

Pernicious Newspaper

Sunday Afternoon, an American magazine of great value, sharply arraigns the newspapers which are prone to minister to gossipy tastes by publishing very reprehensible literature. It says: "Not only do our newspapers offend by the publication of the vile details of great crimes, but also by picking up and spreading abroad little scandals, little unpleasantness in society, little bits of gossip that no sensible or honorable person wishes to know or would suffer himself to repeat. Much of the space of many weekly papers, and of not a few dailies, is devoted to matters of this description. The little-tattle of the neighborhood, that is not only silly but poisonous in the extreme, is gathered and served up in an appetizing manner as possible for the entertainment of the whole community. If a woman behaves indiscreetly, the fact, more or less embellished and sufficiently disguised to whet the appetites of the gossips, is likely to appear in print the next day. If a man commits an error of which he is pretty sure to be ashamed, and concerning which he would be glad of the indulgent silence of his neighbors, there is no mercy for him; he will have a chance to read the record, a good deal magnified, in the local columns. Domestic infidelities, with which the public has no business at all, afford material for spicy items; business complications are worse complicated by unauthorized reports concerning them; little troubles in the churches, which those who have the care of their interests are doing their best to compose, are fanned into grave dissensions by references to them in the newspapers. Sometimes, when the details of these small scandals are not given, there are little hints and innuendoes that serve to put all the prurient and meddlesome noses in the community on the scent for indecency or mischief. What excuse or justification can there be for the publication of such items as these? Who is profited by reading them? What interest of intelligence, of morality, of decency, is promoted by spreading abroad these miserable details of gossip? The only reason for printing them is that many people like to read them; they make a sale for the papers. But the taste that craves them is a vicious and degraded one, and the business of gratifying and stimulating such a taste is a bad business. What is thought of the woman who goes from house to house in her neighborhood rehearsing bits of intelligence like these? What is said of the man who devotes his leisure to the circulation of the current rumors? If it is disreputable for a man to go about ringing his neighbors' door-bells, and reciting to them such scandals by word of mouth, it is more disreputable for him to print them in a widely-circulated newspaper. The story that a gentleman would not stoop to tell in good society, no gentleman ought to print in his paper. Mordant and mischief-making is just as reprehensible in a reporter as in any other man. The fact that such stuff makes his newspaper sell is a poor justification. And until the managers of newspapers learn to discriminate with a little more care between the news which the public has a right to hear and the news which is simply noisome or injurious scandal, the business of journalism will suffer a serious loss of respect and indifference."

What Every House Needs

One of the worst faults of our very fine modern architecture as applied to houses, is found in the fact that architects do not take into their plans the possibilities of sickness in the family. No house is properly constructed that has not in it a room or rooms expressly designed for the accommodation of the sick and infirm. This room should have a warm, sunny exposure. The window light should be ample and command the widest possible view. The next essential is a good, liberal fire-place. By the warmth it generates, and facilities for ventilation, the whole room is kept pure and wholesome. Not only so, but a slow burning fire with its lights and shades, its rising sparks and glowing brands, its curling and many colored smoke, and its changeable embers, furnish ceaseless diversion to the sick one who lies watching it. Nothing is more soothing and quieting than the influence which subtly steals over the senses of one who gazes peacefully into the gentle flame. It is companionship itself. The walls, too, should have their proper adornments. Pictures that suggest quiet and peace, and the free, fresh life of nature outside, should be put on them. A bracket with its vases of flowers; a green clambering vine, clinging ambitiously to the ceiling; a library case filled with familiar books; curtains that soften the light while admitting it—all these are helpful to one that lies in weakness and can take no more of life than the little room reveals. Better still, if just outside of the window stands a tree with the branches so placed that the leaves of some almost sweep the pane. How much the sight of twigs, buds and leaves, stirred by the wind and flecked with bright gleams of the sun, can cheer the mind of one who lies upon the pillow idly looking at them. The central thought expressed in a well-constructed sick room is diversion. The object of its construction and location should be to give perfect accommodation and protection to the invalid, while at the same time it suggests the beauty and the freedom of being unconfined—the life and animation of the great outdoors beyond. A duck of a lover makes a goose of a husband. There is a boy in Detroit so exceedingly bright that his mother is obliged to use a piece of smoked glass when she looks at him. An uptown man when asked last evening if he was a member of a certain church, replied: "Well, I dunno; believe I am sort of an honorary member or something. Anyway when they have a donation, I always send something along."

Sixty Years in Prison

Mary Valentine, 80 years old, was dying tonight in the female department of the Tombs prison. She had spent sixty years of her life in prison although not as a prisoner. For the past forty years she has been a voluntary prisoner, and for twenty-five years has not been outside of the Tombs prison, except two days annually, that being New Year and Fourth of July. She was a very peculiar woman, never bright nor ambitious, but scrupulously clean and tidy in all her habits, and faithful to a fault as the voluntary assistant of Matron Foster in the Tombs prison. Long before the Tombs occupied its present site Mary Valentine had an acquaintance with the police courts in this city. When Wall and Pine streets were the most fashionable thoroughfares in the city, Mary Valentine was only a child. She was born in the Summer of 1799. Her father died while she was yet a child. As a young girl she always sought her own way, and as she grew up she was so wayward and disobedient to her mother that she was sent to the House of Refuge, and from there transferred to the old Bridewell, then in City Hall Park, on the Broadway side. After she had served her time in Bridewell, she was bound over to Mr. Curtis, then a prominent resident of this city. She took to drink, and was frequently seen in the police courts. When, however, she found that liquor was getting the mastery over her, she gave herself up to prison life. When the Tombs prison was built by John Haviland in 1838 she was one of its first inmates, and for forty years she has been out and in on short terms of ten days and a month. In 1854 she took such a fancy to the place that she never tried to leave it. Matron Foster then, as now, had charge of the female department, having come there in 1855. Mary Valentine rendered the matron such assistance she could. She was then given charge of the "upper tier," and here she took great pride in keeping the cells in neat and tidy order. At the head of the stairway in a small recess was a decorated stool with the name "Mary" painted on the top. Here Mary sat keeping guard over her prisoners. Commissioner Bell took a great interest in Mary Valentine when she was taken sick, and told Warden Finn to have her tenderly cared for. Mary took to her bed two days ago from general debility. She sank rapidly, and yesterday morning she lost her speech. Toward night she failed to recognize Miss Phillips, who ministered to her wants.—N. Y. Star.

Royal Bridal Dresses

Honiton lace owes its great reputation to its sprigs, which were at first woven into the ground, but latterly "applied," or sewn on the ground. In the course of the last century the making of the plain net ground on the pillow was a separate branch of the trade. The net was beautiful and regular but expensive, and may be judged from the fact that the thread by which some of the finer qualities were made cost as much as £70 to £105 per pound weight. The worker was paid in a rather curious fashion. The lace ground was spread out and covered with shillings, and as many coins as the piece would accommodate were the reward of the maker. It was no uncommon thing to pay £100 for a Honiton lace veil when the business was in its palmy days. The invention of machines for making lace dealt a severe blow to the peculiar industry of Devonshire, and it threatened to become altogether extinct. Mrs. Bury Fallisser records that when wedding lace was required for Her Majesty Queen Victoria it was with difficulty the necessary number of workers could be obtained to make it. It was undertaken by Miss Jane Bidney, who caused the work to be executed in the small fishing hamlet of Beer and its environs. The dress cost £1,000; it was composed entirely of Honiton sprigs, connected with pillow by a variety of openwork stitches; but the patterns were immediately destroyed, so it cannot be reproduced. The bridal dresses of the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess of Wales were all of Honiton point, the patterns consisting of natural flowers, ferns, etc. Many of the more experienced hands find employment in restoring and re-making old lace, and the ingenuity they display in that direction is said to be marvellous.—From Great Industries of Great Britain for August.

Homesteads in Great Britain

The difficulties in the way of a man in humble circumstances obtaining a homestead of his own in Great Britain are almost insuperable. Land seldom comes into the market, and when it does is competed for in an eager way by the wealthy who wish to add to their holdings. The cost of an inquiry into titles is very heavy. The case is mentioned of a farmer, who in December, 1877, bought three acres of glebe land, with a title-charge of \$75 a year. The examination, establishment and transfer of title cost him \$80. But land is so tied up by entail and held in large tracts by a few persons that it is almost inaccessible. The law of primogeniture prevents sale, and so does the power to make 99-year leases, thus tying up estates and keeping land out of the market. Great Britain has thus become emphatically the country of the landless, for all the lands are owned by less than 300,000 persons. In England and Wales 17,500,000 acres, or one-half the whole, are owned by 4,500 persons. In Scotland 40 persons own one-half the soil. One-half of Ireland is owned by 750 persons, and two-thirds by less than 2,000. No wonder the British farmer is eager to come to this country, where land is so easy to obtain and so cheap.

Better bare feet and contentment

With that patent leather boots and a corn on each toe. Paul Boyton thinks he can safely go over Niagara Falls in one of his suits. After he gets married he'll probably make the attempt.

Will You Go Home?

It used to be said in the early times in Denver when the free and easy life of pioneer days was thought a necessity that ladies sometimes masqueraded in male attire, especially at night, just to see what it was that detained their husbands down town so late. One in particular had a very attractive husband, and womanlike, she was very fond of him. It seemed to her that so precious a possession should be guarded zealously, and she did her best to keep him in view. But his incomings and outgoings were frequent. Like the Irishman's flea, he was anywhere but the place at which he was expected to be found. Nevertheless, she buckled bravely down to her mission, and but few were her escapades that failed to come under her personal observation. One night she traced him to a dance hall, and just as he was about leading one of the reigning belles of the place to form a cotillon, a handsomely dressed boy interposed between them.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have a weakness for this girl myself," remarked the youth, "and with your leave I'll have a dance with her."

Before the astonished gentleman could gather his senses about him the youth and the girl were whirling away in the mazes of the dance. It was the look and tone of the intruder which had dumbfounded him. He had seen that dancemeister somewhere, and the voice was as familiar to him as Spring violets.

"He looks to be every inch a boy, and yet I swear it's a woman," he muttered doubtfully.

In a few moments the dance was over and the boy came close to him.

"Aren't you tired?" he inquired.

"Well, yes," replied the citizen, "a little."

"Well, let's go home," suggested the youth.

"Go—home?" interposed the citizen in tones long drawn out, while a faint inkling of the youth's identity began to dawn upon him. Then he stopped and peered wistfully into the face wreathed in smiles.

"Will you go home?" the boy again inquired.

It was hardly necessary to have made the inquiry. It was evident the citizen had begun to comprehend the situation. But he heaved a sigh as he replied cordially:

"I think I will."

It was the last night out. The places that knew him once knew him no more. Pleasure taken under such espionage had ceased to be pleasing. The gentleman now is one of the pillars of society.—Denver News.

The Queen of Hearts

Card players of all nations, sexes and ages, will learn with great discomfiture that the queen of hearts is dead. This serious calamity occurred last week in Vienna, where her majesty had resided for three-quarters of a century, in the enjoyment of a revenue suitable to her regal dignity. She was believed to have attained the age of a hundred, to which, indeed, she was lately wont to lay claim with an authority that none of her courtiers ventured to dispute; but, as a matter of fact, she expired on her seventy-sixth birthday. Gifted with the faculty of pre-science, intimately acquainted with the most recondite capacities for interviewing the destiny of every member of the pack, from her own illustrious consort down to the humble black devils, deeply learned in the lore of prophetic lines traced by the graver of fate upon human hands and feet, this lady devoted her days to unraveling the tangled secrets of the future, charging those whose curiosity prompted them to pry into the region of the unknown £2 per revelation. As many of the leading ladies of the Austrian aristocracy were among her clients, the accuracy of her forecasts having earned for her a mighty reputation throughout the realms of the Hapsburgs, she contrived to amass a handsome fortune, which she has left to her only daughter, although that princess had grievously offended her by contracting a mesalliance with a master butcher of the Kaiserstadt. The deceased "Herz-Dame" was a person of extraordinary acumen, and a physiognomist of the highest order. Her sources of private information were numerous, and their ramifications are believed to have permeated every class of Austrian society. She has passed away at a ripe old age, and her place in the fortune-telling pack knows her no more.

Women Gamblers

The number of lady gamblers in London is increasing steadily. A correspondent of the Standard states that there is more gambling among women at the present time than has been the case since public gaming tables were put down by Act of Parliament. The harmless bet of a few pairs of gloves at race meetings is now considered far beneath the notice of a dashing matron or fast maiden. There are not a few female "plungers" on the turf who "put the pot on," as the idiotic jargon of the race course has it, with as much eagerness as the most dissipated subaltern at the Raleigh, who stands in view of a heap of money at Ascot or at Goodwood, with the alternative of ruining his old father, the country rector, if he loses, and allowing his sisters' portions to be swallowed up in paying his "debts of honor." If the female plunger be unmarried she has recourse probably to some accommodating dressmaker, or worse still, she accepts pecuniary help from some male friends, and perhaps puts herself for life in the power of a man who will one day make her pay dearly for her discretion.

Early examination—Visitor: "And what did your godfathers and godmothers do for you?" Little one: "Knife, fork and spoon."

A mother on Cottage Hill saw her little daughter draw her sleeve across her mouth, and said: "Tilly, w! is your handkerchief for?" "To flirt with, mamma," was the innocent reply.

Explosions in Mill and Factories

The burning of the great Minneapolis flour mills, now nearly two years ago, gave rise to the inquiry as to the cause of the conflagration, which was at that time a mystery. The discussion was an interesting one, especially to those millers who were engaged in making flour by the new patent process. The conclusion reached, as stated in the Sun at the time, was that the fire, which was accompanied by a great explosion, originated from the combustion of the finely-divided particles of flour floating about the mill, which, in some way or other, came in contact either with an intensely heated surface caused by the rapid rotation of the machinery, or from the floating particles of flour coming in contact with the flame of a candle. The theory then advanced was a novel one, but accompanied as it was by experimental tests by which the possibility of such explosions, occurring in the manner stated, was demonstrated, it was very generally accepted as explaining how that particular fire happened. In the Christmas holidays of 1877 a disastrous fire, attended by serious loss of life, occurred at a candy factory in New York. The fire was also accompanied by an explosion that forced out the walls of the building. For a long time it was supposed to have been caused by the bursting of a boiler pipe in the engine-room, but when the ruins were cleared away it was discovered that the fire and the damage which it caused could not have originated. Dr. Doremus expressed the opinion that it arose from the sudden contact of finely divided and strongly heated starch or sugar flame, or a faintly heated surface, but the coroner's jury left the question an open one. The explosion that occurred on Friday last in the drying-room of another candy factory in New York, as stated in Saturday's Sun, had its origin exactly in the manner stated by Dr. Doremus in his theory of the cause of the fire at Greenfield's candy factory in the Christmas holidays of 1877. A workman in the drying-room bearing trays containing finely-divided starch lost his footing on a sudden, and on falling threw a heavy cloud of starch dust against the red-hot furnace. The explosion was immediate, and similar explosions with flour or starch dust are always likely to take place where the process of their manufacture either generates heat or where they float in fine particles in rooms artificially heated for drying purposes.—Baltimore Sun.

The West Unequaled in Story Telling

It is no use for an eastern man to try to tell a big story when there is a western man about. Causeur has tried it, and got beaten clean out of the ring. He thought he could spin a yarn that would test anyone's credulity, but he always found that a western man could go him one better. "When I was a young man," said Col. B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the plowing. We had a 'sulky' plow, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome lays as ever a man drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and, if you'll believe it, they just walked that plow right through that stump as though it had been cheese. Not a horse expressed surprise. But Maj. S., who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly, 'It's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespun—said it was the strongest cloth in the State. One day I had just plowed through a white oak stump in the way you speak of, Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and, if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out roots and all. Something had to give, you know.—Boston Transcript."

The Fate of Arctic Explorers

Behring's Straits derives its name from Vitus Behring, a Russian naval captain in the service of Peter the Great, who died from exposure on the Arctic coast nearly a century and a half ago. Baffin, whose name is borne by the bay which he discovered, met a violent death. James Hall, under whom he had previously served, met a similar fate. Still earlier in date Sir Hugh Willoughby, who sailed to discover a northeast passage, was with his whole crew, frozen to death. Sir Hendrick Hudson became famous as a discoverer, and his voyage to the mouth of the river which bears his name was simply because his crew would not bear the severity of the northern climate. He afterwards discovered Hudson's Bay, and on his return voyage was the victim of a mutinous crew. Gosnold, who discovered Massachusetts and gave to Cape Cod its name, died miserably on the James river. Captain Cook was slain and eaten by cannibals. Sir John Ross, who many years afterward undertook an exploring voyage, was imprisoned in the ice for four Winters and was only rescued by a Russian ship which happened to learn his condition. The mysterious fate of Sir John Franklin hardly needs more than a mere reference here, but it may be added that Dr. Kane, who commanded the Grinnell expedition, was a martyr to his enthusiasm. The disease which he contracted while in search of Sir John Franklin carried him to his grave soon after his return. He died early, but had already won distinction and conferred honor upon his country.—N. Y. Cor. Troy Times.

Why are good resolutions like a squalling baby at a church?

Because they should always be carried out.

Horace Greeley's Estate

Horace Greeley's estate seems full of surprises. Such property as he thought valuable has, thus far, provided valueless, while that which he had mentally charged off to profit and loss, having no expectation of getting a penny from it, has come out handsomely. Only a few months ago, Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, to whom Mr. Greeley had lent thousands of dollars without any security beyond his word, paid every dollar of the debt, with interest. This would have amazed the lender, had he been alive, more than anybody else in the community. Now another windfall, it is understood, has come, or is about to come, to the heirs of the late editor of the Tribune. Some years before his death he had been induced, very injudiciously, it was then believed, to buy a tract of wild land in West Virginia, for which he paid \$10,000 or \$12,000, or more, and which he subsequently decided to be literally a permanent investment. It is now said that the land has so improved of late that Mr. Greeley's daughters have just been offered \$40,000 for it, and that they may get much more. Meanwhile, the Tribune shares, which Mr. Greeley left to his children, and which he considered almost the only productive part of his estate—a very justly, for he had for years derived a steady income from them—were without any available worth, not having paid a cent of dividend for nearly eight years. One of the Tribune chief's favorite phrases was, "It is always the improbable that happens." If he could be conscious of his present financial affairs, he would think that only the impossible is certain. He would be more astonished than he was when a political bumper walked one day into his private office—so called because the entire public had access to it—and handed him \$10, which he had borrowed from the journalist ten years before. "You don't mean it," said Greeley. "You must have mistaken your man." "No, I haven't. You lent me the money, and I promised solemnly that I would return it." "That's the queerest of it," retorted the journalist. "The idea of a man paying money because he had solemnly promised if you had told me you wouldn't pay it, I might have expected it. But I've been lending people money who have solemnly promised to return it for twenty years, and you are the first man who has ever disappointed me by keeping his word."

Mrs. Hytton, who couldn't ride in the same horse car with a colored man, will allow him, as her coachman, to sit beside her and drive when she rides in a single seat buggy.

For the Ladies

To all of our lady friends, who desire to free their faces from those unsightly blotches and pimples, we would advise the use of Hall's Sarsaparilla, believing it to be the best preparation in market for purifying the system from all night, corrupt and impure matter, giving that bright, clear and blooming appearance to the complexion, so much admired, but only obtained when the system is in a healthy condition.

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