

WAR OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Nearly all the European correspondents of the American press are just now nursing with great earnestness the probabilities and inevitabilities of a conflict between church and state in Europe. A late London letter reviews exhaustively the situation. The writer alleges that Pere Hyacinthe is as certain as Mr. Disraeli that a terrible religious war is about to break out all over Europe, and that this is to be preceded or followed by other wars, so that for some years to come war is to prevail—"international war, civil war, and religious war." Mr. Loysen gave expression to these sad forebodings at a banquet given in Geneva to the members of the International Law Conference. He was frank in saying that it was quite useless to hope for a reign of peace on earth as long as "the moral perversity" of man remained, and that war would continue until "evil was destroyed." The coming religious war was a renewal of the old conflict between the church and the state; the coming civil war would be a conflict between labor and capital, and the coming international war would be one led on by the jealousies and rivalry of nations. The future of Europe was, indeed, "an appalling one. Mr. Disraeli has lately taken care to express the same opinion. The war once commenced, all Europe will be drawn into it, and even England will find it hard to preserve her neutrality. The United States alone, adds the correspondent and prophet, can afford to be a spectator and not an actor in the conflict; and when the combatants have torn each other to pieces and the combat slacks in consequence of sheer exhaustion, the republic may step in as an arbitrator and peacemaker.

OUR RAILROADS.

At the end of 1873 there were reported 71,564.9 miles of main lines, and 13,512 miles of sidings and double tracks, making 85,077.9 miles of railroads within the United States. Of the main lines 5,462.3 miles were in the New England States, 14,209 in the Middle States, 33,905.9 in the Western States, and 2,681.3 in the Pacific States. Upon these roads locomotives were running, and a large proportion of them used wood for fuel. The number of ties used varies from 2,200 to 2,800 per mile. If we take 2,500 as a mean, we find that 212,692,500 pieces of timber, eight feet long, and from six to eight inches between upper and lower surfaces, are required to supply even this item. The durability of ties varies with the kind of timber, soil, climate and use, ranging from four to ten years. Taking six as an average, the amount required for annual supply must be 35,448,750 pieces, or 94,530,000 cubic feet. In considering this it must be remembered that a large amount of waste occurs from hewing and from leaving the upper parts of trees, some of which are used as firewood, the remainder being a total loss. It must also be borne in mind that the demand for timber by railroads, besides for ties and fuel, is very great, including fencing, bridges, buildings and structures of various kinds; that the risk from fires is exceptionally great, and our requirements in this direction are increasing even more rapidly than our supplies are wanting.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

Says a correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer: Hamlet overheard Julius Caesar tell King Lear, on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest, that Antony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. Lear said: You may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it, for I heard Romeo and Juliet say that their Love's Labor was Lost when Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft, and after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it. Richard III. (a competent critic) said Bacon could not write even a Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII. says that settles it; so why make so much ado about Nothing? Othello was busy dealing a five-cent game of faro to the IV., V. and VI. Henrys, and the only remarks made by them were an occasional "Prindle, don't turn; hold on," and a few other forcible remarks of a cursory nature; and, as Richard II. was absent Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakespeare. But All's Well that Ends Well.

THE DISEASE OF THE DAY.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes: "Paralysis is becoming a prime disease. It is not confined to the fleshly, the plethoric, nor to the aged. The fast life of our business young men tells on them. It is a very common thing to see men of thirty and thirty-five bald-headed, feeble-gaited, and walking about with canes, their underpinning knocked out, with other signs of premature age. These signs of early weakness develop in paralysis. Sudden deaths from this cause are very common. Several have occurred in railroad trains; the vibration seems to predispose persons to the disease. Not long since a gentleman died in one of our churches. He was interested in a case of discipline. He made a report to the church on the case, sat down, laid his head on the back of the seat and instantly expired. In another case, a man not accustomed to public speaking arose to relate his religious experience. He was so excited that he could scarcely speak. In the midst of his remarks he was seized with paralysis, and carried to his home. Our young men will have to tone down their style of living if they amount to anything."

THE TIRELESS BRAIN.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the angel of the resurrection. Tic, tac, tic, tac, go the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them, sleep cannot still them, madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can stop them by breaking into the case and seizing the ever swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silencing at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image jarring through the tired organ. Will nobody block those wheels, un-couple that pinion, cut the string that holds these weights, blow up the machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—if this dreadful mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassoes; that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath; that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has but to utter his peremptory monosyllables, and the restless machine is shattered as a vase dashed upon a marble floor. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that we could thrust in among the works of this horrible automaton and check them or alter their rate of going, what would the world not give for the discovery? Men are very apt to get at the machine by some indirect reason or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium, they change the maddening monotony by the use of intoxicating liquors. It is because the brain is locked up, and we cannot touch the movements directly that we thrust these coarse tools through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.

A BRAVE HERO.

To the already long roll of American railroad heroes must be added the name of Thomas Furlong, baggage master on the Old Colony railroad's New Bedford express train. Mr. Furlong happened to be riding on one of the switching engines in the Boston yard, which was backing over the draw. Just as the engine was entering the bridge structure, Mr. Furlong noticed two men starting to walk over the narrow timbers, on which the rails are laid, and, seeing their peril, he told the engineer to shut off, and then prepared for the rescue of the men. One of them was struck by the engine and thrown to one side, where he lodged, comparatively uninjured. The other man had proceeded further on the timber, and, if struck by the engine, would have been thrown lengthwise on the rail, and consequently cut in halves. Mr. Furlong reached forward, and taking the man by the chin raised him from the track with the intention of carrying him across to the other side; but, his strength being unequal to this task, he lifted the man clear of the rail and dropped him over into the water. By this time the engine was slowed considerably, so that, leaping off, Mr. Furlong and the fireman secured a boat-hook and fished the man from the water. The rescued men were employed as divers at the Broadway bridge draw pier, and were filled with gratitude to their daring rescuer. This is by no means Mr. Furlong's first successful attempt at life-saving.

HOW INDIANS CLIMB TREES.

In South America even the weakest may be, not uncommonly, seen plucking the fruit at the tree tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go climbing, they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the West Coast of Africa makes a larger hoop around the trees, and gets inside of it and jerks it up the trunk with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this fetter go up the cocoa palms to gather nuts. The native women in Australia climb the gum trees after opossums. Where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet; then one throws about the tree a rope twist as long as will go round it, puts her hatchet on her crooked head, and placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

NO "BACKBONE."

The last wonderful story comes from across the water, and tells of an Irish woman who lost her bones! The victim, forty-five years old, was a patient in an insane asylum. For five years she was confined to her bed, complaining of no pain, but gradually becoming weaker, while dwindling in stature until she lost half her height. As the disease progressed, her limbs were coiled up in every possible shape, the bones becoming extremely light, soft, fragile, and atrophied in every respect. At death, all that was left of her skeleton, including the skull, weighed two pounds and a half. The number of fractures was prodigious. The ribs were in a hundred fragments. Had she lived a little longer, it was thought that not a vestige of a bone would have been left in her body. What ailed her no one could tell, the disease being almost unheard of and difficult to diagnose, treat, or even name.

HIDING DOWN BROADWAY.

Donn Platt, writing to his paper, the Capital (Washington), relates the following. The reader, of course, need not be informed that omnibuses are called stages in New York. Of late the stage companies, to escape the well-known robbery of drivers, have put the patent box in each stage. The drivers give change but are not permitted to take the fare. We were seated, when a stout gentleman entered and crowded into a corner near the door, for the stage was crowded. The new-comer took from his vest pocket a ragged note and passed it along the line. The man nearest the box was a meek-eyed creature in the single-breasted coat upon which females are so fond of casting their burdens, and sometimes themselves, for he was evidently a clergyman. This humble follower of the Lord lifted the note and dropped it in the box. "Halloo!" cried the indignant adipose near the door, "what'd you do that for? It's a quarter."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," stammered the gospel expounder. "Much good'll your sorrow do me," answered indignation, working his way to the hole through which the driver conversed with the passengers. He trod on several corns as he pulled the strap. The stage came to a halt. "I want my change," he shouted up through the hole.

"What change," shouted down the driver. "I put a quarter in the box." "More fool you." "I want none of your impudence." "What do you want then?" "I want my change."

"You can't fool me that way. How do I know you put in a quarter?" And the driver started. The clergyman sprang up and pulled the strap and shouted: "I put the quarter in, my good man; it is all correct."

"Two of you," retorted the driver, driving on. Both adipose and piety hung to the strap.

"Blasphemy on 'nary souls," roared the driver, "do you want to pull my leg off? Eh you teach that strap again I'll come down and bay-window your countenances." Again the stage rolled on.

"Permit me, sir," said the clergyman, pulling out a very thin pocket book that looked as if it had gone into a decline, a decline to pay anything—and presenting fifteen cents.

"I don't want your money," was the gruff response; "I want my own, and I'm going to have it," and he seized the strap at the moment the hook-nosed old lady, who resembled a hawk in delicate health, wanted to get out. The driver made no response. In an instant the fat man, the clergyman, and old lady suddenly gave way, as if it or the driver's leg were broken, and the three, tumbling over each other, fell to the bottom, amid roars of laughter from all of us. The stage came to a halt, and we heard the driver shout, "P'lice! P'lice!" loud as he could bawl. A policeman responding, the driver informed him that there was "a riot" going on among the "lunatics" inside his stage, and "he'd better settle 'em before we had another car-hoof murder." The policeman opened the door. The beligerents had subsided, save the old lady, who, attempting to get out, was promptly arrested. The fat man explained the case.

"How is this, driver?" asked the policeman. "This man here is put a quarter in your box and you won't give him his change."

"No; I'd think not," was the dry response; "the way for him to do is to file an affidavit with the Surrogate. If I'll only cost him a dollar."

There is but one course for a policeman to pursue, and that is to arrest somebody. If he cannot arrest any one, he puts on a dignified air and marches away. In this case the conservator of the peace compromised. He arrested the old hook-nosed female party—the only innocent among us—and held her in durance as far as the sidewalk, and we rolled on.

M. GILSON, writing in the St. Petersburg Gazette, upon the subject of precious stones, states that, owing to the plentiful supply of diamonds from South Africa, these much-prized gems are at a lower price than they have been for ten years. Pearls and emeralds are, however, at a premium. An opal about the size of an olive would bring about 1,200 rubles; a sapphire about 1,800 rubles; an emerald, 10,000; a diamond, 18,000; a ruby, 50,000. Pearls come from Central America, California and Persia, but none rival those of the East Indies.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Away up in the northern section of the city there is a sign posted of which the following is a literal copy: "SOCKS & STOCKINGS KNITTED Riparing Neatly Done. Also Patented Attention Promptly Attended to." In another part of the city we find a chance for a bargain thus announced: "Fur, Sail, Dia, Haus x Lat; bai Franz Scheid an Cepus St."

SING MORE.

Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; the hymn and the ballad; funny and devotional; mix them together, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in Broadway and Wall street, in the very whirl of business; in the sunshine and gayety of Fifth avenue, and amid the splendor of the drives in the Central Park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces and the merry eyes of schoolmates, some gray headed now; most "lie mouldering in the grave." And anon, "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and sweetens and soothes these memories.

At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in from behind the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work; and when the day's labor is ended, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and child, and tidy table and cheery fireside await him, he cannot help but whistle and sing.

The burglar never sings. Moody silence, not merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.

A RUSSIAN MILLIONAIRE.

European gossips are discussing the fabulous wealth of a recently-risen millionaire—a Russian Baron who has made an enormous sum of money in Russian railroads. This gorgeous person is said to possess an annual income of 15,000,000 francs, and is consequently comfortably removed beyond the vulgar necessity of hurrying down to the store or office on a cold winter's morning without breakfast or gloves. He carries in his train thirty servants, sixty musicians, sixteen Russian and Swedish singers, and an army of cooks and confectioners. He has an Oriental palace in every city of any size in Europe. Passing through the small Swiss canton of Tessin, he was struck by the exquisite beauty of the scenery, and, jabbing his gold-headed cane into the ground in a certain spot, ordered his servants to build him a palace there. Great millionaires like Monte Cristo do not trouble themselves with details, so the palace is going up rapidly. The novelty of such a thing must have passed away. The Baron feels himself compelled every two years to clean out his household, by abandoning his residence, ordering a new set of servants, and wiping out all his acquaintances, to supply their places with new ones. The poor man is miserably off after all. He is harassed with the belief that somebody is aiming to circumvent him and absorb his wealth, and consequently is less happy than the ill-paid employe who knows certainly that similar designs are entertained by his creditors. He has more to lose.

KICKED OUT.

Percy Smith and Ed Murphy occupied a small cabin in Radbury, Montana, and slept in different beds; Percy's bed was so situated that he could get into either side—that is to say, it was placed in the center of the cabin, which Percy found very convenient on certain occasions. One night Percy and Ed had been in Captain Sparriestrom's saloon, and on returning, which they did at early morning, both were considerably elevated. However, they walked up to the cabin with an air which seemed to say, "Not so very drunk drunk, after all, and sought long and patiently for matches and candle. After knocking the pitcher off the table, and smashing some cups, they finally gave up the search, and went to bed—yes, that is the word, but, owing to the darkness and the confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. In short, Percy's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends, Ed getting in on one side, and his companion on the other.

"I say, Percy," cried Ed, touching somebody's calf, "there is a fellow in my bed."

"Wonderful coincidence," exclaimed Percy, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs; "there is somebody in my bed, too."

"Is there, though?" said Ed; "let's kick them out."

"Agreed," said Percy. And accordingly the friends began to kick. In about a minute Ed was sprawling on the floor, and Percy was left in possession of the bed. For a moment after the fall all was silent.

"I say, Ed," cried Percy. "What?" said Ed, sulking. "I have kicked my fellow out." "You are luckier than I am, then," said Ed, "for mine has kicked me clean on the floor."

A SIXTH SENSE appears to have been discovered by Dr. Crum-Brown—the sense of rotation. This distinguished physician thinks that we possess such a sense distinct from all other senses, whereby we are enabled to determine the axis about which the head is rotated and the direction and rate of the rotation. He has made a number of experiments as to the existence of this supposed sense, by causing a blind-fold person to be slowly revolved upon a smoothly rotating table. The smoke of a match will bleach fruit stains off your hands.

ABILITY OF FARMERS TO HOLD THEIR WHEAT.

Those Eastern papers which have wisely refrained from attacking our estimates and calculations on the wheat crop base their expectation of low prices upon a presumption that farmers are obliged to sell their wheat whether the price is remunerative or not. They are sadly mistaken here. For the sake of brevity we will catalogue our reasons for believing the farmers of the Northwest able to hold their wheat:

1. Farmers have of late years had good crops and good prices, and are better off than they ever were before.
 2. Farmers were never before so little in debt. They have been economizing for a year or more, as the experience of New York merchants in all trades will testify. The best work of the grange has been to teach them to go without, and to keep clear of debt.
 3. Farmers are now realizing a remarkably good price on all the coarse grains. What debts they have they can pay.
 4. Farmers have learned also from the grange movement the power of association. They will stand together. The rich farmer will help the poor farmer to hold his grain for a paying price. As we lately stated, it is common in country banks just now for accounts from rich farmers to be transferred to poor farmers to enable them to pay their store bills and to hold their wheat. So what debts they have they are paying, and will pay without using their wheat.
 5. Farmers, as a matter of fact, are paying their debts about as freely as usual. Reports to the contrary are false. Country merchants who have obtained full stocks of goods for which they find little demand, are unjustly throwing the blame on the farmers. The farmer is not to blame for not buying what he does not want or what he cannot pay for.
 6. Farmers, as a matter of fact, are amply able to carry over the whole crop of 1874 for a year, or for more than a year. During the past spring and summer they have disposed of about 2,500,000 bushels of corn—the bulk of three years' crops—at about 50 cents at the crib. They are, therefore, rich. Furthermore, it stands to reason that a community which was able to carry over 1,100,000,000 bushels of corn from 1871, and 1,000,000,000 from 1872, to sell at an advance of over 500 per cent. in 1874, is able enough to carry 400,000,000 bushels of wheat one year.
- In view of these considerations we are satisfied that the only way is for the few powerful speculators who have tackled the wheat market on the wrong side to throw up their game. The cards are too strong for them, and the farmers hold the cards.—*Witwaukee Journal of Commerce.*
- THE JOURNALISTIC SMALL BOY.
- Some juvenile journalists in San Francisco, emulating the examples of their older brethren, have varied the monotony of their amateur sheets by offensive personalities which have resulted in a libel suit. The editor who caused the arrests of his rivals was only fourteen years of age. He was at one time associated with them in the publication of the *Pacific Youth*, but breaking with them, started a new *Pacific Youth* at a low rate, the older journal being conducted by a chubby child of twelve. His former associates retaliated by publishing two vindictive sheets called the *Groucher* and the *Vindicator*, in which the character of their rival was most savagely assailed. Not content with this, one of their myrmidons attacked him in the rooms of the Pacific Coast Amateur Press Association, of which he was President. The following extract from the alleged libel gives a good idea of the success with which the juvenile amateur imitated the style of some of his professional brethren: "Were the room at our disposal, we could give accounts of theft, lying, misrepresentation, cowardice, and blackmail schemes of this four-mouthed slanderer. But it is not his reputation which is at stake; the only reputation he has is that of a liar, thief, and coward. His reputation he earned at school, and he has carried it from the desk and school-yard to the office and into society. And the hatred for him by all who have ever associated with him is great and unexceptionable." On the case being brought into court, it was attempted to be shown by the counsel for the defense that the offensive words were to be considered in a Pickwickian sense. He thought the boys should be spanked and allowed to go, as they belonged to good families and had promised to discontinue their journalistic excesses, but the opposing counsel urged that it would not be fair to allow them to go free because they did not happen to be hoodlums. The court decided that there was clearly a libel, and held the boys for trial, so that these amenities of juvenile journalism will result in litigation, which will, we trust, be an expensive warning to our amateur editors not to imitate the bad qualities of their professional brethren.
- The Chicago *Ledger* is one of the cheapest papers published (the other one being the *Literary Reporter*, of course) in the country. Mr. Bonner will have to look out or his Chicago namesake will "cut his corners" wonderfully. See how cheap it is in our list. Same size as the "other *Ledger*" and *Reporter*.—*Michigan Literary Reporter.*
- The Vermont Supreme Court has decided that a citizen cannot refuse to testify for whom he voted.
- If all good came to us in this world, who would care for heaven?