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Past and Present.

This age is wise with wisdom slowly culled,
And men, grown bold like well trained hunters, leap
From crag to crag of truth, with sight undulled,
O'er precipices steep.

But when our fathers trod the level plains,
The stars shone brightly in the gentle streams,
The rainbow arched above the summer rains,
And sleep brought happy dreams.

The world is rolling swift and far away
From morning mists and early morning light,
And in the fullness of the middle day
No shadows meet the sight.

But reaching from that soft and shifting sky
Of early dawn a radiant pathway shone,
And angels in the morning ventured nigh,
Who in the morn are gone!

They Two.

A reader of a magazine fell in with the following lines:

IDENTITY.

Somewhere—in desolate, wide-swept space—
In twilight land, in no-man's land—
Two hurrying shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I do not know," said the second shape,
"I only died last night."

After pondering them for three days his muse began to hum in the same tune, and the following was found upon his table the morning after he was sent to a private asylum:

COULDN'T TELL.

Nowhere—in the midnight, wind-swept street,
In Muddle town, in No Rum town—
Two staggering shapes, colliding, meet,
And knock each other down.

"Say, who are you?" cries one, when up,
Hiccoughing, with a drunken face.
"I don't (hic) know," says t'other chap,
"I'm a stranger 'n this place."

MY AUNT'S STORY.

"Oh, Aunt Pam, how shall I make Jack a little more dignified? I want to be proud as well as fond of him. He's too silly, too demonstrative; how can I cure him? Aunt Pam, advise me!"

Aunt Pamela looked at Belle irresolutely for a moment, then beckoned to Hannah to take the tea away.

"I'll tell you a story, Belle," she said, "if you'll listen to it. I'll tell you how somebody you know came to be a cross, queer old maid—a whimsical, spiteful, lonely, desolate old woman."

"I don't know any such person," cried Belle.

"Yes, you do, child; you'll recognize her portrait when it's drawn. But at your age, dear, she was, I think, passably pretty and attractive; in fact, you won't believe it, but this heroine of mine was very like you when she was in the heyday of youth."

"Had she red hair, aunt, like mine?"

"Yes, and the brilliant complexion and high temper that go with it. She was only eighteen when she became the defendant in a case where all the little property she had in the world was at stake. She was already an orphan, and would have been a beggar had it not been for the wonderful zeal and ability of her legal adviser—Mr. Reginald Vickers. Long before the case was decided in her behalf she had grown to look forward to the necessary legal consultations as the brightest moments of her life, though not a word of love had passed between them. In truth, Belle, the lady of our story, whom we will call by my own old-fashioned name of Pamela, had a warm heart under a very cold exterior, and although she knew how to love well and devotedly, could not shape her sentiment to suit the somewhat energetic and passionate devotion of the young barrister.

"'You are so cold, Pamela,' he would say; 'one might as well have a bit of archæology in the shape of one of the mutilated Grecian goddesses for an idol. I whisper ever so many pretty things in your ear, and one would think they stopped at the tympanum, for not the faintest blush tinges your marble cheek, and the chiseled splendor of your profile remains as if carved in stone.'

"And all this time, Belle, every word of his had been like an electric shock of bliss to her enraptured soul, and she scarcely knew whether she was in paradise or upon the earth.

"When her engagement had reached an epoch devoted to the bridal trousseau, she became very much the property of certain relatives and their chosen seamstresses; there was so much of trying on, of comparing and choosing, that very little time was left for Reginald, of which he complained most bitterly; and when the convention adjourned to the country to arrange further preliminaries for the coming happiness, Reginald declared he would follow her very soon.

"It was weather such as this, Belle, in the month of May; and the very morning of her journey the luckless Pamela offended Reginald by repulsing him in what she held an unbefitting levity and familiarity. He had but twirled her about the room two or three times, caroling out in his gleeful way.

"Pamela bade him somewhat haughtily to desist, which he did, with a frown, and went immediately out of her presence, nor did she see him again until he bade her a cold farewell at the window of the railway car. So she went upon her way almost broken-hearted, and had no joy in the vernal landscape, nor, indeed, could she see field, or post, or flying bits of beauty for the tears that dimmed her sight. She took herself to task, and vowed that, come what would, when Reginald should meet her again, she would welcome him warmly, even should he enter the house by way of a somersault.

"Nevertheless, she found herself hoping that his first visit among these simple country folk would prove to them that he was altogether a superior being, not fashioned after the same clay as themselves—picturing him as she had so often seen him when deep in legal controversy, his high white brow bent into a frown, his eyes glowing with a secret fire, words falling out of his mouth like molten coals upon the heads of his adversaries; only some honest, faithful hearts that loved her far beyond her desert.

"Reginald reached the farm one balmy evening, riding from the train in a convenient ox-cart, his traveling suit of gray and broad straw hat, his flowing necktie and the air of easy nonchalance and careless simplicity about him, gravely vexing his betrothed. He had not been half an hour with Pamela before he was on intimate terms with the whole of her uncle's family. There was not the hint of a frown on his brow, and no trace of legal lore or dignity of state embarrassed his intercourse with her simple relatives.

"To hear his talk as he stood there by the five-barred gate, swinging little Elsie to and fro, one would suppose that he had never pleaded a case, that he had never quoted a poem, or delivered an oration. Pamela's uncle drawled to him in his provincial dialect, her aunt joined in the conversation without even dropping her sun-bonnet, and Cousin Ephraim, the bashfulest of mortals, sat down to tea with the stranger guest. The supper the young lawyer devoured that night would have honored the appetite of a laborer in the off kitchen. Pamela looked with dismay at her Olympian, wondering if that could be the way the gods dined upon ambrosia. So, wounded and disappointed, scarce knowing why, she sat silent and cold by his side when they were alone together once more. They had the whole of the grim parlor, with its whitewashed walls, its hideous portraits, its horse-hair sofa and chairs, to themselves; but the door of the sitting room stood ajar, and Reginald looked longingly thence upon the gay rag carpet, the well-polished stove, with its grate aflame, the warm cushioned chair where her aunt nodded, and the bit of holly-crowned glass, where Ephraim made himself smart to visit sweet little Jessie Downes.

"'She is the loveliest creature, Reginald,' said Pamela, 'that the sun ever shone upon.'

"'Except one,' said Reginald. 'But I don't believe old Sol's rays often reach you, my Pamela.'

"The very next morning, at the country church, he saw Cousin Ephraim's sweetheart. As was her wont, she nestled in her father the deacon's pew, and looked with rapt eyes to the good old minister, while Reginald's eyes, once fastened on her primrose face, never left it throughout the service. By some magnetism their eyes met, and poor little Jessie's rapt gaze left the face of the minister to feast shyly upon the classical allurements of the young barrister.

"Reginald walked homeward by Jessie's side, while Ephraim and Pamela followed after, both proud and pleased that the little maiden had found favor in the sight of so distinguished a guest.

"Reginald prolonged his stay in the country, declaring that he needed a vacation, and was out in the morning betimes, fishing in the neighboring streams for sunfish, and gathering wild flowers and ferns; coming back at sundown somewhat abstracted in his manner, but sallying forth again the next day.

"Pamela declined to join these excursions, as the sun and wind together would have made sad havoc with her complexion—as they would with yours, my dear, you very well know. But there are complexions, Belle, that the sun takes to kindly enough, and paints with a magical brush, the wind putting in a crimson that was never found even upon the palette of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Upon the May festival, which was arranged late in the month as a farewell celebration for Pamela and her betrothed, the beauty of sweet Jessie Downes seemed to our pale patrician of the city like something almost supernatural. She called to Reginald time and again to tell her if he had ever conceived of so glowing and vivid a loveliness, and could not take her eyes from a head that made the sweet blossoms with which it was crowned seem faded and dull by comparison.

"The day grew somewhat chill toward evening, and in the hollow of the wood, where Pamela wandered alone, it seemed to her that the wind whistling among the trees arose to a kind of sob that was almost human in its intensity. And as she walked along, half anxious now to escape from a solitude that seemed peopled with melancholy sounds, she heard a murmur of voices close at hand, just beyond the little thicket that barred her progress.

"'It is so hard to say good-bye, my sweet child,' said a voice that was the one voice in the world to Pamela. 'You have crept into my heart, warming and blessing it.'

"'And shall I never see you again?' sobbed little Jessie Downes.

"'Nay, darling, how can I tell? Perhaps when this sweet madness is cured'—

"And then, Belle, poor Pamela heard no more. A blessed unconsciousness seized her, and for the first time in her life she fainted. Not the last; alas! since that moment of agony her nerves have not been so strong, and upon the recurrence of certain sounds or certain remembrances she loses herself for a time. A little while ago, when you pictured that scene in the woods, it put into words that bit of the past; I saw again the mosses and ferns at my feet, the little black pool of water half covered with withered leaves, and I heard the dull thud or discordant croak of the frogs.

"When, upon that time long ago, I awoke to consciousness, Reginald was bending over me with a white stricken face, and all the rest were busy with possets and restoratives in my behalf.

"When we were left alone together, and I found that Reginald hoped I was unconscious of all, I was tempted to accept this negative happiness held out to me by a niggardly destiny; but he begged of me, with a persistency which I interpreted in my own way, to follow him as quickly as possible to the city, whither he was going the following morning.

"'You may as well remain,' I said, coolly; 'a cowardly retreat now will avail nothing. Seek your happiness where you may, Reginald Vickers; it has never been dependent upon mine. I heard your words to Jessie'—

"'And if you did,' he broke in, 'what then? They were the first fond ones I ever said to her, and these were wrung from me by her sorrow for our parting. I never meant to do you wrong, Pamela, and was not disloyal to you in heart. It was a mad, foolish impulse; forgive it, I pray you. Do not let this one fault make misery for both our lives. I will promise never to see her again.'

"'And do you think,' I cried, 'that her agony will mend mine?'

"'Nonsense, Pamela; it is not in a nature like hers to suffer long.'

"'But it is in a nature like mine,' I said. 'Nevertheless, Reginald Vickers, your path and mine lie apart henceforth and forever!'

"'But it so, then,' his face whitening to his lips. 'Let your pride be the cause, as it has always been. Had you been less cold, I had not sinned against a love strong and perfect at its birth, but stinted and starved every day that I lived. I beg of you, as you at least value the peace of others, to breathe no word of this to your cousin Ephraim; he is a good fellow, and deserves well of happiness. Let him win and wear his wild blossom, as pure and sweet, so help me Heaven! as when first he found it. As for me, I will trouble all of you no more!'

"He went, and with him went the rest of my life; for though I am nearly fifty years old, I only lived to the age of twenty. It was fortunate, at least, that mine was the only life bereft; for Reginald married five years after, and Jessie took up the thread of her love for Ephraim where it could be so readily mended that my honest cousin never knew it was broken."

"Dear me, Aunt Pam," said Belle, her eyes full of tears, "in all those five years, before he married that other woman, why didn't you make up? Why didn't you write to him, or fall in his way somehow, or pretend that you wanted to consult him as a lawyer?"

"I was too proud, Belle," said Aunt Pamela, brushing the tears from the young eyes looking wistfully into her own. And then there was a clatter at the door, and Jack came bounding up the stairs two at a time, leaping from the landing into the parlor, and taking Aunt Pamela and Belle into one hearty embrace. It was noticeable that Belle found no fault with this lack of dignity, nor found Jack too demonstrative.

"How jolly it is here, Aunt Pamela!" said that ardent young lover. "Belle is like a blamed icicle at the house yonder, and I never had any yearning toward the polar regions."

THEIR CLAIM.—The managers of the Pacific mills at Lawrence, Mass., are likely to have a claim against the city for damage to their new mill and interruption of business, occasioned by the undermining of the mill foundations by the construction of the new main sewer, which was rebuilt last year and carried under the mill into the river. At the time fears were expressed by the officers of the corporation that the sewer might some time be the cause of damage. The tower of the new mill has settled about two inches within a few weeks, and a part of the work at the north end of the mill has been suspended on account of fears of further injury.

In English Courts.

A recent English case of extreme cruelty, passing under the guise of justice, has been much commented on in the papers on both sides of the Atlantic. There seemed to be something peculiarly revolting in the circumstance that a little girl of thirteen, who had plucked a geranium bud in an almshouse garden, should be sentenced to imprisonment for a fortnight in jail, and for four years longer in a penal institution all too mildly termed "reformatory." But, as a matter of fact, severe sentences such as this are by no means rarely pronounced from the benches occupied by the "unpaid magistracy" of England. Justice, in the hands of the gentlemen who are called upon to administer punishment to petty offenders in the English rural districts, is especially stern with those who in any way invade the sacred rights of "property." Theft or trespass, in their eyes, is too apt to be regarded as worse than wife beating, or slander, than perjury or murderous assault. Such sentences as that accorded to poor little Sarah Chandler are far from being as uncommon as the conspicuousness of her case would imply. The very same clergyman who sought, in his capacity as a magistrate, to brand her for life as a "jail-bird," because she plucked a flower, sentenced, not long ago, a small boy scarcely out of his pinafores to prison for a month, because he scraped the leavings of a discarded tobacco cask, and sold his scraps for a half-penny; and condemned a young servant girl to six weeks in jail for putting some photographs, which she found in a waste paper basket in the house where she served, into her pocket to show to some friends. Not long ago sixteen fishermen and women, living on the Northumbrian coast, were cast into jail for a month for picking up mussels on the shore, with which to bait their hooks. It was an audacious assault upon the property rights of the squire whose estates ran to the water's edge; and the clergymen and squires who administered the law without pay in that region could not let the flagrant defiance of the rights of property pass. In Essex three very reputable and not disorderly lads, aged about sixteen, sallied out for an afternoon walk. In crossing the fields they came to a brook; a grassy knoll on its banks tempted them, and they threw themselves upon it and began to read some books they had brought with them. Suddenly up rode the owner of the field on horseback, and roughly demanded their names. Soon after they had returned home they were taken in charge by a policeman, brought before the magistrates, accused of trespass, and heavily fined. A little girl of thirteen was recently condemned at Dorchester to twenty-one days' imprisonment at "hard labor," and five years in a reformatory, for stealing an earthen milk jug. It turned out that the jug, which was cracked, had been given to the girl without authority by a servant. The supposed thief, too, was ascertained to have the best character for honesty.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Bridal Tour.

There came one day to a little inland town in Kentucky a young rural couple who had just been bound by the "silken bonds." Their destination was the depot, and the bridegroom was evidently quite impatient for fear the train should arrive before he could reach the office. Buying one ticket, they stood on the platform until the train had stopped. When they entered the car the bridegroom found his bride a seat, kissed her most affectionately, bade her "good bye," and going out, seated himself on a box and commenced whittling most vigorously. He watched the train out of sight, regret depicted on his face, when a bystander, thinking the whole proceeding rather strange, resolved to interview him. Approaching him carelessly, and chewing a straw to keep up his courage, he said:

"Been gettin' married lately?"

"Yes," said he, "me and Sallie got spliced this mornin'."

"Was that her you put on the train?"

"Yes," with a sigh.

"A likely lookin' gal," said our questioner. "Anybody sick, that she had to go away?"

"No;" but here he grew confidential. "You see me and Sallie had heard that everybody when they got married took a bridal tour. So I told Sallie I hadn't money enough for both of us to go, but she shouldn't be knocked out of her fun. So I jist brought her down here, bought her ticket and sent her on a visit to some of her folks, and thought I might get some work harvestin' till she got back."

That afternoon found him busily at work, and when in a day or two after Sallie came back, he welcomed her cordially and affectionately, and hand in hand they started down the dusty road to their new home and duties.

A Monster Turtle.

The fishing smack Sylvan Glen, Keeney, master, captured a monster animal resembling a turtle, off Montauk point, and brought it into New London. The animal is seven feet long and two through. Unlike the ordinary turtle, this animal has no feet, but large fins projecting on either side which measure eight feet and six inches across. The head is unquestionably that of a turtle, but is crowded with teeth which are of an elastic texture. The animal is incapable of drawing in its head. Its neck is about a foot long. The back is jet black, and ridges run horizontally at equal distances apart. Its shell is not thick, and resembles gutta percha. Old sea captains, who have traversed the seas for life, shook their heads and declared they had never seen its like before. It appears to be a variety of turtle well known in the Mediterranean, and is called the leathery or trunk turtle. It is distinguished from other species by having its shield overlaid by a leathery skin instead of horny plates. The shield is smooth in the adult, but tuberculated in the young, and has several longitudinal ridges, with its anterior limbs twice as long as the hind ones. It is the largest of the turtles, and attains a length of eight feet and a weight of more than half a ton. Its flesh is of no value, but its shell has been used along the Mediterranean for small boats, drinking troughs for animals, and bath tubs for children. It is found on both sides of the Atlantic, especially in the tropics, coming north as far as Massachusetts bay, and following the Gulf stream across the Atlantic to the coast of Europe and the Mediterranean.

Salt Water Day.

Salt water day is the grand day of the year for the people of eastern New Jersey. Stalwart youths and blooming maids, whose cheeks were like "fresh blown roses washed with dew," at this season hold high holiday. Half a century ago some farmers of Middlesex county, New Jersey, having collected their crops and finding their purses fuller than usual, determined on having a grand "harvest home" festival. South Amboy, on Raritan bay, was the nearest town on the bay side, so thither they went. That picnic has been yearly repeated ever since, the second Saturday in August being the day for its occurrence. This year over 15,000 persons took part in the festival, and it was one of the most enjoyable gatherings that has been witnessed for many a year.

What Buchu Helmbold Says.

Dr. H. T. Helmbold, who was known four years ago as the most extensive advertiser in America, has returned within a few days to Philadelphia from Europe, where he has been residing since 1871. He said to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Times*, among other things: This is my native city, and it is to this city that I look more than to all others for support. I commenced business on fifty dollars at the northeast corner of Eighth and Brown streets as a druggist. It was at this time that I discovered my fluid extract of buchu. I then moved to the basement of the Butler House, Tenth and Chestnut streets. Afterwards, in 1854, I opened the finest drug store in the world on the property of E. N. Sherrerd, on Chestnut, between Ninth and Tenth. But my success here was so questioned on the opening night, a disbelief was so engendered that so young a man could not compete successfully with established druggists, that the credit I had gained was completely broken down, and after a series of struggles I failed, and my property passed into the hands of an assignee. Nothing was ever realized by any of the creditors from this assignee, but prior to my departure for New York these obligations were discharged by me, through a business I commenced under the three hundred dollar law and conducted on this very spot, No. 104 South Tenth street; those who did not prosecute me were paid in full. Then I concluded I would remove to New York, and compete with the leading druggists of America. I opened at No. 594 Broadway in 1860 the largest and handsomest "palace" drug store in the country. It was twenty-eight feet front and two hundred and fifteen feet deep, and in a five-story building. On the opening night I took in $6,000 cash, and before one month had expired I was owner of the building. Before another month I was owner of a residence on Fourteenth street, where I resided until 1871. My annual profits, after taking the store in New York, were never less than $100,000, and often exceeded $220,000, and had I discontinued my advertising at this time would have exceeded $700,000 a year. But I never was a lover of money, and doubled on my advertisements. Whatever display I have made in carriages was not from selfishness, but was another species of advertising. The whole world depends upon enterprise, and the press and the men who write for it are the machinery, and those who sit in their chairs complaining "that things are dull" must be dyspeptic, or "waiting for something to turn up," like Micawber. They are unworthy of a clean shirt or the love of woman!

A Terrible Scene.

John Webb, the murderer, was hanged at Knoxville, Tenn. He maintained wonderful nerve to the last, and when under the gallows continued to affirm his innocence. An immense crowd from the surrounding country, estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, assembled to witness the execution.

Webb partook heartily of breakfast, and called the attention of the guards to his new suit of black clothes taken him by his brother. At half past eleven A. M. the death warrant was read to him, when he asked to read it himself. After finishing, he raised his hand, and said: "Before God my execution is unjust," and kissed a crucifix he had given him by the priest. He also added that he forgave everbody, but that it was unjust to hang him—an innocent man. Before leaving the jail he told Ayers, by whom he was employed to do the deed: "Good-bye, old fellow, you will have to pray mighty hard for forgiveness of the murders you have caused if you want to get to heaven." The prisoner walked promptly with his wife accompanied by the sheriff, his deputies and a priest. His wife was much affected while Webb was trying to console her. The procession moved to the gallows, about a mile, with the sheriff's posse, fifty strong, an immense crowd following. Arriving there a circle was formed by two military companies and a posse. The wagon was driven immediately under the gallows, when at the prisoner's request the sheriff called Webb and the State counsel to bid adieu. He then briefly addressed the crowd saying: "The statement I made is true. I die an innocent man. They are killing me for nothing. I put my trust in God. I think I have been forgotten." He then requested the sheriff to call others, Mr. Hoskins particularly, to whom he said: "I want to say to you it is a serious thing you have done. Kill a man if you want to, but don't swear his life away. He then denounced the whole party as having sworn lies. Amid the agonizing screams of his wife he mounted the rear seat of the wagon telling the people to look, and saying: "I'm the best piece of furniture you have seen in many a day." His wife was then led from the horrible scene. The black cap was then drawn over his face and the noose adjusted, when the wagon moved off, and at half-past one o'clock he was swung in the air and pronounced lifeless in twenty minutes. When he was taken down he presented a natural appearance.

Strange Accident to an Elephant.

An unfortunate and unprecedented accident occurred at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, London, to one of the elephants. The female African elephant, being very fidgetty and restless, is usually tethered by a ring round one of her fore feet to the corner of her stall while the elephant-house is being cleaned out in the morning. On the day in question, about half-past eight A. M., the keepers were alarmed by this elephant calling out suddenly, as if in great pain, and on running to the spot found that she had actually torn off the top of her trunk. It seems that she had thrust the end of her trunk underneath the ring by which her foot was confined, and then, pulling against the ring with her foot, hurt her trunk. This caused her to exert such force in the attempt to withdraw her trunk that the end of this organ was torn off in the effort. For some time after this extraordinary event the elephant was in great pain and very uneasy. She has now begun to feed again, and seems likely to recover the use of her trunk, as the wound has not inflamed much, and is gradually healing over.

Stopping a Train.

The Stamford (Conn.) *Advocate* relates the following: A trick that can only be played once on the same conductor was perpetrated on the gentleman who ran the 5:40 train from New York. A man on the train who lives between New Rochelle and Mamaroneck, and who wanted to get home in a hurry, came to the conductor, and with feigned excitement and in earnest tones, said that the train had just run over a man, and for God's sake to stop. The conductor at once pulled the bell-cord, and the train was soon brought to a standstill. A number of passengers got off and ran back some distance, but could see nothing of the mangled remains the inexorable iron horse had made. After the train had again started, the only passenger left behind was the man who gave the information, and he, having thoughtfully taken his bundle under his arm, was seen crossing lots toward his home. Some of the brakemen "allowed" that he would have more than his ticket "punched" the next time he got on that train.

The Treatment of Habitual Drunkards.

The reports which have appeared of the short address of Sir Thomas Watson on the occasion of the recent deputation to Mr. Cross gives an imperfect idea of his words and meaning. Short as was his statement, as under the circumstances was useful, it was so pregnant with meaning and will have so permanent value that we take an opportunity of presenting the actual words: Sin—My humble advocacy of this petition may be expressed in a very few sentences. I must preface them by saying that, although for much the greater part of my long professional life I was profoundly incredulous of the permanent reformation of habitual drunkards, facts have more recently come to my knowledge which have made me an almost sanguine convert to a better hope and belief. Among habitual drunkards there are many in whom what was begun as a vice passes into a frightful bodily and mental disease. The frequent use of intoxicating liquors in excess, and especially of alcoholic drinks, leads at length to an accumulation of the specific poison of alcohol within the system, so that the bodily tissues, which include the brain, becomes so impregnated, so charged with the poison, or so affected somehow, as to produce a degree of craving which the unhappy dipsomaniac—for so he is rightly called—is utterly unable to resist control. So imperative is this morbid craving, that in some instances, by his own confession, he could not refrain from swallowing the customary stimulus even if he were certain that death would be the instant result. Now, of such persons, it is found that, if they can be strictly debarred from all access to alcoholic drinks, they will surely, though slowly, recover from this form of mania; that the incorporated poison will be gradually dislodged and eliminated from the system by the silent and sole efficacy of that beneficent force which we medical men acknowledge so thankfully, the vis medicatrix naturæ; and the wretched man or woman will become once more able, and in no small percentage of cases willing, and even anxious, to abandon the vice which had been the first step toward the induction of the maniacal disease. Now, if this be so—and from all that I have seen and heard and read on the subject, from experience gathered on a large scale in America, from the teachings of some of our own lunatic asylums, and from the testimony of private observers—I am fully persuaded that it is so; I might even appeal on this point to some members of the deputation now present—then I conceive that the sanctioning, by some legislative measure, of retreats and reformatories, wherein, at the instance of his relations or friends, or by his own wish, or by the sentence of a magistrate, such a sufferer could be legally detained for a time (which has been estimated to be between three and twelve months, though, in my judgment, three months would be far too little, and, of course, ample provision should be made against any possible abuse of such detention), such legislative action, I say, could scarcely be regarded as anything less than a national blessing.—*British Medical Journal.*

"Treasury Girls."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes from Washington: "Treasury girls," be it known, are not all young; in fact, some of them, no doubt, have children as old as your correspondent, while many are yet in the full bloom of girlhood, and more have entered the cypress-hung portals of old maidenhood, or have worn, or still wear, the widow's weeds. Still, according to ye festive correspondent, all ladies engaged in the Treasury department are "girls," even though they be gray-haired matrons and mothers of families. As I have said, "Treasury girls" are not all either young or pretty, as is generally supposed, and in looking over the "sea of faces" I have discovered but few who look as though their owners consider life as a great flirtation made up of little flirtations; on the contrary, the majority of faces belonging to the "Treasury girls" bear the impress of an earnest purpose earnestly pursued, while many are evidently shadowed by sorrow or disappointment: in fact, the ladies who are engaged in the Treasury department are only a small detachment of the great army of women who find themselves dependent upon their own resources, and have, as is natural, sought out the best place they could command. The average "Treasury girl" does not go to work in silk and lace, according to the popular idea, but, on the contrary, wears a loose sack and overdress of some light wash goods over a worsted skirt, and, by way of taking all romance out of the matter, carries a little lunch done up in a paper or pinned up in a red napkin. Neither do all "Treasury girls" preserve the lines of beauty in form or face; on the contrary, there are thin, angular, and perpendicular women among them, and there are some who are burdened with flesh; most certainly there are many who evidently did not win their positions by means of personal beauty.

A Treasury Incident.

The Washington *Chronicle* contains the following: A rather suspicious circumstance occurred in the printing bureau of the Treasury department, which resulted in the dismissal of the principal actress. It appears that one of the young lady employees was passing from one room to another, when four five-dollar notes fell from the folds of her dress, to which they had accidentally adhered, or in which they had been concealed. Two other young ladies engaged in the same room, who were following almost in her footsteps, observed the notes fall and picked them up. The fact being reported to the chief of the division, he confronted the unlucky girl and demanded an explanation of the circumstance. She asserted her innocence of any guilty knowledge of the money being about her person, and stated that she believed it must have stuck to her dress as she brushed by the tables on which the notes lay piled, previous to the accident. Although the belief was generally entertained by the attaches of the bureau that the girl's story was truthful, the rigid rules of the office required her dismissal as a warning against the recurrence of similar mishaps.

Seaside Love-Making.

A watering-place letter retails the following: Last night a correspondent's curiosity was aroused (an awful thing), and I overheard the following:

He—"You have ensnared me in the meshes of your golden hair and drowned me in the liquid depths of your violet eyes! What am I to do?"

She—"What a jolly death to die for a young man; you should recommend it!"

He—"You doubt my sincerity?"

She—"Nay, nay, Clarence, you wrong me! You are too sincere."

He—"Don't you think just a little of me?"

She—"Y-e-s."

He—"And may I—may I kiss?"—

She—"There comes ma!"

He—"Dum the durned luck!"

Lines composed on the foregoing:

Oh! you naughty, naughty boy,
Don't you wish you had that kiss?
Do you think it lasting joy?
Fading pleasure—simply this,
Mighty nice;
Awful nice,
But it only transient is.

TWENTY-SEVEN GRADES.

A Bishop on the Subject of Thieving—His Ideas of the Subject Plainly Told.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, has an article in the *Ledger* on the subject of "Stealing." He says there are twenty-seven names by which a thief is designated, ranging all the way from the petty thief to the aristocratic unfortunate. He says: Instead of using the good old Saxon, which meant something, even if it was coarse, we say of one who has robbed the bank that "there is a deficit in his accounts," and of the man who spends money that does not belong to him, that he is "obliged to compromise with his creditors." If a man has robbed me, I do not feel any better to be told that "he has appropriated my property to his own use." Let us call a spade a spade, and a rascal a rascal, and we shall know better where we stand. * * * A lawyer in Boston once asked the captain of a band of English burglars if, with his skill as an accountant and other accomplishments, he could not do better by earning his living in some honest way, to which he replied: "Certainly sir; was it not upon the whole a paying business? but do you suppose that it is the pecuniary return which makes it attractive to me? by no means; it is the pleasure that I take in bringing my wits to bear, so as to circumvent the plans of others for the preservation of their property."

The elevation of burglary to the rank of a mental science is somewhat novel, but the intellectual pre-eminence of the professional robbers may be justly disputed by the accomplished swindler, who never breaks a lock, or strikes a blow, or uses a tool. House-breaking requires only a certain amount of mechanical skill, but to get possession of another man's property by hoodwinking him, or playing upon his feelings, it is necessary that one should study something more than the mysteries of iron bolts and bars. Take, for instance, the mendicant thief—not one of the ragged regiment of beggars who are always ready to pilfer whatever is not to be had in other ways—but a well-dressed traveler, who has lost his wallet or had his pocket picked, or failed to collect a bill upon which he relied to meet the expenses of his journey. Now it is only the exercise of considerable ingenuity that any of these stale devices can be made effective.

A pleasing young man, with an inimitable address, calls upon me in some such distress, and asks for a simple loan of ten or twenty dollars to reach his home. "Now," he adds, "I have been sufficiently familiar with clergymen to know how liable they are to be imposed upon by such stories as mine, and for this reason I would not like to take the money without leaving in your hands a few books which I brought with me from home as security for the loan." "What are the books?" I inquired. He then mentioned the titles of three or four religious works of the highest character lying at the hotel in his trunk, such as only a very good man would be likely to read, and the bait took. The youth kept his books—if he ever had them—obtained the loan, and that was the last I ever saw or heard of him. This is a very ordinary specimen of the ingenious deceits by which the tribe of mendicant swindlers obtain a living.

Cheating the government by evading the payment of duties and taxes, by smuggling, and buying goods known to be smuggled, and various other modes of fraud, is popularly regarded as a somewhat venial crime. So far as the abstract morality of the deed is concerned, I do not see the difference between putting my hand into the public treasury and taking out a hundred dollars that do not belong to me and abstracting the same sum from my neighbor's pocket. The derangement of certain branches of trade, as well as the loss of revenue occasioned by this evil, have recently aroused public attention, and the conviction of a few conspicuous criminals may tend to abate the fraud.

The rascalities of contractors have never been exceeded or equaled in any former generation. One fat job is a fortune; and an easier way to make a fortune can hardly be conceived. Only get the papers signed, secure the money, and under-let the work at half price, and the thing is done. How the work will be done, and with what sort of materials, is another matter.

Of the numberless other ways in which the community are cheated—the formation of stock companies based upon a tissue of lies, where the little savings of hard-working men, and the patrimony of orphans and widows are systematically swallowed up—railroad bonds, floated for a while by large divi dends, paid with borrowed money, by which honest people are enticed to invest their capital, and where it soon sinks out of sight forever—certificates issued by ex-governors, senators, and foreign ministers to beguile the unwary into some valueless scheme—of all this I have no room to write.

This, however, is the conclusion of the whole matter. Fraud is the crying sin of the nation, in high places and in low places. The freedmen deposit their earnings in a national savings bank, and their money is filched from them. Yes—place your funds in the hands of a respectable citizen, and suddenly he is off for parts unknown. You buy a hundred shares of railroad stock, guaranteed by the most saintly men, and secured by public lands, and find that it is not worth a penny. You hold a righteous claim upon the government, and are obliged to sacrifice half the amount in order to obtain the moiety.

A Practical Farmer.

Boating is no doubt a good thing when judiciously indulged in, but an old gentleman residing in Detroit, the *Free Press* says, whose son was a member of one of the winning crews at the Toledo regatta, has rather conservative notions concerning the muscular art. On Sunday the following dialogue occurred between the father and son:

Father—My boy, how much did you weigh when you began to train for this regatta?

Son—One hundred and sixty pounds.

Father—And you pulled at 145 pounds didn't you?

Son—Yes; I worked down to that beautifully.

Father—And how much is that badge worth that you won down there?

Son—Don't know exactly, but I think I heard some of the fellers say they cost $27 apiece.

Father—Um; $27. Now then, if you'll work off the same amount of flesh next season by sawing wood I'll give you a badge worth just four times as much as that one, and an order on my tailor for the best suit of clothes you can find.

The young gentleman intimated that he guessed he would take a little run down to the boat house.

Very Dull.

During one of the numerous showers, a Detroit lawyer walked four blocks through the "drips" to reach the office of a justice of the peace and say:

"It rains upon the justice well's the unjust."

His honor removed the pipe from his mouth, looked out of the window, and replied:

"Grass needs it."

And the lawyer went out and kicked at a newsboy to ease his burden of madness.

A Horrible Death.

It is doubtful that there has ever been reported a death so terrible as that of John Schoven, which took place in New York. He was a German, over seventy years of age. He lived with his daughter, a young woman of eighteen summers, in a miserable, rickety tenement house. He was a man of unexceptionable morals, and loved his daughter better than his life. For some time back he had been in feeble health, his disease being of a nervous character, which required the administration of narcotics to produce the sleep and rest necessary for a man of his advanced years. If the writer is not misinformed, hydrate of chloral was the drug prescribed by his physician. Or, at all events, the narcotic was a thin, colorless tincture of the consistency of hydrate of chloral and the appearance of water. It was kept in a little closet along with other bottles, among which was a small vial, containing creosote. On Monday evening Mr. Schoven, feeling ill at ease, requested his daughter to bring him the narcotic. The bottle which contained the narcotic and that which held the creosote were precisely the same in form and size and also in general appearance. Neither bottle was labeled. The daughter, instead of bringing the old man the narcotic, brought him the creosote, and he, equally ignorant, poured out a spoonful and swallowed it.

The next moment the old man threw up his hands in terror and consternation, crying: "My God! my God! I have made a mistake. I am burning up. Help! for God's sake, help!" The fumes of the creosote at once led the girl to realize the situation, and crying and wringing her hands she dashed down the treacherous stairways, rushed frantically into the street and accosted an officer, who at once called in the aid of the nearest physician. Meanwhile the sufferings of the old man were terrible. It was as if his entrails had been pierced with red hot irons, or as if he had taken a cup of molten lead. His face became livid; his eyes seemed leaping from their sockets; his body became convulsed with spasms. Language cannot portray the agony of that old, gray-haired, dying man. "Water! water! My stomach, my heart, my very soul is on fire!" he shrieked in the torture of his death throes. The doctor came, and emetics were given in vain. In fifteen minutes the aged German was dead.

A reporter visited Schoven's residence. There was no carpet on the floor to muffle the step of the visitor. No pictures graced the dull and dreary walls; but, while the birds sang on the eaves and the children laughed merrily in the streets, a poor little lady sat beside a rude coffin in a garret, weeping alone, and wishing that she was as cold as the dead creature whose coffin she was embracing.

A Game of Dupes.

The best chance the duel has of perpetuity, says Arsene Houssaye, in one of his *Tribune* letters, is that it is a game of dupes. The wit of Voltaire could not abolish stupidity. The revolutions could not extirpate prejudice. Equality remains the most shadowy of chimeras. Human folly has its ascending and descending scale. The ax of revolution cuts a few bundles of fagots of prejudice, but the trees grow anew. There is a primordial law of nature which dominates all laws. Among the prejudices which put human folly most strongly in relief is that of the duel. The English, who are a little more sensible than the French, have suppressed it by common consent, because they see that it is impossible for two adversaries to meet on equal terms. Look at two combatants on the field. Why should the one who is young, good looking, witty and beloved, risk his life against the other who is ugly, ill-tempered and superfluous in the world? You will never find two duelists perfectly even in size, figure, rank and fortune. Generally one risks everything, the other nothing. A man of intelligence is a force in the world, a light, a mine of gold. How can you allow that for a few surly words he is bound to go and be killed by an idiot, who makes a fog of dullness wherever he passes.

I have heard of a duel between a Spanish adventurer and a French marquis. The cause of it is easily understood. The marquis had uttered that speech of imbecility: "That man is not of my set." Rohan-Chabot said the same of Voltaire, but he did not condescend to cudgel him with his own hands. The Spanish adventurer, wishing to belong to the marquis's set, ran away with his sweetheart and his wife, and afterward went to him and said: "Am I now of your set?" They then went out, and he passed his sword through the marquis in addition.

It is said that our minister of justice, considering that life is in perpetual duel with death, wishes to suppress that of the sword and pistol. He does not see that the point of honor should lie in a chance thrust. But he will work in vain. As long as there remain two Frenchmen in France there will be the material for a duel ready made.

The Adulteration of Liquors.

In an article on the liquor question, the New York *World* thinks the most would be accomplished in the way of temperance if the dealers were compelled to sell pure liquors. It says: Even in the better class of resorts the liquors are far from being pure, while in the "doggeries" and "bucket-shops" they attain an incredible atrocity, so that those whom bad liquor is most likely to affect disastrously are those to whom the worst liquor is furnished. It would not be an expensive matter to appoint a few analytical chemists in such a city as this, charged with the inspection of all liquors offered for sale and armed with the power, in cases of deleterious adulteration, to inflict the only punishment that is effective—that of publicity. If, in addition to printing the names of those convicted of adulterating their wares, the French practice were resorted to, and saloons or stores where poisonous liqu