

THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Fleeter than time, across the continent,
Through unmaned ocean depths, from beach to beach,
Around the rolling globe thought's couriers reach.
The new-tuned earth, like some vast instrument,
Tingles from zone to zone; for art has leant
New nerves, new pulse, new motion—all to each
And each to all in swift electric speech
Bound by a force unwaried and unspent.
Now lone Katabdin talks with Caucasus,
The Arctic ice-fields with the sultry South;
The sun-bathed palm thrills to the pine-tree's call.
We for all realms were made, and they for us.
For all there is a soul, an ear, a mouth;
And time and space are nought. The mind is all.

—Atlantic Monthly.

SHALL THEY BE OUR CONQUERORS?

We mean our foolish, improvident and health-destroying habits. It is reduced to just that alternative. To go on without change is simply to perish. We may talk about land grabbing, and monopolies and stock gambling, all bad enough, but it is the evil habits of the masses that are their real oppressors, and unless they can find emancipation from these their damnation is certain. There comes up from the million a moan of want and a pleading for work; but this same million the moment they have earned a dollar will rush off and spend the major part of it in some inexcusably foolish or criminally wasteful manner. And thus their time, energies and means are consumed to no good, but very often to only a bad purpose. Over a thousand men are idle on the Comstock. For months they have been without work, living from hand to mouth, and mostly on credit. Then they get employment at four and five dollars a day in the Sutro tunnel. These are good wages, and with economy they could save more than one-half their earnings. But the most of them save little or nothing. The gamblers and saloon-keepers get 75% of their wages. Half the buildings in the town of Sutro are devoted to dice, card dealing and the liquor traffic. A new whisky shop is opened there every day in the week, and a place of this kind having been opened never closes. It is run day and night, week days and Sundays, and will so go on till the town suffers a collapse and the miners, joining the brigade of the dead-broke, decamp in search of other quarters. So addicted is this class to these spendthrift ways and vicious pastimes, that the business prosperity of a mining camp can well be measured by the number of these dens it is able to support.

But these and like follies are not confined to mountain towns and the miners. They are indulged in by the masses everywhere. If in the city a man or woman is advertised to walk on a wager thousands flock to see them, gazing and gawking and working themselves into an excitement, even though the thing is a sell throughout. And so of the horse races, billiard games, boxing matches and other put-up jobs of this kind. Start anything of the sensational order and it is easy to wring a few thousands out of the hard fists of the working people.

If an idle fellow gets him into an India rubber sack and floats down Western rivers the people will gather in crowds and receive him with acclamations, firing rockets and ringing bells as if some great conqueror had arrived at their place.

The misery and impoverishment of the masses are due mainly to their excesses and follies. They are slaves to their appetites and passions, and from this bondage they can alone set themselves free. We have nursed into a troublesome vigor too many superfluous wants and must set about getting rid of them. We must reduce the calendar of our idle days, curtail unnecessary expenses and learn to live more within our means or our condition as a people can never be improved. And in effecting this amendment it will not do to rely upon the teachings or labors of others, every man will have to be his own reformer.—Mining and Scientific Press.

THE "COURTIN" OF JULIA SMITH.

Many readers will remember the Smith sisters, of Glastonbury, Conn., who did not believe in taxation without representation, and allowed their cows to be sold by the sheriff rather than pay the taxes assessed against them. The Smith sisters are no more—one is dead, the other married. The "courtin'" of Miss Julia Smith began in a literary correspondence. "Last summer," said the venerable bridegroom at the wedding reception, "when I read that her sister had departed, I wanted to express my sympathy in some way, but knew not how to do it exactly; but finally sent her a volume of my poems, having written on the margin: 'With deep sympathies of the author.' Thereupon she sent me a pamphlet entitled, 'Abby Smith and her Cows.' On the cover of that pamphlet I saw an advertisement saying that Miss Julia Smith, unaided, had translated the entire Bible, and that it was for sale at Hartford. I immediately sent for it, and found that it was unlike the usual version, or King James's Bible, as it is called. I then began reviewing the Bible, and the first thing that I noticed was the tenses—how different they were from those in the common version. I then wrote to the translator, and she replied. Then I wrote again and got another reply; and finally I wrote to her that such a large book as the Bible could not be gone over by correspondence, and said I would like to visit her. She then cordially and frankly invited me to come. I came, and we chatted together. I think on the first visit we chatted three hours at one sitting. I did not expect to call again. And at last, when I got ready with my satchel in my hand to walk down to take the stage, I found a carriage at the door. I asked her who was to drive? She said, 'I must, as you would not know where to go.' From that time I found her acquaintance so pleasant that I asked leave to call again. She thought it not advisable to marry at all; that she had better wend her way through the remainder of her life alone. But at last I convinced her that I was a man of honor and somewhat of a scholar, and not a tramp; and so she finally said: 'Upon the whole, if we can live happier together, I don't know why we should not. The house is large enough for both of us.' And so she put the case into my hands, and, by the help of Dr. Scudder, she is my wife." An enormous cake was presented to the married pair by divers friends, who ornamented it with this genial inscription:

"Good wishes and joy to the new married pair,
Miss Julia the brave and A. Parker, Esq."

WHAT BECOMES OF THE BIRDS.—"A German dealer recently received 32,000 dead humming birds, 80,000 dead aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings of birds of all kinds for ladies' bonnets." This is a brief but significant paragraph. All these birds are sacrificed on the altar of fashion. Should the fashion be much longer continued our birds may all fall victims to it, and then the insects will have their own lively time of it. The only salvation from such a threatening contingency is in making the wearing of insects fashionable by the whole people. Handsome bonnet ornaments might be compounded out of grasshoppers, cock-roaches, butterflies and moths; and splendid jewelry out of Colorado potato-beetles, curculios, apple tree borers and chinch bugs. We mean exactly what we say. If things continue as they are going now, this will ultimately be our only safeguard against noxious insects.—Lancaster Farmer.

"How much do you ask for that goose?" inquired a customer of a market woman. "Seven shillings for the two," replied the woman. "But I want only one," said the customer. "I can't help it," answered the woman, "I ain't a-goin' to sell one without the other. To my certain knowledge, them 'ere geese have been together for more'n 13 years, and I ain't a-goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

NOBODY TO BLAME.

Yes, I know it. Tom and Isabel are divorced. But what are you going to do about it? There isn't the smallest filament of any sort of mutual feeling or interest to hold them together. You might as well expect two grains of sand to make rock, by being blown about in the winds of San Francisco. People used to marry with the expectation of being helpful to each other. Young men made some calculations and preparations before marriage. Girls had stores of housekeeping things made up, and lying ready for use. There was a roof over the heads of young couples in those days, meal in the meal-chest, and blankets, feather beds and house linen to the fore. The young folks made a joint stock company, and were willing to work to save, that the company's affairs might prosper, and the firm remain solvent.

But Tom and Bel! Tom hadn't a dollar that he didn't get by chance. He went through the high school and came out with just that kind and amount of knowledge that fitted him to be taken care of by somebody. Instead of acquiring some business experience, or learning a trade well, before he was 20, or being appointed to a profession and working his way up to a good holding-on place, he came out of school to hang around his mother's parlor or perhaps the street corners, to "look for a situation," without really wishing to get it, and to fall in love and rush into matrimony, out of sheer idleness. And Bel, why Bel supposed that marriage conferred some supernatural powers of getting a living, I suppose, or else she never had an idea about the matter. I would like to know how people are to continue living together when they are tired to death of each other's helplessness, and when they haven't a single mutual interest to anchor to. Bel tried to get a "situation," seeing that Tom couldn't, and applied for a certificate to teach in the schools that finished her cff. Did she get in? Not a bit of it. She couldn't begin to pass an examination. What she expects to do, now she is divorced, goodness knows! What she could do it would be hard to tell. And Tom! why I suppose he will be fast now; that is as fast as he can be without any money, but that which his friends furnish him. A mistake in the matrimonial line is supposed to be a permit to go to the bad. It cannot be helped, I presume. Verdict: Nobody to blame.—Rhoda Denton, in the Pacific Rural Press.

A WORD TO INSURANCE OFFICERS.—The Plumber and Sanitary Engineer suggests to life insurance companies, that instead of merely hammering at a man's chest to find if he has a tendency to any disease, would it not be well for the medical examiners of life insurance companies to inquire if he has not got a cesspool leaking into his well, or untrapped pipes beneath his basins and closets? More persons die of zymotic diseases in New York than from almost any other malady, yet a man living in the midst of contagious influences, and hence daily liable to take diphtheria or typhoid fever, would yet find little trouble in getting a heavy policy on his life. If insurance officers would give this subject their attention they might save many losses to their companies, and also benefit the public generally; for if men found that their homes were rated as "hazardous," they would soon begin to think of finding a remedy for the difficulty.

OZONE IN RELATION TO HEALTH.—Heretofore ozone has been considered highly conducive to health—that it is an exceedingly healthful principle in the atmosphere, but several scientists have recently taken the opposite view, and seem to be revealing facts which are beginning to startle those who believe ozone and "ozonized" articles of food or of medicine are quite universally beneficial.