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A Leaf from a Life.

It was upon a freezing cold night that a young physician stepped into the warm, well-lighted office of a merchant prince. The doctor was poor and needy; his coat worn and threadbare, and furnished but poor protection against the cold of the season, because he labored among the poor and gave his time to those who were unable to pay for it.

The merchant was a wealthy, pious, "eminently respectable" member of society. He was the mainstay of a church, the promoter of charitable schemes and a subscriber to all charities, which were backed by influence or conferred distinction upon the giver. Now, strange to say, this model man's name was Cantter.

So, into Mr. Cantter's office the young physician walked with some trepidation; but, being one of the world at large, was confident that he would be heard, for he was on a begging exhibition; not for himself—he would rather have died than beg—but for a poor boy who lay in a tenement house in Dead Man's Row—lay dying of starvation. It was too late to save his life—that the doctor knew; but he hoped to raise sufficient money to make the boy comfortable for the remnant of life left him.

"——and has not charity, it profiteth him nothing," said Mr. Cantter, in a loud tone of voice, as the door opened, and the thought flashed through his mind that perhaps it was the pastor of the church. The doctor entered, and suddenly the flood of eloquence which Mr. Cantter was pouring out upon an unresisting clerk was hushed, for he knew the doctor, and knew also that he was about to ask for money, and his hands came from behind his back, went into his pockets and remained there. The doctor, by way of beginning, remarked upon the severity of the weather.

"Yes," said Mr. Cantter, "God help the poor."

The book-keeper, bending over the ledger, smiled to himself but said nothing.

The doctor depicted the sufferings of the dwellers in Dead Man's Row; the tumble-down houses, admitting the wind and snow at every corner; the famine which reigned in them; and then, excited by the troubles he had witnessed, he appealed to the merchant to help those who were unable to help themselves.

Warmth usually begets warmth, and it is singular, but not less true, that as the doctor warmed Mr. Cantter cooled, and when he had finished speaking that gentleman said:

"I can do nothing for you. I am a subscriber to the Magdalen's Home, the Æsculapius Hospital, the Seamen's Refuge, the North Pole Missions, the ——"

"All worthy, no doubt; but this is a case of such utter wretchedness. A boy, a little morsel of a child, dying for want of food," pleaded the doctor.

"I dare say," said Mr. Cantter, "but charity, to be effective, must be well directed. You must come to our church next Sunday. We have the finest preacher in the city, and, as his sermon is upon charity, you will no doubt be able to profit by his suggestions."

"But about the boy," said the doctor, fearful that the conversation would wander away from the subject which interested him more than the sermon which was in prospect.

"Can't squander money on such objects," said the merchant, suddenly dropping from warmth to cold. "I can give you a letter to the Poor Children's Home, and at the next meeting of the board—"

"Curse the board," said the doctor now thoroughly indignant.

"Profanity in my presence! You shock me, sir."

"Shock you!" said the doctor. "Shock you! How have you shocked me with your lying talk of charity! Is it charity to go to a fine church, to listen to a sensational preacher! Is it charity to go to a luxurious home, to get over a grand dinner and to talk over the sermon! Is it charity to sit on a velvet sofa before a blazing fire—to look through French plate glass windows at the houseless, hungry poor as they hurry by, and say, 'God help the poor.' Shame upon such charity—"

"Sir!" said Mr. Cantter.

"A true, noble charity is the best thing upon earth, but a hypocritical charity should be a weight sufficient to damn any soul." And slamming the door to the doctor strode away.

The doctor, disheartened at his rebuff, and thoroughly indignant at the hypocrisy of which he had been a witness, paused irresolutely on the corner, and as he stood there he heard a quick step behind him; then a hand hurriedly thrust a small roll of money into his, and turning, he was just in time to see the form of Mr. Cantter's book-keeper disappearing in the gloom. The sum was small but it was sufficient for the purpose, and with a lighter heart the doctor went his way to Dead Man's Row.

A narrow, filthy passage, between two houses, leads from the fine thoroughfare into a narrow, filthy court, and at the end of the court stands a fine church, Mr. Cantter's church.

A woman, clothed in rags, sitting by a straw pallet in one corner of the room, arose as he entered, and looked at him imploringly.

"Yes," he said, "after some trouble."

"Thank the Lord for that!" she answered fervently: "the poor boy can die in peace, at any rate."

I ordered the things sent up. Is he asleep?

"Unconscious like," answered the woman, "his brain wanders a little at times."

A little morsel of a boy lay upon the bed, the unmistakable mark of famine in his face. The doctor bent over him, and looking into his face a moment, said the woman standing silently at his side:

"His pain is over. He will probably live until morning, but he will never again be conscious."

The long night passed, day dawned, and the boy still lived. The morning wore on, and church time came.

The organist of the curch commenced the voluntary, and an exclamation from the woman brought the doctor to the bed. The little sufferer moved uneasily; then a smile came upon his wan face, a far away look into his eyes.

"I hear music," he murmured. Was it the song of angels, or the strains of the grand organ that he heard? who can tell?

"He is going fast," whispered the doctor. The woman was silently weeping, and covered her face with her hands. And the first notes of "Come, ye disconsolate," came to them from the church. Again the far away look came into the boy's eyes, the smile upon his lips, his thin white hand stirred upon the bed, and while the last strains still lingered upon the air, he turned his face to the wall and so died.

And then—well, then the service was ended, and the preacher and congregation went home to their dinner, leaving charity entirely in the hands of the Almighty.

How Prohibition is Enforced in the West.

A correspondent of the *Rocky Mountain News*, writing from Hall Valley, Colorado, on the fourteenth instant, gives the following graphic description of a whisky disturbance there, and its result:

During the last few months the new mining camp in Hall Gulch, has rapidly grown in importance, nearly 300 men being employed either on the works in process of construction by the company, or else in prospecting and mining. Latterly a good deal of lawlessness has manifested itself, more especially since the establishment of a whisky and gambling outfit by two men named Boice and Hall. So serious at length became the state of affairs that the company decided to engage no more men on their tramway, mines, or other works who did not at the same time engage to abstain from patronizing the said establishment.

At the same time the sale of whisky was stopped wherever they had authority, and a number of the most incorrigible hands dismissed. This no doubt enraged Messrs. Boice and Hall, who had for several days been indulging in threats of serious import, involving the murder of several men against whom they had an especial spite. On August 12 things came to a crisis. The whisky party appeared at the settlement armed with revolvers, threatened several men and pointed their revolvers at others, occasionally varying the programme by sending a shot among the houses. In view of the critical position and danger a party was rapidly armed with rifles, and, getting within a short distance of the desperadoes, rushed in and disarmed them. They first drew their revolvers, but, being covered by half a dozen rifles, dropped them when ordered. They were then securely locked up in an empty storeroom—not, however, before they had solemnly declared their intention of shooting those who had now disarmed them the first chance they got. The company's officers, under these circumstances, decided to send them under a strong escort to Fairplay, and hand them over to the authorities, and a four mule team was hitched up for this purpose; but it being late in the afternoon, and a night journey being considered undesirable, as an escape would be certainly attempted, it was finally decided to keep them locked up till morning. They were about this time asked if they would leave the gulch quietly if allowed to go; their answer being that they would never quit until they had got satisfaction and were even. Accordingly supper was given them, and they remained locked up during the night; however, it is supposed that a party of vigilantes, the existence of some such organization having been for some time surmised, broke into the storeroom and carried off the men, who were found the next morning hanged within a mile of the saw mills. It may be added that to mark their sincerity in stopping the whisky traffic, all the spirits in store which was in any way under the control of the company were brought up and destroyed. There has been a perfect exodus of roughs from Hall Gulch since yesterday morning, and it is suspected that they will not return.

Woman Degraded.

[From the Christian Union.]

In popular theory, and to a certain extent in law, woman still remains a weak, wavering shadow of man, his helpless care and absolute property.

It was this most monstrous condition which made of Walworth, the husband, a brutal domestic tyrant, a course domestic bully. Should not a man do what he would with his own? It was this sentimental nonsense that made of Walworth the son a calculating parricide. Should not a son "protect" his mother? That the costly legal machinery of a sovereign State stood ready to "protect" her, as threatenings and pistols could not, was a fact too commonplace to weigh with him. Her honor being insulted, chivalry demanded that he should avenge it. Smith, who killed a man and tried to kill a woman, because that man paid court to that woman, justified himself a hundred times over with the same plea—"She belonged to me." And he died, to his own thinking, in the full odor of sanctity, and in the sincere belief that he had committed no crime. Gillem coolly stabbed his wife because she refused to live with him on account of his debauchery, faithlessness and violence. He thought he exercised the plainest right of a husband, and said to the policeman: "You'd have done the same if your wife had left you." And that policeman admitted that he saw the murderer lying in wait, knew his mad rage and feared some violence, but "did not like to interfere between man and wife." Goodrich happened to be the victim instead of the victor, under his system, which was evidently the same—namely, that the woman is the absolute property of the man and the creature of his will. To his thinking she had no rights in the case.

These are not pleasant pictures; but it is only in their concrete form that the bad tendencies of society arrest the general mind. The one hope of diminishing crime is to reform those false modes of thought which generate crime. No one of these is more dangerous than the notion of man's ownership of woman, and of woman's accountability to man. It brutalizes the lower classes from end to end. Its consequences touch unborn children and keep the ranks of rogues and paupers full. It makes the men of the upper classes tyrannous and selfish; the women silly, exacting, frivolous and weak. It leads to crimes of sensuality and violence, and sets the code of honor above the law of the land.

Half the social questions that vex our souls will be answered when the world concedes that a woman is a normal, responsible, individual, that she must be the protector of her own honor, the judge of her own duty, the keeper of her own conscience, answerable only to the law and to heaven. There will be a lofty observance of marriage, a noble race of children, only when the man and the woman are intelligent equals and friends. And in that day the world will be ashamed to remember through how many centuries it ranged men into a mock order of devotees and women into a sentimental priesthood.

Pensively observing the fashionable young women of the period in hotel companies at the sea side, a correspondent goes on thus:

Watch the grouping of these girls, apparently accidental as it is, and see how artistically they manage, with never a mistake. They know very well what they are about, and study for that very effect you are admiring. There are two girls whom you have seen constantly together; a sudden coolness seems to have sprung up between them: they keep very far apart, never speaking to one another at all; you even hear one refusing to dance in the same set of lancers with the other. What has happened to break this friendship? It must be a recent trouble, for they were driving together in the afternoon; you are a little perplexed until you hear one say, "I don't care to go near Nell, for her lilac kills my blue." If you have an eye for color, you will understand the estrangement, and wonder at it no longer.

The grasshopper bend is raging at the watering places. Eli Perkins writes to the *Graphic:* "All the young ladies have it here. It is considered very wrong for a young lady not to stick her arms back like a grasshopper's legs and then walk with a sailor's swagger. They call it the 'Newport roll.' When a young lady gets loaded down with bottles, fans, umbrellas, tooth-brushes and gutta-percha combs, and moves off with the 'grasshopper bend' and 'Newport roll,' you might as well get off the balcony and let the train go by. I always do."

An Octopus and his Prey.

Mr. Henry Lee, F. L. S., writes in *Land and Water:*

"Desiring to have a better view than I had previously been able to obtain of what follows the seizure of a crab by an octopus, I recently fastened one to a string, by which an attendant was to lower it in the water close to the glass, while I stood watching in front. The crab had hardly descended to the depth of two feet before an octopus for which it was not intended, and which I had not observed (so exactly had he assumed the hue of the surface to which he clung), shot out like a rocket from one side of the tank, opened his membranous umbrella, shut up the suspended crab within it, and darted back again to the ledge of rock on which he had been lying in ambush. There he held on, with the crab firmly pressed between his body and the stone work. As this was not what I wished, I directed Cosham, my assistant, to gently try to pull the bait away from him. Not a bit of it. As soon as he felt the strain he took a firm grasp of the rock with all the suckers of seven of his arms, and, stretching the eighth aloft, coiled it round the tautened line, the suckers actually closing on the line also, as a caterpillar's foot grips a thin twig or a cobbler's leathern pad folds round his thread when he is making a wax end. Noticing several jerks on the string, I thought at first they were given by the man overhead, and told him not to use too much force, but he called out, "it's not me, sir, it's the octopus; I can't move him, and he's pulling so hard that, if I don't let go, he'll break the line." "Hold on, then, and let him break it," I replied. Tug, tug, dragged the tough, strong arm of the octopus, and at a third tug the line broke, and the crab was all his own. The twine was that used for mending the seine net, and was therefore not particularly weak. Although this experiment furnished a fresh illustration of the holding power of an octopus, it had not taught me exactly that which I wanted to know. I wished to be underneath that umbrella with the crab, or (which was decidedly preferable) to be able to see what happened beneath it without getting wet. My plan, therefore, was to procure the seizure of the crab against the front glass, instead of against the rock-work. Our next endeavor was successful. A second crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn if desired, and was lowered near to the great male octopus, who generally dwells in a nook in the west front corner of the tank. He was sleepy, and not very hungry, and required a good deal of tempting to rouse him to activity; but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and, after some demonstrative panting, puffing and erection of his tubercles, he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it and got it under him against the plate-glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a movement, not a struggle was visible or possible—each leg, each claw was grasped all over by suckers, enfolded in them, stretched out to its full extent by them. The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum discs, brought together by the adaptable contraction of the limb, and ranged in close order, shoulder to shoulder, touching each other; while between others, which dragged the abdominal plates toward the mouth of the black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radiation of the arms, and the next had crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the victim. The action of an octopus, when seizing its prey for its necessary food, is very like that of a cat pouncing a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief and the escape of the prisoner even less profitable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse or of a minnow swallowed by a perch, but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror."

Spurgeon.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Mr. H. C. Spurgeon has said and done many things in his time in furtherance of what might be described as "jocular religion and comic salvation." But at the late anniversary of the London Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, he outdid himself. Speaking of prayer, he said, "Oh for more prayer! I had an odd illustration of its power the other day, in Italy. In the hotels there, there are little ivory buttons upon which you put your finger. They communicate with electric wires which ring the bells down stairs. A friend came in to take tea with us, and I put my finger on the button, but nobody came. 'Now,' said my friend, 'I will put you up to a wrinkle—keep your finger on the button. If you only just put it on, it rings the bell; but if you keep your finger on, the bell will keep ringing down stairs.' Well, I did so; but even then the waiter did not come. At length my friend said, 'We have a couple of bedrooms here; I will go into one and your friend can go into the other; let us ring all three bells, and then we shall fetch up all the waiters in the hotel.' So we put our fingers on the three buttons, and kept them there, and, I warrant you, the passage was soon full of waiters tumbling over one another. They thought the whole house must be on fire. We simply explained that, as the ringing of one bell did not do, we thought we would ring all three, and found it a capital plan; but if they would only come more quickly another time, we would do it no more. Every time a man prays he rings the great bell in Heaven. If two of you agree as touching anything concerning the kingdom, it shall be done unto you. There is no resisting it. If every man and woman here would begin to put their fingers upon the bell, the electric communication between earth and heaven, it would awake the very angels and bring them down with untold blessings upon the church and upon the world." We can not help hoping that the laughter and applause which greeted the comparison of holy angels roused and wakened up by prayer, to the idle waiters tumbling over each other at an Italian inn, does not express either the piety or wisdom of the general body of subscribers to the London Missionary Society.

Story of a Corpse.

The corpse of a little girl was seen yesterday in the Adams street station house, and a coroner's inquest by Justice Speiman held that death resulted from natural causes. Some while ago R. F. Rankin, of Pocahontas, Tennessee, went to live on a farm in Coahoma county, Mississippi. His wife died there, leaving the disconsolate husband a beautiful little girl as a memorial of their happy love. This little girl grew sick, and after several months illness had faded the rosebloom from her soft cheeks. She died. This was Saturday, and as Rankin wanted to bury the child by the side of his wife at Pocahontas, he hailed the first boat and took passage for this city. In the meantime he was unable to obtain a coffin, and as he was in a hurry to get off, placed the corpse of his child in a small dry goods box. A lady who knew what the box contained, and was traveling with Rankin to Pocahontas, states that he commenced drinking as soon as he boarded the steamer. No one on the boat knew or little thought that the box contained any corpse, for it was believed it was filled with household goods. By the time the boat arrived here Rankin was so drunk that he could not walk. He and the lady managed to reach the Charleston depot before the train left. The box was placed on the platform, and, being like any other box, did not attract any one's attention, more especially as its owner was so drunk that he had become indifferent and careless. The lady seeing this, and fearing the box, with its unknown contents, might be stolen, informed some one of the story. Rankin and the box were carried to the stationhouse, and the corpse removed. Rankin was too drunk to speak, and was placed in the cell to recover from his stupor. The body of the child will be given him this morning, to dispose of as he sees fit. The facts connected with this strange story were deposed by the traveling lady before the coroner's inquest. It is thought Rankin's intoxication resulted from his grief at the loss of his child. At least, the story is sickening, and many persons viewed the corpse of the little child, which was not over eighteen months old.—*Memphis Appeal.*

The San Francisco Soldiers.

[From the New York Sun, August 26.]

Company H of the Second Regiment National Guard of California, arrived in this city yesterday, under command of Captain C. E. S. McDonald. They went in carriages to the Seventh Regiment armory, and were received by Colonel Emmons Clark, and the well known hospitality of the Seventh was proffered by him in a neat little speech to Captain McDonald.

The company, which is known as the San Francisco Cadets, is composed of some of the wealthiest men in San Francisco, and enjoys a reputation there which resembles that of some of our best companies here. The captain, who is said to be himself one of the rich men of the Golden City, was formerly a cadet in the Austrian army, and afterward a resident of New York. He went to San Francisco twenty-four years age, and became an active member of the State militia. He has originated a system of drilling which is remarkable. The company drill blindfolded, and follow no single system of tactics. Captain McDonald says his bayonet drill is a combination of the codes of three masters. The men are lithe and active, and, dressed in their blue Zouave uniform, look not unlike the once famous Ellsworth Zouaves. The uniform is worthy of notice, being composed of cloth woven in San Francisco from California wool. It is the same in design as that of the French Zouaves.

The peculiar drill has been extensively noticed by the California press, and has been extravagantly praised. The particular object of the blindfold drill is to demonstrate that a body of men can be maneuvred as well in the dark by rules as in the day time by sight. In fact, Captain McDonald says he prefers to drill a company blindfold, as when the men see they are changed from a machine, which he strives to make of them, into individuals. He professes to be able to drill a company of deaf and blind mutes.

The company also execute over a hundred and fifty different orders to the sound of the drum, so word of commad being spoken.

The cadets started from San Francisco about ten days ago, and made various short stops by the way to hunt buffalo and antelopes. In this they were very successful, doing their own foraging and having provisions to spare. Near Corrine a party of gamblers were in the next car to that occupied by the company, and by means of a box trick fleeced the other passengers out of their money, watches, and other valuables. The victims, not relishing this, appealed to the cadets, who at once loaded their muskets, and taking their bayonets, made such a decidedly hostile demonstration that the gamblers disgorged their booty without a show of resistance.

The cadets propose to visit Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities before their return, and have imposed upon themselves very strict rules to govern them during their tour. Captain McDonald is a rigid disciplinarian, and enforces the rules as strictly as though the journey were a march through a hostile country. During their stay in this city they will be the guests of the Seventh Regiment, who took them to the Union Square Theatre last evening, and have provided for them in the usual princely style of the Seventh.

Thackeray's People.

[John Esten Cooke, in Hearth and Home.]

I was talking one day with the late Mr. Thackeray—a most excellent, genial gentleman and companion—in reference to authors and books, and most especially about his own books, which he spoke of with frankness and unreserve, as though they had been written by a third person. One or two things he said which struck me forcibly at the time, and have remained in my memory affording me food for reflection. We were speaking of the sketch, "Mr. Deuceace and his Friends" (I think that is the title), in which appears the finished rascal and serenely smiling scoundrel, the Earl of Crabs.

"Where did you meet with the original of the 'Earl of Crabs,' Mr. Thackeray?" was my query.

"I never met with any."

"You drew him from your imagination?"

"I suppose so."

"He is certainly the greatest scoundrel in literature, I think, not excepting Lord Steyne, or any."

Mr. Thackeray acquiesced in this moral or immoral eminence attributed to the Earl, mused a moment, smiled in a good natured way, and said:

"I really don't know where I got all these rascals in my books. I certainly never lived with such people."

That is the first suggestive observation. I shall defer my moral reflection until I repeat the second.

We came to talk of "Vanity Fair" and the excellent Miss Becky Sharp, of whom Mr. Thackeray spoke with evident self congratulation. She had "made his fortune," he said, and he added frankly that he thought he had never done anything better than the description of the manner in which Madame Becky Crawley "came down" to the low life of Bohemia, after her epoch of social elevation as the friend of Lord Steyne.

"There is one mystery about Becky which has always puzzled me," I said.

"What is that?"

"Nearly at the end of the book there is a picture of old Joe Sedley, gouty, night-capped, and seated in his easy chair, while behind a curtain stands the ghastly, glaring Becky, grasping a dagger."

"Yes."

"Beneath this picture is the single word, Clytemnestra."

Mr. Thackeray nodded.

"Did Becky kill him?"

Mr. Thackeray remained silent for a moment, as the novelist says; a slow smile dawning upon his face; he assumed a reticent and secretive expression of countenance, and at length replied in a confidential tone:

"I don't know."

Emancipation Vindicating Itself.

Mr. Jefferson's idea that the negro after freedom would become intolerable in the South, because of his "recollection of the ten thousand wrongs" he had formerly endured, is so far disproved that if there is anything most remarkable of the present temper of the negro, it is the kind memory he retains of slavery. But it is needless to accumulate reasons for an illustration of a fact so patent as the progress of the negro since emancipation, and the agreeable manner in which he has impredicted the worst fears of the South. Emancipation is a success, and the South may be more ready to acknowledge it when she understands what a tribute this fact implies to the past institution of slavery. For the success of emancipation is not only of the virtue of emancipation, but of the virtue of the slavery which preceded it; showing that such slavery was not the unmitigated evil that the North had supposed it to be, that it had a benefit even beyond those which the South in the past had claimed for it; proved, and proved triumphantly, from the fact of its producing the negro such as the North claims him to be—a citizen worthy of the suffrage and all civic trusts—from the negro such as the world saw him a century ago—a breechless barbarian, and a very nondescript on the borders of humanity!

The retrospect concerning slavery from that standpoint of observation which the South and the North alike now reached, is full of beautiful and even sublime instructions. We see now the visible footprints of Providence, and a way so clear that there should no longer be a shadow of misconstruction or of debate on the history of anti-slavery in America. There was a time, as has been noticed, just after the war, when there continued to be some debatable ground; but even that is now gone, and there should be no longer anything to discuss between the North and South except mutual congratulations that slavery did its work so well in the past, and that emancipation does its work so well in the present. The South only asks that a certain historical justice be done her; that it be now clearly perceived that her own party of anti slavery had not only a real existence, but a juster view in its day than had the Northern party of anti-slavery; and that, with all its weaknesses and shortcomings, it yet deserves an honorable place in the national records of a great moral mission concerning the negro, which yet continues.—*September Galaxy.*

W. Saville Kent shows that in certain spine-finned fish at the Bream, and especially in the male, the color increases in depth and often in brilliancy during the spawning season.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Modern Paganism in New York.

Naturally the appliances of luxury have taken root in the upper class. What were formerly passing pleasures have become present necessities; what were occasionally indulged habits have become second nature. Happiness is bound up with the gratification of senseous as well as intellectual life. There must be no abatement of the needs of this life, even for marriage, and the bartering has begun over the altar of Hymen. The man pagan asks if the woman can provide herself with her own costly raiment, and the woman pagan asks if he has horses and carriages and a box at the opera. An unsatisfactory answer to such questions strangles the bantling which may have begun to live in their hearts. The new born is given up with a sigh; it is only what politicians call a "side issue." The requisites of a full, sensuous life grow by what they feed on. To take away the beautiful paintings, statues, bronzes, porcelains, tapestry, and the general *bric a brac* which the cultivated eye lovingly dwells upon, the Aubusson carpet which receives the dainty foot like a bed of softest verdure, the inviting couches and divans which the well-nurtured body reposes on, the little and powerful instruments of music through which breathed the soul of Mozart, the choice volumes which tell of poetry, and love, and of art, the truffles, mushrooms, the golden-brown woodcock, and the champagne—to take away all these, would be a privation not to be entertained. To sacrifice them for a romantic passion and the actual necessaries of existence is regarded as an act of folly, but to sacrifice the passion and add to the luxuries is wisdom. In a word, less importance is attached to the individual than the paraphernalia. One person is desirable in heart, mind and body, but not possessing the conditional collaterals, is rejected for one who does, and this is the birth of a new philosophy of life, and the wane of orthodoxy. Here civilization, encouraged by the different systems of theology and morals, searches no further, but descends in artistic, graceful, and almost imperceptible gradations into paganism.

With us, society is shaping itself more and more into distinct classes. The lower class, representing labor, and composed of men more intelligent than any peasantry of Europe, is the foundation on which the nation reposes; the great middle class is that which makes the laws and governs the country; and the social life in these two classes remains comparatively pure. In the upper class are several sub-classifications: The wealthy, who hold to orthodoxy, the wealthy possessed of pagan tendencies, the poor rich, who spend a large income in living from hand to mouth, and the refined poor, who can appreciate the tastes of the cultivated wealthy, but have not the means to gratify them. In this upper class, all, with the exception of the orthodox wealthy, have felt the paganizing influence of the age, which comes from its centre, Paris. This influence has been traveling westward as inevitably as fate for thousands of years, beginning at Babylon and pushing on to Antioch, Athens, Rome, and at last dwelling with the French as their legitimate inheritance. With this paganism come art, science, and the beautiful, to make man and woman happy; but as they are unreasoning, immoderate, sensual and selfish, these things after a period wear out the vitality necessary to their maintenance, and take their departure in search of a more virgin field. Paganism has already planted itself on Manhattan island, and when the decadence begins in the city of the boulevards will expand and flourish here as it now does there. A thousand years hence, peradventure, the inhabitants of the western coast of Asia will visit the great city of the ancient Americans, guide-book in hand, to look on the relics of her past greatness. But before such a decay arrives, the city will live that golden age which is now beginning to dawn upon her.—*Galaxy.*

The Curse of Drink.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do they women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrow and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.—*Dr. Holland.*

A Bad Boy.

They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a firefly and stuck it, with the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light, apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in England and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he went on the dome next morning to polish up his glass, he found the lightning bug. People down to Alexandria, seven miles distant, heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic dispatches amounted to $2000, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.—*Max Adeler.*

Kisses.

The kiss has been a powerful agent in the annals of the human race. There have been kisses like those of Antony and Cleopatra, of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, which have shaken an empire or destroyed a religion. If we knew the secret history of courts, we should probably learn that nations have been created or erased by the magic touches of a woman's lips. A great problem, therefore, lies before us. Has this discovery proved an affliction or a blessing to mankind? Probably the latter; for it has certainly increased the influence of woman, and the influence of woman is employed more for good than for ill. Beloved, tender-hearted women, companions and "consolers of our life!" With a kiss you welcome the infant to the world; with a kiss you bestow on soft-cheeked youths the raptures of first love; with a kiss you alleviate the angony of death. And what alas! are the kisses which men too often give you in return? Judas-kisses, treacherous and fatal, which poison innocent hearts, and turn to curses on painted and despairing lips. Happy are they who can remember without remorse the kisses of their youth.—*New York Home Journal.*

If a man tells you water leeched through ashes is fit to drink, tell him it is a lye.

OFFICIAL.

Laws of the United States Passed at the Third Session of the Forty-Second Congress.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 71.]

An act to amend the law requiring consular officers to collect three months' extra pay for seamen in certain cases.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the law to regulate the consular system of the United States, which requires consular officers to collect three months' extra wages upon the discharge of seamen, be, and the same hereby is, so amended as to permit said officers whenever, after a full hearing of both barties, the cause of discharge is found to be the misconduct of the seaman, to remit so much of the extra wages as is now by law paid to the seaman discharged; provided that relief can immediately be offered to such seamen by reshipment without expense to the United States.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 74.]

An act to restore Absalom Kirby as second assistant engineer in the navy.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby authorized, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to restore Absalom Kirby to his original position on the active list as a second assistant engineer in the navy of the United States.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 107.]

An act to provide for the sale of lands of the United States containing coal.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person above the age of twenty-one years, who is a citizen of the United States, or who has declared his intention to become such, or any association of persons severally qualified as above, shall, upon application to the register of the proper land office, have the right to enter, by legal subdivisions, any quantity of vacant coal lands of the United States not otherwise appropriated or reserved by competent authority, not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres to such individual person, or three hundred and twenty acres to such association, upon payment to the receiver of not less than ten dollars per acre for such lands, where the same shall be situated more than fifteen miles from any completed railroad, and not less than twenty dollars per acre for such lands as shall be within fifteen miles of such road.

SEC. 2. That any person or association of persons severally qualified as above, who have opened and improved, or shall hereafter open and improve, any coal mine or mines upon the public lands, and shall be in actual possession of the same, shall be entitled to a preference right of entry, under the foregoing provisions, of the mines so opened and improved; provided, that when any association of not less than four persons, severally qualified as in section one of this act, shall have expended not less than five thousand dollars in working and improving any such mine or mines, such association may enter not exceeding six hundred and forty acres, including such mining improvements.

SEC. 3. That all claims under section two of this act must be presented to the register of the proper land district within sixty days after the date of actual possession and the commencement of improvements on the land, by the filing of a declaratory statement therefor; provided, that when the township plat is not on file at the date of such improvement, filing must be made within sixty days from the receipt of such plat at the district office; and provided further, that where the improvements shall have been made prior to the expiration of three months from the passage of this act, sixty days from the expiration of said three months shall be allowed for the filing of a declaratory statement, and no sale under the provisions of this act shall be allowed until the expiration of six months from the date hereof.

SEC. 4. That this act shall be held to authorize only one entry by the same person or association of persons under its provisions; and no association of persons any member of which shall have taken the benefit of this act either as an individual or as a member of any other association, shall enter or hold any other lands under the provisions of this act; and no member of any association which shall have taken the benefit of this act shall enter or hold any other lands under its provisions; and all persons claiming under section two hereof shall be required to prove their respective rights and pay for the lands filed upon within one year from the time prescribed for filing their respective claims; and upon failure to file the proper notice, or to pay for the land within the required period, the same shall be subject to entry by any other qualified applicant.

SEC. 5. That in case of conflicting claims upon lands where the improvements shall be hereafter commenced, priority of possession and improvement, followed by proper filing and continued good faith, shall determine the preference right to purchase. And also where improvements have already been made at the date of the passage of this act, division of the land claim may be made by legal subdivisions, to include, as near as may be, the valuable improvements of the respective parties; and Commissioner of the General Land Office shall be and is hereby authorized to issue all needful rules and regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this act.

SEC. 6. That nothing in this act shall be construed to destroy or impair any rights which may have attached prior to its passage, or to authorize the sale of lands valuable for mines of gold, silver or copper.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 108.]

An act for the relief of Howard F. Moffat.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint, upon the retired list of the navy, with the rank of master, Howard F. Moffat, now a volunteer officer on the active list of the navy.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 169.]

An act to extend the time for filing claims for additional bounty under the act of July twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the time for filing claims for additional bounty, under the act of July twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and which expired by limitation January thirtieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-three, be, and the same is hereby revived and extended until the thirtieth day of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-four; and that all claims for such bounties filed in the proper department after the thirtieth day of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and before the passage of this act, shall be deemed to have been filed in due time, and shall be considered and decided without filing.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 69.]

An act to provide for the preparation and presentation to Congress of the Revision of the Laws of the United States, consolidating the laws relating to the post roads, and a code relating to military offenses, and the revision of treaties with the Indian tribes now in force.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a Committee of three of the House of Representatives on the Revision of the Laws, with committee on the part of the Senate, is hereby authorized, by resolution, to be filed in the Department of Justice, to accept, on the part of Congress, the draft on Revision of the Laws of the United States prepared by the commissioners to revise the statutes, so far as the same has been reported by them, and may be hereafter reported by them, at the expiration of the time designated for performing that service, to wit, the fourth day of May, eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and to discharge said commissioners, from and after which all acts and parts of acts declaring the duties, powers, rights, and privileges of said commissioners, are hereby repealed; but nothing herein contained shall be construed as an approval or adoption by Congress of any part of the work of the commissioners.

SEC. 2. That the Committee of the House of Representatives on the Revision of the Laws, together with such committee as the Senate may join, be and they hereby are authorized to contract with some suitable person or persons learned in the law, to prepare a bill revising and embodying in one act all the laws authorizing post roads in force at the expiration of the present session of Congress, and also to prepare a bill codifying and regulating the laws in regard to military offenses, according to the recommendation made by the President of the United States in his annual message communicated to Congress at the present session, and also to prepare a revision of all the Indian treaties now in force as laws.

SEC. 3. That said committee are also authorized to contract with some suitable person or persons, under the supervision of said committee and such regulations as may be by them prescribed, to prepare the revision of the statutes already reported by the commissioners, or which may be reported before said fourth day of May, in the form of a bill to be presented at the opening of the session of Congress in December next, embodying all the laws so revised and the bills and provisions herein provided for, with proper indexes, so that the same may be in form to be acted upon forthwith by Congress at said session.

SEC. 4. That said committee is further authorized to have such revisions and bills printed by the Congressional Printer from time to time, uniform with the revision already reported, and to distribute them, and also the consolidation and codification of the postal and military laws and treaties herein provided for, to members of Congress and others competent to judge of their merits, in order for their correction by such persons.

SEC. 5. That any moneys appropriated for the payment of the work herein provided for shall be disbursed by the Department of Justice from time to time only so far as that Department shall be satisfied that the work has been well and faithfully performed, and as said Department shall be satisfied that the work will be fully done and completed by the commencement of said session of Congress in December next.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 110.]

An act to authorize and direct the Secretary of War to distribute arms and military equipments under the act of April twenty-three, eighteen hundred and eight, and the acts amendatory thereof.

Be it amended by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to distribute to such States as did not, from the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two to the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, receive the same, their proper quota of arms and military equipments for each year, from eighteen hundred and sixty-two to eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, under the act of Congress approved April twenty-third, eighteen hundred and eight, and the several acts amendatory thereof; provided, that in the organization and equipment of military companies and organizations with said arms, no discrimination shall be made between said companies and organizations on account of race, color or former condition of servitude.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 72.]

An act to amend an act entitled an act to prevent smuggling, and for other purposes, approved July eighteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the seventh section of the act entitled an act to further prevent smuggling, and for other purposes, approved July eighteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: That it shall be the duty of the several collectors of customs and of internal revenue to report within ten days to the district attorney of the district in which any fine, penalty, or forfeiture may be incurred for the violation of any law of the United States relating to the revenue, a statement of all the facts and circumstances of the case within their knowledge, together with the names of the witnesses, and which may come to their knowledge from time to time, stating the provisions of the law believed to be violated, and on which a reliance may be had for condemnation or conviction, and such district attorney shall cause the proper proceedings to be commenced and prosecuted without delay for the fines penalties, and forfeitures by law in such case provided, unless, upon inquiry and examination, he shall decide that such proceedings can not probably be sustained, or that the ends of public justice do not require that proceedings should be instituted, in which case he shall report the facts in customs cases to the Secretary of the Treasury, and in internal revenue cases to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for their direction; and for the expenses incurred and services rendered in all such cases the district attorney shall receive and be paid from the treasury such sum as the Secretary of the Treasury shall deem just and reasonable upon the certificate of the judge before whom such cases are tried or disposed of; provided, however, that the annual compensation of such district attorney shall not exceed the maximum amount now prescribed by law; and if any collector shall in any case fail to report to the proper district attorney as prescribed in this section, such collector's right to any compensation, benefit, or allowance in such case shall be forfeited to the United States, and the same may, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, be awarded to such persons as may make complaint and prosecute the same to judgment or conviction.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 75.]

An act providing for the payment to the government of Japan the sum due on account of rents for lands and buildings occupied by the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States to Japan, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of State be and he is hereby authorized to pay to the government of Japan, through its resident diplomatic representative in the United States, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, any sum not exceeding six thousand dollars, which may be found to be due to the government of Japan by that of the United States, on account of rents for lands or buildings occupied for hospital purposes, jail and courthouse, by the United States in Japan.

SEC. 2. That the Secretary of State, through the minister resident at Japan, be, and he is hereby, authorized to rent, furnish, and keep suitable buildings, with grounds appurtenant, in Jeddo, or such other place as he may designate, for a courthouse and jail, at an annual cost not exceeding five thousand dollars; provided, that the period for which the said buildings shall be rented shall be for two years, with renewals for two years as the Secretary of State shall determine.

SEC. 3. That a further sum, not to exceed two thousand five hundred dollars, be, and the same is hereby, also appropriated, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purchase of a suitable law library for the use of said legation in Japan, the selection of such library to be made by the Secretary of State.

Approved March 3, 1873.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 67.]

An act to establish a board of local inspectors of steam vessels for the customs district of Michigan, in the State of Michigan.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there shall be a local board of inspectors designated and appointed for the customs district of Michigan, in the State of Michigan, and the inspector of hulls and the inspector of boilers, composing the said board, shall receive a salary of nine hundred dollars a year each.

Approved March 3, 1873.