

Reminiscence of the War of the Rebellion. In the summer of 1864, during the darkest period of the war, before the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, there was a serious effort made by many prominent Republicans to put him aside, and to nominate another candidate for the Presidency.

An immense mass-meeting of the citizens of Illinois was held at Springfield shortly after, and the Governor being called upon to make the first speech, in mild and gentle words, but in most unmistakable terms, broke this matter to the dense mass of patriots around him.

It was the largest political meeting ever held in Springfield. Probably more than 20,000 men were present. It was seated upon the stand, and had a full view of the sea of earnest faces, and of the speakers.

The Governor was received with great enthusiasm. But when he began to broach the subject of laying aside Mr. Lincoln as a candidate, and substituting some other man, there was a profound and almost agonizing silence. They gave no cheer and no expression of approbation.

Their respect for Governor Yates was too great to allow them to give vent to expressions of disapprobation; and, as he was in such high position, they were made to feel by his remarks, that, perhaps, they might be called upon to acquiesce in the sad necessity, much as they loved and honored Mr. Lincoln. Never shall I forget the sorrow seen in every face, as Governor Yates closed his address; and never can I forget the speech which followed.

Senator Doolittle, from Wisconsin, spoke next. I sat near him during the speech of the Governor; and, as I was one of the party at the dinner, I watched every movement and expression of his countenance, as I did not then know whether he joined in that movement and sympathized with Governor Yates or not.

He looked pale and nervous—his broad chest heaving with deep emotion, and his broad face beaming with intense earnestness. As he stepped forward on the platform, slowly he began, in that deep, penetrating and far-reaching voice of his, which all who have heard cannot forget.

"Fellow-citizens!" said he, lifting his hand and face toward heaven. "I believe in God." Then pausing, looking around upon his audience, he added, in a tone which reached every ear and thrilled every heart in that vast assembly, "Under him I believe in Abraham Lincoln."

That was enough. Then ensued such a scene as I have never witnessed. The agony was over. The hearts of 20,000 men found utterance in cheers, in sobs and tears, in grasping of hands, embraces and salutations.

For some time Mr. Doolittle could not go on. Never have I seen, and I doubt if in the whole history of the world a speech of eleven words ever produced greater effect. He went on, at length, and spoke for an hour and a half in the same vein. When he finished, Governor Yates at once took the stand, and said he was satisfied the people demanded the election of Mr. Lincoln, and that he would do all in his power to aid that result.—E. L. Waterman, Ottawa, Ill.

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN CHICAGO. There is now living in Chicago a lady named Amy Gridley, who was born in Lyme, Conn., in July, 1777. She is accordingly approaching her ninety-eighth birthday. She attributes her longevity to three things—the plentiful use of water, ample exercise, and marrying when past thirty-five. In her youth she was a sewing girl, and journeyed from farm-house to farm-house on horseback. In 1825 she and her husband rode a distance of 480 miles in a wagon to witness the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of Banker Hill Monument.

TELEGRAPH MACHINES WORKED BY AIR. An account is published of an interesting exhibition of telegraph machines, worked exclusively by air, lately given in London by Mr. Gustaf, the inventor. A number of different instruments were on view. The impulse is produced at one end of a tube by the operator, and performs the mechanical work of the other end, either by ringing a bell or turning a needle round a dial. A rapidly and precisely can be made equal to the electric telegraph, the conducting tube being able to be laid under or over cover, in the same manner as the ordinary telegraph. Attached to each machine is a bell and dial, and the message is transmitted by the moving of a small lever which drives the air through a pipe to the other operator. As the lever is

moved up and down, the dial, which stands where the message is destined for, registers whatever the words may be. Each dial is supplied with a needle, and, as each spurt of air presses against the words of the machine, the needle is moved exactly the number of times that the lever is pressed. Each instrument can receive or send a message about 400 yards, and is, therefore, of special convenience for private intercommunication.

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

For many years the incompleting monument to Stephen A. Douglas, in Chicago, has remained a sad comment upon the professed admiration of the city and State for the dead statesman. Last winter an effort was made to have the State appropriate a sum of money sufficient to complete the monument, but in a spirit of economy the Legislature voted down the proposition. At last, however, a scheme has been hit upon which gives hopes of a speedy completion of the monument in accordance with the original plan. This scheme is to sell the property dedicated to the purpose in 1864, and remove the remains to the Chicago University near by. It is believed that the sum realized from the sale of the land fronting on the lake, where the base of the monument was long since erected, will be sufficient to complete the work. The total height of the monument will be one hundred feet, the diameter of the circular base fifty-two feet, and of the tomb twenty feet. Within this tomb is an arched chamber ten feet square, where rest the remains within the sarcophagus. Near the corner of the tomb are four pedestals, which will be surmounted by statues of heroic size, representing respectively Illinois, History, Commerce, and Arts and Sciences. Above the tomb will be a pedestal fifteen feet high, ornamented with festoons, having near the base large, heavy bronze plaques sunk into the rock, bearing on the face bas-reliefs of subjects purely American. The first will be an aboriginal scene; the second, Three Pioneer Farmers; the third, Trade and Enterprise; the fourth, Education. On the pedestal will rest a column forty-eight feet high, and five and a half feet in diameter at the base. The whole will be surmounted by a colossal statue, showing Senator Douglas in the act of addressing the United States Senate.

MANAGEMENT OF CONVICTS.

The annual report of the Inspectors of the State Prison of Michigan, for 1874, contains some excellent and humane suggestions for the treatment of prisoners and the management of prisons. Capital punishment having been some years ago abolished in Michigan, solitary confinement was substituted. It was, however, found that this system was fatal to the health of convicts. Some became insane, while others drifted into idleness and complete imbecility. Such prisoners are now put to hard labor. During the year 1874, the number of convicts has increased from 655 to 709; these numbers entitling the Michigan to rank, if such a condition may be regarded as an honor, among the foremost prisons in the country. No prison government can be effective, says the report, without the power of punishment. A prison contains desperate, daring men, guilty of the most flagrant and revolting crimes—some of them so subtle and cunning that they are frequently able to hoodwink an officer, if not a firm and incorruptible man. The report suggests, as an effective agency in the maintenance of good order, a tidily-kept kitchen. Pet animals are also introduced with beneficial effect; and the affection lavished by men confined for life upon dogs, deer, rabbits, geese, turkeys, doves, and chickens is said to be most touching, and at the same time humanizing. "The matter for a hundred thrilling books," says the agent kindly, "is ever floating among these galleries, while these corridors echo to many a sigh as they ring with the click of the watchman's key."

A LEGAL ROMANCE.

There has been a romantic suit in Kansas City for an estate of \$300,000, and it has ended, as it should have done, in the most romantic manner. Thirty years ago, William Gillis was one of the pioneer capitalists of the West. At that time Lahuret, Chief of the Pion-Kashou Indians, had a daughter, lovely if dusky, and her name was musical and soft as that of any Indian Maid. Kakhoteque won the heart of William Gillis, who bought her from her father for a bale of blankets, and lived with her. They had one daughter, Nancy, one of the prettiest of half-breeds, and the belle of the trading-post which has since become Kansas City. She grew up, and had two sons, Frank Boye and Jim Charley. Gillis did not treat his half-breed family kindly, for when he died he willed his estate, consisting of handsome business blocks, and at least one hotel, to his niece, Mrs. Troost, reserving \$125,000 for an orphan asylum. The half-breed heirs claimed the whole estate, and the County Court awarded it to them jointly. The administrators appealed to the Supreme Court, and a day or so ago that tribunal affirmed the decision of the lower court. Thus the two orphans most interested, heirs of the woodland and stream, have become wealthy capitalists. The moral of this story is evident, and those who make a practice of buying up pretty Indian girls will do well to avoid willing their property away. It only gives trouble, and wastes the money in legal fees, besides making the legatee mad without doing him or her any good.

THE SHOEMAKERS OF LYNN ARE OUT.

The shoemakers of Lynn are out on a strike again against a reduction of wages. They held a mass meeting on Saturday and the threat of their discourse showed that they had waxed angry, and were determined to fight to the last and give up their all rather than yield a peg.—A. J. C. D.

BATHING AND HEALTH.

Dr. A. B. Crosby, formerly of the Michigan University, now of the Bellevue Medical College, New York, delivered a lecture on Saturday evening in the Cooper Institute upon "The Skin and the Use of the Bath." Dr. Crosby commenced by giving a series of stereoscopic illustrations of the structure of the skin, explaining the important functions it performed in the general economy of the human system. The lecturer said he thought it was Charles Lamb who once said upon meeting a man with very dirty hands: "My friend, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!" However that might be, he regretted to be obliged to open his lecture by remarking that man was a dirty animal. He said the amount of fluid formed by the sweat glands underneath the skin was ordinarily about two pounds, or two pints, in the day upon the whole body when the person is comparatively at rest. If exercise was taken to any great extent much more of this secretion or perspiration would be thrown off. When the skin is viewed with a magnifying glass of moderate power it is seen that minute particles of moisture ooze from the pores which speedily evaporate. The object of perspiration was to regulate the temperature of the body. It was found, in connection with the circulation of the blood, that there was a process going on by which oxygen was being taken out of the blood by the arterial blood, and that carbonic acid was being taken away by the veins. The heat of the body was constantly being formed. The normal temperature of the blood was about 98 degrees, and were it not for the process of perspiration, which cools the system, we would get a temperature that would be inconsistent with life. The temperature of the body could not be carried 10 degrees above or below its normal temperature without life ceasing. It would then be seen that the limits of temperature within which life can be sustained lay within a very narrow range, and hence the importance of perspiration by which the temperature of the body was regulated. He then referred to the practice of bathing among the ancients, and said the first act of hospitality shown to a visitor was to prepare a bath, as mentioned in the case of Ulysses and Telemachus whenever they were hospitably received in their travels. In Greece the bath was both a public and private institution. In Athens the practice of bathing was joined with that of the gymnasium, and Plato recognized the necessity of bathing, so much so that he made the bath one of the institutions of the state. When the explorations were made in Pompeii in 1824 the ruins of baths were found similar to those that existed in Rome, covering 10,000 square feet. The Romans were in the habit of bathing every eight times in the day. In modern times the Turks had cultivated the use of the bath more than any other nation. Mohammed ordained that there should be prayer five times a day with ablutions, and he was morally certain that we prayed no more and bathed much less. In India the bath had always been associated with shampooing.

THE PRINTERS' PROGRESS.

The Registrar of the Privy Council of Great Britain, Mr. Reeve, when examined recently before the royal commission on the administrative departments of the courts of justice, explained the practice which obtains in his office of printing matter that would otherwise be written. He said: "I have a strong opinion that there ought to be no manual copying in offices. I have no writing clerks; I have nothing written beyond a very short letter. The moment even a letter is at all long I have it printed. I am convinced that, on account of convenience, dispatch, economy, and every other motive, all public business ought to be done by the printing office. I think it is a barbarous piece of antiquity to have any public documents written, with the exception of such as are very short and incooperable. I think there ought to be several copies of them; and printing is the most economical way of multiplying the copies. You send a quantity of matter in a very rough form to the printer, and he produces it in an eligible shape; it is paid for, and there is no more expense. But if you have clerks to do the work they are constantly employed; there are periods when there is a great deal to do, and periods when there is nothing to do, and there are vacations, but the clerks must be paid all the year round."

A DANGEROUS WIFE.

Jacob Carlyle, of Arolos, Ill., publishes a card warning all persons from harboring his wife, and declaring his financial independence in regard to all bills contracted by her. In the fullness of his heart Jacob adds: "She has been so disagreeable that I cannot live with her. She threw a candlestick into my mouth and set it on fire, and repeatedly kicked me. She threw the chairs out of doors, and took my ax with the intention of chopping them to pieces, to prevent which I was compelled to send the ax to the house of one of my neighbors. She threw a butcher-knife at me, striking it in the door, and declared that she wished it had split my head open. She struck me on the head with a broom-handle, raising a tumor thereon nearly as large as a hen's egg. An attempt was made to poison me by putting arsenic in my jug of whiskey, of which I drank, and which nearly killed me, and I suspect that she did it." "All of these offenses save the last might have been overlooked, but a woman who would put arsenic into a man's whiskey is not merely a disagreeable but a dangerous character."

THESE ARE THE DEEDS OF A DEFUNCT DRY GOODS CLERK.

These are the deeds of a defunct dry goods clerk who, after the funeral services were over, and the undertaker had put the last screw in the lid of the coffin preparatory to interment, was heard to say, in faint and muffled tones, "Anything else!"

will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defined, almost universally.

CHILDREN'S DINNER-BASKETS.

Of the throngs of children who are obliged to carry dinner-baskets to a distant school-house, how few take with them perfectly suitable luncheon! No wonder they grow pale and thin! "My children study too hard," says busy, mistaken mother. "If they go on losing vitality and color in this way, I must take them from school." Very well, that's not a bad idea sometimes, when tired eyes and brains need rest; but in this particular case, if you care to intercept one of these little victims on his way to school, and lift the cover of his luncheon-basket, I think you'll find the cause of his ill-health lurking beneath a mass of cake and pickles. Children like dainties, and will of course eat them in preference to wholesome food, if allowed to do so; therefore, lacking judgment as they do, they should never be entrusted with the selection of their luncheon, as they often are, in this busy land, where mothers are overrun with other duties, which seem, on the surface, more important than the filling of dinner-baskets. But what is in reality more important to mothers than the health of their children? This is no light matter. The unwholesome dinners of too many of our school-children tell steadily upon their growth and welfare and future usefulness in the world. Like grown-up people, they use up daily, or waste, by exercise of all sorts, by mere bodily combustion, too, in keeping the body warm with blood, a large portion of the nourishment they get from food. Their daily wastage must be made good. Children have not only to repair their daily waste, but to go on building up new bone, new muscle, new brain, as they grow from day to day. Their food should contain nourishment for all parts of the system, and they should have plenty, but they should be accustomed to stop eating when their hunger is satisfied, and not go on nibbling merely to gratify the palate, thus forming habits of gluttony. Cake and pastry have but little, and pickles have scarcely a particle of nourishment in them, and they almost invariably do the system positive harm, in greater or less degree, when taken into the stomach. The harm may be so little and the overcoming influence so strong, in the way of out-door exercise and other healthy conditions, that no evil result may be apparent; but all our diseases are caused by violation of hygiene in some respect. We are not always personally responsible for these violations, since our sanitary conditions are not always within our control, never indeed entirely so; but where we can help ourselves we ought clearly to do so.

A QUEEN DISEASE.

A very valuable retriever belonging to Mr. Higgs, of Southampton, Eng., became sullen and ceased to manifest pleasure at his owner's approach. Soon he began to snap and howl in a peculiar manner, and to tear his kennel, which was of wood. Supposing it to be a case of hydrophobia, it was at first proposed to shoot him, but inasmuch as he was such a valuable animal and was so securely fastened as not to be able to injure any one, it was determined to deter him from the present, and to await results. Day after day passed, the dog remaining in the same condition, however eating heartily and drinking freely of water. By this time he had torn his kennel into shreds. One day Mr. Higgs discovered that there was a large swelling, commencing at the lower rib and extending up toward the shoulders, which he concluded to be a tumor. It increased in size and broke, when the dog immediately manifested delight at the presence of his master. An inspection of the opening revealed in the center a substance which presented a firm and pointed front, and appeared to proceed from the intestines. Securing the dog's head with the assistance of a friend, Mr. Higgs seized the obstacle and with much effort extracted it, which to his astonishment he found to be a galvanized iron skewer six inches long, which the dog had evidently bolted with the scraps thrown to him from the kitchen, with which it had got mixed. After a short time and proper treatment the ulcer healed and the dog was apparently as well as ever.

THE ART OF COMPLIMENT.

A delicate compliment is a work of far higher art than the most biting sarcasm. Every one knows the story of the poor creature who found himself seated between Madame Rocamier and Madame de Stael, and managed to offend them both by saying that he sat between wit and beauty. The court of Louis XIV. seems to have been the school where the art was brought to perfection. The flattery offered by the men of genius to the King was at once coarse and exquisite. Witness the inimitable reply of Mignard, who was painting the king's portrait for the tenth time, when Louis asked him, "Do I look older?" "I see a few more campaigns on the brow of your majesty." It is only fair to Louis to acknowledge that he could himself bestow praise with more grace than any other monarch of whom history makes mention. After the battle of Senef, he received the great Conde in state. The Prince was suffering from a sharp attack of the gout, and made his way somewhat painfully up the steps of the royal staircase, at the head of which was the king. Conde begged of the king to forgive him for thus keeping his majesty waiting. Louis hastened to silence him with these words: "Consin, take your time; when one is so heavily laden with laurels it is impossible to walk fast." It is an old trope against Orientals that they cannot understand a joke, and that they are still less able to say pretty things to ladies; but a daughter of Louis XIV., the Princess de Conti, inspired the Moorish Ambassador with as gracefully turned a compliment as can be imagined. She had railed against the Mohammedan custom of polygamy, and the Moor thus defended the practice: "Madame, pluralities of wives is allowed among us, because in our country we must seek in several women the charming qualities which are here to be found in one." Wit, like money, is of no country.

LIFE IN VENICE.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes from Venice to the San Francisco Chronicle: "There is much that is gay in the beautiful old city. One is forever wending his way unconsciously back to the Piazzas of St. Mark, where, on summer evenings and winter afternoons, three times a week, the band plays for two hours and the people walk up and down the great stone-floored court, with the ever glorious basilica at the top of it, while in front of the florid and grotesque facade three tall flagstaffs stand, with a splendid display of bunting on Sundays and feast days. It is not surprising that the Venetians are well bred and of very graceful address, for they are continually brought in contact with the best of their people, who gather at the hundred little tables in front of the great cafe, the Florian, to listen to the music or gossip with their friends over chocolate or ice. They seem never to be in haste here. The gondoliers swim up and down the canals at an easy rate of speed; the pedestrians are sure to give up a chase after they have surmounted the third bridge. And as for time, it glides by without a break, and is perhaps the only element that does seem a little fast. No wonder that the dream-life of Venice begets repose. The Old East, the Orient, lies just over the water from it. The golden horses that prance over the gallery of St. Mark's have once adorned the hippodrome and South America. All commerce seems to find

A BATTLE WITH BULL-WHACKERS.

Every now and then comes from the frontier a story of blood and passion caused by the raiding of frontier towns by Texas bull-whackers. The bull-whacker is not necessarily destitute of humanity or principle, although the exigencies of frontier civilization not unnaturally beget in him an indifference to the amenities of civilized life, and even to the rights of his fellows. The bull-whacker becomes a bully, with a latent energy for evil in him, awaiting its opportunity to become active and disastrous. This opportunity comes when the bull-whackers escort their property to market. Passing through the small towns of the frontier they become drunk on bad whiskey, and then their active energy for evil becomes little less than astonishing. They rough-ride it over the townsmen, shooting and cutting in their mad fury, and leaving corpses and invalids behind them. Until recently a policy of conciliation has been maintained toward these ruffians, but recent outrages have welded the citizens into bands for mutual protection, and reprisals are constantly occurring. New Mexico has recently suffered more than usual from their incursions, and the town of Cimarron became the scene of a violent affray but a few days ago. The bull-whackers had made up a small party, and, in the violence of intoxication, went out with the avowed intention of killing somebody. A Sheriff's posse opposed them, and they opened fire. The Citizens' Committee immediately formed, drove them into a stone building, from which they broke every light of glass, and finally forced them out. The bull-whackers were prepared for such an emergency, and had their horses held ready for them under cover of their rifles. They managed to get into their saddles and ride off, followed by a volley of slugs and buckshot. One saddle was emptied, its occupant having been ridden with ten bullets; a second herder was severely wounded, but succeeded in making good his escape, while the rest escaped without injury, the citizens not being mounted. It is barely possible that the town of Cimarron will be the objective point of an increased gang of raiders; but it is more probable that the bullies will make a wide circuit around it next time. The attack in this case was purely wanton, as indeed it usually appears to be.

LET THAT BOY ALONE.

It is strange that adults so soon forget their childhood, and that they so easily become unreasonable in their demands upon the young. Are boys often contrary and "unlikely?" Are they averse to remaining at home during the long winter evenings? Are they sometimes lazy? Well, that is not very strange, and it is possible that all of this results as much from the improper and injudicious treatment received from those who should be their friends, as from their native depravity. When boys are treated more like human beings, and less like slaves—as we may learn, if we notice them in some families where the parents remember their childhood—they are as ready to work as older people if there is sufficient inducement, the proper encouragement. Adults are not easily driven to labor, and that without some return, some compensation. When they are disposed to neglect home it may be possible that such a home is not a home, not made as pleasant as it should be made, not made attractive. If so, the fault is mutual, but principally that of the parents. If the older and more experienced can not make some sacrifices, exert themselves specially to make home attractive, so that their children will prefer it to other places, it is not strange that the thoughtless often become wayward.

But let the boys alone. Or, do not constantly stand over them as with a rod in hand, ready at any moment, at the slightest deviation from the strictest propriety, to apply the lash. Boys are not perfect, nor are their parents. To constantly watch them, budge them at every turn, ensure them for every accident, scold them for every thoughtless deed, ever ready to censure and blame, and never to give credit, never to utter an encouraging word, will be almost sure to spoil those worth spoiling. Of course good advice is often necessary, and not only necessary, but useful, if given as we would give it to a worthy friend and respected neighbor. But when counsel is given in a censorious spirit, the tones marked by a malicious ring, when the whole manner indicates anything but what should animate the parental bosom, we may not expect the seed to fall on any but "stony ground." Let the boys alone, at least a part of the time. Do not hedge up their way all of the time. Do not expect them to work all of the time. It is not best or right for even adults to labor constantly. Boys can not and should not be required to do so, since rest and recreation are necessities of their nature. If you would have them cultivate judgment for themselves, do not always attempt to instruct them on trifling matters. Let them learn something by experience, and then it will be better appreciated and remembered. Do not caution them every time they take a lamp, an edged tool, a glass vessel, or any valuable into their hands, if you would ever have them learn for themselves. In doing so you constantly remind them that they know nothing and have no care. Let them have a little peace and learn from experience to practice self-control and self-government. Do not torment, and harass and scold them all of the time. If you ensure them when they do wrong, remember that it is honest to praise them when they do right; the praise—mark my word—will be the most powerful for good. Do not follow them about as if you had no confidence in them, directing them at every step, unless you wish to sour the disposition and make them hate you. Give them good advice at the proper time, not too often, in a loving spirit; confide in them, love them, but do not tyrannize over them. Teach them to respect themselves, but do not all of the time torment and badger them.

FRENCH DIET.

Although from time to time attempts are made to persuade people to vary their diet of beef and mutton by eating horses and other strange animals, the movement has not met with much success. At one time it really seemed that hippopotamy had a chance of becoming fashionable, and "horse dinners" were quite common; but somehow the horses failed to establish a footing in the kitchen, and their carcasses still find their way to the dog-kennel instead of being hung in front of the butchers' shops and market stalls. It was also thought after the siege of Paris that the rat had established a clear claim to appear at the dining-room table, and for the moment there was a decided leaning toward this and other vermin in France, as pleasing additions to the bill of fare. But rats went out of fashion with the war, and it seems not likely that they will ever become generally popular as an article of diet. It appears, however, that rats are really eaten in Paris; and a disagreeable story is told by the Petit-Journal relative to the sufferings endured by a young gentleman in that gay city who lately died of a rat that disagreed with him. Having acquired a taste for the flesh of dogs and cats, the imprudent young man feasted one day on a large rat, and was shortly afterward seized with excruciating pains. A doctor was immediately sent for, and discovered that the rat had eaten a rat which had previously taken some food mixed with poison. Thus the cat swallowed the rat, and the man the cat, and the three between them nearly all proved fatal to each other. After all, for comfort and safety there is nothing like the good old-fashioned sheep and oxen.

DEATH OF A REFORMER.

Mr. Trask, the well-known anti-tobacco apostle, died at Fitchburg, Mass., recently at the age of seventy-nine. Mr. Trask's long and active life was spent in the ministry of the Baptist Church, but he is more widely known in connection with the work of the Anti-Tobacco Association, of which for many years he has been the chief head and front. In an autobiographic sketch of his life, contributed to the *Phrenological Journal*, he tells how he had been a victim of tobacco for twenty years, and had become "emaciated, tremulous and cowardly," and was at the gates of death. Abandoning the noxious poison, he regained his former health, which he enjoyed throughout an unusually long and vigorous life. He wrote an immense number of tracts denouncing the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks, and lectured incessantly on the subject.

ALL THE FORTY-TWO NIGHT SCHOOLS OF PHILADELPHIA EXCEPT ONE HAVE BEEN CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF INSUFFICIENT APPROPRIATIONS—DEPRIVING 13,000 PUPILS OF INSTRUCTION.

ALL the forty-two night schools of Philadelphia except one have been closed on account of insufficient appropriations—depriving 13,000 pupils of instruction.

its way through the wilderness of islands to the marble gates of Venice, yet there is very little shipping in port.

A GHASTLY COMPACT.

How It was Fulfilled—A Remarkable Story of Special Filiation—One of the World's Formes which Humanity will Assume. (From the Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.)

One of the strangest cases of insanity ever heard of in this portion of the country is engaging the attention of a well-known physician in Davenport just now. We say insanity because the doctor says that the man is insane—a monomaniac—while the patient himself declares that he is in his right mind; and he talks sensibly enough upon every topic brought to his notice, not excepting the one which has alarmed his friends and caused a physician's attention.

The person in question was a soldier in the 2d Iowa cavalry during the war, and when the regiment was in camp near Davenport he and a fellow-soldier of his company became warm friends, although strangers before enlistment. One day in May, 1863, we believe, the two were on picket near Farmington, Miss., and they fell into conversation about the state of the soul after death—a topic which engaged the minds of soldiers of the late war frequently, as many of our readers know. On this occasion the two troopers talked earnestly on the subject. One believed in the immortality of the soul, and the other did not; but then and there each pledged the other that, should death come to him during the war, he would visit the survivor, if possible.

The next day a battle was fought near Farmington and the party who believed in the hereafter was killed, and his body now lies in a national cemetery in Mississippi.

That was nearly twelve years ago. The surviving trooper was deeply grieved over the loss of his friend, but he continued in the service till the end of the war, and was honorably discharged when his regiment was mustered out. He returned to Iowa, engaged in business presently, was married and has a family.

Some five weeks ago his wife became alarmed at his actions in the night. He would wake her and ask her if she saw anybody or heard any noise in the room; and of course she had not. In a few days, finding his wife was becoming nervous over his nocturnal wakefulness, he insisted on occupying a room alone, but on the third night thereafter he came to his wife's bed-room at midnight, threw himself into an easy chair and said he would sit for her he could not sleep. Just before Christmas, while with his wife on Second street, the intention being to purchase holiday goods, he asked his companion if she could see a form before them, that had walked just a few feet in their advance ever since they left their gate. No, she had not.

On Christmas the wife went to the family physician and acquainted him with her fears concerning her husband, and the doctor returned to her home with her, and both demanded the reason for his strange conduct. Heretofore he had refused to converse with his wife on the subject.

Then the afflicted man told his companion and physician the story of the promise of his comrade to return to him after death, made under the circumstances told above. And he stated that thoughts of the pledge of reappearance came to him often during the few months after his comrade was killed, but he had long since dismissed it from his mind. But in November last he was awakened in the night and saw the form of his friend, distinctly, in his room—not in uniform, but with a robe for apparel, a face not very pale, and eyes and hair of natural look and hue. The form moved as if the form would speak, but he could hear no words; the face smiled also, as if the vision was glad to see his friend. Nearly a month elapsed before he spoke to his wife about it, and then it was because he had become so nervous that he could not help it. Several times the form seemed to accompany him on the street, and appeared to him in his bed-room plainly every few nights. This was his plain story, and we give it as it was given to us. The patient knew that he had been affected by the visitation; his sleep had been broken, nervousness engendered, and appetite much impaired. Weeks have elapsed, and he is still a patient—insane patient his relatives believe him to be, though he talks sensibly on every topic suggested except the one that refers to the ghost, and he believes his friend has come to him for some good purpose which he cannot define. He attends to his business almost daily, though, and none but his near relatives know of his ailment. It is not unlikely that a trip abroad may be advised for the patient.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

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