

How Hazing Was Stopped.

Sullivan's Appearance as a Quaker at Harvard College.

Many have wondered why there has not been a hazing at Harvard for the past three months. In all that time there has not been a case of hazing reported, and some have come to the conclusion that the hazers have met with a change of heart. It is not exactly a change of heart, but a change of clothes that ails them. We are informed that the hazing has been effectually broken up. Just after Sullivan whipped Ryan he was called to Harvard, and a plan of breaking up hazing was unfolded to him by the faculty and he fell into it readily. He was to attire himself as Quaker young man, and apply for admission as a freshman and let nature take its course. On the first day of April Mr. Sullivan appeared at the college under the name of Abija Watson, and was assigned to a room and placed on the roll of freshmen. His appearance was commented on, and as he passed through the grounds with his peculiar garb, young men shouted, "Shoot the hat!" "Get on to his nibs?" and other collegiate literature. It was all Mr. Sullivan could do to restrain himself from whipping a couple of dozen of the boys then and there, but he decided to wait until the proper time, when he would be able to get enough for a mess. That evening he was approached by a young man who pretended to be his friend, and invited him to accompany him to a room where a few boys were going to open a few bottles of wine. Abija verily he didn't go much on this sinful beverage, but to oblige his friend he went with him to a large room where seventy smart young fellows were congregated with all the appliances for hazing. Sullivan says there were seventy, but the faculty only found sixty-five smart Alecks when the door was opened, but Sullivan thinks a few may have jumped out of the window and took to the woods. It seems that when they got the "Quaker" into the room they locked the door, and the ringleader told the peaceful man to strip off his coat, vest and shirt. He objected, but finally took them off.

Some of the fellows who have since got out of the hospital say they noticed when he removed his shirt that he was put up like a hired man, and they thought it queer that a Quaker should have an arm as big as a canvassed ham. They then told him to "prepare to meet his God," and got out the iron to brand him on the back. He then told them that he knew he was in their power and was willing to submit to anything that was right, but he asked as a favor not to bear on too hard, as he was of a nervous temperament and might faint. Then they decided not to brand him until later, but would throw him up in a blanket first. So they got the blanket first and tipped Sullivan over in it, and about twenty of the smartest hazers took hold of the sides and tossed him up. When he came down he knocked four fellows senseless with his fists, kicked four more across the room and then got on his feet and began to knock them right and left. He had knocked down about twenty and had stopped to spit on his hands when the rest of the hazers huddled in a corner and proposed to put an end to the slaughter. One said: "Oh, good Mr. Quaker, please let us alone. We belong to respectable families, and won't do so any more." Sullivan looked at them and said: "It is hazing yez want. Well, yez can have plinty," and he went at them, and in about fifteen minutes he corded up the whole gang, and hazing was broken up in Harvard college. As he threw his coat and shirt across his arm and walked out of the room, and met the faculty in the hall, he said: "Throw water in their face, and they will regain consciousness in from ten minutes to half an hour," and he shook hands with the faculty, received his five hundred dollars and left for New York with his trainer, Billy Madden, who was sitting on the fence outside waiting for him.

"Fot kind of a time did yez have wid de b'ys?" asked Mr. Madden, as he helped Mr. Sullivan on with his shirt and changed the Quaker hat for another.

"Verily, friend William," said Quaker Sullivan, as he county the roll of bills to see that the faculty did not shove any counthrefts on him, "it was the evint of the season."

And they started for Cornell university, at Ithaca.

The Virtues of Coffee.

A Drink That is Exhilarating and Beneficial to the System.

The action of coffee is directed chiefly to the nervous system. It produces a warming, cordial impression on the stomach, quickly followed by a diffused, agreeable and nervous excitement, which extends itself to the cerebral functions, giving rise to increased vigor of imagination and intellect, without any subsequent confusion or stupor, such as are characteristic of narcotics. Coffee contains essential principles of nutrition far exceeding

in importance its exhilarating properties and is one of the most desirable articles for sustaining the system in certain prostrating diseases. As compared with the nutrition to be derived from the best of soups coffee has decidedly the advantage and is to be preferred in many instances. The medicinal effects of coffee are very great. In intermittent fever it has been used by eminent physicians, with the happiest effects, in cutting short the attack, and if properly managed is better in many cases than the sulphate of quinine. In that low state of intermittence, as found on the banks of the Mississippi river and other malarial districts, accompanied with enlarged spleen and torpid liver, when judiciously administered it is one of the surest remedies. In yellow fever it has been used by physicians, and with some it is their main reliance after other necessary remedies have been administered; it retains tissue change, and thus becomes a conservator of force in that state in which the nervous system tends to collapse, because the blood has become impure; it sustains the nervous power until the depuration and reorganization of the blood are accomplished, and has the advantage over other stimulants in inducing no injurious secondary effects. In spasmodic asthma its utility is well established, as in whooping cough, stupor, lethargy and such troubles. In hysterical attacks, for which in many cases a physician can form no diagnosis coffee is a great help.

Coffee is opposed to malaria, to all noxious vapors. As a disinfectant it has wonderful powers. As an instantaneous deodorizer it has no equal for the sick-room, as all exhalations are immediately neutralized by simply passing a chafing-dish with burning coffee grains through the room. It may be urged that an article possessing such powers and capacity for such energetic action must be injurious an article of diet of habitual employment, and not without deleterious properties; but no corresponding nervous disarrangements have been observed after its effects have disappeared, as are seen in narcotics and other stimulants. The action imparted to the nerves is natural and healthy. Habitual coffee drinkers generally enjoy good health. Some of the oldest people have used coffee from earliest infancy without feeling any depressing reaction, such as is produced by alcoholic stimulants.

Scorching a Skull.

A Strange Case Which was Submitted to the Skill of a Dubuque Physician.

There resides in this county, between Dubuque and Rockdale, a girl about seventeen years of age, who has no hair on the top of her head and never will have. The cause of this is worth relating. About seventeen years ago a well known physician of this city was called upon by a woman with an infant in her arms, and asked that the babe be treated for a peculiar ailment. The top of the child's head seemed to be coming off; in fact the skull had already parted at the sutures and was liable in a short time to be entirely loose. The physician made some inquiries and learned the following facts: the father and mother had gone home from Dubuque one night with a bottle of liquor, and after drinking until they were stupid from the effects of it, laid down in front of the fireplace and went to sleep. The fire was burning brightly, and threw out a steady heat. The infant became restless during the night, but its movements did not arouse the mother. Finally the little one crept from its mother's arms, and laid down near the hearth with its head close to the fire. In this position it remained until morning, when the parents, having slept off the effects of the debauch, awoke and picked up the infant, which was in a stupor, and so remained all that day and the next—then only rallying a little and for a few moments. After awhile the skin on the top of her head began to peel off, and at length the entire upper portion of the cranium seemed to be loose. Then it was that the mother brought the child to Dubuque and consulted a physician. After hearing her story the physician came to the conclusion that the child's head had been literally baked by the fire, before which it had slept that eventful night. He also discovered that the child's life was in danger, and that it would be impossible to prevent the upper portion of the skull from coming off. He took the child under treatment, and in a short time he removed a piece of skull three or four inches long and over two inches wide. The operation was very delicately performed, and in a few weeks a thin membrane formed, which protected the brain. The child lived and thrived, and is to-day a young woman, although she will always be compelled to wear a wig. The parents feel under lasting obligations to the physician, and to this day show their appreciation. The story seems almost incredible, but is entirely true.

The Habit of Work.

There is scarcely anything of greater importance to a young man than that he should acquire early the habit of regular application to some pursuit. Many persons, who are not of an indolent nature live on, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, without accomplishing anything worth while. They wonder that others are successful, and they are not; that others pro-

gress and they remain stationary. The difficulty with them is that although they are not particularly averse to labor, they have never learnt how to work to advantage. They have never formed the habit of regular, systematic application. Desultory and merely impulsive efforts are attended by very insufficient and unsatisfactory results.

The first requisite is to know what you want to accomplish. Have some purpose—some plan. Then see to it that the sun does not set on a day in which something has not been done to carry forward that plan—to promote that purpose.

Have, so far as possible, regular hours of work, and let no light interruption interfere with them. If you take a day's recreation, be sure on the morrow you promptly resume your work, and give to it the benefit of refreshed strength and renewed vigor.

At the end of every week, regularly review your work. Consider just how much you have accomplished. If you are satisfied with what you have done, it will bring to you a feeling of repose and content. If you find you should have done more, than make sure that the coming week shall show an improvement on the past. Finally, let nothing—no matter what—daunt or discourage you. Glory in a resolute and invincible will!

If all young men now coming on the stage would scrupulously observe these instructions, what an increase of success and happiness there would be!

Fiction Nowhere.

Truth Throws it Far in the Shade—Finds a Sister that he Never Knew he had.

Henry Stemmer, of the Coal & Iron Police, is a young man well known in these parts. Stemmer isn't exactly his name, but he has worn it for over twenty-six years, has never dishonored it, and it fits him just as well as Weimer (his real name) ever could have done. When Henry was a mere babe—say three months of age—his father and mother died in Allegheny City and left him all alone in the world. They also left a little-three-old daughter in the same woeful plight, but Henry could hardly be expected to know it at his tender age, and if the daughter realized what was going on she soon forgot entirely. The little folks were both promising children, and they had been orphans but a little while when Henry was adopted by Mr. John A. Stemmer, now of this place, while his sister, Annie M., was taken to the bosoms of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Myers, of Berlin, Somerset county.

Time flew. The children grew apace. Henry's school days were ended, and one bright day he found himself so near a man in stature that, giving way to the desire which had been tugging at him for years, he off to be a soldier in the army of the west. He served his time, was honorably discharged, came back to Johnstown, and after knocking about for a while, got on the Coal & Iron Police force. Annie M. stayed with her foster-parents until the right young man came along, (one Joseph Hauger), and then, with tearful adieu, she left them and went to brighten his home. We can now bring our story to a close to one month ago. Still Henry was unaware of the existence of a flesh-and-blood relation, and his sister did not know that she had a brother somewhere in the world.

Henry, in his wide rambles as an officer, chanced one day, some two weeks since, to strike a man who had known his father, and in conversation with him he learned for the first time that when he was left an orphan a little sister shared the same fate. The gentleman, however, could enlighten him no further. Brotherly love and the detective spirit burned in his breast and at the first opportunity he started on the hunt of his long-lost sister. He first visited Allegheny, where, after a tedious search, got on her track through people who remembered his parents. They said they thought the girl had been taken to Myersdale, Somerset county, and thither he journeyed, but he could learn nothing of her there, and was just on the point of quitting the place when he met Mr. Benjamin D. Morgan, of Berlin, who told him of a girl that had been adopted by a Mr. Myers at his home some twenty-six years ago. Hope was again high, and Henry accompanied him to Berlin, where he found his sister—married, now, and the mother of children older than himself or herself when they were separated, but overjoyed to see him all the same. This story soon spread throughout the village, and the good people marveled much, while all declared they would have known Henry and Annie were brother and sister, but to look at them.

Wasted Eloquence.

Some time ago we got a new press for this office, and for a number of weeks it was our chief delight to take visitors through the mechanical department of the paper, politely and cheerfully explaining to them a thousand things that we didn't know anything about. The foreman used to say that we did pretty well, although he used to sometimes caution us about the use of certain terms in certain ways. You see a man who is not a practical printer has to trust a good deal to his memory and chance to help him out, and he don't always use the correct scientific name. One day Colonel Stanton, the chief paymaster of the department, entered

the Boomerang office to pay his subscription, and tell us some blood-curdling anecdotes about different engagements in which the pay department had waded in blood and came off more than conqueror. After we had laddled out a few lines to him relating to our frontier life, we took him into the press-room and showed him the new press. He manifested a good deal of interest in the thing, and asked a good many questions which we answered in our usual graphic style. Then we went into the newsroom. We could see by the frown on the foreman's brow that we were making some awful breaks, but what can you do when you have a visitor who must be entertained and who keeps asking about these things that you don't know anything about?

After a while the colonel seemed to lose his interest in our description of how a newspaper was made. At first he would look surprised and agitated over some rash statement we would make, but after a little while he seemed to care very little about what we said, and acted almost rude; so we braced up and went at it to explain how type was set, and as we stood by a case just vacated by one of the compositors, we told him where all the letters were, and explained the whole philosophy of setting a galley, locking it, proving it, making up, etc., etc. There were a number of other officers present, and they all seemed greatly pleased and tried to draw us out on this subject, which presents so much that is of interest to the novice.

Finally Colonel Stanton yawned a little, stepped up to the vacant case, took the stick in his left hand, and gazed earnestly at the "copy" of an article on "An act to provide for the retirement of the army worn at the age of sixty-two." He then lit out for dear life like a man setting by the thousand and hopes to make San Francisco before the cold weather sets in. He dumped his stick in the right place, resumed his work cheerfully, and staid with it till the article was all up, and then said he guessed he'd have to go.

We looked around at the officers to see how they felt. They seemed cheerful and pleased about something.

They knew that that meek and gentle fraud was an old printer all the time, and when we were making a courteous, self-forgetful ass of ourself all the time, explaining the operations of a printing office, not only Stanton but all the rest of them were winking at the foreman, and even the devil was in the scheme.

Since that we don't even dare to show a young lady how a printing press works, and the other day a man who was born without arms, and who, therefore, wouldn't make much of a compositor, wanted to see how a paper was made, but we put him off on the foreman and excused ourself from being a professional guide to the mechanical part of the Boomerang any more.

Once we allowed ourself to act as guide for Rev. Mr. Hall of this place, because it was nothing more than right that we should be civil to a clergyman. After we had told him a great deal about the ins and outs of the printing business, and Mr. Hall had gone, the city editor said: "You are the most genial newspaper directory and specimen catalogue and price-list of printers' supply I ever saw. You thought you played it on that gray-haired clergyman in good shape probably. You fooled away an hour right in the middle of the day showing off how to print a paper, when you don't know a lower-case roller-mold from an italic shooting-stick. Mr. Hall stuck type all the first part of his life for Sam Bowles, but he has gone home without telling you so because he was afraid you might feel bad. Now, if you don't quit acting as guide to this paper I'm going to resign. I can't stand it to be humiliated this way. It is wearing my young life in sorrow away."—Bill Nye.

An Old Story Revived.

Mr. Schurz and the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

The New York Sun Washington correspondent writes as follows: On Saturday last we quoted from the Washington correspondence of the New York Sun a statement concerning a certain transaction of Mr. Carl Schurz with the Northern Pacific Company. The article seems to have attracted much attention, and so many applications have been sent for copies of the paper that we republish the article, our Saturday's edition being exhausted. It is as follows:

"A most remarkable case of the influence of a certain railroad corporation upon Carl Schurz has just been unearthed. In Oct. 1880, a commission, at the head of which was Maj. Clarke, Deputy Commissioner of Pennsylvania was appointed to examine fifty miles of the Northern Pacific railroad just finished, and report whether it was constructed in accordance with law.

"By one of those mistakes which sometimes happen in the best regulated families, this commission was composed of men who honestly discharged the duty assigned them. Of course Carl Schurz never contemplated such action. The commission examined the road and, in December, 1880, made a report recommending the rejection of the fifty miles, because it did not conform in its construction to the requirements of the law, some of the rails being old ones taken up from other roads, the bed not being properly constructed, etc.

"Almost simultaneous with the filing of this report came a letter from Mr. Billings, president of the Northern Pacific, in which he inclosed a private contract agreeing that if the Secretary would accept the road and issue the certificate which entitled it to 2,000,000 acres of land, the company bound itself not to ask for a patent until the road was rebuilt in accordance with law.

"Mr. Billings stated that this certificate was necessary to enable the company to borrow money. Secretary Schurz issued the certificate in the face of the fact that a report was on file in his department declaring that the company was not entitled to the land because of its non-compliance with the law in building the road. Thus the company sold its mortgage bonds on that land and road when the road was not completed and there was no title to the land.

"Can you point in the history of this country to another transaction of a similar character? Was it not just what was to be expected from an administration conceived in fraud and living in hypocrisy?

"In 1881, after Arthur became President, this fifty miles of road was re-examined and accepted. An examination of the records of the Interior Department will prove the truth of what I have stated unless they have been changed within a week."

Robert Toombs' Failing Health.

Savannah News.

Among the eminent lawyers in attendance upon the Western & Atlantic Railroad lease case the most conspicuous was Gen. Robert Toombs, who appeared as counsel for one of the lessees, President C. H. Phinizy, of the Georgia Railroad. He was most conspicuous because of the great change which has recently taken place in his physical condition. Within the past few months his eyesight has nearly failed him, and his once full face has grown thin and wrinkled. Amid this wreck of the physical man can be seen traces of a loss of mental power also. Yet, to the eye of his friends and admirers, he is great even in ruins.

A glance at his stately yet feeble form reveals what he must have been at his best, and there are still gleams of intellectual fire from his now sluggish brain that remind us of his ripest mental efforts. One thing about General Toombs is worthy of commendation. He is frank and outspoken, and all the world knows how he feels inwardly. He has a kinder heart and a more generous disposition than is generally assigned to him. His loving and tender devotion to his estimable wife, who is also in feeble health, is the one bright and beautiful feature of his character. It is possible that her influence may yet bring to his closing hours of life the sweets, Christian faith and trust that made Senator Hill's death-bed so peaceful and radiant.

Lawyers and Editors in Japan.

Society in the Japanese capital has been much perturbed by a bitter feud between the newspaper editors and the native lawyers. In an evil hour the editor of the leading journal, the Nichi Nichi Shimbun, delivered his soul of a diatribe against lawyers in general. He aspersed their motives, declared them selfish and mercenary in all their dealings, and, in short, held up the profession to public reprobation. The gentlemen of the long robe nothing loth, accepted the challenge, and for six long months the battle raged. Motions and counter-motions were made in court after court of the empire. By a tour de force the editor, who was at first unable to obtain the services of a single lawyer, brought over to his own side the individual who led the van of his opponents. The fight now became more even, and was ultimately settled by the editor explaining that his words were understood in a Pickwickian sense. In the course of the contest another editor assailed one of the lawyers, and was rewarded for his pains by an action, in which the plaintiff claimed £3,000,000 as damages, with the alternative of a letter of apology in every newspaper in Japan, or that the defendant, arrayed in a penitent's garb, should kneel for 100 days before the plaintiff's house or in a frequented thoroughfare. The court declined to accept either of the plaintiff's suggestions; it found the editor guilty of libel and fined him £1, with twenty days' imprisonment.

Short Guide to Bankruptcy.

London Telegraph.

While one of the Bosnia delegates who waited upon the Emperor Franz Josef at the Hofburg, a few weeks ago, was staying in Vienna, the owner of the hotel in which he lodged became a bankrupt. Hearing of his host's mishap, the worthy Beg sought an explanation of the term "bankruptcy," and having thoroughly mastered its meaning, proceeded, on his return to his native village, to impart his information to sundry of the Faithful, his near relatives and close family connections. "This, O my brothers," he observed, "is the true and proper way to become a bankrupt. First you must hire a shop. Then you write to a rich merchant, in far distant cities, inviting them to forward their wares to you for sale, and pledging yourself to pay them within a few months. As soon as you shall have received sufficient merchandise you must sell it for cash or hide it carefully away. Then

must you go to the judge and say to him: 'Beloved of Allah! I am a bankrupt. Here are £5. They are all I have in the world.' The judge will keep £4 of the £5 and proclaim you in bankruptcy; the other £1 will be divided among those who supplied you with goods. Later on you will remove to another town and begin this good and easy business over again. Thus may the passing bitterness of insolvency be converted into the abiding sweetness of a comfortable independence. Bechesh! Upon my head be it!"

The New Explosive—Virite.

London Manchester Guardian.

A consular report from Sweden issued by the Foreign Office gives a description of a new explosive called sebastine, which, it is said, has competed most favorably with dynamite. Sebastine appears to be an explosive based upon nitro-glycerine, but safer to handle than the ordinary dynamite, while more powerful in effect and cheaper to purchase. The greater safety of sebastine depends on two circumstances—first, that the explosive oil is more completely absorbed and bound by a specially prepared kind of charcoal and other ingredients, and, secondly, that in ordinary cases it requires no percussion cap to explode. As to use in mining, it is reported that the new sebastine exploded simply by the fuse, providing the bore hole is properly secured by a stronger wadding, as in an ordinary charge of blasting powder. According to official statements there has not been one single instance of accident happening when using the new sebastine. The Swedish Government having ordered trials of sebastine against dynamite, it is said to have been proved that sebastine was far superior in effect and about equal in force to English gun-cotton when used in torpedoes. The Consul at Gothenburg adds: "As an explosive of great power, and offering superior security, particularly for mining and similar purposes, I would recommend the new sebastine, or, more properly, its improved form, virite, to the notice of Her Majesty's Government."

An Old Veteran.

Wall Street News.

"Did you ever worry over your stock transactions?" was asked of an old veteran who had made his pile in California.

"Never."

"How large a sum did you ever have at stake?"

"Exactly \$232,000. I bought that much stock in the High Flyer mine when the stock was selling at par. One day the stock began to drop, and in four hours I saw it fall to 44."

"And what did you do?"

"Went home and went to bed."

"What! could you sleep with such an anxiety on your mind?"

"Never slept sounder in my life."

"And how was it the next day?"

"Stock dropped to 13, and was wiped off the list before night."

"And then you lost your all?"

"Oh, no, my friend. While this stock was going down on me my 5,000 shares in the Diamond ran up to 520, and I cleared \$680,000 in one afternoon. I was intending to donate the \$232,000 to the church anyway, but it so happened that our congregation struck a gold mine in digging the cellar for an edifice, and so everything turned out for the best."

A FLOATING FIELD.—In Colorado is a ten acre field, which is simply a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle he will find that it will fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish five or six inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, which accumulated vegetable matter, which has increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heels and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him.

A WASHINGTON clerk who had a keg of specie drop on his fingers is one of the few people who ever had too much cash on hand.

It is said that the war in Egypt has raised the price of mummies. People who have not yet bought their winter stock of mummies will regret to learn this.

THE most exaggerated dispatch came by the fish line.

It is a man with a swelled jaw who realizes that silence is golden.

THE spectacle of a lot of bald-headed men in bathing is said to resemble an animated game of billiards.