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Faith.

'Mid naked boughs the robin sings:
That buds will break he is so sure;
So sure that flowers and all sweet things
Will blossom while the years endure.

Though cold the wind, he has no doubt
Of warmth and comfort on the way;
He knows that all green blades will sprout,
However late the frosts delay.

He knows, by wonderful prevision,
That summer soon will haunt the wood,
And bring the barren bough fruition,
And to the empty nest its brood!

A Sketch.

The sky is blue and bright above,
The trees have donned their soft green dresses,
And prattling out its lazy love,'
The river takes the sun's caresses.

The air with sweet spring scents is rife,
And pleasant with the talk of thrushes,
And glad with a new sense of life
The year toward its noon-day rushes.

Within a corner of the wood,
Where the sun's might comes something fainter,
And dulled the voices of the flood,
There sit a lady and a painter.

Intent the scene's delight to trace,
He deftly plies his practiced fingers,
With eyes that grow toward her face,
And most on her his labor lingers.

And while he works the day glides by,
Until with pink the hillside flushes,
And with a half regretful sigh,
Thus speaking, he flings down his brushes:

"The light that travels down the stream,
Or, piercing through an opening slender,
Falls through the leaves with fitful gleam—
This light my skill can catch and render;

"But, sweet, your eyes give out a light
That, though I strive from morn till even,
I never can reflect aright—
I paint the earth, and not high Heaven."

THE BOORN AFFAIR.

One of the Most Extraordinary Cases of Circumstantial Evidence on Record.

On the morning of the 26th of November, 1819, I read in the Rutland (Vt.) *Herald* the following notice:

"Murder! Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russell Colvin, who has been absent about seven years. Any person who can give information of said Colvin may save the life of the innocent, by making immediate communication. Colvin is about five feet five inches high, light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and about forty years old. Manchester, Vt., November 26th, 1819."

This communication was copied very generally by newspapers, and created a great deal of interest. Before describing events that followed, let us go back to the year 1812 and to the little town of Manchester, Vermont.

Barney Boorn, an old man, had two sons, Stephen and Jesse, and a daughter Sarah, wife of Russell Colvin, a half-crazed, half-witted day laborer. They were a bad lot, poor, ignorant, and in doubtful repute for honesty. Two miserable hovels served them for shelter, and a few acres of pine barrens constituted all their possessions. They raised a few potatoes and garden vegetables, and eked out a scanty livelihood by days' work for the neighboring farmers.

In May, 1812, Colvin was at home. In June he was missing. At first this occasioned no remark. He was always a tramp, absent from home sometimes for weeks together. But this time he did not come back. As weeks grew into months inquiries began to be made among the neighbors about the missing man. There are no tongues for gossip like those which wag in a village. One spoke to another. Excitement grew. Wonder, like a contagious disease, affected everybody.

It was known that there had long existed between the old man and boys a grudge against Colvin; it was in proof that the last time the missing man was seen he was at work with the Boorns clearing stones from a field, and that a dispute was going on, and Louis Colvin, a boy, son of Russel, had stated that his father had struck his uncle Stephen, and that he, the boy, becoming frightened, ran away. Again, a Mr. Baldwin had heard Stephen Boorn, in answer to the inquiry as to where Colvin was, say:

"He's gone to h—ll, I hope!"

"Is he dead, Stephen?" pursued Mr. Baldwin.

"I tell you again," replied the man, "that Colvin has gone where potatoes won't freeze."

For seven years the wonder grew. Colvin's ghost haunted every house in Bennington county. There was no known proof that the Boorns were guilty, and yet everybody believed it. A button and jackknife were found, which Mrs. C. believed to have belonged to Russel; dreams, thrice repeated, were had by old women and kitchen girls—and ten thousand stories were in circulation.

Five years after Colvin was missed, Stephen Boorn removed to Denmark, N. Y., while Jesse remained at home. After the former had left, some bones were accidentally found in the decayed trunk of a tree near his house, and though all surgeons said to the contrary, it was universally believed that they were part of a human skeleton. Of course, then, they must be Colvin's bones. Jesse was arrested. Stephen was brought back from Denmark, and both were held for examination.

Although all the testimony when sifted was found to be worthless, yet the two brothers were remanded back to jail, and Jesse was worked upon to make him turn State's evidence. The jailor tormented him with suggestions, which his wife followed up with womanly adroitness. Neighbors helped. Beset with directions—told that there was no doubt in any one's mind but that Stephen committed the murder—urged to make a clean breast of it and thus save both his body and soul, what wonder that the man confessed, or was alleged to have confessed, that Stephen Boorn did murder Russel Colvin?

On September 3, 1819, the grand jury found a bill of indictment against Stephen and Jesse Boorn for the murder of Russell Colvin. William Farnsworth testified that Stephen confessed that he did it, and that Jesse helped him; that they hid the body in the bushes, then buried it, then dug it up and burned it, and then scraped together the few remains and hid them in a stump. Upon this unsupported evidence the jury returned a verdict of guilty against both prisoners, and they were sentenced to be hung on January 28, 1820.

And now the men came to their senses. They asserted their innocence. They said that they had confessed as their last hope. Some compassion began to be felt for them. They might, after all, be innocent. A petition for their pardon was presented to the Legislature. But it availed only to obtain commutation of Jesse's sentence to imprisonment for life—no more. Stephen was to be hanged.

Let the reader now turn to another chapter of this strange history.

In April, 1813, there lived in Dover, Monmouth county, N. J., a Mr. James Polhamus. During that month a wayfarer, begging food, stopped at his door. Being handy, good-natured, quiet and obedient, homeless, and weak of intellect too, he was allowed to stay. He said that his name was Russell Colvin, and that he came from Manchester, Vt.

Not far from Dover lies the little town of Shrewsbury, then a quiet hamlet, now invaded by the cottages and villas of Long Branch pleasure-seekers. Here lived Taber Chadwick, brother-in-law to Mr. Polhamus, and intimate with the family. Accidentally reading the New York *Evening Post*, he met, not with the notice of the Rutland *Herald*, but with an account of the trial of the Boorns. Convinced that the Russell Colvin, alleged to have been murdered, was the very man then living with Mr. Polhamus, he wrote to the *Evening Post* a letter, which was published December 9, 1819.

Upon the arrival of this paper at Manchester it excited but little attention. The letter was believed to be a forgery or a fraud. Had not the best people in the town long believed the Boorns to be guilty? Had not one, perhaps both of them, made full confession? The bones of the murdered man, a button of his coat, his jackknife—had they not all been found? Had not an upright judge made solemn charge that the evidence was conclusive, and an intelligent jury found them guilty, and the Legislature sanctioned the findings? There was no doubt of their guilt—none whatever; and therefore no benefit of a doubt had been given by jury, chief justice or court of appeal.

Mr. Chadwick's letter was, nevertheless, taken to Stephen's cell and read aloud. The news was so overwhelming that nature could scarcely survive the shock. The poor fellow dropped in a fainting fit to the floor, and had to be recovered by dashes of cold water.

Intelligence came next day from a Mr. Whelpley, formerly a resident of Manchester, that he himself had been to New Jersey and seen Russell Colvin. The members of the jury which had convicted the Boorns, however, hesitated to accept anything short of the man's presence, and Judge Chase, who had sentenced them, pointed to Stephen Boorn's confession.

The third day came another letter. "I have Russell Colvin with me," wrote Mr. Whelpley. "I personally know Russell Colvin," swore John Rempton; "he now stands before me." "It is the same Russell Colvin who married Ann Boorn, of Manchester, Vt.," made affidavit Mrs. Jones, of Brooklyn. But it would not answer. Pride of opinion is stubborn. Doubt of opinion dies hard.

However, Colvin, or Colvin's double, was on his way. As he passed through Poughkeepsie, the streets were thronged to see him. The news everywhere preceded him. His story was printed in every newspaper, and told at every fireside. At Hudson cannon were fired; in Albany he was shown to the crowd from a platform; and all along the road to Troy bands of music were playing and banners were flaunting, and cheers were given as Colvin passed by. Some men become famous from having been murdered. Russell Colvin was famous because he was alive.

Toward evening of Friday, December 22, 1819, a double sleigh was driven furiously down the main street of Manchester to the tavern door. It contained Whelpley, Kempton, Chadwick, and the bewildered Russell Colvin. Immediately a crowd of men, women and children gathered around, and as the sleigh unloaded its occupants and they took their places on the piazza, exhibiting the last man to view, "That's Russell Colvin, sure enough! There's no doubt about it!" came from the lips of scores of gazers. He embraced his two children, asked after the Boorns, and started for the jail.

The prison doors were unbolted, and the news was told to Stephen Boorn.

"Colvin has come, Stephen," said the Rev. Lemuel Haynes.

"Has he?" asked the prisoner. "Where is he?"

"Here I am, Stephen," said his brother-in-law. "What's them on your legs?"

"Shackles!" replied Boorn.

"What for?"

"Because they said I murdered you."

"You never hurt me in your life," replied Colvin.

The sequel is soon told. Stephen Boorn was released from prison, as was Jesse also. Russell Colvin returned to New Jersey. But the judge who suffured an innocent man to be convicted of murder by the admission of extra-judicial confessions—the members of the jury who deliberated but one hour before agreeing upon a verdict of guilt upon evidence that should not hang a dog—the deacon and church members who urged confession and preached repentance, and the ninety-seven members of the Legislature, sitting as a court of appeals, who refused rehearing of evidence—what became of them?

He Never Saw.

Two gentlemen from New York, one of whom had been in California for nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were overheard in the following conversation at the Sutter House, Sacramento. The new-comer was lamenting his condition, and especially two beautiful daughters, who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them."

After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of time.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and a long pause of silence. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed.

After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who had six children, and never saw one of them.

The Two Men and the Bear.

Two men had to go through a great wood. One of them was short and stout, and one was tall and slim.

"I could not run fast or climb well," said the short one; "if a foe, man or beast, came on me, I should have to stand my ground."

"Have no fear," said the slim man. "I can run fast and climb well; but still it is my rule to stand my ground—I would fight for you to the last. I fear no man or beast, not I. Hark! what is that noise?"

"I am sure," said the short man, "that is the growl of a bear; I know there are bears in this wood."

The bear was soon in sight. The tall man ran a short way and hid in a tree. The short man fell flat on his face on the ground and held his breath. The bear came to him, smelt him, and thought he was dead. So he left him, and with a gruff growl or two went on his way.

When the bear was out of sight the short man rose from the ground, and the tall man came down from the tree.

"What did the beast say to you, my friend?" said the tall man to the short one. "I saw him put his mouth close to your ear."

"He told me," said the short man, "to put no trust in one who brags in the way you do, for those who boast so much are not brave!"

One of the modest little farming patches in Illinois is laid out in 19,000 acres of corn, 2,500 acres of flax, 1,000 acres of oats, and enough grass to produce about eight thousand tons of hay.

DISASTERS IN CHURCHES.

A Terrible Record of Calamities of the Last Few Years—No Heed Paid to Warnings.

The French Catholic church disaster at Holyoke, Mass., by which sixty-six men, women, and children lost their lives, is not the first appalling disaster of the kind that has occurred. The warnings have been many. On the evening of the 23d of June, 1874, while a strawberry festival was in progress in in the Central Baptist church of Syracuse, N. Y., without any premonition the floor gave way, precipitating the people into the story below. The number in the room was variously estimated at the time from three hundred to five hundred, and thirteen persons were killed altogether and one hundred and seven more or less seriously injured.

At a service held by Spurgeon in Surrey Gardens, London, a false alarm of danger was given, causing a needless rush, and over fifty persons lost their lives.

The terrible catastrophe at St. Andrews's church, New York, on the 25th of February last, is still so fresh in the public mind that this new and appalling disaster must have a powerful effect in forcing public attention to the necessity of adopting proper precautions against such accidents.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1863, Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, was visited by the most terrible calamity that has ever been known in connection with a church. The Church of the Jesuits, one of the most magnificent in South America, was crowded to suffocation. An eye witness thus describes the scene:

A few minutes before seven o'clock, and when the religious performance was about to commence, they were still lighting the last lights in the chancel when the portable gas in the half moon of canvas and wood that formed the pedestal of a colossal image of the Virgin Mary began to burn one of the extremities of the apparatus. Some one rushed on the rising flame and succeeded in smothering it, but by a fatal rebound the gas, compressed by the effort, burst out with redoubled vigor at the other extremity of the false half moon. Immediately a fierce flame rushed up. The people who thronged the church flew toward the sacristy crying, "Water, water!" while the women, who filled the nave, arose in tumultuous confusion, screaming for help. The fire spread with wonderful rapidity to the *reredos* of wood and hangings, and thence attracted by the current of air that always circulates between the upper boarding and the roof, rolled through the church. In a few moments all overhead was a mass of flames. In the mean time the men had succeeded in escaping, for in this church the sexes were separated by an iron grating, and the women had fled as far as the middle of the church in a state of the most terrible confusion. But the headlong hurry, the fainting, the obstruction of the bell-shaped dresses and the frantic eagerness to gain the street, which, by a culpable imprudence, gave access to the fresh air only toward the open space in front and the small court on the west side of the church. That obstacle was the barrier of death.

And now what appeared most horrible was that, seeing their salvation of lives within reach of our arms, it was impossible to save even one of the victims, piled one upon another on the very threshold. Hardly had the noble men, who devoted themselves to save lives at the peril of their own, seized by the arms or the clothes a prostrate form than the other women, mad with terror from the nearness of the fire, clutched the victim about to be saved, and, in some cases, dragged those who came to help them into that fiery vortex. It was almost impossible to extricate even one from that heap of despairing wretches and to undo that ghastly knot. But the fire accomplished that which baffled man, and the passage into the doomed church was cleared only when that impenetrable phalanx of beautiful, precious life, was a handful of cinders. At midnight the smoking ruins of the fatal temple—so soon a silent charnel house—were visible, and by the light of a lantern every step showed to the appalled gaze fearful groups of carbonized corpses, that preserved still the supplicating or despairing attitude of their frightful martyrdom.

Three thousand women, comprising the beauty and fashion of Santiago, were in the church, and 20,000 camphene lights illuminated the edifice. When the fire occurred the scene was terrible. Women, seized in the embraces of the flames, were seen to undergo a transformation, as though by an optical delusion; first, dazzlingly bright, then black statues, rigidly fixed in agony. The silence, after the piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken but by the bitter wail or fainting cry. Over 2,000 souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment seat of God.

Almost a Holyoke Disaster.

The congregation of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Leonard, of Port Maurice, on the Bushwick meadows, Long Island, had a very narrow escape from the sad and shocking fate that recently overwhelmed the little band of French Catholics at Holyoke, Mass. A solemn high mass was being celebrated, and the rite of confirmation was also to be administered to a large number of young persons of both sexes. In order to give greater impressiveness to the services a full military band and a company of militia were present, as was also the sodality attached to the church. The interior of the edifice was crowded to repletion, and the ceremonies were progressing in regular order, and the congregation were deeply impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, when suddenly, as the military were firing a *feu du joie* outside the building, an alarm of fire was raised. The celebrant, Rev. Father Miller, in turning around toward the altar, accidentally knocked over a lighted candle, and the flame instantaneously caught the light and inflammable trimmings of the wooden framework, which, in another moment, was in a bright blaze. Before any panic could ensue among the people, Father Raber, the pastor of the church, with marked and unwonted presence of mind ordered all of the windows and doors to be immediately closed, in order to prevent a draught. He then quietly turned to the blazing altar, and with the assistance of Father Miller and others speedily extinguished the flames. Very little damage was done by the fire, but, had the pastor been less prompt in his movements and orders to his congregation, a more deplorable accident than that of Holyoke might have occurred.

Captured.

One morning lately three men approached Punta de Cartas in a boat, and one of them asked in English if this was Cuba. The coast guard replied yes. The men then tried to put to sea again, but the guards leveled their rifles and compelled the men to land and surrender. Two were found to be Russians, and one an American. It is suspected that they belonged to the crew of the British brig Mary Chilton, which was recently discovered aground and abandoned. The naval authorities are investigating the case. The prisoners under examination have made contradictory statements.

AN AGED MOTHER'S FATE.

Lying Down to Die Within Sight of the Village of her Girlhood—A Son-in-Law's Incorrigible Appetite for Strong Drink.

A month ago, says the New York *Sun*, Sarah Smith returned to her old home in New Jersey from visiting one of her children in another State. For many years she and her husband had lived in the little village of Franklin. They were poor, not even owning the cottage they dwelt in, but they so lived that they earned the respect of their humble neighbors. A year ago the husband died, leaving little or no provision for the support of his widow, then seventy-three years of age; but she had several children married in different parts of New York and New Jersey, and with them in turn she passed much of her time. As often as she could, though, she came to visit the friends who had been her neighbors while her husband lived. She so came a month ago, and after a few days her son-in-law, Benjamin Robinson, of Raritan, arrived one Saturday to take her to his home. She started with him, and the two reached Newark, and there Robinson went into a saloon and got drunk. His feeble mother could do nothing to restrain him, and soon, in the midst of a street row, he was arrested, and she was alone and penniless. She borrowed a little money from the man who sold her son the drink, and began a weary trudge back again toward Franklin. Her route has easily been traced, for she stopped frequently on the way to make inquiries, and her sad, old face impressed all to whom she spoke. At one time she was sitting by the roadside, when two young men approached her and asked whether she needed help. "Please raise me on my feet," said she, "for I am very weak, and tell my boy, if you can, by which way I can reach Franklin." They aided her as they could, and she slowly tramped on. She was then only a mile from her home, but she lost the road soon and kept getting further away. Later she met a party of workmen returning from their work in Yantacaw, and they pointed out to her the spires of her distant village, and walked along by her side until their roads parted, and then giving her a word of cheer, they stood for a moment watching her as she wearily left them. Her gray hair, loosened by the wind, straggled from under her hood. Her shawl had fallen from one shoulder, and her short dress of dark stuff was covered with dust. One of the men offered his support for a bit of her journey, but she thanked him, saying that she had but a little distance to go and she would not trouble him.

Soon she became too weak to continue, and turning aside from the highway she passed a rude foot bridge over a narrow stream to a heavily-wooded island in Acquackanonk. Then she climbed to the summit of a knoll a few rods away from the beaten path, and folding her hood to make a pillow, straightening her dress, and covering herself with her shawl, she turned her face so that she could see, scarcely a mile distant, the home toward which she had been journeying, and laid herself down to rest or to die. She did not move from the spot, and her friends did not miss her, for those in Franklin thought she was with her daughter in Raritan, and her son-in-law, Robinson, supposed she had safely returned to Franklin. On Sunday morning a laboring man strolling through the woods found her body. Immediately the coroner and a jury was obtained, who found simply that "Sarah Smith died on Saturday, May 1, from cold and exposure. Her children gathered, and quietly buried their mother, decorating her grave with flowers.

Man's Enemies.

There have been periods in the earth's history, says the *Scientific American*, in a chapter on bedbugs, when nothing on the globe was of the slightest human utility; man could not even exist. Again, still later, the earth, though inhabited by living beings, was unfit for humanity, for the creatures which then flourished would speedily have exterminated it. Because, then, the human race now dwells and multiplies upon the globe, there is no reason to suppose that its enemies have utterly disappeared, any more than there is to warrant a like supposition regarding things hostile to any other living creature. That the number of enemies of man is constantly decreasing is true, and that some time they may altogether disappear is not without the bounds of imagination; but it nevertheless is just as plausible to believe that the great cave bears and other gigantic brutes which peopled the earth at man's advent did not attack him a whit less fiercely than *vinnet* does now. In fact, we have no doubt that some troglodyte in the recesses of his cavern, or lake dweller perched on his pile-supported lacustrine habitation, has wondered of what earthly use cave bears, and wolves, and hyenas, and gigantic saurians were, with as much fervor as any modern individual has vexed his brain with the same thought after a night's combat with the minute pests.

Clearly, then, the attempted destruction of ourselves by the bugs is only one link in the chain which pervades all animated nature, and therefore it is with equal plausibility that it may be asked: Of what use are we to the bedbug? as of what use the bedbug is to us.

We know nothing good of the bedbug; he has never found, so far as we can learn, but two defenders; one, an insane Englishman, who made a pet of him, and left, on dying, to his disgusted heirs, a room swarming at every point; the other, a Banian hospital at Surat, India, in which a ward was devoted entirely to vermin, as other wards were to various kinds of animals. Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," says: The overseers of the hospital frequently hired beggars from the streets, for a stipulated sum, to pass a night with the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.

A Child Shut Up and Forgotten.

A Norwich (Conn.) letter to the Hartford *Times* says: In the Greenville school district some two week ago, one of the female teachers inflicted what has proved to be a terrible punishment on a little boy not yet five years old. It seems he was detected in spitting on his slate, and the teacher shut him up in a room, locking him in. When the school was dismissed for dinner he was forgotten. The child's mother, a poor widow compelled to work in the mill to support a large family, missed the child, and on inquiry found him locked up and in a state of imbecility. He is still under the physician's care, with some hope of his ultimate recovery. The mother, of course, is obliged to give up work to watch over her child, and beyond an apology from the teacher there does not seem to be anything done by the committee or anybody else toward aiding her in her difficulty.

PRESERVED BY SNOW.—In an immense mass of ice and earth, detached from Mont Blanc through the melting of the snow, has just been found the corpse of an American actor, John Blackford, who three years ago made an attempt to ascend the mountain without guides, and did not reappear. The clothes and features of the unfortunate man were as on the day he was lost.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP POLK.

An Account that Differs from that of Gen. Sherman.

An officer on Gen. Howard's staff at the time gives us the following account of the death of Bishop Polk: On June 14th, General Howard and staff left their headquarters for the front, where Stanley's division of Howard's (Fourth) corps had broken camp and were awaiting the order to attack Pine mountain. It was just after sunrise. A mile or two in rear of the advance Howard met Sherman, but the conversation between them I did not hear, as the two generals conversed aside. Howard and staff joined Stanley and his staff on the road, and in full view of Pine mountain, and as we drew rein and exchanged greetings Stanley exclaimed:

"Howard, do you see that group up there on the crest of the mountain? I wonder who they are?"

We all brought our field glasses to bear upon the point indicated and could plainly see three persons standing in front of a line of breastworks and a larger group in the background. We could not tell whether they were officers or privates, but as it was evident that they were watching our movements Stanley suggested that a few shots be fired to drive them under cover. Howard, who had suggested that perhaps Bishop Polk was in the party, made no objections, when Stanley turned to Captain Simonson, his chief of artillery, with the remark:

"Simonson, can't you unlimber, put a shot into the group and give the bishop a morning salutation?"

"I'll try!" was Simonson's laconic reply. And away he galloped to the rear. A few minutes later a section of the Fifth Indiana battery (Simonson's) was unlimbered within twenty feet of us. The lieutenant sighted the gun and the shot exploded over and to the right of the group. Here my memory fails me, but my impression is that a second shot was sighted and fired by the lieutenant with no better effect. Simonson, when the gun had been reloaded, dismounted and said: "Here, lieutenant, let me try it." He took the range and the messenger of death sped on its mission. Our glasses were bent upon the group and we observed a commotion as the shot took effect in the group that scattered to the rear. While Simonson was upon his knees sighting the gun for another discharge, Captain Leonard, chief of Howard's signal corps, sitting on his horse beside me, read the Confederate signal code that our officers had interpreted at Lookout mountain, and caught the words:

"General Polk is killed!" With a look of amazement Leonard turned to Howard and Stanley and exclaimed:

"Bishop Polk is killed!"

"What!" exclaimed Howard; "have you interpreted the signal correctly?"

"Yes, general; Simonson's last shot killed him. They are signaling it along the line."

The young men of the staff who were cracking jokes instantly ceased, and for a moment none spoke. Then Howard said:

"Well, a Christian has fallen. Such is war."

Just then Simonson caught the words, "Bishop Polk is killed!"

He was sighting the gun, and, lifting his eyes, that glared fearfully, exclaimed:

"What is that, Leonard?"

"Bishop Polk is killed! Your last shot did it. They are signaling it over the mountain," I replied.

Simonson's head dropped upon the "vent," where it rested for a moment. Then, raising his eyes, he exclaimed:

"Thank God! Yesterday they killed my dear brother; I have killed a lieutenant general and am avenged!"

Without discharging the piece Simonson arose, remounted and joined the staff. Silently he repaired to his regular duties, and, the line being formed, we advanced slowly against the mountain, every one of us feeling that we would have rejoiced had some other than Louisiana's fighting bishop gone down before Simonson's first and only shot. The enemy was so demoralized that he evacuated the mountain, and half an hour afterward we stood upon the spot where Polk fell and saw the ground stained with his blood. A day or two after poor Simonson, the only one of us who rejoiced at the bishop's death, fell, shot on the skirmish line in Ackworth woods.

The World's Population.

The United States bureau of statistics, getting its information from reliable sources, furnishes the following interesting facts and figures on the above subject:

The aggregate population of the earth is 1,391,032,000, Asia being the most populous section, and containing 798,000,000; while Europe has 300,500,000; Africa, 203,000,000; America, 84,500,000, and Australia and Polynesia, 4,500,000. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia, 71,000,000; the German Empire, 41,000,000; France, 36,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 32,000,000; Italy, nearly 27,000,000; Spain, 16,500,000; and Turkey nearly 16,000,000. The other countries do not exceed over 5,000,000 each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425,000,000; Hindostan with 240,000,000; Japan, 33,000,000; the East India islands, 30,500,000; Burmah, Siam and farther India, nearly 26,000,000; Turkey, 13,500,000; and Russia, 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian islands at 2,763,500, New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa the chief divisions are West Soudan and the Central Africa region, 33,000,000; South Africa, 20,250,000; the Gala country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000; Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000, and Morocco, 6,000,000. In America two-thirds of the population are north of the isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000; Mexico over 9,000,000, and the British provinces 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at 52,000,000, and of South America 25,500,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000. The West Indies have over 1,000,000, and the Central American States not quite 3,000,000. According to these tables London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, whilst Philadelphia, 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870), is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Peking, 1,300,000; Tschantschan-fu, 1,000,000; Hangts-ta-fu, 1,000,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Sangnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hankau, 800,000; Tschintu-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio Yeddo, 674,447; and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia the leading ones are; St. Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 594,536; Liverpool, 493,405, and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

Advertising, to the trade, and plowing to the farmer, are similiar in their results. The earth will yield somewhat of itself, just as goods will sell, but both will be increased ten fold by careful culture.

THE MONEY-VALUE OF A MAN.

What it is, as Social Science Makes the Figures—An Interesting Question.

A curious economical question, often discussed, has arisen incidentally in the recent American Social Science Congress, as to the money-value of each individual to society. Mr. Wells states, as the English experience, that the cost of bringing up a child in a public institution, allowing nothing for education or amusement, will amount, without interest, when he is fifteen years old, to $800; and at eighteen, allowing for interest and all expenditures, he represents a capital value to the community of $1,500.

This is the value of a person brought up in a public institution in England. In this country it must be considerably greater. But what is the value of a productive laborer? Dr. Engel estimates the cost of supporting a laborer in Germany at forty thalers a year for the first five years of his life, at fifty thalers for the next five years, and at sixty from the eleventh to the sixteenth year, or say seven hundred and fifty thalers for the whole. It would be reasonable to estimate the expense of bringing up an American farmer or laborer for the first fifteen years of his life at one hundred thalers per year, or a total of 1,500 thalers—say about $1,100 currency. Another statistician of eminence estimates the average money value of the foreign laborer as $800.

The statisticians, however, the New York *Times* says, make one frequent mistake in estimating the pecuniary value of a human being. Value does not depend alone on the cost of production, but also on supply and demand. The cost of producing the best breeds of horses might be no greater than that of raising poor breeds, and yet the demand might be so great that the value would be proportionately increased. There might also be, for instance, an overproduction of sewing machines, or they might be of poor quality, so that the demand would fall, and their money-value to the community sink below the cost of production. The same is true of all articles which belong to the capital of a country. This principle applies also to human beings. An idiot may cost as much to bring up as an intelligent boy, but his money-value to the community will depend on the demand for his labor. So with the wages or salary of men in the professions; these are measured not alone by the cost of their education, but by the demand for their services in the market. The capital value, then, of a human being is always determined by two elements: cost of production and demand. But the services of a male laborer are nearly always in demand in the United States, so that his value, like that of gold and silver, will depend mainly upon the cost of production, which is undoubtedly near the estimate made above of one thousand or one thousand one hundred dollars.

If this be compared with the money-value of a male slave in former years in this country, it will be found to be little less, inasmuch as the pecuniary value of slaves was somewhat speculative, based on the expectation of profit from the best cotton lands.

There is still another way of estimating the money-value of each laborer to the country. This must be the profits from his labor after deducting the cost of his support. Now the average cost of each laborer to his employer, including wages and board, is about four hundred dollars per annum. The ordinary profit on common farm labor is probably from fifteen to eighteen and three-fourths per cent.; this would leave the gain to the country from sixty to seventy-five dollars annually from each laborer. This, at six or seven per cent. interest, would represent just about the value estimated above for a male laborer, or about one thousand or eleven hundred dollars.

Dr. Hill, in his paper on immigration, has touched upon the interesting conclusion we may derive from this estimate as to the money-value of immigration. Thus, estimating that one-half of the immigration of last year was of productive laborers, it would make an addition to our capital in 1874 of one hundred millions, a sum which appears in no statistical records of importations. Mr. Wells in his paper makes a still more impressive use of this valuation. If a poor boy has reached the age of fourteen, neglected by the community, he represents a capital of nearly one thousand dollars which is unproductive; and if he lives out the term of life for which he has a probable chance in the life insurance tables—forty years—as a pauper or criminal, he entails a loss upon his State of five thousand dollars. On the other hand, every youthful criminal made into an honest boy by our preventive institutions of charity and reform is a clear saving of five thousand dollars to the community. It may be somewhat unpleasant to regard the human being simply as a money capital, but the aspect has its peculiar and impressive lessons.

Fun from Scribner's.

Here are the heads of a sermon once preached by a quaint old minister on the text, "Adam, where art thou?" "1st. All men are somewhere. 2dly. Some men are where they ought not to be. 3dly. If they don't take care, they will soon find themselves where they had rather not be."

Tom Sheridan once told his father that when he got into Parliament he would not pretend to greater virtue than he possessed, but would at once write upon his forehead "To be let." "That won't do," replied his father, "unless you add unfurnished."

Meeting the author of a celebrated poem, after he had been seriously injured by a railroad accident, a friend remarked: "You did not find 'riding on the rail' as pleasant as you pictured it." "Oh, that wasn't riding on the rail, but riding off it. Don't you see?"

"What kind of a man is Squire Simmons, any way?" "Well, you've seen them snow storms along early in the winter, when there's a good deal of wind but not much sleighing? That's the sort he is."

Treatment of Children.

A member of the British Parliament has recently called the attention of that government to the case of a child, seven years old, who had been sent to prison for stealing sugar plums. The home secretary did not deny the truth of the statement, but said, in explanation of the extraordinary circumstance, that the father of the child was an habitual drunkard; that another child of the same family had died from starvation, caused by the father's neglect, and that this same child, seven years old, had previously been convicted of stealing, and as it was too young to be sent to a reformatory it was only sent to prison as an act of kindness to remove it from the evil influences of the parent. The secretary further added that the attention of the chaplain and schoolmaster had been directed to the case. At the same time this is an extraordinary commentary upon the state of society in England that children of seven years can only be rescued from the evil treatment of a worthless father by being formally convicted of a crime and sent to prison.

The advertiser who writes us to "puph up" his business neglects to remit a phew pharthings phor the phavor.

The Last Station.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and, after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by the Saginaw road change cars."

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-slanty—change cars here for the Eel River road!"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life!" said a second.

The damp ss of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly called;

"Grank Trunk junction—passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered:

"De"—

Not "Detroit," but death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.—*Free Press.*

The Fashionable Child.

There is unquestionably in infancy an interference with the natural instincts which is far too great for healthful growth. This, of course, from the condition of the subjects of it, who are hardly more than vegetative beings, is chiefly physical. Consider for a moment how artificial a thing a modern baby becomes under the hands of a fashionable mother! Look at its manifold wrappings of finery, with involutions of lace and fine linen more complicated than those of a mummy! See how carefully it is handled and deposited lest a speck should soil or a touch derange the dressed-up manikin! Notice how often it is introduced to company, not seldom even awakened out of sleep to be shown by mamma, eager for a compliment, to flattering visitors with the ever ready "What a fine baby!" on their lips. What more unnatural usage could an infant be subjected to than being thus oppressed with finery, deprived of its liberty, disturbed of its repose, tormented by strange hands, and infected, perhaps, in the closeness of a kiss by repeated inspirations of tainted breath? It is a cruelty to an infant to clothe it in any way by which its limbs are checked in the freest movement, to which it is impelled by natural instinct. It should have the fullest liberty to turn and roll, creep or toddle, as it may, without fear of disorder from exercise or dirt from floor. No superfluous swathings of finery should be allowed to interfere with any of its vagaries of motion. A baby should be left very much to itself and nature. The less clothing it wears, and the less this shackles its body and limbs, the better. We need hardly insist upon its being allowed to get all the sleep it will take, for a great deal of this, it is well known, is essential to its health. It is equally obvious that its natural instinct seeks for pure air, and not the atmosphere corrupted by human breathing.

Burning Iron.

A Berlin experimenter has demonstrated the combustibility of iron in a peculiar manner. He takes a straight bar magnet of some power, and sprinkles iron filings on one of its poles. These filings arrange themselves in accordance with the lines of magnetic force; and however closely they may appear to be placed, of course no two of the metallic filaments are parallel, and consequently, a certain amount of air is inclosed as in a metallic sponge. The flames of any ordinary spirit lamp or gas burner readily ignites the finely divided iron, and it continues to burn brilliantly for some time, the combustion being apparently, as natural and easy as that of any ordinary substance. If the experimenter with this operation stands on a slight elevation and waves the magnet to and fro while burning, a magnificent rain of fire is said to be produced.

An Extraordinary Case.

An Iowa paper reports a remarkable case of transfusion of blood and the extraordinary consequences that followed: A celebrated lawyer was "transfused," a noted stock-breeder furnishing the s