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### A New-Year Monody.

How they gleam, the golden years,
On the ardent eye of Youth!
In his ravished soul he hears
All the music of the spheres,
And to-morrow, then, is truth.
"These to-morrows all are mine"
O divine
Years of youth! In his dream
How they gleam!

How they flee, the rushing years,
Past the halting path of Age!
Sounds are in his startled ears
As of clashing swords and spears
That a desperate combat wage
In a flight more desperate still.
"Will, oh, will
None be stayed?" None! Ah, me!
How they flee!

### IN A CLOSET.

Once, when I was very poor, I suddenly became heiress to forty thousand dollars. Let me tell you how it happened. I was only thirteen years old when my father became bankrupt and died, leaving my mother without support, and with five young children on her hands. I was the eldest daughter; then there were three little boys and a baby girl. What were we to do? It was a terribly dark time. Mother had no accomplishments that could be turned to account, and I had studied hard, but was not old enough to be trusted with even an infant school. I heard it prophesized that my mother, being but thirty years old, and still beautiful, would marry again---words which filled me with anger and grief. How dared they say such shameful things of my mother?

I had the heart to move mountains in our aid, but not the strength to sweep a carpet. I showed my mother my delicate hands and slender wrists, and cried, when we were talking over our affairs.

"Never mind, Norry. You can help me in one way, if not in another," said mother. "You can tend Baby, and look after the boys. We must all keep together. I think I shall open a lodging-house---a very nice lodging-house."

At that time I had not the remotest idea of what she meant. But I soon discovered. Mother hired a house in the upper part of the old town where we had lived so long ignorant of the shifts of poverty, and furnished all the chambers, with a view to letting them separately.

One after another, applicants came, and the rooms were finally filled. It was an old, though an exceedingly well-built house. The rooms were wainscoted; the doors of red oak---their handles of brass; and the windows all had curious old inside shutters.

But mother fitted up one little room for us children very pleasantly. It was an east room, and pretty high up, so that the windows overlooked the neighboring roofs, and commanded a view of the harbor, with its glittering water, stars, and shipping.

She curtained and carpeted it warmly, and put in a bed for Baby and me, a crib for Neddy, and a trundle for the two other little boys. We called it the Nest. Here I spent most of my time. Here mother, soon looking weary and careworn, came to rest at times. I kept Baby warm and happy, sewed, and wore a cheerful face while I thought sad thoughts about mother. She kept no servant, but took care of all those innumerable chambers herself, and it was cold, hard work.

I never heard her clear, soft voice singing old tunes now; her white hands had grown hardened and roughened. My heart ached when I fondled mother's hands, but I never dared burden her with my compassion.

I saw, by her pale, harassed face, that she had all she could bear, and as it seemed to be her only comfort to find The Nest comfortable, I did my duty there unfailingly, and said little. But it kept me pretty busy, mending for the little boys, who tore their clothes at school; amusing Neddy, who was sickly, and tending the baby. Baby was our delight and our darling---she was so pretty and winsome.

The Nest had warm, crimson curtains, and a carpet of crimson and black. We had father's picture, and mother's book. Opposite the door that opened into the hall was another door---the entrance to a large closet, which was never opened, as it contained nothing but some rag-bags and barrels, and some old blinds which stood against the wall. Arthur and Frank used to play "Put Neddy in," when he was naughty, and threw over their games. It was not a very cheerful place.

When we had lived in this way six months, I had not become quite used to it. As I sat by the table, mending little stockings, and making little aprons, of an evening, it was so strange to hear great booted men go pounding over the stairs, and locking themselves in their rooms. Sometimes I could hear Mrs. Mackenzie scolding her maid.

Mrs. Mackenzie's rooms were next The Nest. They were very good rooms, and she was a very important person, and kept a maid---a sulky girl, who seemed always in a state of revolt. Her mistress said she was silly, but I never discovered that she was any sillier than any girl who had pretty cheeks, and likes to put a new bonnet over them, and walk in the park.

Mrs. Mackenzie herself was very good-looking. Her features, though a little sharp were very regular, her eyes were deep-set and bright, and her hair was black too black, it seemed to me, for so sallow and wrinkled a skin. She dressed very carefully, usually in rustling black silk, and wore a gold watch with innumerable pendent charms attached. She was so pleasant to mother that I could hardly believe my ears when I overheard her scolding Jenny so ruthlessly, and Jenny sulking and sobbing.

I could only surmise as to her history for she never referred; but she had a way of sneering at the whole class of masculine beings, which made me suspect she was disappointed in Mr. MacKenzie.

Well, as I was saying, at the end of six months I had hardly become used to the change. The children, poor things! did not mind it so much.

One evening, after I had gone to bed, the thought of their futures pressed heavily upon me. Father had intended to bring his boys up with great care; now they would have to tumble up the best way they could. The clock struck eleven, and still I had not fallen asleep. It was Winter time. The starlight, reflected upon the snow, illuminating the chamber. Suddenly I saw something creeping across the room. With a wild throb of my heart, I raised my head from the pillow. It was a strange figure, bent, and huddled in a loose white robe. Its head was almost entirely bald, and it had strange, sunken jaws.

It crept noiselessly to the window. It seemed to shiver as it stood looking toward the distant glitter of the sea.

The children were all asleep. Frank and Arthur in the trundle, Neddy in the crib, and Baby in my bed. I sat up, ready to spring to rescue any of them if they should be molested.

The figure turned from the window, went to the mirror, peered within, and finally turned away, crossed the room, and entered the closet.

I waited for it to come forth again, but it did not come. In the utmost suspense, I counted the minutes for five long hours. At daybreak I fell heavily asleep. How strangely I felt in the morning when I arose to dress the children! Had I seen a spirit, or was there a ghostly figure lurking in the closet? I was glad to get the boys off to school out of harm's way. And when, in the course of the day, Baby, creeping about the door, pulled herself up to the closet-door, and rattled at the handle, I snatched her away.

It was strange that I did not think of the figure reappearing, but on the next night I was awakened by a slight noise, and, to my fright, discovered the white figure creeping across the room again!

It went to the window, rubbed the frost from the pane, and looked out. Again I started up, fearing some harm would come to the children; but after peering in the mirror, as before, the figure crossed the room, and disappeared at the closet-door. With my heart beating almost to suffocation, I lay down again. Two more nights this same thing happened. I became almost sick with anxiety and excitement. I did not know what to do; but to whom could I go for help? Every time that I looked at my mother's care-worn face, I conquered the temptation to add this burden to her anxieties.

At length, one day, I summoned courage to look into the closet. There was nothing there.

Then I decided that the intruder was a ghost. This did not mend matters; it was dreadful to be so haunted.

I slept very badly. Sometimes I would fancy the figure present when it was not. Again, I think it visited me when I was sleeping the deep slumber of exhaustion.

One night I was awakened by a piercing scream from Neddy's crib. I sprang up. The strange figure was darting wildly about the apartment, and my little brother, sitting up, wide awake in his crib, stared fearfully at it, while scream after scream issued from his pale lips.

But in a moment the figure rushed into the closet, and I took the terrified child into my bed.

"What was it---what was it, Norry?" he cried.

I told him he had been dreaming. The other children woke up, and mother came hurrying up from her room below, but I told them that Neddy had had a bad dream, and cried out in his sleep---that was all. If it was not true, I hardly knew what the truth was. But I slept no more that night.

That afternoon, as I sat sewing in The Nest, while Baby crept about the carpet, and Neddy was taking a nap, there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Mackenzie entered. She never took any notice of the little boys, but she sometimes made slight overtures toward Baby's acquaintance.

"What was the trouble here last night?" she asked, submitting her jeweled fingers to Baby's admiration, while she looked at me sharply.

I hesitated. But why not make a confidant of Mrs. Mackenzie?

After obtaining from her a solemn promise that she would keep my secret, I told her the whole story. She listened with deep attention.

"And so you think it is a ghost, Miss Nora?" she said.

"I am sure it is a ghost," I answered; "but I cannot tell mother that the house is haunted, for she would be frightened out of it, and we have no place to go. As long as it does not hurt the children, I can bear it."

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at me with an intensity which embarrassed me.

"Miss Nora Raynor," said she, "you are a brave girl, and you shall lose nothing by your bravery and your devotion to your mother."

This speech puzzled me considerably. But what was far more important, the ghost came no more into The Nest.

Mrs. Mackenzie remained with us a year, doing us many favors, but at last she was taken very sick. To the last she scolded Jenny; but at length she died.

When I saw her in her last sickness, I discovered that she wore a black wig---her head was entirely bald. She wore false teeth, also, the removal of which altered her appearance extremely. Without her corsets and padding, she looked very bent, aged, and feeble, and in her white flannel night-dress appeared remarkably like the ghost.

After her death her will was read, one clause of which read as follows: "To Nora Raynor, I bequeath the sum of forty thousand dollars, as a reward for her good sense."

Afterward I had a conversation with Jenny, and related my strange experience.

"Law, Miss, it was Missis herself; she was always a-walking around in her sleep at night. I've heard her say that she once slept in that room you call The Nest, and she liked it because you can see the sea from the windows. But if you'd made a fuss and exposed her without her wig on, she'd never have forgiven you to her dying minute. She thought much of her good looks, Missis did, though she was always a-scolding me for prinkin', as she called it, if I so much as tied my collar with a bit of ribbon."

"But if it were Mrs. Mackenzie who came into The Nest, Jenny, how did she get in?"

"Nothing so easy. There's a door through."

And indeed there was a door opening from Mrs. Mackenzie's room into the closet, but concealed on the closet side by old blinds.

I came into possession of my money immediately. We have a little home in the country now. Frank and Arthur are studying professions; Neddy is at college; mother has grown serene and happy again---her hands are fair, and she sings as she sews, while Baby, grown sweeter and more winsome with years, does not even remember that we ever kept a lodging house.

### Money-making a Duty.

Again, there are men born with a genius for money-making. They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and inclination to convert dollars into doubloons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them, just as strongly marked and uncontrollable as were the ability and inclination of Shakespeare to produce a Hamlet and an Othello, of Raphael to paint his cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph. As it would have been a gross dereliction of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would a Rotchild, an Astor and a Peabody have sinned had they done violence to their natures, and thrown their energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs, and not giants. The mission of a Lawrence or a Cornell, equally with that of an Agassiz, a Bierstadt or a Powers, is defined in the faculties God has given him; and no one of them has a right to turn aside from the paths to which his finger so plainly points. Academies, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, railroads---none of which could have been possible without their accumulations---are the proofs of their usefulness; and though the millionaire too often converts his brain into a ledger and his heart into a millstone, yet this starvation of his spiritual nature is no more necessary in his pursuit than in that of the doctor or lawyer. Agassiz is reported to have said, half scornfully, that he had "no time to make money," having given himself to science. But how could he get leisure to study the secrets of nature if others had not made money for him?---["Getting on in the World."

"The Law's Delay."---The law's delay, which so far back as Hamlet's day was a source of so much vexation as to make it a question with him whether it was best "to be or not to be," even now vexes and annoys. Eight years ago a suit was tried in New York in which the sum of $118,000 was matter of dispute. A verdict was then rendered, but the matter was appealed from court to court, and at last the case was returned to the original court for retrial, where it is exactly in the state it was eight years ago. After eight years more of delay and uncertainty a decision may be reached.

An English "Man-of-War."---The Devastation is the newest war-vessel of the British navy. She (the man-of-war) is of 10,000 tons burden, and weighs also 10,000 tons, is built mostly of iron, and carries an immense armament of the heaviest guns. She is also a ram, and is constructed to run down vessels and commit devastation generally.

### Russia and England.

The difficulty between Russia and England in regard to the Khiva-Afghanistan question cannot but give rise to serious apprehensions that the peace of the world will not be of long duration. Russia cannot retrace her steps in Central Asia any more because, if she should do so, the half savage tribes which she has hitherto subjected beyond the Caucasus would rise against her as one man and involve her in a struggle compared to which that with the Circassians was insignificant. England, on the other hand, if she wants to preserve her great Indian empire, can no longer look on quietly while Russia is extending her rule in Asia and penetrating toward the Gulf of Persia. British prestige is at stake, and, if England should show further signs of weakness toward Russia the half-subdued people in the Northern part of the East Indies, as well as the Afghans and other mountaineers over whom England extends a sort of protectorate that is rather irksome to them, would probably treat her with as defiant hostility as Russia would meet with at the hands of her recently subjected vassals beyond the Caucasus. Neither side can compromise any longer, and the great collision between the two powers is rapidly drawing nigh.

A conflict between England and Russia, as a matter of course, would not be confined to the distant regions of Asia. England would have to seize Egypt in order to strengthen her military forces in Asia as rapidly as possible, and that would at once reopen the dangerous Oriental question. In fact, it may be said that the breaking out of a war between Russia and England in all probability would decide the fate of European Turkey, and that decision cannot be reached without Austria making a desperate effort not to be shut out entirely from the mouths of the Danube. And, besides, will France, when all this occurs, consent to remain an idle spectator, with M. Thiers, who has always maintained that his country never should allow Russia to carry her eagles to the Golden Hora, at the head of the Republic? Will Germany, owing so much as she does to Russia on account of the latter's friendly neutrality during the recent war, remain inactive?

### A Distressing Mistake.

One day last week there arrived in New Orleans a large invoice of castor beans (used in the manufacture of castor oil) consigned to one of the leading drug houses. In the course of unloading, the sacks containing the beans were so skillfully operated upon that by the time they were placed in position on the levee some of them leaked badly, and the castor beans were lying about on the levee in a profusion that bore strong testimony to the reckless spirits of several merry, saddle-colored sons of toil.

Not far from the location of the pile, an aged daughter of Africa "Plied her busy cares," which consisted, in the main, in preparing first-class noonday lunches for the levee mullowlungers, otherwise known as long-shoremen. It will be hardly necessary to state that, although these lunches are considered quite healthy, they are not exactly what one would call for at a first-class hotel---in short, their component parts are shin bones and beans, deftly intermingled and served up without much regard for ceremony, except that which demands a good deal of lunch for the smallest possible amount of filthy lucre.

The old lady referred to, having an eye to the main chance, no sooner espied the beans lying about loose, that it occurred to her that she would "gather them in" after the fashion of the old sexton, and, by turning them to her own use, save a considerable sum in her household expense.

No sooner said than done, and chuckling at her stroke of good luck, the fair dame conveyed the spoils homeward, where, in a short time, she cooked them to a proper consistency, and, on Saturday last, they appeared in tempting form before the hungry eyes of her customers, who wrestled their lunch on that occasion with a vigor and ferocity quite alarming to behold.

The consequences were distressing in the extreme, and involved the loss of half a day's time to each man.

### Dressing the Hair.

The day of the huge chignon is over. That article is buried out of sight. Peace be to its ashes! But that great mound on the back of the head was not so disfiguring as the present style of leaving that part of the cranium an utter blank. Our researches into this subject have not quite satisfied us whether this fashion is copied from the Flat-headed Indians, the Chinese, or the Fiji Islanders; but from the fact that the hair is so bepuffed, befrizzed, and becurled in a mass on the top of the head, we are inclined to think that we are indebted to the Fijians for this "thing of beauty." They adorn the male as well as the female head after this fashion; and how the American male would look with such a head-gear, we do not venture an opinion, but frequent observation enables us to say that the ordinary style of hair-dressing at present, as arranged by the owners, is becoming to no American woman. This is to comb the hair up to the top of the head, leaving a flat, straight, even row of hairs in the back, with a cushion, a coil, a bow, or puffs exactly on the crown of the head, and a mass of little frizzles in front. The cushion or coil has ribbon or a jet encircling it. The latter is most frequently used, and is worn without any reference whatever to the color of the hair, notwithstanding the very obvious fact the effect of the jet is almost wholly lost on black hair, and is positively ugly on flaxen. When the hairdresser is called in, this style is, of course, vastly improved, but no art can make it either pretty or becoming.

When women learn to conform somewhat to fashion, and at the same time to make fashion conform somewhat to them, they will all look better than they do now. An artistic arrangement of puffs, braids, etc., on the top of the head, in the present fashion, with smaller puffs in front, interspersed with a few little curls or frizzes, is a pretty style of dressing the hair, and with the addition of the fancy combs now worn, looks quite distinguished, and would be becoming if some part of the structure were only carried down towards the neck. Some of the fashion plates show such designs with a coil, braid, or curls simply and gracefully disposed at the back of the head, and it is to be hoped they will be more generally copied.

The jets are handsome ornaments when arranged with an eye to the effects of color. As a rule, the circles of jet do not look well with very light or very dark hair, but the butterflies and other similar designs are the prettiest hair ornaments we have had for some time, and with black hair or flaxen, only need the interposition of a little bright ribbon to make them very effective.

The Indian Question.---A cold-blooded, calculating genius recommends that the "Indian question" be met by adopting the English method of solving their difficulties with the South African Kaffirs and Hottentots. He says this is done by supplying the Africans with Birmingham guns, worth one dollar each, which are exchanged by the savages for ivory and gold-dust. After the first explosion, the savage needs no gun any more, and the question, so far as he is concerned, may be sufficiently settled. On the other hand, we supply our Indians with excellent breech-loaders, which tend to keep our question in an open state.

### How London Appears to a Traveler.

Streets crossing each other at all angles except right angles. Streets built up on both sides with plain, yellow brick houses for miles in length. Streets running under massive viaducts, built of granite and iron. Streets crossing others on arches of stone. Streets commencing broad and well-built, with magnificent edifices, diminishing into dirty lanes, the abode of poverty and vice. Streets commencing straight and ending in a curve. Streets curved at both ends and crooked in the middle. Streets paved with blocks of granite, others with asphaltum. Exceptional streets laid in Nicholson. Streets at the West magnificent beyond description, through which the rich roll in elegant carriages, attended by servants in ostentatious liveries. Streets in the East where honest poverty and hideous vice jostle against each other in the daily struggle for existence. Lanes, alleys, dark courts, obscure passages, by-ways, delusive roads, intricate paths and uncertain short cuts, all strangely confused. Shops in the East where the necessities of life are sold in sub divisions at a penny apiece. Shops at the West filled to repletion with silks at a guinea a yard. A river spanned by a score of stone bridges, each as firm and solid as the earth itself. Thousands of public buildings, rare specimens of beauty, built by world-renowned architects, long since passed away; monuments like index fingers pointing to the sky; countless factories with slender chimneys, each one pouring out a column of black smoke to cast a gloomy pall over palace and shrine. Docks built far inland, with narrow gates opening to the river; docks crowded with ships from every quarter of the globe; innumerable passenger steamers shooting the arches of the bridges, steamships, ships, barks, schooners, barges, scows, mud boats, propellers, tugs, dredging machines, war vessels, canal boats, and floating hospitals and prisons lying at anchor on the dirty waters below the bridges. Thirty miles of river bank, lined with great warehouses and crowded with merchandise from the ends of the earth. Millions of people to meet; omnibuses, cabs, carts, street cars, drays, carriages, wagons rushing through the crowded thoroughfares, or crossing the bridges from side to side. Railroads everywhere; trains crossing the tops of the houses; engines dragging cars for miles underground; trains shooting under the streets, trains thundering overhead, while steam of unseen engines is coming through the iron gratings at your feet. Flaming advertisements plastered about blank walls. Plate-glass shop windows brilliantly lighted from the outside. Gin palaces so radiant that you must wink when you look at them; gin palaces in which the poor, silly working people spend for beer what their children need for food and clothes; gin palaces where countless women go with infants in their arms to drink gin with ragged, bloated men. Churches without equal in the world; churches with gin palaces on each side; churches filled on Sundays with well-dressed, intelligent, contented Christian people; churches which are placed on exhibition during the week for hire. Galleries of paintings, haunts of vice, gambling saloons, hotels, theatres, museums, gardens, courts, clubs, banking institutions, breweries, colleges, schools, universities, prisons, markets, stalls, palaces hustled into obscurity behind dirty brick walls. Immense wholesale business done in dark, narrow lanes. Buildings of every conceivable size, quality, and value spread thickly over thirty-five square miles of area, and thinly over far more ---that's London.

### Heir of an English Baronetcy a Convict.

Among the men brought up at the city police court on the 25th of July, charged with gambling in a Chinese den in Little Bourke street, is one whose Australian career is well worth recapitulating, as showing the degredation into which men of high position fall when they once enter upon what is very truthfully, though vulgarly, termed a "loose life." Tichborne, if he of Wagga Wagga is Tichborne, had some strange experiences while he resided in this part of the country, but his life has hardly been as eventful as that of Henry Travers, alias Thomas Gerald Golding, alias Frank Hogg, alias Powell. Travers, who is said to be heir to an English baronetcy, seems to have spent his Australian life chiefly within the four walls of the prison cell. He first appeared in this country in the year 1865, having arrived by a ship called the Ulcoates, from London. He described himself as Thomas Gerald Golding, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and for some time he led what is called a fast life in Melbourne. Towards the close of that year he appeared to have run short of supplies, for on the first of February, 1866, he was brought up at the city courts on two charges of obtaining money by false pretences, for which he was sentenced to three and six months' imprisonment at Pentridge. He was liberated toward the close of the year; but he was not at large two or three months before he had recourse to his old means of raising funds. On the 21st of March, 1867, he was apprehended on four charges of obtaining property on false pretences, and received four sentences, amounting to sixteen months. He served this period at the stockade in Pentridge, but he was little benefited by prison discipline. He had tried all he could to raise money by fraud, but he had now got the length of his tether. A new idea seized him, and he came out as a detective. He went about for a time personating one of the clever people, but the game did not answer; he was arrested and once more sent to Pentridge for two years. During this period he met with an accident which brought on paralysis, and when he was once more set at liberty he had to seek shelter at the Immigrants' Home and the Benevolent Asylum. He left the Home, and took one of the female nurses with him, and the disgrace which he brought upon himself at the charitable institutions impelled the managers of those institutions to close the door against him. Sometime ago he sent a letter to his Excellency the Governor, asking his assistance, and in that letter he represented himself to be the son of General Travers, then in India, and as there happened to be an Indian officer in Melbourne at the time, it is understood that his Excellency commissioned him to make inquiries as to the truth of the statement when he returned to join the army. Should these reports prove correct, Henry Travers will one day be a baronet, and we shall have another piece of romance to record.

### Future Eclipses of the Sun.

Mr. Robert T. Paine communicates to "Silliman's Journal" a list of eclipses visible in the United States during the remainder of this century. The first central eclipse will be that of September 29, 1875, which will be annular in part of the State of New York and in four of the New England States. The duration of the ring on the central line will be three minutes thirty-nine seconds. At Boston it will be only two minutes twenty-nine seconds. The belt of country over which the annular eclipse will extend will be 110 miles wide. Within it are situated the observatories of Hamilton College, Albany, Harvard University, Amherst College, and Dartmouth College. The first total eclipse will be that of July 29, 1878, when the shadow of the moon will pass over British Columbia, Montana, Colorado, Texas, and Cuba. At Denver, Colorado, the eclipse will be total nearly three minutes.

### The Isthmian Ship Canal.

That ships are sooner or later to cross the Isthmus connecting North and South America, at some point, there is not a shadow of doubt. That the tide of commerce between Europe and the Eastern shores of North and South America on the one hand, and China, Japan, the East Indies and Eastern Africa on the other, (a commerce, by the way, which, great as it is and long as it has continued, it is but a beginning compared to what it will be before the close of the next half century,) is to continue to be deflected ten thousand miles out of its direct course by a few miles more or less of mountain and rock is entirely inconsistent with the spirit of the age. It is only a question of time and money. Money is the Archimedean fulcrum upon which, if modern engineering can rest its lever, it can, perhaps, hardly move the world, but it can move anything in the world.

What pecuniary interests demand pecuniary resources will not fail to accomplish; And it is not a question of so very much money after all. A hundred millions of dollars sounds pretty large, but one gets used to hearing it; and the people of this country have expended that amount in killing each other, in fifty days.

By whom is it to be constructed? It is very easy to answer by whom it ought to be constructed. Secretary Fish is said to have stated that this country is competent for the enterprise without European assistance, and it needed no such announcement to make the fact patent to all that we not only can but ought to construct a ship canal across the Isthmus. Both commercial and political reasons make it imperitive that the American nation should own and control the great highway between the two oceans.

Mr. James C. Medeley, in a letter to "Engineering," evincing a careful consideration of the subject, compares some of the routes talked of, and recommends a route across the Isthmus of Panama, near where the existing railway now crosses, entering the Pacific by the Rio Grande, a little to the north of the town of Panama, where the railway now terminates. It would necessitate a cutting for several miles, with a summit depth of 180 feet, rapidly increasing in depth from the summit each way, and still require about eighty feet of lockage. A canal about the size of the Suez canal is estimated to cost, even at excessive prices for construction, about one hundred millions of dollars, the major portion of which would be for the deep cutting and the locks. But it is not questionable whether locks are advisable? They are certainly not desirable, and when we consider that the work is for all time, and will be of increased utility with each succeeding year, anything that increases the expense, or diminishes the facility of operating it, should be avoided, even at a very largely increased cost of original construction. If a canal can be constructed at all, it can be and should be constructed without locks.

### Tidal Water Power; A New and Useful Suggestion.

Mr. A. E. Gorden, the editor of the New Brunswick, N. J., (Times,) has made a suggestion in reference to the utilizing of the power of the tides, which appears to us not only novel but practical and important.

The use of tidal water power to drive mills is common along our coasts. The ordinary method is to shut off the mouth of a small inlet by means of a dam having sluice gates to admit the sea water which, by the rise of the tide, enters and fills the enclosure. By the fall of the tide the enclosure water derives sufficient head to drive a turbine or other wheel, and so give motion to the mill. But when the tide again rises of course the head is destroyed, so that the mill can only run alternately, during two separate periods of a few hours each out of the twenty-four. It is this alternating and irregularity in the hours of motion, together with the periods of entire inactivity, that prevent the employment of this species of motive power for general industrial purposes.

The improvement suggested by Mr. Gordon consists in providing two water basins, both of which are to be shut off by dams from the sea. One of the basins is to serve as a constant supply reservoir of water, and it is to have a close dam of such width and hight that the tide water, when it has risen to within one foot of its normal hight, will begin to pour over the dam and quickly fill the reservoir. The dam of the other basin is to be provided with swing valves which permit exit of the water at low tide but prevent ingress of water from the sea. The basin, we will now suppose to be empty. The water wheel is to be placed between the two basins, and the fall of the water from the reservoir into the discharge basin will afford continuous motive power so long as the supply of water lasts and until the rise of water in the discharge basin destroys the head. But as this latter basin is entirely emptied at every tide, the head will be always kept good, presupposing, of course, that the reservoir and the discharge basin are made of proper size. In respect to this last point, it is well-known that basin capacity on our coasts is almost unlimited, and there are thousands of localities where extensive water powers may be thus provided and maintained at a comparatively small cost. We trust that Mr. Gordon will proceed to elaborate his plan and place it before the hydraulic engineers of the country for discussion.

### A Forcible Liquor Law.

We recently gave an account of a suit in Davenport, Iowa, by one Mrs. Priestly against Joseph Hierb for damages for selling liquor to her husband. This has now been closed. After Hierb's counsel had filed a motion for a new trial, by the consent of Mrs. Priestly to accept a homestead in Davenport, valued at $1,500, and Hierb to pay all costs of suit which will be about $200. The verdict of the jury against him was $2,520. His settlement is a virtual acknowledgement of the correctness of the verdict.

The result of this suit will have a great effect in Iowa. The People's Temperance Association, under whose auspices the foregoing case was pressed to trial, has given the following public notice:

To Whom it May Concern.---We believe it is now a well-settled fact that under the statues of Iowa, the owners of property, leasing the same, knowing the property leased is being used for the violation of chapter 647, and acts amendatory thereof of the laws of Iowa, said property is liable for all fines assessed against persons occupying said premises. We propose hereafter to take such steps in all liquor prosecutions as will enable the Court not only to punish the tenant, but the gentlemanly landlord as well. If this interests you, make a note of it. Are you in danger? Stand from under. We mean business. Giles H. Tusner,
President People's Temperance Ass'n.

The President above named is a man who has squandered a fortune, and nearly ruined a strong, robust constitution by the use of strong drink; a man who in years gone by was prominent in his profession, that of the law, but who, about two years ago, reformed, together with several of his associates, who banded themselves together and swore eternal warfare against the liquor traffic in Davenport. The association now numbers about three hundred, and they mean business. The result is that whiskey selling in Davenport is nearly played out.

### Humors of Advertising.

Advertisers are adepts in ambiguity. A lady advertises her desire to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies." "A spinster particularly fond of children" informs the public that she "wishes two or three, having none of her own." Somebody wants "a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion;" a draper desires to meet with an assistant who would "take an active interest in a small first-class trade, and in a quiet family;" and a Boston chemist advertises, "The gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." Slipshod English is not, however, confined to the advertising columns, or we should not read of the shooting of a wild cat "by a little boy five feet and eight inches long;" of a procession which was "very fine indeed, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Mr. Perry, the chaplain;" nor should we be much scandalized to note the fact, recently stated in some journel, that "a self-made man arrived in California twenty years ago with only one shirt to his back, and since then has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate over ten millions." An English theatrical paper, after announcing a forthcoming benefit performance, went on: "Of course every one will be there, and for the edification of those who are absent, a full report will be found in our next paper." The following advertisements are collected from Irish papers: "One pound reward. Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening." Advertisement of a wine merchant: "The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about six dozen of prime port wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high boquet." The two follows ing emanated from a well-known livery stable keeper: "To be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail." "To be sold cheap, a male phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new." "Ten Shillings reward. Lost by a gentleman, a white terrier dog, except the head, which is black. To be brought to," etc. To be added to these Irish advertisements may be given an English one, which was the subject of a humorous article in the "Saturday Review," some four or five years since: "To be sold, an Erad grand piano, the property of a lady, about to travel in a walnut case with carved legs."

### Disastrous Fire in Centre Street, New York City.

The fire which broke out shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday evening in the Caxton Building, Nos. 81, 83, and 85 Centre street, besides consuming that large structure and damaging several adjacent buildings, has probably caused the death of seven persons. Of the fifty girls employed in the bindery of Archer, Anderson & Co., on the upper floors, it was at first thought that all had escaped, some with slight wounds and bruises but six of the girls and a boy cannot be found, and their bodies, if they have not been consumed, will probably be found beneath the debris.

All day yesterday anxious inquiries were made to Capt. Kennedy, at the Sixth Precinct Police Station, for the following persons, all of whom were doubtless killed: Jane Stewart, of 77 Charlton street; Bridget McGrath, of 331 First avenue; Margaret Donohue and Mary Donohue, sisters, of 123 East Tenth street; Margaret Bell and Charlotte Bell, sisters, and James Bovins, a boy aged twelve, residing at 164 Broome street. The girls were all employed as binders and sewers. All of them have been missing since the fire.

The janitor of a building in the neighborhood of the fire stated that he saw a woman at a window waving a hankerchief and imploring help from the crowd below. In a moment she was enveloped in flames, and was seen no more.

The building fell in fifteen minutes after the fire was discovered; and another man is said to have seen a woman at a window gesticulating, when the walls fell and crushed her. It is fully conceded that had not the fire escape to the Caxton Building been in a neglected and incomplete condition, there would not have been the dreadful loss of life.

The Caxton Building, Nos. 81, 83 and 85 Centre street, which, with the contents, was completely destroyed, was owned by Robert Craighead, whose loss is estimated at $75,000, which is but partially covered by insurance. The second floor was occupied by the New York Newspaper Union. The third floor was occupied by Dun, Barlow & Co. as a printing establishment. The fourth, fifth and sixth floors were occupied by Archer, Anderson & Co., bookbinders.

Two or three adjoining buildings were badly damaged.

The total loss by the fire is estimated at over $600,000, which is partially covered by insurance.

### What he Knew About Threshing.

The Titusville "Press" gives an account of a young man from an Eastern city, who had been visiting rural friends in this vicinity. After seeing a farmer thresh out a "flooring" of oats the other morning, he asked and received permission to swing the flail a few minutes, upon assuring the agriculturist that he was "perfectly familiar with the art of threshing." Expectorating upon his hands, the young man went at the oats, but at the first pass knocked the horn off from a new milch cow that was leisurely chewing her cud in a neighboring stall. The second swing caved in the head of the farmer, who thought he was safe enough as long as he roosted on top of the fanning mill in the other end of the barn, but without discovering the havoc he was making, the city artist kept at his labors; the third blow fell upon the oats, the fourth killed a hen in a manger near by, and the fifth pass of the deadly weapon was the best of all, for it came around behind the young man boomerang fashion, and taking him under the lower jaw, knocked him down, and thus put an end to the work of slaughter. The mere fact that the city "thresher" returned to consciousness an hour before the farmer did, allowed the former to get several miles out of town before his efforts at threshing oats were discovered by his neighbors.

### Taking Cold.

When a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, and in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism with its agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in the wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold as how to avoid it.

Colds always come from one cause, some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his or her feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps, the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.

### Aniline Inks---Interesting Experiments.

The beauty and variety of aniline dyes has, for a long time, induced manufacturers to use them for the making of inks. Formerly, red inks were prepared from cochineal and ammonia, and blue inks from Prussian blue and oxalic acid; but an exceedingly cheap red ink may be made by simple dissolving a little gum in a very diluted solution of aniline red. This ink may be immediately used, and the solution must not be too strong, or the complementary color (green) will appear. Violet and blue inks with and without a greenish tint, are now much used. The so-called bleu soluble is readily available for making them. It is prepared like red ink, and the same is the case with the "patent violet." Aniline dyes may also be employed for the preparation of sympathetic inks, which formerly were very much in vogue. Letters written with aniline red will disappear when exposed to the vapors of ammonia, in which case we obtain the colorless rosaniline, which is scarcely or not at all visible. After some time, especially if warmed a little, the letters appear again in their original beauty. Nicholson's blue yields a still more beautiful sympathetic ink. To produce it the blue is dissolved in a solution of borax, to which a little gum is added. When used, this ink is scarcely perceptible, but when exposed to the vapor of muriatic or acetic acid, the characters appear in a dark blue; but they disappear if exposed to the vapors of ammonia.

The following in an interesting experiment, and may be of interest to popular lecturers on chemistry: White flowers, made of paper, and white silk ribbons may be variously colored, without any one recognizing how it is done. It is a well known fact that if an aniline dye, in the state of a very fine powder, is spread over a sheet of paper, and water is then allowed to run through it, there remain imperceptible particles, which, however, are sufficient, if dissolved, to intensely color the whole sheet. To this end it is only necessary to moisten the paper with strong alcohol, or with a solution of alcohol and acetic acid. This experiment may be carried out by making roses or other flowers from paper. White roses, if covered with fuchsin in the form of dust, when immersed in spirits of wine or other proper solvent, are immediately changed to beautiful red roses. Silken ribbons may be treated in a similar manner. By dropping a few grains of aniline dyes into wine glasses and adding a solvent, variously colored liquors may be obtained by means that few persons are able to detect. A white liquid may be colored red, and decolored by adding ammonia. In fact, many interesting experiments can be performed with these dyes.

### Epidemic Delusions.

There are plenty of stories of this kind. For instance, in nunneries it is not at all uncommon, from the secluded life, and the attention being fixed upon one subject, a particular set of ideas and feelings---the want of a healthy vent, so to speak, for the mental activity---that some particular odd propensity has developed itself. For instance, in a nunnery abroad, many years ago, one of the youngest nuns began to mew like a cat, and all the others, after a time, did the same. In another nunnery one began to bite, and the others were all affected with the propensity to bite. In one of these instances, the mania was spreading like wildfire through Germany, extending from one nunnery to another; and they were obliged to resort to severe measures to drive it out. It was set down in some instances to demoniacal possession, but the devil was very easily exorcised by some pretty strong threat on the part of the medical man. The celebrated physician Boerhave was called in to a case of that kind in an orphan asylum in Holland, and I think his remedy was a red-hot iron. He heated the poker in the fire, and said that the next girl who fell into one of those fits should be burnt in the arm; this was quite sufficient to stop it. In Scotland at one time there was a great tendency to break out into fits of this kind in the churches. This was particularly the case in Shetland; and a very wise minister there told them that the thing could not be permitted, and that the next person who gave way in this manner---as he was sure they could control themselves if they pleased---should be taken out and ducked in a pond. There was no necessity at all to put the threat into execution. Here, you see, the stronger motive is substituted for the weaker one. And the stronger motive is sufficient to induce the individual to put a check upon himself. I have said that it usually happens with the female sex, though sometimes it occurs with young men who have more or less of the same constitutional tendency. What is necessary, is to induce a stronger motive which will call forth the power of self-control, which has been previously abandoned.

### A Ten Thousand Dollar Bible.

In the bookstore of Mr. Bouton, on Broadway, there is now on ex