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THE INDEPENDENT

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Three thousand Chinese laborers, employed on the Oregon and California railroad, have struck for an advance in wages from $1 to $1 25 a day. The strike began, every man quitting at a given hour, on June the 20th. They will listen to nothing except $1 25, and all attempts to coax or compromise have been rejected. The contractors are now trying to starve their stubborn workmen into subjection, but without success. Chinese bosses here say the advance will have to be paid, as there is such a demand for laborers in this section that men will have no trouble in getting work elsewhere. They also state that there never has been an unsuccessful strike by Chinamen on the Pacific coast.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Rear Admiral Benjamin F. Sands, retired, is dead.

The semi-centennial celebration of Oberlin college, at Oberlin, Ohio, was celebrated July 1st.

A survey is about to be taken of the remarkable country lying between Lake St. John and Hudson bay.

The German government denies the renewed assertion that it intends to establish a colony in Mexico.

At Keithburg, Ill., June 27th, Hiram Blair shot his wife and then took his own life. The wife may recover.

At South Abington, Mass., Reed & Clossons' shoe factory burned July 1st. Loss, $175,000; partially insured.

Nearly the entire business portion of the town of Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, was burned June 29th. Loss $75,000.

The corner stone of the first Jewish temple ever erected in Memphis was laid June 30th, with the usual ceremonies.

Morris Greenwall of Melbourne, Australia, has concluded arrangements with Mrs. Langtry for a sixteen weeks' engagement.

At Darien, La., June 20th, Tony James, colored, who shot Price Anderson in a drunken brawl the 7th of August, was hanged.

At St. James, Minnesota, the absence of County Treasurer M. E. Dunn creates a ripple of excitement. His accounts will be examined.

Quartermaster-General Ingalls requests to be placed on the retired list of the army, he having been in service 40 years from July 1st.

The London Standard's correspondent at Rome says the pope is indisposed, and is much disturbed by the state of affairs in Ireland and France.

The fine art exhibition opened at Munich, Sunday July 1st. The American exhibit is good, in landscape especially, there being many fine works in black and white.

The London Post says that the latest news received at the foreign office in regard to the Tonquin difficulty is that China is resolved to prepare for the eventuality of war, while carrying on negotiations with France to gain time.

Le Temps publishes a qualified denial of the statement that negotiations between France and China have been broken off, but it admits that the negotiations so far have been difficult and unfavorable.

Eighteen thousand immigrants arrived at Montreal during the month of June. An appropriation of $15,000 has been made by the dominion government in partial aid of an emigrant depot similar to Castle Garden, N. Y.

The cost of operating the star-route service in the Pacific section, comprising two-fifths of the United States, during the fiscal year about to end, was 10 and 1-10 cents, against 15 and 1-10 cents per mile during the preceding fiscal year.

La Citaro, an important town in the state of Michoacan, Mexico, on the road from Acapulco to Morilla, was destroyed by fire recently. Every store was burned, and nearly all the dwellings. A large number of inhabitants are homeless.

A Marysville, Colorado,, dispatch of July 1, says: This morning that Dick Baker came to town and amused himself shooting into several buildings. The constable being absent, Mayor John Marlin undertook to stop the disturbance, when Baker commenced firing at him. The mayor then put four balls in Baker, causing his death.

A statement prepared at the office of the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington shows that the aggregate receipts during May, 1883, were $346,818 greater than the same month in 1882. There was an increase of $231,729 from spirits, an increase of $220,527 from tobacco, an increase of $167,363 from beer, a decrease of $84,049 from banks and bankers, and a decrease of $188,752 from miscellaneous.

A Louisiana, Mo., dispatch of July 1 says: Bill McDowell, the negro arrested recently on a charge of outrage upon Miss Kate Murray, was taken from the jail at Bowling Green early this morning by a party of masked men from the vicinity, who went to Bowling Green, broke into the jail and secured the prisoner. After extorting a full confession they hung him. He also confessed to having fled from Missouri on account of a similar crime there.

A Bradford, Pa., dispatch of July 1st says: An accident happened on the Rochester and Pittsburg railroad at Rasselas, twenty-five miles southeast of this city. The first section of a coal train, to which was attached a passenger car containing fifteen persons, broke in two on a heavy grade, seven cars rushing back down the grade and into the second section, smashing the cars to pieces, killing six and wounding others.

The reduction of the national debt during the fiscal year just ending will be in round numbers $125,000,000. In only one year in the history of the public debt has the reduction been as great. Last year it was $175,000,000, the year before $84,000,000, and the preceding year $73,000,000. What it will be for the coming year nobody can foretell with any degree of accuracy, as the changes in the tariff and internal revenue laws make an estimate of the receipts of the coming year impossible.

A New York dispatch of July 1st says: Agnes L. Wynne of Brooklyn was fatally shot to-day by her husband James H. Wynne. Mrs. Wynne was 19 years old, and her husband was one year younger. They had been married eighteen months and had one child three months old. He had been drinking heartily to-day, and a quarrel took place. He threatened to shoot her, and she answered: "I dare you to do it." At the time Mrs. Wynne was lying on the bed with the baby beside her. The boy husband drew a pistol and fired, the bullet entering his wife's breast. He went for a physician, and subsequently Mrs. Wynne was taken to the hospital, where the wound was pronounced fatal. Wynne was arrested. Two playmates of Mrs. Wynne witnessed the shooting.

The naval retiring board recommended the retirement of Commodore Thomas H. Eastman.

At Hanover, N. H., Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrow of San Francisco made an address at the Dartmouth alumni dinner.

About 5000 bushels of new wheat was received from Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois and Missousi in St. Louis June 29th. It is about equal to No. 3, and some of it sold for $1.

A Greenville dispatch of June 27th says: News reaches this place that two negroes who outraged a young lady near Jefferson, were lynched to-day. One was hanged, the other burned to death.

At Utica, N. Y., June 28, a coal train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and a train on the West Shore collided at the crossing. Thos. Dunn, a West Shore man, was killed, and several were injured.

The secretary of the interior has declined to grant the request of a number of citizens of California, looking to a discontinuance of suits brought to recover lands in Colusa, California, from the Central Pacific railroad.

The president has appointed Frank A. Classon master and refiner of the mint at New Orleans, vice M. F. Bonzans, vice Benjamin F. Taylor, assayer of the mint at New Orleans, vice Joseph Albrecht, suspended.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., dispatch of June 27th says: Heavy rains of the past few days and the bursting of a dam have caused an extensive cave in the Baltimore mines, and residents in the neighborhood are alarmed.

The postoffice department at Washington has received information that the Australian colonies have resolved to apply for admission to the universal postal union. If the application is successful Bolivia will be the only country with an organized postal service not included in the union.

The New York Public says: The report of exchanges for the week ending June 23d is altogether more favorable than one could expect from other indications at New York. The returns are at least more satisfactory than those of several previous weeks. Returns outside of New York show an increase of from 4 to 8 per cent., and in the aggregate the volume of business at cities outside of New York has been generally larger than it was a year ago, though it may be inferred with reason that much of the increase is due to speculative transactions. The fact is that speculative activity does not always mean prosperity; but the improvement noticeable at other cities is sufficient to make the returns measurably encouraging.

Approximate figures of business failures over the entire country for the half year ending June 30th, as compared by R. G. Dun & Co., of New York, indicate a marked increase in the number and extent of liabilities, as computed with the corresponding periods of the two previous years. The increase in liabilities the last half year is attributed to large speculative features in the west, but even deducting the indebtedness springing from this cause the increase in failures and liabilities is very marked. It is noticeable, however, that during the second quarter of the year mercantile disasters were much less than in the first quarter, in which the bulk of the increase occurs, so that it is possible the worst part of the year has been got over. Reports as of the business outlook for ninety-seven trade centers indicate a more hopeful feeling as to the future.

At Montreal June 26, the contract for another great railway enterprise was given out to build a new line, called the Ontario and Pacific railway, from Cornwall, on the bank of the St. Lawrence to Sault Ste. Marie, to connect with the Northern Pacific railway, over a big bridge, to the western terminus 700 miles. It is claimed this will make the most direct and shortest line to the west from the Atlantic seaboard, and will give the Northern Pacific an advantage over both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk from ocean to ocean. The dominion government's charter gives the company power to build a bridge over the St. Lawrence, and American connections are already secured from the border line to Portland, Maine, Boston and New York. A large part of the new road will run almost parallel with the Canadian Pacific, to Sault Ste Marie. It will receive subsidies from municipal and other sources. The contract was given to Philadelpia men, and the promoters are American and Canadian capitalists. Bonds to the extent of $12,000,000 will be issued. Duncan McIntyre and B. R. Angus, directors, and Van Horn, general manager, went off in a hurry to meet President Stevens of the Canadian Pacific relative to his threatening scheme. How they can counteract it without purchasing the charter is a mystery.

A New York dispatch of June 27th says: Davies, tea appraiser, has completed an inspection of a cargo of teas brought to this country by the Flintshire, and found that a large proportion of it is grossly adulterated. He to-day presented his report to the collector, showing that he had rejected 3100 packages, which, if sold in the market, might have realized about $2200. These teas consisted of greens of all colors, sizes and descriptions, some of which were mixed with sand and some with gravel; others were composed of dirt and paste rolled into pellets. About 500 packages of colored Japan dust were also rejected, on the ground of high color and admixture of mineral substance, intended to make the tea heavier in weight. This tea was also brought to this country on board the Flintshire. The collector and the appraiser of the port of St. Louis have forwardsd to Davies samples of so-called tea sent to that city by way of San Francisco, an examination of which has clearly shown that the "stuff" was only wild leaves, indiscriminately collected and dried and sent to this country to be palmed off as tea. This was intended to be sent to a part of the country remote from the regular market and there disposed of as tea, regardless of the fact whether or not it would injure the consumers. Davies said this morning that the new crop, now arriving overland, appeared to be of good quality.

Indians at Carlisle School.

Last fall a man desirous of getting up a show went among the Kaws in the Indian territory. He gathered a group of young men who were willing to deck themselves and dance to amuse and astonish the eastern people. Among those who joined his company was "Sam." He had long been seeking how he might get to Carlisle, and now he thought the way opened. Having been at school and speaking some English, he was valuable in the troupe. By wagon and rail the party made its way to Kansas and on to Missouri. The show business, however, did not prosper, and the manager dismissed his company. All of the Indians returned to their reservation but Sam, who, with a capital of $2.73, determined to start for Carlisle. Reserving the money for food, he sold his ornaments, and got as far as Bloomington, Ill. There he began his 1000-mile walk to school. Once in a while he succeeded in getting a lift on a freight train, and a kind traveler, moved to compassion, paid for a 100-mile ride. Food was scant, and the lad was often hungry and very tired, but he kept on, until at last he Alleghany mountains were reached. Snow was on the ground, his moccasins were completely worn out, and his feet sore and numb. He determined to trade his blanket for a pair of shoes, and, having succeeded, he pushed on, defying the cold. One day in December a tattered, haggard lad passed the gate at the barracks, and presented himself to Captain Pratt as a new scholar, telling the story of his six weeks' walk across over 1500 miles of counsry. There was no money to support him at the school, but he was sheltered and cared for, and kind friends who heard his story sent to the captain the needed contribution. Meanwhile Sam had been put through the bath transformation, and had come out a student-worker in blue. As every one must labor at Carlisle, Sam, with another new boy, was put to sifting ashes. Sam's heart was full and he craved sympathy; his companion knew little of English speech, and was of a different tribe from Sam's, so the lad had mainly the comfort of his own voice as he said, "Are you homesick?" No answer only a blank look. "Homesick is hard; makes me feel bad; but I don't want to go home. I stay here; learn work and learn study; but I so homesick. It is good here; I want my brother here; he must not come the way I did; that way very hard." The ashes flew in clouds about the boys, and Sam began to sing, for like most Indians he is fond of singing. The strong religious nature of his race caused the hymns he had heard at the mission to come to him, and he thought to share their consolation with his fellow-worker by explaining the words: "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I," sang Sam; and then he said: "I can't tell very well about that, but I know the rock is Christ."

The children at the school find their way there by varied paths. Little Kesetta of the Lipan Indians was taken prisoner during a fight in the southwest. Her mother would not be captured, preferring death to the loss of liberty, and she tried to kill her child. Having no weapon but a stone, she failed to do more than severely wound the girl. Careful treatment and nursing, however, saved the life of the child, and she became the daughter of the savior. A little boy of her tribe, but no relative, shared her captivity. These two orphans grew up together, learning English, and becoming attached to their soldier foster parents. When news of Carlisle reached the garrison, application was made for permission to send Kesetta and Jack there to school. A soldier brought them on the long journey, and the little ones found a kindly welcome at the barracks. Kesetta grew tall and plump and rosy, making good headway in her studies and work. The large scars of the wounds made by her frantic mother remain on her to-day, but the child says, "My poor mother did not mean to do wrong—she did not know God." Jack felt severely the change of climate, and fell sick. He lay in the hospital, and it was feared he would die. One evening he begged hard to have Captain Pratt sent for. "I must see the captain!" he cried. So earnest was the boy that to quiet him the captain was sent for. As the tall figure, wrapped in a cloak, entered the room, Jack's bright eyes became fixed on the captain, forgetting the presence or existence of any one else, he said: "Captain, if you will pray God to make me well, I shall get well." The captain met the undaunted gaze and knelt beside the simple hearted child and prayed for healing. The boy rested on that prayer as on a faithful arm, and fell asleep, to waken to convalescence and to health.

Good and Bad Cooking.

Housekeepers or cooks do a vast amount of mischief by the perversion of taste, and the subsequent derangement of the stomach. Making sour bread is one of their most common sins. Many do not know when bread is sour, and supply it with a distinctly acid flavor, believing it is "very nice," because it is so very light. They suppose bread is sour only when the vinous fermentation has changed to acetic. Bread is sour as soon as it tastes at all sour. This may go on increasing, but to the best breadmaker the least acid flavor is a source of grief. Really good bread is positively sweet, and will be as light and spongy as the nicest sour bread, if good material and proper care are used. In families where the taste is perverted by sour bread, other abominations are usually tolerated – biscuits tasting either of excess of soda, or of bitter buttermilk; vegetables seasoned with bad butter; pie crust strongly flavored with lard or tallow; cake tasting of rancid butter, etc. Along with this diet naturally goes a deal of spicing to cover the bad flavors, or much washing down with hot, strongly seasoned coffee or tea. Sour bread is never good in milk, and children prefer to lunch on pie or cake rather than on sour bread and milk or butter. The whole family eat as little bread as possible, and the butcher's bill is very heavy —and they call this "good living!" Just count the empty bottles labelled "Bitters," or "Blood Purifier," that lie about the house where sour bread and "good living" (as generally understood) either or both hold away.

The plainest food can be made to taste very good by simply selecting, preparing and preserving it. Those who eat food selected and prepared with chief reference to its nourishing qualities, eating moderately to gratify a natural appetite, instead of a morbid craving, really enjoy eating more than the gourmand or glutton, whose chief pleasure is in eating, and who must have everything fixed up "good," with condiments or hot sauces, and washed down with stimulants. He becomes incapable of detecting and appreciating delicate flavors, and so wears out the sense that it is hard work to find anything that he does relish; while a dish of unskimmed milk seems very delicious to people with undepraved appetites. Recently I heard a little girl who does not like bread and milk, say of a piece of bread and butter, that "no cake could taste better!" The bread was made of whole wheat flour, stirred up with nothing but water, and baked in gem irons. It was spead with creamy butter, and I think any one is to be pitied who would not like the taste of such gems and such butter. Thorough chewing adds to the pleasure of the sense of taste, this sense resides in the tongue, and in the soft palate and its arches. One common way of abusing the sense of taste is, by eating fast with very slight chewing, so that the food is not retained in the mouth long enough to give the nerves of taste a chance to fairly taste the quality of the food eaten. But for this rapid eating and washing down with agreeably flavored drinks, much that is eaten would be rejected as either bitter or tasteless.—American Agriculturalist.

A London Waiter.

Smith is a man about forty, but so unassuming that I do not think he would assume to be so old or so young as that; tall and straight, with scant, faded brown hair parted in the middle, and a deferential cough; clammy blue eyes, thin lips, a sedentary complexion, and careful side-whiskers. He is always in evening dress, and wears white cotton gloves, which set your teeth on edge during dinner service. He is a person whose gravity of deportment is such as to lend seriousness to the coal scuttle when he replenishes the parlor fire—a ceremony which the English April makes imperative, the English April being as raw as an American February. * * * He is not taciturn, but he gives you the impression of unconquerable reserve. Though he never speaks except in reply to some inquiry, he has managed in some occult fashion to permeate us with a knowledge of his domestic environment. For the soul of me, I can not tell how I came by the information that Smith married Lady Hadelaide Scarborough's first maid twelve years ago, nor in what manner I got hold of the idea that Lady Hadelaide's first maid rather stooped from her social status when she formed a matrimonial alliance with him. Yet these facts ar undeniably in my possession. I also understand that Smith regards Mrs. Smith—who quitted service at the time of this "mesalliance—as a sort of fragment (a little finger-joint, if that will help convey my meaning) of Lady Hadelaide herself. There's an air of very good society about Smith. He evidently has connecting tendrils with beings who, if they are not roses themselves, have the privilege of constituting the dust at the roses' feet.

Smith has been very near to royalty. To be sure, it was fallen royalty, so I shall waste no capital letters on it. It fell at Sedan, and picked itself up in a manner, and came to London, where Smith had the bliss of waiting upon it. "The hemporer was a very civil-spoken gentleman," observed Smith, detailing the circumstances with an air of respectful patronage, and showing that he had a nice sense of the difference between an English sovereign and an uncurrent Napoleon.

The plain truth is that Smith is an arrant gossip about himself without in the least having the appearance of it. He so ingeniously embroiders bits of his autobiography on alien textures that one is apt to get a detail or two quite unawares. I do not know how or when six little Smiths glided into my intelligence (they cost me a shilling a head), but I think it was in connection with an inquiry on my part as to what hour the morning train left Paddington station for Stratford-upon-Avon. Two nights out of the week Smith retires to his domestic domicile; situated, I infer, in some remote suburb of London, for he always takes a bag with him—a respectable, drab-colored hand-bag, with a monogram on it. At a little distance the twisted initials, in raised worsted, resembled a reduced copy of the Laocoon, the prominent serpentine S having, I suspect, no small share in producing that effect. I somehow pose and mix up the six little Smiths in this monogram.

John Bright, M. P. P. C.

Among the great orators of the British senate, no one stands out more prominently than John Bright, whose twenty-five years of faithful representation for Birmingham, has just been celebrated with great enthusiasm.

He was born in 1811, at Greenbank, and after receiving an ordinary English education, entered the business of his father, in the firm of John Bright & Co., wool spinners. In 1839 he distinguished himself by becoming a vigorous member of the anti corn-law league. He was representative for the city of Durham from 1843 to 1847, after which he was returned to parliament for Manchester. The indignation which was felt against the "Peace-at-any-Price" party, led to his rejection by Manchester while he was traveling in Italy for his health, but upon the death of Mr. Muntz, a few months later, the constituency of Birmingham invited him to become a candidate for the vacant position. He was elected, and has, ever since, represented Birmingham. In 1868 he was appointed president of the board of trade in Gladstone's new cabinet.

On the eve of the bombardment of Alexander, Mr. Bright resigned his position in the cabinet of Mr. Gladstone, as soon as he learned its determination to give Sir Beauchamy Seymour orders to attack the forts.

During our civil war, Mr. Bright stood almost alone among Englsih statesmen as a champion of the Union, and he, to-day, holds the gold-headed cane of President Lincoln, "as a token of the esteen which the late President felt for him."

His name has been mainly identified with reform in electoral representation; extension of the suffrage; a more equal distribution of the seats, with reference to population, and alteration in the law of entail.

Despite the comparative unpopularity of his extreme, radical political views, Mr. Bright is one of the most highly admired and esteemed men of his country.

Mrs. Trollope in Cincinnati.

About the year 1835 there broke out, one scarcely knows how, a sort of Cincinnati fever in England. In the British Museum I have looked at a number of books, issued about that period, written by travelers who had returned from the far western country, and had "mounts and marvels" (but true ones) to tell of the wonderful fertility of the Ohio soil, the splendid rivers, the astonishing enlightenment of the citizens, the desirability of Ohio as a residence state for English people, and so forth. Among those who were touched by the contagion was Mrs. Frances Trollope, whose terrible castigation of the people of the whole country in a book entitled Domestic Manners of the Americans I have recently re-read. Her avowal and laudable object in going to Cincinnati was to secure a future for her son, the late well-known novelist, Anthony Trollope. A dispassionate reviewer of the situation easily sees the rights and wrongs of Mrs. Trollope's story. She was a clever literary woman, who was at home in the salons of what is now called "Upper Bohemia," both in Paris and in London, a linguist, and a person of refinement. In Cincinnati of course she was in exile; she found herself surrounded by persons whose daily battle for bread left them no time for any thought of life's graces and adornments. Yet she absurdly brought these pioneers into comparison with the people whom she had left, and ridiculed Cincinnati men because they went out with baskets on their arms and bought the family marketing, and was disgusted with Cincinnati women because they scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and performed all household duties of a like character.

Poor lady! she probably had a very unpleasant experience of the west. The people were wholly uncongenial to her; she had nothing in common with them, and she felt herself to be isolated and disappointed. She effected a certain measure of retribution, however, on her own account, by inflicting a very painful building on the town, her "Trollops's Bazaar"—a dismal, ill-contrived edifice, with hideous windows, half Gothic, half Moresque in style, the whole now happily done away with.—Harper's Magazine.

Cincinnati's Nickname.

The nickname of Porkopolis is of English origin, and was the brilliant inspiration of a sponser who never saw Cincinnati. In the year 1825 there flourished in the Queen City a gentleman named Jones. He was the president of the United States Branch bank, and was locally known as Bank Jones. The pork trade had already taken such proportions as to rouse the financial enthusiasm of Bank Jones, and in a succession of letters he dilated upon the prosperity of pork prospects of the Queen City. The letters were addressed to the Liverpool correspondent of the Cincinnati bank, and this gentleman's imagination at length became fired by Bank Jones' enthusiasm. In a moment of wild generosity he hied him to the studio of some Liverpudian Thorwaldsen, and ordered the construction of what is set down in the annals as "a unique pair of model hogs." These noble effigies were made of papier-mache, and were sent out to Cincinnati as a present, accompanied by the inscription—destined in part at least to become famous—"To Mr. George W. Jones, as the worthy representative of Porkopolis." The hogs have still a local habitation and a name. They add to the burden of life in the office of one of the largest "slaughterers" of Cincinnati, having passed by inheritance from Bank Jones down, from hand to hand, among the pork monarchs of Porkopolis, for nigh half a century.—Harper's Magazine.

How to Succeed.

There must be a responsive feeling in a man or he is not an artist. You hear a story and it stirs you, and you think that in a certain combination of events that would be tremendous. A spark falls out on the carpet; it doesn't burn the woolen rug, but if there had been gunpowder there the whole house would have been blown up. How did Shakspeare get up his plays? From what he had seen and heard in real life. He was a great observer of what was. He jollified right along, and he sang his song like a bird. He didn't need to talk about kings all the time. Common people were of just as much importance. Just the same with Molliere and Cervantes, Shakspeare never sat down and said, "Now I am going to be original." No. When he opened his eyes in the morning he didn't think of looking at things as Tommy Tinker did. He wrote his plays just as I would smoke a cigar or read a book. But you had better believe he was a worker! The fellows who have succeeded have sweated more than others. It is a case of open pores. Most people in their eternal grasping for gain keep their pores tightly closed.—Ex.

The first trial in Connecticut of a locomotive engineer for killing a man by running his engine over him, has just terminated in Stamford in the acquittal of the accused. The charge was manslaughter. The question on which the case turned was whether the locomotive whistle was sounded at the crossing where the killing occurred. Evidence on this point was, as might have been expected, conflicting. Prosecution had witnesses who were solemnly sure that no warning was given. To meet this the defense did not depend wholly on the statement of the accused engineer, but produced other witnesses who corroborated him.

Longevity Increasing.

N. A. Humphreys, in his recent paper on the decrease of mortality, read before the statistical society, has done a considerable service to the public. With infinite care and painstaking, he has brought a mass of floating and vague opinions upon the subject of English health to the test of accurate statistics, and has told us exactly what modern hygiene has and has not done to Englishmen. Mr. Humphreys, who has even drawn up a new life table to compare with Dr. Farr's, shows that ever since 1872, when the first public health act was passed, the longevity of the English people has sensibly increased. Whether from the operation of that act, or from the general attention to health which produced the act, or from an unobserved change in the ways of the people akin to the development of temperance now going on, or from one of those alterations in the virulence of disease which have repeatedly occurred in history, the mortality from epidemic diseases suddenly declined till the mean morality in England, which, between 1838 and 1854 had been 22.5 per thousand, dropped in 1876–80 to 20.8, and is dropping still, the mean death rate of 1881-2 being 19.3 a total improvement of very nearly one-seventh. This increased longevity is not, it is true, quite equally divided between the sexes. Owing to causes which are still only partially ascertained, but which probably have some relation to the extra liability of women during the child-bearing period of life, females benefit most by improved sanitary conditions, and the total progress effected may be broadly stated thus: Men live two years longer than they did 30 years ago, and women three years and four months longer, a difference, we need not say, quite large enough to be perceptible in human life. It is equivalent, if with Mr. Humphreys we take 40 years to be, roughly speaking, the usual term of life, to an improvement of 6 per cent., and would in a generation leave a country of 30,000,000 with 2,000,000 more people in it than it otherwise would have had. A population greater than that of Denmark would have been saved from perishing. Whether that addition to numbers is good must of course depend upon a multiplicity of conditions. Of the fact, however, as regards England there can be no reasonable doubt, and it is well that the fact, whatever it is worth, should be universally recognized. Our people tend more strongly year by year to keep alive.

This is the broad fact, but Mr. Humphreys adds details of the highest interest. Our suggestions, derived not from figures, but from observation, were, it appears, correct. The very old live longer—that is, of course, they are, as we suggested, stronger, less liable to that senile feebleness and degeneracy which struck our ancestors as their natural condition. They decay, of course, and lose powers of all kinds, but they no longer sink into a second childhood, but, except when overworked, die, so to speak, standing, as only heroes used to do. We see men and women nowadays over 80, with all their faculties intact, able to converse, to eat well and to walk, and with a decided and admitted influence on the affairs amid which they live. This is the more striking because the increased longevity of the very aged is not shared by the old. Both in men and women the chance of survival between 55 and 70 has not increased, but has rather, if anything, declined. People of that age do not benefit so much by the reduced power of epidemics; they feel, unless exceptionally strong, the influences, such as sudden falls of temperature, over which science has little power, and they decidedly suffer from the increase of worry and anxiety which, among men and women with grown families, so markedly characterizes modern life. It is, however, in youth and early maturity that the improvement is most marked. The man's chance of life is increased most decidedly between 5 and 35, and the woman's between 5 and 55; and as, of course, great numbers, though not increased numbers, who reach those ages survive, Mr. Humphreys condenses extensive calculations into the following sentences: "Although a large proportion of young people cease to be dependent before 20, and a large proportion of elderly persons do not become dependent at 60, we shall not be far wrong in classing the 40 years from 20 to 60 as the useful period of man's life. Table No. 9 shows us that of the 2000 years added to the lives of 1000 males by the reduction of the death-rate in 1876-80, no less than 1407, or 70 per cent., are lived at the useful ages between 20 and 60. Of the remainder of the increase, 445 or 22 per cent. are lived under 20 years, and 157, or 8 per cent, above 60 years. Thus, of the total increase, 70 per cent is added to the useful and 30 per cent to what may be called the dependent age periods. The increased number of years lived by 1000 females, according to the rates of mortality that prevailed in 1876–80, is 3405. Of these, 2196, or 65 per cent., are lived at the useful ages between 20 and 60; 517, or 25 per cent, under 20 years of age, and 692, or 20 per cent, over 60 years."

If, therefore, Mr. Humphreys' figures are correct—and there is every reason to believe them—the question we put in 1881 is finally answered, and answered in the affirmative. Hygenic progress, so far as it extinguishes or diminishes disease, does not merely lengthen life, which would be no boon if the extension were confined to the Psalmist's period of "labor and sorrow," but it increases efficiency. More youths live and more men and women in their prime, and youth and early maturity are less suddenly and frequently cut short. The reservoir of force in the nation is deepened as well as the reservoir of vitality, and a generation of English people, taken as a whole, gains more time to do its work, whatever it may be. Three minutes for men and five minutes for women is added to every hour of their time on earth. That is satisfactory, even to us, who see with a painful clearness to what extent crowding diminishes the happiness of life and reduces it to a continuous struggle, for, if effective vitality is increased, so also is the capacity for emigration.—London Spectator.