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### THREE GYPSIES.

BY WILLIAM HENRY GOODYEAR.

*From the German of "Lenau."*

I saw three Gypsies on the heath,
My carriage rolled along;
One played the violin
And sang a fiery song.

One, with a pipe in hand,
Looked through the smoke
As though all in the land
None better luck bespoke.

One slept beside the tree
His harp did hang upon,
To breathe a wind-swept melody
His heart a dream had won.

Rags were the clothes they wore;
Rags they had always worn,
But in their souls they bore
For fate a heartfelt scorn.

Three-fold they taught me all,
When life's day turns to night—
To fiddle, smoke and sleep away,
With three-fold scorn its spite.

Long toward the Gypsies turned,
I watched in traveling on;
The Gypsies brown in faces burned,
The locks burned black with sun.

## The Bell of St. John's.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B——, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal, flowing from the huge furnace into the mould, which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid blue flames that burst from the top of the tall chimney, flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house-tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarean shadows, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains crossing, half black, half golden, under the glowing roof, recalled the engines of the Cyclops under Mt. Ætna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer clothing.

'Be back in half an hour sharp!' cried the forge-master. 'We shall make the cast at a quarter to seven."

'All right, sir!' cried the men in response.

'I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work,' said one.

'Yes,' said another, and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be.'

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper on what remained.

'Perhaps we can get the 'Inventor' to stay with you, George, said the master, laughingly, as he prepared to go.

'Yes, where is he?' returned the man, in the same jesting tone.

'He's been round the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hallo! hallo! I say! Where's the 'Inventor?' Come here. Ah, there he is!' And in silent answer to the summons, a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

'Well, Mopus,' quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, 'suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?'

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

'Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off.'

The poor lad smiled, and meekly did as he was ordered—just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this "Mopus;" stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the workings of the foundry, by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened, or went on in an unusual way, he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before, he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting-chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a dangerous injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength, he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty that was before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before his great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mould, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let on the molten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something great was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace, absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet!

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat, as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin red stream followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half-way down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting, with only a poor, half idiot lad to guard it!

What could he do? He did what perhaps a lad in his right mind would not have dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with the sharp point up the terrible tunnel—a few quick, prying strokes! Stand back, now! The confining clay fell away, and the yellow-white flood spurted out with resistless force. It leaped into the clay-lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming, down to the mouth of the bell-mould.

The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a general on a field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened into the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones toppled over. Still the metal poured out into the mould. But the waste was great from the gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the opened vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

Poor "Mopus" stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together, and his head swam. A great heap of red hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible, unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sunk into the earth and been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned again on the scene of disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the building, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups about the remains of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces, and nothing was left but heaps of steaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hand, lying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home.

Little was said, but the few words spoken, uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and the hands against the man George, whose excuses for himself only exaggerated the offence.

'See what he's done,' said they a few days later, as they stood in the half-burned foundry. 'Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The rascal, to go hunting for his pipe, and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why, the boy didn't know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tun bling to pieces!'

The master, who had more at stake than the men, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried in a startled voice:

'Hallo! What's this? What's this?'

He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the furnace to the mould. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

'Bring me a shovel, quick!' he shouted

A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the bell-mould. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick-bats, ore, slag and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and, plying his spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metalic ring.

'Men,' he cried out, lifting his flushed face, 'the bell is cast!'

'Who did this?' asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

'Come with me, two or three of you!' cried the master. 'I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!'

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with her finger on her lips.

'The poor lad is in a brain fever,' she said.

'Does he say anything in his delirium?' whispered the master.

'O, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell mould. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says.'

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. 'Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness,' he said, 'Such things have happened.'

'Do you think so? Pray Heaven he may!' solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and they turned away, deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe-room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in on a small soft reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

'I remember nothing that happened,' said, he, shaking his head with a smile. 'It's all new to me, all new and strange—so strange!'

'Yes,' said the master, devoutedly, 'it was God's hand.'

Every eye was turned upon the invalid. Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long underwitted, now a young man keen and intelligent, as if changed into another being.

'I should like to strike the bell once,' said he. Two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sounds of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the roughmen as they heard it.

'Ah,' said the master, 'there's a hallelujah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together!'

'Amen!' murmured all the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck rolled away with its melodious burden, the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways, waving their hands.

Little "Inventor" afterward well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matchless richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.

## A LADY TOURIST'S

### Three Months in Europe with Professor Loomis.

No. 4.

PARIS, August 17th, 1875.

The Paris papers have followed the example of the journals of Florence and Venice, and announced us as a "caravan" and "convoi" taking the city by storm. We are regarded by some as a sort of Rothschild association, and appeals for every charity, are made, even to the refunding of money lost by an Italian Post officer, "the father of a numerous family!" At the railway stations money boxes were rattled under our eyes with petitions for charity for "les inondies," and we would fain have convinced the officers that we ourselves were inundated with beggars from morning till night. Once, however, our charitable inclinations were roused by the musical appeals of a celebrated Parisian amateur pianiste, who gave a concert at the hotel Geneve, in Geneva, for our special entertainment, and the unfortunates' benefit. There was no want of appreciation of the talent of Miss B., as most enthusiastic applause and a shower of francs into the poor box, fairly testified.

The geographical pause in my last letter was at Brienz. At six o'clock in the evening we descended from clouds and glaciers, amid the roar of cataracts and cascades, into this fairy vale of Switzerland, and it was with some difficulty I pinched and shook myself into a realization of my mortal existence. The bread and butter and coffee spread at the White Cross hotel, aided materially in the disenchantment for a few minutes, but it was only a few minutes, when a patter of slipper heels on the bare floors announced the arrival of a party of Swiss singers, peasant girls in the costumes of their Cantons. Grouped at the end of our table they seriously interfered with our appetites, for away we floated on their marvelously sweet notes to the cloud regions from which we had just descended. The music of their voices had not ceased when we were summoned to boats, on the lake, for a moonlight sail to the Grissbach falls. No use to pinch or slap ourselves, we simply abandoned our senses to the idea that we were Prince Fortuna's guests, and for the time, partakers of his Fairy Highnesses' winged predilections.

An old woman with weird gray locks, stood at the oar end of the boat assigned to my special party, and as we approached the rocks on the opposite shore of the lake, her cries and jodeling were echoed and reverberated till every jutting rock seemed vocal with the wild yet strangely musical sounds. The steep and winding ascent to the terrace of the pavillion, opposite the base of the Grissbach, was fraught with all sorts of unlooked for difficulties, such as going one step forward and two backward with almost every effort, and the whole troop of boatmen, including Cinderella's godmother with the weird locks, waved their lanterns and torches over bush and brake, where neither moonlight nor starlight could penetrate, to prevent our breaking through rustic rails or stepping over sudden declivities. Clouds of a threatening character had completely obscured the moon by the time we reached the summit, and we were reconciled to the thought that the beautiful, fleecy waterfalls of the Grissbach, should be painted with colored fire—or illuminated for our benefit. Hundreds of tourists were assembled on the terraces of the pavilion by eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the illumination, though it was impossible to distinguish an individual feature of any one in the thick darkness, that lowering clouds and ascending mist from the rushing cataract made every moment more intense. Suddenly a rocket flew like a fiery dragon up the steep mountain declivity above us, and it seemed as if the place of Jacob's vision was revealed to us, for high as heaven and deeper than we could follow it, crystal waters were scintillating like the sacred jewels of the "Gate called Beautiful," and as the rose and blue, amber and silver lights were thrown on the wonderful fall, bridge above bridge could be seen crossed and recrossed from rock to rock, over dizzy heights and yawning chasms, and every leaping cataract threatened to carry away these steps of the Jacob's ladder, that supported the swaying figures of torch bearers, and but very few daring visitors to the gloriously beautiful Grissbach. The idea of the illumination was at first distasteful, but when time and weather forbade our viewing it by daylight or moonlight, we were more than repaid for the evening's toilsome climb and the perilous descent to the lake again, by the painting in fire of the beautiful falls of the Grissbach.

A weary head was pillowed on my shoulder as we rowed over the still dark lake, and the girlish face still and pale, that gleamed under the fire of a boatman's torch, brought to mind the weird funeral scene of Tennyson's heroine floating on the barge by night to her cavernous grave. But, the morning sun that dawned only too soon for some of us, dispelled all the gloomy impressions of the night scene, and there were at least thirty of our forty diaries filled out on the page that dated our crossing the Brunig Pass, with stars and emblems of exceeding great enjoyment.

E. D. WALLACE.

### Filial Obedience in Japan.

Of woman's position in Japan, Prof. Wm. E. Griffin writes: "Filial obedience is a marked characteristic of the Japanese maiden. Be she as pure as the purest Christian virgin, she will at the command of her father enter the brothel to-morrow and prostitute herself for life. Not a murmur escapes her lips as she thus filially obeys. To a life she loathes, and to disease, premature old age, and an early grave, she goes joyfully. The staple of a thousand novels, plays and pictures in Japan is written in the life of a girl of gentle manners and tender heart, who hates her life and would gladly destroy it, but refrains because her purchase-money has enabled her father to pay his debts and she is bound not to injure herself."

—Tennyson, the poet, is somewhat of a shepherd. He owns and pets a flock of two hundred Southdown Sheep.

### Hints About Rheumatism.

A painful disorder, writes an English physician, very common in this country which attacks principally the larger joints—the shoulders, knees, elbows, etc.—is rheumatism. It may be chronic or acute. It seems to arise from the inflammatory action induced by exposure to damp and cold upon a certain condition of the blood, and generally attacks persons of a plethoric habit of body at the middle period of life, and once begun with an acute pain, often continues at intermittent periods throughout the rest of life in a lasting or chronic form. In whatever form it occurs, the same or similar remedies are useful in its cure or alleviation, though applied in different cases, modified by the circumstances and symptoms most urgent. Acute, commonly called rheumatic fever sometimes attacks a person so suddenly that he goes to bed without pain, and wakes in agony with an attack of acute rheumatism; yet generally speaking it gives notice of its approach some days previously, by general uneasiness, giddiness, headache, then succeed shivering, alternating with flushes of heat, quickness of pulse, hot skin, thirst and a sense of fatigue; afterward is felt a gnawing pain in one or more of the larger joints, progressively becoming more severe, until the slightest movement occasions the greatest pain.

It shifts often from one joint to another, fever increases, and the patient cannot move or bear the slightest touch. After a fortnight the fever subsides, and the joints either very gradually and slowly recover their tone, or the disease assumes the chronic or lasting form. Remedies: In acute rheumatism, blood, letting by the application of from ten to twenty leeches to the most painful joint is a most valuable remedy in this disease. The bowels should be kept open by mild laxative medicines, and the bleeding assisted by a mixture of tartar emetic, two grains; tincture of henbane, two drachms; water, six ounces. The whole to be taken in the course of the day, one or two tablespoonfuls at a time. The joints most affected may have fomentations of poppyheads, henbane leaves, etc., applied, or a poultice of linseed meal and laudanum much alleviates the gnawing pain. If only one or two joints are affected, cold bathing, the application of cold cloths and cold lotions tend to moderate the pain and reduce the inflammation; but where the disease wanders from one joint to another, such is dangerous, as it may drive it to the heart or some other important organ.

Rubbing the painful joints with camphor dissolved in ether rapidly alleviates the pain; also, moistening the joint two or three times a day with a feather dipped in a solution of the hydriodate of potash has been found very serviceable. The following remedies have each their popular advocates: Take at bedtime, for some days half an ounce, or from that to one ounce, of the volatile tincture of guaiacum, in a teacupful of water gruel. Take of the rasping of guaiacum wood half a pound; licorice root, one ounce; sassafras, half an ounce; coriander seed, three drachms; lime water, three quarts. Infuse two days without heat, and strain off the liquor. Take from four to six ounces twice a day. Take of flour of sulphur and flour of mustard, of each, half an ounce; honey or treacle, a sufficient quantity to form an electuary. The size of a nutmeg to be taken several times a day, drinking after it a quarter of a pint of the decoction of lovage root.

### Teachers and their Responsibilities.

Teachers are persons on whom rests the blame or the praise of the schools, and to them all power should belong. If a teacher is not capable of managing her own class, the remedy is not to see a superior officer to manage her, but to dismiss her and put a competent teacher in her place. The relation of teachers to superintendent or committee or principal is not the relation of rank and file to a colonel and general, or of railroad employes to President and directors. It is rather that of a clergyman to the parish officers, or of a representative to his constituents, or of an editor to his subscribers. The teacher is a servant hired by the Committee; but a servant through his intellect, a servant to whose judgment much must be left, who is responsible for results, but who is not to be dictated to as to methods; who is to be consulted, who may be advised, who can be dismissed, but who is never to be ordered. No amount of machinery, no interference of outside authority, can help a poor teacher, or do anything but hinder a good one. Of one of the best public schools that ever came into the range of my vision, the committee is like clay in the hands of the potter. They do everything that the teachers tell them to do, and nothing that the teachers tell them not to do, and there is no unsoundness in them.—*Gail Hamilton.*

### Power of Kindness.

Walking down a country lane the other morning, I heard a gentle whistle behind me and almost simultaneously a shrill neigh burst upon my ear from the neighboring field. Turning round I was about to retrace my steps toward a man I saw standing by the field gate, about a hundred yards away, and whom I presumed had given the call, when a pony dashed past me at full gallop, on the opposite side of the fence toward the gate, and before I had gone many yards, was being quietly led out by the man. Feeling interested, not to say delighted, at this proof of the power of kindness—for such I had no doubt was the cause of this ready obedience—I questioned the man, who, seeing that I was interested, told me that, having been accustomed to groom and feed the animal, he was in the habit of calling it from the fields by the peculiar whistle of which I had just now seen the effect; that many others had likewise tried to call him, but always signally failed, the pony taking not the slightest heed of them. He acknowledged that it was through kindness and attention alone that this was gained. In his absence another groom having to catch the pony would attempt to call, but whistle and chirp as he would, it was no use; he was always obliged to enter the field, basket in hand, and so lure it towards the halter.—*J. A., Animal World.*

### In Idle Dream.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly itself. What should we amount to were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, learn that our theories are never according to the laws of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our own limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are tried, and trials are nothing more than tests of nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes to its highest in this life, and is gradually refined and got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape altogether. We ought not to make complaint when we see how all things work together for our good.

### Hospitality.

BY FANNY FERN.

If each person were asked to define this word, the answers would be amusing. Emerson says, "that we should not turn away wholly from the routine of our daily life to make our guests welcome; that every one worthy to sit at table knows that life has its necessary duties; and that we should not burden our friends with the thought that our business is suffering derangement and loss by their coming."

This is common sense; but if we measure the majority of people by it, then few "*are* worthy to sit at one's table." It may be because insincerity is so much the order of the day, that each so distrusts the other, that a person cannot say frankly to a friend without giving offence, "I would be glad to stay longer with you, or have you stay longer, but I really cannot now." A lady said to me, not long since, "I never dare say truthfully that I am 'engaged' when a visitor comes, no matter how impossible circumstances make it for me to receive him or her. If I do, it always offends. Therefore I am obliged to send word that I am 'not at home,' and the caller leaves without any wound to his or her self-love." Now, this ought not to be. A straightforward honesty is much better. But there are so many inconsiderate people, who, provided they gain their point to see you, care little at what sacrifice on your part of time, or at what postponement of imperative duties. *They* have time enough—so much, that they are even puzzled what to do with it; how can it be that *you* have none, or so little, at the service of friends? They cannot comprehend that one's duty or one's labor may tread so closely on the heels of the other, that your remaining vitality needs the most careful nursing and division to keep your steps from *final* faltering. What is to be done with such inhospitable people as these? You feel no unkindness towards them; but you have little sympathy for them.

I recollect once a lady in the same house with me to whom I apologized as civilly as I knew how, for being obliged to leave her to write a promised article. She bowed coolly, and on my leaving the room, said to a friend of mine, "I suppose she did that to get rid of me; don't you think so?"

It is much easier to get on with men, because they can understand that life has its unpostponable duties, without any lifting of eyebrows or incredulous shrugging of shoulders, or cool salute the next time you two meet. The intercourse of one gentleman with another in this regard has always elicited my admiration. They take up a newspaper or a book, and read, in each other's presence, with a tacit understanding of its perfect propriety. If one has to leave, he often says no more than "I'm off," or "Good-bye," "Shall see you again on another evening," or some other familiar observation perfectly well understood, and therefore appreciated. Sometimes it is only a touch of the hat, or a hand laid on the other's shoulder in passing, and sometimes only a nod; and no black looks follow.

### Suicidal Mania.

Sometimes a person determined to destroy himself will wait months and years for an opportunity of executing the deed in the particular manner he has marked out for himself, and the very inclination to suicide may be removed by withdrawing the particular objects that would awaken the idea. Thus a man who has tried to drown himself will be under no temptation to cut his throat. Example, it is well known, is a powerful cause of incitement to the suicidal act. We were once told by a physician that a hypochondriacal patient used to visit him invariably the day after reading the report of a suicide in the daily papers, possessed by a morbid fear of imitating the act of which he read. Sir Charles Bell, Surgeon of Middlesex Hospital, was one day describing to a barber who was shaving him, a patient's unsuccessful attempt to cut his own throat; and, on the barber's request, pointed out the anatomy of the neck, showing how easily the act might have been accomplished. Before the shaving operation was completed, the barber had left the shop and cut his throat according to Sir Charles Bell's exact instructions. Sometimes there is an epidemic of suicides, as at Versailles, in 1793, when out of a small population 1,300 persons destroyed themselves in one year; or as in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, when six of the inmates hanged themselves on a certain crossbar within a fortnight. Very often this disease is hereditary, and at a certain age the members of one family will all in turn evince the suicidal tendency, while even children of very tender years have been known to end their short lives by their own act, from force of example. Curious, too, are the methods of self-destruction, but they are too painful to bear description. A Frenchman once attempted to ring his own death-knell, by tying himself to the clapper of the church-bell, which thereupon began to swing, and alarmed the villagers by its unwonted tones. All cases of determined suicide are characteristic of confirmed insanity; whereas, in cases of impulsive insanity, the perpetrator will often regret the act before it is completed, and endeavor to save his life, as did Sir Samuel Romilly, thus demonstrating that the very attempt may effect the cure of the disordered brain. The months of March, June, and July are the favorites with men; September, November, and January for women, in which they voluntarily end their lives. In youth men hang themselves; in the prime of life use firearms; and when old revert to hanging. Women usually prefer *Ophelia's* "muddy death." Poisoning is a method adopted by the very young of both sexes. We have the consoling reflection that, prevalent as brain disorder is in our country, at least eighty per cent. of cases of insanity are curable, if treated at an early stage; while it is to be noted that it is not pleasurable productive brain-work that does the mischief, but rather the mental strain which results from the high pressure of our artificial life.—*Chambers's Journal.*

### Improvidence of English Workmen

There is no saving among the working classes. The traditional picture of the British tar of a century ago, whose eccentric extravagance has been the source of inexhaustible laughter for several generations, would be no unfitting representation of the more prosperous section of the British workmen of the present day. Much has indeed been done in the direction of thrift by the great benefit societies, but their action has been greatly checked by the fact that even the best of them is based upon statistics which do not command the confidence of those qualified to form an opinion of their stability. It is little to the credit of past governments that slight legislative assistance has been afforded to the only great effort which has been made by the working men of England to raise themselves permanently above the influence of pauperism. The life of a collier, of a London journeyman tailor in the season, or even of an agricultural laborer in the best districts, is one of more or less lavish expenditure; and the idea of joining a benefit society, much less of laying by money, but rarely enters the mind of these men. They have no object in doing so in this country. A man who succeeds by his own thrift in providing himself with a little income in case of sickness or old age, is no better off than the man who has led the life of a jovial British workman, and who, in his hour of need, draws from the parish pay-table in all probability about the same income which the other has denied himself many a luxury and enjoyment to procure. The advantage to a country of a large number of small hoards is almost incalculable, as the recent history of France clearly shows. It is not too much to say that the folly and extravagance of Imperialism plunged that country into misfortunes from which the thrift of the working classes extricated her. There are no such hoards in England. If we had an indemnity to pay, we should have to make a hard bargain with those capitalists in whose hands the wealth of the country is accumulating with geometric speed. Is there a single working man in England who holds consols?—*Contemporary Review.*

### The Blessed Maids of Tyrol.

A writer in *All the Year Round* says: Perhaps the prettiest and most poetical tradition of the Tyrol is that of the "Salige Fraulien." Their very name is descriptive, for "Salig" is, in all probability, derived from "Selig"—"blessed" or "happy." Popular belief depicts them as lovely maidens, clad in snow-white robes, with flaxen curls, and blue eyes beaming with sweetness. Their sovereign is the beneficent and gracious goddess Hulda, the especial patroness of the flax culture, which may account for the chief home of the legend being in South Tyrol, where flax is most cultivated. There have always been many superstitions connected with flax. It is supposed that it will only flower at the time of day at which it was originally sown. He who sows it must first seat himself thrice on the sack, turning to the east. Stolen seeds mingled with the rest cause the crop to thrive. Flax, when in bloom, acts as a talisman against witchcraft, and sorcery can be practiced even with the dry stalks. When the threads are spun or woven into shirts under certain incantations, the wearer is secure from accidents or wounds. It was Hulda who first taught mortals the art of growing flax, or spinning, and of weaving it. Her habitation is in the caves of the mountains; there she dwells with her maidens and their attendant dwarfs, in splendid palaces and grottoes, the walls of which sparkle with inlaid gold and jewels, while the domed roof is of transparent crystal. Moreover, there are beautiful gardens, leafy woods and even verdant meadows, on which feed countless wild animals, particularly the chamois—the especial favorites of the Salige Fraulien. However, the Salige Fraulien did not always remain in seclusion. In olden times, before they disappeared from the earth, the friendliness of their disposition drew them to the haunts of mankind for their character was as attractive as their appearance, and its chief feature was an unselfish benevolence. Legends of their numerous good deeds abound in the Ober Inn Thal, the Outz Thal, and the Vinschgau, which are the poorest districts in Tyrol.

### Honesty.

Everybody says that everybody should be honest; but everybody is not honest either abroad or at home. That we should be honest in our trade, weights and measures, dealing with our neighbors and with strangers, is also clearly right. That a strong principle of integrity should govern us—is just what every man not only admits but believes and contends for. There is no such thing as being too honest. Honesty is a virtue better than gold, richer than rubies, more precious than gems and costly trappings. It is a much richer adornment for manhood or womanhood than wealth can purchase or place secure. To be honest is to be like a child and like an angel; and Christ said, of such as little children is the kingdom of Heaven. But we wish to write a word—a strong word—in behalf of honesty.

There are many people who are honest away from home. They make home promises only to break them. As husbands they make a thousand and one promises to their wives, and hint a thousand good things and raise many pleasant expectations, they never seem to think of again. As wives, they practice a thousand little deceits, equivocate many times, when straight-forward honesty was just the thing required. As parents they conceal, go around the truth, deceive and often actually falsify to their children, when the truth is always better, always the best. The children see their parents' double-dealings, see their want of integrity, and learn to cheat, deceive and equivocate. The child is too often a chip off the old block.

### Squandering Priceless Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvelous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its starry blossoms, morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts which wander through eternity, and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of these thoughts drop to the ground and rot? who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose. But, as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn there may, perhaps, be one in a million that will grow on into a tree—somewhat in like manner fares it with the thoughts and feelings of man. What, then, must be our confusion when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment and bear witness against us!—*Julius Hare.*

### Why Men Smoke.

No habit adopted by a whole race of men, indeed by all races of men, but must have a *raison d'etre*. The dhudeen of the Irishman, the chibouc of the Asiatic, the calumet of the Indian, the cigar of the white American would not exist simultaneously on every part of the globe if in the use of tobacco there did not slumber some spelt of great potency over men. The lazy man it seems to make lazier; the nervous man it makes more nervous; the brain worker it inspires, and on the artist it bestows visions of beauty. All lecturing against it has proved in vain. The habit spreads with population over Australia and Polynesia, and in a couple of centuries from now smoking will be as universal as eating. It behooves us, then, to see that something is done to insure the rehabilitation of the better qualities of tobacco, which seem deteriorating so fast. Manilla is ceasing to produce even a decent cheroot, tobacco culture dying out there like wine culture in Madeira. One thing is certain, that the substitution of the cigarette for the cigar is exceedingly dangerous.

### YOUTHS' COLUMN.

*"The Bow in the Cloud.*—Once, when I was a little girl, I disobeyed my mother. After that I was afraid, and went to an old barn, a way off, so that mother could not find me. All at once it began to rain so hard I could not go back to the house. So I sat still, and thought of what I had done. I remembered that God had seen me disobey, and that he was angry at people who did wrong. It kept on raining harder yet, and I was afraid that God was going to drown the world because I was so bad, just as he had done in Noah's time.

I put my face down in the hay, and cried. Pretty soon I felt my father touch me.

"What is the matter, Louie?" he asked.

"I have been very naughty, and God will never forgive me," I said. Father took me in his arms, and carried me to the door. The rain had stopped. I looked up; and there in the sky was a rainbow, its beautiful colors shining in the sun.

My father said to me: "When Noah came out of the ark, none of his children could forget the awful flood which had left them so lonely. Every time it rained, they must have been afraid that the flood was coming again. And when they did wrong, they thought, that perhaps God would punish the world as he had done before. So God told Noah that the rainbow should be a sign that he would never drown the world again, but would watch over men; and when men saw it shining after the rain, they were to remember God's goodness and he would look at it and remember his promise to them. So the rainbow would be a token between God and men."

"I would rather not have God watch me; I am so naughty," I said.

Then my father told me how God loves us, and when we do wrong is ready to forgive us, if we are sorry for our sin, and confess it. He sent his dear Son to die for us. For his sake he is willing to forgive all our sins, instead of punishing us.

It made me very happy to think that God loved me, and was willing to forgive. And after that, every time that I saw the rainbow, it was a sign to me of God's blessed promise to take care of us.

*About Bees.*—A lady in Providence relates the following story:

Her father once brought home a molasses hogshead, to be used as a water tank.

On washing day her mother said, "Let's throw the suds into it, to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so she exclaimed, "Oh! I have drowned hundreds of our neighbor's bees."

The hogshead was black with bees, that were busily appropriating the sweets from what they must have considered an enormous blossom. The good lady made haste with her skimmer to skim the bees from the top of the water, and spread them on a board in the sunshine; but they seemed drowned and nearly dead, and she was very sorry.

All the bees that were around the hogshead had flown away at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes they returned, accompanied by scores of others. Then began a curious work. They immediately went to work upon the unfortunate bees, turning them over and over and working upon them constantly with their heads, feet, and antennæ. The result of their busy labor was, that one after another gave signs of life, stretched its limbs and wings, crawled and dried itself in the sun, and flew away. The lady said that there was a half a pint at first, and that there remained only about a dozen hopeless cases beyond the humane efforts of their brothers.—*Little Corporal.*

*The Phœnix.*—The most interesting of all fabulous creatures is the Phœnix. It was exceedingly beautiful, as large as an eagle, with a plumage that shone like gold around its neck, a purple body, and a tail of blue and rose colored feathers. It had a cock's comb under its neck, and a magnificient crest. This splendid looking bird was supposed to live five hundred years, and then burn itself, to rise from the ashes young, strong and more beautiful than ever.

An old writer gives a long account of this new birth of the Phœnix, which always took place at Pheliopolis, the City of the Sun. A priest made a fire of spices on the altar, and the bird flew into the flames and was burned with the spices. A small worm would then be found in the ashes on the altar, and on the second day after it appeared it would be transformed into a bird, and in one day after that or the third day after the burning, the Phœnix would be itself again and would go off in fine spirits, and in new clothes that were warranted to last for five hundred years.

*Working Dogs.*—In all the German towns the dogs are utilized. They are taught to work, and not raised to play, as in England. Hitched to little carts, either in the shafts or under the wagon, they supplement the man or woman who owns the barrow, and pull by ones or twos with surprising fidelity; and better than all, they seem to be proud of their service. In Switzerland dogs are generally used, similarly; and scores of the larger breeds may be seen early in the morning, at any of the larger towns, harnessed into their milk-wagons, which they drag from door to door to the patrons of their owners, without mistaking the residences of the customers, performing this duty cheerfully and as regularly as would a horse or a mule in the same service.

*Forgive and Forget.*—I heard two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation:

"If I were in your place I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived."

I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came.

"No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice. "I wouldn't do so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

### Growth of Man.

Observations regarding the rate of the growth of man have determined the following interesting facts: The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. The ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of eight years, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteen year, being at the rate for the average man of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen the growth is feeble, being for the following two years about two-sixteenths of an inch a year; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is seldom over an inch At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases. It has furthermore been observed that in the same race, the mean size is a little larger in cities than in the country, a fact that will be received with doubt by many who have come to regard the rustic as the true model man.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

—Silver has been discovered at Attleboro Mass.

—The most fashionable nightcaps are made of hot Scotch.

—There will be eleven State elections on the 2d of November.

—A Potter Co. (Pa.) bee-tree has yielded 150 pounds of honey.

—The next World's Fair after the Centennial will be held at Rome.

—The New Jersey cranberry-growers report a large failing off in this season's crop.

—Rumor has it that A. T. Stewart will build a grand hotel in Washington next year.

—Detective Pinkerton has expended $18,