The New Northwest.

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

OR,

More Ways of Living than One.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "ANNIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," "MARGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The good resolves that Alonzo made that night were recorded in heaven by the angels of mercy. And yet, so deep is the hold of evil upon the spirit of any one who has once been weakened by its tyranny, and his conscience blurred by its defacing power, that he was destined to stumble many times thereafter.

Grace and her mother-in-law drove for miles in silence before either of them felt inclined to speak.

The moonlit heavens flooded the earth in sublime and radiant glory. Silent farm-houses nestled here and there in the shadows, and cattle slept lazily by the roadside. The distant mountain ranges marked an undulating line of darkness upon the horizon's rim on either hand, and glistening snow-peaks towered in majestic grandeur from almost every point of the compass.

Finally Grace broke the silence, her voice startling her by its hardness.

"The earth is so beautiful, mother dear. It seems such a pity that beneath all the glory and beatitude of these magnificent surroundings, evil, like a canker-worm, should in some way be gnawing forever at everything. These stately trees that bear aloft their feathery branches, appearing so serene and self-conscious, are not only disturbed at times by heavy winds and rains that rend and twist them, but they are infested by parasites that suck their blood and burrow in their bark and roots. And see," she exclaimed, as they passed a blackened clearing, "the fire fiend has been at work here, marking his course with sad devastation, leaving cruel destruction and eternal ruin in his train."

"But, my dear child, you forget that there is another side to the pictures you paint. Those mighty forest trees never would have grown strong but for the very winds and storms that toughened them. Then, the insects that feed upon their bark and roots are, like them, creations of the Infinite whom it should be, and doubtless is, the pleasure of these trees to sustain out of their great abundance."

"But what good does it do the tree to yield up its life for others?"

"The tree, my child, is like everything else in nature, and cannot die. Scientists say that its chemical change, which we call death for the want of a more appropriate signification, merely resolves it back into its original elements. But, as a student of nature I doubt this. The tree vanishes by the process of decomposition, and is gone from our sight in the form which was first presented to us, but it rises again, a new creature, fitted in its new form for the sustenance of man, who devours its riches unthinkingly. Now we are passing a beautiful farm. See the garden, the orchard, the meadows, the wheat-field. How very attractive they appear in the moonlight. And yet, only a few short years ago, this farm site was a blackened clearing like that one we passed a while ago. It is a grand aim of the economy of nature, this yielding up of life for life."

"I don't understand it," said Grace. "There seems to be no such thing in nature as abiding individuality or personal entity. And this fact and its accompanying reflections cause me to doubt my own or any other human being's immortality."

"There is nothing immortal within or about us that the human or material eye can see, my child. Neither is there any such thing visible to us in the tree; but I somehow feel as though there is an immortal spiritual entity in everything that is, or even has been organized into anything materially animate."

"Maybe so, mother; but you have carried me quite beyond my depth. I never thought of these things in this way before, and I doubt if I comprehend your meaning now. But everything in the world is to me so strange and full of disappointments. Do you know? It is scarcely two months since I was indulging a theory concerning my own conjugal life of which I have no more experienced the reality than you have realized your long-cherished hopes about Alonzo's life of rectitude. I doubt if there is anything real under the sun."

"The ideal is the real, my dear. I fondly fancy that every pure and noble aspiration or longing of the human soul will some time be realized by us in some way. It may not, and rarely does come as we anticipate, but if we will wait long enough, its fruition will be reached at last. Eternity is endless, my child."

"And I am sorry if it is so, mother; for I would this night prefer annihilation to anything else in earth or heaven."

"My darling, I do not doubt that you fancy thus. But, if it could possibly be put to the test, you would discover that your fancy was by no means fact."

"But I am so deeply disappointed and so thoroughly unhappy; so miserably wretched. The first night I saw Alonzo was a time in my life's history that I never can forget. You remember that my sister had been to the city on a visit, and had there become acquainted with him. She had fallen in love with him, or fancied that such was the fact; and when he came to visit her, she believed that she had met her fate. My first impressions about him were anything but favorable. If I recollect rightly, I warned my sister against him, and took occasion, while we were doing the evening chores, to give her what I considered some very sensible advice. But, as fate would have it, Alonzo had not come alone. He and my sage brother-in-law had met on the journey, bound on the same errand. We all met at cross purposes in some way; and that night, it was just such a night as this, radiant and calm beyond description, strange as it all seems to me now, I went to sleep in my sister's arms as Alonzo's affianced, and Lillian lay awake till morning, the betrothed of John Anders."

"Are you quite sure that your whole heart was in your decision?"

"My heart was much more deeply in earnest than my judgment."

"And your sister? What of her?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell."

They were nearing the ferry now. The neat, white cottage on the hill nestled like a sleeping dove upon the billowy bosom of the resting earth, while a radiance that could be felt was flooding landscape and river with its influence of harmony.

"Everything and everybody ought to be happy in this beautiful world!" exclaimed Grace, with a sigh, as the carriage halted and Mr. Anders senior came out to the gate in his shirt sleeves, making his toilet as he advanced.

"Can you entertain us to-night?" asked Mrs. Snowden in a rather uncertain tone, for it had just occurred to her that this nocturnal visit was altogether inopportune, and that had the conditions been reversed, and these persons presented themselves at her home unannounced and at that time of night, she would have speedily informed them that it was "not convenient" for her to shelter them.

But country ways are not city ways, as she speedily learned; for they were heartily welcomed, and as heartily invited to remain as long as it should suit their convenience or pleasure. Mrs. Anders and Lillian were soon astir, and in spite of Mrs. Snowden's protest, a tempting cup of tea was placed before them in a few minutes, accompanied by snowy bread and golden butter, cold chicken and other delicacies, for which their long ride had given them keen appetites in spite of their depression of spirits.

"Isn't this very strange, Grace? Where's Alonzo?" asked Lillian, her heart fairly in her throat as she spoke.

"I left him at home to learn to take care of himself," was the jocular reply, at which Mrs. Snowden laughed with affected heartiness. "I'm going home with Mrs. Snowden, or my mother, as I suppose it is proper for me to call her; and when they get tired of me they can tell me so."

"But, how can you leave your husband?" and the shadow of a great dread settled down upon Lillian's heart.

"There's some mystery about this," she said to John, aside, as Grace forbore to reply and a bright flush mantled her face and neck.

"Never mind, Lillian. Don't try to wring anything from her that she doesn't choose to divulge," said John, his heart swelling with unutterable agony as he divined, from the depth of his own poorly-stifled affection for Grace, the traces of a terrible suffering in her eyes; suffering that he knew was caused by Alonzo's unworthiness.

Under pretext of looking after the horses, he left the house and sought the solitude of the glorious moonlight.

"I made a vow before human witnesses, in which I pledged myself to love, protect and cherish Lillian so long as we both should live, and yet, in spite of myself, I registered a secret love for Grace upon my heart's altar before the throne of heaven. That fiendish imp who married her has no more conception of her merits than an ape, and I am sure she is disgusted with him already. But my own acts have tied my hands. I cannot help myself or her. Lillian, poor girl, must not suffer because of my sins. She loves me truly, and she must never know my heart's true feelings toward her.

Ah, John Anders! John Anders! You are not the first person who has made this sad mistake. Any love that is not fully reciprocated is not true love; and any person who fancies that it will be a kindness to another to bind that other in matrimony for sweet accommodation's sake is guilty of a blunder that will sooner or later manifest itself in open outbreak in some unexpected direction.

The sin of ignorance is only equaled by the sin of deception. And the very worst sin that one person can commit against another is to marry that other and thrust a lifetime of his or her personal existence upon them because of the mistaken notion that by so doing the person that is so married can be made happy at the other one's expense. If the true were ever carefully analyzed from the false, it would be found in every instance that the prime motive which influences such a decision and such a step is simple vanity.

"I don't care much for her, but she loves me, and it would be cruel to disappoint her," exclaims a swain, whose heart is not in his decision.

"Maybe I'll learn to love him after a while, and he loves me so dearly that I cannot bear to give him pain," soliloquizes the maiden whose heart is not in her choice.

And so the world wags. Men and women marry in deception, and when too late, repent in wretchedness, going through life with a ball and chain dragging at their heart-strings, or subsiding, as happily many of them do, into a practical apathy from which all the elixir of existence is abstracted from its poesy, and its place usurped by the plain prose of endurance.

Grace's determination to make a confident of Lillian was thoroughly shaken by Lillian's *hauteur*. Through all their past years they had been so much to each other, these two; but now, between themselves and their innermost lives there was a gulf fixed. Would they ever be able to bridge it? We shall see.

(To be continued.)

Man's Progress in the Past a Hint of his Future.

Think of the advancement man has made since the time when he was a cannibal cave-dweller, shivering out of the glacial epoch, and contending with wild beasts for a foothold on the earth, till now that he enjoys the idealism of Berkeley, wields the quaternions of Hamilton, uses the lightnings for his red-sandaled messengers, holds his spectroscope to a star and tells what elements compose it, or to an outskirting nebula and declares it a mass of incandescent hydrogen. From such a background of accomplished fact he seems really to have a right to peer forth into the unbounded future and promise himself an unbounded destiny. The repetition of such a progress, nay much less, it may not unreasonably be imagined, would raise the curtains from unsuspected secrets, bring the family of intelligences scattered over all worlds into conscious communication, and accomplish the deliverance of the whole creation travailing and groaning together unto this day for the redemption of the creature. What a splendid, almost incredible task man has already achieved in disentangling the apparent astronomic motions and converting them into the real ones. How immensely sublimer and more complex is the position of man on this planet than it seemed to the primitive savage, who knew only what his crude senses taught him, although all the while the moon was circling about him twenty-five hundred miles an hour, and spinning around the sun over thirty thousand miles an hour, and swooping with the whole solar system through the blue void with a still swifter gyre in a yet vaster cycle! This is demonstrated physical fact. Its harmonic correlate in the spiritual sphere would be nothing less than a lease of eternal existence for the soul which sees endless invitations ahead, and exults at the prospect of an eternal pursuit of them, its reason and affection affiliated with those of the whole divine household of immortals. Two or three generations ago it would have been more inconceivable that men a hundred miles apart could audibly converse together, as they now do by means of the telephone, than it is at this day to believe that communication may at some future time be opened between the inhabitants of the earth and the inhabitants of Sirius through the vibrations of the ethereal medium.—*W. R. Alger.*

ELEMENTS OF A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit in; a house too fine to shelter a human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogony we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I get to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture, is a tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real, hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

The Emperor of Russia believes in the right of women to study surgery and medicine, and take degrees at universities. Some time ago he granted a charter to a university for women, and the Russian Minister of War has now officially taken up the subject of training lady doctors for army practice. It has been decided upon in consequence of the proof given in the late war of the utter inability of the regular medical staff to cope with the enormous number of sick and wounded. Classes will be almost immediately established in St. Petersburg for the instruction of female medical students, who will, on the completion of their studies, be regularly attached to the medical staff of the army.

Miss Charlotte L. Forten, a negro lady who contributes to the *Atlantic* and *Scribner's*, recently married the Rev. E. S. Grimke, a graduate of Princeton.

A New Haven man, forty-one years old, has been fined $50 and sent to jail for four months for assaulting his mother.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

People who have never lived in a large city little know the phases of life to be daily seen there, and even those who do live in cities, if their daily walk and conversation is confined to respectable society, have but little idea of what is going on around them. The men and women whose days are spent in seeking their own amusement and in the contemplation of peace and plenty, know little of the shifts and straits of those who barely exist by their wits. And when a cold snap comes on, like that through which we have just passed, there are many strange and distressing sights to be witnessed by those who look about them—and some very funny things to be observed as well. Warm clothing is in demand at such a time, though there are plenty in every city who haven't got it. And when old boreas whistles around the corner at such a terrific rate, it is suggestive of something to keep the inner man warm, and there comes an increased desire for hot "Scotch" and "Tom and Jerry," the aroma of which floats in a most tantalizing way from the half-open doors of sample-rooms on every corner. The man who draws his decanter of French brandy, and his fine old wines from a well-filled cellar, knows nothing about the dodges of the "old bums" around town, who must beat a barkeeper to get even an "eye-opener." A good-natured manipulator of the vinous fluids, who prides himself on being up to all the tricks of the bumming fraternity, was "done" by one of them the other morning, in a way that makes him hang his head in grief. While arranging the paraphernalia of the bar preparatory to the day's business, a moderately seedy bum appeared at the counter, and in a business-like manner slapped his hand on the bar, wherein was heard the jingle of coin, and asked for a "leettle old rye." Taking a drink which, in the parlance of the knights of the road, would be denominated a "snorter," he raised his hand from the counter and disclosed a two cent piece. "By jingo!" exclaimed the bum, "I thought it was a quarter;" at the same time fumbling in his pocket for "change" that was not there. One look at the quiet smile lurking in the corners of his customer's mouth, and the sling-maker realized that he was sold, and as the bummer slowly wended his way out, put the new trick away in the cavities of his memory. The other morning a rather genteelly-dressed individual stepped up to the bar of one of our hotels, and after a slight remark about the inconvenience of night travel in cold weather, borrowed a quarter to get shaved, which he would return as soon as the landlord opened the safe, where his valuables were locked up. The safe has not been opened yet. The art of getting three beers and enough crackers and cheese for a square meal for fifteen cents, has been reduced to an exact science by these chaps, and they all have a regular route. But recently an improvement has been made on this system by a tall cadaverous-looking individual habilitated something like Mr. Brocklehurst in the play of "Jane Eyre," a badge of mourning on his plug hat, and an old umbrella under his arm. When the barkeeper is busy he glides gently up to the counter, hangs his umbrella near the cracker and cheese bowl, and when his eyes are turned drops several fistefull of crackers in his rain protector. In the same quiet and subdued manner he lays down his nickle for a glass of beer and stalks out. The thing is done—the umbrella contains crackers and cheese enough to lunch on the remainder of the day. The extent of the tricks played in this line may be partly realized when it is known that every morning there awakens at least five hundred dry, impecunious chaps, thirsty for a dram, and who manage before the sun goes down to get one. There is no use of getting mad and kicking them out, for they are not only used to that, but after their drinks would as soon be kicked out as not; some of them rather, as it makes the feelings of warmth given by the dram extend further down their systems.

I am not writing a temperance lecture, though every story has its moral. The most practical suggestion I have lately seen in the direction of temperance reform is that of C. T. Campbell, who recommends to the man that must drink, to make his wife the barkeeper. Every time you want a drink pay her the regular price for it, and she will make enough off of every gallon you consume to buy a dress. "When you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by respectable people, she will have money enough to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave."

Congress is at it again. The well-informed politicians who are always standing about the halls in great numbers have settled the question of an extra session, which they now say is to be held. That is, they think there is going to be so much difference between the House and the Senate, on the important appropriation bills, that an extra session will be necessary. The theory is that the Democrats want it in order to get possession of the Senate offices, but that they will so manage matters as to throw the responsibility on the Republicans. One object is to avert a great danger. If both Hayes and Wheeler should die, the White House would be occupied by the President of the Senate, and it is, therefore, important that a Democratic successor to Ferry should be elected as soon as possible. These posted politicians, who are always ready to dispose of grave questions for either party on very short notice, say further that the first thing that the Senate will do after it becomes Democratic, will be to retire Wm. Pitt Kellogg to private life, on the ground that he was admitted on the certificate of Packard, who never was Governor of Louisiana.

Another band of Indian chiefs are now in Washington. They are quartered at the Tremont House, where many curiosity seekers go daily to look at them. They are Utes, from the Los Pinos agency in Colorado, and came here under the pilotage of Agent Kelly, for the purpose of negotiating the sale of four miles square of their reservation. An influential delegation of Cherokees are also here to enter a protest against the proposed opening up of the Indian Territory.

The Woman Suffragists are having a grand pow-wow here this week, and I will endeavor to tell you all about them in my next. FELIX.

Washington, D. C., January 8, 1879.

Counteracting Anæsthetics.

The immense service rendered by chloroform, ether, etc., in the alleviation of pain has been somewhat depreciated by the danger of life incurred in their use, and the numerous fatal cases recorded as the result of their administration. Many efforts have been made to find a rapid and certain antidote, but without success, until a very simple remedy was discovered by the late celebrated surgeon, Dr. Nelaton. His son, while quite a lad, was in the habit of amusing himself by catching mice and harnessing them to toy carriages, like horses. In attaching them to the miniature vehicles, they sometimes bit him, and he induced his father to give him some chloroform to enable him to perform his operations without the inconvenience of being bitten. On one occasion having administered the anæsthetic, he raised the little animal by the tail in a perpendicular direction, when it immediately turned and tried to bite him. He mentioned the subject to his father, who, upon reflection, concluded that the explanation was due to the fact that the brain, while the being is asleep, is almost destitute of blood, but that on the position of suspension with the head downward having been attached, the circulating fluid rushes to the head and awakens the animal. Not long after, he had an opportunity of testing this theory. Two eminent surgeons had to perform an operation at Saint-Germain-Laye, and requested the assistance of Dr. Nelaton. He happened to miss the train, and when he arrived by the subsequent one, the proceedings had already commenced. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and the medical men feared, from the symptoms, that a fatal result might ensue. Dr. Nelaton at once advised that the head of the patient should be hung over the side of the bed, and his feet raised in the air. The experiment was successful, consciousness returned, but upon the person being replaced in bed, all the somnolency recurred. The trial was repeated, and after a suspension of ten minutes, head downward, the effects of the chloroform were entirely dissipated. So simple a remedy is one which may be of invaluable assistance to medical men, and may be the means of saving many lives.—*American Home.*

Seventeen Sermons.

The following "Seventeen Sermons" are from the pen of "Rev. J. Joshua Jenkins:"

The perfectly contented man is also useless.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

The ideal saint of the young moralist is cut from sappy timber.

The vigorous idea keeps warm though wrapped in few words.

Great power of acquisition is common to millionaires and hogs.

Faith that asks no questions kills the soul and stifles the intellect.

He who thinks poorly of himself can not win the respect of his fellows.

Happy is the man who has neighbors willing to forgive his mistakes.

Appear to be better than you are, and aim to be what you appear to be.

The trouble with many communists is that their dead men refuse to be buried.

Only infinite wisdom is able to distinguish the difference between some men and beasts.

Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.

The gilded calf, having wealth without soul, finds more worshipers to-day than in the days of Moses.

He whose only claim to the title "gentleman" is in his clothes, must necessarily be careful what he wears.

Whether he is great or small, set that man down for a fool who boasts that he does not read the local papers.

The Lord can more easily have faith in the religion that wears an old coat to church than the man in the coat can.

It is better to rise from your knees and shut your hens out of your neighbor's yard than to indulge in loud prayers.

If signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this altitude since the country was first discovered by a man named Mr. Columbus. The squirrels are laying in their winter coal, the beavers are putting heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees have killed all the drones and lined their hives with sheet iron, the musk-rats are flying south, wild ducks are committing suicide, the goose-bone is black sixteen inches deep, Western editors are soliciting wood in exchange for subscriptions, poor families are buying an extra dog, and we have had a new collar put on our overcoat.—*Denver Mirror.*

I saw him first with his lady-love, repeating poetry and drinking wine. I next saw him before the bar; then in a gambling hell. I saw him leaning against a lamp post; then, lying in the gutter; at last, I saw him laid in a drunkard's grave.

The Anchor of Columbus.

On the night of the 2nd of August, 1498, the little fleet of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, he then being upon his third voyage, lay at anchor just off the southwest point of the island of Trinidad, off the mainland of South America, which he had seen that day for the first time. "Being on board of his ship," says Washington Irving in his history of the great navigator (Vol. II, Book X, page 123), "late at night, kept awake by a painful illness and an anxious and watchful spirit, he heard a terrible roaring from the south, and beheld the sea heaped up, as it were, into a great ridge or hill the height of the ship, covered with foam, and rolling toward him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of the night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded lest it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while another of the ships was torn violently from her anchorage, (leaving, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Irving to add, her anchor behind her.) The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up; but the mountainous surge passed on, and gradually subsided after a violent contest with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Paria, and which were as yet unknown to Columbus.

So far Washington Irving, who of course founds his text upon that of the old authorities, and especially the "Vita" of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great Admiral. The words of Ferdinand, in reference to the loss of the anchor aforesaid, in the original Italian are as follows: "Ma piacque a Dio che passo di sotto, o per dir miglio che gli levo in alto, senza fargli danno, *mackarche ad un miriglio lasasse le mucre di terro*"—"although one of the ships left her anchor behind her."

The anchor thus lost on the night of August 2nd, 1498—nearly four hundred years ago—from one of the ships of Columbus, off the southwest extremity of the island of Trinidad—Point Arenal as Columbus named the spot, *vide* Irving—has recently been recovered by Senor Argostino, the gentleman who now owns the point of land in question. It has the rare and thrilling merit of being the oldest relic extant of the great navigator and of the discovery of America.

As would be expected from the age of this relic, it is an anchor in its simplest form of expression. The shaft is round and eight feet nine inches in length. At the head of the shaft is a round ring nearly a foot in diameter, to which the cable was fastened. The flukes have a spread of about five feet. Its total weight is eleven hundred pounds.

But the strangest part is to come. This anchor was dug up by Senior Argostino in his garden, from a depth of six feet, at the distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet from the nearest beach of the sea. His first supposition was that he had stumbled upon a relic of the Phoenicians, or of some other of the ancient nations who have been supposed by many to have visited the coasts of America thousands of years ago. But an attentive examination of local facts and authorities soon convinced him that a portion of his garden now occupies *the very spot* at which the ships of Columbus lay at anchor on the night of August 2nd, 1498. The land is constantly rising from the sea and encroaching upon it along this entire coast, as has been shown by Humboldt, Findlay, and scores of others who have written upon this subject, and the rate of this encroachment is known to have been quite sufficient to turn in 493 years the anchorage of the great fleet into the garden of a private citizen. There is not a particle of doubt, therefore, at the end of the rigid inquiry that has been made, that the anchor recently found by Senor Argostino is really and truly the last anchor of Columbus.—*Penn Yan Mystery.*

Abolition of the Training-Ship.

The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco recently received a communication from Governor Irwin, announcing that he had complied with the resolution of the Board, and had requested the Secretary of the Navy to withdraw the sloop-of-war "Jamestown" from her position as training-ship. This is a step in the right direction, and will be welcomed by the tax-payers, in that it will save this city and county alone $4,000 per month, and in the State at large considerable more. The present Board of Supervisors has not been distinguished by any excess of zeal in saving the pockets of the tax-payers, and the abolition of the municipal elephant, though commendable, should have been consummated a year ago. The State Advisory Board entered a vigorous protest against the withdrawal of the school-ship, claiming that with a fair trial, combined with the absence of the industrial school element, it would at once grow into popularity as a nautical school. The grave error was made in the first place, however, of permitting the drafting of industrial school boys into the ship and in spite of the fact that all of these were removed a few weeks ago, the odor of a penal institution hung about it, a majority of parents regarded the word "Jamestown" as a synonym for wickedness and correction, and the board wisely concluded to get rid of it as expeditiously as possible. Now that it is practically abolished, no one will mourn its loss save those who, through its use by the municipality, have been enabled to draw fat salaries from the city treasury.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

As far as two-thirds of the guests are concerned, you might just as well print the bill of fare of a fashionable hotel in Hindoo, as in the broken-jointed English and bad French now in vogue. Not one in a dozen can tell whether they are masticating "Macaroni a la mushroom de la boot-tops," or chewing away on a lot of old chicken livers left over from yesterday's dinner.—*Elmira Gazette.*

To be kept from wrong-doing by fear of exposure is not very exalted virtue, but as far as it goes it is beneficial to society.

"Weight for the wagon," panted a farmer as he assisted his three-hundred-pound wife to a seat in that vehicle.

About Drinks and Drinking.

President and Mrs. Hayes continue to exclude wine from their table in the White House. Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, has secured an exception to this rule at the diplomatic dinners, although Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will preside without glasses before them.

The French statesmen use wine moderately, and spirits almost never. They prefer their own light wines, leaving champagne to the last; nearly all their public dinners are ended without speeches.

The cultivated English are far more temperate than in former days. At State dinners, which are costly and luxurious, the ministry are proverbially frugal, though Lord Derby, the late Chief of the Foreign Office, was inordinately fond of sherry. Nobody smokes in a private house, unless it is in the billiard-room. But the English club men are hearty drinkers. There are over seventy clubs in London alone. Gambling is not as common as it was in the days of Charles James Fox, who often lost £1,000 a night while in the zenith of his parliamentary fame, and thought nothing of it. The Raleigh in the Pall Mall is still believed to indulge in cards for money, but modern John Bull prefers whist, brandy and soda, and hot Scotch or Irish whisky. Excessive dissipation is confined to London gin palaces, which abound in frightful proportion, where men and women drink firewater and bad beer till they are sodden; and it is no infrequent sight to see a child made stupid by the milk of a drunken mother.

The Russians bear the palm. They purchase most of the costly French champagnes, and they prefer "a mixed drink" of their own—a fearful compound—after dinner, which is something like the English claret cup, that Charles Dickens loved to "compose," with fiery liquids added.

President and Mrs. Hayes are not altogether alone. They are doubtless more rigid than other rulers; but Queen Victoria is a model in her own house, like the good Prince Albert, and I happen to know that Gambetta, Laboulaye, Leon Say, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, the Orleans princes, and the Bourbon pretenders are moderate and careful men; and it is but just to say the same of the Emperor of Germany, the Russian Czar, the young King of Italy, and the widower monarch of Spain.

Deep drinking is not so much the custom as it was, at least let us hope so. There is no better way to cure the abuse than to make it unfashionable. A good example is better than an angry sermon. Gerritt Smith, who died at a great age (78 I think), sat in Congress two years, from 1853 to 1855, and was one of the most genial, generous and hospitable of men. He gave many splendid entertainments, and never had a drop of wine on his table. The jolly men were amazed at his course, but he never apologized for it.

My other good friend, Horace Greeley, was not so successful when he became a candidate for President in 1872. He was an extreme temperance leader, as pure as cool water, even in his blunders; but as much out of place as a Democratic nominee as Bishop Simpson in the Vatican. After he agreed to stand for that high office the Southern politicians called on him at Chappaqua, his country seat on the Harlem road, and he benevolently asked them to drink from his famous spring. They were surprised but submissive, until he offered them a second draught, at which Governor —— of Louisiana somewhat testily declined, with the remark that "This was a beverage he never internally applied." The legend runs, that when the party left the white-haired editor, the Governor sadly observed that he had to drink several cocktails to keep the nomination down.—*Forney's Progress.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I hav no objectshun to a man parting his hair in the middle, but I shall alwuss insist upon his finishing up the job bi wearing a short gown and pettikoat.

There is sutch a thing as too mutch energy. I hav seen those who were like a yung hound in the chase, get away ahead uv the fox.

There are a grate many roads that lead to heaven, but after yu get there, only one gateway to enter.

If we would only profit bi our own experiences or the experiences uv others, it would be hard for even lightning to strike us; but rather than do this, we prefer to knok out what fu brames we hav got against sometody's stun wall, and then howl about the weakness of reason or the malice of fortune.

There is nothing we hav got so little uv, and nothing we think we hav got so much uv, as originality.

It iz the little bits uv things that fret and worry us; we kan dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly.

It ain't so much the amount a man knows, az the ability to use what he dus kno at the right time and place that makes him a power.

I hav been trieing to find out for the last forty years at what time uv life a man iz the most phoolish, and just az soon as I find out, I will let yu kno.

The hardest man to convince, iz the one who agrees to everything yu say.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be shot into the water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened. If fired through a pane of glass it will make a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass is suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet under water, will not rise on account of pressure of the water. In the Arctic regions, when the temperature is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant from each other.—*Christian Observer.*

A correspondent asks, "What did William Tell? So far as we remember he said, "Oh, shoot the apple, anyway?" —[Ex. Why do you jump at such an arrow-minded conclusion? He was so bowed down with grief and sarrow that his feelings were completely unstrung, and he couldn't shoot his mouth off at all; hence his inability to Tell anything.

"Bias-eyed barbarians" is an epithet hurled at the moon-eyed lepers by a Cincinnati editor.

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.—*The Koran.*