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POETRY.

PRETTY MABEL.

Side by side with Pretty Mabel
Sat I, with the sunshade down
In the distance humm'd the Babel
Of the many-floored town;
There we sat with looks unstable—
Now of tenderness, of frown.
"Must we part?" or may I linger?
"Was the shadow, wane the day,"
That has almost died away,
"Go," she said; but blushing finger
Said articulately, "Stay!"
Face to face with Pretty Mabel,
With the sunny curls down;
"To convey, bean to bean;
Till the slant sun flane the abbe
Far allwath the sleepy lane."
"Now I see, Adieu, adieu, love!"
This is wakened sweet, he strong
Comes the foothold of the dew, love!
Philtone's reminding song.
"Go," she said; "but I go, too, love!
Go with you, my true one."
Hand in hand with Pretty Mabel,
Mid all other shiftings stable,
Quite mid surrounding strife;
Now forms of pleasant fable,
But a husband and a wife.

THE STORY-TELLER.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I had come back after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to linger for a brief time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in its familiarity was every thing!—every thing but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as everywhere. I asked for this one and that one as the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer, "Dead," came so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.
"What of Payson?" said I.
"Oh, he's all right," came the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.
"How all right?" I inquired.
"My friend pointed to an elegant house standing in the midst of ornamental grounds that were adorned with fountains and statuary.
"He lives there," said he.
"I remember you as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence, and cheerful temper.
"Then he has become a rich man?"
"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this region of country."
"Did he build that house?"
"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel naturally proud of Mr. Payson."
"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using his wealth in enterprises that look to the common good?"
"Oh, as to that," was the reply, "he is like other men."
"How like other men?"
"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."
"And what of Melville?" I asked.
"Henry Melville?"
"Yes.
"There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not foreshadow a good report. He shook his head as he replied:
"Poor Melville stands about where you left him; never has succeeded well in anything."
"I am grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends I valued him most."
"It is too true; and I am sorry for it. That is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.
"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself.
"Taking the two men I now recall them, Melville most deserved success."
"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other element of success. What, I don't really know, for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and don't have a great many warm friends."
"Not so many as Mr. Payson, I presume."
"Oh, no, of course not."
I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I carried in my mind by far the pleasantest recollections of Melville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life beyond that of almost every other one I had left in my native place.
"What of Henry Melville?" I asked another.
"Oh, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, and with an indifferant toss of the head.
"I am sorry that my old friend Henry Melville has made out so poorly," said I, speaking of him in a third direction.
"What is the cause of it?"
"The causes of success or failure in life are deeply hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in these matters; but I own to being in the dark. There isn't an honest or more industrious man in the world than Melville, and yet he don't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing very well, better than usual, when his shop burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."
"Had he no insurance?"
"Yes, but it was only partial; just enough to get him going again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing, he told me, very well, when a spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were wanted, and he was forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever comes

some pull back just as he gets fairly on the road to success."
"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.
"I never heard him complain."
"It has been different with Mr. Payson."
"O dear, yes; his whole life has been marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold."
The testimony in regard to the two men agreed in the general. One had succeeded in life, the other had not. I felt interest enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so, in virtue of old acquaintanceship, called to see them. My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful man? Have it so, if it was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!
"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his own fine countenance all aglow with pleasure. "This is a surprise! Come in! Come in!" And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the moose furniture of which told the story of his limited means.
"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Why, it's over—let me see—over twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."
"Over twenty-five," said I.
"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all about yourself."
"All about myself! And the interest was sincere and cordial. "I must hear about you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face. "How is it with you?"
"Oh, as well as I deserve, and something better," he replied, cheerfully. "No shadows came over his face."
"You have not succeeded in getting rich, is it?"
"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not always to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own I have fallen into the error myself. But my successes have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them; I called them for a time the good, good, or the chief means toward attaining my great good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."
"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.
"It were better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key. "I tried philosophy, but it wouldn't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up, higher, to the Strong for strength."
"His face lighted up beautifully.
"And found Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I remarked.
"Yes, in that sense, my friend. His are the cattle upon a thousand hills."
"You have children?" I said.
"Yes, and good children, thank God. Loving children."
His eyes glistened as he spoke.
"And this was the man of whom you spoke with pity; some with indifference, and some even with contempt as of no account. But Payson was 'all right,'" I referred to Payson.
"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."
"He has succeeded largely."
"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melville. "Some think he has failed miserably."
"He is rich."
"In money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied by riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No! no! no!"
He spoke with earnestness.
"I have seen him," said I.
"Well, how did he impress you?"
"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you that his life has been a miserable failure."
"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can approach that near, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, blasted selfishness, fermenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some satiating cancer of the soul that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."
I saw these two men frequently during the few days that I lingered in the old familiar places, and when I went away it was with no nicely-balanced question in my thought as to which was the truly successful man.

Effects of Alcohol on Longevity.
The recent issue of the "Journal of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain and Ireland," contains a paper read at the institute by Francis G. P. Neison, Esq., F.S.C., Actuary, on "The Influence of Occupation upon Health." Mr. Neison shows the death-rate among miners, among the workers and dealers in metals, among gardeners, carpenters, masons, shoemakers, butchers, domestic servants, liquor dealers, etc. The result is, that among those engaged in every branch of the liquor traffic the death-rate is even higher than among miners. Here are the rates 25 to 65 years of age: **MORTALITY FOR ONE THOUSAND PERSONS LIVING.**
Gardeners..... Per 1,000 persons.....10.4
Carpenters.....12.7
Shoemakers.....14.4
Masons.....17.0
Butchers.....17.4
Iron-miners.....18.0
Coal-miners.....18.3
Trimmers.....18.5
Beer-sellers.....21.5
Wine and spirit merchants.....25.0
Publicans, licensed victuallers, inn and hotel-keepers together.....25.6
Inn and hotel-keepers.....27.0
Mr. Neison says: "Though no advocate of teetotalism, this table certainly presents facts of the utmost importance as to the influence of drinks and stimulants upon health."
"In no other class is such a high death-rate presented as in those occupations connected with drinks and stimulants." The average death-rate here given is forty years, for all living from 25 to 65 years of age.
Taking all living between 45 and 65 years of age, and the death-rate is as follows:
Gardeners..... Per 1,000 persons.....14.3
Beer-sellers.....14.9
Wine and spirit merchants.....31.8
Publicans, licensed victuallers, inn and hotel-keepers together.....33.0
Inn and hotel-keepers.....35.2
It will thus be seen that for every 144 gardeners who die between the ages of 45 and 65, no less than 3615 hotel-keepers die; although gardeners have to labor hard and hotel-keepers do not.
The Throw Stick.
Sir Walter Elliot has traced to East India a curved "throw stick," resembling, but differing from, the Australian boomerang, inasmuch as it does not return to the hand when thrown. The Indian "throw stick" is found among the rude races inhabiting the mountain and forest tracts of Central and Western India. In waste and jungle tracts, the people turn out in great numbers during the hot season, commencing on the first day of the Hindu new year in March, and continued on every succeeding Sunday till the monsoon begins. Hares, deer, hog, pea-fowls, partridges, etc., raised by the natives, are beaten, each carrying a "throw stick," are knocked over by showers of these weapons thrown with great force and precision.
From the form of such sticks, which are from 1 1/2 to 2 feet long and 3 to 6 inches in diameter, they are affected, in side foremost, the author deduced the form assumed by the iron weapons subsequently formed by the same races. Professor Huxley, in classifying the varieties of the human race exclusively for physical characters, had included under one head the people of New South Wales, the Highlanders of India, and the people of Ancient Egypt, all of whom includes under the term Australoid. Now it is a remarkable coincidence that among these three far distant peoples the "throw stick" was the weapon of the chase, and that examples do not occur in the intermediate countries. The pictures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes represent hunting scenes in which the curved sticks found at this day in India are extensively represented. The boomerang of Australia is precisely of the same form, but being thinner and lighter, is so fitted as to have a recoiling property.
A Caution.
An eminent English magistrate, wise, learned, and most highly esteemed, recently died by his own hand, at the age of fifty-eight. This tragic end was manifestly brought about by the nervous exhaustion and mental depression consequent upon overworking both brain and body. A dozen years ago the health of this judge began to suffer from his constant labors, but he gave himself no rest; work had become a habit with him, and he continued to overload himself. Three years ago depression of spirits and other signs of mental fatigue and disease showed themselves. Still he gave no reasonable attention to the laws of health, and even refused to take the ordinary recreation which was within his reach. His labors during the past summer had been specially exhausting, and he often found himself unable to sleep. It is stated that for two weeks the overworked worker obtained no sleep. Even then he persisted in keeping busy. A few days past his death he became exceedingly depressed, and silent, his memory failed, and various peculiarities were noticed. He had always evinced the greatest horror of the crime of self-destruction; yet reason became so perverted that he sought relief from his sufferings by suicide.
Such a death is an impressive warning to all brainworkers of the danger of constant and excessive exercise of that delicate and sensitive organ. When desire for gain, the temptations of ambition, the love of labor or study for its own sake, or any motive, however laudable in itself, leads to the neglect of the laws of health, it is time to check the impelling impulse. And the brain-worker who cannot sleep may well take instant alarm. The mind must have rest, or it will avenge itself fearfully.
"Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, who cannot sleep may well take instant alarm, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him for some distance."

The Epidemic Among Horses.
A sudden calamity has fallen upon the horses of the northern part of the American continent, by which nearly the whole of them are rendered temporarily useless. The virulence of the complaint is such that, within two days, more than half the horses of New York and its suburbs are stricken, and require rest and treatment. Hack-stands are deserted, travel is impeded, labor is suspended, and an almost Sabbath-like stillness falls upon the ordinarily crowded and noisy streets. Fortunately the nature of this attack is not so serious as it would seem to be, and only its singularity gives rise to apprehensions which its character does not warrant. In other countries, especially in England, its occurrence under certain atmospheric conditions is looked upon as a matter of course, and familiarity, although it may not exactly breed contempt, nevertheless prevents either astonishment or apprehension. It is neither directly serious nor necessarily fatal to any subject, unless complications produce dangerous secondary effects. It is a catarrhal fever, which, being caused by conditions which are general, affects at one and the same time the animals of a whole district, and often of districts comparatively distant from each other. It is not contagious. It readily yields to proper treatment. Rest and careful nursing and palliative effect an easy cure. The promontory symptoms are general listlessness, drooping head, an excessive secretion of tears, discharge from the nose, at first thin and serous, afterwards thick, like pus; and cough which rapidly increases in severity until it is accompanied by bleeding from the nose; loss of appetite and great weakness, with cold sweats and fever. The treatment should be immediate if a rapid recovery is desired. Work should be suspended at the first appearance of the symptoms. Warm demulcent drinks, such as flaxseed-tea, should be given. Steaming the nostrils and head by means of a piece of scalded bran suspended beneath the nose, warm dry bedding and blanketing, and the production of a state of perspiration as soon as possible after attack, are necessary. The moment healthy perspiration can be induced, a cure is commenced. The stables should be disinfected and well ventilated, but no drafts of air should be permitted to blow upon the horses. Warm water, copiously applied to the feet and legs, which should afterwards be rubbed quite dry with coarse woolen cloths, is useful as is also similar friction over the whole body. Medicine should not be administered unless by a careful and competent surgeon. The soreness of the throat and inflammation of the vocal organs, which cause liquid medicines to find their way to the lungs, with fatal effect. Mild irritants, such as mustard or ammonia, rubbed on the throat, relieve the soreness, and the water for drink is a valuable help. Bran-mashes or scalded oats, with little hay, should be fed. With such gentle treatment and careful nursing, and a cautious return to work and higher feed, nothing more serious than a few days' suspension of work is to be dreaded. It is probable that horned sheep, and even swine, may be affected in which case treatment is needed similar to that above described.
Life in New York.
Despite the laws against "pretty waiter girls" and the occasional raids upon saloons especially obnoxious on this account, not even the palmiest days of "44" and "The Louvre," before the war, could show more activity in this branch of gas-light entertainment than one now sees. "Murderer's Block," on Broadway, is a glare of light from early evening until early morn. Gaudy displays of incense to vice, the city was never more openly supplied with the means of debauchery at present. The ostentatious of the haggard creatures who have taken the place of the "pretty waiter girls" of yore is even more reprehensible to the strict moralist. It consists of the dress of the theatrical sage, only more exaggerated, if possible, and while the effect is somewhat unpleasant in inclement weather, the fact of its high favor with the frequenters of these resorts is attested by the throngs that are found here long after the meridian of night is passed and when the milk-wagons have left the hydrants to rattle through the deserted streets on their morning ton. The immense rents, too, paid by these establishments, located on the best part of Broadway, give evidence of their prosperity.—N. Y. Paper.
The Story of the Pig.
A friend of ours was arguing in favor of buying large pigs in the spring, declaring it to be very much better than but small ones, as they would eat but little more.
A neighbor differed from him in opinion, whereupon he told a story, which, in the language of the day, "took down" his opponent, and all hearers decided that small pigs cost "some."
"Last spring," said he, "I bought a little pig from a drover, and he was good for eating, but wouldn't grow much. He got so, after a week or two, that he would eat a bucketful at a time, and then, like Oliver Twist, would call for more."
"Well, what of it? What has that got to do with?"
"Hold on! I was going to tell you. One morning I carried out a water-bucket full of provender, and after he had swallowed it all, I picked up the pig and put him in the same bucket that I had fed him from, and he didn't half fill it up!"
"Curious isn't it? And can real 'science' explain the phenomena?"
"The prettiest ruse bar of the season is a white Indian lace hat. It may be worn with any toilette."

Hallowe'en.
On Hallowe'en all the witches, demons, fairies, and evil people who have out-lived the attacks of scientific criticism were supposed to be abroad, disporting themselves as best they might. All Saints' Day followed, which, in the Christian world, has been a general feast since the ninth century. Hallowe'en is yet in origin a pagan institution, and was known long ago in the British Isles and the Normans in the times of the Druids. It is celebrated with merry rites, the efficacy of which is more than half believed in by even the well-to-do people in the northern counties of England and in Scotland, and it were a pity should they ever die out, being so pleasant and harmless. The customs herewith connected have been brought to this country by yeoman immigrants, and will be practised in many a farmhouse far out in the country to-night, as well as in many city homes. Cakes and ale, nuts and apples, will be abundantly eaten and drunk; games will be played, and there will be good times everywhere. Youngsters will "duck for apples," and bring them up from the bottom of the water-tub in their teeth—a matter which is by no means easy for one unaccustomed to it, since one's eyes must be kept wide open under the water, and the mouth open, too, sufficiently wide to hold the fruit. Girls who wish to see their future husbands will do a thimbleful of salt before retiring for the night, get to bed backwards, and, looking at the moon—if there be one—say:
"This moon, fair moon, I hail thee!
Grant this night that I may see
Who my true lover is to be."
And, of course, when they awake thirsty from their salt, the lovers' mystic friends will bring them real water to drink. A volume would hardly describe all the customs of the eve, so many and varied they are, and all are of "merry pleasure."
The Adulteration of Food.
The London Daily Telegraph observes that nothing would be easier than to collect a budget of droll sayings and comic anecdotes concerning adulteration—to relate the sensational stories which bade his apprentice, when he sanded the sugar, watered the tobacco, and roasted the horsebeans for the coffee, come to prayers; to tell how ground glass once commonly went under the trade name of "P. D." or pepper dust, and was actually mixed with that condiment; and to give, for the occasion, a list of such grains of paradise in beer; the turpentine and vitriol in gin; the sloe-leaves and chopped birch brooms in tea; the suet and water in butter; the unutterable and unknown nastiness in cheap sausages. With the truth or the falsehood of most of these oft-told tales we have no quarrel, but we do heartily commend the adulterator, if it can be so plainly or strongly pointed out—whether the food he garbles be intended for the sustenance of man or for animals, on which mankind feeds—is a public enemy. He whose wares poison the stomachs of pigs or poultry, comes at last to poison ourselves, since the occasional raids upon saloons especially obnoxious on this account, not even the palmiest days of "44" and "The Louvre," before the war, could show more activity in this branch of gas-light entertainment than one now sees. "Murderer's Block," on Broadway, is a glare of light from early evening until early morn. Gaudy displays of incense to vice, the city was never more openly supplied with the means of debauchery at present. The ostentatious of the haggard creatures who have taken the place of the "pretty waiter girls" of yore is even more reprehensible to the strict moralist. It consists of the dress of the theatrical sage, only more exaggerated, if possible, and while the effect is somewhat unpleasant in inclement weather, the fact of its high favor with the frequenters of these resorts is attested by the throngs that are found here long after the meridian of night is passed and when the milk-wagons have left the hydrants to rattle through the deserted streets on their morning ton. The immense rents, too, paid by these establishments, located on the best part of Broadway, give evidence of their prosperity.—N. Y. Paper.
Sea Sickness.
A man who has been sick into death, and very often, at sea, writes an account of a recent voyage to India, and how he circumvented the sea-sickness.
"My remedy," he says, "I did not, like many sanguine passengers who felt so well and jolly with the sea-breeze and still water, go down to dinner, but sat quietly on deck till such time as I felt a little hungry, and then went down to my berth, had some toast, lying down, in the open sea, and slept well during the evening and through the night. I did not get up the next day, though I felt quite well, but by the steward's favor had a good breakfast and dinner lying in my berth. I arose on the third morning, feeling perfectly well, and from that day and all through my voyage, I took my meals at table, as usual, and was found, as I then believed, and still am assured of, a perfect cure for seasickness. I may mention that fully one-third of the passengers were sick, and a number did not make their appearance at table till a day or two after me, and I can only attribute my unenvied immunity from this miserable complaint to lying in my berth as long as time as my system had become accustomed to the rolling and pitching motion."
Russian Superstitions.
Birth and death, as well as marriage, the Greek Church invest with symbols and solemnities. When an infant is a day old, a priest is summoned to give it a name and reads prayers for the recovery of the mother. The calendar is searched, and the name of some saint chosen whose festival falls within the week of the child's nativity; at least this is the proper and pious mode of procedure. The one selected becomes thenceforth the patron saint, the angel of the boy or girl; and the festival day is his or her name's day, a day for pleasure and gifts and congratulations. Thus the present Emperor bears the name of St. Alexander Nevski, and his name's day is by our calendar, which is twelve days in advance of the Russian, the 11th of September—a day for illuminations and rejoicing throughout the Empire. These days are begun by devout attendance on mass; then an entertainment is provided for friends who, to show their interest, drop in without special invitation, and the evening is concluded with mirth and dancing. In a Russian's eyes his angel is most precious and potent; a sacred interdict watching over all his life, and waiting to receive him when it is ended.
LUNACY.—The Pall Mall Gazette tells the following story:—"The visiting justices of a certain inland English county were inspecting a lunatic asylum. A female patient handed to one of them a paper to read in vindication of her sanity. After perusing a part of the document on the spot the justices put it aside for the time being, coming to the conclusion that the very phraseology of the writer was conclusive proof of her lunacy. Upon a subsequent and more careful analysis of the petition it was found that the sentences which had so struck the justices as conclusive of lunacy were taken verbatim from a leading article in the London Daily Telegraph." Whether the above should be considered as true, or merely a little editorial pleasantry, is a question left to readers to solve for themselves.

Texas Cattle Fever.
Our western exchanges have already begun their periodical fusillade against the transportation of Texas cattle across their territory, upon the alleged ground that the disease known as "Texas cattle fever," follows in the wake of these Texas cattle drovers. There are some singular, if not suspicious facts connected with this trade against the Texas cattle in reference to the disease in question, a few of which we propose to notice in the interest of common justice.
It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that Texas cattle do not have the Texas cattle fever! and those who are without interest in the matter cannot regard it otherwise than a very singular fact the Texas cattle, apart from the cattle of Missouri and Illinois a disease which they do not have.
During the late war large numbers of Texas cattle were driven to and through Louisiana by the Confederate authorities for the use of the Confederate forces at Vicksburg and Fort Hudson. These cattle were driven across the country, and the symptoms were required, and many of them wintered in the cane region of Eastern Louisiana, where they had free and constant intercourse with the native stock of the country, and yet not a single case of Texas cattle fever was ever developed from this contact. The unsophisticated, who are without interest in the matter, would regard this as another singular fact. But Louisiana cattle were not competing with the Texas cattle in the beef market, hence they obstinately refused to contract any disease from them, and they were particularly cautious not to contract a disease which these Texas cattle did not have.
Some four years ago an Arkansas correspondent of Colman's Rural World detailed the fact that "the disease (Texas cattle fever) commenced its ravages in Arkansas in 1846, killing thousands of cattle, while no such thing was known in Texas at that time. It continued to rage for ten years, and disappeared about the time Texas cattle were introduced."
Now here is an array of facts adverse to the theory that Texas cattle imparts this disease, that is worthy of consideration. And when we remember the additional fact that Texas cattle are formidable competitors of the cattle of Missouri and Illinois in the beef markets of the North and East, make a case against the assumptions of the interested parties of the States named which will require more conclusive proofs than have thus far been adduced, to satisfy us that they are justified in the unfriendly legislation that has been enacted upon this subject against the Texas cattle trade.
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Carpenters.....12.7
Shoemakers.....14.4
Masons.....17.0
Butchers.....17.4
Iron-miners.....18.0
Coal-miners.....18.3
Trimmers.....18.5
Beer-sellers.....21.5
Wine and spirit merchants.....25.0
Publicans, licensed victuallers, inn and hotel-keepers together.....25.6
Inn and hotel-keepers.....27.0
Mr. Neison says: "Though no advocate of teetotalism, this table certainly presents facts of the utmost importance as to the influence of drinks and stimulants upon health."
"In no other class is such a high death-rate presented as in those occupations connected with drinks and stimulants." The average death-rate here given is forty years, for all living from 25 to 65 years of age.
Taking all living between 45 and 65 years of age, and the death-rate is as follows:
Gardeners..... Per 1,000 persons.....14.3
Beer-sellers.....14.9
Wine and spirit merchants.....31.8
Publicans, licensed victuallers, inn and hotel-keepers together.....33.0
Inn and hotel-keepers.....35.2
It will thus be seen that for every 144 gardeners who die between the ages of 45 and 65, no less than 3615 hotel-keepers die; although gardeners have to labor hard and hotel-keepers do not.
The Throw Stick.
Sir Walter Elliot has traced to East India a curved "throw stick," resembling, but differing from, the Australian boomerang, inasmuch as it does not return to the hand when thrown. The Indian "throw stick" is found among the rude races inhabiting the mountain and forest tracts of Central and Western India. In waste and jungle tracts, the people turn out in great numbers during the hot season, commencing on the first day of the Hindu new year in March, and continued on every succeeding Sunday till the monsoon begins. Hares, deer, hog, pea-fowls, partridges, etc., raised by the natives, are beaten, each carrying a "throw stick," are knocked over by showers of these weapons thrown with great force and precision.
From the form of such sticks, which are from 1 1/2 to 2 feet long and 3 to 6 inches in diameter, they are affected, in side foremost, the author deduced the form assumed by the iron weapons subsequently formed by the same races. Professor Huxley, in classifying the varieties of the human race exclusively for physical characters, had included under one head the people of New South Wales, the Highlanders of India, and the people of Ancient Egypt, all of whom includes under the term Australoid. Now it is a remarkable coincidence that among these three far distant peoples the "throw stick" was the weapon of the chase, and that examples do not occur in the intermediate countries. The pictures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes represent hunting scenes in which the curved sticks found at this day in India are extensively represented. The boomerang of Australia is precisely of the same form, but being thinner and lighter, is so fitted as to have a recoiling property.
A Caution.
An eminent English magistrate, wise, learned, and most highly esteemed, recently died by his own hand, at the age of fifty-eight. This tragic end was manifestly brought about by the nervous exhaustion and mental depression consequent upon overworking both brain and body. A dozen years ago the health of this judge began to suffer from his constant labors, but he gave himself no rest; work had become a habit with him, and he continued to overload himself. Three years ago depression of spirits and other signs of mental fatigue and disease showed themselves. Still he gave no reasonable attention to the laws of health, and even refused to take the ordinary recreation which was within his reach. His labors during the past summer had been specially exhausting, and he often found himself unable to sleep. It is stated that for two weeks the overworked worker obtained no sleep. Even then he persisted in keeping busy. A few days past his death he became exceedingly depressed, and silent, his memory failed, and various peculiarities were noticed. He had always evinced the greatest horror of the crime of self-destruction; yet reason became so perverted that he sought relief from his sufferings by suicide.
Such a death is an impressive warning to all brainworkers of the danger of constant and excessive exercise of that delicate and sensitive organ. When desire for gain, the temptations of ambition, the love of labor or study for its own sake, or any motive, however laudable in itself, leads to the neglect of the laws of health, it is time to check the impelling impulse. And the brain-worker who cannot sleep may well take instant alarm. The mind must have rest, or it will avenge itself fearfully.
"Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, who cannot sleep may well take instant alarm, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him for some distance."