FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

They Didn't Think.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite,
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin,
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Ho, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."
Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes from thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under heading,
'Cause you didn't think.

—*Phebe Cary.*

"Doodle Buzz."

It is a known fact that nearly everything in nature likes music; snakes have danced to it, mice have come from their holes and listened with rapt attention, and even bugs are not insensible.

"We call the Doodle Bugs up any time we have a mind," said some little girls to me one day when I was teaching school in Western Virginia.

"Doodle Bugs?" said I. "I never heard of such things."

"Would you like to see them?" asked one.

"Most assuredly," I answered.

Then the little girl led me forth to the ruins of an old log school-house, roofless and floorless, and, joining hands, they squatted upon the ground, forming a ring, and began chanting in the most musical tones they could command:

"*Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Do-o-dle Bugs!*"

I looked on in astonishment, for I could see nothing but hard baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible; but the children kept up their chant some three or four minutes, when I noticed the ground began to heave in little spots and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt colored beetle.

When the children stopped singing the little things scampered back into their holes.

This struck me as very singular. But then we are constantly meeting with strange things in Bugdom. It is like fairy land if we only become interested.

There are many, many kinds of beetles called *coleopterous* insects, because they have wing cases; that is they have shells or cases on their backs, under which they fold their wings, some kinds using them so very seldom that we would never know that they had wings. A great many live under ground, and others on the trees, flowers and grain. Indeed, there is scarce a place where you may not find them.

All of you know that the ugly caterpiller becomes a butterfly, but some of you may not know that nearly every worm you can find, turns out some day to be a creature with wings.

Almost every child who has lived in the country has noticed, and perhaps been very much amused with the Bill Chafer, or Tumble Bug, as we call it here in New Jersey. How they seem to be playing with marbles right in the middle of the road on hot, dusty days! How they push and tumble, and get their jackets all dusty in their efforts! Sometimes it takes two or three beetles to roll their ball up an elevation or over some impediment in the way.

Did you never wonder what all such work meant, or did you suppose it was just the way those bugs have of amusing themselves? I can remember when I thought so myself. But after I became older I began to wonder where the bugs got the balls, what they were made of, and what they were going to do with them. I have since found it out, and it is all very interesting.

They make the balls out of the excretions of animals, in which they deposit an egg, leaving it in the sun until it is baked almost as hard as a marble; then begins their work. They toil and struggle until they get the balls three feet under ground. Then the little one is left in its spherical home from early September until the next spring, as warm and cozy as you please, growing larger and larger until it bursts from its shell, a little worm with six legs, and creeps up to the surface of the ground; or, as some say, they remain in the balls until they become chrysalids, and come out beetles or tumble bugs, ready to begin tumbling and pushing like their mothers before them.—*A. E. C. Anderson.*

An Interesting Group of Monkeys.

Writing of four chimpanzees on exhibition in New York, the *Evening Post*, of that city, says: A more interesting group of animals it would be difficult to imagine, although the thoughtful spectator can scarcely help feeling a little uncomfortable when he looks upon these creatures so like and yet so unlike man. The oldest of the chimpanzees is nine years old, the others are four years younger. The nine-year older is three feet high, his younger fellows are a foot shorter, but do not think any the less of themselves on that account. They look like a lot of very old men, wizened and shrivelled by the lapse of two or three centuries, but with the glittering eyes and agility of youth. They teaze each other just like children and cry when they are cross or hurt in tones that are startlingly human. Their affection for their keeper is ridiculous. They cry if he does not pay attention to them, and at a word from him leap into his arms and nestle closely to his breast. Their caresses are grotesque but fervent, and it is scarcely too much to say that they behave as if they knew that they were orphans in a strange land and utterly dependent upon the kindness of their captors. They eat very much the same kind of food as human children. Their bill of fare includes sago, bread and honey, dry bread, rice and tea, and other dishes well known in the nursery. But they are not gross enough to eat meat, although some of them may have lived among cannibals. But then a cannibal monkey would have to eat monkey, and although a few travelers have asserted that roast ape is good, it is to be noted that no one ever eats it if he can get anything else.

Brazil has a Baron of Mosquito. Happy Brazil! If Ohio were only barren of mosquitoes, now!—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Washington Celebrities on the Road.

A Washington correspondent writes as follows: Nowhere in the world are there better pavements for driving within the city limits, and in the country round about are some delightful drives, which are well patronized on pleasant days, and one may meet in the hours between the close of business and dark nearly all the notables of official and social Washington.

President Hayes and his wife are seldom prevented from taking their daily drive between four and seven o'clock, and only in the most stormy weather are they missed from the Boulevard. The President's horses were a matter of much concern during the first few months of his administration. Rogers bought them of a livery-stable keeper in Alexandria, and was imposed upon. They were ill-matched—a hundred hacks in Washington were drawn by better pairs. Last fall, however, after suffering much ridicule, the President authorized the purchase of another pair, and an educated horseman procured them for him in Kentucky. They are handsome, well-matched, easy-traveling grays.

President Grant, as almost everybody knows, used to drive a four-in-hand, before a dog-cart, and it was a familiar sight to see him sitting on the box, with his habitual cigar, driving them into the country. Senator Conkling drives a fine, large black horse, which he calls "Douglass," before a light, narrow Brewster buggy, and generally alone. When the Senate adjourns, "Douglass" is generally waiting for his master at the east front of the Capitol, and takes a stretch of six or eight miles before dinner.

Senator Burnside drives a handsome pair of bays, large and fast, to a sort of Irish jaunting car, and is fond of having a young lady by his side.

Senator Cameron has quite a stud of horses and good taste in matters of equipage. His favorite "outfit" is a dog-cart, a pair of fast bays he has, and his daughter by his side. Miss Cameron is an accomplished horsewoman, as is Miss Bayard also.

The Russian minister has a mammoth pair of bays, with a great lumbering chariot on which are spread the coat of arms of his own and his wife's family. He and Mme. Shishkin are very estimable, unassuming people, and put on less style than any other of the foreigners. They are to be seen walking every day, plainly dressed, and she stops to kiss little children that she meets in the streets. Having kissed them, she runs after her husband and jabbers Russian at him till he smiles, and looks back at the child his wife has kissed. They have a family of little ones of their own, and for their use the carriage is mostly devoted.

The foreign ministers all have stylish turnouts, and are on the drives every pleasant day. Sir Edward Thornton has a handsome pair of clipped chestnuts, which he drives before an elegant barouche, but he generally prefers walking himself, and is one of the most inveterate pedestrians in Washington. His walking shoes are a curiosity. The soles are broad and bevelled in the English style, and are fully half an inch thick. The uppers are of goat skin, tied with leather thongs.

Secretary Sherman takes his daily drive in an open carriage, drawn by two ordinary-looking horses. Every day about four o'clock, if it isn't too stormy, you can see Mrs. Sherman waiting for her husband at one of the entrances to the Treasury Department, and as he is very methodical, his appearance at that door is as regular every day as the clock strikes four.

Corcoran, the banker and philanthropist, drives a pair of small, jogging bays before a comfortable carriage, swinging very low to the ground, which was made at his order, because his rheumatic limbs refuse to enter a high carriage. Senator Morton's old coupe is missed from the streets. Every day of his life in Washington it could be seen standing either at the Ebbitt House, or at the White House or the Capitol, or some one of the departments, and it carried him faithfully for many years.

Fernando Wood drives a mammoth pair of bay horses, with a gold-mounted harness covered all over with his monogram.

A Jeweler's Joke.

Mr. Smiley, the undertaker, got it into his head the other day, that his eyesight was not what it used to be, and that a pair of spectacles would be beneficial to him as well as to make him look more venerable. So he proceeded to Mr. Karat's jewelry store, in the next block, to purchase the desired article.

The obliging Mr. K— displayed his whole stock of spectacles for his customer's inspection. Mr. Smiley would try on a pair, elevate his head, then lower it, then look over the tops of them, meanwhile holding a newspaper before him.

One pair was for younger eyes (so he said); another pair was for older eyes, and so on until he had tried on all of Mr. Karat's spectacles. Not one pair could he find that was suited to his sight.

Now the patient Mr. Karat was at times fond of a joke, and informed Mr. Smiley that he had a pair that he used himself sometimes, and he might try them on, and perhaps they would suit him. Mr. Karat took from the drawer a pair minus the glasses, and after carefully wiping them inside and out, adjusted them over Mr. Smiley's proboscis.

After going through the usual performance with his head, Mr. Smiley said:

"Why, they seem better. I can see as well with them as I could without them twenty years ago. I'll take these. They just suit my eyes."

Fashion Notes.

Mitts, either black or white, are to be the rage this summer.

"Oatmeal" is the latest grain in linen; it has superseded flax.

French lisle thread gloves are long, and have the stocking finish upon the arm.

"Strapped" shoes, with the French heel, are the favorite summer chaussure.

The fashionable sacque has a long waistcoat, cut square in the Louis XIV. style, and a reverse collar.

Fine Scotch ginghams, in pretty checks, are "the thing" for summer washing dresses, and they are trimmed with torchon lace.

Hats and bonnets worn in city streets set very close to the head, the large hats *a la* Gainesborough are reserved for country wear.

Lenten hats are of black straw trimmed with satin ribbon and flowers or folds of gros grain silk and black feathers, gold tipped.

All kinds of trimmings of the material are fashionable this season—side pleatings, box pleatings, knife-blade pleatings, shirrings, puffs, ruffles, flounces, shell and leaf trimmings, and pipings.

What Kills.

In the school, as in the world, far more rust out than wear out. Study is most tedious and wearisome to those who study least. Drones always have the toughest time. Grumblers make poor scholars, and their lessons are uniformly "hard" and "too long." The time and thought expended in shirking would be ample to master their tasks. Sloth, gormandizing and worry kill their thousands, where overstudy harms one. The curse of heaven rests on laziness and gluttony. By the very constitution of our being they are fitted to beget that torpor and despondency which chill the blood, deaden the nerves, enfeeble the muscles, and derange the whole vital machinery. Fretting, fidgeting, ennui and anxiety are among the most common causes of disease. On the other hand, high aspiration and enthusiasm help digestion and respiration, and send an increased supply of vital energy to all parts of the body. Courage and work invigorate the whole system, and lift one into a purer atmosphere, above the reach of contagion. The lazy groan most over their "arduous duties," while earnest workers talk little about the exhausting labors of their profession. Of all creatures, the sloth would seem to be the most worried and worn.

AN OLD-TIME ADVERTISEMENT.

The Variety Furnished by a Country Store Seventy Years Ago.

The Boston *Journal* says: "In looking over an old copy of the Norfolk *Repository*, published at Dedham, Mass., in 1805 by Herman Mann, the following rhymed advertisment brought to mind some reminiscences of the author, who, for many years, was a prominent and useful citizen of Norfolk County. Samuel Temple, born in Orange, Mass., May, 1770, was graduated from Dartmouth College. He was an excellent teacher, a ready writer and the author of several standard books, among which were "Temple's Arithmetic," and a primary reader entitled "The Child's Assistant," both of which enjoyed great popularity. He was also the author of several music books. Later in life he kept for several years a country store in a building then standing on a portion of the site of "Thayer Tavern," at Dorchester and Milton Lower Mills. He afterward removed across the bridge into Milton, where he died in 1815. The arch alluded to in the advertisement was erected over the bridge at the dividing line of the towns of Dorchester and Milton to commemorate the ratification of Jay's Treaty, although not built until two years after that notable event. It bore in letters of gold the following inscription: "We unite in defense of our country and of its laws, 1798." The zeal and spirit with which the event was celebrated is still fresh in the traditions of the locality. The advertisement is a true picture of an old-time country store, and as such can hardly fail of interesting all classes of readers, apart from the rhyming art, so freely displayed:

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

To be sold at the store opposite the Arch
over Milton Bridge, the following articles viz:

Salt Pork and Powder, Shot & Flints
Cheese, Sugar, Rum & Peppermints

Tobacco, Raisins, Flour & Spice
Flax, Cotton, Wool and sometimes Rice

Old Holland Gin and Gingerbread
Brandy & Wine, all sorts of Thread

Segars I keep, sometimes one bunch;
Materials all for making Punch.

Biscuit and Butter, Eggs and Fishes
Molasses, Beer and Earthen Dishes

Books on such subjects as you'll find
A proper food to feast the mind.

Hard Soap & Candles, Tea & Snuff,
Tobacco pipes perhaps enough;

Shells, Chocolate Stetson's Hoes
As good as can be (I suppose)

Straw Hats, Oat Baskets, Oxen Muzzles
A thing which many people puzzles

Knives, Forks, Spoons, Plates, Mugs, Pitchers, Platters
A Gun with Shot wild geese bespatters

Spades, Shovels, Whetstones, Scythes, & Rakes
As good as any person ever makes

Shirts, Frocks, Shoes, Mittens, also Hose
And many other kinds of Clothes

Shears, Scissors, Awls, Wire, Bonnet Paper
Old Violin and Cat Gut Scraper

Tubs, Buckets, Pails and Pudding Pans
Bandanna Handkerchiefs & Fans

Shagbarks and Almonds, Wooden Boxes
Steel Traps, (not stout enough for Foxes

But excellent for holding Rats
When they allude the Paws of Cats)

I've more than Forty kinds of Drugs
Some good for Worms and some for Bugs
Lee's Anderson's & Dexter Pills
Which cures at least a hundred Ills

Astringents, Laxatives, Emetics
Cathartics, Cordials, Diuretics,

Narcotics, Stimulants & Pungents
With half a dozen kinds of Unguents

Perfumes most grateful to the Nose
When mixed with Snuff or dropd on clothes

One Medicine more (not much in fame)
Prevention is the real name
An ounce of which (an author says)
Outweighs a Ton of Remedies

I've many things I shall not mention
To sell them cheap is my intention
Lay out a dollar when you come
And you shall have a glass of *Rum*

N. B. Since man to man is so unjust
Tis hard to say whom I can trust
I've trusted many to my sorrow
Pay me to-day. I'll trust to-morrow

Dorchester, June, 1805.

Scientific and Mechanical.

Coal furnishes sixty to seventy per cent. of coke by weight.

Springs are weakened by use, but recover their strength if laid by.

The best quality of charcoal is made from oak, maple, beech and chestnut.

A hemp rope two inches in circumference will bear 800 pounds weight with safety.

In sandy soil the greatest force of a pile-driver will not drive a pile over fifteen feet.

New wood-work requires about one pound of white paint to the square yard for three coats.

A bar of iron seventy feet long at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Fah., if heated up to 212° Fah., expands one foot, or measures seventy-one feet.

Krupp's cannon establishment at Essen, Germany, employs in the foundry about 8,500 men. In the works are 298 boilers and as many steam engines, having together 25,000 horse-power.

Refined oil for fine mechanism can be prepared by putting zinc and lead shavings in equal parts in good pure olive oil, and placing in a cool place until the oil becomes colorless.

Wood will be found to bend much better if the piece to be bent is first wrapped in flannel or any woollen goods, and then steamed in a steam-box. Almost any wood can be thus bent.

Brass is tempered or hardened by rolling or hammering; hence, if any object is to be made of tempered brass, the hardening must be done before working it into the required shape.

The forging and tempering of iron or steel can be greatly enhanced by dipping the metal in fused salt. This dipping in salt is also well adapted for annealing steel without the oxidation of the surface.

To case-harden small articles of iron fuse together in an iron vessel or crucible one part prussiate of potash and ten parts of common salt, allowing the articles in the liquid thirty minutes, then by putting them in cold water, they will be case-hardened.

Three remarkable steps in scientific progress and discovery have been made within the past few months. The reduction of the telephone to practical use on telegraph lines; the discovery of the phonograph, by which the sounds of the human voice are mechanically recorded and re-delivered; the liquefaction of hydrogen and oxygen gases by pressure and cold.

Solid Rock as a Conductor of Sound.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise* says: It now appears from an official statement made by Mr. Sutro, that the header of the Sutro tunnel was 1,193 feet distant from the point where it will strike the Savage incline. The statement is undoubtedly correct, yet the workmen in the Savage, at the 2,000 level, are able to hear the steam drills used in the tunnel header so distinctly that all have heretofore believed the face of the tunnel to be no further away than three hundred feet. It was thought impossible that the drills could be heard to a greater distance through solid rock. At the combination shaft they now say that they were able to hear blasts fired in the header of the Sutro tunnel when it was 1,200 feet distant. Afterward, when the tunnel was opposite to the shaft, they heard nothing of the blasts, nor could the men at work in the tunnel hear those fired in the shaft, and Sutro finally sent to inquire if they had discontinued work. It is supposed that the stratification and hardness of the rock have much to do with the facility with which it is traversed by sound. Hard rock no doubt conveys sound to a greater distance than that which is decomposed and mixed with clay. Sound would also be likely to follow the stratification. Of late the header of the Sutro tunnel has been in much harder rock than that through which it passed when in the neighborhood of the combination shaft. At that point, indeed, the ground found, both in the shaft and tunnel, was of the kind called "heavy," being wet, spongy and much inclined to swell.

Edison has perfected a fog-horn that can be heard ten miles, but when it comes to an invention for getting his hired girl up in the morning he smiles sadly and falls to musing on the infinite.

WILLIAM M. TWEED.

Sketch of the Career of a Man Whose Word was Once Law in the American Metropolis.

A New York paper tells the following story of the late William M. Tweed's life as follows: William Marcy Tweed was born in this city on the 3d of April, 1823. He was trained in the trade of chairmaking and lived in very humble fashion till he engaged in politics. In 1852 he appeared as a public figure in the Sixth ward, and for one year served as an Alderman, using his personal popularity and political influence in that capacity to further his aspiration for power. He received the nomination for Representative in Congress from a convention largely made up of men who had run with the same engine to fires, and joined in pleasure excursions and evening entertainments paid for out of his hard earnings. One term in Congress, however, seems to have cured either his own or his constituents' ambition in that quarter, and his later operations in politics were conducted in a field nearer home. In 1856 he entered the board of supervisors and was made president, and in the same year became a school commissioner. Passing in a measure out of sight for a few years, he reappeared in 1861 as a deputy street commissioner, and in 1867 was sent to the State Senate. In April, 1870, he was made commissioner of the department of public works, an office for whose skilful manipulation he had prepared while a Senator. It was then that his "ring," since made famous by a series of exposures, prosecutions, confessions, compromises and other proceedings in and out of court, came into existence. Under the charter passed by the Legislature under Tweed's supervision, a board of audit, consisting of Mayor A. Oakey Hall, commissioner of parks, Peter B. Sweeny, comptroller, Richard M. Connolly, and Commissioner Tweed himself, were vested with the exclusive legal power of appropriating all moneys raised by taxes or by loans, and an indefinite authority to borrow. In the exercise of this power the board increased the city debt to an enormous amount, their most notorious action having reference to bills handed in by persons engaged to work upon and furnish the new county court house, then and still in course of erection. The excess of the sums charged on these bills over the sums actually paid was divided among the conspirators. Public officers whom it was found necessary to corrupt were bought and paid for out of the funds thus accumulated, or had their tongues securely tied by gifts of furniture and other goods charged against the city but never delivered for its use. Shortly before this, having tired of the odious comparisons heard on every side between his former laborious calling and poverty and his present prosperity and ease, Tweed had applied for admission to the bar, and presented himself, one day for examination. Then ensued as farcical a proceeding as can well be imagined in connection with an august tribunal. In a private chamber in the court house he met his examiners, thus eluding the curious eyes and ears of the crowd of lawyers and other citizens gathered in the court-room by the news of his presence there. Two or three trivial questions were propounded, and as many answers returned for form's sake—the whole interview it is said, having been prepared beforehand 'like a scene in a play. This ceremony over he was duly sworn and admitted to practice. It is doubtful whether, in all his career as a lawyer, he ever learned even the titles of a dozen legal treatises, let alone any knowledge of their contents.

In the autumn of 1871 the citizens of New York city, irrespective of party, rose in revolt against this wholesale robbery, and at a mass meeting held in Cooper Institute appointed a "Committee of Seventy," comprising some of the leading members of the community, to take charge of the approaching municipal political canvass in behalf of the taxpayers, and to devise means of bringing the perpetrators of the recent frauds to justice. Suits were accordingly instituted in both the civil and the criminal branches of the Supreme Court, Tweed being a leading defendant in each case. In the mean time the elections of November, 1871, were held and Tweed was elected by his Sixth ward constituents to the Senate by a very large majority over O'Donovan Rossa, the candidate of the Committee of Seventy. He never took his seat, however; public sentiment being too strong to make such a course advisable.

On the 30th of January, 1873, the great malefactor was first brought to trial, but the jury disagreed. In November of the same year he was found guilty on a criminal charge of fraud, the indictment containing twelve counts, and the penalty on each of which was imprisonment for one year and a fine of one thousand dollars. In the opinion of Judge Davis who tried the case, these penalties were cumulative, and the defendant was accordingly sentenced to imprisonment for twelve years and fined $12,550. The Supreme Court, as a consequence of his conviction, disbarred him. The sentence reviewed on appeal and decided to be excessive, and he was brought back from Blackwell's Island only to be rearrested and cast into Ludlow Street Jail. On the Island he had been treated with uncommon consideration, part of the time living in the hospital as an invalid, and never given any but the lightest and most comfortable work to do. It was on his admission to the prison that he made his famous answers to the two questions always propounded to convicts: "Occupation?" "Statesman." "Religion?" "None."

While in nominal confinement in Ludlow street he really had almost as much liberty as if he had been out on bail, being permitted to go about where he chose, so long as a sheriff's officer accompanied him. In this way he made repeated visits to his family, and on the 4th of December, 1875, having excused himself for a moment from his keeper's sight while calling at his house at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-third street, he disappeared, to be heard of no more for nearly a year.

In September, 1876, the United States government received information from Vigo, a seaport of Spain, which led to the belief that Tweed had been apprehended there. The American man-of-war Franklin was accordingly sent to bring him away, international comity taking for this occasion the place of an extradition treaty. On his arrival in this city he was returned to Ludlow Street jail, and a summary prohibition was put upon future excursions thence. In response to all questions, he persistently declined to tell how he had escaped, merely exonerating his keepers from any underhand share in the matter. Shortly, however, there appeared in *Harper's Weekly* an illustrated account of his escape, wanderings in exile, capture and return, said to have been worked up from materials furnished by himself. The truth of this narrative has never been conclusively proved or disproved, although it has given rise to much controversy.

The events of Tweed's later life in Ludlow street, the frequent negotiations for his release, the charges and counter charges of bad faith that have passed between his counsel and the prosecuting officers, are fresh in the public mind, and do not call for rehearsal here.

An Immense Concern.

Everybody knows that the Pacific Mills, of Lawrence, Mass., are the largest manufacturing corporation in America, but many are not aware how vast the establishment is. Its eleven mills and buildings contain forty-one acres of flooring, and give employment to over 5,000 hands. The mills contain 135,000 cotton spindles, 25,000 worsted spindles, and 4,500 looms. They use 116,000 pounds of cotton and 65,000 pounds of wool per week, printing or dyeing in that time upwards of 1,000,000 yards of cloths. The motive power of the mammoth establishment is contributed by fifty steam boilers, thirty-seven steam-engines and eleven turbine water-wheels. The total sales from the Pacific Mills of late years have frequently aggregated 65,000,000 yards per annum—sufficient to furnish three or four yards of cloth for every woman and girl in the United States.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Terrible Death of a Boy Nearly Four Months After He had been Bitten.

A genuine case of hydrophobia, resulted fatally in this city, on Tuesday morning, says a recent issue of the Chicago *Times*. The victim was William P. Healey, a seven-year-old son of John Healey, living at 183 Deering street. On the 15th of last December the boy was returning from school, when he came in contact with a pointer dog which he rather playfully shoved against the fence. The dog jumped at the youth and made what was considered at the time a very slight wound in the left arm, just above the wrist—so slight that the boy did not mention the occurrence until late at night. On last Sunday evening he complained to his mother of a pain in his neck, and in the left side of his head, over the ear. The pain increased during the night, and on Monday, when he was offered a drink of water and swallowed it, the pupils of the eyes dilated, and a strange and painful sound was heard in his throat. Dr. Steele offered the boy a teaspoonful of water, and as it neared his mouth the child shrank from it; when the spoon was placed in his mouth he seized it in his teeth. A painful struggle ensued, in which he threw it from his mouth and sank back on his pillow, where he lay breathing heavily and expectorating unnaturally, and with great frequency. An opiate was given, but the relief was momentary, when a spasm followed which seemed to give the boy the strength of a young giant. The physician suggested additional aid, and Dr. Dyas was called in for consultation. He at once diagnosed the case, and agreed with Dr. Steele in the diagnosis he had made. He recommended the continuance of the same treatment, which was bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral. This only gave temporary relief. The spasms returned with greater rapidity, and each one was of a more furious and frightful character than the one preceding. He continued to grow worse, and at last the very mention of water threw him into convulsions of pain which were of the most intense kind. He would jump from one side of the bed to the other with the rapidity of a reindeer, and his strength became marvellous. The physicians retired on Tuesday night about eleven o'clock, and at one o'clock they were summoned again. But before they arrived the boy had passed away. The father related that an hour previous to his death he was completely uncontrollable. The head turned constantly and rapidly, as if it had been on a pivot; the sound resembling that of croup, kept on, and the respiration was so powerful that the body almost raised itself from the bed. During all this time the boy was conscious, answering questions which were asked, and occasionally asking for a drink. At half past two o'clock in the morning he made a sudden plunge toward the wall, tearing himself loose from the grasp of his nurse and died.

Words of Wisdom.

Those who never retract, love themselves better than the truth.

Half the truth may be a lie, in the absence of the other half.

It is doubtful if any man could by possibility do his noblest, or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering.

Advice which, like the snow, softly falls, dwells the longer upon, and sinks the deeper into the mind.

Satin's promises are like the meat that fowlers set before birds, which is not meant to feed them, but to take them.

If you begin by apologizing for what cannot be defended, you will end by defending what cannot be apologized for.

The mere lapse of years is not life, knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness and faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

Few men know the force of habit. A cobweb—a thread—a twine—a rope—a cable. Venture not upon the first; the last is nearly past human effort to undo.

Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute, but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.

Artificial Flowers.

Artificial flowers were first made by Italians, and were, at best, clumsy imitations. The flowers, made of ribbons of various colors, gathered up, twisted together, and fastened to wire stems, very remotely resembled what they were intended to imitate; and at most, were rude and unsatisfactory copies of the perfect, lovely and delicate creations of nature. In the course of time feathers were brought into use for the purpose; and for securing the shapes of the petals, leaves and other portions of the anatomy of plants, were found much more convenient and available than ribbons. A difficulty, however, presented itself in their refusal to take the colors necessary for the correct imitation of flowers, and further than what was accomplished at the time, out of the plumage of highly colored birds, there was little progress effected toward the result desired. For many years the Italians were unrivalled in the manufacture of flowers, but have found more than successful competition in their work from their French neighbors; while in our country it has become an important interest, especially in certain cities. From the plumage of the native birds, the savages of South America have long been acquainted with the process of artificial flower making; and curious and attractive specimens of this handiwork are frequently brought to us by travelers.

Superstition South of the Equator.

There are three great divisions of the Indian family residing in the parts of South America which lie south of the Equator; but though differing in language, customs, and manners, they all belong to the Aryan branch, and most probably came across in numerous migrations from Central Asia by the Straits of Behring. With regard to religion, they believe in two gods. The first is called by some Pillan; by others, Cuchauciatru, or "the great god." He is supposed to bear the human form, but can make himself invisible. He is the creator of the world and author of all that is good. The Indians never assemble to worship him; he is supposed to be content with the respect given to him in the heart of every individual. The other god is "the spirit of evil," known as Gualichu; to him every sacrifice and offering is made to propitiate his wicked designs. Not only do the Pampa Indians believe in the immortality of the soul, but also in the doctrine of metempsychosis; hence when burying their dead, they always sacrifice over the grave the favorite horse of the dead man, and place beneath the tumulus the warrior's arms.

The Cassada Plant.

The cassada is a farinaceous plant, well known in all inter-tropical countries. The slips are stuck into the saturated soil, and grow very readily. The root is elongated, and when ripe, may be boiled or roasted, and eaten as the potato, or it may be grated and dried into starch or flour. Thin, round cakes of cassada bread are often baked and eaten. Tapioca and a species of farina are made from the cassada. The banana tree is a succulent plant, filled with cells containing water. It grows ten to twelve feet in hight, and from the top of the tree go forth half a dozen green, smooth leaves, six feet long and a foot broad, curving downward with a strong midrib running through the middle. An individual tree yields only one bunch of fruit, and then dies or is cut down; but from around its roots have sprung up, perhaps, as many as a dozen shoots to "bring forth fruit in due season." From this peculiarity it comes to pass that in a comparatively short time a grove of bananas, if left alone or encouraged, will cover over many acres of ground, with hundreds or more of ripe or unripe bunches.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

William M. Tweed, the notorious New York "Ring Boss," died in Ludlow street jail on the 12th. He had been confined in this prison about two years—ever since his deliverance to the United States by Spain—and at the time of his death was suffering from a complication of diseases. When his end was drawing near he called to his doctor, who wrote down these words from his lips: "I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angels will protect me." This utterance was followed by a stupor from which he never returned to perfect consciousness, and just as the clock in the bell-tower of Ludlow street jail had begun to strike twelve William M. Tweed threw his head back slightly and breathed his last without a struggle. Only a daughter was present in the building at the time of his death, his wife and two sons being abroad. The room in which he died was sumptuously furnished. Tweed was born in New York on April 3d, 1823, and in early life was a chairmaker. His first public appearance was as an alderman in 1852. Soon after he served a term in Congress. Then he became a supervisor in New York city, and after holding other subordinate offices he was elected a State Senator in 1867. In 1870 he was made commissioner of the department of public works in his native city, and from that time began the thieving career of the "Ring," consisting of Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall. In 1871 the Committee of Seventy began the famous crusade against the Ring which ended in its downfall. Tweed was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $12,550. After serving a portion of his time he escaped from Ludlow street jail in 1875 and fled to Spain. That country gave him up to the United States in 1876, and since then he had been endeavoring to obtain his release by offering to surrender his property and disclose his numerous accomplices in crime. His efforts to regain his liberty, however, had been unsuccessful up to the time of his death.

Eleven business failures and suspensions of large firms were announced in New York the other day.

E. F. Massurett, cashier of the Tremont House, Boston, embezzled about $5,600 from the hotel funds to cover losses incurred by gambling, and when his employers sent for an officer, to have him arrested, he shot himself, inflicting a fatal wound.

Francis Borrig died in New York city from injuries received while wrestling with a bear six weeks previous at a performance in Albany. Borne was struck in the side by the animal and was hurt internally.

Rumors have been for some time floating about New York and Brooklyn that Theodore Tilton was visiting his wife and that a reconciliation was about to take place between the two. These rumors were confirmed in a most startling manner by the publication of the following letter, written by Mrs. Tilton to Ira B. Wheeler, her legal counsel: "MY DEAR SIR: A few weeks since, after long months of mental anguish, I told, as you know, a few friends, whom I had bitterly deceived, that the charge brought by my husband, of adultery between myself and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was true, and that the lie I had lived so well the last four years had become intolerable to me. That statement I solemnly reaffirm, and leave the truth with God, to whom also I commit myself, my children, and all who must suffer. I know full well the explanation that will be sought by many for this acknowledgment: a desire to return to my husband, insanity, malice, everything save the true and only one—my quickened conscience, and the sense of what is due to the cause of truth and humanity. During all the complications of these years you have been my confidential friend, and therefore I address this letter to you, authorizing and requesting you to secure its publication. RESPECTFULLY, ELIZA R. TILTON." When this letter appeared in the New York newspapers Mr. Beecher, who was on a lecturing tour, was found at Waverly, N. Y., and in answer to the question what he was going to do, he answered: "Nothing at present, except to give it an explicit denial." Mr. Beecher also made the following statement for publication: "I confront Mrs. Tilton's confession with explicit and absolute denial. The testimony to her own innocence and to mine which, for four years, she has made to hundreds, in private and in public, before the court, in writing and orally, I declare to be true. And the allegations now made in contradiction of her uniform, solemn, and unvarying statements heretofore made I utterly deny. I declare her to be innocent of the great transgression. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

The Lowell mill agents have decided to reduce the wages of operatives from five to fifteen per cent.

The supreme court of Rhode Island has granted an injunction, restraining the Coddington Five Cent Savings Bank, of Newport, from doing further business. The Emigrant Savings Bank, of Boston, has been similarly enjoined.

The funeral of William M. Tweed took place from the residence of his son-in-law in New York. A crowd gathered in front of the house and several hundred availed themselves of an opportunity to take a last look at the corpse. The body was enclosed in a rosewood coffin, and on the silver plate was the inscription, "William M. Tweed, died April 12, 1878, aged 55 years." The venerable clergyman who married Tweed and his children read the Episcopal services, but made no address. The body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery, followed by eight coaches, three of which contained near relatives of the deceased, while the other five were filled with the twelve pall bearers and a few friends. At the cemetery entrance a delegation from the lodge of Masons to which Tweed belonged was present, and the masonic ritual for the burial of the dead was read after the last rites had been performed. The funeral was so unostentatious that the small cortege passed through the streets without attracting any notice.

The clothing of Miss Effie Da Costra, of Philadelphia, caught fire from a match on which she had trod, and she was fatally burned. Hattie Green, who tried to put out the flames, was burned to death.

Richard Schweitzer, a young lad, died in New York from the effects of a bite by a spitz dog. The doctors pronounced Schweitzer's case one of genuine hydrophobia.

Western and Southern States.

A fire covering sixteen acres of houses took place at Clarksville, Tenn., destroying about sixty of the principal business houses and causing a loss of over $500,000.

The Northwestern Bank, of Chicago, announced that it would redeem its circulating notes in gold, and is the first national bank in the country that resumed specie payments.

Forty-five cars at Cottonwood, Kansas, on the Santa Fe railroad, were blown from the track by a heavy tornado. Several houses were also destroyed and a number of lives reported lost.

Hon. C. E. Ellsworth, Representative in Congress from Michigan, while spending a few days at his home in Greenville, was assaulted by a man named Shearer, against whom he had begun a law suit. Shearer attacked Elsworth with a heavy whip, knocking him down and fracturing his skull.

The Indians are committing depredations in the Southwest, killing mail carriers and taking away the mails.

Robert M. Reynolds, of Alabama, has been confirmed by the Senate as first auditor of the treasury. He had previously been rejected by the Senate, but a motion to reconsider prevailed, and his nomination was then secured.

The Oregon Republicans held their convention at Salem and declared for "sound money" and the national administration.

The Oregon Republicans held their convention at Salem and declared for "sound money" and the national administration.

Ben Evans and Eph Hall, both colored, and Mike White, a white man, who were under arrest at Huntsville, Ala., for the murder of George Schoenberger, a prominent butcher, were taken from jail by a large crowd and hanged. Evans accused White, who was a business rival of the murdered man, of having instigated him to commit the crime. White protested his innocence to the last.

An international Sunday school convention assembled in Atlanta, Ga., delegates from all the States, Indian Territory and Canadian provinces being in attendance.

At Coal Creek, Ind., a mining town near Covington, Ky., an altercation arose in a saloon between a miner—member of a militia company that had been drilling—and a colored man. The quarrel grew out of former trouble between the white and colored miners of the place. The colored man was killed and then the whites moved through the streets, shooting indiscriminately. Two more colored men were killed and another was mortally wounded. The sheriff called out the militia and arms were supplied to colored miners.

From Washington.

The House has voted an appropriation of $5,000 for a monument to Thomas Jefferson.

The Democratic Senators have had a caucus, in which the resumption repeal bill, the coming elections and other matters were discussed.

At a meeting of the Cabinet, the President called attention to a platform of principles presented by a Cleveland (Ohio) paper, and which, he said, met his views. The platform favors specie resumption in gold and silver, resistance to all schemes for increasing the present volume of currency, a moderate tariff, a constitutional amendment prohibiting the use of any money raised by taxation for sectarian schools, the speedy completion of all public works and the