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CLEMENT SULIVANE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Forgotten.

Under the trees that afternoon,
Across the meadows and down the lane,
Sloped the sun to the west full soon,
Never a shadow nor cloud of pain:
Do you ever think of it now?

How fresh the breeze from off the sea,
Bending the bluebells before our feet,
Bearing perfume from hill to lea!
O life, it seemed never so sweet:
Do you ever think of it now?

What did we say? I can not tell—
True love is very silent sometimes;
By your words I remember well
When we parted there beneath the lines:
Do you ever think of them now?

Only a year ago to-day,
Yes, only a year ago; and yet
The golden light has passed away,
The summer sun has forever set:
Do you ever think of it now?

Dead is the past, and evermore
Dead is the love you whispered that day;
Dead, alas! are the hopes I bore;
Dead is my life; yet I only pray
That you may not think of it now.

THE ACCEPTED OFFERING.

The evening was pretty warm, so I sat in my cabin with my window and door open. I was reading by the light of a wax candle, put in a swivel-stand; but, although I was interested in the subject, I could not help being aware, in a sort of dreamy way, of the sounds which reached my ear from time to time. There was the harsh grinding and rattling of the steam winch at work discharging the cargo; the cries and curses of the coarse men at work; the striking of the bells on board; the lapping of the water at the wharf; the sounds of the great ferry boats which crossed from East Boston to Boston proper. I was beginning to feel tired, and was thinking of turning in for the night, when the lamp that hung in the passage revealed the figure of the "second mate," a great rough, sulky-looking fellow, with as warm a heart as ever beat in human breast. "Oh," said I, "come in; sit down and spin me that long-promised yarn of yours. Take a cigarette—'tis the only thing I smoke; I'll keep you company." So saying, I produced two of the little weeds, and we commenced slowly to exhale.

"Well, Sawbones," he began, (I was the doctor), "I hate palavar; so here goes. I was once mate of a coolie-ship. I am not going to speak of the coolie trade at this time; but its about the coolies that the story is. I'm not going to enter into time or place; but suffice it that our ship was a good one, and that we were on a voyage with a right heavy load of coolies. We were very tightly packed, I can tell you, and no mistake. Well, we had the blackies on deck pretty much, and we did all we could to ventilate and purify them; and as yet we had had no disorder among them—all was going pretty well.

"The skipper was much engaged below—he was one of the kind that believe in keeping the steam up—high-pressure, you know. In fact, I had command; the 'old man' never interfered. Doctor, boys are the greatest nuisance and torment that you can have, afloat or ashore—no mistake. We had two boys. They were little dwarfish chits, but as cunning and tricky as young apes. It took us all our time to look after those boys. Sometimes they fought—sometimes they leagued in mischief; but if they were out of sight, you might be sure they were doing no good. George was the name of one, Harry that of the other. The whole of the ship was against them, and they against the whole ship. It was a game, and the little wretches played well. Of course, they were thrashed from time to time, but that seemed to act only as a stimulant.

"Well, one day the coolies got up a great affair—at least, it was a great affair to them, poor creatures. They were to give a sort of offering to their god—or at least one of them. They wanted to be in his good books, you see, and so they made him this gift. I don't know all that was in the bundle, but I *think* there was rice, and I *know* that there was money. The offering was fixed in the truck of the main-mast—the truck, you know, is the button affair at the very point of the mast. Well, it was fastened up during the day, and the sign was, that if the god came in the night and took away the bundle, he was well pleased, and meant to bless their voyage. It was fastened all right, and they set a watch of their own to keep a tight eye to the bundle, so that they might see the god swoop down and carry it away. There was also a group of coolies at the shrouds to see that there was no unhallowed interference by the ship's people.

"Well, evening shaded into night, and a deuced dark night it was too—heavy masses of cloud scudding across a sombre sky; not bad weather, but rather threatening, you know. I was on watch, feeling rather anxious as to how the night might turn out. Our doctor, a native, came to my side. He was a very intelligent fellow, I can tell you, and well educated. He did'nt believe in the god coming down and taking away the bundle; but he was'nt a fool to express his mind before the coolies. They are rather dangerous cattle at times. You read now and again of their rising in mutiny, killing the officers and crew, aye, even setting fire to the ship, and playing the dence generally. Coolies are not to be trifled with, especially when there is a great crowd of them. Of course, they are ignorant and superstitious, and such are always dangerous. Life with such people is at a discount, and no mistake. Well, the doctor and I were devising plans for ventilating the ship by kindling fires, etc., and so the watch passed. When eight bells struck at midnight, I turned in as soon as I was relieved. It seemed scarcely a minute before I heard eight bells strike again, and I was forced to know that it was four o'clock in the morning, and time for me to be on deck to take my watch. The 'second' said that the wind had not risen higher than when I went below, but that the night had been intensely dark. It was so at the time he spoke. I commenced to pace to and fro—wishing heartily that my watch was over—and, as time passed, noticing the gradual diffusion of the uncertain light of early morning.

"Suddenly, my blood was fairly frozen in my veins by a devilish uproar. I thought at first that it was mutiny—then fire. While I was composing my mind for action, the screaming was renewed tenfold. Coolies streamed and crawled on deck in dozens. They were all violently excited, but did not seem disposed to do any mischief. I sent one of the hands to ascertain what was the row, before I gave my command; but before he returned, the native doctor sprang to my side with a glassy terror-stricken eye and trembling limbs. 'Mr. Topsal,' says he, 'our lives are in danger! Who could do it? You must act very prudently, Mr. Topsal, or this will be our last voyage.'

"While I was staring at the poor horrified doctor, unable to see his drift, the man returned, and said that the row was caused by the coolies having discovered that the bundle was gone—or, as they said, that their god had carried it off. It was yet early dawn, and the great fact had just been discovered. I had forgotten about the affair. Now I glanced up at the truck of the main mast. No bundle was there. It was gone. How? Nothing in the way of atmospheric force could have removed it. Of course, we could not admit the supernatural, (unless, indeed, a half-formed suspicion of the devil having done the thing). Only one other explanation remained, that of human intervention. But how? and who? I felt cold and giddy, a clammy perspiration oozed out on me, and I felt shaky. I nerved myself. I must act at once, and secretly.

"The doctor whispered: 'Oh, Topsal, we'll all be murdered in cold blood, if they discover the trick.' Who could it have been?'

"I could only echo his question with a groan. I called the 'second,' much to his surprise and disgust; but having left the deck in his charge, the doctor and I went on a voyage of discovery. First we repaired to my room, and thought. Suddenly we both raised our eyes, and staring at each other, whispered: 'The boys.'

'Oh, confound them!' cried I; 'only wait. If we make this voyage, and get quit of this load of gunpowder safely, oh, won't I!'

'Let us hunt them up,' said the doctor.

"So we set out for the forecastle. We entered noiselessly, and crept in the direction of the boys' bunks. At first there seemed nothing unusual. The lamps swung and creaked, the timbers strained, the water went thud, thud, on the ship's bows. We crawled nearer. We held our breath. Hush? What sound was that? Was it not the chinking of money? O horror!

"The doctor and I pinched each other black and blue, and shuddered. We crawled still nearer. We got behind a coil of rope and some barrels. We peeped into the corner where the two young scapegraces dwelt. Yes, the metalic sound proceeded from that direction. We stretched our necks. There before our eyes sat the two little creatures, with the bundle between them, cosily but secretly dividing the spoil. Such a combination of daring and folly almost made us commit ourselves. But we watched our chances, and pounced on them, and clapped our hands on their mouths. In an instant we had them tied up and gagged. The contents of the bundle we quietly concealed about our persons, and dropped overboard when we went aft. We set a watch over the boys, and I read them a lesson in whispers, which put the terror of death on them. It was a dark night, you know; *they had climbed up the stay unnoticed and taken the bundle!*

"Ah! doctor, I'll never forget that voyage. I was forever thinking that the blackies were rising, or that they had fired the ship, or that they were conspiring. On deck, I walked on needles and pins—every sound startled me. I had taken all possible precautions, had my arms ready, &c.; but it would have been madness to have thought of resistance. I had all the burden on my own shoulders, for I never told the skipper, and the 'second' did not seem to understand the affair nor to appreciate our danger. But the native doctor did; and assisted me ably. Even my turn below was no rest; I could'nt sleep—I dozed and started till I was called on deck again. O, man, it was awful! Suspense, doctor, is a terrible thing! I felt just as if I were living over a volcano—never sure but that an eruption might occur. It would almost have been a relief to have had the worst. My hair turned gray, doctor—no mistake. The 'second' even noticed that. I turned shaky and fanciful. No, doctor I didn't drink; that had nothing to do with it. How I rejoiced at the close of each day! We made a pretty good voyage; and I almost felt as if the land, when we first sighted it, was paradise! When we actually got that cargo safely on shore, and I felt my throat still uncut, I almost thought it too good to be true—no mistake!"

I don't know how many of my cigarettes Mr. Topsal smoked, but I know that the stock was sadly reduced.

"But, I say, Topsal," I put in, "what about the boys, you know? Did you give them an awful thrashing?"

Mr. Topsal looked sulkier than usual as he replied: "Well, they got loose as soon as we got into port—slipped me, and deserted the ship. That was the last I saw of them."

INSANITY.—It is a curious fact that in the United States the ratio of insanity is greatest among our foreign residents. Thus, in the United States the proportion of insane to the population is 1 to 1,031. Of our native born people the insane are 1 to 1,261; of foreign immigrants as 1 to 496. This is bad enough, but in California the difference is even much more marked. In that State 1 in 489 of the whole people are insane; among natives, 1 in 858, among foreigners, 1 in 284. If the same proportion prevailed in the whole country, the insane of the United States would number 135,760, instead of 37,382. Probably the principal reason for this difference is to be found in the severance of social relationships, and the lack of sympathy and of friendly intercourse to which the foreigner must necessarily submit when coming to a strange land.

DEGRADATION.—There is absolutely no bottom to the pit of degradation into which men voluntarily throw themselves. A saloon-keeper, named Holmes, in Galva, Ill., was on a continuous drunk for ten days, during which time his horses were left to starve in a barn well stored with hay. The famished animals devoured their manger, stalls, and each other's manes and tails until they had not strenth to gnaw, and then sank down and died.

A Noted Sort of Gambling.

The game of "Policy," as played in our large cities, and particularly in New York, as we learn from a local paper, is so entirely safe for the policy-bankers that immense odds are given the players, in promise, at least. For single numbers they pay four dollars for one. If the player undertakes to name the first number to be drawn at any lottery, the policy bankers agree to pay him, if he succeeds, one thousand dollars for the one he pays them; but, as may be imagined, they are rarely called upon to redeem their promises. But this play is unusual, as even the most sanguine of players have little faith in their ability to select at nine o'clock in the morning the identical number a blind youth will pick out seventy-eight hours later. They are as able to do it as to do any of the other things they confidently expect to perform, but they cannot be made to believe so. The policy-players are the most radical of fatalists as a general rule. To a greater extent even than lottery-buyers they depend upon the signs and portents found in dreams, or in the most trivial accident or incident of their waking hours to determine their play. The "Wheel of Fortune" stands them in good stead, and few of the habitual players make a venture without consulting that oracle. Negroes are the most constant of policy-players, but hardly the most profitable, as their investments are usually very small. They generally confine such operations within twenty-five cents, which they judiciously divide between "saddles" and "gigs," as five cents is usually their limit to the latter. Every day the policy-shops in Thompson and Sullivan streets are crowded with negroes of both sexes, and it is a common thing for the "book" of the dealer not to exceed five dollars for every drawing when he is apparently doing an immense business. While few of his customers exceed the amount I have named, many of them play one cent on saddles and three cents on gigs, and revel until the drawing arrives in the anticipation of getting forty cents or nine dollars by the venture. As the hour approaches when the return of the drawing is expected, these players gather in great force at the various shops, and the probabilities are eagerly discussed. If, as is often the case, any number has not been out for several days, there are a good many cents bet on its appearance, and the excitement is intense. Sometimes a mania seizes the entire fraternity of colored players to play some particular "flat gig," which is generally 4—11—44, and the numbers being sure to be drawn only after everybody has been tired out and quit betting on them; their appearance evokes a storm that is comical in its intensity when its occasion is remembered.

Notable Events.

Bowling was a famous old English game, and was very common as early as the 13th century. Charles I. played at it, and it was a daily sport with Charles II. at Tunbridge.

The first bank was established in Italy in 808, by the Lombard Jews, of whom, some settled in Lombard street, London, where many banks have ever since been located.

The first piece of artillery was invented by a German, soon after the invention of gunpowder, and artillery was first used by the Moors at Algesiras, in Spain, over 500 years ago.

The oldest and largest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingstung, in China, where it forms a safe and perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to another.

Calico, the well-known cotton-cloth, is named from Calicot, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was not known in England at all until as late as the year 1631.

Among the Romans all men of full age were obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England which inflicts a fine upon all the bachelors in the kingdom of twenty-five years and over.

Women never appeared upon the stage among the ancients; their parts were represented by men until as late as the year 1662, when Charles II. first encouraged their public appearance.

Glass bottles were made in England, about 1558, but the art was practiced by the Romans in the year 79, A. D., as they have been found plentifully among the ruins of Pompeii.

The first book ever printed was the Book of Psalms, by Faust and Schæffer, A. D., 1457. It was printed on one side only of the leaves, after which they were, in the binding, pasted back to back.

The bayonet derives its name from the place where it was invented, Bayonne, in France, and was first used in battle as a weapon by the French in the year 1603, and soon became universal.

The practice of insurance is of great antiquity, and was known in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A. D. 43. It is certain that assurance of ships at sea was practiced as early as the year 45 A. D.

A FRUIT TREE.—The sago-palm of the East Indies ranks, if it does not outrank the date-palm as a food-producer. It is truly an extraordinary sight, says Wallace, after describing the process of making sago-bread, to see a whole tree-trunk, perhaps twenty feet long and four or five in circumference, converted into food with so little labor and preparation. A good-sized tree will produce thirty bundles of thirty pounds each, and each bundle will make sixty cakes of three to the pound. Five of these cakes are a day's allowance. A single tree will thus supply a man with food a whole year. The labor to produce this is very moderate. Two men will finish a tree in five days, and two women will bake the whole into cakes in five days more; but the raw sago will keep very well, and can be baked as wanted, so that, as he estimates, a man in ten days might produce food for the whole year. If he has to buy his tree and pay for the labor at the usual rate, the total cost of his year's food will be about twelve shillings.

CLEANING CASKS.—A correspondent, writing to the American Farmers' Club says that he has known a very foul cask to be entirely cleansed by filling it with dry earth and leaving it four or five days. The earth treatment, followed by scalding lime-water, will sweeten anything.

The Lecture System.

For two or three years past certain people have amused themselves by decrying popular lectures, and by asserting that the lecture business was on a decline. But we do not remember a time when lectures were more numerous than now—when so many of the smaller towns were enjoying lecture courses. It would seem that the lecture system is popularizing itself with every additional season, and that the platform is to be more than ever an educator of the masses.

A few weeks ago it was our privilege to be present at the opening of a lecture course in a little village here in Western New York. It is just such a little village as you may chance upon in a ride of five miles through almost any portion of our state—boasting its two or three churches, its school-houses, its store and its hotel; and is the quiet center of a well-to do farming community. That such a place should institute and support a course of lectures, would not long since have been deemed impossible. That it did institute, and does maintain a course, shows that the lecture system is growing more and more popular, and furnishes a worthy example for similar places to follow.

In the little village we speak of, the providing of a course of lectures was not difficult, because it was taken hold of by energetic men, who proceeded upon strict business principles. They were earnestly bent on breaking the monotony of a country winter, and they insisted that some good lectures would not only be entertaining, but profitable. They called a meeting of all interested, organized a literary association, with the proper complement of officers, and then passed a resolution that no lecturers should be engaged until one hundred season tickets were sold. Just here they showed themselves more wise than some associations. The one hundred tickets were placed at $2 each, and were soon disposed of. This insured eight lectures at an average expenditure for each of twenty-five dollars, and on this basis the course was arranged. We believe it is proving satisfactory, and have no doubt a second season will satisfy still better.

It may be urged that lecture courses in such small towns can not be really successful, because high prices can not be paid for lecturers. Let it be remembered, for answer, that able and entertaining lecturers can be had for much less than one hundred dollars an evening. One evidence that the lecture system is popularizing itself, is the willingness of competent men to engage for a moderate price, and so make lectures possible. Gough and Beecher may continue to demand two or three hundred dollars for one or two hours speech, and ordinary associations may continue to feel this demand beyond their means, but —tell it not in Gath!—there are men much less imperious in demanding than they, whose efforts will be little less valuable.

In the years to come lecture courses will greatly multiply. Men with talent to entertain, and ability to instruct, will hold their service at a rate within the popular reach. And they will do a great educational work. Buffoonery upon the platform has nearly had its day. The popular lecture of to-morrow will be what the real popular lecture of to-day is—the product of culture and careful thought; pleasantly instructive yet not quite so sober as a sermon; entertaining, but not a vehicle of low wit and waggery. There has been a call for humorous lectures, but when the call has been answered by lecturers solely humorous, a good part of every audience has gone away dissatisfied. The so-called humorous are not the truly successful ones—not the ones committees apply to year after year—not the standard public favorites. You rarely hear of consecutive yearly engagements of any one of them in the same place.

The men whose services are continuously sought are men who speak for another purpose than merely to amuse. George W. Curtis has come here to Rochester seventeen successive winters, and will be asked to come seventeen times more if he lives and lectures as long, yet he never delivered a humorous discourse. Wendell Phillips is often wise, as often sarcastic and satirical, but who ever thought of engaging him to edit a comic almanic? Yet he draws larger audiences before our own Atheneum and other associations, than almost any other platform orator. Anna Dickinson wins crowded halls everywhere, though she never wrote a witty book in her life, never edited the humorous department of a magazine, never attempted to be funny as she could before one or two thousand people. In Miss Dickinson's case it is not alone the fact that she is a woman, which accounts for her popularity—she is in deep earnest. Dr. Holland's "Social Undertow" is as generally satisfactory as any lecture of the season, if we may credit various accounts of it, yet it is as intensely earnest as any effort can be.

The Pulpit has its mission, and the Press has its also, but this mission of the Platform is its own and will be wrought out. We hope to see the time when literary associations will exist in every community, and when lecture courses will be well sustained under their auspices. It is not true, as has been said, that the public lecturer essays to do the publices thinking; he is or ought to be only the suggester of thought, and in this capacity his services may be invaluable. Then et the lecture ystem prevail. —*American Rural Home.*

THE HOME OF LORD FAIRFAX.—The first real business which General Washington undertook when commencing life was a survey of the possession of Thomas Lord Faixfax. He entered upon this work when he had just completed his sixteenth year, and continued it for three years, as it was very profitable employment, receiving, when actively employed, a doubloon, and sometimes six pistoles a day (a pistole is $3.60). While thus employed surveying lands beyond the Blue Ridge, he was often an inmate of Greenway Court, the residence of Lord Fairfax. The house of Lord Fairfax is still to be seen near the village of Millwood, in the Shenandoah Valley. In stands on a green knoll, overshadowed by trees, and is a low stone building, one story in height, with dormer windows, two wooden belfries, chimneys studded with swallow and martin coops, and a roof sloping down in the old Virginia fashion into low projecting eaves, that formed a verandah the whole length of the house.

A farmer recently advertised for a runaway wife, and called particular attention to the meanness of her desertion just as the Spring work was coming on, after he had the expense of Wintering her.

Brigham's Wives.

Very extravagant statements have been published of the number of Brigham Young's wives and children. How many he has had from the time he courted Miss Martha Brotherton until now, it would be difficult to estimate. Some of his wives are dead; others have left him, and many probably have been sealed to him who strayed away like those of Brother Heber, and he knew not whither they went. Of Brigham's present family I am personally acquainted with nineteen of his wives. Before he was a Mormon he had a wife and family, but of that lady I know nothing. Two of her daughters are in Utah. His Mormon family begins with his first legal wife, who is still living—Mrs. Mary Ann Angel Young. She is probably about his own age, but is physically less preserved, and looks much older. She is a most excellent and amiable lady, and bears traces of having had her full share of earthly troubles. She is the mother of three prominent sons, Joseph A; Brigham, Jr.; John W., and two daughters—Alice and Luna. Each of the sons has three wives. The first daughter is the third of four wives in a polygamic household. The other daughter is the first wife of a young man, and has for a companion wife her father's daughter by another mother. The eldest daughter, Alice, has also her half-sister as an associate wife in her husband's household.

The legal wife of Brigham is:
I. Mrs. Mary Ann Angel ..... YOUNG.
His polygamic wives are:
II. Mrs. Clara Decker, } (sisters)
III. Mrs. Lucy Decker, }
IV. Mrs. Emeline Free.....
V. Mrs. Harriet Cook.....
VI. Mrs. Twiss.....
VII. Mrs. Eliza Burgess .....
VIII. Mrs. Susan Snively.....
IX. Mrs. Lucy Bigelow.....
X. Mrs. Harriet Barney Seagers..
XI. Mrs. Martha Bowker.....
XII. Mrs. Margaret Pierce.....
XIII. Mrs. Amelia Folsom.....
XIV. Mrs. Mary Van Cott Cobb.....
XV. Mrs. Eliza Ann Jay Webb.....
His "proxy" wives are:
XVI. Mrs. Emily Partridge .....
XVII. Mrs Zina D. Huntington Jacobs
XVIII. Miss Eliza R. Snow.....
[These were formerly "sealed" to Joseph Smith, and are now "proxy" wives to Brigham.]
Also—
XIX. Mrs. Augusta Cobb.....
[who was "sealed" to Joseph since his death.]

Besides these there may very likely be other ladies "sealed" to Brigham, but I myself know personally no more than the above named.—*Mrs. Stenhouse.*

Persecution of the Jews.

A correspondent writes to the London papers: "The latest news from Roumania is truly heartrending. Great as have been the cruelties committed at Ismail, they were by far exceeded by the horrors perpetrated at Cahul. This is a town with a population of about 7,000, 1,000 of whom are Jews. These were suddenly set upon by their fellow-townsmen, and for three days beaten, wounded, plundered, driven out of their houses, which were battered to ruins, and the tenants forced to take refuge in the barracks, where, instead of being defended, they were allowed again to be beaten, and for several days left without food. In these tumult heads were split open, arms broken, beards plucked out by the roots, and rapes committed. One of the sufferers, named Gold, more courageous than the other victims, defended his house for three days, his four sons standing by him. He made them swear that, should he fall, they would continue to fight. The bands surrounding his house were for a considerable time held at bay by these brave men, but they were at last compelled to give way as the villains set fire to the premises. The damage inflicted on these Jews is valued at 40,000 ducats. The two synagogues were devastated and filthily polluted, and the sacred objects found scattered in all directions. My informant, whose veracity may be relied on, adds: The sufferings of the Jews of Cahul were horrible. Language fails to depict what they had to endure. I cannot suppress my tears when I recall these sufferings. And then continues: They say there is scarcely a village in the whole of Bessarabian Roumania where there have not been frightful scenes. The misery is dreadful; help is needed immediately. My informant then urges that a mass-meeting of citizens, without distinction of religion, should be forthwith convened in the metropolis, in order to protest against these scenes, which threaten, as Passover approaches, to be even more frightful."

FOXES AS SHEEP-HERDERS.—The Stockton (*Cal.*) *Republican* vouches for the following story: "People often wonder at the remarkable instinct displayed by well-trained shepherd dogs, but what will they say when we tell them of a band of sheep that is guarded by foxes alone. The story seems improbable, but of its truth we have the most undoubted proof. On Whiskey hill, four miles from Milton, may be seen, almost any day, a large flock of sheep herded by foxes. These guardians of the little lambs are three in number—one a gray fox and the other two of the species known as the red fox. In point of intelligence these novel shepherds are said to greatly surpass the best trained shepherd dogs. They perform their work well, and from morning till night are ever on the alert. The gray one seems to control, and in a great measure direct, the actions of the other two. A gentleman informs us that he yesterday saw the gray fox pursue and attack a hog that had seized a lamb and was making off with it. The contest was short and sharp, and resulted in the hog dropping the lamb and beating a hasty retreat. The fox picked up the apparently un-injured lamb and carried it back to the flock.

NEEDLES.—There is a needle factory in New Haven where the whole process is done by a single machine, without the manual labor of any person. A coil of steel wire is put in; the machine cuts it off at the required lengths; it cuts the steel pieces consecutively, punches the eye-holes, countersinks the eyes, and grinds the points—and, in fact, does everything until the needles drop out completely formed. Another machine picks them up and arranges them heads and points together, and a third piece of mechanism puts them into paper. One of these machines occupies no more room than an ordinary table and each of them turns out from 30,000 to 40,000 needles a day.

Suicides of Children.

Within the last two weeks an epidemic of suicide among children has passed over the country. One child steals a small sum of money from his stepfather, and in an agony of shame kills himself rather than meet the eye of his mother. Another boy who had committed a like fault in the shop where he was employed, puts a pistol to his head and blows his brains out, after writing a childish, pathetic letter, in which he bids everybody good-bye, and tells his father he "is not going to make trouble in the house any more." These are but a few of many instances where some assignable cause could be given; but the last is that of a boy who, without any reason, a cheerful, merry little fellow, in a happy home, puts an end to his life; very probably because he had heard the others did it.

There is, as all physiologists know, a contagion of crime; governed by rules and referable to them, as any contagious physical disorder. Suicidal manias have, at different times, passed over certain towns and districts until the aid of the law was needed to arrest them. The women of Lyons, during a certain period, drowned themselves in such numbers that Government interfered, and, by the public exposure of the bodies, put a summary stop to the practice. In Versailles, this mania, without any cause other than that of the contagion of example, reached such a hight that the number of suicides during one year was 1,300. Other epidemics of crime, such an incendiarism, poisoning, the tarantula fever, which in the six teenth century drove thousands of the Neapolitans dancing into the sea, have all raged principally among children, hysterical girls and excitable boys. The causes of such mental diseases are not hard to find. The unhealthy condition of public thought, from religious to political action, the morbid state of mind produced by lack of any education, of over-forcing, and, more than all, the perpetual suggestion of any certain crime by the press, to brains already thus diseased—every one of these causes operates in the case of our children. They are born, to begin with, of a nervous race, half of whom are debilitated by over-work, or the use of tobacco or liquor. The climate is exhausting, as no other; the ordinary pace of life that of a race-course. The child of a middle-class family (and it is in the middle class these abnormal cases have occurred) knows nothing of the seclusion of the nursery; the frequent holidays, in which he thinks all the world joins; the blessed ignorances that make the English and German child's life in Eden, where his soul and body may grow strong and healthy together. The American boy eats his share of his father's knowledge from the time he can sit at the table. Murders, social evils, are no mysteries to him; they fill his ears at every meal and his eyes whenever he looks into a paper. There is usually no attempt to hide from him any depth of human degradation or vice. Even worse than this; the troubles of the family—debts, struggles, disagreements—are laid upon the little shoulders with cruel carelessness, at an age when he should not know there was such a thing as trouble in the world. American homes are sad and mirthless beyond any others. The American child is born, in nine cases out of ten, to an inheritance of utterly causeless gloom; his hard-working father and head-aching mother are so occupied in striving for money or position for him that they forget the careless sunshiny happiness which is his birthright, and which their selfish troubles have no right to cloud. His own brain, especially if he be a boy of any promise, is forced and overwrought; he is taught to read as soon as he is weaned; parents, teachers, public opinion, spur and goad him thenceforth without ceasing; if he is to go into trade his chance for education usually stops at fifteen; at twenty, if he is to enter the professions; into these years he must crowd a smattering of all sciences, knowledges, and arts.

Nothing but a sound body and the tonic of a perpetually happy, mirthful home-life could support him through this, and produce a rational, strong, helpful man to take his part in the world, at the end. When so many of our children have neither, there is little reason for wonder that they are willing, for the slightest cause, to turn aside and shirk the road, which from the beginning has been made too hard for them. —*N. Y. Paper.*

DOLLY VARDEN SUITS.—Ladies who object to the gay chintz colors of regular Dolly Vardens, says a fashion journal, will find at the furnishing houses summer suits that retain the fashion of this garment without its pronounced brightness. For instance, there are cambric and percale suits with skirts of white ground striped with black, while the polonaise is white strewn all over with black flowers. The trimming is a broad stripe of black percale with white braid, of open, lace-like pattern, laid on its edges. The skirt has the inevitable kilt pleating, a wide row at the bottom edged top and bottom with black, and two or three narrower rows above. A pretty effect is given the polonaise by putting a deep triangular facing of the material inside the front of the skirt, and turning it back *en revers*. Buff percale suits with black stripes on the skirt and black flowers on the polonaise are made in the way just described; also gray suits with white stripes and flowers. The Dolly Varden organdies, with pale buff, pea green, or black grounds covered with gay flowers, are among the most effective of the chintz-figured fabrics. These organdies hang softly, and their pale transparent grounds look very pretty over black silk dresses. When made in elaborate fashion, and trimmed with two ruffles of the material, they cost $35.

EDUCATIONAL.—There are in the United States 51 normal schools, supported by 23 different States, having 251 teachers and 6,334 pupils; 4 supported by counties, with 83 pupils; 16 city normal schools, with 112 teachers and 2,602 pupils; all others, 43, supported in various ways, with 80 teachers and 2,503 pupils; making a total of 114 schools, with 445 teachers, and 10,921 pupils. There are also 84 business colleges scattered through 67 States, having 168 instructors and 3,460 pupils.

Sweetheart.

When, first, thy winning grace I found;
When, after, grace with love was crowned;
When, later, love was marriage-bound;
I was all thine, Sweetheart.

By all the joys that love has grown;
By all the comforts home has shown;
By all the happiness we've known;
I am all thine, Sweetheart.

While love shall be our daily sun;
While hand in hand our work is done;
While life shall hold us still as one!
I'll be all thine, Sweetheart.

Facts and Fancies.

They call whiskey "bugle paint" in Cheyenne.

The rats in Cleveland breweries at night get as drunk as humans.

An old saying is that whether a man marries or not, he is sure to regret it.

Honiton lace parasol covers over black silk are the latest novelty in that line.

Six of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

Long and wide sash ribbons are coming in fashion again for house and street costumes.

Fashionable young ladies consider evenings at home as the greatest "bores" in existence.

The principal amusement of Americans in Paris is in looking in at the shop windows.

Two reprobate Sophomores at Harvard University have just been expelled for insulting ladies on the street.

Many of the fashionable up-town residences in New York have been built with open fireplaces in each room.

A new style of ornament for the hair is a small humming-bird with diamond eyes and a jeweled arrow through its breast.

The old fashioned style of necklaces worn by our grandmothers, of several rows of small beads, are all the rage at present.

Sir Walter Scott said that the battle of Waterloo created in the British empire 15,000 widows. A sad commentary upon a victory.

Pointed and scolloped flounces are the latest style of trimming dresses, and make the ladies look like small perambulating awnings.

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned to him with a note stating, "too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

The San Antonio (Texas) *Express* thinks that large fortunes can be made in that city, but it is very decided in the following warning: "We don't want any more lawyers, doctors, or candidates for office, just at present, in this city, unless it be a man of remarkable genius and learning, combined with an extraordinary taste for several of the lost virtues."

Methodism is becoming huge in extent and vast in numbers. In the centenary year, the various branches in America were estimated at 2,000,000 of people; now the two largest bodies in the United States now reach that number, while all the branches in Canada and the United States embrace a population of 2,500,000. One-fifth of the inhabitants of the United States, or 8,000,000, are under Methodist influence.

The Ohio liquor law which enables the wives of drunkards to recover damages from the sellers of liquors is being used as an instrument of blackmail. Dissolute husbands and unprincipled wives at Columbus, have combined their talents to make a handsome income from the saloon-keepers. The husband gets drunk, and the wife straightway demands of the sinful publican the payment of twenty, twenty-five, or fifty dollars, as the case may be, on peril of a suit for damages. This law evidently needs a little doctoring.

New York and Erie.

During the past fortnight New York and Erie stock has been the excitement of New York and London stock brokers. It ran up as high as 68 cents, and fortunes have been made and lost in it. A New York paper says of a scene in the Board: "Orders to buy came from all directions, and the brokers rushed back and forth yelling even more than is their wont, which is saying a great deal indeed, as any one can testify who has ever had his senses confused by looking down from the visitors' gallery, which, by the way, was crowded, despite the disagreeable weather. Report assigns from $600,000 to $4,000,000 lost to a single account from Baltimore. The New York accounts, on the same side, no doubt suffer to much larger sums, but the Street is accustomed to heavy and violent differences in the fortunes of Wall street speculation. It may be noted in this instance, however, that nearly all the losses fall at home, while the profits inure to the Exchanges of London and the Continent, and their correspondents behind the scenes in New York.

TRICHINA.—A young German named George Mechlin died, in Utica N. Y., from the effects of trichinosis. About six weeks ago the deceased and one Pornesina and his wife, with whom he boarded, and a fellow-lodger named Deisenholt, were all seized at the same time with violent vomiting and diarrhœa. Deisenholt, after suffering for several days great pains in his muscles, died, as it was supposed, from inflammation of the bowels. Mechlin's symptoms were also mistaken, and he was declared by the sapient physicians who attended him to be suffering from typhoid fever, and was treated for that disease. The real malady was not discovered till a few days before his death. Of the two remaining victims the woman has recovered, but the man still lies in a critical condition.

IMPOSITION UPON A CHILD.—The latest dodge of a parent to overcome his son's aversion to medicine, and "doctor" him at the same time, occurred on Prospect street, where a croupy youngster was induced to make quite a hearty meal from a plate of buckwheat cakes and "maple syrup"—but the latter proved to be nice syrup of squills. The boy said he "thought something ailed the molasses the minute his father told him to eat all he wanted to."—*Cleveland Leader.*

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