There are three things beneath the blessed skie

blue;
I hold them all most dear; but O black eyes!
I live and die and only die for you!
—Tennyson.

THE HUMANITARIAN STANDPOINT.

The Rights of Children-Our Debts to the

Little Ones-A Needed Lesson, In undertaking this work, let us not feel too complacent, too virtuous, too generous. To pay our debts is not to be generous. Children, all children, come into the world our creditors, and they remain our creditors as long as they remain children. The task of living seventy years in this world of ours is thrust upon them. That alone makes them our creditors. What we owe, what society owes to the children, to all children, is gentleness, tenderness, compassion, protection, nur-ture. Every child born in this world, in my view of the matter, has a right to food, clothing, shelter, education, kind words, gentle courtesies, careful protection.

But what poor paymasters we are. Instead what is due them, how often do they get blows, cruel words and cruel neglect. I have seen in New York 400 children from 6 to 10 years old crowded into an unwholesome gas lighted, poor ventilated room, and kept at work twelve hours a day corking and labeling bottles-tweive hours a day, six days

week, and fifty-two weeks in year. But I believe the world's the year. eyes are opening. We are coming to see that we owe more to the children than they to us. Our ambition to get glory and honor from our descendants rather than our ancestors, i growing. We are appreciating our debts to the children more clearly. If children are ill treated they become cruel. And why should we be so shocked at this or that crime committed? Is it not natural that they should pay in kind; that they should say we owe ociety nothing but just this!

Ill treatment of children is something hideous. The brute world is not cruel in the sense in which men are. We need another word for many of these human passions commonly called brutal. When we designate them as brutal we are unfair to the brute world. Cruelty, like the other sellish passions, is binding. The more we practice it the less we are aware of it; or if we are dimly aware of it, it no longer seems hid-Cruelty is a universal passion. are all subject to it at times, for we are all cowards. It is in the air of the world we live in. The selfish struggles of life blind our eyes, deaden our sensibilities, benumb us. A stronger strikes us and we strike a weaker. Our hearts grow less easily touched. We harden and petrify. The thin, dirty, depraved faces of ragged and neglected chil-dren, which we see to-day, do not startle and haunt us as they once did. And may it not be that we need a new lesson even more than dumb brutes!- Willis Gleed in Topeka (Kan.)

How It Feels To Freeze. Early in January, 1854, I left Red Wing in company with S. J. Willard, John Day, and Albert Olson for a place fourteen miles distant, near where Vasa Church now stands, for the purpose of cutting and hauling logs preparatory for our settlement at that point the following spring. It was a clear, seautiful day, with the thermometer 30 degs, above zero. We had a span of good rses, a sleigh partly loaded with lumber, forage, and provisions for a few days,

We arrived at the spot just before dark, and camped in a ravine well sheltered with timber After making ourselves comfortable with a good supper, and a blazing log fire, all four laid down to sleep on a bed made on the snow, with a thin layer of hay on top of some boards, and were well wrapped up in blankets. During the night the temperature changed to a terrible cold, the thermometer falling to 45 degs below zero, as we learned afterward. Had we known this and kept our fire burning, there would, of course, have been no danger. But being very comfortable we all fell asleep early in the night, and were unsconcious of the danger we were in until awakened by the pain of intense cold, and then we were already so overcome with the cold that we lacked power or energy to get up or even to move.

Comparing notes afterward we found that all had experienced a like sensation, namely-first, an acute pain, like the point of a peedle in every pore, but free from all mental anxiety, except a dull conception of something wrong and a desire to get up, but without sufficient energy to do so. This feeling, however, did not last long, and sub-sided gradually into one of quiet rest and satisfaction until consciousness ceased al-together, and without any struggle or pain, bodily or mental. We had all reached that stage when, by an accident, the arm and bare hand of Mr. Day, who lay on the outside, fell in the snow. This started the circulation in his body, and gave him such in tense pain that he quickly aroused himself and got on his feet, and of course we were all saved. It took a long time before we could use our limbs sufficiently to rebuild the fire, and during that time we suffered much more pain than we had before. I am satisfied from that experience that a person perishing in that way has a very easy death, because he sinks gradually into a stuper, which blunts his sensibility both to physical pain and mental agony long before life becomes extinct.-Minneapolis Tribune.

Mrs. Fernandez, of New York, is the principal agent to whom managers look for their supply of stage children. She lately expressed the opinion that a baby is the most mportant factor in stage belongings. It is absolutely necessary to have a good baby-one that will not cry, and good babies are extremely rare; therefore they bring a good price. A well behaved baby in long clothes commands \$10 a week if only to be corried across the stage. Of this class it is difficult to keep up the supply, for the reason that a baby doesn't long remain a baby.

Mrs. Fernandez is one of the most motherly and lovable of women, and her family of a hundred or more children cling to her with beautiful affection. She said to an inquirer last week that persons not in the business can have little or no idea how good and tractable the children of the stage They are far easier to teach than men and women; they do not complain, and they create no disagreeable scenes. Their kindness and sympathy is noteworthy. "When one is sick," said Mrs. Fernandez, "the sister or brother will come and take the place of the invalid, or they will double up the parts, or do any possible thing to keep the place open for the absent. The salaries of children or mobs range from \$3 to \$5 a week, and for parts from \$10 to \$20 a week. Hundreds of children are employed in the theatres of the country. They are totally free from the ies and heart burnings which disturb sir older associates in art, and they think when once they take part in a play they themselves are the pivot on which the whole ffair turns. - Detroit Free Press.

A ran of sliced raw onlone, placed in a room where there is diphtheria, will absorb the poison and prevent the disease from The onions should be buried every morning and fresh ones cut up.

The American record for ten miles was broken in the annual road race of the Cycling Club. Konisely made the distance in 30:09, with Gray, another contestant, less than two feet behind him. The best on record heretofore has been 30:11 for the same distance. Both men rode Safeties.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,")

Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna." Etc.

(Copyrighted. All rights reserved. Published by special arrangement with the Belford Company A yellow cur, with cropped ears and

barely three inches of tail, jumped upon a log on the other side of the fence, uttering a short, sharp bark. Old Gilbert peered over the fence to

right and left of him, along the bridle path that skirted the field. "Whey you come fum, you ondemand ed beas' critter?" he said, scornfully eying the cur, which he recognized as the

property of "dem Furnivals." The dog answered with a yelp, jumped off the log and ran across the bridle path into the woods, but presently returned at the heels of a lank, sandy haired, sallow vouth, clad in faded jeans.

Old Gilbert's heart knocked at his ribs as he thought of his treasure in the hollow of the wood; but "manners" demanded that some greeting should be given, and policy dictated a certain obequiousness of tone, but the old negro the respect he would have accorded to

The lad responded with sullen reinc-

tance. "Whicherway is you comin' fum?" old

Gilbert asked, insinuatingly. "I dunno ez hit's any o' yo' business, was the surly answer. "I ain't no forer from home then you, en' I ain't a nigger. I'm a huntin' of a hawg, eu' ef you ain't tolled hit ter yo' pen, you ole prowler, maybe you're fur gittin' onter hits tracks

Old Gilbert's heart waxed hot. That he should be accused by this "po' white trash" of tolling away a lean and scrubby old hog!

"De Lor'-a-mighty!" he exclaimed, with a sort of persuasive indignation. 'Doan' you en' yo' folks know what I have got hawgs ev'y blessed year fat-tenin' cawntinual? I cuores my own bacon, en' is been doin' dat same, year in, year out, gwan on fo' you wuz bawn. I's s'prised at ye!"

"Wall," drawled the boy, measurably subdued by this reminder of a fact with which he was well acquainted, "I father as he does," sighed Miss Elvira. s'picioned as ye're allers roun' these

"Me?" interrupted old Gilbert, with an uneasy thought of his buried treasure: then, recovering himself, "I ain't offen ow lan'," he said, with significance.

"Look a-here!" shouted the boy, advancing menacingly, while the cur growled and showed his teeth. "En' I b'longs ter Kernel Jasper

Thorne," continued old Gilbert, with inflated superiority. "I'se a gemman's nigger, 1 is.

"I doan know ez that's anythin' to me," said Jesse Furnival, with sullen abatement of his wrath. "But, come, now ain't you seen nothin' of ow ole white sow in yo' comin's en' goin's? I ain't inquirin' what ye air up toe.'

Old Gilbert had dropped on his knees again and was tugging at the sassafras roots. "I'se comin' en' going on my own proper arrants," he grumbled. "My owners deselves doan hol' me ter 'count 'bout white sow ez I come along." "Whicherway?

The eagerness of the inquiry was as Missy, and she felt relieved when Glory fuel to the flame of old Gilbert's suspicions. "Side of de bridle path, followin" de woods," he said, avoiding all reference to the route by which he had come. Spect she was gwan ter de branch. Whyn't you keep her penned? De ain' nothin' in de woods dis time o' year ter feed her '

"You 'ten' ter yo' business en' I'll 'ten' ter mine," retorted Jesse Furnival. nigger. Ef the kernel ain't got nothin' better'n root diggin' fur you ter do, when't he send you ter keep track o' that racketing son o' his'n? Nick Thorne have been in a fix. I kin tell you, over vander

"Wha' dat?" old Gilbert asked, in quick alarm.

"Ain't the kernel hearn how Nick in a row with Marcus White? Over a game o' poker." This was about all that Jesse Furnival

more from old Gilbert. "De gret mawster!" exclaimed the

old man. "When wuz dat?" "Oh, over en' above two months ago.

Ain't hearn nothin' bout hit?" "Look-a-here, boy," said old Gilbert. 'dere ain' dat knife made what kin cut

Mawse Nicholas ter pieces. Doan you go tole no sech lie aroun'. Who done bit anyhow?"

"Much you know!" sneered Jesse Furnival. "I done tol' you hit wuz Marcus White done hit, what is sorter kin ter us all, bein' he is second consin ter Uncle Job's wife." And swelling with pride in the prowess of this family connection, the youth spread his feet wide apart, stuck his thumbs into his "galluses,"

"De law gwan hol' him 'countable," said old Gilbert. "Ef the law kin git him!" retorted the

and eved old Gilbert defiantly.

boy, with exasperating laughter, "Marcus White is done put all Texis 'twixt him en the law," Then reverting suddenly to the object of his search, "I donn see no tracks," he said, hespecting the ground.

"No; she wuz travelin' the aidge of de woods," said old Gilbert; "in amongst do leaves."

The boy glanced towards the woods, called to his dog, and walked on. "Po' white trash ain' got no manners

nohow; sassyin' of a gemman's nigger," muttered old Gilbert, glowering after him. "Quality doan nuver talk to niggers dat-a-way. S'pose I is prowlin' bout dese woods? Hit's ow woods! Lawd! Lawd! I won'er is ever he seed me down in de holler? Tse tol' a monst'ous lie; l ain't seed naire old sow. But I wuz jes bleedged ter sesso. Drat her! I pintly doan bullieve she's got meat 'nuff onter her bones ter feed de buzzards, dat ole Furnival sow, but I'm mightly skeered she'll have the stren'th ter go nosin' roun' dat speshul bresh heap. En' l'u 'sturbed in my min' bout Mawse Nick Dat boy ain't stiddy ez he mought be

bless Gawd! The thoughts of all hearts at Thorne Hill were revolving around Nicholas Thorne at this time. On account of some irregularities at college he had been ban-ished to "Sunrise," his father's most distant plantation, partly by way of pun-

ishment, partly by way of keeping him out of temptation. The friends of the family did not think this the wisest course to pursue with a young man of Nicholas Thorne's temperament, but the colonel was not a man to be advised, and Nicholas had been at Sunrise plantation since early in January. No hint of the quarrel with Marcus White had reached Thorne Hill as yet, but the colonel was secretly fretted that his son, in all this time, had never once sued to be recalled, and Miss Elvira's deepest anxiety had been aroused by a note received a few days before, which had been mailed at Eden, the nearest postoffice to Sunrise, and was worded as follows: Miss Thorne.

"RESPECTED MADAM: I am a God fearin woman, and I feel it on my konscunce to warn the famly of Mr. Nick Thorne that Sunrise Plantation is a lonesome place for a young man of sperrits and ift he are not speedily removed out of harms way great trouble is in waitin and so no more from yours respectful, "ROXANNA WHITE."

Miss Elvira, not daring to show this note to her brother, lest it might widen the breach between him and his son, had gone up to town to consult her cousin. Mrs. Herry, in whose judgment she placed unbounded faith, though she had not always the courage to follow her advice. But Mrs. Herry was on a visit to her plantation in Jefferson, and Miss Elade the youth "Good morning" with a vira had returned still burdened with the bow very many degrees removed from afflicting note, which she was always poring over whenever her brother was out of the way. She began reading it furtively at the tea table as soon as the colonel retired to his musings on the front piazza. Missy, why had come in late to her supper, was eating waffles and honey with a leisurely gusto that had driven Griffin Jim to a stool in the kitchen, with the remark, "Fo' legs is better'n two legs ter wait on Miss Winifred's delays," and thus Miss Elvira and her little niece were alone together.

Winifred improved the occasion. "Aunt Elvira." said she, "don't you think it's time Brer Nicholas was let to come home? He's been gone ever since befo' corn droppin'." Missy's calendar was of the plantation.

"Oh, Winifred, I'm afraid Nicholas isn't - always - well conducted," Miss Elvira stammered, not knowing what to

'It ain't no difference to me if he is bad or good," said Missy sturdily; "he is Brer Nicholas. Only I don't believe he ain't just as good as can be."

"But he ought not to disappoint his "Well, I reckon father disappoints him some," Missy replied, with precocious shrewdness. "You don't understand, dear," said

Miss Elvira, wondering a little at herself that she should speak so freely to this child. "I fear Nicholas is-wild." And Miss Elvira sighed deeply. In her vocabulary "wild" was a word of the strongest condemnation. "Let him come home, then, and

tamed," said Missy, promptly. This was Mrs. Herry's advice also Mrs. Herry, who reasoned from a sound judgment, and her own deep experience in a like case. But to advocate Cousin Myrtilla's opinion openly was more than this student of Bishop Ken could venture upon. Her strongest hope was that Nicholas might be tamed by a marriage with his pretty cousin Flora Thorne, who had the merit of pleasing the colonel. That the colonel should be pleased was the all important point, in view of which Miss dat. Howsomedever, I did see a lean ole Elvira ignored the fact that she herself had not found Flora flawless. But this

> Ann interrupted with the announcement: "Missle-virey, here's ole man Gilbert, Dunno 'm what he want. He mek gret parade o' secrecy 'bout what he got wrapped in a piece o' cloth; but nose kin smell sassyfac anywheres."

"Fumme!" shouted Missy, and darted from the room.

"Jes' hear dat!" grumbled Glory-Ann. in jealous resentment, as she followed Prowlin' roun' these woods lak a free her to the back piazza. "Hukkom she goes after ole man Gilbert, stidder remin'in' me 'bout sassyfac."

"Howd'ye, Missel-virey; huh you do?" said old Gilbert, rising to bow and scrape, as she came out on the piazza.

"Thank you; pretty well, Gilbert. How

do you do?" "I'm ter say tollable, bless Gawd; Thorne wuz nigh en about cut ter pieces Missle-virey, I loved ter bring a dozen aigus fur a 'membrance, but de ain't all laid vit; an I knowed Missy wuz gwan be glad o' some sassyfac, so I jes come

knew of the affair, but he hoped to learn "long so." "I've plenty of eggs just now, I'm much obliged, Gilbert. "Tubbe sho!" said the old man, and paused and scratched his head. Then,

with a desperate abruptness, "Misselvirey," said he, "when you hear fum Mawse Nicholas?" "About-a week ago," said Miss Elvira.

hesitatingly. "She ain't heerd 'bout dat cuttin' scrape: bleedged ter let on ef she had," old Gilbert argued to himself; then aloud, "Hit

do 'pear lak Mawse Nicholas orter b'long ter Thorne Hill, Missle-virey. "Yes, he orter!" Missy declared.

"He's gwan on 21, Mawse Nick is, come some day de las' o' dis month. He orter be gitten' married."

"No, he orten't!" Missy objected with

Old Gilbert was doubled up with silent laughter when the colonel came out on the piazza. The colonel was a handsome man, though past fifty, tall, erect, with clear cut features of a somewhat stern and melancholy cast. He was formal and precise in bearing, perhaps even a trifle pompous, but he could unbend occasionally, and with this favorite old slave he was always disposed to be jocu-

"Hello, Gilbert!" he said. "Any bas kets to sell? You must be getting rich?" "Dullaw, mawster! Dis po' ole no count nigger gittin' rich? I ain't sellin' naire baskit ter-night, suh; I come ter quire bout Mawse Nick. En' I been studyin', mawster, det bein's how dere ain't no odd jobs in 'tickler jes' now-'posin' I wuz ter go down ter Sunrise,

look atter Mawse Nick a little?" "You call him an odd job, do you?" said the colonel, not without bitterness. "Now, mawster, you is comical, tubbe sho! Hit's gwan on nigh two years sence Mawse Nick been home ter stay, en' I'm gittin' ole. I hankers ter see dat boy what I mos'ly raised.

"Laws-massy! Hear dat, now!" ejaculated Glory-Ann in the background. "How long do you mean to stay?" the colonel asked, not unwilling to make in-

direct overtures to his son. "Hit's a matter of thutty mile en' better," said old Gilbert, meditatively rubbing his forehead with his horny forefinger. "A day ter go and a day to come"-

"Suppose you go to-morrow?" the colonel suggested, with secret strong ap-"You can take the ox cart."

proval. "Yes, suh," replied old Gilbert, with a hesitating thought of the hollow in the wood where his treasure was buried. "I

ha' ter start 'fo' sun-up.' "Very well. I'll write you a pass. Nicholas can write you another to return with."

This meant unlimited leave of absence "Thankee, suh," said Gilbert, with his lowest how. Giory-Ann immediately sought Daph-

ne, Miss Elvira's maid, for the satisfaction of expressing her mind. "Jes' you orter hear dat succumstan tial ole nigger claimin' dat he raised Mawse Nicholas!" said she, in high dudgeon. "Whey waz me, I'd lak ter know? En' whiles I'm a-raisin' en' a-

mindin' of Missy, here he is cavortin' of bissef bout de kentry in de yox cyart. When she gits growed a pose he'll be layin' claim ter her raisin' en exactin' privulliges 'cordin'.



How d'ye, Mawse Nicholas! huh you do?" At break of day old Gilbert set forth on his journey in the jolting little cart. drawn by a small black ox that went a

plodding gait. The old man, with a view to doing Mawse Nicholas honor, was attired in his Sunday best-a blue broadcloth coat with brass buttons, and a black satin vest, once the property of Col. Thorne's father, a pair of nankeen pantaloons, and a white hat. stiff and tall, discarded by the colonel. He sat upon a plank across the front of the cart, with his feet dangling outside. The plank was cushioned by a blanket in which was folded his every day suit of homespun. A box that held a contribution to Nicholas' larder, from Miss Elvira. was safely bestowed in one corner, at the bottom of the cart, where a wallet containing his noon refreshment lay beside a dingy umbrella, the cherished possession of twenty years.

Late in the afternoon, he came to an expanse of pine barren; vast, solema, sombre, it stretched in every direction, the rays of the sinking sun shining faintly athwart the multitudinous, tall dark trees, whose boughs, swaying in the upper air, maintained a continuous susurrus hat emphasized the silence. Himself and his ox were the only living creatures visble in this solitude, save an occasional bird that darted above his head, as if in haste to escape to a more genial wood: and old Gilbert, to keep himself in heart, egan to sing his hymns. Lifting up his voice, he made the solitude resound to a weird strain, in harmony with the sighing of the pines:

Oh, livin' humble, humble, humble. Oh, livin humble, de bell done toll Oh. livin' humble, humble, humble

The sun was down, and the moon not et risen, when he came out on the other side of the barren, where he ceased his singing, being now near his journey's

end; for at the foot of the slope was the

large red gate that gave entrance to Sunrise plantation. Old Gilbert dismounted, with some rheumatic grunts, to open this gate. A whippoorwill was calling in the grove through which he had to drive to the house; and as he climbed back upon the

cart, a screech owl uttered its uncanny "Drat dat crittur!" the old negro muttered, in fear and anger, as he stooped with haste to pull off his left shoe. "Hit's sich a bad sign ter hear a screech swl; but de do say, ef you put off yo' left shoe, yo' put off de bad luck. Lawd, sen' no oad luck ain' gwan fall ter Mawse Nick, 'long o' dat 'sturbance what dat Jesse Furnival named terme. Lemme git outen

dishyer grove quick ez ole Brandy kin But old Gilbert had to endure the serenade of the screech owl yet some minutes longer, before he came to the second gate in front of the house of hewed logs, which was neither a cramped nor a comfortless dwelling, though it moved the scorn of the old negro fresh from the grandeur of Thorne Hill. "Sich a place fur Mawse Nick!" he ejaculated con-

temptuously, as he halted his ox. A vociferous chorus from the dogs greeted his arrival, and Gilbert prudently

kept his perch on the cart, shouting lustily, "Hello!" "Hello, yourself!" answered a voice

through the dusk. "Dat's him, bless Glory!" the old man chuckled, as he clambered down from the cart, while the same voice was heard

silencing the dogs. Nicholas was standing on the piazza dimly outlined in the uncertain light of the new risen moon; a goodly young fellow, tall, broad shouldered and straight as an arrow; his great brown eyes, his curling dark bair, his straight nose and rounded cheeks, his broad forehead, and

brown beard of early manhood, old Gilbert knew by heart. "How d'ye, Mawse Nicholas! huh you do?" he shouted, with a chuckle of exuberant delight, as he stumbled up the

his mouth and chin with the silky, red

steps of sawn blocks. Why, where in thunder did you come from?" cried Nicholas. "Anything the matter at home?"

"No, Mawse Nick, doan you be un-

easy. De is all peart. Hit's jes' me, come fur change." "Ana! come a courtin'!" Nicholas returned with a laugh. "Can't fool me you're gotten up to kill."

"Now, Mawse Nick! Pokin' fun at dis ole nigger! I come a-puppose to see you. 'Pears lak hit's so lonesome ter de Hill, douten you; en' Missle-virey, she sont you a box o' goodies. I'll jes' step back en' fetch em outen de cyart.

But Nicholas forbade. "Here, Virgil, go bring in those things," he commanded a negro boy who was hanging about the piazza. "Rungry and tired, I reckon you are, old man?" TO BE CONTINUED.

FREAKS OF INSANITY.

A DISEASE MORE PREVALENT AMONG MEN THAN WOMEN.

Insane People Not Deceived by the Delusions of Their Fellow Patients-A Novel Experience-Mental Diseases Almost Unknown Among Savage Nations.

Insanity is a peculiar disease, more prevalent among men than women. As a ule, insane men either die or are cured in the course of a few years, and of the former probably 90 per cent. die of general paralysis. It is the result either of over work or bodily excesses, and generally attacks a man between the ages of 30 and 40. An interesting fact in connection with the insane is the great age to which so many female lunatics live. A mad-woman is really a first class insurance-risk. In almost every lunatic asylum the women greatly outnumber the men, not only because they are so long lived, but also because they are so seldom cured.

It commonly surprises visitors to a innatic asylum to find that insane people are not for a moment deceived by the delusions of their fellow patients Each will think himself perfectly sane and healthy, while knowing that all the others are hopelessly mad Although a lunatic s mental freedom may be destroyed, it does not follow that his consciousness is aboi ished. A minister who was called upon once to preach to a congregation of luna ties treated them to a sermon he had written for children. Much to his surprise, he received an indignant letter from one of his listeners afterward, reminding him that while they might be insane, they were not idiots, and that many of them were fully his equals in education and in-It is a novel experience to attend a re-

ligious service at an insane asylum. Imagine a congregation of lunatics and imbeciles, men on one side, women on the other, in all stages of physical decay and all degrees of madness Helpless, old, gray mired fellows, with staring sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, mumbling and groaning to themselves, in utter unconiousness of their surroundings. Gaunt ooking, wild eyed women, with nothing human about them but their vanity Wellington and Napoleon. Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine de Medicis and Diana of Poitiers, in full costume, facing each other; God and the devil, side by side, restless girls, who make their handkerchiefs into dolls and rabbits and talk baby talk to them, occasionally beating them and tossing them in the air

Interspersed throughout this motley crowd are bright, keen, young faces, with no apparent trace of their terrible curse to any but an expert observer; refined and cultivated women, who in their lucid in tervals are as pure and spiritual minded as angels, and yet are like the devil in carnate when the mania seizes them, fine, manly looking gentlemen, devout, digni fied and scholarly today, to morrow the herd of swine into whom the evil spirit enters. On either side of the chapel sit the keepers, alert and watchful in case of an emergency Facing them is the chaplain, a stupid listless looking man. Facing them is the relegated to this depressing field by his own lazy inefficiency
All writers on disorders of the mind have found it difficult to define insanity.

In medical jurisprudence, illusions, delu sions, hallucinations, incoherence and de lirium are all phases of insanity. Christian Science people say that all sin and all sickness are insanity insane people frequently reason correctly, but from erroneous premises A delusion is nothing but a false premise—the conclu sions drawn from it may be entirely logi-There is no reason why a man who thinks he has legs of glass, and in other respects is in possession of all his facul ties, should not be capable of making con tracts, and responsible for legal acts which have no connection with the subject of his madness. Such a species of insanity seldom prevents a man from his own affairs or undertaking any legal relations for others.

Most people are prone to delusions or illusions of some form or other Many people never see things exactly as they If delusions and hallucinations are a test of insanity, half the world would be in lunatic asylums.

It is an interesting fact, recorded by Pritchard and others, that among savage nations mental diseases are almost known They come forward with the dawning of civilization, and keep pace with the advancement of mental culture. The restraints imposed by social order, the diversity of interests, the pressure of universal competition, overwork, griefs, anxieties and disappointed hopes, the arti ficial life of cities, are among the cause most influential among civilized people in the development of insanity. Among weak minded and half educated people emotional religious revivals also operate to a great extent. In France, however, the opposite extreme is found for while

which their low moral standard is respon It is a curious fact that raving maniaes are never attacked by any contagious disease Even consumptive disorders. dropsies and other chronic maladies have disappeared on the accession of violent insanity. - New York Post

indifference to religion saves the people

from religious insanity, great numbers lose their reason through the vices for

Inventor of the Dynamite Gun. "There is an untold story connected with the invention of the dynamite gun. which is worthy a place in the story books alongside the accounts of Robert Fulton's tea pot, Isaac Newton's falling apple and Galileo's swaying chandeller." Thus said a Michigan congressman who was among those watching the recent launching of the dynamite cruiser dynamite gun, which is now thought to be such a wonder," he continued, "grew from a piece of gas pipe monated on a saw buck. Some five or six years ago a school teacher at Detroit conceived the idea of using a dynamite projectile thrown from an air gun. He got a long piece of ordinary three-quarter inch gas pipe, about twelve feet in length, and made a rough air gun to put his idea into practice. was mounted on a saw buck, and those who saw the odd thing laughed at it as the product of some crank's brain It was taken to Fogt Wayne, below Detroit, where the officers tried it out of charity to the supposed crank It threw a small dynamite shell a short distance. Several wealthy Detroiters were impressed with the value of the gun, and a company was soon organized to take hold of its manufacture. The perfected dynamite gun came from this obscure beginning of a gas pipe mounted on a saw buck At this point some one asked what

came of the schoolmaster. "Oh, he has been lost sight of," con cluded the congressman. "the same a most other inventors. "- Washington Cor. New York Tribune

As sand consists largely of silex, which water at the ordinary temperature does not dissolve the water of a sandy region is comparatively pure. The "hard" water of other regions is due to earthy matter held in solution. This earthy matter, however, is seldom harmful to those who drink it.

An engineer on a Texas railroad found then be the turn of those who sing." a big flock of sheep huddled together in a cut to get out of the storm, and in driving through them killed seventyeight. Pieces of mutton were found on the platforms of the last car.

SYRIAN CHATTELS.

Oriental Serfs Who Are Really in Bondage to Padrones in This Country.

The Syrian men, women and children who patrol the public thoroughfares of this city laden with religious emblems and trinkets of semi-barbarous design are, with few exceptions, the victims of a social condition which can be hardly de-

fined from slavery. They are the human chattels of a class of importers of foreign birth who have their agents and established headquarters in every city of prominence on the Pacific coast as well as in eastern cen-

These human chattels, who claim to be Turks to advance the novelty of their personality in the eyes of the purchasing public, are the scum of Syria, Armenia, Greece and Italy.

There are several thousand of these serfs employed by their money making fellow countrymen in the United States. Hundreds are annually added to the number already employed. Ignorant of their legal rights and but poorly versed in the language of the country they tamely submit to their exacting master receiving only their food, lodging and scanty clothing.

These serfs sell themselves to their maters, hoping that in a new country they will better their condition and be at least relieved of the pangs of hunger which beset them in their native lands. Pledged to work either for life or for years for those who provide them with transportation to the new land of promise, they are sent on their arrival in the United States to the cities where their labors will prove the most remunerative.

They have lately encroached upon what to them is a virgin field-the Pacific coast—and numbers are frequently being sent hither to thoroughly cover

every profitable point. There have been as many as forty or fifty of these human chattels-men, women and youths-engaged in making street sales in this city, but they have decreased until only twelve or fifteen cover the trade of San Francisco. Seattle, Tacoma and Washington generally include fifteen or twenty in their boundaries. Los Angeles is favored with the presence of ten or twelve, while Oregon which, according to their statements, is proving to be the more remunerative field-has from thirty to fifty of these serfs catering to the demands of their peculiar line of trade. The state of Nevada harbors ten or fifteen, while the progress of Utah is marked by having wenty or thirty.

Their residence at any place is not permanent, but, like the nomadic Arab of the desert, these slaves silently fold their tents and steal away at the will of their masters, which varies with the variations of the trade. One of the places in this city where nomadic serfs receive their supplies and render their accounts is in Minna street. It is a supply depot, and is conducted under the name of Joseph Sharbel & Co. There, in a room crowded with Syrians of both sexes, of all sizes and ages, is a large stock of trinkets and religious articles stored in pasteboard boxes of various sizes displayed on shelves which run about the room.

This apartment contains two beds and a lounge, and the lack of other furnishings is made compulsory by the space taken up by the immense stock which is doled out to be sold by the street peddlers in this city and neighboring towns. Joseph Sharbel himself is a bronzed and brawny Syrian, much past the years of middle life. He is the padrone who directe the actions and labors of the dozen of composite nationalities of both sexes and various ages who were gathered in the room. He was rather reticent when questioned by a reporter, and while claiming to be unacquainted with others engaged in the same line of business he displayed a knowledge regarding the location of branch agencies and number of his countrymen and women engaged in the trade that was remarkable. Some of the supply depots in this city remit regularly from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a week to the east and Europe as payments for shipments and invoices of goods,-San Francisco Chronicle.

Lawrence Barrett's Head.

A review of Lawrence Barrett's career is a lesson to all who basely betray golden opportunities. Think of this man as born of humble Irish parents—a seven months' child, so frail in physique that for the first tive years of his life he could not lift his head! When later he went to school it was his fond mother who carried him in her hard worked arms. He undoubtedly inherited from both parents the seeds of the disease which has taken him away in his prime; and on top of a weak body nature placed an enormous head, which made the battle for existence all the harder.

Lawrence Barrett, the man, could wear no hat not made to order, though on one occasion he succeeded in finding a tolerable fit in John Fiske's when this clever but absent minded philosopher walked off from Ole Bull's house in Cambridge with Barrett's brand new beaver, leaving a less enticing headgear in its place. The tragedian remained housed until his own hat was forthcoming .-Kate Field's Washington.

Apples Are Easily Digested. Chemically the apple is composed of regetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, chlorophyll, gallic acid, lime, and much water; yet, for all this rather imposing lot of ingredients, a good, ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of all the vegetable substances with which the too often abused stomach has to deal; for, after it has been eaten, the whole process of digestion is completed within he incredibly short space of eighty-five minutes' time. - Detroit Free Press.

In His Proper Place. "It was only a lark, sir." pleaded a

division of Lancashire. "Weil, we have n care for larks, into which I shall put you for seven days."-London Tit-Bits. A Happy Retort. When the revenues of King Louis XV were at so low an ebb that even the servants at court could not draw their wages

at the regular time, the opera singers

presented a petition to the prime minister

of salary. "Gentlemen," said the minister, "we will first satisfy those who weep, it will

The brownish discoloration of ceilings where gas is used is caused by dust carried against them by the heated air currents produced by the gas.

THE CHINESE ARMY

ITS ORGANIZATION, EQUIPMENT AND GENERAL CONDITION.

China's Eye on Russia Troops at the Frontier Officers and Privates of the Celestial Army—Arms, Rations and Par

Promotion. Those who believe that in the not a mote future the Chiffness empire wa prove a thorn in the side of Russian find their views corroborated by an arise in the current number of The internation ale Revue uber die Gesammlen Armen und Flotten, which treats of the in-

und Flotten, which treats of the ites reforms introduced into the Chinese and Apart from the Chinese and Marks militias, each province now possess a regular army of enlisted troops under the regular army of emisted troops under the immediate command of its vicercy of these the best organized is the army of Pe-chi-li, which, instructed by Europea officers, also well armed and clothed is uniform, serves its model for the other What, however, concerns us most in this country is the reorganization of the sus of Manchuria, which has recently best undertaken—partly because China wisks to colonize that region as a bulwart against Russia, and partly because sin against Russia, and parity because the fears that power as a dangerous rival is the Corea. This reorganization was bern two years ago, Manchuria being divised into three districts, the united military strength of which is said to amount from 250,000 to 300,000 men. Of these we are told, one third are armed with breech loaders, the remainder with di fashioned firearms, bows, arrows and lances. Thirty thousand are constant under arms, the nucleus being companion

pean model. WATCHING THE PROSTIER. Kirin, the military center of Manchuria possesses an arsenal, and watches the Russian frontier with detachments, which scour the country continually to clear of banditti and keep the roads open for postal communication. The cavalry formed into squadrons of 250 men, in armed with Winchester magazine rifle or Remington repeaters; and their horse, though small, are active and serviceable They are described as bold rider, with the usual ugly Asiatic seat; and strang-to say, they make no use of steel waspan some cases are not even provided with them. Their formation is in single rank; their pace the walk or gallep, the trot being unknown. They attack in swarm after fire, and to the sound of trumpets, the officers being in reg of their men.

of 15,000 troops from the Pechill stay

who have been disciplined after the Eus

Target practice takes place in July pd August, when 100 cartridges are expended by each man. Bad shots are punished and at the autumnal inspection of the general commanding the best marksmen are rewarded with square silver medals, but, as the general's dog is permitted to wear the same adornment, the distinction is not overflattering. The soldiers are well paid. Every cavalry soldier gets the equivalent of twenty-one roubles per month and his clothing; fifteen of the roubles go to pay for the keep of himself and horse, six remaining for shoe leather. washing and underclothing. As food, is receives rice, millet and tea; four times; week meat and a small quantity of spirits. while hay, straw and crushed beans are served out to his steed. There is a rej mental fund for providing remounts, but the soldiers do not willingly borrow from it because the bamboo is too frequently

employed to accelerate repayment. Near the Russian Ussuri frontier as stationed eight battalions of Chinese in fantry, each 500 strong, which are chiefy employed in the construction of fortifica These are rapidly springing upall over Manchuria, two of its towns, Kiris and Ningati, being defended by a girds of detached forts, which are built on the European pattern, and in part provided with steel plates. The infantry receives twelve roubles a month, with clothing and are armed with the Kemington re-peating rifle, which carries a bayonet like

that of the French chassepot. OFFICERS AND PRIVATES. New drill regulations, similar to the French, are being introduced. On parade the officers look on, merely intovening when the application of the sick The battalion is diseems necessary. The battalion is divided into four companies, whose chiefs hold the rank of major; nevertheless, a major general is not unfrequently cotent to assume command of one of then The officers make good the deficiency of their pay by defrauding their men. The is often forced to till his own land

soldie

as a laborer for the profit of his officer. The officers are represented as whalf uneducated, and dependent for promotis on the caprice of some magnate, for whim they are ready to perform the most mental offices. They undergo an examination prior to appointment; which, however, chiefly consists in fencing (with one swal or two), wrestling, etc. They spend that leisure on the divan, dicing, chattering playing the guitar. Most of them are st dicted to smoking opium, although the practice is forbidden. Drunkenness a also common. The non-commissioned of ficers are trained in a school at Kiris; let they are not better paid than the private. their sole privilege being to adorn the hats with a brass button; but the enis pack of menials belonging to a general's establishment assume the distinction as matter of course, wherefore it cannot be held in high estimation. The ammunitia consumed by the troops in Manchuria b brought by sea from Tien tsin, but it is proposed to erect powder mills in the province itself at Kirin and Tsitshar.

Articles in the Chinese press which appear from time to time afford ample pres that the dangers of Russian aggressa are beginning to be appreciated B Chinese have augmented their rough tions on an efficient footing and, what s quite as significant, have connected Pelin with Aigun on the river Amoor by of telegraph.—St. James' Gazette.

Society women nowadays thorought

realize the importance of good health a the matrimonial market, and New lot women are today much stronger as ealthier, as a rule, than the men are few minutes on Broadway, between For teenth street and Thirty second, on the west side of the street, of a Saturday afternoon, will demonstrate the truth this assertion. The women as a real are fresh of face, erect of carriage the heads are well poised and their arms en rounded. Their figures are trim and the youthful delinquent, in extenuation of a walk along with a strong and required foolish trick he had played on a confiding friend.

"Only a lark, eh?" said the former stibut little else can be expected when it late hours usually kept by them are no pendary magistrate for the Manchester sidered and it is remembered how mast dozens of cigarettes they smoke dural the day and how many deadly cocknist are imbibed.—New York Mail and in press.

In London there are not less that forty manufacturing perfumers go giving employment to over a hundred hands. In Paris there are some eight acking for the payment of their arrears establishments, which employ two three thousand people.

The largest bell in actual use is a Moscow, and is said to weigh 128 100 The great bell of Pekin, China, corded as weighing fifty-three tons

that of the Cologne cathedral over twenty-five tons.