Thanksgiving.

Many of our readers—and they need not be very old—can recollect when Thanksgiving day was an exclusively New England holiday, and in which the others of the older States did not participate. As New Englanders migrated westward, and helped to found new States, they carried with them their usage of annualty observing a day of thanksgiving, it is thus that the custom has spread to other States, until now, having been confirmed by the action of recent presidents, Thanksgiving has become no longer a partial, but a national holiday. It is well that this, originally a farmer's holiday, has a general observance. It is most fitting that the farmers of this broad land should, on one day in the year, gather in their scattered children, and in one of the holiest of temples—home—give thanks for that upon which the prosperity of the nation rests—the abundant harvest. It is pleasant to think upon Thanksgiving day in its higher aspects, but not the less so in its associations and its minor influences. Being emphatically a home holiday, it more than all others affects the homes of the land, not less the homes in towns and cities than homes upon farms, and long before the day is at hand the thought that "Thanksgiving is coming" controls the movements in households everywhere. The home that is not upon the farm is none the less to observe the day; it, too, is to have its "feast of fat things," and the city housekeeper looks to her sister in the country for a fatted turkey "wherewith to make merry." A large share of the demand for the turkey, the bird that has become so essential to the thanksgiving feast, is supplied by those farmers whose flocks number hundreds; but aside from these, the turkey plays an important part on many small farms, and the bird, besides "furnishing forth" the material for many a home feast, is in itself a cause for grateful thanks. Many a mother, to help the family purse; many a daughter, in pride at being independent of her father's hard earnings, to meet her personal wants, looks to her flock of turkeys; and as Thanksgiving draws nigh, she counts and feeds her flock with pleasant anticipation of the day in which the hopes of many days will be consummated. Blessed be the observance which touches so nearly so many human hearts. Blessed be the day which brings joy to so many homes—which, to the wanderer, wherever he may be, turns his thoughts towards home. And when has the American farmer had greater occasion on Thanksgiving day than now to say: "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good and his mercy endureth forever.—*American Agriculturist.*

Where Corn is King.

Corn is king in Kansas, so far as space is concerned. They plant it by square miles, one might fairly infer, the fields are so incredibly far-reaching; and if it did not grow very much of its own accord it could not grow at all, as the sheer abundance of it forbids anything like thorough cultivation. They aim to plow it twice, though sometimes once has to suffice, and where it has been sod planted it is left untouched till it ripens; and yet it thrives in a way that makes folly of all rule and precedent, the stalks attain a size and height which give them a resemblance to young forests of hickory, and the men with plows look lost among them; and as for the ultimate yield in ears and bushels, is it not proclaimed everywhere in those graphic and seductive land advertisements which tell how Kansas was ten years ago the twenty-fourth State in the production of corn, and is now surpassed by only three of all the thirty-eight? The small cost and labor of tilling is doubtless the chief inciting cause of this extensive recourse to a crop, which, however bounteous it may be, offers but slender profit unless fed to live stock; but I suspect that it is a crop that also has special favor with the frontier people—perhaps without their exactly realizing the preference—because of the resolute, imperious, army-with-banners method it has of possessing and holding the country. For corn is by nature aggressive and determined. The smaller grains feel their way timidly in a primitive soil, and the aboriginal verdure disputes every inch of progress with them. But where this autocrat of the cereals takes root it scorns rivalry, and its sway is complete and enduring. And so these leagues upon leagues of Kansas corn, seen in the summer and in their glory of silked and tasseled and sunlit strength, convey a signally striking impression. They do not merely cling to the earth, but they seize it and make it their own; you know that those dense and advancing ranks can never be stayed, never turned back; and somehow the vast expanse of unconquered prairie yet spread out before them and all about them—ten acres to each one acre of theirs—seems overawed and contracted by their masterful influence. It is Birnam wood come to Dunsinane.—*Scribner.*

Growth of the States.

Some new and important figures, presenting the comparative growth of the great geological divisions of the United States, are given in an article by Robert P. Porter, of Chicago, in the Princeton *Review*. The writer shows that the growth in population of the Western States in nineteen years (since 1860) has been 7,902,632; that of the Southern States 4,025,984; that of the Eastern States, 3,808,706; the increase in the Western States being nearly 8 000,000, or equal to the aggregate increase of the Eastern and Southern States in the same period. According to Mr. Porter's figures, the number of persons employed in manufacturing in the Eastern States in 1850 was 696,661; in 1860, 900,107; in 1870, 1,273,808; at the present time, 1,734,863. In the Western States, 58,947 in 1850; 113,045 in 1860; 300,621 in 1870, and 994,512 at the present time. In the Southern States, 109,866 in 1850; 131,979 in 1860; 186,470 in 1870, and 258,389 at the present time.

The local debts of these States in 1870 were: Eastern States $278,535,896; Western States, $94,337,648; Southern States, $93,730,129. The local debts at the present time, according to Mr. Porter's estimate, are: Eastern States, $540,155,048; Western States, $146,032,037; Southern States, $183,292,183. If the State debts are added the three sections owe as follows: Eastern States, population 14,300,000, total debt, $628,223,316; Western States, population, $14,600,000, total debt, $172,825,910; Southern States, population 14,295,000, total debt, $365,987,964. The article carefully discusses the relative progress of each section of the country, and points out in an entertaining manner the strength and weakness of each geological division of the United States; declaring that only by such a view of our wants can we gain common sense, common aims, and a deeper faith in the future of the republic.

Cabul and its People.

The diversified crowds of people that surge through the streets of Cabul agree in a way. At night, when the narrow bazaars are aglow with the reflected light of oil in little metal wick-lamps, ignited cotton floating in earthenware saucers, or the wood-fires of the cooks, the Ferghanee has no objection to sit side by side with the Bokharian on the low, open veranda of the cook's shop; and on the same platform, with the seething flesh-pot in the center, containing little lumps of meat skewered upon a stick, representatives of twenty different Mohammedan nationalities are content to sit together upon terms of equality, and afterward to exchange the hookah and the national love-song, and the romance of chivalry and theft.

Like other Oriental towns, Cabul is filthy. Sanitation is not even a dream with the inhabitants. There are four principal roads, which are from thirty to forty feet broad, and these are considered the handsomest streets. One is the Great Bazaar, or Charcutta, composed of one-story mud houses, which have verandas, slightly elevated above open gutters, opening full upon the streets. These verandas become shops in the daytime and are stored with specimens of all the furs, silks, and wool and hair cloths that Central Asia produces. In the evening three or four cronies sit on a mat in almost every shop, set a lamp in their midst, fold their feet, put on their skull-caps, and smoke and tell stories till midnight. Another great bazaar, leading from the Western Gate to the Bala Hissar is monopolized by cooks and butchers. Heads and carcases are suspended there in plenty, but no trace of the unclean animal, the pig, is discernible. It is in this bazaar, by oil-light, that some of the most picturesque-looking ruffians in the world may be seen. Observe this one. A man over six feet high; his head conical-shaped; the jet-black hair close cut, almost to the bone; his face long, sallow, and fringed with grizzly black whiskers, which meet beneath in one long matted beard; the eye small, black and keen; the nose arched and thin; the mouth cruel and compressed; the chest and arms to the elbows bare; the body enveloped in a tattered blue shirt reaching beneath the knees; bare, scarred legs; the feet treading on grass sandals, which are held on by the toes. That is a Cabul beggar, and a most arrant villain he is, for, beneath his rags, he conceals a knife, like the rest of his amiable countrymen, and will use it with the rage of a wolf if he is tempted. The cooks are glad enough to toss a kabob or two to gentlemen of this class.

The other two roads have no particular characteristics, except that they are a great deal broader than by far the larger portion of Cabul. Off these four principal roads numerous dark and filthy lanes, twisting for a quarter of a mile at a time, and not more than three feet broad, shoot at frequent intervals. The flat-roofed houses in them are made of mud, thickly mixed with straw, and the apartments are dark square holes, much worse than the much-decried shanties of the Galway peasants. Men, women and children sleep together, and never change their garments till these drop off. Frequently cattle and fowls are to be found crowded into these apartments, together with the human inmates. Such places are dangerous to all strangers. Not even an unusual parish dog could stray into one of them, for he would be worried by a hundred jealous, big-boned, hungry curs. In the last British attack on Cabul, Afghans who preferred "dying like poisoned rats in a hole," retreated to their tortuous streets and lanes, and many a good life was lost in hunting them out.—*London Standard.*

An Arizona Picture.

An Arizona correspondent gives this vivid pen picture of a brilliant scene witnessed in that Territory—an almost cloudless thunder-storm: Well, here we are, in the midst of almost a cloudless thunder-storm. One who has never been in the mountain valleys in the heated season can hardly realize how it can lighten, thunder and rain suddenly with little or no preparation; yet a little ugly cloud comes from somewhere almost in a minute, and it is big with tempest. I do think this country is capable of more lightning and thunder to the minute than any other place in which I have ever been. That little cloud has spread out to bou at the size of two big carpets, but it is a full-grown thunder-storm. It is about 3 P. M., thermometer 105, with the sun shining brightly; but, in about ten yards further, it will sink behind that point of the mountain. What a magnificent bath this is! These drops are not falling so thickly as I have seen them, but they will average just about as large where they touch you as your thumb-nail. What a picture, if this trembling beauty, in the little space intervening, and the side of that mountain, drifting off into that ravine up toward the sun, could be carried to the canvas! Is it possible that there are nothing but drops of water falling through a trembling sheen of golden light? A shower of diamonds ould not glisten more. Angels could not toss brighter jewels from their cabinets. I know that those are only stinted, murky green shrubs clinging to that desolate hillside; but they are the tinted background of a picture no artist-hand dare profane. How it trembles, while nameless hues are drifting, changing ere you have had time to think how beautiful. And this companion picture, brimful of wordless beauty. Why is the human easel so tame? That is the same old mountain which I descended not thirty minutes since—an old, rusty, rocky dome but that shadow of Neptune was not there then, with that girdle of rainbow about his loins. If raindrops are brighter, here rainbows are more real, solid beauties. It cannot be a shadow only. See! it leans up against that old giant cactus, and its dismal ribs glow with shadings I dare not try to name. Now it trembles on the prickly branch of that juniper till all its berries are changing crystals. That bolt of electric fire which just spent its fury on that old crag, and sent those bits of stone down the hill, has started an owl from his hole in the rocks, and his somber wings are less profane while bathed in hues like those. Even his dismal "twoo-hoo" is modified as it comes to us through such a sheen. That frightened deer has just sprung into place where all this rainbow hangs upon his horns. Never was a dear little deer wrapped in such a garb before. But let me shut my eyes before this picture fades, and thank the Maker for this little patch of storm.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

A Stilt Race.

I remember particularly a certain stilt race, one of the oddest races that I ever saw. Six men and four women were "entered," as the horsey men would say. At Arcachon the women share the exercises of the men. There were then on the beach of Evrac ten tchankas. In the patois of the Landes, which one might be tempted to confound with the Japanese or Chinese idioms, a tchankas is a person mounted on stilts, and so tchanker means to mount upon stilts. These ten tchankas had all the same traditional costume, without distinction of sex; that is to say, a beret on the head, a mantle of wool over the shoulders, a buttoned doublet, bare feet, and the legs enveloped in a camano or fleece, fixed by red garters. Their stilts raised them five or six feet from the ground. A pole served them as a third point of support. Seen from a distance, they looked like gigantic grasshoppers. The tchanka, however, is seen to perfection on the bare land, motionless and fixed like a solitary triangle of sunset, or else when he leans against a pine tree, silently knitting stockings and guarding a black and lean flock. Stern and mute in the midst of a crowd, which was examining them with curiosity, their thoughts were concentrated solely on the gain that they were about to dispute. The prize was not much. The victor won twenty francs (four dollars). But twenty francs in the eyes of the tchanka represents a fortune. Soon, at a signal given by the president of the fete, they all ten spread over the beach, howling and yelling. If it had not been for their immense strides, which pass imagination, you might have thought you were present at an Arabian fantasia. Their evolutions were the same, accomplished with the same rapidity, in conditions which touched upon the impossible, and on ground where the stilt sunk in a foot at each step. Their mantles streaming in the wind, like those of Arabian cavaliers, they ran and pivoted round as deftly as if they had been on foot. The women were by no means inferior to the men; one of them, in fact, came in second, and they were only to be distinguished by their more piercing cries. This race was followed by some private exercises performed by the tchankas, in order to provoke the generosity of the spectators. They jumped, they sat down and rose up again, and they picked up as they ran pieces of money that were thrown to them. This spectacle was not the least extraordinary. Bouncing forward at full speed, the man was suddenly seen to stop, the stilts bent, fell as it were to pieces, then something was seen moving between three pieces of wood, like the body of a spider on its long legs. The whole performance was done with lightning rapidity, the stilts rose again and the man appeared on top of them and resumed his course.—*From the French of Charles Monselet.*

Fires in Constantinople.

The season of fires has begun, writes a Constantinople correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*. As soon a cold weather sets in, and, notwithstanding the blazing afternoons, sunset brings chilly breezes to us, then inevitably, in one quarter or another, a conflagration is sure to break out every night. Either carlessness or faulty construction of grates and lighting apparatus is the cause. The first warning we have is from the "bekdjee," or night watchman. Making his round, he instantly pounds on the pavement with a heavy iron shod staff, its ringing noise being easily heard two or three blocks. The word is passed from the watch towers to the bekdjees of the locality of a fire, a certain number of guns being fired also for each quarter, viz., seven when the blaze is in Stamboul, four for Pera, etc. The watchman in a full, loud voice calls out the name of the quarter where the fire is raging, and, if in his quarter, thumps violently on the doors of the adjoining houses, and with good reason, for before people in the vicinity are fully awake the flames are on them. The rapidity with which 400 or 500 dwellings are swept away cannot be conceived by any one who has not actually seen what rickety, sun-dried wooden houses they are. A Hungarian gentleman, Count Szechery, of much experience, has organized a fire brigade, which does wonders, when one considers that their only way to fight the flames is with little hand pumps. The streets are too narrow and winding to permit steam pumps to circulate. There are also the famous "toolumbadjees," or volunteer firemen, whose main object seems to be fun and plunder. Their reputation is such that of them and the fire the latter is the least dreaded of the two. The Szechery brigade is confined, unfortunately, to a few quarters. Several of the embassies have a private force of their own.

Infallible Cure for Business Interruptions.

A merchant doing business near the foot of Jefferson avenue used to spend about half his time in explaining to callers why he could not sign petitions, lend small sums, buy books or invest in moonshine enterprises, but that time has passed, and it now takes him only two minutes to get rid of the most persistent case. The other day a man called to sell him a map of Michigan. He had scarcely made known his errand when the merchant put on his hat and said:

"Come, and I'll see about it."

He led the way to a boiler shop, two blocks distant, wherein a hundred hammers were pounding at iron, and walking to the centre of the shop and into the midst of the deafening racket he turned to the agent and kindly shouted:

"Now, then, if you know of any special reason why I should purchase a map of Michigan please state them at length."

The man with the maps went right out without attempting to state "reason the one," and the merchant tranquilly returned to his desk to await the next.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The expression is often heard, by people who understand very little about it, that "we all eat too much." This is very rarely the case. It should rather be expressed, "we eat too much of one thing, or of the same kind of food, because cooks and housewives are so very ignorant." It is perfectly impossible for a human being to exert his best faculties if under fed. There never was a strong man with a strong brain who could keep up the physical and mental drain without an ample supply of food. When people, then, do not feed well, there is something wrong with their heads or their stomachs.

The Forger and the Lawyer.

"One of the most expert forgers that ever appeared in this country," said a well-known detective to a New York reporter, "was caught in Massachusetts lately, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He had not been in prison more than three months, when, to the astonishment of the jailer, a pardon came for him, in due form, all signed by the governor, and properly countersigned. There was nothing to be done but liberate the prisoner, and he walked out. But he had not been gone long before the jailer discovered that the prisoner had managed, through his friends to get a blank pardon from the governor's office, and had filled it out himself, and cleverly forged the signatures, and had then passed it out to his friends again, to be mailed to the jailer in proper shape. The clever forger had not got far enough away to escape, and he was arrested and sent back to prison. He employed a young New York lawyer, whose name is familiar through the fame of his father, and told him the story. 'They have no right to lock you up again,' said the lawyer, 'having once liberated you, without legally proving that the pardon is a forgery. I can get you out, but it will cost you $1,500.' 'Go ahead,' said the forger. The lawyer went ahead, gained his case, and liberated the prisoner. 'I am going out West immediately,' said the forger, as soon as he was free. 'My father, who is a wealthy man, owns a thousand-dollar farm in Kansas, and he has just sent me this letter, begging me to come home and lead an honest life, and telling me o, draw on him for $2,000 to pay my bills. I am his only son, and I have almost broken his heart; but this life is coming to an end; I shall settle down on my father's farm and be an honest man,' and he showed the letter, a pathetic production from an afflicted parent. 'I shall need $1,000 of the money to pay some little bills,' continued the forger, 'and here is a draft I have made on my father for the $2,000. If you will give me a check for $1,000, I will give you the draft, and will send you the other $500 as soon I get home.'

"The lawyer read the letter carefully, drew a check for $1,000 and handed it to his client, and received the draft for $2,000. About ten days after the draft was deposited in a bank for collection, it came back with the message that the man on whom it was drawn had been dead for eight years, and wasn't worth a cent when he was alive."

The Conductor and the Dog.

A few weeks ago Mr. William R. Palmer, treasurer of the Union Square theater company, was presented by one of his many friends with a small full-blooded English bull-dog with a pug nose and short tail. It was one of the best natured dogs in the world, but his aristrocratic pug nose and protruding teeth were against him. One day last week Mr. Palmer, in company with a friend and the dog, took the train at Jersey City for Philadelphia. The two gentlemen occupied one seat, while the bull-pup appropriated the opposite one, the back of which had been reversed. The gentlemanly conductor came to this seat in turn, and asked, casually: "Whose dog is that?" Mr. Palmer looked up with the same gentlemanly indifference and said, "He belongs to me." "Well," said the conductor, "he will have to be taken into the baggage car." "All right," replied Mr. Palmer, and the conductor passed on. An hour later he came round again and seeing the dog still occupying the same seat, with the same ugly composure, and the two gentlemen busily engaged in conversation, the conductor said somewhat testily, "I told you that that dog would have to be taken into the baggage car." Mr. Palmer looked up with some surprise and said, "Very well, take him there." The conductor advanced and so did the dog toward the end of the seat. The pug opened wider a naturally ingenuous countenance and the conductor reiterated to Mr. Palmer, respectfully this time, "It is really against the rules of the company, sir, and the dog must be taken out of this car." The heated discussion between the two gentlemen was again interrupted, and Mr. Palmer turned toward the conductor: "Why, haven't you taken him away yet?" Then the conductor passed quickly down the aisle, and meeting the brakeman at the door, nonchalantly jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said: "Tom, just take the dog up there into the baggage car, will you?" The door slammed, the gentlemanly conductor passed on through the train, and the brakeman advanced toward the dog. But the English pug cocked his head on one side, opened his mouth and looked cross-eyed at the advancing official in such a way that he never paused, but walked straight on through the car. Mr. Palmer's pug occupied the seat all the way to Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia*

Some Things That are Hard to Find.

A man who will refrain from calling his friend's speech a "happy effort."

A woman who remembers last Sunday's text, but is unable to speak understandingly of the trimmings on the bonnet of the lady in the pew next in front.

An editor who never feels pleased to have his good things credited, or mad when they are stolen.

A pencil that is always in the first pocket you put your hand into.

A man who has been a fool some time during his life and knows enough to keep the knowledge of it to himself.

A married man who does not think all the girls envy his wife the prize she has captured.

A married woman who never said, "No wonder the girls don't get married nowadays; they are altogether different from what they were when I was a girl."

An unmarried woman who never had an offer.

A man who never intimated that the economies of the universe were subject to his movements by saying, "I knew if I took an umbrella it wouldn't rain," or some similar assinine remark.

A pocket-knife that is never in "them other pants."

A mother who never said she "would rather do it myself" when she should have taught her child to do that thing.

A child who would not rather eat between meals than at meals.

A person (age or sex immaterial) who does not experience a flush of pride upon being thought what he is not and may never hope to be.

A singer who never complains of a cold when asked to sing.

A woman who, when caught in her second best dress, will make no apology for her dreadful appearance.—*Boston Herald.*

The Abuse of Chloral.

The persons who become habituated to chloral hydrate are of two or three classes, as a rule. Some have originally taken the narcotic to relieve pain, using it in the earliest application of it for a true medical and legitimate object, probably under medical direction. Finding that it gave relief and repose, they have continued the use of it, and at last have got so abnormally under its influence that they cannot get to sleep if they fail to resort to it. A second class of persons who take to chloral are alcoholic inebriates who have arrived at that state of alcolism when sleep is always disturbed, and often nearly impossible. These persons at first wake many times in the night with coldness of the lower limbs, cold sweatings, startings and restless dreamings. In a little time they become nervous about submitting themselves to sleep, and before long habituate themselves to watchfulness and restlessness, until a confirmed insomnia is the result. Worn out with sleeplessness, and failing to find any relief that is satisfactory or safe in their false friend alcohol, they turn to chloral, and in it find for a season the oblivion which, they desire, and which they call rest. It is a kind of rest, and is, no doubt better than no rest at all; but it leads to the unhealthy states that we are now conversant with, and it rather promotes than destroys the craving for alcohol. In short, the man who takes to chloral after alcohol enlists two cravings for a single craving, and is double-shotted in the worst sense. A third class of men who become habituated to the use of chloral are men of extremely nervous and excitable temperment, who by nature, and often by the labors in which they are occupied, become bad sleepers. A little thing in the course of their daily routine oppresses them. What to other men is passing annoyance, thrown off with the next step, is to these men a worry and anxiety of hours. They are over-susceptible of what is said of them and of their work, however good the work may be. They are too elated when praised, and to depressed when not praised, or dispraised. They fail to play character parts on the stage of this world, and as they lie down to rest they take all their cares and anxieties into bed with them, in the liveliest state of perturbation. Unable in this condition to sleep, and not knowing a more natural remedy, they resort to the use of such an instrument as chloral hydrate. They begin with a moderate dose; increase the dose as occasion seems to demand, and at last, in what they consider a safe and moderate system of employing it, they depend on the narcotic for their falsified repose.—*Dr. Richardson in Contemporary Review.*

A Ragpicker Princess.

The most curious "city" of Paris is on the Avenue de la Revolte, at the upper end of the Passage Triboulet. The passage ends in vacant lots, where in summer our carpets are whipped. The right side belongs to a woman named Foucault, who built and manages the "city;" it is a long alleyway, bordered with a sort of sheds. Each lodging on the ground floor, or first story, to which access is had by an outside gallery, is a species of little cell, more or less broken down and dirty. The only furniture is a mattress thrown on the floor or a toppling iron bedstead. A square window, eighteen inches across, lights these places. *La Femme Culotte* is the title by which the proprietress is known. She reigns supreme over a wretched people—ragpickers, workmen without work, *declasses* of every kind—to the number of 400. This woman, who is very rich, and goes about in her phaeton drawn by a pretty pony, is disguised as a man; she may be fifty; her gray hair is cut short, like that of men; she is clad in pantaloons—hence the name—a vest, blue blouse and laced gaiters. This costume she has worn for the last twenty years, assuming, as well, the bearing and energetic gestures of the stronger sex. *La Femme Culotte* is by no means dull; in her springtime she must have associated with intelligent men. She declares she knew Dumas the elder well. She chats very agreeably and skims literature with a light touch. The day I had the honor to visit her she had two friends at breakfast. As I entered they had just taken coffee, and these ladies were smoking cigarettes, pouring out from time to time a swallow of cognac. *La Femme Culotte* leaned back in her chair, her legs crossed, and puffed the smoke from her cigarette in dainty rings. At the moment the three companions were engaged in a dispute. Emile Zola was the subject. *La Femme Culotte* was of the opinion that "L'Assommoir," which claimed to be the romance of the people, was a picture of but one phase of Parisian wretchedness, and if Zola had applied to her he could have learned much more as to popular depravity. This conversation was interrupted from time to time by the entry of some poor fellow who presented himself at the cash-window to pay an installment of his rent—five cents or ten cents—all of which *La Femme Culotte* buried in her breeches pocket.

Conducted by this lady in person whom her tenants salute as a sovereign, we make the round of the "city." Everywhere the same spectacle of heart-rending povery; entire families in dwellings where a single person could hardly find room. In one of these holes a woman with a new born child lay on a straw pallet, while the oldest girl of twelve was cooking on a little furnace, and the odor of the charcoal mingled with the pestilential emanations from the rubbish which the husband had brought in and was raking over. Young boys, who had been hunting rags, tired out, were sleeping at the foot of the bed, by the side of the mother and babe. Poverty descends in these families with the calling. Some here are honest fathers, who for twenty years have lived in the "city," worked like dogs, paid their rent regularly, and have never been able to lay up a sou for the morrow. Others are worthless scamps, spend each day's wages at the rum shop and live on a morsel of bread so long as they get as much brandy as possible. Children born in these "cities" are raised in the midst of the most degrading sights. Modesty is an unheard word; shame an unknown feeling. Old men pass by with backs bowed, whose life has been passed in this filth, buried under their load of refuse, covered with vermin. Here are born little beings who will die without having caught a glimpse, even for an instant, of the joys of life.—*Paris Figaro.*

Women owe a great deal to the press. We mean now, more particularly, the printing press. If it was not for it where in creation would they get their bustles and circulars.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Curious Effects of Altitude in Leadville.

A letter from Leadville, Col., the great mining town, says: I saw but very few cases of intoxication in the streets, though the three hundred saloons in the city held out their best inducements. I was surprised at this, as one of the notable effects of the great altitude of the place (10,300 feet above the level of the sea) is that all fermented liquors intoxicate more quickly than a lower elevation. The boiling point, owing to the decrease of atmospheric pressure is much lower than at Chicago, and the alcohol is sooner vaporized and taken into the circulation, producing intoxication quicker.

The boiling point of water here is about 190 degrees, instead of 212 degrees, the effect of which in boiling beans, eggs, potatoes, etc., is that it requires a long while to cook them in an open vessel, and it is necessary to keep the vessel well covered, or the water will vaporize and escape before being raised to the requisite degree for cooking. At this elevation much air is required to fill and satisfy the lungs, and breathing must be quicker in order to properly oxygenize the blood. It is said, too, that after one has been here some time, the coloring matter of the blood becomes darker, being changed from the peroxide to the sesquioxide of iron. With a person suffering under any difficulty or disease of the heart, the effect of any long continued exertion is to cause a dangerous degree of palpitation, and even with persons entirely well, the pulse runs extremely high.

There are other and notable facts concerned with this altitude. There are few birds seen here—perhaps for the reason that flying is difficult in the light air. The common house-fly, the summer pest of our eastern housekeepers, is unknown here. There are some of the out-door blue-bottle variety here, but they seem languid and tired. It is said also that cats cannot live here. This is probably owing to their delicate organization being unable to resist the rigor of the night air. So the "voices of the night" are not heard in this locality, and the bootjacks are reserved for their natural uses.

Another result of the lightness of the air is that, having so little density, it is easy heated by artificial means. Our nights are universally cold—so cold that it is uncomfortable to sit without a fire; but a few pine chips or small sticks will warm an apartment very quickly. At the same time the sun's rays do not seem to have the heating power that they do in the lower elevation. This seems to confirm the theory that there is no substantial caloric in the rays of the sun, but heat is the result of chemical action, generated by the direct rays with the element of the atmosphere—the directness of the rays and the density of the atmosphere. While standing high upon these mountains, even at a distance from any snowdrifts and where the air is still, the summer sun has only sufficient power to make the air refreshing and pleasant, while you on the plains are sweltering under a torrid heat. In the shade of a rock or two it is always cool enough.

The effect of the altitude is the same as that experienced by ballonists, who in ascending from the surface of the earth, even on the hottest days, soon find it necessary to don their overcoats and warmest clothing. In the night here a good supply of blankets is always necessary, and nearly every morning heavy frosts are found, and sometimes thick scales of ice are formed. The crests of some of the mountains and many of the deep ravines upon their sides are still full of masses of snow so compact that one can walk over them without sinking. A day or two ago, in visiting a mine close to the summit of Mount Bross, I was compelled to cross a field of snow, hanging over the edge, which must have been a mile in length and probably in places twenty feet in depth.

Kidnapers in New York.

The prompt arrest and punishment of the woman Lizzie Newman, while engaged in abducting the little daughter of Mrs. Cavanagh, revives public interest in the crime of kidnaping children, which it was hoped was effectually suppressed by the action of humane societies in conjunction with the officers of the law. In a great city like New York few persons are aware to what an extent the helpless, the unfortunate and the unsophisticated of both sexes, annually fall victims to the wiles of heartless and designing women and men. Sympathy flows out most naturally toward the children. Nearly five years ago a number of philanthropic gentlemen in this city organized the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and a review of the work of the society since its formation will disclose most interesting details in this connection.

In the course of a single year there are ordinarily over 2,000 cases of lost children reported to the police. Most of those are recovered and returned to their parents with but little delay, but in numerous cases the little ones are lost absolutely, and their fathers and mothers mourn them as dead. In point of fact they are not dead, however, but fall victims to the charity of the public, or worse still become the slaves of inhuman taskmasters. The number of cases investigated by the society since its organization is 4,052, and may be classified as follows: First, cases of gross ill-treatment arising from the drunkenness or depravity of parents; secondly, where children of tender years are compelled to appear in theatrical and gymnastic performances; thirdly, cases where children are sold into slavery for the purpose of begging for the benefit of their owners; and lastly cases where the children of wealthy parents are kidnaped for the purpose of extorting money as the condition of their return. The first class is by far the most numerous, and scarcely a day passes that such cases are not brough up for the adjudication of the courts; the recitals of cruelty and neglect are so constantly repeated that they appear to be regarded as a matter of course and attract but little attention. Of the last class of cases the most notorious that has occurred in this country is the celebrated case of Charley Ross, of Philadelphia, the details of which are familiar to most readers.—*New York Star.*

I love to hear the running of the steam power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and Redans of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and of a surer aim, which will hit its mark, though it is distant a thousand years.—*Rev. Dr. Chapin.*