CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Pen Picture of Sallie Hargous, Gotham's Proud Queen of Beauty.

THE FOUR HUNDRED'S NEW CAPER.

A New Dish That Tickles the Palate of Society at Midnight.

PRETTY BABIES FOUND IN WASHINGTON

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, January 26.—You are bound to read a great deal about Sallie Hargous in the next year or two, and it is therefore just as well that you should know, right now, what she is. There is a competition every winter in this city among the girl recruits of "our best society" as to which shall be crowned queen of beauty. The rivalry usually lasts until the middle of January as it has in the present instance, by which time a decision is reached as to which of the debutantes is loveliest to view. Her mental qualities have nothing to do with it, but chance must have placed her within the limits of this particular pretentious circle, and for the rest she depends for success entirely upon personal beauty. Even influential promotion by an Astor or Vanderbilt matron has no great effect. Some of the queens of beauty in past years have been comparatively poor girls, and quite unknown in New York prior to their competitive advent. Such was the case with Lillie Price, who married a million in becoming Mrs. Hammersley, and now is so famously a duchess through wedlock with the Duke of Marlborough. Lillie was brought to New York from Troy by Mrs. Burden, who had resided in that city, and who counted correctly upon the fair Trojan making a success in the metropolis. Early this winter the rumor went around that candidates for the throne were to be brought from Baltimore and Hartford, and the human exhibits from those cities were brought to the first Delmonico ball after the holidays. Miss Frick was Baltimore's production, and she was put forward by Mrs. Edward Cooper, while Hartford's representative was Miss Beach, chaperoned by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Both were beautiful indeed. Miss Frick had bright brown hair and still more brilliant brown eyes, and her regular features were midway between brunette and blonde, while a tall, elegant figure gave distinction to her presence. Miss Beach was a decided blonde, rather too small of stature for queeniness, but very shapely, and an exponent of polite American vivacity.

The contest was about even between Baltimore and Hartford, but it turned out that there was no necessity of deciding the question of supremacy between them, for a New York girl beats them both, and we are rather proud of it here, because it was getting to be thought that we had to import our superlative beauties from smaller cities. To Sallie Hargous was by common consent awarded the crown. When the matter was definitely settled her brother gave an elaborate ball in honor of her victory, and it was as big and fine as any of the "society" assemblages at Delmonico's, costing no end of dollars, but effectively emphasing Miss Hargous' enthronement. So much admiration and enthusiasm as she has provoked might easily turn the head of any girl, but as yet she manages to be unaffected and simple in manner. She is an American of French extraction, and possesses that peculiar chic that foreign blood sometimes imparts to our New Yorkers. She has a distinct personality, notwithstanding that she is small in physique, and in her mannerisms and speech she is just odd enough to be piquant while stopping safely short of eccentricity. She is a brunette, with plenty of almost black hair, which she wears oftenest in a Spanish style, while mauve, gold, white and silver are chief components in her toilets. Now you know enough about Sallie Hargous to feel tolerably well acquainted with her when you see her name from time to time in print.

It would be a mistake to derive from that account of Miss Hargous and other debutantes the idea that the older belles, married and single, step aside to make way for new beauty. A number of the young wives are really at the front, by a combined reason of good looks, experience and assured position. Just now these ladies are venturing, safely enough and yet remarkably, into places quite forbidden to their unmarried sisters. For instance, on Lexington avenue there is a quiet looking restaurant. Well, in New York there are a good many quiet looking restaurants, but this one is peculiar. On several different occasions I observed this place to be a favorite resort of a very fashionable appearing people. Elegant carriages were wont to drive up to the door, and from them invariably alighted a man and woman. The woman was in every instance closely veiled. After seeing about four different couples arrive at the restaurant in this style, I made up my mind that the cuisine must be of an exceptionally fine degree of excellence, and it might be a good idea to drop in there some day to dine. I went there with a friend a few days later. We sat at the window where we could look out at the arrivals. Though several men and women came while we were there, I noticed that none of them entered the large dining room where we sat. There was something mysterious about this place, certainly. After dinner I met an acquaintance coming up the sidewalk, and stopped him. I inquired about the queer little restaurant.

"Why that place," he said, with some show of contempt for my ignorance, "is patronized by the Four Hundred. It is quiet; that's enough."

The next day I spoke of the place to one of those sleek fellows that look so well in at Delmonico's, and seem to know so very much about everything interesting. He laughed, in his jired way, and assured me that his set couldn't get along without that charming retreat.

Perhaps it is not amiss to hint somewhat delicately about this Lexington avenue restaurant. There are innocent people who like to avoid anything indefinite. It can be easily seen that this is indefinite. But to make the truthful point at which I have been aiming, I must add that the premises described have for years been quietly notorious, if such a contradictory phrase may be permitted. That is to say, it was a place into which no self-respecting woman, knowing its character, would think of venturing. But the desire of our married belles for piquancy in life has led them to go there for the sake of novelty. They are invariably accompanied by their husbands, however, and their intention is no more wicked than to eat a good and exquisite French supper, drink some wine and innocently go through with the form of an escapade. The amusement is new and harmless.

There is a new dish at our most fashionable restaurant and all the girls are in raptures over it. With a sip of wine nothing approaches it for a midnight morsel, and it is rapidly superceding the attractions of the deviled crab and the Welch rarebit. It is really a mixture of both, and its name is "Canape Lorenzo." A perfect blending of deviled crab meat and cheese is fairly fused upon a delicate bit of fried bread. This is evidently put in an oven and baked to a rich condition of brownness, and when it comes forth there is an actually musical score to the arrangement. It looks like a poem and tastes somewhat similar to the odor of crushed roseleaves. There is a great run on the dish just now, and it is to be copyrighted, so I am informed, at the earliest opportunity. Canape Lorenzo, remember. A bite, a sip, and the air is full of rainbows and the song of birds.

I spent part of the week in Washington, and there saw some babies worth mentioning on account of their mammas. The youngest baby of society is a wee bit of a boy, who opened his big black eyes on this mundane sphere of ours just three weeks ago. He is the fifth child and second son of General Greely, and has come with new ideas and advanced opinions to help his father adjust the weather. As yet he is nameless, but General Greely strongly favors the name of Henry, which is the masculine of Mrs. Greely's name. The senior by a few weeks of baby Greely is the first born of Senor and Senorita Pedrosa, of the Spanish legation. Madame Pedrosa was Miss Camille Bergmanns, only daughter of Mrs. Lawton, whose reign in Washington has been a long and brilliant one. Miss Bergmanns made her debut during the Arthur administration, a pretty, graceful girl, petite like her mother, with cultivated and winning manners that made everybody love her and loyal Americans a little jealous when her union to the handsome foreigner was announced, but now that the little stranger who has come to bless their home has been born on American soil, it will go to cement the friendship that everyone has for the Spanish Secretary. The little Pedrosa has dark eyes, like his father, and a pudgy nose which will in time assume aristocratic lines, for both father and mother have good regular features.

Vinnie Ream Hoxie, who was such a conspicuous figure in Washington at one time, and whose work remains an everlasting monument to her talent, industry and patience, has been visiting the capital on her way to her husband's station, and has had with her the little Hoxie who was the hero of many newspaper paragraphs at his birth. The little man looks no more like his soldier papa than his artist mamma, who kneels down and worships him with the same fervor with which she used to worship the goddess of art. The four little Sheridans, still under the gloom of their father's death, are pathetic little objects and people speak of and to them with moistened eyes. There are no prettier little people in Washington than the children of the great general, and they all possess the soft grace and sweetness of their mother, except perhaps Master Phil, the youngest and the only boy, who is as sturdy and determined as ever was his illustrious father, and hardly appreciates the terrible loss he has sustained. A neighbor of the little Sheridans is Lidie Bak, the 7-year-old granddaughter of Mrs. H. M. Hutchinson, a grave little lady with big blue eyes, which look as if they possessed knowledge of all things. She, too, is rich in doll babies, black and white, and a separate room in her grandmother's big house is put apart for their dollships' use. Her chief delight is a big, black rag baby, "Dinah," who hails from South Carolina.

On bright, sunny days, especially in early spring, the parks are filled with the bright faces of children, in gay wrappings, attended by dusky nursery maids, in the regulation white cap and long apron, which is the uniform adopted here, though an occasional French bonne wears the tiny muslin cap with long streamers of wide ribbon, which is so familiar to those who know the Champs Elysee. Paris is the paradise of children as well as Americans, with its lovely parks and many breathing spaces, and Washington should be, for there is no city in the world where there are so many lovely parks, so many playgrounds and breathing spaces for the little ones.

In naval circles is the 4-months-old son of Lieutenant Reamy who, during his father's detail at the Samoan Islands, is his mother's only defender and protector. He is a round-faced, round-eyed little man, and looks out on this great world he has come to with an astonished gaze. The only other official baby just at present is Miss Frances Folsom Lamont, which poor little maiden has become acquainted with the ills of life all too soon, as she is just convalescing from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, which has kept her mother a prisoner, much to the regret of society, where the wife of the President's Private Secretary has a warm place. Little Frances is a very pretty baby, and all those who have been fortunate to have held the little toddlekins in their arms are regretting the sorry introduction she has had to life, and hope her convalescence will bring sunnier times. Little Dorothy Whitney, with face as white as milk, cheeks like roses, and mouth—such a dear little red, curved thing—and big wondering eyes, looking out from a furry hood, makes a picturesque little figure trudging along by her tidy nurse when the days are warm and sunny. There is no daintier little scrap of humanity in existence than the youngest daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, in the exquisite little gowns appropriate to her quaint name. Her nursery is like fairyland, with its soft lace and ribbons, and its inhabitants—dolls of every age, invention and description, from babies in long clothes to chattering misses furred and hooded for the street.

A nursery which rivals that of wee Dorothy is little Martha Cameron's, with its lovely crib, its pretty pictures, stacks of books which contain wonderful stories, and an army of dolls, supplied by mamma's kindness and admiring friends. The Camerons live in the old Dyle Taylor mansion, opposite Lafayette square, and here little Martha finds a lovely playground, where she spends all the fine mornings, with a delegation of dolls for company, which she guards as jealously as she is guarded by the trim maid. There is a French gouvernante in the Cameron household, so that little Martha will learn both languages at the same time, and gain an accent which never comes in after years, no matter how hard one may study. There is a striking resemblance between the baby Cameron and her beautiful mother, an expression about the eyes and mouth which fixes at once the relationship. Most Washington mammas prefer English modes, with the quaint long coats and big picturesque hats, to the more ordinary styles of the Paris modiste, and both little Martha Cameron and Dorothy Whitney are dressed this way, looking as if they had just stepped forth from one of Kate Greenaway's pages.

CLARA BELLE.

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HOW TO GET ALONG.

Speculative Methods of the Rich and the Poor Nowadays.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS IMPROVED

Prepaid Policies Drawing Dividends the Same as Bank Certificates.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SURPLUS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

DURING the last Presidental campaign the question which confronted both parties—and which was fairly met by neither—was "What shall we do with a constantly growing surplus?" The same question in various forms confronts daily and weekly alike the dividend drawer, the coupon clipper and the vast army of breadwinners who constitute the bulk of the membership in our building associations and depositors in our banks. The pressing question for each accumulator is what to do with the accumulations. "Savings" banks which do not "save" seem to have lost their charms for the middle classes, and with their experience with the Penn Bank, the Nation Trust Company, and now the Southside Savings Bank, it is no wonder they have come to be considered as "traps for the unwary." On the other hand Building and Loan Associations seem to have largely taken the place formerly occupied by these banks, and combining safety and economical management, seem to offer the best mode of investment for people in moderate circumstances, with regular earnings. Against building associations I have not a word to say, except to better their condition. I recognize that but for these associations thousands of worthy citizens who now own their homes would still be rent-payers. While they have been thus beneficial in the past they are not beyond improvement, and in this respect Pittsburg is hardly keeping pace with its sister cities East and West. The capitalist ordinarily needs no advice as to what to do with his "surplus." They are usually wide awake to all the later and improved methods of dollar culture. But to the "home getters" and nickel savers of the future, I have a few suggestions to make in unembellished English, which may be found worthy of candid consideration.

THE GREAT ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

In a certain sense—whether it be the Liberty street merchant buying coffee for a rise, the stock speculator who buys "futures," the $1 50 a day laborer who buys a $500 lot in the suburbs, or the average toiler who invests in a building association—they are all speculators, playing their cards in a more or less safe and intelligent fashion for an enhancement of values and a rising market. The great economic problem, therefore, is how to "catch on."

The non-borrower in a building association has a comparatively nice thing. He could not get over 4 per cent in a savings bank, where the savings and principal might be nil, while in the building association he gets say 10 per cent on an average. On the other hand, the borrower is not so happy. The "wisdom of the ages" tells us that "he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing." When the building association borrower first gets his loan and is snugly installed in his new home purchased by his loan, he is content to pay interest, premiums, etc., without a thought, but as the years roll by, and he finds that he has been paying the principal back for 7 or 8 years, and finds the interest cancer still eating on the original amount, most of it long since paid, he begins to think that while he has done well he might have done better, and, that after all, there may be a tyrannical Shylock somewhere in this "mutual benefit" wood pile. He argues to himself: "This looks like giving something for nothing—paying interest for a principal I have long since returned." It is true he gets a final dividend from these extra payments, but the paying of interest on a principal that he has long since parted with strikes him as an anomoly that should not exist; that he is paying too high for his whistle—and hence the suggestion: "Can he do better?" Without accepting the borrower's plan at par, I shall try to answer his inquiry by showing how the wage workers are meeting this issue elsewhere.

THE PREPAID STOCK FEATURE.

In the East and West small investors are learning to do things differently from our Pittsburg methods. The "wild and wooly" West is supposed to be peopled mainly with "greenhorns," but they have improvements out there in building associations as well as in mowers and reapers. What is known as prepaid stock is a feature in many of these Western building associations. This stock is divided into two classes.

In one $50 cash in advance is accepted in lieu of all installments and a certificate of prepaid stock is issued good for $100 at maturity. These shares mature when the $50 paid in and the pro rata share of profits were equal to $100.

In the other class $65 in cash is paid in advance, and it is accepted in lieu of all installments, and a prepaid stock certificate is issued, attached to which are "partial dividend coupons" equal to interest on the cost at 6 per cent per annum payable semi-annually. These certificates at maturity are cashed at $100, and they mature when the $65 paid in and the pro rata of profit above the 6 per cent coupons equals $100. As at present conducted this stock matures in seven and a half years. Taking this as the time when the shares mature the profit to the investor who owns say ten shares will be:

Matured value	$1,000
Total installments paid	585
Profit in 7½ years	$ 415

This apparently gives $415 as the earnings of $585 for a period of 7½ years, but since the $585 has been paid in installments the average sum which has been earning profits for the whole time is one-half of $585, or $292 50, which is really the amount that has earned $415 in 7½ years, or at the rate of over 17 per cent per annum simple interest.

The ordinary savings bank in Pittsburg, except where the private fortune of the owners is a guarantee, has ceased to be safe. The best of these banks will not pay 5 per cent interest, while building associations on this plan, while perfectly safe, yield a comparative profit thus:

10 shares weekly payments $1 50, 10 years' profit	$415 00
Same payments at 5 per cent compounded in savings bank	121 86
Net gain of B. A. plan over 5 p. c. bank interest	$293 15

These figures do not lie and tell their own story.

This kind of investment is attractive to the moderate capitalist and to trustees, as well as the wage earners, as the prepaid stock yields a semi-annual income and gives besides a share in the profits in excess of 6 per cent on the cost. It is thus safer than bank stock, and pays better dividends. Then the flexibility of this sort of stock and the ease with which it can be turned into prompt cash through the association itself, without hunting up a buyer, makes it specially desirable. The stock loans in Pittsburg building associations are based on this principle.

INSTALLMENT MORTGAGES.

On the other hand, the plan which is finding most favor in the East, and in many places supplanting building associations, is what is known as the "installment mortgage plan" by trust companies. Its advantages over the building and loan associations are briefly stated thus:

First—Each installment reduces the debt.
Second—Interest is paid only on amount due, and is reduced as the principal is paid off.
Third—No premiums are paid on the loan.
Fourth—There are no fines or penalties.
Fifth—The borrower pays no part of the expenses of the company.
Sixth—The borrower loses nothing by any loss, defalcation or failure of the company or its officers.
Seventh—Sums as small as $5 per month can be made to produce 6 per cent interest, the company becoming virtually a savings bank, allowing interest without possibility of failure affecting the borrowers, and with the amount of deposit only limited by the amount of loan.
Eighth—If savings accumulate more quickly than expected, the company will receive more than the stipulated amount, thus enabling the mortgage to be paid off without waiting for it to become due.
Ninth—The borrower's money paid to the company can never be lost; the debt is reduced by every dollar paid. He enters into no joint stock speculation, and whether the company makes or loses is a matter of indifference to him.

The saving of interest on this plan may be formulated thus:

On a $1,200 mortgage at 5 per cent interest the interest in ten years amounts to	$600
And the whole mortgage is still due.	
On a mortgage of $1,200 where an installment of $10 per month is paid with 6 per cent interest the interest paid is	$363
Showing a saving of	$237
And the mortgage has been paid in full.	

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

Or taking another view of it. Let $10 be deposited each month in a saving fund at 3 per cent interest, compounded annually, the interest in ten years amounts to $197 97. Deduct this from $600, the interest in the same time paid on a mortgage at 5 per cent, leaves $402 03, or $39 03 more than is paid on an installment mortgage.

On this plan money is loaned on a 70 per cent valuation, payable in 120 equal monthly installments, and any installment can be paid in advance and the interest reduced accordingly.

That such a plan has advantages over ordinary banks or loan institutions must be apparent to the dullest observer.

A working man who earns $1 50 a day hardly ever gets rich, but if by saving and management, which means often more than saving, he accumulates capital which earns another $1 50 a day, he has doubled his wages. He has the income of two working men. He has a "silent partner," who cannot skip off to Canada and smile at extradition laws, as the festive and fugitive savings bank cashier at present, not unfrequently does.

As stated in my inaugural these remarks are intended for common "linsey woolsey" people. The man with a "barl" can ordinarily do better than the present building associations can do for him. How much better they can do may be illustrated by recent very pertinent citation. In the note book of a Fourth avenue broker—his name might be Long or Short for that matter—may be found an entry of less than six months since of "Citizens' Traction—42." I happen to know a party who purchased 1,000 shares at that time, and he did it in this wise. He did not have $42,000, but he had $10,000, and he put that up—$10 per share for the 1,000 shares.

Time wore on. Likewise Traction stock, and lo! it went a few weeks ago up to 85, and the account stood on settlement thus:

COST.

1,000 shares Citizens' Traction, $10 per share, at 42	$10,000
6 per cent interest on $32,000, balance for six months	960
Net cost	$10,960

RETURN.

1,000 shares Citizens' Traction at 85	$85,000
Less cost	10,960
Net gain	$74,040

No wonder that all the city brokers are loaded with orders to buy "Citizens' Traction" at 75. But everybody cannot have even $10,000 at call, and most of us are like Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, who tells of the time when he was offered the site of the present city of Cincinnati for a fiddle, but he didn't have the fiddle.

JAMES W. BREEN.

ROSS TOWNSHIP, January 26.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES

Increasing and Will Soon Compete With Northern Manufactures.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

AIKEN, S. C., January 25.—South Carolina is waking up in the matter of manufactures, and for that matter the whole South is doing likewise, as would appear. In Chester plow stocks are being manufactured at the rate of 600 or 800 a week. All of these used to come from the North. Fertilizing distributors and machines for planting cotton are also being manufactured on a large scale. Washboards made of sweet gum wood are being made with almost incredible rapidity. Labor here is cheaper than in the North; it therefore does not require much of a prophet to show that many of the manufacturers of the North will have some very extensive competition after a while, beside losing their Southern market for such commodities.

But with all this growing activity there is no talk of adopting the principles of protection. The people here are too firmly rooted and grounded in the belief that the tariff is a tax which benefits the few at the expense of the many. Free trade is taught in even the college at Berea, which was established by an Abolitionist for the benefit of the colored people especially, and which admits both blacks and whites with the idea of solving the race problem by educating the youth of both races together. This experiment, by the way, has been pronounced a failure, since only ten whites are in the college of 200 students, and these keep so religiously by themselves in every way that much trouble has been caused. The faculty as might be supposed, sided with the blacks, which decision, it is thought, will result in not a single white pupil remaining beyond the term. These matters of opinion and prejudice cannot be rooted up by force. Persecution only serves to build the barriers higher. What the South needs is time and education.

That large effort is being made as to the latter is shown by the greatly increased grants of money from the State Legislatures for free schools. That these, in result, will advance the material interests of the South in many ways can hardly be doubted. They will also go largely to an elucidation of the vexing Southern problems. But even as to the schools already established some of the colored folks have serious objections. They have high notions as to what is proper and desirable for their children in the line of education. We were told by the colored laundress the other day that she did not permit her bright little girl to go to "them commin schools where chillun learned more bad nor good," but she had her instructed at home by "a private pusson."

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

Look at This.

We will offer for to-morrow only from 8 A. M. until 6 P. M., 460 English melton men's overcoats, in three shades, medium weights, suitable for this season of the year, for the paltry sum of $3, $3, $3, $3. This coat is worth from $12 to $15 of any man's money. The reason we do this is we can't stand dull times, and to make things lively for to-morrow we make this grand offer. Remember this offer only holds good until to-morrow eve. P. C. C. C.,
Cor. Grant and Diamond sts., opp. the new Court House.

Sample Free.

Ask your grocer for Electric Paste Stove Polish. No dust or dirt when using. Try it.

Free! Free! Free!

If you are sick, do not despair. Call and be cured, free of charge, at No. 1102 Carson street, Southside.

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Marvin's Orange Blossom soda crackers are unsurpassed. Your grocer keeps them.

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

A French Physician Gives Some Interesting Facts and Figures on

THE CRIME OF SELF-DESTRUCTION.

Some Trivial Reasons for Seeking the Calm Oblivion of Death.

MANY ROADS LEADING TO THE GRAVE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, January 14, 1889.—Paris, although the gayest, is also the saddest of cities. Statistics show that the ratio of suicides for every million of inhabitants averages yearly 402, while in London it is only 87, and in Naples 34.

A very common mistake is to suppose that the largest number of suicides occur in winter time, when the weather is most inclement, and misery rife among the poorer classes. The returns for France indicate that summer is the great suicidal period, and winter the most innocent season of the year. *Felo de se* is highest in June and July, and lowest in November and December. The average rises, almost regularly, from January to July, and goes down again, in equivalent degrees, from August to December.

Climate has not much to do with the matter, in spite of what Montesquieu says about the English, who, he avers, kill themselves on account of the fog cloud which hangs night and day over their little island. The Esquimaux do not kill themselves at all, neither do the Faikland Islanders. Yet are their climates both murky and fuliginous. There are, in fact, fewer suicides in London than in Paris every year. Then, again, people who put an end to their lives prefer to do so by daylight. Suicides by night are relatively rare. The long days of summer afford the most temptation for them. Neither darkness nor rain conduce to self-destruction. Its best friends and stimulators are sunlight and warmth.

FELO-DE-SE FIGURES.

French men are now killing themselves, between 9 and 90, in a constantly increasing progression. The figures are immensely higher, as a rule, in the north than in the south, and in towns than in the country. The returns published by the Minister of Justice show that since 1827, inclusive, the yearly average of suicides throughout France has risen from five to ten for every 100,000 inhabitants. The figures have therefore doubled in 30 years. In 1876 there were 5,804 cases of self-murder; in 1880 we find 6,638, and in 1886 no fewer than 7,187. The total number during 1887, the last-recorded year, was 7,572, of which 2,168 are attributed to mental afflictions of different kinds, 1,228 to physical suffering, 975 to domestic troubles, 800 to drunkenness, 483 to poverty, 305 to pecuniary difficulties, 202 to the desire to avoid imprisonment, 100 to the loss of employment, 89 to the fear of exposure, 56 to the loss of relatives, and 25 to the dread of military service. Among the other cases specified in the returns, 227 suicides are put down to jealousy and crossing in love.

Suicide is not always a sign of mental alienation. Oftentimes, of course, it is; but it is not always and necessarily so. Self-murder, like every human fact, obeys fixed laws as exactly as the course of the planets or the crystallization of salts; and year by year it can be confidently predicted how many out of a certain population will commit suicide. Still, one-fourth of them, in round numbers, are attributable to madness. I remember one very peculiar case of suicide, which I attended some time ago, and which presents a novel phase of insanity of the highest interest to alienists. It was that of Baron Robert du Creuzy, a man of 60, who for ten years had lived at No. 77 Rue Monge, without family, his only companion in the house being an old servant. Once rich, he had lost the greater part of his fortune, and mourned bitterly the loss of his youth, which would have permitted him to accumulate another. He often remarked to his acquaintances that Dr. Faust was very fortunate in being able to regain his youth at the price of his soul, and that he would willingly consent to a similar bargain if the devil was still in the business. M. de Creuzy was the possessor of a very curious library, containing many old cabalistic books of sorcery.

A PECULIAR POTION.

Constant reading of these demonological works resulted in upsetting the poor man's brain to such an extent that he finally put implicit faith in the potency of an incantation recommended by the "Red Dragon." Henceforth he purchased all sorts of queer things for ingredients in the composition of a potion, which I found after his death. It was as follows: A black hen (which was to be strangled at midnight, as the clock struck 12, beneath the rays of a new moon); quantities of the herb vervain, coffin nails, and a wolf's tooth, the latter of which he procured in a menagerie. One fine night I was called in just after he had swallowed a drug which he had mixed himself, containing a frightful dose of alcohol. Under its influence he fell into a drunken sleep, and awoke a lunatic. He fancied himself rejuvenated, and, stranger still, that he felt within himself a double personality. He explained in all seriousness to me that he saw this twofold existence.

"The potion was not strong enough," he said. "I am really young again, but something of my old self remains—something that seems to be my father. I have become my own son; thereby I am obsessed, and suffer terribly."

I laughed at him, as did his friends. A week later I learned that the Baron, having fully decided that he was a young man, had thrown out of the window the little money which he still had, saying that youth should be prodigal. But he often repeated that he felt within him his father reprimanding him for his conduct, and that no good would come of it. One morning, soon after this, loud words were heard in his room. He was hurling angry insults at "his father," whom he charged with a desire to steal his money. The last words which reached the ears of his servant were these:

"Your curse? What is your curse to me? You are in me in spite of me. Be silent!"

All was still for a few seconds, and then he resumed, in a voice of thunder:

"Wretched old man, never more shall you reproach me for dishonoring my race! Take that and die!"

The servant, hearing a body fall, hurried into the room. The Baron de Creuzy lay on the floor in a sea of blood. He had plunged a knife into his own heart.

A FALLACIOUS THEORY.

The popular theory that we hold more and more to life as we grow older is a mistake. White hair brings with it, on the contrary, a disgust of existence. Quite recently a miserly old fellow, who lived in a shabby garret at the top of a tenement house, committed suicide by hanging himself from the rafters of his abode, but previously made a will disposing of his fortune. When the house porter learnt that the old miser had made away with himself, he could not refrain from uttering an exclamation of satisfaction; but he soon began to profess great compassion for his old lodger when he heard that he had left him a legacy. He declared with tears in his eyes that he was a worthy person after all; and then, with eager curiosity, asked the amount of the property bequeathed to him in so unexpected a fashion. The following missive was placed in his hands: "I am disgusted with life, so I am quitting it. I leave to the porter of my lodging house my portrait and the rope with which I have hanged myself." The joy of the porter can be imagined.

There has been recently a noticeable increase of suicides by children. Thus far they do not seem to begin much before the age of 9; that is the moment, apparently, at which the pains of life become unbearable to them. One hundred and ninety-eight boys and 40 girls under the age of 15 destroyed themselves in four years; and of these 200 were over 12 years of age, 21 between 12 and 10, 4 over 10 years, 6 below 9, and 1 was only 7. A boy named Caillaud, 10 years of age, living at Bourganeuf (Creuse), committed suicide in September of last year, by swallowing a blister which had been placed on his back; he died in terrible agony.

The motives usually given for such waste of life are nearly all as trivial. A little boy drowned himself for grief at the loss of his canary. Another youth leaves a writing before killing himself, in which he bitterly blames his parents for the education they have given him; still another blasphemes God and society; a third kills himself "because he has not enough air to breathe with ease." From 13, however, motives grow to be more stupendous, as was shown in the case of the youth who hanged himself at that age, after making a will in which he declared that he "bequeathed his soul to Rousseau and his body to the earth." One young girl of 16, who recently suffocated herself with the fumes of charcoal at her parents' residence in the Rue de Turbigo, Paris, gave no reason whatever for her desperate deed. Her father left her in the morning after breakfast as gay as usual; when he came home from his daily occupation at dinner time he found his daughter stark dead on her bed. On the mantelshelf was found her pocket book, whereon she had written these pathetic lines:

TRIVIAL MOTIVES.

"My own dear, darling father, forgive me, do forgive me; and I beg of you, take great care of my little brother."

Some people have been known to seek a pecuniary advantage in self-destruction. The following advertisement appeared in the columns of *Le Petit Parisien* not long ago:

"Suicidal.—A young man to whom life is a burden, has resolved to put an end to himself, but wishes to profit by his death in the most advantageous manner possible. He places, therefore, the sacrifice of his life at the disposal of any person who, for a suitable sum, would wish to entrust him with an enterprise the issue of which would be necessarily fatal. This offer is quite serious. Write to the initials K. R. V., 48, Poste Restante, at Antwerp."

There is no punishment in the French code for attempt at suicide, so that announcements of the foregoing description may be made with impunity.

An advertisement even more explicit appeared in the *Rappel* two months ago. It reads as follows: "The father of a family, aged 22, having got through his studies, and losing his fortune in a disastrous affair, not being able to find employment and preferring anything rather than see those who are near and dear to him reduced to beggary, seeks to sell himself and become the tool (l'ame damnee) of anyone, for any purpose whatever, anywhere, as he is ready to do any deed for a suitable sum, provided the gendarmerie has not to interfere." That saving clause at the end is, of course, intended as a sop for Cerberus.

HEREDITARY INFLUENCES.

Suicide is fatally hereditary. Gall, the phrenologist, knew a family of which the grandmother, sister and mother all killed themselves; and the son and daughter of the last all followed in the same terrible track. Another family of seven brothers, all well off and in good positions, committed suicide one after another in the space of 40 years. Whole families have died out that way. The examples of repeated suicides among relations are frequent in France. But what is called hereditary tendency is often a mere matter of imitation. Suicides, in fact, appear to belong to the class of epidemic diseases. It is enough for a single soldier to put an end to himself in barracks, either by firearms, the bayonet, the sword, or hanging, and immediately the tragedy is repeated by one or another, until the regiment is ordered off to new quarters, and the minds of the men are thus amused by fresh ideas, leading to a forgetfulness of the past. If a man jumps off the Triumphal Arch at the top of the Champs-Elysees, in the city, somebody else is almost sure to do this like a few days afterward from the column on the Place de la Bastille or the towers of Notre-Dame. Travel appears to be one of the most effectual cures for this species of monomania. A surgeon mentioned to his barber one day a case of attempted suicide by cutting the throat, and remarked that the right part of the throat had not been chosen for the cut. The barber asked what the right spot was, watched the surgeon narrowly point it out, and shortly afterward went into a side room and with much skill drew the razor across the fatal spot.

SUICIDE AND EDUCATION.

Where three men kill themselves in towns and four men in the country, only one woman follows their example. The most fatal times of life to the gentle sex are from 14 to 20, and from 40 to 50.

«On the whole, sad as it is to confess, and anomalous as it seems at first sight, suicide increases with education and civilization. The fewest suicides occur in Spain and Russia, and it will hardly be argued that this results from the superior enlightenment of the people in those countries. The inhabitants of those departments in France in which everyone can read are precisely those who kill themselves the most. The spread of the alphabet is coincident with that of self-murder. The savage rarely, if ever, takes his own life; the sensitive, highly organized and highly educated man of literature, art and science, ends his days by the pistol or the cord. One of the most melancholy suicides of modern times was that of the gifted Prevost-Paradol, who, after stultifying his most brilliant writings by accepting a post under the Second Empire—that of Minister at Washington—could not apparently reconcile his own political apostacy to his conscience, and died by his own hand on the 19th of July, 1870. He died just as the Liberal cause, with which his name had always been associated, was on the point of triumphing.

METHODS OF SUICIDE.

Fewer deaths by drowning occur in winter than in summer. Hanging and drowning account, by themselves alone, for nearly 70 per cent of the cases; 15 belong to shooting; while the remainder are composed of a mixture of cutting, stabbing, poisoning, springing from heights, and various unspecified killings. Lawyers prefer firearms as a means, physicians choose poison generally. Self-destruction by cutting the throat, though rare in France comparatively, is more common than stabbing; opening the veins is less common than either. But it is strange to read the statistical tables, and to see how every year the same proportion is maintained between the methods—how many, out of a given number, are sure to use hanging, how many drowning, how many poison, firearms, and so on—all calculated with as much certainty as the height of the tides or algebraic quantities.

The exact frame of mind in which a man was when committing suicide can be readily discovered by the features of the corpse. If the teeth are firmly set, the eyes slightly open and looking upward, a fit of violent passion prompted the act; if the eyes are closed, but not tightly, the mouth slightly open, and the teeth not shut, then it was due to an excess of pent-up rage; if fear of punishment has driven him to it, his eyes and mouth will be placidly closed. The hands also furnish a test when there is a doubt whether the case of a man whose throat has been cut be one of murder or suicide. The hand with which a suicide commits the deed will remain soft for a time, and will curl up a day or two after death, while a man who has been murdered dies with his eyes and mouth open and his hands clenched.

In August last a cabman, 23 years of age, committed suicide in a fit of disgust at things in general. In his pocket he left one of the most singular wills that I ever remember to have heard of. It related that in the left pocket of his trousers would be found a 10-franc piece, which was to be given to the doctor who signed the certificate of his death. His body was to be carried to the Jardin des Plantes and dissected. The flesh was to be cut up into slices, and divided among the lions, tigers and bears. The testator added: "I intend that these animals shall regale themselves upon my flesh." DR. DELARUE,
Of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, Vice President of the Association of Doctors.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

—ON—

MORALS AND MANNERS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE pew question is once more receiving wide attention. The debate is continental. A church is a spiritual organization, with a necessary business side. For it costs money to keep it open and at work. The minister must be paid; the sexton's salary must be raised; the gas bill, the coal bill, the bill for repairs, require attention; the choir refuses to sing notes musical without notes bankable; and, in the majority of cases, the interest on the church debt (a mortgage which the devil holds on the the Lord's property), must be met. Hence, it is apparent that the question of income is vital.

Now, pew renting is the accustomed method of securing this income. It enables the treasurer to tell at a glance just how matters stand: Our expenses amount to this sum; our receipts amount to that sum; and the difference between the two is the deficiency or the surplus, as the case may be—usually the deficiency.

For the difficulty with the rental system is that it does not secure the income needed, save in exceptional instances. There is a deficit which is the chronic despair of pastors and treasurers. And this deficit is the open door through which everything that is questionable and objectionable in church conduct comes in.

Now, since the rental system does not accomplish the object, why not discard it, and experiment a little? The average church could hardly be worse off. Class churches, club churches, private property churches are tabooed by the (practically) excluded multitude. They are an offense to heaven. They are spiritually as well as financially unprosperous.

Reverse this. Invite the people, and make the church comfortable for them. Train them to understand that true worship includes giving out as well as taking in. Let it be known that the whole household of faith is to meet the expense of spiritual housekeeping—each according to his means. Assign the sittings in the order of application. Keep the spirit of caste off the floor of God's house. In time and with patience the people will be educated to appreciate and care for their ecclesiastical