NO. 37.

Texas Cattle Fever.

Our western exchanges have already begun their periodical fusilade 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 con-

nected with this tirade against the Texas

cattle in reference to the disease in ques-

tion, a few of which we propose to no-

tice 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 that Texas cattle impart to 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 authori-

ties for the use of the Confederate forces at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. These cattle were driven across the country, herded on the range till required, and many of them wintered in

the cane region of Eastern Louisiana, where they had free and constant inter-course with the native stock of the coun-

try, 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 compe-

ting with the Texas cattle in the beet

market, hence they obstinately refused

to contract any disease from them, and they were particularly cautious not to contract a disease which these Texas

Some four years ago an Arkansas cor-respondent of Colman's Rural World de-tailed the fact that "the disease (Texas

cattle fever) commenced its ravages in

Arkansas in 1846, killing thousands of

rage for ten years, and disappeared about

the time Texas cattle were introduced."

to the theory that Texas cattle imparts this disease, that is worthy of considera-tion. And when we remember the ad-

ditional fact that Texas cattle are formi-

dable competitors of the cattle of Mis-

souri 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 trade.—Rural South Plana.

Sea Sickness.

A man who has been sick unto death,

My remedy was this: I did not, like

and very often, at sea, writes an account

of a recent voyage to India, and how he

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,

though it was then rough and we were

in the open sea, and slept well during

ing 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, ate heartily, hav-

ing found, as I then believed, and still

sickness. 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 unwonted im-

munity from this miserable complaint to

Now here is an array of facts adverse

cattle did not have.

POETRY.

PRETTY MABEL

Side by side with Pretty Mabel Sate I, with the sunshade down ; In the distance humm'd the Babel Of the many-footed Town; There we sate with looks pastable-

'Must we part? or may I linger?

Wax the shadows, wanes the day. Then, with voice as sweetest singer That has almost died away, Go:" she said; but tightened finger Said articulately, "Stay !"

Face to face with Protty Mabel, Till a sense, I am unable To convey, began to dawn; Till the siant sun flung the gable

Far athwart the sleepy lawn. "Now I go. Adien, adien, love!

This is weakness; sweet, be strong. Comes the footfall of the dew, love! Philomel's reminding song." "Go!" she said: " but I go, too, love! Hand in hand with Pretty Mabel.

Through perplexities of life; Mid all other shiftings stable, Quiet 'mid surrounding strife; No mere forms of pleasant fable, But—a husband and a wife.

THE STORY-TELLER.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I had come come back, after an ab sence of nearly twenty-five years, to linger for a brief time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by child-hood 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 remembered him as 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." 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 Melleville?" I asked. "Henry Melleville?"

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 Melleville stands about where you left him; never has succeeded well in any thing."

I am grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends I valued him

"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 as I now recall them, Melleville

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 pre-

"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 Melleville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life beyond that of almost every other one I had left in my native

What of Henry Melleville?" I asked of another.

"Oh, he's a stick in the mud," wa answered coarsely, and with an indiffer-ent toss of the head.

" I am sorry that my old friend Henry Melleville 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 honester or more industri-ous man in the world than Melleville 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 valnable 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, told me, very well, when a spring freshet carried away the dam and waterwheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were attempted, 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. Pay-"O dear, yes; his whole life has been

marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold." The testimony in regard to the

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

you will: human nature is weak.
"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, who showed me into a rather stylishly-furnished office, where it was plain, from the display of books and papers, that Mr. Payson met his visitors

who came on business.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, the instant my eyes rested on his face, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of

my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I arose and extended my hand.

He pronounced my name, but in a tone guiltless of pleasure or cordiality.

The earnest pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper. I was chilled by his manner, and felt like retiring without another

word. But having approached him, I was not willing to recede without reading him with some care. "It is twenty-five years since we met," said I, after resuming the seat from which I had arisen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that," he responded, with out interest "Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from the home-nest out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?" He did not look at me in direct aspect, but with a slightly angular range of vision, as if there were a selfish suspicion in his mind touching the object of my

"I have no complaint to make against the world," said I.

"You are a rara avis, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile; "the first man I have met in a decade who didn't rail at the world for treating him badly. "Has it treated you badly?" I could not help smiling back into his face as I

asked this question.

"Yes; or, at least, the people in it.
The world is well enough, I suppose; but
the people! Oh dear! Every other the people! Oh dear! Every other man you meet has some design on you." "Your experience has been more un-

favorable than mine," said I. "Then you are fortunate—that is all I

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days attentively from the moment he came in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twentyfive. But time had not improved his face, as it does some faces. Every feature remained; I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler development. All that expressed kindness, humanity, and good-will had nearly died out; while hard selfishness looked

at you from every lineament." "You have been fortunate," I remarked, 'as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness."

The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.
"When I went from this neighborhood you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are

successful in your degree. "Money isn't happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting. "No; but it may be made the minister

of happiness," I said, in return. "Yes, I know. That's the common talk of the day." He answered in a kind of a growl. "I find it the minister of

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion." "Then they don't speak from their hearts, as I do." "You have health and a beautiful

home. These are elements of real hap-He shut his lips tightly and shook his

"I have no sound health. Don't know what it is to have a pleasant bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful

to which you refer-' He checked himself, and became silent, while a painful expression settled in his

"You have children?" He lifted his eyes to mine with a ques-tioning look, as if he thought me probing

"Yes," he simply answered. "Pretty well grown by this time?"
"Some of them." He paused and then
added, "And quite past me. Children, Sir!" His manner grew suddenly excited. But he checked himself, with a slight air of cenfusion; then went on. "Children, Sir!" stopped once more, as

if in shame. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," said I, cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulder and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a topic of public interest. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought felt a common interest When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that. outside of money, he was the most un-successful man it had been my fortune to meet in this world. In nothing be sides money-getting had he succe When I last saw him he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-tempered young man. Now he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction—a great money fungus, without any of the elements of a noble and true

his children were young, he was so absorbed in his fields and in his merchandise that he had no time or inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of no real moment as to the welfare of these children he would interfere with his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyranical way; thus closing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good. Badly managed, repressed unwisely in some directions and unwisely indulged in others, they were grow-ing up selfish, ill-tempered, proud, and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it with love. And he, as far as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives as un-comfortable as they made his. It was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And

here was my successful man!
"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melleville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little nome, 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 meagre furiture 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

"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 some thing better," he replied, cheerfully. No shadows came over his face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see." "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 greatest good, or the chief means toward attaining the greatest

good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came "But a manly philosophy oustained ou," 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."

"And found Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I remarked. "Yes, in truth. I am poor; but His are the cattle upon a thousand bills."

"You have children?" I said. "Yes, and good children, thank God Loving children!

His eyes glistened as he spoke. And this was the man who had not ucceeded, this was the man of whom some spoke with pity, some with indifference, and some even with contempt as of no account. But Payson was right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man !" was the reply. look at him without a feeling of pity." " He has succeeded largely." "There is a difference of opinion about

that," said Melleville. "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 for the wealth of a thousand mind, 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, bloated selfishness, tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating 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.

A Pathetic Sheep Story.

The St. Louis Democrat prints this peautiful little story: "There is a covered bridge at Peoria 500 feet above highwater mark. A drover recently attempted to drive 1,000 sheep across it. When about half way over, the bellweather noticed an open window, and, recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once appreciated his critical situation, and, with a leg stretched to-ward each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive 'Ma-a!' and descended to his fate. The next sheep and the next followed, imitating the gesture and the remark of the leader. For hours it rained sheep. The erewhile placid stream was incarnadine with the lifeblood of moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep as it disappeared through the window waved adieu to this wicked world did the movement sease."

A tuft of ostrich feathers, with a gold or silver aigrette, are much worn Upon inquiry I learned that, while head-dress in evening toilet.

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 deathrate is even higher than among miners. Here are the rates 25 to 65 years of age:

MORTALITY FOR ONE THOUSAND PERSONS LIVING. Per 1,000 persons Tiu-miners Hambers 21.5
Beer-sellers 25.0
Wine and spirit merchants 25.0
Publicans, licensed vinters, 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 stimu-lants upon health. * In no other class is such a high death-rate presented as amongst the various occupa-tions connected with drinks and stimu-lants." 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 fol-

79 11 2 1	
INTUUUUUL	Per 1,000 persons
Gardeners	
Beer-sellers	
Wine and spirit merchan	ıta
Publicans, licensed vinte	
keepers together	
Inn and hotel-keepers	
W/ 191 /4 4	

It will thus be seen that for every 14. ardeners who die between the ages of of perspiration as soon as possible after attack, are necessary. The moment healthy perspiration can be induced, a 45 and 65, no less than 36 1-5 hotel-keepers die; although gardeners have to la bor hard and hotel-keepers do not. cure is commenced. The stables should be disinfected and well ventilated, but no currents of air should be permitted to blow upon the patient. Warm water,

The Throw Stick. Sir Walter Elliot has traced to East India a curved "throw stick," resemb-ling, but differing from, the Australian comerang, 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 tracks of Central and Western India. In waste and jungle tracks, 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 Sun-day till the monsoon begins. Hares, ness, and tar-water for drink is a valudeer, hog, pea-fowls, partridges, etc., able help. Bran-mashes or scalded oats, raised by this lowly race of beaters, each with little hay, should be fed. With 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 11 to 2 feet long and 3 to 6 inches broad, thrown with the concave 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, of the Highlands of Central India, and of Ancient Egypt, all of whom he 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 pic tures 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 bomerang 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, re-cently died by his own hand, at the age of fifty-eight. This tragic end was mani festly brought about by the nervous ex-haustion and mental depression consequent upon overworking both brain and ody. 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 overtired worker obtained no sleep. Even then he persisted in keeping busy. A few days before 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 selfdestruction; 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 as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him for some distance."

The Epidemic Among Horses.

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 adminis-

tered unless by a careful and competent

surgeon. The soreness of the throat and

way to the lungs, with fatal effect. Mild

irritants, such as mustard or ammonia,

rubbed on the throat, relieve the sore-

such gentle treatment and careful nurs-

ing, and a cautious return to work and

higher feed, nothing more serious than

a few days' suspension of work is to be

stock, sheep, and pigs may be affected, in

which case treatment is needed similar

Life in New York.

girls," and the occasional raids upon sa-loons especially obnoxious on this ac-

war, could show more activity in this

evening until early morn. Gandy pits

may pass for music, punctuated, on oc-

casions not always so rare, with the pop

of the joyous pistol. It may truly be said that, with all its pretensions to a

recovery of virtue and a suppression of

incitements to vice, this city was never

more openly supplied with the means of

debauchery than at present. The cos-

tuming of the haggard creatures who

have taken the place of the "pretty

waiter girls" of yore is even more repre-

hensible to the strict moralist. It con-

sists of the dress of the theatrical page

only more exaggerated, it possible, and

while the effect is somewhat unpleasant

in inclement weather, the fact of its high

favor with the frequenters of these re-

sorts 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 tour. 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.

of, buying large pigs in the spring, de-

A neighbor differed from him in opin

for eating, but wouldn't grow much

to do with—"
"Hold on! I was goin' to tell you

The prettiest round hat of the season

ence" explain the phenomena?

be worn with any toilette.

little more.

small pigs eat 'some.'

A friend of ours was arguing in favor

Despite the laws against " pretty waiter

to that above described.

It is probable that horned

dreaded.

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 that, within two days, mere 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 aistrict, and often of districts comparatively distant from each other. It is not contagious. It readily yields to proper treatment. Rest and careful nursing and palliatives effect an easy cure. The premonitory symptoms are general listlessness, drooping head, an excessive secretion of tears, discharge from the nose, at first thin and serous, afterwards thick, like pus; a cough in at the moon-if there be one-say: Thou moon, fair moon, I hail thee! which rapidly increases in severity until Grant this night that I may see Who my true lover is to be. 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 bag of scalded bran suspended beneath the nose; warm, dry bedding and blanketing, and the production of a state

And, of course, when they awake thirsty from their salt, the lovers' mystic forms will bring them real water to drink. A volume would hardly describe all the are they, and all are of "merry pleas-

The London Daily Telegraph observes that nothing would be easier than to collect a budget of droll sayings and comic anecdotes concerning adulteration 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 glance at all the stock stories about "Mungo," or "Shoddy," or "Devils' Dust," as used in the sophistication of woolen cloth; about the venetian reearth and tallow in cocoa; the copperas in pickles; the cocculus indicus and grains of paradise in beer; the turpen-tine and vitriol in gin; the sloe-leaves and chopped birch brooms in tea; the suet and water in butter; the unuttersausages. With the truth or the false hood of most of these oft-told tales we have, for the present, nothing to do. The adulterator, it can not be too 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 our-selves, since we eat the flesh, the whole-did not get up the next day, though someress of which has been deteriorted by improper food. We are not among vor ate a good breakfast and dinner lycount, not even the palmiest days of 444" and "The Louvre," before the the severity of our criminal code, or impart the spirit of Draco into our mild branch of gas-light entertainment than one now sees. "Murderers' Block," on Broadway, is a glare of light from early which of all others calls for condign, sethat of the adulterator of focd. He yawn at every step, with glittering pic-tured announcements of the attractions within, whence come sounds of what scatters his poison broadcast, and sows disease-perhaps death-over the whole face of society.

Newspaper Advertisements. Why is anything made public, but in the belieff that it will be of interest to others? Why is it announced that Isaac and Rebecca were married on a certain day last week, but on the supposition that it will give you pleasure to know it? Read in this light, the commonest advertisements which crowd our papers have kindly order about them. Say not with a cynic sneer—as though you were doubtful whether there was anything honest in the world—when a storekeeper dvertises his wares, that it is all sheer elfishness, for if it is pleasant for one to announce a fresh supply of tallow and wool, hardware, or muslins, is it not just as pleasant for one who wishes to know paper! You know not what you say. Those ships which are to sail for every harbor in the world; those fabrics which have arrived from every commercial mart on the earth; this iron from Russia, tea from China, cotton from Georgia, sugar from Louisians - do they not preach to us at the corners of the streets, at the entering of the gates, in our docks and in custom-houses and exchanges, sermens on the mutual dependence of

claring it to be very much better than to buy small ones, as they would eat but BEANS .- Charles D. Warner, in one ion, whereupon he told a story, which, in of his pleasant essays, speaking of beans and their moral and asthetic influence the language of the day, 'took down' his on humanity, says:—" Not to have baked beans on Sunday is still, in some parts opponent, and all hearers decided that "Last spring," said he, "I bought a little pig from a drover, and he was good of New England, a fracture of the twelfth commandent. The bean figures largely in the economy of the old Bay State. It has its moral as well as its official uses. got so, after a week or two, that he It is given to the inmates of the State would eat a bucketful at a time, and then, like Oliver Twist, would call for prison at Charlestown, and is made a ioral test of character. In the kitchen "Well, what of it? What has that got I have seen rows of convicts seated at the long table, sorting over the beans for next day's dinner—throwing away black and imperfect ones. One morning I carried out a water-buckthe first step toward awakening in these et 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 degraded beings the distinction between good and bad. When they have learned to sort out the bad beans, they have tafed him from, and he didn't half fill it ken one step in the formation of a moral Curious, isn't it? And can real "scicharacter. So solicitous is this State of he morals of all her children."

Jet daisies worn in the hair are an in is a white Indian lace burnous. It may dispensable adjunct to a fashionable meurning toilette.

Hallowe'en. On Hallowe'en all the witches, demons. fairies, and serial 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. Halloween is yet in origin a pagan institution, and was known long ago in the British Isles and the Norseland 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 Eng-land and in Scotland, and it were a pity should they ever die out, being so pleas ant and harmless. The customs herewith connected have been brought to this country by yeoman immigrants, and will be practised in many a farm-house 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 every-where. Youngsters will "duck for apples," and bring them up from the bot-tom 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 take a thimbleful of salt before retiring for the night, get to bed backwards, and, look

customs of the eve, so many and varied cattle, while no such thing was known in Texas at that time. It continued to

The Adulteration of Food. -to relate how the sanctimonious grocer those who would needlessly aggravate urisprudence, but if there be one offence vere, and ignominious punishment, it is am assured of, a perfect cure for sea-

lying in my berth till such a time as my system had become accustomed to the rolling and pitching motion. Business advertisements! Waste

> LUNACY.-The Pall Mall Gazette tells the following stery:—"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 docu-ment 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." the above should be considered as true, or merely a little editorial pleasantry, is a question left to readers to solve for

Birth and death, as well as marriage,

Russian Superstitions.

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 ange 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 by our calendar, which is twelve days in advance of the Russian, the 11th of September—a day for illumi-nations 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 intelligence watching over [all his life, and waiting to receive him when it is ended.