Why Men Break Down.

There is a great deal of talk nowadays the tendency of Americans to bout down from overwork. Much of this talk is nonsense; and some of the nonsense comes from the medical proion, the source from which you have the best right to expect only sense on so important a matter. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly contributes a refreshing contribution to this much misunderstood question. He maintains the general thesis that work is healthy, and that no amount of physical or brain abor can injure a man who is sound in body and mind, provided the work be done in a healthy way. The working of the human body is not unlike the working of a steam engine. Only a certain mount of power can be got out of the engine by legitimate means, and that amount can be used with perfect safety. It is only when the safety-valve is loaded beyond the safe point of pressure, or when the steam gets sueated, that there is danger of an explosion. The normal work of body and mind cannot be increased beyond a certain point. When that point is reached, the system becomes so exhaust ed that rest must be taken; and this is nature's safety-valve. To keep up the system by stimulants, and so get more work out of body or brain than can be got in the normal way, is to fasten down a safety-valve, and an explosion is very likely to follow. This is the real secret of a large part of the breakdowns that are attributed to overwork. A very young man or a very old man may kill himself by hard work; but a man in prime of life, with no organic disease, is in no danger of injuring himself by work, provided he works in a normal way. On the contrary,he will thrive under hard work. Not only is brain work as healthy as physical labor, when it is done under proper conditions, but vital statistics prove beyond question that it is specially conducive to longevity. Any life-insur-ance agent will show tables that prove brain workers to be the longest-lived men in the community, and consequently the "best risks" for their companies. And as a rule, the hardest brain-workers are the longest-lived. In the world of letters, it is the Voltaires and Defoes - men who labor so assiduously that the catalogue of their works contains an almost impossible number of titles-who have lived out their three score and ten years and more. Statesmen like Glad-stone and Beaconsfield, in spite of their enormous labors-shall we not say, because of them?-live close up to or beyond their ninetieth year. But the fact must be especially insisted reformed cannibais. But don't you on that brain work must be normal. It must be spasmodically severe; it must not be done in ruts; it must not be done by means of stimulants of any sort, even the most innocent; it must not be accompanied by disregard of the ordinary laws of health. But if a man will work regularly and calmly, if he will take regularly and calming, it he will take care to secure a generous portion of sleep every night, and take exercise enough by day to keep his pulse even and his digestion good, he may work as he pleases, and be all the bett. r for it, Brain workers break down every day and die, but not of overwork. They die of stimulation or dissipation, or some

had no necessary connection.

his arm, and there were four other chil-

dren at his heels. "Is the lady of the house in?" asked

the peddler. "Certainly she isn't," replied Bird. "She is perennially and eternally out!" "Where can I see her." "Why go down to the Woman Suffrage

Clubroom; and if she isn't there, go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Anims; and if she isn't there, visit the hall of the Association for Alleviating the Miseries of the Senegambians; and if she has finished up there, look for her at the Church Aid Society, or at the Soup Kitchen, or the Home of the One-Legged, or at the Refuge for Infirm Dogs, or at the Hospital for the Asthmatic, or at the St. Polycarp Orphan Asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her track, you'll see more paupers, and strong minded women, and underclothing for the heathen, than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handled flatiron just now." Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked canibals in Senegambia are yearning for cold-handled flatirons. would buy diamond breastpins for them if they wanted them, I believe.'

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of immovable hairpin which-"All right. You just go down to the Home for the One-Legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hairpins and she'll order 'em by the ton." "Has she any children?"

"Well I'm the one that appears to be having 'em-just now, anyhow." "Because I have an india rubber tit for a feeding bottle-that is the nicest

thing you ever saw.'

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what to do. You get these paupers to swear that they can't eat the soup they get at the soup-house with spoons; they must have it from bottles with a rubber muzzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you

won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em." "How'll I know her if I see her?" "Why she's a very large woman with a bent nose and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to sub-scribe to the Senegambian Fund, and to the Asthmatic Asylum, before you can get you your breath. Probably she'll read you three or four letters from mind 'em. My opinion is that she wrote them herself."

And with baby singing a vociferous solo and the other children clinging to to his leg, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

Eating a Boat's Crew.

A shocking case of massacre and cannibalism is reported by advices just re-ceived in Liverpool. The information was received from the Fiji islands, and came via Sydney. The circumstances, other cause with which their brain labor as related, are of the most horrifying character. The victims were the crew of a boat from the labor avessel Isabel. It and 50 cents. appears that the Isabel was on a cruise in search of laborers, and one of the islands touched at was Santo island. The Isabel lay off the land, and a boat was sent off to the shore to open negotiations for recruiting workmen. While the negotiations were in progress the treacherous islanders made an attack on the boat's crew. The men were assailed in so sudden a manner that they were unable to offer very much resistance. Out of the whole crew but two got away, and these had narrow escapes, whilst one had two wounds in his head inflicted by tomahawks. It was evident the attack had been arranged previous to the landing of the unfortunate men, as all of the natives joined in the affray simultaneously. They were armed with muskets and tomahawks. At the moment Capt. Hawkins of the Isabel, could not do anything, but some time afterwards a search party was sent from the schooner, and pushed their way to a village. The sight which here met their eyes was shocking to behold. The village was deserted, the natives leaving behind them a hand, a thigh, portions of a chest, a heart and liver, with out doubt the remains of the former comrades of the search party. The native had evidently been surprised whilst preparing to make their last meal on the unfortunate men of the Isabel, as all the remains found had been cleaned and scraped and ready for cooking. All the human remains were collected and buried. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of the searchers that the remainder of the bodies had been eaten by the Santo Island natives, who are known to be cannibals. Captain Hawkins received the full particulars of the attack from the two who escaped, and who positively affirmed that not the slightest provocation was given to the islanders to commit the outrage.

Female Suffrage and Male Suffering. When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door-bell the other day, Mr. Bird opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon bis are and Male Suffering. comet or predicted an airthquake. I want each and ebery member of dis club to stan' on his own shape. If he am fast colors dat's all we want to know. If he crocks or fades in de washin'he must step down and out. De fack dat Samuel Shin's fader was 'lected to the South Carolina Legislatur' does not prove that Samuel hisself knows beans from hoss barns. Likewise de fack dat Giveadam Jones had an uncle hung for stealin' co'n doan' go to prove dat it wouldn't be safe to leave our brudder in a grocer sto' fur half an hour while the clerk went our ar-ter change. When a man boasts dat one of de family signed de Declarashun of Independence, doan' you take his note without a good inderser. People who lay back on nothing but glory ob de dead or de statesmanship of some one who sat in Congress a hundred years ago am jist as apt to work off a bogus dollar on a sore eyed railroad conductor as de man whose geological tree has a baker hangin' to ebery limb."[-Detroit Free Press.

> Julia has five beaux and Emily has three, while the old maid-next door has

none. How many beaux in all, and how many would be left if they should give the old maid half the crowd? A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples and gets a \$14 news-paper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Does he gain or lose, and how much? A. has an overcoat for which he paid \$18, and his wife trades it off for two red clay busts of Andrew Jackson, worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy a fall bonnet .- [Detroit Free Press.

"What is this man charged with ?" asked the judge. "With whisky, yer honor," replied the sententious policeman .--- Boston Transcript.

A Worthy Physicias.

We publish in another column the advertisement of Dr. H. L. Moody of Portand and would direct particular attention to it. The doctor is meeting with wonderful success in the treatment of disease and all he asks is that those who are suffering from any disease will write or visit him an i they on b cured they will soon be a levy to perfect recovery.

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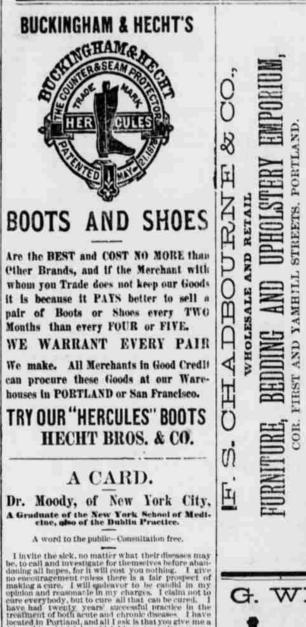
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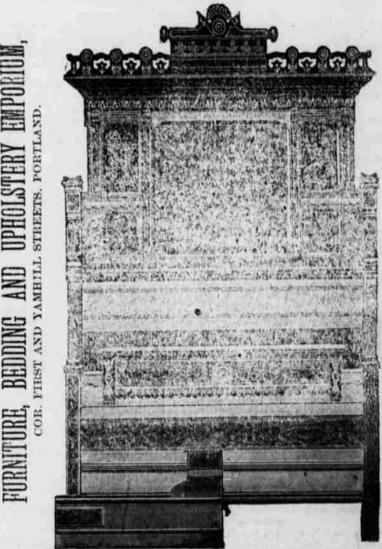


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Wall Street and Its Old-lime Magnates.

The present race of Wall street magnates is entirely new. They have come on the stage since my own experience began, for I can remember their predecessors. The Wall street men of my boy-hood were Jacob Little, whose name was synonymous with financial strength; Nathaniel Prime, founder of Prime, Ward & King, and others of the olden stamp; Jacob Barker had just exchanged the financial circles of this city for those of New Orleans, and John Jacob Astor, though infirm, was still occasionally noticed in some of the gatherings of heavy capitalists. His last appearance in the scenes of concentrated wealth was (if I remember right) in 1844, when he came down in a carriage, very feeble. He lived however, four years longer, and died in 1848, aged 80. Astor is now remembered as a thick-set man of medium hight, but not so tall as his son William. He was sharp for money until the very last. Jacob Little was the king of the stock board at that time, and no one could stand in his way. He was a bold operator, but failed in a shocking man-ner. He afterward re-established himself, but failed again, and died a poverty stricken and disappointed man. About the time that Little ceased to be known in business circles, Commedore Vanderbilt's star began to ascend, and his family has continued the successful course ever since. The Commodore, however, was not a speculator so much as a conqueror.

Great contrasts are shown in families. The Commodore was a Wall street man, and, for many years, hardly a day passed without mingling with its crowds; but his son William is seldom seen here. He lives three miles up town, and being of a quiet turn, he cares little for his father's old battle ground. John Jacob As-tor was once a regular Wall street man, but his son has been of a different turn, and hardly ever appeared among its crowds. Robert Lenox also was a Wall street man, but his son James, although a stockholder in banks and owning property which might bring him there, studiotsly kept away. Thus we see how famthes change in their habits. You will find a few firms here, in which the sons follow their fathers. One of these is coffins of his predecessors. He may size James G. King & Sons, while in the great house of Brown Bros. & Co., a sonin-law, Howard Potter, represents the second generation. Men of genius or business talent seldom bequeathetheir powers to their children. Wall street is continually exhibiting new firms, and the stranger thus fresh competitors for wealth stead-ily appear. I have seen one generation five dollars to one o' my color on de pass and another come, but the latter is made up entirely of new names. The spirit of the place, however, is little changed, except to be increased in in-tensity and greed. Men are insatiable as ever, and up one can expect the race

real life that we ever gazed upon was a record made by some relative half a cenveteran of the late war weeping over the tury since will land in jail as soon as in

The Lime Kiln Club.

"When I shake hands wid a stranger, said Brother Gardner, as silence fell upon the members, "I doan' keer two cents wheder his great-gran' fadder was a Cabinet officer or a cobbler; wheder his own gran'fader sold silks or kaliker; wheder his was a cooper or a statesman. De man I have to deal wid am de man befo' me, an' not de dust an' bones au up well, or he may run to remnants; he may be squar or he may be a bilk; he may be honest, or he may have de right bower up his sleeve-dat am fur me to

"I doan' propose to jine hands wid a stranger bekase his gran fader cum öber ground dat his uncle weighed a ton an' shook hands wid three different Presidents. What a man he am, an' weder his frder was a poet or a blacksmith, won't make him better or wuss. Size up your man on his own personal shape to improve in this feature, at least, un-der present influences.--[N. Y. Corr. Troy Times.

doin' bizness wid. De pusson who trab Pathetic: The most poetical thing in bels from diskentry on nothing but de grave of a sutler to whom he owed \$150. good society. When I have any plug Partie

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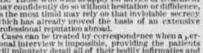
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