

### Experience of a Census Man.

Owen Browne, a census enumerator, who is now resting on his laurels, gave a New York Herald reporter recently a brief history of his experience. His district was No. 590, between Fifth and Lexington avenues, and Eightieth and Eighty-fourth streets, which he found to contain a population of 9,371. He began his task every morning at eight o'clock and ended it generally at six, but sometimes seven in the evening, taking a lunch and siesta at noon. He is a tall, dark, wiry, determined sort of man, of about thirty-five, who, as he says himself, started out with his mind made up to be as polite as possible under all circumstances, but resolved to stand "no shenanigans" if the law was not complied with, and he kept the afore-said law before him like a lantern to guide him all along in the path of his duty.

"When I'd ask a lady," said he, "for her age, she might say, 'is it necessary to give the exact figures?' and I'd answer, 'no, ma'am; I can't compel you, and I must only draw my own conclusions.' An American lady of the middle class, well-dressed and lively, gave me her age one day as thirty-seven, but when she came to tell me her son's age was twenty-six, I said, 'Madam, you must have made a mistake.' 'Oh, then,' said she, a little put out, but very cheerful, 'make it forty-seven; it will be all the same in a hundred years.' That was a class of ladies I used to like to meet with, but some of them would get their backs up if I doubted their word and give me a look as good as a subpoena. Another lady gave me her daughter's age as twenty-one, and as I was leaving the daughter called me back, and said she wanted that made nineteen, as she was afraid the people next door might see the entry twenty-one in my book and sneer at her. Young ladies, I found, seldom knew their own ages, and would always call their mothers and say, 'Mamma, what a ought I to be now?' and the mamma, I used to notice, always had to think awhile before she fired off an answer.

The census man then went on to relate how a lady refused him admission to her house three times in succession, and would only speak to him from an upper window, telling him that her husband told her to give no countenance to book agents, insurance agents, lightning rod men and such. She believed he was one of these. At last he grew impatient and somewhat angry, and told her that if she didn't open the door and give him the information he would read the riot act. She bid him to read away, so he pulled the law out of his pocket, and, taking a position in the middle of the street, read the penalties out loud enough to be heard a block away.

"All that to your husband when he comes home to-night and be ready with your answer in the morning," cried the census man as he walked frolicsly away.

He was around next day, and the reception he met with will be something he thinks that he can never possibly forget. The lady, he says, was in full dress, and welcomed him inside with profuse apologies, and her hospitality was so pressing that at the rate of two cents a name he believed his earnings that day hardly exceeded twelve cents.

In his district Browne found Americans Irish, English, Scotch, Welsh, French, Swedes, Canadians, negroes and one Russian. He had more annoyances from young married women than from any other class, as on account of their babies, they always wanted him to call at their own convenience. He reasoned with one of these young women by saying that if he had to call two, three or four times at every place there was a baby the census would not be taken till Christmas, and the young woman saw the point and surrendered. One day, Browne, who was also engaged in taking the census of 1875, called at a dwelling and met the housekeeper, who told him she did not think she was bound to give him the information he wanted.

"Why," said he, "I took the census of this house before." "Oh, well, that will do," said she; "just refer back to your books and you'll have the whole of it without any trouble."

"Another thing," continued the census man, "made an amusing experience. In nineteen cases out of twenty the men would be absent at business when I called, and I had to depend on the women for all my information. It was necessary to ask the women what business their husbands followed, and though many were never slow about telling the real truth others would hesitate and try to think of something more dignified than the actual calling. A bartender would be 'in the wine business,' a driver of a beer wagon 'in the brewery business,' a bricklayer 'in the building business,' and clerks 'in the dry goods' and 'in the grocery business.' One colored woman was crazy to have all her eight children 'took in the census.' 'Come up here, Jimmie; come up here, Lukie; come up here, Lapp,' she cried, until she had the whole crowd around."

"Well, on the whole," asked the reporter, "was the work severe?"

"I did not feel so," answered the census man, "because perhaps I went methodically to work. I began at the beginning and made it a point to finish with every house in a row as far as possible. I failed to get information in the morning, pass on to the next one, but in the afternoon I was bound to return and I'd pick up such as were omitted. This would sometimes make me past my regular hour for quitting work, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had every day so much work covered without a break. There were no tenement houses beyond half a dozen, containing four or five families, in my district, and the majority were private dwellings."

What an Editorial Room Looks Like.

He opened the door cautiously and peering his head in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow, inquired: "Is this the editorial rinkum?"

"The what? my friend?"

"Is this the rinkum—rinkum—rinkum or some such place where the editors live?"

"This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in."

"No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinkum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good day."—New Haven Register.

A piece of charcoal to be changed occasionally should be kept in refrigerator as a purifier. Milk, butter, and all strong-smelling articles should be kept covered, especially when the water from the refrigerator is used for drinking.

### COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

Increase of Imitated Currency—Some Facts About Counterfeiting and Counterfeiters.

"When you want to know whether a lock can be broken, you don't want to go to the maker, but you want to find out. The burglar's man you must go to. You ask him: 'See here; can this lock be broken?' and he tells you at once: 'Why, certainly it can.' And then you get from him its weak points. If I want to find out whether a note's a counterfeit or not, I don't ask to know anything about counterfeit notes; I want to know about good notes; I want to be familiar with every detail of them, so I may know them at a glance. If a man comes in and offers me a counterfeit, then I know it at once. Why? Because it is not like the other notes."

Thus spoke John Dye, of Dye's government Counterfeit Detector. Mr. Dye sat in his office. Around him was a curious collection. The fruits of forty years' counterfeiting at least looked down from the walls, or out from the cases, or reposed beneath lock and key in numerous small drawers. Thousands of dollars artistically bunched together in neat wooden frames behind glass-work told of the days of wild-cat band, and State scrip; thousands of dollars more told of the after period of silver and gold, and the trade dollar, the half dollar and the quarter. Look at those trade dollars as they appear through the glass cases. What is the matter with them? There is no shine about them; they are all dim and black, copper-colored and brass. A man laughs as he looks at them at the idea of his being deceived by such base imitations. Yet men have been deceived by them in their better days, and now that they are like old shoddy garments, worn threadbare, their true nature stands revealed, and, as a warning, they have come here to serve a moral purpose.

"Here," said Mr. Dye, reaching his hand into his pocket, "are the most dangerous pieces that have been seen." He drew out two \$5 gold pieces—one of date 1844, the other of date 1869.

"The great trouble," said the old ex-counterfeit detective, "in counterfeiting gold pieces is to get the counterfeit to the right weight. I only want to feel a gold piece anywhere to tell whether it's good or not. I can tell 'em in the dark by the heft. Here," said the old man, gazing with his sharp gray eye on one of the gold pieces as he danced it in the palm of his hand, "this is a piece I would have been deceived on any day. It's just the right weight. Joe, bring me the scales."

The young man addressed brought forth a queer small steel scale, such as is used in the mint for weighing coins. There were apertures in it for placing coins of all denominations. In one of these marked "Five D." he placed the gold piece. The beam tilted up; it balanced exactly; it was to all appearances a genuine coin.

"See that," said the old man. "It's the exact weight of a \$5 gold piece." But around the edges was noticed several little blotches of white metal protruding through the gold. The piece was nothing more than a platinum body with gold plating. It was worth about \$2.50, that being the value of the platinum in it. The cost of plating it was about fifty cents, making its entire worth \$3.00. Old Mr. Dye imparted this information with professional gravity as he took the coin out, and having restored it to his pocket, told of the mischief it had already done.

"About two years ago a man, traveling in the isthmus to California, traded about 1,500 of these pieces to the captain of a schooner for English sovereigns. The counterfeit was not discovered until the captain reached San Francisco when, having got into circulation, it was detected by the authorities of the San Francisco mint."

Counterfeiting has increased to such an extent that it is claimed the government will shortly have to take some more vigorous measures than it has ever taken yet toward checking it. The one drawback the officers of the secret service have to encounter is the smallness of the appropriation which Congress allows for this particular work. A less sum is appropriated for this purpose now, it is said, than has been allowed heretofore, despite the fact that counterfeiting has increased just as the resources and capital and population of the country have increased. The sum granted amounts to about \$50,000 annually. Persons who are familiar with the extent to which counterfeiting is carried on in this country and have long experience in trying to break it up, declare that \$25,000 a year would not be any too much to pay for securing more perfect means and facilities for protecting the national currency. Counterfeiting, by all accounts, was never carried on with such perfect system as it is now. The work the counterfeiters turn out in many instances surpasses the work produced by the government, and so perfectly have the counterfeit notes been executed that they have been taken by experts for good money. The latest counterfeit out is a \$100 bill upon the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore, printed from a retouched plate of the National Bank of Commerce, of Pittsburg. The only way in which this bill differs from the genuine is in the superiority of the workmanship. Although this counterfeit was originally on the Bank of Pittsburg, as above mentioned, the plate can be easily modified so as to counterfeit the issue of any national bank. Not only is the engraving of a superior character, but the bill is printed on an excellent quality of counterfeit fiber paper. There is not the slightest clue as to the locality where or the persons by whom this work is done, nor is there any knowing to what extent the government issue has been counterfeited in this single case. The only way in which the matter can be remedied, it is claimed, is for the treasury department to call in all the notes of this denomination and series, thus withdrawing from circulation the counterfeit as well as the genuine.

It has been for some time advocated by persons who have interested themselves in observing the extent to which counterfeiting is carried on in this country that the government will be forced to take some steps soon that will insure the suppression of the business, not temporarily, but permanently. Some months ago a proposition was made by Tom Ballard, the skillful and notorious counterfeiter, now serving a term of thirty years in the prison at Albany, N. Y., to impart to the government the process by which money could be made that could not be counterfeited, provided in return the government would, after satisfying itself as to the genuineness and success of his plan, set him at liberty. This offer was made in good faith, and some effort was put

forth by the publishers of several papers devoted to the subject of counterfeit detecting to have the proposal taken up. An interview was arranged to come off between George W. Casleair, the head of the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington, and Ballard, the Albany counterfeit maker, but through some hitch or other it was never carried out. Ballard has several times since that renewed his proposition and endeavored through parties who interest themselves in his behalf outside to get the matter to the government's attention, though without success. Despairing of everything after this he made two attempts to commit suicide, but failed in both. He has asserted positively and persistently since his imprisonment that there is a way by which money can be made that no man living can counterfeit. As Ballard is known to be one of the finest, most skillful, most ingenious engravers of the country, in prison or out of prison, there are many persons who think the government would do well to give him a hearing. Again, it has been suggested that the government should offer a reward of sufficiently liberal proportions for a design for banknotes which it would be impossible to counterfeit. There are plenty of ideas in the heads of the engravers, it is claimed, by which such a design could be produced, but nobody wishes to give away their ideas without a recompense. At the treasury department, it is understood, there is a belief that there is too much engraving on the government notes. Instead of so much of this kind of work it is supposed to substitute a system of scroll-work for either the back or face of the bill. The more intricate this work the more assurance of the inability to make a perfect counterfeit.

Some counterfeiters are executed with such mastery skill, and such faithfulness to the smallest details of the original, with such perfection in every line and feature, that they stand out as marvels of imitative genius. To produce such work the highest order of artistic skill is requisite. The business of counterfeiting monopolizes some of the most finished talent to be found in the engraver's profession. Whether it is the incentive found in the prospect of large though unlawful gains, or the fascination held on by a business ever attended by danger, the counterfeiters seem, as soon as he gets launched into the work, to be favored by some special genius which quickens his skill and sharpens his perceptions to an extent that is almost miraculous. On the wall of the Counterfeit Detector's office there hangs a splendid picture of the late Governor Allen, of Ohio, a grand face, with curves and lines and wrinkles—exactly the type of face seen in the old Roman cuts where Brutus and Caesar stand as monuments with every part of the grand old head, with its close-cropped white hair and bold, dark eyes pointing out in strong relief. Directly underneath is the inscription:

GOVERNOR WM. ALLEN, OF OHIO.  
Engraved by Charles Ulrich on a saw-blade, in the Ohio penitentiary, from a photograph.

Over in a glass case, among a lot of photographs of noted counterfeiters, there is a picture of a broad-faced individual, with a pair of very sharp gray eyes and a most genial expression about a well-formed mouth. This is Ulrich, the noted counterfeiter, whose skill at counterfeiting there is none can equal. Ulrich was serving a term of twelve years in the Ohio State prison, at Columbus, when one day, in 1876, he got hold of a photograph of Governor Allen. Without any more ado he set to work on an old saw-blade and engraved an exact counterpart of the picture, head, face and bust, making such a remarkable good likeness that it attracted attention far and near and Governor Allen himself came to see it. So perfect was it that the Democrats of Ohio, in the next canvass for the governorship, in which Governor Allen ran for re-election, used it on their transparencies, and the picture stands to-day as one of the best ever made of Governor Allen. Ulrich was pardoned out shortly after that, and is now engaged in the china and glass business at Trenton.—Philadelphia Times.

### Aerial Navigation.

The *Militar-Wochenblatt* prints a description of an aerial machine, designed by a Spanish artillery officer, the construction of which is, in the opinion of the German paper, based on correct principles. The machine, which is of considerable extension horizontally, but of very small vertical dimensions, can be made to ascend or descend at pleasure, and can, according to the statement of the inventor, be turned in any required direction. It consists of two air-bags, as they are called, by the inventor, one of which is filled with hydrogen gas and the other with compressed air. When the latter is so far filled that its weight, together with that of the car and its load, exactly counterbalances the lifting power of the former, the machine will naturally neither rise nor fall. If the compressed air is allowed to escape from its bag the weight will be reduced and the machine will rise, the altitude it will attain depending upon the amount of compressed air liberated. If, on the other hand, it is desired to make the machine descend, air can, by a simple mechanical contrivance, be pumped into the compressed air-bag until the total weight of the machine exceeds the buoyancy or lifting power of the hydrogen bag. To change the direction of the machine a rudder is provided, to be worked by a small steam engine, while by a simple arrangement the position of the center of gravity of the whole apparatus can be altered so that the resistance of the air shall effect the machine in the most favorable manner possible. The machine, in fact, is designed to act the same way that a bird does. When a bird wishes to change the direction of its flight, it lowers one wing and raises the other, and as it works the latter rapidly and diminishes the speed of its flight, the resistance of the air on the oblique surface presented to it turns the bird around into the required course. In the new aerial machine this principle is applied; but whether it will be possible to overcome the difficulties which may arise remains to be seen.

Feather pillows can be cleaned and purified without removing the feathers, by taking the pillows, laying them in the bathtub, scrubbing them with a scrubbing-brush dipped in a solution of two tablespoons of ammonia in a gallon of warm water and rinsing them thoroughly. Lay them out on the grass to dry, turning them frequently; and at the last pin them to the line for a number of days, and when quite dry beat them with a rod. This is to disentangle and lighten the feathers.

### Wrestling for a Wife.

The peculiar conditions upon which a matrimonial affair was based in South Arkansas have just come to light. Dick Anderson had graduated between the plow-handles. It was said that he could run a furrow so straight that it would break a knock-kneed man's legs to walk in it. This accomplishment was a kind of conspicio to a further volume of agricultural success, and more than one young lady in the neighborhood had her eyes on the young catch. Dick wasn't bashful, but he didn't seem to be particularly impressed with the charms scattered around him like falling drops of water that linger on leafy trees after a rain. But he soon met his fate, a young lady, Winnie Hogrow. Winnie was a beautiful girl, and could cover as much corn with a hoe or scrape as much cotton as any man in the neighborhood. The couple loved—devotedly, agriculturally. Hogrow had raised his daughter with great care, and now that she had attained the zenith of her usefulness, it grieved him to think of losing her. One Sunday Dick went over, and going out to where the old man was sheeling corn to the pigs, said:

"Mr. Hogrow, I suppose—"  
"I don't suppose anything, sir."  
"Well, then, you doubtless know—"  
"I don't know anything."  
"That's all right, then. I am going to marry your daughter, and by next corn-planting time you'll know something. Do you weaken, Mr. Hogrow?"

"See here, young fellow, I can't afford to lose my gal. I have had powerful bad luck this season. The cutworms begun on the corn by the time it came up, and the bugs that nibbled on the cotton, and the things worse, my best mule and one of my cows got into a fight the other day. The cow hooked the mule, and the mule kicked the cow until both of them died. So, under these circumstances, I'd rather you'd marry somebody else."

"I don't accept your misfortunes as excuses. I'm going to marry the girl."  
"I tell you what I'll do, Dick. I'll make this arrangement: We'll wrestle, and if you throw me the gal's yours. If I throw you, she's mine. If you marry her against my will, I shall pleasantly exterminate you. If you throw me and marry her, this farm, together with the gal, is yours. I'll give three trials, one the first week, one the second week and the other six weeks."

Dick was compelled to agree, although the old man was recognized as the best wrestler in the county. He had challenged everybody and had thrown everybody who had accepted. After eating dinner, the old man announced his willingness to take the first ballot. Dick was willing. The contestants, including the girl, went into the yard, the girl took the hats and the men grappled each other. The signal was given, and Dick went over the old man's head and plowed a short furrow in the ground.

"Give me my hat," he said to the girl. "Don't give up, she remarked, handing over his hat. "Go away and practice."

Dick left, discouraged, but taking the advice, wrestled with steamboat men and farmers until the time for the next trial came. At the appointed time Dick appeared at Hogrow's residence.

"Feel like you can cut your capers putty well?" asked the old man.

"I think so. I feel that my cause is just, and with the aid of kind Providence I hope to pile you."

"Providence comes in putty handy at times," said the old man, pulling off his coat, "but it's a hard matter to buck again an old stager. Get outen your jacket. If I fall the gal and the farm is yours. Four hundred acres, and all under fence. Gal weighs one hundred and fifty. Big inducements." The two men grappled, and again Dick plowed up the earth.

"Don't give up," said the girl.

"No," said the old man, "for the land is under fence, and the gal weighs one hundred and fifty—can handle a hoe wonderful!"

Dick went away and pondered. It was evident that the old man could throw him every time. To lose the girl was to wreck his life. An idea struck him. He smiled. He left the neighborhood and remained until the time for the third trial was nearly up. On the appointed day he visited the old man.

"I have agreed to everything," said Dick, "and now I ask a favor. Let the final trial take place to-night in the dark. I will meet you here at ten o'clock."

"Any way suits me," replied the old man. "I'll meet you anywhere."

At ten o'clock the old man stood in the yard chucking. His combatant climbed the fence and approached. Without exchanging a word, the two men grappled. The struggle was short. The old man went up in the air, came down, and struck the ground with a force that almost took his life. He lay for a moment half unconscious. Dick raised him up and assisted him into the house.

"The gal and the farm is yours," said the old man, and the young couple embraced each other. The next day they were married. Shortly after the ceremony was over a large negro man appeared at the door and, attracting Dick's attention, said: "I want my \$10. I flung the ole man hard 'nough to kill him. What's my money?" Dick gave him \$10, and turning around, received a searching look from the old man.

"I'll explain," said the bridegroom. "Realizing that I couldn't throw you, and at the same time realizing that my happiness depended upon this marriage, I resorted to a bit of treachery." Here he stopped to look at his arm around his wife.

"I found a big negro that I knew could throw you, and offered him \$10. That's why I wanted the wrestle to take place in the dark. After he had thrown you, I rushed forward and picked you up."

### About Icebergs.

A New York paper says: Vessels sailing hence for Europe, particularly the regular steamers, have encountered an extraordinary number of icebergs this season, and been exposed to great danger therefrom. Many icebergs are produced from glaciers, which thrust down from the higher lands of the polar regions, are pushed forward to the sea, where vast fragments break off and float away. The edges of glaciers extending for miles along a precipitous coast have been seen to fall into the ocean and thus become icebergs, often carrying with them masses of rock gathered up by the advance of the glacier. Enormous bergs are also formed by the breaking up of fields of sea-made ice which accumulate along the shores of far northern waters. In 1817, the ice covering several thousand square miles of the sea north of Iceland, and mainly on the east coast of Greenland, most of which had not, it is thought, been disturbed for nearly four centuries, was suddenly dislodged and scattered over the North Atlantic. Portions were carried far beyond the usual eastern range of icebergs from the north, approaching within eight hundred miles of Ireland. This great break-up led to the expedition of Admiral (Sir John) Ross in search of a northwest passage, the belief then being that the climate had undergone so great a modification as would insure the continual openness of the northern seas. Northern icebergs drift with the great polar currents. One of these sets in a south-south-west direction, between Iceland and Greenland, and another along the west side of Bath's Bay, near the shores of Labrador. These bergs are brought against the continent and the west shores of its bays from their not catching immediately the rapid rotating motion of the earth as they pass upon larger parallels, and so permit the motion to slip from under them. The majority of icebergs form on the west side of Greenland, their most remarkable center being at Jacob's light, an inlet a little north of Disco island. From Labrador the ice floats with the current past Newfoundland, meeting near the Gulf stream, and usually disappearing about latitude forty-two degrees, the extreme limit being forty degrees. In the southern hemisphere bergs go still nearer the equator, being visible occasionally off the Cape of Good Hope, in latitude thirty-six degrees. They sensibly cool the waters for forty to fifty miles, and the thermometer on approaching them falls seventeen or eighteen degrees. When driven, as they sometimes are, into Hudson's bay in large numbers, they cause intense cold over the northern part of the continent. Ice is always found, even in summer, at the mouth of Hayes river, though this is in the latitude of Northern Prussia. When the ice is spread out into sheets of hundreds of miles extent, and rises only a few feet above the water, it is called a field, and when its entire surface is defined from the mast-head it is named a floe. The bergs are rugged and picturesque, and are sometimes seen moving together in great numbers. Doctor Kane counted on his first cruise 280 in sight at the same time, most of them 250 feet high, and some 300 feet. They are generally seven or eight times further below than above the surface, and the biggest are measured by miles.

Rats. Rats are a great pest in every city and town, and, indeed, everywhere in the country. It seems nearly impossible to get rid of them, and any method that promises to secure this most desirable end is worth trying. Somebody recommends covering stones, rafters and every part of a cellar with ordinary white-wash, made yellow with coppers, putting coppers in every crevice or cranny where a rat may get, and scattering it in corners on the floor. He has tried it repeatedly, and the result has been a general retreat of both mice and rats, not one of which had at last accounts returned. It is said that a coat of this yellow wash, given each spring to a cellar, will not only banish these vermin, but will prevent fever, dysentery or typhoid. Everything capable should be carefully secured against the ravages of rats, which are so intelligent that they will soon abandon premises where they get next to nothing to eat. The rat we are most troubled with is the brown rat, much larger, stronger, fiercer and more ravenous than the black rat, which has almost entirely disappeared, having been driven off or exterminated by the more formidable species. The brown rat is frequently called the Norway rat, from the erroneous impression that it came from Norway, which country it did not reach until it had become abundant in Britain and America. It appeared first in Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and gradually spread over Western Europe, whence we have derived it. It was once known as the Hanoverian rat, because the British Jacobites were pleased to believe that it came in with the house of Hanover.

### The Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning five of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindus, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson and Whitney that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C., and therefore has a clear margin of 300 years older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

### The Power of Enjoyment.

Comparatively few people possess uniformly cheerful dispositions. Most of us have our sad hours and moods. But, whatever his disposition, a man is bound by the laws of his own being, and by those of his social relations, to cultivate the virtue of cheerfulness assiduously and constantly. He has no more right to injure his neighbor's happiness than to interfere with his pecuniary property, and he cannot indulge in venting ill-humor or spleen, with gloomy forebodings or complaints, or even carrying a sad, sour, frowning visage, without sensibly diminishing the enjoyment or comfort of others, and thus infringing on their rights. Any individual who has tried to do so can win himself from despondency and surliness. The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practice always enhances power, it is a good thing to form the habit of enjoyment. It is not true that the sources of pleasure are few and rare, but it is sadly true that we pass them by unnoticed. We crave the excitement of business or politics of fashionable life, and forget the world of innocent enjoyment that we trample under foot. Nature and art offer their treasures in vain, the loveliness of childhood, the attractions of home, the real satisfaction of honest labor, the simple pleasure of little things all plead for utterance, but we repulse them. How can we possess a cheerful spirit and a glad heart when we scornfully deny our simple pleasures? Every innocent means of happiness should be welcomed, and gloomy thoughts persistently banished.

Always let on that you are earnest. If any one asks you a question you can't answer, look at them as though you pitied their ignorance and immediately change the subject.—Keosauk Gate City.

### A Singular Disaster.

The astonishing accident to the steamer Bohemian, which took place at Montreal recently, adds still another calamity to the list of marine mishaps which of late has already been so extended. The Bohemian left her dock a few moments before the accident, and with about fifty passengers and an assorted cargo, being bound for the Upper St. Lawrence, passed into canal lock No. 2 from the Lachine canal basin. She was going at half speed at this time, but to the amazement and terror of all beholders she was seen to put on full steam, and to dash straight at the opposite gate. Now, this gate was the sole barrier between the Bohemian and a mass of water thirteen feet higher than that on which she floated, a mile in length, and several hundred feet in width.

The effect of the impact of the Bohemian was instantaneous. The gates were crushed like so much brittle glass, and the flood, in a Niagara torrent, poured in, carrying everything before it. The steamboat was whirled back, in spite of her engine, to the basin she had left. The water drove furiously on, submerging wharfs, sinking many small vessels, engulfing numbers of laborers, and carrying terror and ruin in every direction. It is said that the deluge of water set the huge ocean steamships in the harbor of Montreal dancing like so many cockshells. As for the Bohemian, she sank in four minutes from the time she struck the gate. But owing, as one dispatch says, "to the admirable presence of mind of her officers," the passengers were restrained from jumping overboard, and with the help of the harbor police, all were saved.

One cannot but regret in considering this statement that the admirable presence of mind of the Bohemian's officers was not exhibited before this surprising accident instead of afterward. To dash deliberately at such an object as a canal gate that held back a vast body of water, or, in other words, short of blowing the steamboat out, to do the most madly perilous and destructive thing that imagination could conceive of, is an act to which we can recall no parallel. Nor was the danger or injury confined to the Bohemian alone. When the water rushed forward on its errand of destruction the effect was also to destroy that which it left behind. A few moments basin No. 2 was emptied, and the vessels lying there were left high and dry on the bottom. This broke the backs of many of them, they being chiefly laden with grain, and severely strained others, besides doing much damage to their cargoes. A loss of many hundreds of thousands of dollars is roughly stated as the fruit of this astounding procedure.—New York Evening Post.

### Editors and Matrimony.

The "Hermit" of the Troy Times writes: The recent visit of the journalists of the State to your city will naturally leave a favorable impression in point of personal appearance; and I need hardly add that editors bear an excellent reputation in social life. Although some prominent men in this profession are bachelors (like William H. Hurbert and Whitelaw Reid), the recent leading editors have all been married men. Greeley's wife was a schoolteacher, whose acquaintance he made at a boarding-house. She afterward went South as governess, and they maintained a correspondence, but how any woman could decipher Greeley's hieroglyphics is a wonder. At last he went to Richmond and brought back his bride, who preceded him to the grave only a few weeks. Bennett married a bright girl whose parents kept a thread and needle store. It is said that their acquaintance was made at a fair held in behalf of a Roman Catholic church, which Bennett was requested to notice favorably. The "favorable notice" led to mutual notices of a more important character, and finally a matrimonial alliance was the result. It was then the day of small things, and the Bennetts lived in a very quiet manner. Bennett was then glad to go up to New Rochelle as a Sunday resort and eat clam chowder at the public table, where, as Pope says, he could "damn the climate like a lord." David Hale's wife was one of the most remarkable housekeepers on record, and although he was even then moderately successful, she voluntarily opened a large and fashionable boarding-house, which was well known as Mrs. Hale's. This was kept up for many years, and was a popular resort for first-class families. Henry J. Raymond led a widow and a family. His son has not thus far displayed any of his father's genius. Manton Marble, formerly of the World, has a second wife, and lives in a very quiet manner. It is surprising how Marble can endure a life of retirement after so many years of incessant activity.

### The Power of Enjoyment.

Comparatively few people possess uniformly cheerful dispositions. Most of us have our sad hours and moods. But, whatever his disposition, a man is bound by the laws of his own being, and by those of his social relations, to cultivate the virtue of cheerfulness assiduously and constantly. He has no more right to injure his neighbor's happiness than to interfere with his pecuniary property, and he cannot indulge in venting ill-humor or spleen, with gloomy forebodings or complaints, or even carrying a sad, sour, frowning visage, without sensibly diminishing the enjoyment or comfort of others, and thus infringing on their rights. Any individual who has tried to do so can win himself from despondency and surliness. The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practice always enhances power, it is a good thing to form the habit of enjoyment. It is not true that the sources of pleasure are few and rare, but it is sadly true that we pass them by unnoticed. We crave the excitement of business or politics of fashionable life, and forget the world of innocent enjoyment that we trample under foot. Nature and art offer their treasures in vain, the loveliness of childhood, the attractions of home, the real satisfaction of honest labor, the simple pleasure of little things all plead for utterance, but we repulse them. How can we possess a cheerful spirit and a glad heart when we scornfully deny our simple pleasures? Every innocent means of happiness should be welcomed, and gloomy thoughts persistently banished.

Always let on that you are earnest. If any one asks you a question you can't answer, look at them as though you pitied their ignorance and immediately change the subject.—Keosauk Gate City.