

### Walter Scott's Sundays.

As usual from Lockhart's farrago we cannot find out a single thing we want to know—whether Scott worked, after his week-day custom, on the Sunday morning. But, I gather not; at all events, his cattle and his household rested (L. iii. 108). I imagine he walked out into his woods or read quietly in his study. Immediately after breakfast, whoever was in the house, "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read prayers at 11, when I expect you all to attend" (vii. 306). Questions of college and other externally unanimous prayers settled for us very briefly: "If you have no faith, have at least manners." He read the Church of England service, lessons and all, the latter, if interesting, eloquently (*Ibid.*). After the service, one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons (vi. 108). After sermon, if the weather was fine, walk with his family, dogs included, and guests to cold picnic (iii. 109), followed by short extempore Biblical novelettes; for he had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart, it having been his mother's last gift to him (vi. 174). These lessons to his children in Bible history were always given, whether there was a picnic or not. For the rest of the afternoon he took his pleasure in the woods with Tom Purdie, who also always appeared at his master's elbow on Sunday after dinner was over and drank long life to the laird and his lady and all the good company, in a quag of whisky or a tumbler of wine, according to his fancy (vi. 195.) Whatever might happen on the other evenings of the week, Scott always dined at home on Sunday; and with old friends, never, unless inevitably, receiving any person with whom he stood on ceremony (v. 335.) He came into the room rubbing his hands like a boy arriving at home for the holidays, his Peppers and Mustards gamboling about him, "and even the stately Maida grinning and wagging his tail with sympathy." For the Esquebaugh of the less-honored week days, at the Sunday board he circulated the champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's share afterward (v. 339.) In the evening, music being to the Scottish worldly mind indecorous, he read aloud some favorite author, for the amusement or edification of his little circle. Shakespear it might be, or Dryden, Johnson or Joanna Baillie, Crabbe, or Wordsworth. But in those days "Byron was pouring out his spirit free and full, and if a new piece from his hand had appeared, it was sure to be read by Scott the Sunday evening afterwards; and that with such delighted emphasis as showed how completely the elder bard had kept up his enthusiasm for poetry at pitch of youth, and all his admiration for genius, free, pure, and unstained by the least drop of literary jealousy. With such necessary and easily imaginable varieties as chances in having Dandy Dimmor, or Captain Brown for guests at Abbotsford, or Captain Manning, Counselor Pleydell, and Dr. Robertson in Castle street, such was Scott's habitual Sabbath—a day, we perceive, of eating the fat, (dinner, presumably not cold, being a work of necessity and mercy—thou also, even thou, Saint Thomas of Trumbull, had thine!) and drinking the sweet, abundant in the manner of Mr. Southey's catarrh of Ledore—"Here it comes, sparkling." A day bestrewn with coronations and sops in wine, deep in libations to good hope and fond memory; a day of rest to beast, and mirth to man, (as also to sympathetic beasts that cannot be merry,) and concluding itself in an orphical hour of delight, signifying peace on Tweedside, and good will to men, there or far away—always excepting the French and Boney.—John Ruskin, in Nineteenth Century.

### A Miner's Daring.

There are no braver men in the world than can be found among the mines of the Comstock. Accustomed to face dangers every day of their lives, they never shrink from the call of duty. An instance of personal bravery occurred recently at the Hale & Norcross, which is worthy of record as showing what men will do and dare. The pump column in the mine burst, the flow of water which is usually pumped at the Hale & Norcross, a large portion of which comes from the well-known north drift on the 2200 level of the "Savage," and is very hot, was sent through connections to the C. N. S. shaft to be raised to the Suro tunnel level. One day this flow of water was unusually strong. The pumps labored assiduously to keep it down, but labored in vain. Bailing tanks were added, and still the accumulation could not be kept down. When the 2,400 station at that shaft was some three feet under water, information was sent to the Hale & Norcross of the fact, and a desire was expressed to know the cause of the increased flow. The necessity of an investigation thus became imperative.

Superintendent Deidesheimer, not knowing what might have happened in that confined locality to threaten the safety of the mine on the lower levels, and not wishing to send men where he was unwilling to go himself, sent for Foreman Kellogg, who was working on the broken pump column, informed him of the situation of affairs and asked him to go with himself and see what was wrong. Mr. Kellogg would not allow Mr. Deidesheimer to incur the risks of the exploration and set about preparing to go alone. He saturated a woolen shirt with ice-water and bound it on and over his head, leaving but a single eye exposed. He then muffled both hands, and thus prepared entered the drift, leaving with the Superintendent a request that if he did not return in fifteen min-

utes the drift should be closed behind him to be opened no more. This could well be done, as the Savage had bulk-headed that level, the air had been shut out and the workings there practically abandoned. After enduring that terrible heat for twelve minutes Mr. Kellogg came back and reported nothing amiss. The extra water was but an unusually large intermittent flow from the old north drift in Savage. When stripped of his mufflings Mr. Kellogg found that in some way one of his hands had become bare while he was in the drift, and the back of it had been burned to a solid blister by the dry, hot air to which he had been exposed. Water boils on the Comstock in 198 degrees, and he had sustained for twelve minutes a temperature only 40 degrees below that of boiling water, and sufficient to have roasted him in a very short time.

### Advice to Young Men.

To Hon. William E. Dodge, in his recent lecture on "Old New York," or "New York as it was Fifty Years Ago," when he was a young man of twenty-five years, gave the following financial advice to young men: "All young men should aim to save something; even at the expense of a limited wardrobe, and many little things they think necessary. If there were none but young men here, I would say that from the first year when I entered a store with a salary of fifty dollars, to my last year, when as a salesman, I received very large pay for those days, I never failed to save a part, and when I started in business, those savings and my experience were all my capital. The advance here given, illustrated by such an excellent example, is worth its weight in gold to any one who practices upon it. Almost every one who is in working condition can make his expenses less than his income. If the latter be small, he can cut down the former so as to leave a small surplus each year. If, on the other hand, his income be large, he can make a large saving, without any meanness or sacrifice of decent appearances. What he thus saves by not expending it, is his capital; and if he saves something each year, then with each year his capital increases. This course, pursued for thirty or forty years, will make any man moderately rich, and some men very rich, unless the mishaps of business shall sweep away the accumulation. One difficulty with many young men in the outset of life is, they do not understand the art of practical economy. They spend too much in the little foolish and unnecessary ways, and sometimes in doubtful, if not immoral ways. They waste their earnings, and live faster and better than they can afford to live. They keep themselves poor forever, unless they are radically changed. They refuse to forego present pleasure in order to secure a much greater future good. The result is that, no matter how long they live or how much they receive, they consume all they earn, and as to any accumulation by saving, end each year just where they began it. The moment their working power ceases, then by sickness or age, they become objects of charity. They have nothing to fall back upon for their own support, or that of those who are dependent upon them. The advice of Mr. Dodge, reduced to practice, would give to life a very different show in the way of results. The advice embraces the principle of *thrift* by economy; and economy consists in spending less than one earns, and as much less as is practicable, by throwing overboard imaginary wants and supplying only those that are real. If one is poor, which is the condition in which most persons must start life, then so much the greater reason why he should start with the saving principle in the very outset. By saving he will learn how to save. It will become his habit to do so, and under ordinary circumstances, he will accumulate enough in a series of years to make himself comfortable, needing no man's charity to supply a single want. We advise all men to act upon this excellent theory.

### A Drunken Man's Safety.

A man sent out to repair telegraph wires on the 17th began by getting drunk. He had on his climbing hooks, and catching sight of the procession at a point near the crossing of the Boston and Albany Railway and Columbia Avenue, he forthwith shinned up a telegraph pole. From this perch he beheld the sight, and getting both legs over one of the cross-bars and both arms around the pole he fell asleep, meditating very likely, upon the forward strides made by our city within the last half century. While thus reclining 25 feet from the ground, he was espied by a kind-hearted individual, who pointed out the perilous situation of the man to a police sergeant of the Fifth Division, remarking that he (the sergeant) must get him down, or he would fall and kill himself. "How am I to get up there?" asks the sergeant. "Can't say," replies the kind-hearted man; "but something ought to be done." "The feller haint in no danger," breaks in a man with a red nose and a squeak in his voice, who has just come up and taken a critical sidelong squint at the man on the pole. "Why isn't he?" sharply demands the kind-hearted man. "Don't you see," returns the squeaky voice, "the feller's up there so tight he can't fall, nohow."

There appears to be one town where absolute prohibition of liquor selling has succeeded. It is Carrollton, Ga., where prohibition went into force five years ago. Since then the annual trade of the place has increased from \$200,000 to \$500,000, and it is said that there is not one merchant of the thirty in that town who would not vote against the liquor traffic on purely business principles.

### The Educational Failure.

Mr. Richard Grant White continues his reasoning against the present public school system, and with the skill which usually attends him in argument. \* \* \* It has been long dawning on the minds of our thoughtful men that the American educational system is not precisely what it is claimed to be. Mr. White shows how and why this is, and we cannot add anything of appreciable value in that direction. But we would like to say, what we have thought for a good many years, and said at intervals, editorially and personally, that we attribute the most of the evils under which this people suffer—political, social, moral, and intellectual—to the incompetence of our educational system. And this, first, because the system inculcates only platitudes and truisms instead of principles and laws. And, second, because its tendency is leveling instead of elevating, training minds to the suppression and sacrifice of individuality, and only to the advantage and advancement of qualities which are generic and not specific—memory, comparison, accumulation, instead of analysis, causation—in fact, reasoning. To this leveling tendency is to be attributed the fact that we have, as a product of this system, actually no first-class men or women in any walks in life; that our greatest minds have done their work under the influence of special education—the system which preceded our public school system, and which consisted in affording the student the tools by means of which he was to gain his education, and leaving the matter there—minds belonging to the generations now passing away; that our political public school system produces professional politicians instead of political economists, law-evaders and law-breakers instead of law-makers, copyists instead of original thinkers. As to all of this we shall have more to say in the future, and shall be quite ready with the proofs. In the meantime, we are glad to see such innovations as the Quincy (Mass.) new school system, the improvement in Boston and in Philadelphia, and the wise iconoclasm by which Mr. Richard Grant White is preparing the scene for a manifest change in the scheme of education and in the characters which are to introduce and establish it.—*Bra.*

### Human Power and Progress.

The Greeks taught their children music that they might learn obedience to the laws, for all music is the subjugation of sounds to fixed laws. Man's self-will makes discord. Modern civilization seizes the same idea and illustrates the thought that there is no such thing as human power aside from obedience to law. Man in himself is weak, but when he falls into sympathy with the laws of nature and uses them intelligently, he is almost omnipotent. Self-will is the essence of weakness and the father of the whole brood of infirmities. We have made great progress in the development of the country, because we have studied and used the laws of nature. All our inventions are simple applications of natural principles, for no man ever created a principle or a force. Two classes of men have been chiefly instrumental in this stupendous work. The hard student of principles, without a grain of "practical sense," has discovered the principles upon which nature works, and "the practical man" has applied these principles to practical uses. Hence our wonderful material progress. And the question arises, How far can we go in the direction of development? Is there any limit to human progress? We answer that the scope of future triumphs will be larger than that of the past. It will be so because the laws of nature are all comprehensive, and no one can for a moment believe that we have exhausted the forces of nature. In fact, we have only entered upon the outer confines of the era of development, because we have only begun to discern the elementary principles that lie at the basis of natural law.

Our future success, however, will depend upon our ability to stimulate the student element. The practical man gathers and enjoys his rewards as he goes along, and he needs no special encouragement. But the student of laws and principles receives few honors and less emolument. If we discourage the absorbed student, we paralyze the germinative powers of progress. Without the student, the practical man, who applies knowledge, cannot exist. Hence the necessity of nourishing our higher institutions of learning, for in them we create careful students of the laws of nature. The university is the home of progress. Practical men must realize this truth and richly endow professorships and scholarships. In this way alone can we make provision for the illimitable progress of the future, that must be the joint work of the student and the practical man.—[S. F. Post.

NO JUDGE OF WATERMELON.—"I say, Parker, can you tell the difference between a ripe watermelon and a decayed head of cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly, as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a watermelon, you would."

### Innocent Childhood.

Childhood is the glad springtime of life. It is there that the seeds of future greatness or startling mediocrity are sown.

If a boy has marked out a glowing future as an intellectual giant, it is during these early years of his growth that he gets some pine knots to burn in the evening, whereby he can read Herbert Spencer and the Greek grammar, so that when he is in good society he can say things that nobody can understand. This gives him an air of mysterious greatness which soaks into those with whom he comes in contact and makes them respectful and unhappy while in his presence.

Boys who intend to be railroad men should early begin to look about them for some desirable method of expunging two or three fingers and one thumb. Most boys can do this without difficulty. Trying to pitch a card out of a job press when it is in operation is a good way. Most job presses feel gloomy and unhappy until they have eaten the fingers off two or three boys. Then they go on with their work cheerfully and even hilariously.

Boys who intend to lead an irreproachable life and be foremost in every good word and work, should take unusual precautions to secure perfect health and longevity. Good boys never know when they are safe. Statistics show that the ratio of good boys who die, compared to bad ones, is simply appalling.

There are only thirty-nine good boys left as we go to press, and they are not feeling very well themselves.

The bad ones are all alive and very active.

The boy who stole my coal shovel last spring and went out into the graveyard and dug into a grave to find Easter eggs, is the picture of health. He ought to live a long time yet, for he is in very poor shape to be ushered in before the bar of judgment.

When I was a child I was different from other boys in many respects. I was always looking about to see what good I could do. I am that way yet.

If my little brother wanted to go in swimming contrary to orders, I was not strong enough to prevent him, but I would go in with him and save him from a watery grave. I went in the water thousands of times that way and as a result he is alive to-day.

But he is ungrateful. He hardly ever mentions it now, but he remembers the gordian knots that I tied in his shirts. He speaks of them frequently. This shows the ingratitude and natural depravity of the human heart.

Al, what recompense have wealth and position for the unalloyed joys of childhood, and how gladly to day, as I sit in the midst of my Oriental splendor and castle magnificence, and thoughtfully run my fingers through my infrequent bangs, would I give it all, wealth, position and fame, for one balmy, breezy day gathered from the mellow haze of the long ago, when I stood full knee deep in the lukewarm pool near my suburban home in the quiet dell, and allowed the yielding and smoothing mud, meek-eyed pollywogs to squirt up between my dimpled toes.—[Denver Tribune.

### The Brunfield Case.

The Kansas City *Journal* of September 30th, mentions a suit pending in the Circuit Court of Jackson county, Mo., which, as it is of interest to many readers of this coast, we reproduce as follows: "A petition was filed in the Circuit Clerk's office on the 27th of September by Nancy M. Brunfield against Samuel Lewis Wolf, in which she prays that the title of the Brunfield homestead be divested from said Wolf and vested in her. The plaintiff charges in her petition that the property was the home of herself and former husband long before his

DISSENT AND SUBSEQUENT MURDER. In Washington Territory. That on or about the first day of August last, when Brunfield was making secret preparations to leave her and decamp with his daughter-in-law, he obtained by fraud and false pretenses, her signature to a deed conveying this property to the defendant, Samuel Lewis Wolf. But the plaintiff further avers that no consideration was paid or ever has been paid by the defendant for this property. That the deed to him was fraudulent, and made with the understanding that he was to reconvey the property to Brunfield in person, and thus defraud her of her rights. That he was only holding the property in trust for Brunfield's sudden death only prevented him from conveying the property back to Brunfield. The homestead is valued at \$10,000, and lies east of Kansas City on the Blue river. The suit will come up at the next term of the Circuit Court. The remarkable story of the infatuation which Samuel Brunfield, a rich farmer, conceived for the bride which his son brought home one day; the manner in which he had

FALSE WARRANTS SWORN OUT. And ostracised his son from fear of the law; then quietly disposed of his property and eloped with his daughter-in-law, is familiar to all the readers of the *Journal*. He was joined by his friends, Bud Thomas and his wife, and subsequently the bodies of Brunfield and his mistress were found in Washington Territory, and Bud Thomas and his wife came back here, and were soon after arrested for the murder. The story is one of the most remarkable in the annals of crime." Thomas and his wife still languish in jail at Walla Walla, awaiting the tardy arrival of the day which will send them to the gallows for an awful crime, or give them back their long withheld liberty.

The modest girl is not fast. It is not with the Maud S. horse.

### SHORT BITS.

M. Gambetta has an abnormal development of the forehead over the eyes.

Everybody had a chance to see me. The conclaves was a great success.—N.T.G.

Mr. Bonner's celebrated watch and horse karus can still outfoot anything in the world.

Rye whiskey is said to be the favorite drink at Saratoga. Saratoga is a great fire-watering place.

The sultan has so much fear of assassination that he has the locks of his doors changed once a week.

Sitting Bull who is in a starving condition, wants Dr. Tannertocome west and teach him how to fast.

The bogus Mr. Bender, recently captured in Kansas, is believed to be a dime-novel-writer in disguise.

Summer days are swiftly waning. Autumn tints are on the leaves: Naves tackle a green melon—Rupers' gathering golden sheaves.

An article in a San Francisco paper, describing St. Louis, says: "The city is well laid out." It is indeed—by the late census.

Prof. Mommson has recovered his equanimity, and is going soon to Italy to renew his copies of ancient Rome inscriptions.

Ex-Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, has accepted the honorary chancellorship of Union college, and will deliver the next commencement oration.

A Boston paper says that the "Rev. Murray is wildly anxious to pay his debts." He is wildly prevented by the want of money, probably.

Jenn Lind, who left the stage in 1850, is still hale and hearty. As Mme. Otto Goldsmith she is a worthy-looking and somewhat stout lady, with white hair. She will be 59 years old in October.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, has been making a balloon journey with his wife. They started from Paris, travelled all night, and came down near Rheims.

Thos. R. Gould, the American sculptor living at Florence, has exhibited in Paris his bronze statue of Kamehameha, the first king of the Sandwich Islands. It is described as a work of much merit which will literally astonish the natives of Honolulu.

Lawrence Barrett is trying to organize an actors' fund. Something of the kind is much needed. The ties of every railroad in the country are being worn out by "busted" theatrical companies.

It was a Windham wife, who, when her husband was brought home intoxicated, thanked God he was not a blood relation.

It may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that a man cannot smoke a cigar too short unless he smokes it too long.

A contemporary tells how to utilize old fruit cans. Give a boy a string and a strange dog and he needs no further instructions.

A man out West was offered a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play off any billed pipe-stems on him."

A young man on Main street says he is going to attempt the feat of going forty days without working. He says if his employers do not watch him he thinks he can accomplish the task.—[Rockland Courier.

The Pope's new journal and organ, the *Aurora*, started at Rome Jan. 1, 1879, has reached a circulation of 5,000, and is now considered firmly established. It contributed to by personage in the Vatican.

French beans to be productive require a bed of fairly rich soil, about eight inches deep. In planting put the seeds six inches apart, and as soon as they are two or three inches high take out every other plant.

A circus manager wanted a new name for his show, and a sophomore collegian suggested "monohippic aggregation" as good, and the circus man had got three towns billed before he was informed that "monohippic" meant "one-horse."

The best means of ridding houses of cockroaches, says the *Scientific American*, are equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder, and powdered colcoynth, well mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with them. This powder has been found an infallible remedy.

HUMOR.—All humor, in fact (in the sense in which we are now considering it), mainly depends upon a persistent tendency in the human race toward emptiness, purblindness and silliness—qualities not peculiar to any special class of persons, but common, at certain times and in certain relations, to all. The humor consists in subjecting the fantasies and figments of our vanity and dullness to the same light of simple good sense; and the quality of the humor is determined by the manner in which this is done. In Irving's case it is a gentle and amiable process; we hear a subdued chuckle, and the swollen balloon of our self-importance imperceptibly collapses. Swift, on the other hand, employed a far more stringent and violent method, which it has become the custom to distinguish under the name of "satire"; it is humor in a bad humor, but the essential principle is the same. Between these two extreme exponents the whole world of humorous treatment lies. Most humor has the same general object—the abatement of folly; and it is here that the main difference is to be found between humor and wit, the latter having no constant one of epigrammatically exposing real or fancied incongruities. This distinction does not, of course, stand in the way of humor's being witty upon occasion.