

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1875.

Economy and Industry of the French.

Japan has proved an apt pupil since she pened seven doors to the civilized world in 1854. It is but recently that the Emperor was compulsion upon the people to kneel while he condense the essence. He says: Many causes may be assigned for the wealth which France has been found to possess in all great emergencies, among which are the fol-touses, establishment of several daily news-houses, establishment of several daily news-The French people are an eminently eco- papers and publication houses, with academies nomical and thrifty people. A French family can live, and live well, on less than would mon schools all over the country, the introduction of the decimal system of coinage and a postal system, with the abolition of caste-is

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Javan.

which are thickly scattered over the land, are population of France could be supported on food which is litterally wasted in the United A missionary remarks that, during his many those whose incomes exceed their expenditures religion of Japan is fast losing its hold on the hearts of the people, and that they are wil-ling, as soon as the government encourages the rnen, again, the French are beyond all oth-ers a hoarding people. There are few artisans faith.

An educated Japanese was lately admitted to the Church at Yeddo, who bids fair to be a useful laborer among his countrymen. Ten were also added to the Church at Yokohama, and the service on the occasion was one of deep interest. Others applied, but their cases were deferred. At Osaka, a daily Bible service is held every evening, at five o'clock, and the average attendance in the hot season is more than twenty. The native Christians con-duct there services two evenings every week. One, a recent convert at Yeddo, only nineteen years of age, is modest, wise, self-possessed, and wonderfully capable as a preacher. A

political wisdom or conservatism, nor have the bounden duty to publicly remonstrate with the French people been especially trustworthy on female world of Boston for its indulgence in ity exclusively. His statements seem to be made in a manner which indicates that he has accurate knowledge of certain cases. The Globe says: "In times past, jealous New York, fuming Chicago, and ever quiet and demure Philapelphia have hinted that the average society by the time he or she got old enough to Boston young lady affected eye-glasses as a 'pay expenses," or return back to the country gentle stimulant for her optics, and was a trifle ago, Boston ladies were accused by some anonymous correspondent of frequently indulging in too much wine; but we have never heard of dollars a year, an expense which increases largely as food, clothing, the shelter of a warm home, education, and spending money, are re-upon any other city than Boston it would not is as nothing to this Boston scandal .- Courier-

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GOOD AS GOLD.

Who shall judge him by his manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May beclothe the golden ore, Or the deepest thoughts and feelings— Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar Ever flowing out of stone; There are purple beds and golden, Hidden, crushed, and overthrown. God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me, While he values thrones the highest, But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows Oft forgets his fellows then; Masters, rulers, lords, remember That your meanest hinds are men! Men of labor, men of feeling, Men of thought and men of fame, Men of thought and men surphing Claiming rights to golden sunshine In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans, There are little wood-clad rills; There are feeble, inch-high saplings, There are cedars on the hills. God, who counts by souls, not nations, Loves and prospers you and me; For to him all vain distinctions Are as pebbles in the sea.

Yoiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth and fame; Of a nation's weath and rate; Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same. By the sweat of other foreheads, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal, Born with loveliness and light; Secret wrongs shall never prosper While there is a sunny right. God, whose world wide voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Heeds oppression, with its titles, But as pebbles in the sea.

An Old Style Grandmother.

There is an old kitchen somewhere in the pest, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with its smooth, old jambs of stone, smooth with his smooth, out james of scole, smooth with many knives that have been sharpened there, smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are handirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded with spires and turrets crim-son. There is a broad, worn hearth—broad enough for three generations to cluster on-worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked on floors of tesselated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasp a coal, and, "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith was drawn candle; there is a shovel, wherewith was drawn forth the glowing embers, in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams; the shovel with which we stirred the logs until the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs or so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted, and so it was that we wished our first wishes. There is a chair-a low, rush-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns and samples in frames. And everywhere, and always, the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children-the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old homestead ; she, who loved us all, and said she wished there were more of us to love, and took all the children at the old school-house in the hollow for grand-children besides. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heirloom of silken texture. We can see her to-day, those mild blue eyes, with more beauty in them than time could touch, or death could no more than hide-those eyes, that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap. She lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel; a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's disheveled head, when a small voice cries "Grandma," from the old red cradle, and "Grandma !" shouts. Tommy from the top of the stairs.--Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark a moment, till the young voyager is in dreamland again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing efforts to haracss the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one and allowed to look in for the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum which goes to and fro by its little dim window; and our petitions are all granted, and we are all lifted up and we all touch with the little finger the wonderful weights, and then the music of the wheel is resumed, for grandmother's dainty fingers are never idle. Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So sweetly did she wreathe the white rose in the hair of the one that you would not have wondered had more roses budded for company, and so meekly did she fold the white hands of the other upon her still bosom that there seemed to be a prayer in them there. How often has she stood between us and harm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand | From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed only to be opened in our own with the nuts she had gathered, with the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turnover" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us-the offspring of her heart. What treasures of story fell from those old lips; of good faries and evil; of the old times when she was a girl; but we wondered if ever -but, then, she couldn't be handsomer or dearer-she was ever little. And then, when we begged her to sing-"Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing to mother, Grandma"-"Children, I can't sing," she always said, and mother used to lay her knitting softly down and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn on the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died out to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure, it would not do for the parlor and concert room nowadays, but then it was the old kitchen and the old-Inspironed grandmotner, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a handsbreadth to the sunset. Her voice was
Inspironed grandmotner, and the old ballad, in getting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day. "Yes, Sue, I have been for-getting you these two years."
heard after rain.
— An Indian came to a certain agent in the Northern part of Iowa to procure some whishes the sunset. Her voice was
heard after rain.
— An Indian came to a certain agent in the sunset. Her voice was

sit around the fire, all of us except Jane, and Cotton Turned into Silk-A Wonderful Story if True. we thought we saw her when the door was we thought we saw her when the door was opened for a moment by the wind, but we were not afraid, for was it not her old smile she wore? And how we wept over the woes of the "Babes in the Wood," who laid down side the "Babes in the Wood," who laid down side by side in the great solemn shadows, and how glad we felt when the robin red-breasts covered them with leaves, and last of all, when the an-gel took them out of night to day everlasting. We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and the actions for the story have given the germs of whaterof most of us; have given the germs of whatev-er poetry blesses our hearts-whatever of mem-

ory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that lit-tle day we call life radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone. Then she sang an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang to her, but she does not sing it through, and falters ere it is done. She rests her head upon her hands, and silence is in the old kitchupon her hands, and shence is in the old arten-en. Something glitters down between her fin-gers, and it looks like rain in the soft firelight. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sang it; when a light-hearted girl she played around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the year to come. Oh, the days that are no more ! What words unsay, what deeds undo, to set back just this once the ancient clock of time ! So our little hands were forever clinging to her garments and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead! We thought we were men and women but we were children there; the old-fashioned

but we were children there; the old-fashioned grandmother was blind in her eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. As the sunlight cast our long shadows through the open door, she felt them as they fell over her form, and looking up dimly, she said: "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's," for she had almost forgotton the folded hands: "oh not not Jane's for she—let me see hands; "oh, no! not Jane's for she—let me see —she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept. "It is an-other daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought for your blessing," says some one. "Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song children?" and she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift for the children that have come again. One of us (men as we thought were) is weephands ; "oh, no! not Jane's for she-let me see

One of us (men as we thought were) is weep-ing. She hears the half repressed sobs, and says, as she extends her hand: "Here, my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoul-

from New Orleans a dapper little Frenchman named Paul Magner, accompanied by a German friend of riper years, a Dr. Edward Kuneman. The former had been a practising kuneman. The former had been a practicity chemist in New Orleans, and claimed to be the discoverer of a wonderful process by which flax or cotton fibre could be converted which flax or cotton fibre could be converted into silk, or into a texture so nearly like silk as to defy all ordinary inspections and tests. The results of this process—of which the Frenchman alone had the secret—had already been exhibited by samples to a limited circle been exhibited by samples to a limited circle of manufacturers and experts at the South. So thorough and deceptive was the change which it accomplished that the majority of such persons could only imagine a fraud. They smiled with incredulity at the assump-tion that the specimens submitted to them by the Frenchman were other than genuine silk, which, they insisted, he must have substituted admits for the flax and cotton yarns that he which, they insisted, he must have substituted adroitly for the flax and cotton yarns that he professed to have transformed. But Paul Mag-ner was a chemist of some reputation. He claimed that he had devoted long, patient months to the analysis of the various fibres. In the cocoon of the silkworm he had identified certain elements which were wanting in fied certain elements which were wanting in the fibers of the flax and cottón plants. These elements chemically obtained, he claimed to be able to apply to the latter products in such manner they should be converted into an arti-cle which must be regarded as silk in all that the name implies. Parcels of cotton and flax the name implices. Parcels of cotton and flax the name impl yarns, accurately weighed, distinctively mark-ed and otherwise identified, have been passed into his laboratory by the dozen, and within fifty minutes he had returned corresponding ones of lustrous silk! The latter had even been analyzed by expert chemists, and certified not to be real silk, but to be veritable cotton and flax yarns aforesaid.

THE INVENTOR COMES TO NEW YORK.

A few persons were accordingly led to believe in M. Magner and his process. Among others was a New Orleans agent of Messrs. Seligman & Co., bankers of this city. The chemist had applied for a patent at Washchemist had applied for a patent at that ington, and in several European countries to protect his process, but he had no capital wherewith to work it. An arrangement was made with him on behalf of this firm that he should come on to New York to develop his should come on to New York to develop his process, that they would supply him with pre-liminary funds, and that so soon as he could convince them that the manufacture was prac-ticable on an extended scale an ample amount of capital would be forthcoming to take a part-nership in his invention, or to purchase the right of using it within a determined area. The Dr. Kuneman referred to was a personal friend of Magner's, one who had assisted him New York warerooms are at No. 66 Greene street. Edwin T. Prall sought out Monsieur Magner, anxious to be informed of his remarkable discovery. He found him as he told the writer yesterday, to be an accomplished, well read gentleman, apparently acting in good faith, and utterly absorbed in the possibilities of his discovery. If anything, he was too enthusiastic, too rapt, and was consequently ner-vous and excitable to a degree. With a Frenchman and an inventor, however, this was perhaps natural; and so it was arranged that he could have the use of Messrs. Prall's silk factory at Patterson-there to perfect and simplify his methods, and there to begin the new manufacture. The Frenchman was to have the use of machinery and power. The manufacturers expected to be his agents for the sale of the goods, and the Seligmans, as already stated, were to advance the capital as "special" partners, or, as was determined later, a joint stock company was to be formed, with a proportionate interest to each.

A few weeks ago there arrived in this city had wide prevalence. Making tunnels has a modern look, but was just as much in use in ancient as in modern times, although the tunnels were by no means so capacious then as now, nor were they for the same purpose. The first habitations, as well as the first temples of men, were in caves in the ground. The ancient Etrurians were famed for their skill in tunnelling under craggy places, and the Ro-mans learned from them the same art. The catacombs of Egypt were homes not only for the dead, but also of the living-large numbers of the poorest classes passing their lives there and being laid away in their own chambers to sleep forever.

Tunnels.

The Etruscans were celebrated tunnelers, and a remnant of their work still remains. It is an almost closed up tunnel at the lake of Castello, and was dug 300 years B. C. In a later age, Claudius Cæsar had a passage dug from the river Casieliane and the lake. Fucience A die river Casigliano and the lake Fucinus, a distance of three miles. This tunnel has been lately repaired by the Neapolitan government, and is still in excellent working order.

In the middle ages, tunneling was almost en-tirely disused. Acknowledging no necessity for tunnels, of course none were constructed. It has been reserved for strictly modern times

English distanced all competition in this when they built the Thames tunnel. The idea of this first originated in 1798. In 1804 a passage five feet high and three feet wide was carried nearly across, when the river broke in and spoiled the experiment. In 1826, Mr. Brunnell again attempted the underground passage, but in 1827 the water broke in, and again in 1828, the last time drowning six men, and stopping the work for seven years. In 1835, it was resumed and continued until completion. It is a quarter of a mile long, sixteen feet below the bed of the river, has two arched ways, each six-teen feet high by fourteen wide, and cost £500,-000. In 1869, another tunnel under the Thames was finished at Tower Hill at a cost of £20,000. Together with these, London has some four miles of tunneling for her subterranean railroad tracks, and will probably, ere

long, have many more. One of the greatest tunnel projects of mod-ern times is the Mont Cenis tunnel. This was projected in 1841, and was finished in 1871, after 14 years of arduous labor. It is eight miles long and cost untold millions. In our own country the necessities of travel and trafic have demanded a great many tunnels. We remem-ber on the B. & O. R. R., passing through thirty-three tunnels in one day. On the way from Chattanooga to Nashville there are some very long and profoundly dark tunnels.

The mammoth project of modern times is now being vigorously discussed in English and French reviews-no less a feat, indeed, than the tunneling of the strait between Dover and and her great agricultural resources, together Rev. Mr. Lathrop has declared it a fact before Calais. For many years some plan of intimate- with the accumulations of former years, France the Women's Temperance Union of that city. ly connecting France and England, has been would not have been able to pay the indemnity He not only makes this charge, but, generalimuch talked of by both nations. Bridges were exacted by Germany, and to recover, as she zing a little, claims that he can get ten men to proposed, moles were projected, tubes of cast has done, from the disastrous effects of the leave off chewing where he can induce one woproposed, moles were projected, tubes of cast has done, from the disastrous enects of the feave of chewing where he can induce one working where he can induce construction of this tunnel. Two large com- own people and the capitalists of other nations of the country is an old story. But to think panies, one English and the other French, have relied implicitly upon her good faith. French that a clergyman, whose opinions are entitled been formed for the prosecution of the work. statesmen have not been notable examples of to the utmost consideration, should feel it his Each company is composed of two sectionsone of capitalists, the other of practical engineers. Each company is to work on its own questions of government; but no country has the habit that has heretofore been deemed one capital, the French having 2,000,000 francs, the been more favored in the possession of really of the blessed vicious privileges of male human-English £80,000. Shafts will have to be sunk to the depth of more than 400 feet since the bed of the strait is of a daugerous, chalky material not to be trusted in a great work like this. It is expected to the actual cost, in dollars and cents, which that the work could be finished in three years at a cost of £5,000,000 sterling. The French are highly interested in the scheme, since their country lies in the tract of the great railway what thus far has been expended in rearing cool and high-toned as to style, and, not long which is yet to connect England and India.

Your paper of the 28th inst. contained long and most valuable letter, from Mr. Hugh McCullock to the editor of the Tribune, from which I have cut some extracts, which might well be studied until known by heart by every openly with but few attendants, and there is no American citizen. Read, mark and inwardly digest. The only reason for mutilation is to is passing. The secret of the change—which has resulted in a remodelled judiciary system, condense the essence. He savs :

be considered sufficient to save from starvation an American family of the same number. An intelligent Bostonian, who had spent some years in France, said to me last summer, in speaking of the economical habits and skill in cookery of the French people, that "a French village of a thousand inhabitants could be supported luxuriously on the wastes of one of our large American hotels." The remark was not far from the truth. If the art of cook-ery was understood and practiced in the Uni-tie of the supported luxuriously on the supported in the fact that the Japanese have suppressed two-thirds of the Buddhist temples, severed all State connections with either Buddhism or Sintooism, and promulgated a new creed, which is all that is required of the people, viz., to fear God, honor the Emperor, and love their country, obey the laws of nature, and discharge the relative duties. The custom houses and all public offices are closed on the Sabbath, and the edict against Christianity has tion an American family of the same number. ted States as it is in France; if our people Sabbath, and the edict against Christianity has knew as well how to make the most of their begun to be removed from many places where provisions as the French do, the cost of living, it has long been in force. In a word, Japan is as far as food is regarded, in most of the States would be reduced more than 40 per cent. Do-mestic economy, as a rule, is neither practiced nor understood by Americans, as it is in France. It mas long been in force. In a word, Japan is now one of the most hopeful fields for Chris-tan efforts in the world. As a proof that idolatry is shaken to its foun-dations, it is said that the beautiful temples, It may not be too much to say that the entire States. The number of people who live be-yond their incomes is less, and the number of and heard much to make him believe that the

in the cities or peasants in the agricultural districts who do not keep a reserve of coin in their own custody. There has always been more gold hoarded in France than in all other

France has a fine climate and an excellent soil, and her lands, which have been cultivated for centuries, instead of being exhausted by a vicious system of husbandry, or yielding less than formerly by unskillful tillage, as is unfortunately the case in many parts of the Uni-ted States, are now more productive than they ever were before, while the division into small ownerships—the result of the French law of inheritance—increases every year the acreage very interesting tour has lately been made by under cultivation. Notwithstanding her large population to be fed upon what her soil produ-population to be fed upon what her soil produces—a population of some 35,000,000 upon a territory much smaller than Texas—she is a eners, most of them mothers, to whom the sto-

From the earliest ages, the practice of tun-nelling, or boring into the earth in caves, has Editors Chronicle and Sentinel:

is greater in France, in proportion to popula-tion, than in any other country. Then, again, the French are beyond all oth-

European countries combined.

arge exporter of various kinds of agricultural products. As a purely agricultural country, she is undoubtedly the first in Europe; in manufactures, second only to Great Britian. But notwithstanding the economy, the indus-try, the skill, the general thrift of her people

The clock in the corner strikes nine, the bed time of the old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told. It was bed time at last. Good night, a long good night to thee, grandmother. She is no more, and we miss her

forever. But we will set up a tablet in cur heart, and write on it only this: "Sacred to the memory of the Old Fashioned Grandmother. God bless her forever."

Certain Way to Preserve Sheep from Dogs.

A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution. writing from Louisville, Kentucky, says :

While traveling in South America, I was amused with what I heard of the shepherd dogs of the country. It is a common thing to meet a large flock of sheep, guarded by one or two dogs, at the distance of some miles from any house or man. I often wondered how so firm a friendship had been established. The method of education consists in separating the puppy, while very young, from the mother, and in accustoming it to its future companions. A ewe is held three or four times a day for the little thing to suck, and a nest of wool is made for it in the sheep pen-at no time is it allow-ed to associate with other dogs, or with the children of the family. The puppy is, how-ever, generally castrated—so that when grown up, it can scarcely have any feelings in common with the rest of its kind. From this education it has no wish to leave the flock, and just as another dog will defend its master (man,) so it will these, the sheep.

It is amusing to observe, when approaching a flock, how the dog, immediately advances barking, and the sheep all close in the rear, as if round the oldest ram. These dogs are easily taught to bring home the flock, at a certain hour in the evening. Their most troublesome fault, when young, is their desire of playing with the sheep-for in their sport they sometimes gallop their poor subjects most unmercifully. The shepherd dog comes to the house every day for some meat, and as soon as it is given him, he skulks away as if ashamed of himself. On these occasions the house dogs are very tyrannical, and the least of them will attack and pursue the stranger. The minute, however, the latter has reached the flock, he turns around and begins to bark, and then all the house dogs take to their heels. In a similar manner, a whole pack of the hungry wild dogs will scarcely ever (and I was told by some never) venture to attack a flock guarded by one of these faithful shepherds. It appears to me a currious instance of the pliability of the affections in the dog, and yet wild or however educated, he has a feeling of respect or fear for those that are fulfilling their instincts of association. For we can understand on no the single one with its flock, except that they consider, from confused notion, that the one all animals that readily enter into domestication, consider man as a member of their own society, and thus fulfill their instinct of association.

In the above case the shepherd dog ranks the sheep as its fellow-brethren, and thus gains confidence, and the wild dogs, though knowing that the individual sheep are not dogs, but are good to eat, yet partly consent to this view when seeing them in a flock with a shepherd

dog at their head. Is it not worth while to try this experiment of these shepherd dogs in this country? There is no reason why it should not succeed here as in South America. A dog is a dog, wherever you find him; and educated and trained, as above, there would be no need of dog laws. Scotland also has found out the worth of shepherd dogs. Let our farmers think of this. It's never too late to learn !

"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT."

The mercurial and sanguine inventor was soon busied in the construction of retorts and apparatus of various kinds. In these labors he was assisted by his friend, Dr. Kuneman. Monday week both made their appearance in Patterson-the former accompanied by a lady as his wife, and a pretty little girl, their daughter. The whole party put up at the Hamilton House. The Frenchman began to be very busy at the Prall's mills, in overalls and shirtsleeves, manufacturing his chemicals. A quantity of the latter, prepared for the transmutation of cotton, flax, etc., into silk, was soon in readiness. A small parcel of flax yarn was operated on; woven into ribbon by Prall's machinery; came out as glossy as the purest silk. All concerned were in ecstacies. "There's millions in it," was the unanimous cry, and it was thereupon baptized, and was to be known in commerce by the name of soiene. MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE INVEN-

TOR.

But now comes a most singular story from Patterson. Wednesday of last week the Frenchman suddenly disappeared. The doc-tor could not account for his absence. Madame and her little daughter seemed to take the matter tranquilly. The Pralls were mystified. develops in unexpected directions. Modern Soon after his disappearance the proprietor of the hotel received a telegram from Seligman, ways considered the most incombustible matter asking him to advise him when the lady should leave. This she did Friday last, since which Watch springs burn like pitch. The chemist time nothing has been heard either of herself prepares delicate muslin, so that it can be time nothing has been heard either of herself prepares delicate mushin, so that it can be gain, and all countries are nursing-mothers for rules, like a plant or an animal. or talented husband. Edwin Prall says he has cleansed by fire. Arsenic is prescribed for us. learned of her departure for Europe, possibly dangerous diseases. Frozen feet are saved by prearranged with the mysterious chemist. The plunging them into snow. Children are told doctor is still in New York, and professes to to keep away from iron during a thunderbe in a terrible quandary at the desertion of storm, yet hardware stores are never struck by principle, the wild dogs being driven away by his friend. He had left, he says, a lucrative lightning. Persons suffering from hydrophopractice in New Orleans to found his fortunes in the silken bonanza. Mr. Prall still mainthus associated gains power as if in company with its own kind. It has been observed that and the integrity of the man himself. He and the integrity of the man himself. He tor of a New York newspaper lost his sight, thinks that the latter was worried and over- until a surgeon put a knife into his eycballs, wrought, perhaps became entirely crazy, and whereupon the man recovered and went about fied to Europe to escape imaginary evils. A box of ribbons, woven from common flax yarn, but brilliant as from the looms of Lyons, re-but brilliant as from the looms of Lyons, re-all we know, families in the next century may mains at Mr. Prall's office to testify to what might have been .- New York World.

> - A Nevada woman recently knocked down seven burglars, one after an other. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight year old boy out of bed and whaled him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

ively than when dry. Damp air being also people will look back to steamships and locothe sound of mills, and railways, are better and stage coaches."

The Coming Age.

We may say, by way of introduction to the following article, for which we are ignorantly unable to give due credit, having found it afloat among our exchanges, that the saying of is the magnetic current which girdles the earth. diagonally, or, as fashion might frame the phraseology of it, "on the bias," and which may yet be made available for telegraphic communication, without the intervention of overland wires or ocean cables :

"A well known speaker said in a recent speech that the time was coming when we without any profit, whatever, in return. Heremight communicate instantly with San Francisco without wire or operator. The audience laughed at him. Perhaps his statement is not so extravagant as it seems. Had the ordinary work now done by the ordinary telegraph been predicted forty years ago, it would have been received with the same incredulity. The truth science is a paradox. Water, which was alin nature, produces the greatest heat known.

bia go into convulsions at the sight of water. A French physician has, however, cured fifty cases of this malady with hot baths. An edisoil of a thousand acres in a day. American grain may be shot into Liverpool and Calcutta

able financiers and political economists.

A MALTHUSIAN CALCULATION .- A economic journal enters into a curious calculation as a man or woman would be to the world and the population.

Every baby, it is fair to assume, when properly brought up, costs its parents at least fifty home, education, and spending money, are required for the growing child. The actual cost so much matter. But the idea that, in the very up to the fifteenth year, of each child in this hub of the universe, the dreadful example the article seems not to know, founded upon a republic, is certainly not less than a thousand should be set the world at large, is harrowing dollars. At that age its labor would be worth to husbands and lovers. Hereafter, young man, a now dead friend, philosopher and scholar, and its subsistence. Not till it reaches the age of mind your girl's eye-teeth for nicotine discoloreighteen (and a great many not even then) ation. They do say that Washington belles does it really begin to be productive. For brighten their eyes and prevent their gayety every 100,000 children, the nation has to pro- from flagging by champagne tippling, but that duce six or eight millions of dollars, consumed without adding at all to production. To rear Journal.

that number of children to a productive age certainly costs a hundred millions of dollars

in is the great value of immigration. This, great republic receives into its broad and glorious bosom every day not less than one thousand emigrants from the old world. Of course, two-thirds, perhaps soven-eights, are adults, night, and his father would come and whip duce and raise for our republic, free of cost, more than 300,000 persons, who we could not have furnished ourselves at an expense of you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes and prosper, for the loss of the world is our a human being cannot be governed by dead

summer is approaching, and the time of matting draws near, it may be well to call the at- bed alone can be easily prevented, by putting tention of house keepers to the fact that, as the doll or other favorite plaything on the pilthere is a right way of doing everything, there is decidedly a right way to put down Canton matting. It is the almost universal practice to put it down wrong. Most persons cut the lengths, and then, laying the breadths in their nerestation of house keepers to the fact that, as the doll or other layorite plaything on the pil-low or in the hand for company. We knew one little two-year-old who could be composed to sleep only by having a dilapitated book that he was fond of placed under the pillow. Chil-dren who are too old to feel a sense of protecpump fuel from the river, and illuminate their covering very tightly on the floor, but it in- prayer, the oft-repeated kiss, the pleasant stojures the boards and ruins the mattings. Ev- ry of something to be enjoyed the next day. houses with ice and electricity. Iron vessels, jures the boards and ruins the mattings. Ev-properly magnetized, may sail through the air ery tack breaks one straw, and perhaps more. like balloons. An intelligent farmer turn the These Canton mattings are made on boats, tions connected with the hour and place of where they are woven in short pieces about two yards loug. These short pieces are afterward It is a great mistake to ask them if they are through iron pipes laid under the sea. By joined together on the shore in lengths of about afraid, or tell them there is nothing to be afraid of, or to suggest the subject of fear in gines, excursion parties may travel along the yard pieces are joined, and the first thing to be any way. floor of the ocean, sailing past ancient wrecks and mountains of coral. In those coming days lengths, is to sew these places across and across perceptible rain may be anticipated, as the our present mode of telegraphy will be classed on the wrong side, to keep the joints from ried, has sued for a divorce, on the ground air, when damp, conveys the odor more effect- with the wooden ploughs of Egypt, and the opening. Then sew the breadths together, and that his wife has an early-rising maniaa better conductor of sound than dry air, bells, motives as we do now look back to sail-boats you treat a carpet. Mattings made in this way ing at 4 o'clock, and as soon as she is dreswill last fully twice as long as where they are sed stirs him up with the broomstick until tacked in every breadth. A good matting he follows her example. should last six or seven years.

NERVOUS CHILDREN .- Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to already grown for us by Europe, at her cost, up to the productive point, when they come to our shores to give us the benfit of their toil. An-child's will. One night he said, "Why do you nually does Europe labor industriously to pro- always scream so, when you know you shall be punished ?" "O, father, father !" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if \$300,000,000. No wonder that we grow rich were opened from that moment. He saw that

ture of a child will prevent grievous mistakes How TO PUT DOWN MATTING .- As the in managing them. The sense of loneliness which many young children feel on going to

Lively, bright, loving thoughts and associa-

- A Chicago husband, three weeks mar-

- A gentleman said to his gardener: "George, the time will come when a man will

