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A Catch.

Was ever yet a man,
Since this old world began,
That looked upon a woman bewitched not of her eyes?
Mating or separating,
Or loving her or hating,
In all his commerce with her the fool was never wise.

Heigho! it cannot be,
For, seeing she is she,
She has him at advantage in body and in mind;
Pursuing or undoing,
She still compels his wooing,
And therefore is it, ladies, that love is painted blind!

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

Her Answer.

If the love that you ask for I offer you here,
Can I promise to follow you without fear?
Will you take my hands in your own, dear,
And keep them soft and warm?
Will you teach me to trust each word you say?
Will you keep my feet so they never can stray?
Will you be my guide in the one right way,
My refuge in every storm?

Then I'll lovingly follow wherever you guide,
Though our way may lie through a desert wide;
All through the journey, safe by your side,
You shall lead me everywhere.
It is sweeter to walk by faith than sight,
If only you feel you are going aright.
May I trust you always to find the light,
And guide me safely there?

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.

"Polly," I says, one day after my convalescence, and we were taking a bit of a walk in the churchyard, "ain't this heavenly?"

"And you feel better?" says she, laying her hand on mine.

"Better!" I says, taking a long draught of the soft, sweet-scented air, and filling my chest; "better, old girl! I feel as if I were growing backwards into a boy."

"And you fifty last week!" she says.

"Yes," I says, smiling, "and you forty-seven next week."

And then we sat thinking for a bit.

"Polly," I says at last, as I sat there drinking in that soft breeze, and feeling it give me strength, "it's worth being ill to feel as I do now."

For you see I'd been very bad, else I dare say I'm not the man to go hanging about churchyards and watching funerals; I'm a stoker, and my work lies in steamers trading to the East. I'd come home from my last voyage bad with fever, caught out in one of those nasty, hot, bad smelling ports—been carried home to die, as my mates thought; and it was being like this, and getting better, that had set me thinking so seriously, and made me so quiet; not that I was ever a noisy sort of man, as any one who knows me will say. And now, after getting better, the doctor had said I must go into the country to get strong; so as there was no more voyaging till I was strong, there was nothing for it but to leave the youngsters under the care of the eldest girl and a neighbor, and come and take lodgings out in this quiet Surrey village.

Polly never thought I should get better, and one time no more did I; for about a month before this time, as I lay hollow-eyed and yellow on the bed, knowing, too, how bad I looked—for I used to make young Dick bring me the looking-glass every morning—the doctor came as usual, and like a blunt Englishman I put it to him flat.

"Doctor," I says, "you don't think I shall get better?" and I looked him straight in the face.

"Oh, come, come, my man!" he says, smiling, "we never look at the black side like that."

"None of that, doctor," I says; "out with it like a man. I can stand it; I've been expecting to be drowned or blown up half my life, so I shan't be scared at what you say."

"Well, my man," he says, "your symptoms are of a very grave nature. You see the fever had undermined you before you came home, and unless"—

"All right, doctor, I says; "I understand; you mean that unless you can get a new plate in the boiler, she won't stand another voyage."

"Oh, come! we won't look upon it as a hopeless case," he says; "there's always hope;" and after a little more talk, he shook hands and went away.

Next day when he came, I had been thinking it all over, and was ready for him. I don't believe I was a bit better; in fact, I know I was drifting fast, and I saw it in his eye as well.

I waited till he had asked me his different questions, and then just as he was getting up to go, I asked him to sit down again.

"Polly, my dear," I says, "I just want a few words with the doctor;" and she put her apron up to her eyes and went out, closing the door after her very softly, while the doctor looked at me very curious like, and waited for me to speak.

"Doctor," I says, "you've about given me up. There, don't shake your head, for I know. Now don't you think I'm afraid to die, for I don't believe I am, but look here: there's seven children down stairs, and if I leave my wife a widow with the few pounds I've been able to save, what's to become of them? Can't you pull me through?"

"My dear fellow," he says, honestly. "I've done everything I can for your case."

"That's what you think, doctor," I says, "but look here: I've been at sea thirty years, and in seven wrecks. It's been like dodging death with me a score of times. Why, I pulled my wife there regularly out of the hands of death, and I'm not going to give up now. I've been"—

"Stop, stop," he says, gently. "You're exciting yourself."

"Not a bit," I says, though my voice was quite a whisper. "I've had this over all night, and I've come to think I must be up and doing my duty."

"But, my good man"—he began.

"Listen to me, doctor, I says. "A score of times I might have given up and been drowned, but I made a fight for it, and was saved. Now I mean to make a fight for it, here, for the sake of the wife and bairns. I don't mean to die, doctor, without a struggle. I believe this here, that life's given to us all as a treasure to keep; we might throw it away by our own folly at any time, but there's hundreds of times when we may preserve it, and we never know whether we can save it till we try. Give's a drink of that water."

He held the glass to my lips, and I took a big draught and went on, he seeming all the time to be stopping to humor me in my madness.

"That's better, doctor," I says. "Now look here, sir, speaking as one who has sailed the seas, it's a terrible stormy time with me; there's a lee shore close at hand, the fires are drowned out, and unless we can get up a bit of sail there's no chance for me. Now, then, doctor, can you get up a bit of sail?"

"I'll go and send something that will quiet you," he said, rising.

"Thankey, doctor," I says, smiling to myself. "And now look here, I'm not going to give up till the last; and when that last comes, and the ship's going down, why, I shall have a try if I can't swim to safety. If that fails, and I can really feel that it is to be, why, I hope I shall go down into the great deep calmly, like a hopeful man, praying that Something above will forgive me all I've done amiss, and stretch out His fatherly hand to my little ones."

He went away and I dropped asleep, worn out with my exertion.

When I woke, Polly was standing by the bedside watching me, with a bottle and glass on the little table.

As soon as she saw my eyes open, she shook up the stuff, and poured it into a wine glass.

"Is that what the doctor sent?" I says.

"Yes, dear; you were to take it directly."

"Then I shan't take it," I says. "He's give me up, and that stuff's only to keep me quiet. Polly, you go and make me some beef tea, and make it strong."

She looked horrified, poor old girl, and was about to beg of me to take hold of the rotten life-belt he'd sent me, when I held out my shaking hand for it, took the glass, and let it tilt over—there was only about a couple of teaspoonfuls in it, and the stuff fell on the carpet.

I saw the tears come in her eyes, but she said nothing—only put down the glass, and ran out to make the beef tea.

The doctor didn't come till late next day, and I was lying very still and drowsy, half asleep like, but I was awake enough to hear him whisper to Polly, "Sinking fast;" and I heard her give such a heart-broken sob that as the next great wave came on the sea where I was floating, I struck out with all my might, rose over it, and floated gently down the other side.

For the next four days—putting it as a drowning man striving for his life like a true-hearted fellow—it was like great foaming waves coming to wash over me, but the shore, still in sight, and me trying hard to reach it.

And it was a grim, hard fight; a dozen times I could have given up, folded my arms, and said good-bye to the dear old watching face safe on shore; but a look at that always cheered me, and I fought on again and again, till at last the sea seemed to go down, and, in utter weariness, I turned on my back to float restfully with the tide bearing me shoreward, till I touched the sands, crept up them, and fell down worn out, to sleep in the warm sun—safe!

That's a curious way of putting it, you may say, but it seems natural to me to mix it up with the things of sea-going life, and the manner in which I've seen so many fight hard for their lives. It was just like striving in the midst of a storm to me, and when at last I did fall into a deep sleep, I felt surprised-like to find myself lying in my own bed, with Polly watching by me; and when I stretched out my hand, and took hers, she let loose that which she had kept hidden from me before, and, falling on her knees by my bedside, she sobbed for very joy.

"As much beef-tea and brandy as you can get him to take," the doctor says, that afternoon; and it wasn't long before I got from slops to solids, and then was sent, as I told you, into the country to get strong, while the doctor got no end of praise for the cure he had made.

I never said a word though, even to Polly, for he did his best; but I don't think any medicine would have cured me then.

I was saying a little while back that I pulled my wife regularly out of the hands of death, and of course that was when we were both quite young, though for the matter of that I don't feel much different and can't well see the change. That was in one of the Cape steamers when I first took to stoking. They were little ram-shackle sort of boats in those days, and how it was more weren't lost puzzles me. It was more due to the weather than the make or finding of the ships, I can tell you, that they used to find their way saf to port; and yet the passengers, poor things, knowing no better, used to take passage, ay, and make a voyage too from which they never got back.

Well, I was working on board a steamer as they used to call the Equator, and heavy laden and with about twenty passengers on board, we started down channel with all well, till we got right down off the west coast of Africa, when there came one of the heaviest storms I was ever in. Even for a well-found steamer, such as they can build to-day, it would have been a hard fight; but with our poor shaky wooden tub, it was a hopeless case from the first.

Our skipper made a brave fight of it though, and tried hard to make for one of the ports; but, bless you, what can a man do when, after ten days' knocking about, the coals run out, and the fires that have been kept going with wood and oil, and everything that can be thrust into the furnaces, are drowned; when the paddle-wheels are only in the way, every bit of sail set is blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and at last the ship begins to drift fast for a lee shore!

There was our case, and every hour the sea seemed to get higher, and the wind more fierce, while I heard from more than one man how fast the water was gaining below.

My mate and I didn't want any telling though. We'd been driven up out of the stoke-hole like a pair of drowned rats, and I came on deck to find the bulwarks ripped away, and the sea every now and then leaping aboard, and washing the lumber about in all directions.

The skipper was behaving very well, and he kept us all at the pumps, turn and turn in spells, but we might as well have tried to pump the sea dry; and when, with the water gaining fast, we told him what we thought, he owned as it was no use, and we gave up.

We'd all been at it, crew and passengers, about forty of us altogether, including the women—five of them they were, and they were all on deck, lashed in a sheltered place, close to the poop. And very pitiful it was to see them fighting hard at first and clinging to the side, but only to grow weaker, half-drowned as they were; and I saw two sink down at last, and hang drooping like from their lashings, dead, for not a soul could do them a turn.

I was holding on by the shrouds when the mate got to the skipper's side, and I saw in his blank face what he was telling him. Of course we couldn't hear his words in such a storm, but we didn't want to, for his lips said plainly enough:

"She's sinking!"

Next moment there was a rush made for the boats, and two of the passengers cut loose a couple of the women; place was made for them before the first boat was too full, and she was lowered down, cast off, and a big wave carried her clear of the steamer. I saw her for a moment on the top of the ridge, and then she plunged down the other side out of our sight—and that of everybody else; for how long she lived, who can say? She was never picked up or heard of again.

Giving a bit of a cheer, our chaps turned to the next, and were getting in when there came a wave like a mountain, ripped her from the davits, and when I shook the water from my eyes, there she was hanging by one end, stove in, and the men who had tried to launch her gone—skipper and mate as well.

There were only seven of us now, and I could see beside the three women lashed to the side, and only one of them was alive; and for a bit no one moved, everybody being stunned-like with horror; but there came a lull, and feeling that the steamer was sinking, I shouted out to the boys to come on, and we ran to the last boat, climbed in, and were casting off, when I happened to catch sight of the women lashed under the bulwarks there.

"Hold hard!" I roars, for I saw one of them wave her hand.

"Come on, you fool!" shouts my mate, "she's going down!"

I pray I may never be put to it again like that, with all a man's selfish desire for life fighting against him. For a moment I shut my eyes, and then began to lower; but I was obliged to open them again, and as I did so I saw a wild, scared face, with long wet hair clinging round it, and a pair of little white hands were stretched out to me as if for help.

"Hold hard!" I shouts.

"No, no!" roared out two or three; "there isn't a moment!" and as the boat was being lowered from the davits, I made a jump, caught the bulwarks with my hands, and climbed back on board, just as the boat kissed the water, was unhooked, and floated away.

Then as I crept, hand-over-hand, to the girl's side, whipped out my knife and was cutting her loose, while her weak arms clung to me, I felt a horrible feeling of despair come over me, for the boat was leaving us, and I knew what a coward I was at heart, as I had to fight with myself so as not to leave the girl to her fate, and leap overboard to swim for my life. I got the better of it, though—went down on my knees so as not to see the boat, and got the poor, trembling, clinging creature loose.

"Now, my lass," I says, "quick!" and I raised her up; "hold on by the side while I make fast a rope round you."

And then I stood up to hail the boat—the boat as warn't there, for in those brief moments she must have capsized, and we were alone on the sinking steamer, which now lay in the trough of the sea.

As soon as I got over the horror of the feeling, a sort of stony despair came over me, but when I saw that little pale, appealing face at my side, looking to me for help, that brought the manhood back, and in saying encouraging things to her I did myself good.

My first idea was to make something that would float us, but I gave that up directly, for I could feel that I was helpless, and getting the poor girl more into shelter, I took a bit of tobacco in a sort of stolid way, and sat down with a cork life-buoy over my arm—one which I had cut loose from where it had hung forgotten behind the wheel.

But I never used it, for the storm went down fast, and the steamer floated still, water-logged, for three days, when we were picked up by a passing vessel, half-starved, but hoping. And during that time my companion had told me that she was the attendant of one of the lady passengers on board, and at last, when we parted, she kissed my hand, and called me her hero, who had saved her life—poor grimy me, you know.

We warn't long, though, before we met again, for somehow we'd settled that we'd write, and a twelvemonth after Mary was back in England and my wife. That's why I said I took her like out of the hands of death, though in a selfish sort of way, being far, you know, from perfect. But what I say, speaking as Edward Brown, stoker, is this: Make a good fight of it, no matter how black things may look, and leave the rest to Him.

The Bonanza King.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* tells a story of James C. Flood, of the firm of Flood & O'Brien, who rule the financial affairs of California and Nevada. He says: J. C. Flood is the name of the man who is at the head of that great moneyed institution in San Francisco which was the cause of the breaking of the Bank of California—I mean the Bank of Nevada. The history of that movement and all its results are well known. But the history of the man who was the prime mover of the whole affair has never yet been printed. He was born, it is believed, in Ireland, but on that point my informant is not positive. He made his appearance at Fort Hamilton many years ago, when he was quite a lad, and engaged himself as a workman in the wheelwright shop of Colonel Church. He was accounted a good boy, that is, there was nothing particularly bad about him. He was faithful in his work and was rather of an inquiring mind, always wanting to know the why and wherefore of everything. He could not read or write, and the two sons of Colonel Church were then about his age. Their father is now dead. Young Flood prevailed on Thomas G. Church to teach him to read and write, and he proved a very apt scholar. His learning enabled him to take a front rank among his fellow workmen, and it is said there are a good many wagons now in existence on Long Island that have a peculiar finish put upon certain parts of them by young Flood. When the California fever broke out there were three companies of troops sent there from Fort Hamilton. In one of these companies Flood enlisted and went with them to California. After serving his time he went into the mines, and came back again to the wheelwright shop at Fort Hamilton with some $5,000 or $6,000. After staying a short time he married, and soon after, with his wife, went to San Francisco. He there opened a bar-room and became quite popular, made money, and, being naturally shrewd and careful in investments, has risen now to be one of the acknowledged powers of the Pacific coast. There are several around Church's Hotel at Fort Hamilton who will remember the young man, and who will doubtless now agree that it was a good place to immigrate from. He is now said to be worth money enough to buy up the whole region around Fort Hamilton, and throw in Fort Lafayette as a chowder depot, which is all it is fit for. His history is like that of many another in this free country—a poor, illiterate boy—taught his alphabet and to read, write and cipher by Thomas G. Church, his old employer's son—now not a millionaire, but a ten or twenty millionaire. He has the consolation of knowing that in case of accident he is a good wheelwright.

Military Service in Prussia.

The Berlin war office seems at last to have found out the way to make compulsory military service thoroughly unpopular. Having raised the physical standard of the recruit so high that there is no longer in practice any chance of escape for those who come up to it—nineteen out of every twenty who fully reached it last year were taken on the rolls—it is now making the autumn maneuvers so severe as to rise a general outcry in the press over the number of sick sent to the hospital from them. It is plainly a serious matter when we find in a paper usually known for its patriotic sentiments, as the *Weser Zeitung* is, such expressions as the following: This excitement reigns in those particular circles where there is the warmest sympathy for the army and the highest respect for its officers. And there is quite discernment enough among this part of the public to know that exertion and even danger are inseparable from the making of a soldier. But there is a due moderation to be observed in all things, and it is naturally asked whether this can have been observed when marches have been ordered without any necessity on which strong men have died like flies. These remarks will certainly not be thought too strong by those who learn that one division of the Fifteenth corps, during its late maneuvers, managed to kill fourteen of its infantry soldiers, and that a single company of the other division (of the Ninth Bavarian infantry, by the way) had forty-five patients in hospital at last.

POETICAL.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* regrets that it cannot by "the wildest process of versification" possibly made "rhinoceros" rhyme with "Queen Elizabeth," or "gazelle" with sewing machine," and so has respectfully to decline a poem by one of the most talented of St. Joseph's fair daughters.

Two Hundred Pilgrims Drowned.

A correspondent writes to the Madras *Mail* from Madura: Intelligence has been received at this station of a frightful catastrophe which befell a party of pilgrims to the Mahalingam shrine, on the Tinnevelly frontier. If we are to believe the reports of returned pilgrims, more than two hundred persons were drowned under circumstances of the most heartrending character. Thirty-three of the Madura pilgrims have been either carried away by the mountain torrent or are missing; and it is frightful to think how many more from Tinnevelly or other parts may have shared the same fate. The shrine in question stands on the summit of one of the Saduragiri hills (literally four hills) which form a portion of the Saptoor estate, though included in the Tinnevelly district. The direction from Madura is south-southwest, and the distance nearly fifty miles. What particular manifestation of Siva this shrine was built to commemorate I cannot at present tell, nor is it known where the first devotee from whom the present one traces an unbroken line of succession established himself; but, however that might have been, thousands of people from all parts of the country flock thither in this part of the year to get cured of fancied or real evils, and, if possible, to lay by a store of blessings for themselves and their children. From the base of the hill a long circuitous path leads up to the shrine for a distance of ten miles or so, along fearful chasms and deep, meandering mountain torrents and through meshes of canebrake or other underwood.

The pilgrims, arrived at the shrine, used to pass a night or so in the jungle without anything like a roof over their heads. The dry bed of the mountain torrent that skirts the shrine used to be their quarters, and there they cooked and ate their meals, sang and danced and otherwise made themselves comfortable. Thousands of men, women and children were talking or eating or dancing in the sandy bed; hundreds of sheep and fowls, brought up to be sacrificed, stood in mournful groups, each waiting its turn; some pilgrims, more religious than the rest, were rolling in front of the shrine or performing other equally curious evolutions; in fact, everything went on without a hitch. At five P. M. there was a tremendous shower of rain; ten minutes later the hitherto dry bed was full, and the water rushed down headlong, carrying those who could not force their way through the crowd, and the general confusion was rendered still more dreadful by the darkness. Many dead bodies, intercepted by roots and brushes, were picked up in the bed; a good many were seen floating on toward the Waptrap tank; some were found jammed between stones, and only a very few of the ill-starred lot saved themselves by catching hold of some friendly bough.

The Unfortunate Well Digger.

At the funeral of the unfortunate well digger, Sykes, of West Springfield, Mass., the attending clergyman, Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, after referring to the unusual shock produced on the community by the terrible manner of the unfortunate man's death, proceeded to draw out these lessons:

First, the need of something being done to prevent such accidents in the future. He said: I wish here and now to protest against any person being allowed to construct such a mantrap as that in which Mr. Sykes lost his life. No incompetent person should be allowed to dig a well beyond a certain depth. Indeed, it is my conviction, in view of the accidents of this nature that occur not unfrequently throughout the country, that the whole matter of well digging should be regulated by law, that only licensed persons should be permitted to do this work, and they only in a certain definite prescribed manner. No man should be allowed to put his own life in peril; he certainly should not be permitted to lead another to destruction. Another lesson is how to proceed another time in such an emergency. Having witnessed the affair from first to last, and bearing testimony to the patience, energy and even heroism of those having the matter in charge, and, indeed, of all who took part, I have these suggestions to offer for any future exigency of this kind:

First, that as soon as possible a council of a few of those most competent to advise be called and some person be selected as a leader, and that his plan be adopted and carried out.

Second, that such a force of men and such a supply of material and utensils be promptly furnished, that the work shall not be suspended a moment until the object be accomplished. It has been said that the work should not have stopped the first night. This is true, as the event proved that the state of things just then was such that any other course seemed impracticable. The men were exhausted; the situation was exceedingly dangerous; but that the man was thought to be dead was not an excuse, the same effort should be made to extricate a man who may be living as to save one who is known to be alive. He should have the benefit of the doubt.

Lynch Law.

The lynching of the man Schell, suspected of murder, in Bellefontaine, Ohio, was a most revolting case. A young girl named Laughlin, sixteen years of age, had accompanied Schell and his wife to pick wild plums, and when the two latter returned they reported that Miss Laughlin had been lost in the brush. A search, in which Schell took part, was made for her, but it proved ineffectual. On the following day, however, a new search being instituted, the dead body of the girl was found in a secluded place. There were bruises on the head and neck, and upon a close examination it was discovered that seven stabs had been inflicted with some sharp instrument. Schell was thereupon arrested on suspicion of having murdered her. His wife was also arrested, when she told a story to the effect that her husband had informed her before they left their home that he intended to outrage and kill the girl, their visit to the woods having been planned expressly for that purpose; and that he subsequently described to her the details of the murder. A mob took the man from the jail in Bellefontaine, and gave him ten minutes in which to confess his crime. Instead of doing this, he stoutly protested his innocence, and declared that it was his wife who committed the murder, she having been instigated to the crime by jealousy. The mob, without making any investigation into the truth or falsity of these conflicting stories, immediately hanged the wretch, though there was no reason whatever for supposing that justice would not be done had the law been permitted to take its course.

The Mails.

How is this for a coincidence? Just seventeen years ago, on the same day of the month and same day of the week of the starting of the first fast mail train from New York for Chicago, John Butterfield, of Utica, started the first overland mail coach across the plains for California. Now, in seventeen years more may we not expect to see mails and passengers transported by telegraph?

A San Francisco Cemetery.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes about the famous cemetery wherein Broderick and Ralston are buried. He says: Lone Mountain lacks the precise regularity of plan with which these "silent cities" are usually laid out; but it gains space in its broken lines of perspective and grace in its winding curves. Some of its monuments are exceedingly tasteful and handsome. Conspicuous from its altitude, as well as its isolated position, is the tomb of Senator Broderick, who was killed in a duel arising from a political quarrel. On one side of the shaft surmounting the grave is the inscription: "Broderick. Born 1820." On the opposite the date (1859) of his death. On the two remaining sides are inscribed, beneath appropriate symbolical figures: "Mechanic, Senator."

Another handsome tomb, of dark gray stone, bears upon its doorplate the name of Babcock, and through the grating one reads upon the marble slabs within, just beneath a dome lighted by stained glass, whence the dim, religious light falls like an aureole upon them, the names and dates of birth of New Orleanians. Strolling further along, a fair Grecian temple, of white marble, arrests our footsteps and claims the tribute of praise. In its center stands a life-sized figure, in purest Parian marble, of "Faith," with upraised finger pointing heavenward, and a look of beautitude upon the lovely face. The statue is said to be the likeness of the lady who slumbers beneath—the wife of Mr. Latham, president of the London and San Francisco bank, and one of California's moneyed kings.

Far from the peaceful shades of Lone Mountain, in the very midst of the busy, bustling, noisy city, beneath the gloomy shadow of a handsome but heavy looking church, gleams a tomb of white marble, upon whose side the passer-by may read the name, in large black characters, of Starr King. A minister of the gospel, serving in the church near which he now sleeps, Starr King, at the time a fearful war raged throughout the land, forgetting that his was a mission of "peace and good will to men," abused the privileges of his cloth, the sanctities of the holy edifice, to incite popular sentiment against a far-distant people. One Sabbath Starr King stood in his pulpit preaching, not God's love to mankind, but his own malignant hatred of the Southern people. "Oh, that every Bible in the land could be converted into cartridges to carry on a war of extermination!" he cried. "May God in heaven strike me dead if ever I relent toward the enemies of the Union!" That night the blasphemous invocation was answered. Starr King was "struck dead," whether by direct interposition of an outraged Deity or through the medium of apoplexy superinduced by his frenzied excitement in the cause of the spirit of hate, belongs to the unsolvable mysteries of this life.

What they Eat.

To get some idea of the enormous eating power of guests who reside in hotels, it is only necessary to say that in one ordinary day's feedings one of the leading hotels in New York city consumes 1,959 pounds of beef, short loins and ribs, 1,800 pounds of mutton chops, nearly 4,000 pounds of spring lamb, 80 dozens of sweetbreads and 1,000 pounds of the hind quarters of veal for roasting and cutlets. The same hotels averaged 40 pounds a day of prime corned beef, or from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds of corned beef per week. Extra beef, which only includes the four quarters, and excludes the hides, fat and offal, brings $13 to $14 a hundred weight at the yards. The best comes from Illinois, and it is superior to the beef raised in any other State in the Union. Many butchers will, however, tell their customers that the beef which comes from Texas is native to Illinois. Ohio sends a fair quality of beef. But if it were not for the vast quantities brought from Texas to the city beef would bring fifty cents a pound in the market steadily. Dutchess county and Orange county occasionally send some fancy beef to private parties, but it is only a drop in the ocean. Some meat is hardly fit to eat when brought to market, and one morning at Washington market Superintendent Devoe seized no less than 357 quarters of bob veal, which were almost in a state of putrefaction. This shows the danger formerly encountered by housewives who were fond of roast veal or nice little cutlets. The worst kind of beef brings at the yards $8 a hundred weight, and Texan beef brings about $9.50 a hundred when it is in good condition. About 250 goats and kids are brought to market every year in this city, and they will average 45 pounds a carcass dressed, but their meat is never in any great demand, and is only eaten by people whose palates are in an exhausted state. Sixty roasting pigs are sold weekly on an average and weigh from 15 to 20 pounds each. The consumption of hams in the city amounts to from 5,000 to 7,500 hams per week, and they chiefly come from the Western States. Of tame turkeys, ducks of all kinds, geese and guinea fowls there are delivered to the New York markets about 1,500 tons a week, and their price varies according to season, but they are at the maximum rates about the holidays.—*New York Herald.*

The Battle of Three Marine Monsters.

Jules Menotti and two companions, while returning from a fishing excursion to Oakland, Cal., were witnesses of a scene not often noticed. This was a marine combat which took place in the reach between Sausalito and Angel island, the combatants being a swordfish and a large fish resembling a whale. The large fish or whale was first seen rounding the eastern corner of the island, followed by its enemy, which frequently rose from the water, and allowed Mr. Menotti and his companions a full view of its proportions. It was evidently a xiphias, or swordfish, the body round, the head long, the upper jaw terminating in a long beak in the form of a sword. The other fish resembled a narwhal, but as it rarely rose above the water, its character could not be clearly ascertained. The swordfish charged it with great impetuosity, the big fish striking back with its tail, and the water in their track was dyed with blood. At one time they passed within six fathoms of the plunger, causing Mr. Menotti and his friends no little uneasiness. When last seen, the fish were steering toward San Quentin, still fighting. Swordfish are not common in these waters, though in 1854 the ship Flying Fish, Capt. Nichols, was struck by one while crossing the bar as she entered the harbor.

Just as Well.

An eminent lawyer of Boston tells the following joke: A flashily-dressed young sprig entered his office and was requested to be seated. The request was complied with, and the young man was asked to state his business. "Well, Mr. B., what would be the first thing for me to do in order to learn the profession?" The lawyer fixed his weather eye upon the nobby-dressed young man and surveyed him from his flashy necktie to his highly polished boots, and exclaimed: "The first thing you had better do would be to go and roll in a barnyard." An answer came as quick as the suggestion in the following terse language: "If I should come and study two years in your office, wouldn't it do just as well?"

HOW TO GOVERN OUR CITIES.

The Awful Burden of Debt they have Piled Up—The Recent Enormous Increase.

The Chicago *Tribune* says: Mr. William M. Grosvenor of St. Louis has been making a recent investigation into the municipal indebtedness of this country. His search demonstrates that Mr. Blaine has rather understated than overstated the local debts of the country in the exhibit which he made about a year ago, and which attracted so much attention at the time. Mr. Blaine estimated the aggregate municipal indebtedness, near the close of last year, at $570,000,000. This showed an enormous increase within four years, since the census of 1870 stated the municipal debts (exclusive of State and county) to be $328,244,520. But later investigations, covering a period of five years, show that Mr. Blaine's estimate was a low one. A recent number of the *Financial Chronicle* gave a list of city securities, which showed that the bonds of only thirty-two cities in the country (exclusive of their floating indebtedness) amount to $525,632,728, or nearly as much as Mr. Blaine's estimate of the gross municipal indebtedness. But the last annual reports of Massachusetts show that the cities in that State alone, besides those included in the thirty-two cities cited above, owe $36,914,634. In Ohio, the reports show that the cities of that State, outside of the cities included in the *Financial Chronicle's* statement, owe $8,909,714. Thus the bonded debt of the thirty-two cities, and the cities of only two States among all those not included in that list, amounts to $571,457,076, or a larger sum than Mr. Blaine estimated for the whole country. A comparison of the census statement shows that these cities owed less than two-thirds of the total municipal indebtedness of that time. Assuming that this ratio remains the same, the present showing would make the aggregate municipal indebtedness $850,185,614. This is a higher rate than even Mr. Grosvenor is willing to accept. He therefore makes a proper allowance for a smaller ratio of increase in the cities where statements are not made. The increase in the thirty-two cities between 1870 and 1875 was 160 per cent. The increase of the Massachusetts cities not included in the list of thirty-two is 130 per cent. The increase of the Ohio cities has been 290 per cent. The average increase in the two States has been more than 160 per cent. It is entirely within bounds to assume that the increase in the other cities of the country has been seventy per cent., or less than half of the average increase in the States of Massachusetts and Ohio. Upon this basis, the aggregate municipal indebtedness of the country at this time amounts to $758,000,000, or nearly $200,000,000 more than Mr. Blaine estimated.

New York furnished a proof that the estimated increase of seventy per cent. is entirely reasonable. From a statement furnished recently by Gov. Tilden, it appears that the municipal debts of that State, outside of New York city, Brooklyn, and Albany, have increased 119 per cent. in less than two years. It should be stated, however, that the thirty-two cities which have a total bonded indebtedness of $525,632,728 have sinking funds that amount to $62,443,953. Deducting this, the net indebtedness in these cities, and those of New York, Massachusetts and Ohio not included in that list, is $551,684,533. Add to this the debts of the other cities in the country, upon the estimated increase of seventy per cent. since 1870, and the municipal indebtedness of the country, after deducting resources, is still $706,672,497.

The average municipal indebtedness of twenty English cities smaller than London is about $30 per capita. But the minor American cities, with about the same population as these twenty English cities, owe about $92 per capita. The contrast is presented in still another form. The report of the local government board in Great Britain shows that, deducting the British national debt, there is a total local indebtedness of $360,000,000, or about $11 per capita. Take the same local indebtedness in this country, including everything except the national debt, and we have:

State debts	$382,970,517
County debts	180,000,000
Municipal debts	769,000,000
Total	$1,331,970,517

This is a local indebtedness of about $30 per capita for all the people in this country, or about three times as great as the local indebtedness per capita in Great Britain. The strain in this country is still more notable when we count the interest paid. The interest on the local indebtedness probably averages seven per cent., which would make it $93,000,000 annually, which is about the interest on the British local indebtedness does not exceed $15,000,000 a year; so that, while the interest on our national indebtedness is more than $20,000,000 less than Great Britain pays on its national debt, the total interest we pay every year on all debts is from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 more than Great Britain pays on its local indebtedness.

The statement of local indebtedness does not fully set forth the full measure of recklessness and extravagance that characterize our municipal governments; for, notwithstanding the startling increase of local indebtedness, taxation has likewise increased at a frightful rate. A statement of fifteen cities (New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Jersey City, Louisville, Newark, Cleveland, San Francisco, Providence, Albany, Milwaukee) shows that the taxable valuation of property has increased nearly $1,000,000,000 the last five years, and the tax levy in those cities, which was $64,000,000 in 1869–70, was $97,500,000 in 1874–5. It only remains to be stated that in not one of those cities was the debt reduced within the time mentioned, so that the increase of taxation was devoted, aside from the payment of interest on the bonded debt, to the payment of current expenses and local improvements. In 1870 the whole sum raised by State, county and municipal taxes was about $280,000,000, and the most careful estimate now places the revenue exacted from the same sources at $363,000,000 annually. This is over and above the increase of debt. Deducting the State taxes, the county and municipal governments raise $295,000,000 a year, and have added $430,000,000 to their indebtedness within five years. According to this, our local government really costs, in taxes and increased debt, $380,000,000 annually, or more than the entire annual revenue of Great Britain for all purposes, which is $376,000,000.

Financial.

One morning a man having an office in Detroit wanted to get trusted for a paper, but the boy drew back and replied:

"I can't do it. I'm running on limited capital, heavily secured by collaterals, and every cent has got to count."

"Well, I can't buy, then," said the man.

"I don't want to be mean," continued the boy, after some time spent in pondering, "and if you've got any good paper I'll discount it."

But they didn't trade.

Col. Arthur Ginn has a ten-acre orange grove on Lake Monroe, Fla., which contains seven hundred trees, yielding from $10,000 to $13,000 per year.

THE POPULATION OF CHINA.

What an Authority at Home Says About It.

Says the Shanghai *Courier*: The subject of the population of China is the riddle of the Sphinx, ever guessed at but never solved. And if it were solved no one would ever know it, because there can be no verification. In connection with our first knowledge of China we are taught that its population is immense. Its millions teem. The delusion of one or two generations ago that Jeddo and Pekin are the world's great centers of population is scarcely yet dispelled. Many of the cities of the eighteen provinces, especially in the south, are undoubtedly enormous, and to the casual traveler all Chinese cities are presumptively the same. He has learned in his geography or read in his encyclopedia that the population of Tientsin is 500,000, and that of Pekin from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. These round numbers are generally accepted without question, and on this scale smaller cities are gauged. Thus we meet the most confident estimates of population, formed on scanty data, or on no data at all, by every latest traveler, who, like a supreme court, has the last guess at the case. The difference between the high scale and the low scale of estimating Chinese cities is a difference of nearly one-half. There are those who cling to the old tradition that the population of Pekin is 2,000,000, and there are others who consider 700,000 a liberal estimate. Little or no dependence is to be placed on the estimates of transient travelers. Even long residents hesitate to express a decided opinion, for experience has taught them that such conjectures are often misleading. It is as idle to inquire the number of families in a large city of "intelligent natives," as it would be to ask an "intelligent native" the death rate of Liverpool. There is, no doubt, a death rate, and somewhere it is recorded. But it is not in the line of any but physicians and coroners to know what it is, unless it may have been published in the morning paper. But the Chinese have no morning papers, nor any other paper. At certain yamens, no doubt, some approximate statistics are on file, but such things are utterly foreign to the thought of ordinary Chinese. In small villages the number of families is known to all; in large cities it is practically not known at all. It would be wrong to disturb the world's faith in the proposition that China contains 400,000,000 inhabitants, a proportion now generally accepted in spite of De Quincey's skepticism. But let this multitude of human beings be apportioned in a fair and equitable manner among the smaller towns and villages, and not thrust by hundreds of thousands upon half empty walled towns where they will find no visible means of support. If these remarks should lead the casual reader to inquire the population of Tai-yuan-fu, he is informed that according to the doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge, if Pekin still keeps her 2,000,000 as in the geographies, then the capital of Shansi has 300,000. But if Pekin is reduced to 750,000, then does Tai-yuan-fu drop to 100,000, "be the same more or less. The average Englishman, whose faith is said to be such that if a safety valve were only labeled "statistics" he would sit on it with perfect safety, is invited to take notice.

A Good Idea.

The fact that girls or young ladies after leaving school paid little if any attention to studies suggested to certain ladies in London, and by their example to others in Boston, to establish what goes under the name of a Society to Encourage Studies at Home, and that in Boston has been in quiet operation for about twenty months. Its purpose is the very simple and direct one of inducing girls to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind; its mode of action is through the exercise of an oversight by experienced and educated ladies over the home work of younger ladies, and this of course mainly by correspondence. For example, if a girl of seventeen or over desires to join the society, she gives her name to the secretary, pays a small initiation fee to cover expenses of postage, printing, etc., and receives in return a programme of the several courses open, in history, literature, art, science, German, and French; she selects the department of study which she desires to pursue, and is put in communication with the member of the committee who has charge of the department. She is expected to devote some portion of every day of every week to careful reading and study, order and system being substantial elements in the plan, and at least once a month to report progress to her officer, who, in return, gives advice, makes suggestions, and encourages or stimulates the student. Once a year a meeting is held of such as can come together, and a general report is made, with special essays by students, and diplomas are given.

About Postal Cards.

The Post-office department at Washington received a letter from a firm in Chicago complaining that six cents additional postage was charged them on a postal card sent to their address, on the face of which, in the lower left hand corner, were written the words, "Sept. 13, 1875." As many complaints of this character are received at the department, the following reply to the above letter is furnished for the information of the public:

GENTLEMEN: In answer to your letter I have to state that by a ruling of this department anything whatever, except an address written or printed upon the side of a postal card intended for the address, renders such card unmailable, and the same cannot be legally forwarded unless prepaid at the letter rate—three cents. But if by inadvertance it reaches its destination without such prepayment, it is chargeable with double the letter rates under the provisions of section 152, postal laws edition of 1873. In accordance with the said ruling the card submitted was rendered subject to letter postage by the writing of the date on the side designed for the address, and having been forwarded without the prepayment of such postage, it became liable to double the letter rates—six cents. In collecting the above, however, the postmaster at Chicago should have deducted the one cent originally paid for the card.

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