THE INDEPENDENT,
PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Evening,
—BY—
H. B. LUCE,
Office, - - - Old Court House,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Terms of Subscription (coin rates.)
Single copy per year.....$2 50
Single copy six months.....1 50
Single number.....10

Washington Independent.

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1876. NO. 13.

THE INDEPENDENT
Advertising Rates.
LEGAL & PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS (coin.)
One square (10 lines) one insertion.....$1 00
One square (10 lines) each subsequent insertion.....50
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Woman.

An angel wandering out of heaven,
And all too bright for Eden even,
Once through the paths of Paradise
Made luminous the auroral air,
And walking in his awful guise
Met the Eternal Father there—
Who, when he saw the truant sprite,
Smiled love thro' all those bowers of light.

The while within his tranced spell
Our Eden sire lay slumbering near;
God saw and said it is not well
For man alone to linger here—
Then took that angel by the hand,
And with a kiss its brow He pressed,
And whispering all His mild command,
He laid it near the sleeper's breast,
With earth enough to make it human—
He chained its wings and called it *Woman.*

And if perchance some stains of rust
Upon her pinions yet remain
'Tis but the mark of God's own dust,
The earth mold of that Eden chain.

—*T. B. Read.*

Capitulation of Napoleon III.

At the spot where Marshal MacMahon was wounded at the commencement of the action Madame de MacMahon has caused a stone cross to be set up. The place is also marked by a poplar-tree, since become celebrated under the name of MacMahon's Poplar. This solitary tree rising from a brick-field dominates all the height.

The emperor came on horseback in this direction, but he did not ascend to the crest whereon stands the poplar. At the moment that his horse was slowly climbing the hill, one of his advance officers, preceding him at a gallop, fell mortally wounded.

"There is danger in that direction," then said General de Vassoigne to Napoleon.

The emperor answered not a word, but turned his horse, and, without haste and at a walk, he returned, silent and overwhelmed, to Sedan. He re-entered the town by the Balan Gate. At the moment that he passed the Place Turenne, one of the city drummers recognized him, and was about to salute him. The emperor, perceiving his design, made a sign to him with his hand, as if to say, "It is no longer worth while."

He directed his course toward the *sous-prefecture.* The Germans had already commenced the bombardment. On the bridge of the Meuse, which was somewhat encumbered, a shell, falling on the vehicle of a wagoner, cut the wagon in two and killed one of the horses. Napoleon, who until then had gone at a walk, at once struck spurs into his horse and reached at a gallop the *sous prefecture,* which is at one side to the right.

There has been preserved, and was lately exhibited at the Louvre, in the ancient Musee des Souverains, the table on which Napoleon I. had signed the abdication of Fontainebleau. It was pierced with little penknife-stabs multiplied with fury by the vanquished uncle. At the *sous prefecture* the nephew covered with pin-pricks, or rather with pen-pricks, a mahogany table. I have seen this drawing-room of the capitulation, and the elegant stage seemed very narrow for such a tragedy!

The apartments of the *sous-prefecture* are preceded by a sort of ante-chamber or hall, which extends from the entrance-door in the guise of a corridor. It was there that the Cent-Gardes were lodged. Trusses of straw had been spread down for their use. While the battle continued, the emperor promenaded there, silently smoking or rather feverishly lighting cigarettes, which he would barely put to his lips, and then almost immediately throw away. Behind him an officer (was it not General Castelnau?) passed his time in treading on the matches to extinguish them, and to prevent their setting fire to the straw. Thus hours passed.

General de Wimpffen has related that when he represented himself at the *sous-prefecture* that evening, to settle the terms of capitulation with the emperor, he found him in bed. The room wherein slept that night he who had been Cæsar, is a very simple chamber, with an alcove hung with red curtains. What must his dreams have been there? The room of the prince imperial was just next to it. The son could hear the father speak or sigh.

The emperor was so much agitated on the night of that fatal day of the 1st of September that, having asked for a candle, and the servant having brought one lighted, he said to her:

"And the candle—why have you not lighted it?"

She did not understand what he meant.

"I tell you to light the candle."

"But, sire—"

He perceived his mistake and said, "Pardon, mademoiselle," and retired to the room with the red curtains.

The morning of the battle, passing La Marfee with a melancholy air, he had said to a soldier of the corps of General Lebrun: "Your regiment is not here. You ought to be at Metz." He thought also that he was face to face with the army of Prince Frederick Charles. Such was the confusions of his sick and troubled brain.

The most striking spot, however, in this mournfully-celebrated corner of Ardennes is the weaver's house on the Donchery road, the little house where Napoleon and M. Bismarck had that famous interview which preceded the capitulation, and which the chancellor of William has described in an autograph letter.

Small, one story high only, with a modest orchard behind, the house of the weaver is situated to the left of the high-road coming from Sedan, whence one can contemplate the immense panorama of the environs of the city, where the cannon of Bazaine might perchance have ploughed a path through the forces of the enemy had the commander of the Army of Metz tried all means to break through the circle that surrounded him.

If Bazaine had come! But it was not Bazaine but the Prince royal that hastened thither. Eternal fatality! It is Grouchy who is expected, and it is Blucher who arrives!

The room where the emperor and M. Bismarck were is that whose window opens to the left of the little house. At first the victor and the vanquished conversed together for a moment before the door, each seated on a chair, Napoleon wearing the *kepi* of a general officer, his shoulders covered with a cloak with a red lining, without a sword (General Reille had taken it to the King of Prussia); Bismarck booted, helmeted, a sabre at his side. A group of generals conversed in low tones at a little distance.

In a few moments, perhaps because the air was cool, the two interlocutors wished to enter the house. There are two entrances, one to the right, the other to the left. They took, behind the house, the staircase of the left-hand part, a little, steep, winding staircase of wood. They reached the first and solitary story, guided by the woman of the house; and, opening the door of a narrow chamber situated to the right of the entrance, they shut them up there, after making a sign to the woman to withdraw. She remained outside while they talked. Their voices were low. The emperor seemed crushed. It was in this interview that Napoleon threw upon his people the responsibility of the war, which his familiars had declared necessary to the interests of the dynasty. A round table covered with oilcloth separated the two men; placed before the window, their gaze upon the land where death had done its work, they remained, Bismarck at the right of the mantel-piece and Napoleon at the left. On the mantel-piece were some little ornaments of porcelain gilded with German gold, a special metallic composition, so called, and an image representing St. Vincent de Paul. The two shepherds of men could contemplate the image of one who had never known what it was to shed the blood of others.

The woman of the house has caused the five gold pieces that Napoleon put into her hand when the conversation was over to be set in a frame and suspended against the wall.

Incredible and ironical as it may seem, this interview of Donchery, which marked the fall of an empire, was destined at the same time to bring an unexpected rivalry into the house of the weaver, formerly so peaceful and so industrious an abode.

This weaver's house was in reality the house of two weavers, the brothers Fournaise, who worked there in common, both married and both happy. When Napoleon and Bismarck had passed that way, the humble dwelling became on the morrow something like a historical monument. Visitors crowded thither—tourists, travelers, Englishmen. Everybody paid to see the room of the interview, and to cast a glance at the five louis left by the emperor, and at the image of St. Vincent de Paul. Some amateurs of historical relics even proposed to purchase the five framed gold pieces, and to pay very high for them.

"They are not for sale," replied the weaver.

And he contented himself with selling photographs of the house.

All this only profited one of the brothers Fournaise, the one into whose rooms the emperor and M. Bismarck had entered.

"The house belongs to us both," said the other. "It was by chance that they went up stairs to the left—that is to say, to your rooms, when they might as well have gone up the right-hand staircase—that is to say, to mine. Let us share, therefore, the profits of the adventure, and let us put into the common purse these new earnings, as we did those of our past labor."

"Not at all," made answer that one of the brothers Fournaise who had received the visitors; "it was to my home that they came and the profits are all mine. Each for himself, and so much the worse for you."

The women also interfered. Irritation and bitterness arose. After so many years of mutual affection, jealousy divided those two good hearts, and finally brought about a separation.

To-day a little wall of stones rises in the midst of the house of the weavers, and separates their two abodes. They continue to dwell side-by-side—they must, for their roof is there. But they no longer speak; and the Fournaise who continues to work looks with envy on the Fournaise who can, if he pleases, save money while sitting with his arms folded, only using his hands to pick up the coins that fall constantly into his lap since the war.

As I was returning to Sedan, my coachman said to me:

"Did you see the five gold-pieces that Napoleon gave to the weaver's wife?"

"Yes."

"Did you remark one thing?"

"What is that?"

"Among those five pieces of gold there are no two alike. There is one of Napoleon I., one of Louis XVIII., one of Charles X., one of Louis Philippe, and one of Napoleon III.—the last five reigns."

The last five reigns! Those words struck me. Chance caused Napoleon III., in drawing from his pocket five gold-pieces to take thence five different coins. Chance has often incredible, ironical, terrible encounters.

The two pass-words for the guard of the palace of the Tuilleries—pass-words settled according to custom, a long time beforehand—for the 4th of September, 1870, were—will it be believed?—Soult and Sedan!

Why write romances, invent tragedies, seek for the impossible, the astonishing, and the touching, when there exists that eternal tragedy, that incredible romance, that living impossibility called history?

All Pretty Well Off.—The next President, if he be chosen from among the candidates now prominent, is not likely to be a poor man. On the Republican side Mr. Blaine is the richest. Secretary Bristow and his wife are worth a quarter of a millon. Gov. Hayes is still better off. Senator Conkling is believed to possess over $100,000, while Senator Morton and Mr. Wheeler have a smaller fortune. Gov. Tilden, on the Democratic side, is the wealthiest, he being put down at $4,000,000 or $5,000,000, Judge Davis owns more than $7,000,000, and Senator Thurman has a large fortune. Senator Bayard is well-to-do, while Gen. Hancock is in comfortable circumstances.—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. Schmidt's Mistake.

I geeps me von leedle schtore town Praodway, und does a pooty goot peesnis, bud I ton't got mooch gapital to vork mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me all der gredits vot I vould like. Last veek I hear abound some goots dat a barty vas going to sell pooty cheap, und so I writes dot man if he vould gife me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple a days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem—but he sait he vould gall on me und see mine sthore und den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesterday ven a shentelman gomes in und dakes me py der hant und say: "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I says, "yaw," und den I dinks to mineself, dis vas der man vot has dose goots to sell, und I must dry to make some goot imbressions mit him so ve gould do some peesnis. "Dis vas goot schtore," he says, looking aroundt, "bud you ton't got a pooty pig schtock already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars voort off goots in der blace, so I says: "You ton't vould dink I hat more as dree tousand tollar in dis leedle schtore, aind id?" He says: "You ton't tole me! Vos dot bossible?" I say: "Yaw." I meant dot id *vas bossible,* dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Vassington ven he cut town der 'olt elm,' on Poston Gommons mit his leedle hadget, und gouldn't dell some lies about id. "Vell," says der shentelman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore," und den he dakes a leedle book vrom his bocket oudt und say: "Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars." I ask him vot he means py "poots me town," und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, or assessors off broperty, und he tank me so kintly as nefer vos, pecause he say I vos sooch an honest Deutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der gofermants. I dells you vot it vos, I tidn't veel any more petter as a hundord ber cent. ven dot man valk oudt off mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers I vinds first deir peesnes oudt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Reading.

No time to read? Why, the most active business men can read newspapers half an hour every day and digest twenty or thirty duodecimoes every year. It requires no great industry to read an octavo once a month, most of it while waiting for meals. It has been done many a time. A studious man, finding he was called to dinner every day a few moments before it was ready, employed those odd moments in writing a work which eventually swelled into several volumes.

William Gifford, the critic: William Carey, the missionary: Samuel Drew, the theologian; and Roger Sherman, the statesman, all shoemakers in early life, found time to read while working on the bench. John Kitto, when a boy, was an apprentice at the same trade, and some of the material for his Biblical works was compiled while working on shoes fourteen or fifteen hours a day! Robert Nicold, the Scotch poet, herding cattle in very early boyhood, used to read his book while on the road going to and from his work. Though but seven or eight years old, he had learned to drive his studies as well as the cattle.

The writer once knew a lad who never went to the mill without taking a book worth reading. He went with an ox-cart, and read not only while the grist was being ground, but while the team was on the road. He took his newspaper into the hay-field, and read in the spare moments while his co-laborers were wiping off sweat under a shade tree, drinking cool water with ginger and molasses in it, smoking, and talking nonsense.

In this age, pre-eminent for newspapers, periodicals and books, there is no excuse for idleness, and anybody who loves knowledge for the benefit and the pleasure it affords, can find time to secure an inkling of it. We can all have leisure by driving business.

A Common Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be accomplished if a man has reached the age of thirty or forty years. Nine-tenths of our clever men have actually exhibited more vigor of intellect at fifty years of age, than at forty. Franklin was forty before he began, in real earnest, the study of natural philosophy. The principal of one of the most flourishing colleges in America was a farm servant until he was past the age when most students have completed their collegiate education. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Greek was the first foreign language which Cato, the celebrated Roman censor, acquired, and he did so in his old age. Alfieri, whose writings have caused a revolution in the dramatic literature of Italy, was left without a father in his infancy and wasted his early years. John Ogilby, the author of poetical translations from Virgil and Homer, began the study of Latin when about forty years of age, and Greek in his forty-fourth. Boccaccio, one of the most illustrious writers that ever appeared in Italy, suffered nearly half of his life to pass without improvement. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, learned German at forty, in order that he might read Niebuhr in the original.—*Anon.*

Birthday Trees.—They have a pleasant practice of planting birthday trees in England. There is now on the grounds of Osborne house, on the Isle of Wight, a Picea pinsapo spruce thirty-five feet high, that was planted by Queen Victoria on May 24, 1849, when she was thirty years old. Some of our young girls might hesitate to do this, as it might lead to the discovery of their ages, but there can be no reason why the boys should not do it.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will see the defect when the weaving of lifetime is unrolled.

Notions About Cooking.

I would like to ask if any one knows a sensible reason for the idea that, to make nice cake or pastry, the butter or lard should not be melted, but rubbed in cold with the hands? My mother (whom I have seen sit half an hour rubbing a cup or two of butter and sugar together) has labored faithfully to convert me to that doctrine, but as she can give no reason other than "old cake-makers will tell you to do so," or, "melting the lard for pastry makes it look gray," I am still an unbeliever. I know such pastry looks more gray before it is baked, but can see no reason why it should after, if the grease was merely warmed enough to melt it, and experience convinces me it does not; though, perhaps, if it were poured *very hot* upon flour or beaten eggs, it might, by partially cooking them, affect the color or quality when baked. I never think it other than a foolish waste of time and strength to work half an hour or more on dough, which, had the shortening been warmed a little, would have mixed just as will in two minutes.

Another equally foolish whim is indulged by some when making sponge cake. I refer to the practice of beating whites and yolks of eggs separately, until they are a stiff froth and one's body and patience well-nigh exhausted. By the old-fashioned method this was undoubtedly necessary, as, no cream tartar being used, the lightness of the cake depended upon a foamy condition of the eggs; but with cream tartar—as most people make it at the present time—it is *good enough* when beaten but a moment. One lady who makes a great deal of sponge cake tells me she beats the eggs no more or differently than for any thing else, and she thinks she has just as good success as when she beat a long time and had a lame arm for several days afterward.

Perhaps, when giving directions for making tarts and puffs, I should have spoken of reserving a portion of the shortening to roll in after it is mixed up, as it is possible some may not know how much more flaky that makes it. A friend, who makes very flaky pie-crust with but little lard, kindly gave me what she thinks is the secret of it; she mixes a little lard with flour and cold water till quite stiff; then rolls it out, spreads on a little lard, sprinkles flour over it, and folds it over so it is double; then rolls out and spreads on again, repeating the process two or three times; after the last time, instead of rolling it up as some do, she folds it over once or twice, and cuts the pieces for use from the edge. Her idea is to keep the layers of shortening as nearly horizontal as possible, avoiding mixing them up, as it would to mold or roll it up, and there seems to be a deal of reason in it.—*Farmer Girl, in N. E. Farmer.*

Too Much Medicine.—Some one, writing on the excessive use of medicine and the recuperating power of Nature, says: It would be utterly impossible to tell how many constitutions have been impaired, how many digestions ruined, how many complexions spoiled and how many purses emptied, through medicine. What is that you say—that a stitch in time saves nine, and that the right medicine quickly taken averts danger? Very likely. I quite believe that. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where is the danger? and what is the emergency of the case? Medicine is often the precursor of after misery; and the poor constitution has to pay dearly for its medicinal fillip. The wiser philosophy of the present day is gradually delivering us from these potent perils. Nature has a self-righting power within her; there is a kind of vis-medicatrix in the physical frame. Treat the body kindly; let as much pure air as possible get to the lungs, and as much fresh water as possible be applied to the flesh, and as much healthy exercise as duty permits given to the muscles, and early rising as circumstances allow be afforded for the recruitment of the brain, and then medicine will be a very avoidable affair.

Chowchow.—Boil in one quart of vinegar a quarter of a pound of mustard, mixed as for table use, two ounces of ginger, two ounces of white pepper, a very little mace, with a few cloves. Take one dozen large cucumbers, peeled and sliced; place in a sieve with a handful of salt, let them stand ten minutes, then put in jars. When the vinegar is cold enough, pour it over and tie down tight. This chowchow will be fit for use in one week, and will keep good a year.

Kidney Stews.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then let it lie in cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put it in the pot with three half pints of cold water; let it boil two hours; half an hour before it is done add one large onion, sliced, one tablespoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with mashed potatoes.

French Toast.—Beat four eggs very light and stir them in a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea—quite equal to waffles.

Light Dumplings.—To every cup of cold water needed to make as much dough as is desired, put one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda; then stir in instantly flour enough to make a little thicker than biscuit; cut out and boil twenty minutes. If directions are strictly followed you will have light dumplings.

For Croup.—Take a knife or grater, and grate or shave in small particles a teaspoonful of alum; mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Its effects will be truly magical, as almost instantaneous relief will be afforded.

A strong solution of carbolic acid and water, poured into holes, kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

An Interview with Lightning.

Dr. Franklin cultivated an acquaintance with lightning, and got on rather familiar terms with it. But we believe he never went up quite to where the "tricksy spirit" lives, and made it a call, and *found it at home,*—as Mr. Stone, of Colorado, did. A Western exchange relates how this gentleman climbed Mt. Lincoln with a man and two dogs, one summer day several years ago, and what sort of reception he met there.

Mr. Stone observed a heavy cloud approaching rapidly from the northwest, sweeping furiously through a congeries of rugged peaks, roaring louder and louder as it approached the loftier summit upon which they stood. When the cloud reached the side of the mountain, driven by a fierce wind, it rose rapidly towards the summit.

While gazing at it, Mr. Stone stretched his arm towards it, when instantly his fingers began to give out a sound like the buzzing of a large bug or beetle. Very soon this buzzing and snapping sound seemed to be all around them, and more particularly in their hair.

The other man, whose bushy locks were so long that they hung down to his shoulders, supposing that a bug had really got into his hat, took it off, when, behold, his hair rose and stood on end, giving him an appearance at once ludicrous and hideous. Mr. Stone, whose hair was shorter and lighter, then took off his hat, and found his hair affected in the same way. He then extended his hand toward his companion, when a chain of electric sparks flew out of the ends of his fingers, although covered with a thick glove, until an equilibrium was established. Meantime, the buzzing kept up all around.

A bank of drifted snow lay upon the northeast side of the summit. Two dogs which were with them got upon the snow and engaged in frolicsome gambols, as if in a high state of enjoyment; but they were partially sheltered from the wind, which then swept like a hurricane across the summit.

Mr. Stone threw a stick a little way above them, which one of the dogs ran to pick up, but just as he reached it, the wind struck him, and with it an electric shock, which caused him to utter a loud cry, and take to his heels down the side of the mountain, with his hair like the tail of an angry or scared cat.

The next sensation was an almost unendurable pricking, as if their entire bodies had been covered with stinging insects, or as if a fine needle had been applied to every pore, while sparks were flying from one man to the other, and from one object to another continually, with still more vigorous buzzing and snapping sounds. Uttering a strong exclamation of terror, the bold mountaineer sprang from the summit, and descended the side of the mountain about fifty feet, and Mr. Stone followed him.

Double Crimes.

Our whole system of treating double crimes with one-sided laws, our whole silly policy of treating one party to a double crime as a fiend, and the other party as an angel or a baby, has been not only inefficient for the end sought to be obtained, but disastrous. The man who offers a bribe to another for any purpose which involves the infraction of a law of the State or nation is, and must be, an equal partner in the guilt; and any law which leaves him out of the transaction is utterly unjust on the face of it. If it is wrong to sell liquor it is wrong to buy it, and wrong to sell because, and only because, it is wrong to buy. If prostitution is wrong, it is wrong on both sides, and he who offers a bribe to a weak woman, without home or friends or the means of life, to break the laws of the State, shares her guilt in equal measure. Law can never be respected that is not just. No law can be enforced that lays its hand upon only one of the parties to a double crime. No such law ever was enforced, or ever accomplished the purpose for which it was enacted; and until we are ready to have double laws for double crimes, we stultify ourselves by our unjust measures to suppress those crimes. Our witnesses are all accomplices, the moral sense of the community is blunted and perverted, and those whom we brand as criminals look upon our laws with contempt of judgment and conscience.—*Scribner for May.*

Enthusiasm for Science.—Oken, the famous German naturalist, had a small income, but an intense zeal for scientific discovery. He could not surround himself with the comforts of life, and at the same time obtain the books and instruments needed for his scientific researches. He did not hesitate a moment in his choice; but, practicing the strictest economy in furniture, and clothing, and food, spent freely for scientific objects.

An American friend was once invited to dinner, and, to his surprise, found on the table neither meat nor pudding, but only baked potatoes. Oken himself was too proud to make any explanation; but his wife being more humble and less reticent, apologized to the visitor of the scantily-spread table. Her husband, she said, was obliged to give up either science or luxurious living, and he had chosen to surrender the latter. On three days of the week, she added, they lived on potatoes and salt, and though at first it seemed like scanty fare, they had come to enjoy it, and to be perfectly content with it. We are afraid that few American students would carry their enthusiasm to such a point of self-denial.

The Future.—Who rests content with the present? None. We have all deep within us a craving for the future. In childhood we anticipate youth; in youth, manhood; in manhood, old age; and to what does that turn but to a world beyond our own? From the very first, the strong belief is nursed within us; we look forward and forward, till that which was desire grows faith. The to come is the universal heritage of mankind; and he claims but a small part of his portion who looks not beyond the grave.

Keep on the side of love and you'll keep on the right side.

The Vitality of the Jews.

It is claimed by those who have made vital statistics a special study, that the Jews are the longest lived race of people in the world. Their immunity from diseases of all forms is remarkable. Even the great epidemics pass them by with the infliction of a much lighter scourge than falls upon other races. It is declared that the cholera never chose one of them for its victim, and, in fact, the deaths from this malady have been so few as almost to bear out the assertion. Suicide is seldom practiced among them. It has been computed, from statistics returned in certain provinces of Austria and Germany, that in a population of 1,000,000, the proportion of suicides between the Jews and the mixed white races was one to four. From data carefully studied, Hoffman found that, between the years of 1823 and 1840, the number of still-born among the Jews of Germany was as 1 in 39, and amongst other races as 1 in 30. Mayer asserted that, in Furth, the proportion of Jewish children who die between the ages of 1 and 5 years is 10 per cent., and of Christian children of the same age it is 14 per cent. M. Neuville, calculating from the statistics of Frankfort, shows even a greater vitality existing among the children of the Jews. He also finds from his data that the average duration of the life of the Jew is 47 years and 9 months, while of the Christian it is 36 years and 11 months. "In the total of all ages, half of the Jews born reach the age of 36 years only."

One-fourth of the Jewish population live beyond 71 years, but the same proportion of the Christian population live beyond 59 years and 10 months. The official returns of Prussia give the Jews a mortality of 1.61 per cent. While the Jews double their number in 41½ years, others require a period of 51 years. In 1849 there was in Prussia 1 death for every 32 of the remaining population. Commenting upon these statistics, which are brought together by Dr. Richardson in "Diseases of Modern Life," that author ascribes the high vitality of the Jews to their sober ways of living. "The Jew drinks less than his 'even' Christian; he takes, as a rule, better food; he marries earlier; he rears the children he has brought into the world with greater personal care; he tends the aged more thoughtfully; he takes better care of his poor; and he takes good care of himself; he does not boast of to-morrow, but provides for it; and he holds tenaciously to all he gets. To our Saxon eyes and Celtic eyes he carries his virtues too far; but thereby he wins, becomes powerful, and scorning boisterous mirth and passion, is comparatively happy."

Proud of His Pastor.

An aged and excellent Christian man, beloved by all who knew him, was recently bewailing the fact that his talented pastor, whom he much loved, would persist in owning and driving fast horses, and even claimed to have some of the fastest and best in New England. Talking with a friend the other day, he said, "Only think of it, he goes out to the mill-dam and drives fast there, and even races, and they do say worse than that, he goes to the race course and drives his fast horses there. It is too bad, isn't it?" "I don't know about that," was the response, "but I know he goes to the track, for I saw him there the other day, driving his favorite horse against another fine animal." The friend then proceeded at some length to describe a very closely contested and interesting race, dwelling on the last portion of it where the animals were about even, when he was interrupted by the inquiry, "Well, well, how did it end? Who beat? Who beat?" "Oh, your pastor!" was the reply, and a description was given of the magnificent closing spurt with which the race was won. "Did he beat?" said the now excited old gentleman, "are you sure he beat?" "Yes," was the reply. "Good. That's good!" he exclaimed, as his face beamed with joy. "That's almost too good to be true. I know our pastor is true grit, and I wish he wouldn't race horses. But if he will race, I do love to have him win. I love him so well I want to have him succeed in everything."—*Boston Traveller.*

Purified Love.

All men and women must love something. If our thoughts are pure we love birds, flowers, and all beautiful things. In their contemplation we are happy and there comes to our brain a steady strength. It is such a rest from labor to look upon the fragrant flowers placed each morning on our desk—to hear our pet canary sing his roundelay of welcome. To behold evidences of thrift and neatness all about as these children of order and system reward the senses. It is related of a man that he called his wife, who was an hundred pounds heavier than he, his little darling—his petite pet. People laughed at him because they did not understand his actuations. He had a warm, trusting, loving heart, a great manly spirit that folded the arms of manly love all about the object of that love, and so she was his little pet—his darling. We are like chameleons; and color as we feed mentally. If we love the beautiful, we are happy. If we love the coarse, the vulgar, the objects or influences that give no sweet return, life becomes a blank, the soul cracks and shrinks into a bundle of nail-rods to lacerate the mental man, and we are on the direct road to ruin. What a beautiful world this would be if all persons would only ornament their homes and their hearts by cultivating and keeping alive their love for pets, no matter what their form or conditions.

A New Bedford paper speaks of a man whose munificent though unostentatious charities have won him the love and esteem of everyone. Of course we know who is meant, though we didn't think when we dropped that ten-cent piece into the contribution box that it was going to get around so.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

A Geyser Bath.

Near the head of Lake Taupo, in New Zealand, stands the volcano Tongariro. Like Vesuvius, it has had its victims. Forty years ago it desolated the village of Waihi, but all the inhabitants made their escape except the aged chief.

The lake is usually approached on the southern side, through a sandy plain, studded with poisonous shrubs. "We lost a horse," says a recent traveler, "in passing through, and a man who followed us was equally unfortunate."

Near the bank of a stream which flows into the lake is the village of Tokano. It is located here, not for the sake of the stream or the lake, however, but for the geysers, which are here innumerable. Some are of water, some of mud, some merely of steam. Besides, there are great boiling vats of mud and water, and little boiling caldrons.

The natives find the neighborhood of the geysers very convenient, both for bathing and cooking purposes, especially the former. Immediately on our arrival at the village, the people offered us soap, and led us away to the bath. The air was filled with clouds of steam, and we had to be very careful as we walked, that we did not step into scalding pitfalls.

Soon we came to a patch of ground which was as hard as stone, being covered over with a coating of flint. This formed a sort of platform, in which were three circular basins, as if scooped out in the ground, twelve feet in diameter, and immeasurably deep. The right and left pools were boiling, but the one that was left (the middle one) was just right for a dip, and a curious scene it presented. Forty-eight persons were enjoying a bath in it. Most of them were hanging on round the edge, shoulder to shoulder, and others were sporting in the middle. We at once decided what to do. In another minute there were fifty bathers, all smiling, laughing, rubbing noses or shaking hands with each other.

The persons bathing were of all sorts and sizes, and all, as the French say, "in archangel's costume,"—old tattooed grandsires, babies, hardly able to walk, fathers of families and mothers of the same, young men and maidens, boys and girls. The most perfect propriety and decorum were observed. It was amusing to see the little brown babies nestling in their father's arms. The latter occasionally tossed the little things into the midst, to show how they could swim. They would sink for a moment, and then disclose a little brown face above the water, and straightway strike out for the edge. Here the babies learn to swim, even before they learn to walk.

"Gertie."

Boys of ten or twelve seen on the streets appear heartless and without sympathy, and yet you wrong them. Among the houses on Clinton street is one which has missed many a pane of glass in its windows. Rags and paper are used to keep the cold air out, or it may blow in and whistle through the desolate rooms without let or hindrance. A girl of ten, whose life had been one long period of hunger, pain, and unhappiness, was taken sick one day in March, and people passing by could see her lying on a miserable bed near one of the windows. It was curious that any of the boys coming or going should have stopped to think or care about it, but they did. One of them, feeling sad at sight of the sufferer's pale face, handed an orange through a broken pane, saw it clasped by slender white fingers, and then ran away. He told other boys, and by and by there wasn't a day that some lad didn't halt at the window to pass in fruit or flowers. None of them knew the family or even spoke to the girl, and so they gave her the name of Gertie, and called her their orphan. Boys went without marbles and other things that belong to boyhood sports that their pennies might buy an orange, lemon, or some simple flower for Gertie, and their anxiety for her to get well was fully as great as the doctor's or the mother's. Whatever present they had they handed it through the broken pane, waited for her to reach up, and never lingered longer than to hear a soft "thank you" from her lips. Days went by, but the boys did not grow weary, nor did they miss a day. It was romance and charity so well combined that it gladdened their hearts and made them fond of each other. Yesterday morning, a lad's hand, holding a sweet flower and a big orange went to the window. No white fingers touched his as they grasped the offering. He waited a moment, and then with a beating heart, looked through into the room. The bed had been taken away. On a table rested a pine coffin, and on the coffin was a bunch of faded flowers, which had been handed through the window the day before. Death had been there, and the boys no longer had a mission.

You might not have seen the boy hiding in the doorway and wiping tears from his eyes. He was seen, however, and when asked the cause of his sorrow, he sobbed out the whole sad romance in four words: "Our Gertie is dead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

All He Was Worth.—Edward Whitehill, of Columbus, Tenn., formerly treasurer of the State, was a rough joker, even in his office. Some twenty years ago a verdant member of the General Assembly called at the State treasury and said he wanted money.

"How much do you want?" said Whitehill.

"Well! I—don't—know," said the member.

"How do you suppose I can pay you money, then, if you don't know?"

"Well, then, pay me about what I have earned."

"Earned!" said Whitehill, "earned! you are a member of the legislature, ain't you? and if that's all you want, I can pay you off 'what you've earned' very easy. Bob, give this member that ten dollar counterfeit bill we've had so long!"

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a very pretty answer, saying, "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all your things to your little sister."