pocket, and conceal fully one-half of his father's personal property in the other. If we provide our boys with extra stomachs, we may be sure that they will be constantly filled, either openly or by stealth. The boy baby with two stomachs will have twice as much colic as the usual baby, and will ruin his father by an inordinate consumption of paregoric, and bring down his mother's knees in rheumatism to the grave by the constant trotting which will be necessary if he is to be successfully jolted into quiet. Many an honest and industrious man has been ruined by the ill-judged present of a pair of twins—a gift described in the old Greek legend as the box of Pandora. One boy with two stomachs will be fully as dangerous as a pair of single-stomached twins, and we can imagine what will be the effect of two duplex-stomached boys upon any father of moderate means.

It is understood that the perverse Dundee inventor claims that this boy will be of immense service in African exploration, since he is built upon the principle of the six-stomached camel, who is said to utilize his stomachs for the storage of water during long journeys in the desert. In answer to this it is only necessary to say that the camel's ability as a water-carrier has been enormously overrated. Very possibly that intelligent beast would fill himself up with water if he could find nothing better, but in point of fact he usually fills his stomachs with something more satisfactory. Many a traveller who believed that his camel was a whole series of receiving and distributing reservoirs has killed him and cut him open on the desert only to find his entire complement of stomachs overloaded with whetstones, nails, broken crockery, sewing-machines, and other delicacies. As a peripatetic Croton aqueduct the camel is a failure, and the "temperance" people have much to answer for in disseminating erroneous and water-colored views of that omnivorous beast.

Even were the boy of Dundee to grow up and become an African explorer, he would not waste his stomachs by filling them with water. Accustomed from his earliest youth

to take a little Scotch whiskey for both his stomachs' sake, we can easily imagine with what he would fill them on setting out with the expectation of meeting with a desert. The consequence would be that he would go reeling over Africa singing wild mathematical songs, rehearsing the Shorter Catechism, and otherwise scandalizing the native kings with untimely Scottish humor. The simple truth is that the boy of Dundee is an irredeemably vicious invention, and the local Dundee authorities ought to lose no time in suppressing him, and in appropriately punishing his misanthropical inventor.

THE MULE ABROAD.

WHEN Mr. Carlyle raised his warning voice against the Americanization of England, or as he preferred to call it, the shooting of a political Niagara, he asked what was to happen after the irrevocable leap over the cataract. Nobody answered his question, partly because nobody knew what the true answer was, and partly because every one dreaded to have Mr. Carlyle retort, "You are wrong, as fools mostly are." But time, which is said to set all things right,—though it was never yet known to set a cheap clock right,—has answered the philosopher's question. After the shooting of Niagara, the American army mule has invaded England. The worst forebodings of Carlyle are now realized, and the bitterest enemy of England may well forget his hatred, and extend his pity to the unhappy British Empire.

Only those whose lot has been cast in the vicinity of an American mule, and have been so far repaired as to be able to communicate their thoughts, know the true character of that extraordinary beast. The mule looks upon the world as a place in which to kick. Archimedes, who was the earliest scientific person who mentioned the mule, remarked that if he were to give his mule a place detached from the earth on which to stand, that energetic animal would kick all creation into kindling wood. This was by

no means an exaggerated estimate of the army mule, and the fact that Archimedes was familiar with the animal shows that the voyages of the Phœnician sailors were even more extensive than has usually been supposed. But this is a digression.

The mule's full capabilities never became known until he was introduced into the army during the civil war. In the presence of strife and lawlessness, the animal promptly undertook to have his due share of both. When in camp the mule generally managed to keep an average of at least one brigadier-general and three regimental officers constantly in the air, and the enemy frequently learned the situation of a Federal encampment by noticing the constant rise and fall of blue-clad soldiers as displayed against the clear background of the sky. The losses resulting from mule accidents were so enormous that they would seem scarcely credible were they to be mentioned, but in the absence of official figures they cannot here be given without running the risk of inaccuracy. As is well known, the mule is not the only animal that kicks, for the horse, the cow, and even Dr. Mary Walker have been known to kick to a greater or less extent. The peculiar characteristic of the mule as a kicker is the practically illimitable distance at which he can kick his victims. The horse and the other animals just mentioned, can kick only within a circle of which the extreme length of the leg is the radius. Thus cautious persons, by keeping out of the circle, can save themselves from all injury. The mule, on the other hand, can send a brigadier-general into the air whenever the latter approaches within forty or fifty feet of his hind legs. It was the universal belief in the army that no man was safe in the vicinity of a mule unless he kept himself directly in front of the beast's head. This, however, was a mistake. A learned scientific person—either Prof. Peters or Prof. Harkness of the Smithsonian Institute—investigated the matter in the winter of 1864, at the request of the Government, and claimed that the range of a mule's hind legs was capable of being accurately calculated. The rule as given (Smithsonian Transactions, vol. vi., p. 84.) is to multiply the square of the radius—or the mule's leg—by 3.14159.

Thus, if the hind leg of a given mule is four feet long, its range for kicking purposes will be 77.52 feet. This corresponds closely with the majority of the known facts as to the army mule, but it must be mentioned that several scientific persons refuse to admit the truth of this formula, and that the apparently well-authenticated case of a sutler who was found with his head bruised and without his whiskey keg, 107 feet from the mule which, according to the testimony of seven disinterested soldiers, had kicked him, seems directly in conflict with the so-called Smithsonian law.

It is this terrible animal which has been introduced into England, and is destined to produce results in comparison with which the ravages of the potato-bug will seem trivial. How the mule was brought to England we are not informed; but in all probability the animal secreted itself in the cargo of some vessel. In this way the potato-bug and other objectionable animals have performed long sea voyages and have avoided the most stringent quarantine. How the mule reached England is, however, a matter of small importance. He is there now, and it will not be long before the astonished Englishman, as he sails swiftly through the air, will be comparing the merits of a mule and a volcano, with a strong preference for the latter.

England is a small and densely populated island. A mule that can kick over the area of a moderate-sized English county can fracture more Englishman in a day than all the surgeons in the kingdom can repair in a month. Before many weeks are over, the air of England will be dense with British subjects ascending and descending, and the insecurity bred by the presence of an animal which can kick a man who is out of sight around the corner will create a dissatisfaction which the Government will find it hard to allay. Mr. Gladstone will write a ponderous pamphlet, proving by an elaborate course of reasoning that the mule is addicted to kicking, and calling upon Englishmen, for the sake of humanity and the Protestant faith, to turn the Tories out of office and to put Mr. Gladstone in. Let us hope that the mule will not kick the British Empire to pieces, but at present it cannot be denied that the prospect is anything but hopeful.

April 1877.



LIST OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

LOVELL, ADAM, WESSON & CO.,

764 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

16mo, 250 pages, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, \$1.50.

A Lover's Diary.

By ALICE CARY. With Illustrations by HENNESSY and others.

For the pure loveliness of love, for the sweetly potent expression of its real character, for the fortifying of the heart against all sensuousness and evil heats and vicious warping of the nature, profaning the sacred name of love, we find Miss Cary's poem incomparable. We are glad to know that it will have many thousand readers.—*Brooklyn Union.*

1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25; new Red Line edition, \$2.00.

Aytoun and Macaulay.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Prof. W. E. AYTOUN, and Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord MACAULAY.

A choice companion volume for the student and the lover of the stirring ballad poetry of two of the best writers of this class of composition in the English language. The authors are happily grouped in one pretty and handy pocket volume, which is sure to meet with an extensive sale. Nothing could be more suitable for presentation than this little compact edition.

1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Beginning Life.

A book for Young Men. By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. From the 14th English Edition, Revised.

A book by all means worthy to be placed in the hands of young men, to be offered as a strong, staple, upright, conscientious guide in many ways, is entitled *Beginning Life*, by John Tulloch, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. The present is a new edition of the work, in which no little has been rewritten. The style of the author—we need hardly say—is elegant and graceful, a model of good English writing. The scope of the volume is wide and extends through many branches of culture and direction.

We know of few books which can be placed in a young man's hand with better prospect than this offers that the reading will result to eminent advantage to the reader.—*Boston Traveller.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, \$2.50.

Boccaccio's Decameron.

Or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. With Portrait after Raphael, Stothard's 10 beautiful Copper plates and 12 "Milan" lithographs.

Extract from one of Lord Macaulay's Letters.

"I have read Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' a tale of an hundred cantos. He is a wonderful writer. Whether he tells in humorous or familiar strains the follies of the silly Calandrino, or the witty pranks of Baffalmacco and Bruno, or sings in loftier numbers,

"'Dames, knights, and arms and love, the feats that spring
From courteous minds and generous faith,'

or lashes with a noble severity and fearless independence the vices of the monks and the priestcraft of the established religion, he is always elegant, amusing, and what pleases and surprises most in a writer of so unpolished an age, strikingly delicate and chastised."

Crown 8vo, 221 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Bullion on Banking.

The Internal management of a Country Bank: in a series of Letters on the Functions and Duties of a Branch Manager, by THOMAS BULLION, with notes and observations.

CONTENTS.

Overdrawn Accounts.	Discounts.	Securities.
Circulation.	Deposits.	Revenue of a Branch.
Expenditure of Branch.	Routine Duties.	Responsibilities of Managers.

1 vol. square 16mo, 175 pages. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Butterfly Hunters.

By MRS. H. S. CONANT.

A very handsome and instructive book for the young, with carefully drawn illustrations, which add greatly to its attractiveness.—*New York Evangelist.*

Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Cheerful Sundays.

Stories, Parables and Poems for Children, with 150 Illustrations.

Of "Cheerful Sundays," we cannot give it higher praise than to say that it deserves its name.—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The Children's Pastime.

Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones. By LIZBETH G. SEGUIN

A famous volume for the little folks, with attractive pictures and suitable reading for all the year round.

1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$2.00.

Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ,

By CHRISTOPHER NORTH (Professor John Wilson). Selected and arranged by JOHN SKELTON, Advocate.

This work is a *boiling down*, into the compass of a single volume, of the enthusiastic and genial criticisms, literary and political, contained in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Prof. John Wilson, the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The compilation has been undertaken by a loving and skilled hand; and under the title of "The Comedy of the Noctes," we have preserved the cream of the four volumes of the original work, with all the exuberant fun and entertainment expressed for the delight of the less leisurely reader of the present day. No Scotchmen and few Englishmen, can afford to be without this admirable epitome of one of the most delightful works known to the student of English literature.

It is a handsome volume, of about six hundred pages, well printed and bound. Its selection is well done, and places before the reader all of the famous "Noctes" that are of general interest. No Scotchman's library should be without it.—*Scottish American Journal, New York*.

8 vols., 16mo. Cloth. \$1 25 per volume.
Complete set in neat paper boxes, \$10.00.

Country Parson's Works.

(Rev. A. K. H. BOYD.)

Recreations of a Country Parson.

450 pages. *First Series.*

Recreations of a Country Parson.

450 pages. *Second Series.*

Leisure Hours in Town.

450 pages.

Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.

320 pages. *First Series.*

Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.

340 pages. *Second Series.*

Every-Day Philosopher in Town and Country.

350 pages.

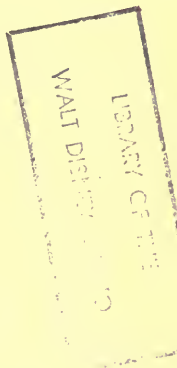
Counsel and Comfort Spoken from a City Pulpit.

320 pages.

The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson.

360 pages.

The "Country Parson's" books are the most *comfortable* reading in the world—books to be read under the trees in the leisure of vacation afternoons, or by the lamp-light of winter evenings, when the days' work is done. They are such books as you feel you could have written yourself, until you try, and find you can't. They are frank, confidential, wise, courteous, kindly, restful, sympathetic, placid, and piquant. They are exactly the books for busy, restless, active Americans. A calm, thoughtful quiet flows around us, and soothes us to repose—*Boston Congregationalist*.



1 vol. crown 8vo, linen boards, \$1.25.

The Vagaries of a Journalist.

Domestic Explosives ;

and other "Sixth Column" Fancies, from the *New York Times*.

By W. L. Alden.

"The humor is of that intellectual and literary order that appeals to the fancy and plays about the edges of the sense of the ludicrous, and pleases more by its delicacy and illusiveness than the coarser pens which have been so much in vogue of late."

A delightful volume of humorous essays, of rare literary excellence, contributed to the columns of the *N. Y. Times*.

1 vol. square 16 mo, 390 pages, \$1.50.

Farming for Boys.

What they have done and what Others may do in the Cultivation of Farm and Garden ; how to Begin, how to Proceed, and what to Aim at. By the author of "Ten Acres Enough." Illustrated.

One of the best books to be put in the hands of boys in either city or country is one entitled, "Farming for Boys." The adventures of an orphan-boy, Tony King, are related in the form of a story ; and there is enough of romance and adventure to make doubly attractive the wide harvest-field, and the old homestead in the country. Old farmers, even, may read the work with advantage and profit.—*Worcester Spy*.

1 vol. 16mo, 350 pages. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Following the Flag.

From August, 1861, to November, 1862, with the Army of the Potomac. By C. C. COFFIN, (Carleton.)

"Carleton" is, by all odds, the best writer on the war for boys. His "Days and Nights on the Battle-field" made him famous among young folks. To read his books is equal in interest to a bivouac or a battle, and is free from the hard couch and harder bread of the one, and the jeopardizing bullets of the other. To be entertained and informed, we would rather peruse "Following the Flag," than study a dozen octavo volumes written by a world-renowned historian.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

1 vol. 8vo, extra cloth, black and gold, 406 pages, \$2.00.

From Dawn to Sunrise.

A Review, Historical and Philosophical, of the Religious Ideas of Mankind. By Mrs. J. GREGORY SMITH.

It treats of the religions of mankind from the earliest ages. The history is given of the Creation, the Deluge, Confusion of Tongues, Ophiolatry or the worship of the Serpent, once almost universal, Diabolism. Is the Story of Eden a myth? Sabaeism or Star worship, China and Its religions, Persian, Mazdaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, the Scandinavian Religion, the Religions of Greece, Rome and Mahomet. A most fascinating book for all those interested in tracing back the religious idea in mankind.

The field of philosophical and religious inquiry has so seldom "by women's feet been trod," that with much satisfaction we greet the appearance of "From Dawn to Sunrise," a volume at once suggestive and instructive. It is given to the reading public as "A Review, historical and philosophical, of the Religious Ideas of Mankind." It treats of traditions and facts, and goes deep into the myths which, wrecks of antique faith, have been cast upon the modern shores of belief for investigation to inquire int. —*The Press, Philadelphia*.

1 vol. 16mo, 128 pages. Cloth, gilt edges, 75 cents.

Ginx's Baby.

His Birth and Other Misfortunes. By EDWARD JENKINS. From the Seventh London Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, \$2.50.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works.

In Prose and Verse, including the CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and over Two Hundred Illustrations.

We have here some of Mr. Hood's earlier attempts, and his share of the "Odes and Addresses to Great People." Then we have the two series of "Whims and Oddities," which ought to be prescribed for nervous and hypochondriacal people; for surely more mirth was never packed into the same compass before, more of the rollicking abandonment of a rich, joyous humor, or more of the true geniality of nature which makes fun so delightful and leaves no after taste of unkindness in the mouth. "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" will be found here in unabridged form, together with "Hero and Leander," a number of "Minor Poems," among which we meet with some very pretty fancies—the well-known "Retrospective Review," and "I remember,"—Hoods contributions to the Gem, including "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Cream of the Comic Annuals"—in itself a fund of merriment large enough to dispel the gloom of many a winter's evening—and the "National Tales."—*Daily Mail, London.*

Henry Kingsley's Writings.

12mo, 538 pages. 12mo, cloth \$1.50.

The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn.

It is fresh, breezy, healthy, straightforward, free from nonsense, full of the most delightful descriptive passages, yet with no long digressions, dramatic, warlike, adventurous, tender at times; indispensable and omnipresent love not being neglected, while the friendships formed in the Australian deserts are admirably described. The whole book, in fine, is admirable.—*Springfield Republican.*

12mo, 434 pages, \$1.50.

Ravenshoe.

Mr. Henry Kingsley is to be welcomed among the masters of modern fiction. "Ravenshoe" gives him place with Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Dickens, and Mrs. Stowe. The book is one of great power.—*Hartford Press.*

12mo, 360 pages, \$1.50.

Austin Elliot.

"Austin Elliott" is a novel such as is not found every day in this novel-writing age. It is real, genuine. Its characters are live persons, who act as people do in this world, and express themselves in a language that is not entirely different from that of ordinary life. The consequence is, that every character in this book possesses a distinct individuality, which will be remembered long by the reader; and the most important incidents of the plot, which is of much interest, happen naturally and quietly. Through the whole volume the author shows a quiet humor and honest love of fun which give a genial glow to his chapters, and establish the pleasantest relations between him and his readers.—*New York Tribune.*

HENRY KINGSLEY'S WRITINGS.—*Continued.*

16mo, 200 pages, \$1.00.

Leighton Court.

A Country-House Story.

This is a charming story. . . . The style is wonderfully fresh and vigorous ; the plot is ingenious and interesting ; and the characters are drawn with a sharpness of outline and a dramatic discrimination that shows the hand of a master ; and the landscape painting is as fine as only Mr. Kingsley could have made it.—*Boston Advertiser.*

12mo, 428 pages, \$1.50

The Hillyars and the Burtons.

A Story of Two Families.

8vo, cloth extra, \$2.50.

Lamb's (Charles) Complete Works.

In Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many pieces now first included in any Edition. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig."

A complete edition of Lamb's writings, in prose and verse, has long been wanted, and is now supplied. The editor appears to have taken great pains to bring together Lamb's scattered contributions, and his collection contains a number of pieces which are now reproduced for the first time since their original appearance in various old periodicals.—*Saturday Review.*

The genius of Mr. Lamb, as developed in his various writings, takes rank with the most original of the age. As a critic he stands *facile princeps* in the subject he handled. Search English literature through, from its first beginnings until now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was indeed, in all senses of the word, a discoverer—like Vasco Nunez or Magellan. In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you "fresh fields and pastures new," and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer than they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men. As an essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered in years to come with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humor, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptance of the word, he is a humanist.—JOHN FORSTER.

1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$2.00

Le Chien d'Or: (The Golden Dog.)

A Novel founded on a Legend of Quebec. By WILLIAM KIRBY, Niagara.

A Canadian historical novel of ample interest to the student and general reader of fiction. Its incidents are those which finely reproduce for us the old Court Life of Louis Quinze in the Province of Quebec—"the France of the new world," as Mr. Parkman phrases it.

Lake Champlain Library of Novels.

1. *The Member for Paris.*
By GRENVILLE MURRAY, 75c.
2. *The Queen of the Regiment.*
By KATHARINE KING, 75c.
3. *The Marquis De Villemer.*
By GEORGE SAND, 50c.
4. *Cesarine Dietrich.*
By GEORGE SAND, 50c.
5. *A Rolling Stone.*
By GEORGE SAND, 25c.
6. *Handsome Lawrence.*
By GEORGE SAND, 25c.
7. *Love and Valor.*
By TOM HOOD, 75c.
8. *Foul Play.*
By CHARLES READE, 50c.
9. *The Story of Sibylle.*
By OCTAVE FEUILLET, 50c.
10. *Ready Money Mortiboy.*
By Authors of "My Little Girl," 75c.
11. *My Little Girl,*
By Authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," 75c.
12. *Penruddocke.*
By HAMILTON AIDE, 75c.
13. *Young Brown.*
By GRENVILLE MURRAY, 75c.
14. *A Nine Days' Wonder.*
By HAMILTON AIDE, 25c.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN LIBRARY OF NOVELS.—*Continued.*15. *Silcote of Silcotes.*

By HENRY KINGSLEY, 50c.

16. *Rosine.*

By J. G. WHYTTE MELVILLE, 50c.

*Lake Champlain Press Series.*Crown 8vo, 380 pages; in boards, \$1.25; in cloth, black and gold,
\$1.50.*Clytie.*

A Story of Modern Life. By JOSEPH HATTON, author of "The Valley of Poppies," "The Tallants of Barton," &c.

In the description of natural beauty Mr. Joseph Hatton shows much true power.—*Athenæum.*Mr. Joseph Hatton's *CLYTIE* is very dainty, and full of movement and color—the best thing by far he has done. *Clytie* as *My Lady* is truly admirable.—*Non-conformist.*The author writes like a scholar, and yet like a man who has watched life.—*Standard.*The *Saturday Review*, referring to a love scene in Joseph Hatton's last novel, says—"It is a true idyl of a very pure kind."This book hardly fails of being a first-class novel. Indeed we know of few of modern days that surpass it in sustained excellence. From the first page to the last the reader's interest never flags. The report of the trial is a veritable masterpiece. One hardly stops to breathe while reading it. The novel deserves high praise.—*Literary World, Boston.*"Clytie" is a very clever book; it is full of interest and power, and there is a lively dash of humor about it which makes it a most charming book to read.—*Watchman, St. John, N. B.*

In crown 8vo, boards, paper cover, 75c.; boards, \$1.25; cloth, \$1.50.

The Shadow of the Sword.

A romance. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. From the Author's Advance Sheets.

The story is told with force and fire; and if you open it at random, after having read it through, there is scarcely a chapter that will not repay a second perusal. But if we are content to take Rohan Gwenfern as a creature of poetry, we may give the highest praise to the rest of the book, in point, both of scenery and characters.—*The Times, London.*It is powerful as well as extravagant, and the numerous details, worked out with elaborate skill, make a very striking whole. The story, though its action is simple, possesses engrossing interest. Many of the descriptions of local scenery are very eloquent. It is often diffuse, but generally very impressive and original. *The Press, Philadelphia.*

LAKE CHAMPLAIN LIBRARY OF NOVELS.—*Continued.*

In crown 8vo, boards, \$1.25, cloth, black and gold, \$1.50.

The Dark Colleen.

A Novel, by the Author of "The Queen of Connaught" (Lake Champlain Press series), from *advance sheets*.

In Morna we have one of the noblest and most beautiful heroines in fiction.—*Yorick, London.*

1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

Letters from High Latitudes.

A Yacht Voyage to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. By HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Authorized and illustrated edition. With portrait and new preface.

Lord Dufferin is well known as a man of high culture, varied attainments, and an enthusiastic sportsman and *voyageur*. His "Letters from High Latitudes" are marked by cleverness of narration, great facility and picturesqueness of description, and a quiet, deep-flowing humor. Indeed, so unique are the author's descriptive powers, and so intelligently and vividly does he depict the scenes under recital in these letters, that we should find it difficult, in all the range of descriptive literature, to equal the graphic narration of scene and incident presented to the reader in the visit to this remarkable region. The book has become a classic in the literature of travel, and this new edition, introduced to the American reading public with portrait and special preface, should further extend its fame and popularity.

We are glad to see a new and a handsome edition of this very agreeable work which was getting "out of print," though no book better deserves to be easily accessible, or in greater circulation. Yachting is a fine thing, and it implies a certain position in the world, that yachtsmen should adorn; and yet how few of them have turned their excellent opportunities to good account! Lord Dufferin is the most brilliant exception, for it was while making a yacht voyage that he wrote these pleasing and instructive Letters, which have charmed thousands of readers, and which will be as acceptable to men of future times as they are to the contemporaries of the able and amiable author, who is one of the leading statesmen of the age, and now worthily represents his sovereign in British North America, as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. This new edition is one that was prepared by the noble author for Canada: but works of genius have no special locality, they being everywhere at home. It is the best edition that has appeared on this side of the Atlantic, and quite equal to any English edition of the work that has come under our view. It has an especial Preface, and a very clever production it is. In all externals, the volume is in perfect keeping with its rare literary merit.—*Evening Traveller, Boston.*

1 vol. 12mo, \$1.50.

Legend of the Roses, a Poem; and Ravlan, a Drama.

By S. J. WATSON, Librarian Ontario Legislative Assembly, Toronto.

"A finer poem we have rarely seen. The merits of the poem are many and positive. The author's narrative power is remarkably strong and picturesque, and his diction is elegant. Ravlan, which is also included in this volume, is a strong, eloquent tragedy. Mr. Watson is a true poet, and we doubt not he will soon take rank among the ablest poets of America. His insight is keen, his power of expression and his utterance strong at once and graceful."—*Literary World, Boston.*

1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.25.

London Banking Life.

Papers on Trade and Finance. By WILLIAM PURDY.

CONTENTS.

The Calm before the Storm.
Commencement of the Crisis.
Progression of Facts.
The Collapse of Collie.
Losses by Banks.
Policy of Opponents.
Critical Comments.

Banks on Self-Improvement.
Suggestions for the Future.
Bank of England.
Stock Exchange Influences.
American Failures.
Canadian Affairs.
Australian Trade and Finance.

Cape of Good Hope and South Africa.
Ships and Marine Insurance.
Continental Troubles.
Bullion Movements.
Foreign Loans.
Reminiscences of Men and Manners.

A serious and well-considered treatise on financial operations, from an English stand-point, comprehending in its view the transactions of all countries with which England has commercial relations. The author writes with intelligence and force, and masses a vast amount of useful information within these pages.—*Literary World, Boston.*

1 vol. crown 8vo, \$1.50.

Maid of Stralsund, The.

A Story of the Thirty Years' War. By J. B. DE LIEFDE, author of "The Beggars; or, the Founders of the Dutch Republic," "The Great Dutch Admirals," &c.

The tale is a very able one in its depiction, and holds well to published history. It will be read with intense interest by all who have or seek acquaintance with the greatest and longest conflict ever waged on European soil. As a literary work it is careful in its pictures, strong in style and generally able. The flavor of an historical novel is suited to the majority of palates, and this work deserves a high place among writings of its class.—*Evening Telegram, New York.*

1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$1.75.

Mystic London; or, Phases of Occult Life in the British Metropolis.

By REV. CHARLES MAURICE DAVIES, D. D., Author of "Orthodox" and "Unorthodox London."

PORTION OF CONTENTS.

Psychological Ladies.
Secularism on Bunyan.
Al Fresco Infidelity.
An "Indescribable Phenomenon."
A Lady Mesmerist.
A Psychopathic Institution.
A Phrenological Evening.

A Spiritual Pic-nic.
A Ghostly Conference.
An Evening's Diablerie.
Spiritual Athletes.
"Spotting" Spirit Mediums.
A Seance for Skeptics.

An Evening with the Higher Spirits.
Spirit Forms.
Sitting with a Sibyl.
Spiritualists and Conjurers.
Pros and Cons of Spiritualism.

A curious and entertaining volume on phases of social and religious life in London, replete with interest to all classes of readers. The puzzling phenomena of spiritualism is largely discussed, and curious revelations of the *diablerie* of the black art are made. The author's observing powers and narrating faculty have been put to good use, and few will lay the book down until they have perused the last chapter.

Dr. C. Maurice Davies has written a very readable book called "Mystic London." His descriptions of the strange scenes he encounters are graphic and impressive; and one may learn much from its pages of the actual life of the great Metropolis.—*Literary World, Boston.*

1 vol. 16mo, 320 pages. Illustrated. \$1.25.

My Days and Nights on the Battle-field.

A Book for Boys. By C. C. COFFIN, (Carleton.)

"Carleton" is, by all odds, the best writer on the war for boys. His "Days and Nights on the Battle-field" made him famous among young folks. To read his books is equal in interest to a bivouac or a battle, and is free from the hard couch and harder bread of the one, and the jeopardizing bullets of the other. To be entertained and informed, we would rather peruse "My Days and Nights on the Battle Field" than study a dozen octavo volumes written by a world-renowned historian.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Noble Workers.

A Book of Examples for Young Men. By H. A. PAGE, Author of "Golden Lives," etc.

1 vol. square 16mo, extra cloth, black and gold. \$1.50.

"Only a Cat," or the Autobiography of Tom Blackman.

Edited by MRS. H. H. B. PAULL, author of "Trever Court," "Breaking the Rules," etc.

8vo. 550 pages. \$2.50.

Popular Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

" " " " paper, 1.00.

Our New Way Round the World.

Where to Go, and What to See. With several Maps, and over 100 Engravings. By C. C. COFFIN, (Carleton.)

A volume of Notes and Observations made along the route from New York to Egypt, India, Malacca, China, Japan, California, and across the Continent to point of departure; richly interspersed with anecdotes, personal experiences, and valuable statistical information—the whole graphically described in Carleton's own inimitable way.

A more delightful book of travels has not in a long time fallen into our hands. There is not a dry line in it. He saw only what was worth seeing. What he says is worth saying, and he says it naturally and freshly; one is only sorry to get to the end.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

1 vol. Cr. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

Overcome.

By ANDRE.

Those who condemn novels without proper discrimination certainly make a grave error. This is a thrilling novel, depicting scenes of English life. We have read it with the deepest interest. The writer, a cultivated lady, living on the Pacific coast, assures us that the most startling incidents are veritable facts, giving us thus another proof that "truth is stranger than fiction." Every family should own the book.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

4to, boards, \$1.25.

Peep Show, The.

A Serial of Amusement and Instruction for the Young. Annual volume for 1876. Illustrated with 300 pictures, colored frontispiece and illuminated cover.

The most attractive of annuals for the little ones, full of pleasing and instructive tales, sketches, verses, etc., from the pens of the best story-tellers, and illustrated by a profusion of engravings of the most attractive character.

One of the most attractive of holiday juveniles is *Peep Show*, a quarto of 380 pages, published by LOVELL, ADAM, WESSON & CO., New York. Filled with illustrations and music for the young, sketches and stories, it is really a common-sensible book, devoid of trash and replete with much that admirably combines instruction and amusement.—*Christian at Work.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 700 pages, \$2.50.

Rabelais' Works.

Faithfully translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous characteristic Illustrations, by GUSTAVE DORE.

1 vol. 12mo, 300 pages. \$1.50.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.

By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., F. R. S. E., Dean of Edinburgh. From the Seventh Edinburgh Edition, with an American Preface.

"This book, which has rapidly run through seven editions in Scotland, is in an eminent degree quaint, amusing and instructive. It is full of anecdotes, which are illustrative as well as humorous, and which smack of the soil of the nation's mind. It presents, in lively and graphic style, sketches of the various phases of Scotch society.

1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

Russian Folk-Tales.

By W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A.

"A delightful collection of stories from the Russian language, by the author of "Krilof and his Fables," "Songs of the Russian Empire," &c., which have been received with great favor by the English critics and *litterateurs*.

Mr. Ralston has made a most valuable contribution to literature. He has combined a brief historical outline of the folk-lore of Russia, as developed through the different eras of the popular faith, with translations of the most original and characteristic stories. A taste for acting is widely spread in Russia, and these stories are full of dramatic positions which offer much opportunity for the display of mimetic talent. Frequently, indeed, a tag of genuine comedy has been attached by the story teller to a narrative which in its original form seems to have been devoid of the comic element. Nothing could be more quaint, racy, and delightfully unsophisticated than the stories which Mr. Ralston has translated. They are so told that the reader hears the voice, and sees the figure and gestures of the narrator. The brightness and liveliness by which they are all characterized distinguish them from the early legends of other races. Even in those stories which bear a distinct mark of the old Slavonic mythology, the demons, serpents, and other incarnations of the evil principle are more grotesque than fear-inspiring. They illustrate the gay, mercurial temper of the race; while in the charming legends drawn from the forms of Nature we find a vein of pure and delightful poetry.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

1 vol. 16mo, 440 pages, \$1.50.

Saul:

A Drama. By CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

The *North British Review* says: "It is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." In speaking of one of the characters, the *Review* adds, "It is depicted with an imaginative veracity which has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel."

1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.75.

Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History.

By A. M. FAIRBAIRN. Subjects: The Idea of God—its genesis and development; Theism and Scientific Speculation; The Belief in Immortality; The Place of the Indo-European and Semitic Races in History, &c.

A collection of papers on important speculative themes contributed, in the main to *The Contemporary Review*, and which have attracted wide attention by their masterly treatment.

A book of special value to religious thinkers, and is intended to present the author's best efforts to give the studies preliminary "to what should be at once, a philosophy and a history of religion."—*New York Times*.

1 vol. 16mo, 200 pages, cloth, gilt edges, 75 cents.

Six Hundred Dollars a Year.

A Wife's Effort at Living under High Prices.

This is a story of a wife, showing how, by economy and taste, the family lived comfortably on six hundred dollars a year. It is an entertaining volume, and full of good sense.—*Boston Recorder*.

This is a book that will save not only many dollars a year, but in some cases many hundreds, by the thrifty hints it throws out.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

It combines the merits of a novel with those of a cook-book.—*Boston Transcript*.

8vo, cloth extra, gilt, \$2.50.

Swift's Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Illustrations.

The "Tale of a Tub" is, in my apprehension, the masterpiece of Swift: certainly Rabelais has nothing superior, even in invention, nor anything so condensed, so pointed, so full of real meaning, of biting satire, of felicitous analogy. The "Battle of the Books" is such an improvement on the similar combat in the *Lutrin* that we can hardly own it as an imitation.—HALLAM.

In humor and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with the world in thinking the Dean of St. Patrick's without a rival.—LORD JEFFREY.

Swift's reputation as a poet has been in a manner obscured by the greater splendor, by the natural force and inventive genius, of his prose writings; but, if he had never written either the "Tale of a Tub" or "Gulliver's Travels," his name merely as a poet would have come down to us, and have gone down to posterity, with well-earned honors.—HAZLITT.

1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

Tales of the St. Lawrence.

By G. C. CHAPIN.

1 vol, 8vo, 334 pages. With 100 full page Illustrations. Cloth extra, black and gold, \$2.50.
 Popular Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.
 " " " " paper, \$1.00.

The Fur Country: Or Seventy Degrees North Latitude.

By JULES VERNE. Translated by N. D'Anvers.

In this book a party sent out by the Hudson bay Company build a fort upon what they believe to be an island, but upon discovering, after a while, that the sun has totally changed its place of rising, they find that they are really upon a floating ice-floe, and this gradually dwindles in size, frightening the voyagers, and bringing into play all their ingenuity. This book is, without question, the most readable wonder story in modern literature.—*Hearth and Home.*

1 vol, crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.75 ; in boards, illustrated cover, \$1.25.

The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman, and other Erratic Essays.

By C. J. DUNPHIE.

CONTENTS.

The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman.
 The Advantages of being Ugly.
 The Incommunicability of Sorrow.
 The Dignity and Delight of Ignorance.
 The Delights of Deception. Sunshine and Shadow.
 The Decay of the Pieturesque.
 The Absurdity of Going out of Town.
 The Pleasure of Lying in Bed.
 Fops and Foppery.

The Pleasures of Silence. Vis Comica.
 The Art of Walking.
 The Misery of being Respectable.
 Town Trees and Country Trees.
 "Cheek."
 The Pleasures of being Mad.
 An Island of Tranquil Delights. In two parts.
 Weddings.
 The Delight of Early Rising.
 The Reign of Rain.
 The London Row.

Post Yule-Tide Meditations
 The Uses of Sympathy.
 The Delights of Music.
 The Comfort of being Down in Your Luck.
 The Thistles of Literature.
 The Art of Talking.
 Haid Weather Long Ago. In four parts.
 The Delights of Getting into the Country.
 Castles in the Air.
 The Miseries of Music.
 The Witchery of Manner.
 Whistling.
 Saucy Doubts and Fears.

We are under weighty obligations to such writers as MATTHEW ARNOLD, who endeavor to perpetuate the traditions of an accurate and engaging English style. On the same ground the volume before us—*The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman, and other Erratic Essays*—is deserving of cordial recognition. The author of this book is content to return to the old channels, and without assuming to startle or edify by the matter of his theme, seeks to please by the patient finish and technical merit of the treatment. The paper on "The Advantages of Being Ugly" evinces a delicacy and precision of touch which would not discredit some of the eighteenth century masters in this species of composition. In a similar strain this writer discourses "On the Pleasures of Being Mad," on "The Misery of Being Respectable," "The Delights of Deception," and "The Dignity and Delight of Ignorance." These titles will suggest Goldsmith and Charles Lamb, and we frankly say that we have seen nothing in recent years approach more nearly than some of the papers here collected do to the suave, sly manner of those grave-faced humorists. From the glimpses that have been given of these papers, the reader will be apt to account them the work of no ordinary writer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

In one vol, 8vo, cloth extra, \$2.50.

Under the Sanction of His Royal Highness.

The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India.

By Dr. RUSSELL. Illustrated by Sydney Hall, M.A.

The narrative of this important visit to the Native Princes of India, by the Prince of Wales, and the details of his sojourn in British India will, it is confidently predicted, form one of the most attractive books of the season. It will include the visit to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain and Portugal, the incidents of which are artistically portrayed by Dr. Russell, and will be illustrated by the Prince's private artist from sketches made during the tour.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Pamphlet shape, price 25 cents.

The Turco-Servian War.

Bulgarian Horrors, and the Question of the East. By the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.A.

A timely and impassioned appeal to the British nation on behalf of the Christians in Servia, and against Ottoman cruelty and misgovernment, with a scathing indictment of the English Tory administration for its *laissez-faire* policy in the East. Few utterances of public men have so stirred the heart of humanity as this appeal has done.

Pamphlet shape, price 25 cents.

The Turks in Europe.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D.

1 vol, 16mo, 202 pages, Illustrated. \$1.25.

Winning His Way.

By C. C. COFFIN, (CARLETON.)

A story of a poor Western boy, who, with true American grit in his composition, worked his way into a position of honorable independence, and who was among the first to rally round the flag when the day of his country's peril came. There is a sound, manly tone about the book, a freedom from nanby-pambyism, worthy of all commendation.—*Sunday School Times*.

One of the best stories for boys.—*Hartford Courant*.

1 vol, 16mo, 100 pages. \$1.25.

Willie Winkie's Nursery of Scotland.

With Frontispiece by Billings.

This has been pronounced the most elegant juvenile ever published in America. The ornamentation is profuse, and in the highest style of art; while the songs have all the pathos and pleasantries of the Scotch bard.

1 vol, 12mo, cloth, \$1.75.

Ye Outside Fools!—Glimpses Inside the London Stock Exchange.

By ERASMUS PINTO, Broker.

A book of cynical and amusing chapters on Stock Jobbing operations, and the folly that comes of wild financial speculations in individuals and corporations.

It is full of surprising disclosures as to the frauds of brokers and the gullibility of the people.—*Literary World, Boston.*

This is a reprint of a book which belongs to an order of literature that has always had a singular charm for a certain large class of readers. It is extremely amusing and it embodies a vast amount of information about stock jobbing in England and elsewhere which is not generally known. The author is evidently a practised writer and he leaves no doubt on his reader's mind that he knows very accurately the ways which he attempts to explore and reveal to those who place themselves under his guidance.—*Bankers' Magazine, New York.*

LAKE CHAMPLAIN PRESS.—To Authors and Publishers; LOVELL PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., Rouses Point, N. Y., and Montreal, Canada, Printers, Stereotypers, Electrotypers and Bookbinders, are prepared to furnish Estimates to Authors and Publishers for the Printing, Electrotyping or Stereotyping, and Binding, of Works of every description. The Facilities possessed by the Company for the manufacture of BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, &c., are of the amplest and most approved character, and their scale of prices will be found advantageous. Specimens of work, with estimates, may be had by application at their works at Rouses Point, N. Y., at Montreal, Canada, or of their Agent, at the ware-rooms of the undersigned firm.

LOVELL, ADAM, WESSON & Co., Publishers,
764 Broadway, New York.

March, 1877.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 400 370 1

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL

2 WK JAN 29 1997

FEB 15 1997

Q1 JAN 23 1998

NOV 10 1997

