ACRES OF FLAMES.

Fifteen Acres of the Business Portion of Seneca Falls, N. Y. Devastated by Fire—The Burned Quarter Includes the Principal Newspaper Offices, Post-Office, Opera-House, Hotels and Many Other Prominent Interests—The Loss Estimated at Half a Million.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 30.—A special to the Herald from Seneca Falls gives the following particulars of the fire there:

The inevitable has occurred. The Pew building, against the erection of which three or more years ago such earnest protest was made, fulfilled its mission as a fire trap this morning, and it is feared that it has also proven a death-trap. A few minues after three o'clock this morning the building, which was directly opposite Hoag's Opera-House in Fall street, was discovered to be burning in Sutherland & Squire's restaurant. In a few minutes the entire structure was on fire. Had naught but the shell suffered there would have been trifling cause for regret, but at seven o'clock the fairest commercial portion of the town was in ashes, or in flames. The Pew building was approachable from but one side, and the atmosphere quickly became so hot that the firemen could not endure it. The splendid Phœnix block, involving the electric-light plant, the electric-railway plant, the post-office, express office, the Reveille printing establishment, the Courier, Sanderson's furniture warerooms and the Western Union Telegraph office, succumbed to the flames, and within four hours fifteen stores east of it to the Sheldon block, were burned. The flames sprang across the street to Hoag's Opera House before an hour had passed and that was consumed, with all of Fall street on that side east to the Sheldon block, while on the north side, the Co-operative block was the limit. On State street the flames extended to and included Kellogg's livery stable, but all of his stock was saved. The sufferers, with some approximate losses on real property, are given below, there being a fairly average insurance.

The Phoenix block. $80,000.

Electric Light plant, $30,000 (not wholly destroyed).

Sylvester Pew, $3,000.

Johnson block, $16,000.

Howe block, $12,000.

Desky block, $10,000.

Sheldon block, $7,000.

Hoag Hotel, damaged probably $15,000.

Hoag's Opera House and block, $40,000.

Daniels' block, $13,000.

The Mirror block, $4,000.

Crowell block, $4,500.

McCarlin's block, $6,500.

Miller block, $2,000.

In State street the fire rapidly lapped up the Hudson House and blacksmith shop, George's barber shop, Farnese's store, the Norcott block, including Comber's liquor store; Hall's cigar factory, Hanna's second-hand store; Chinese laundry; Denison's shoe shop; Kellogg's livery and the two rear houses next thereto, where the fire is now limited.

Among the tenants who lose heavily are the Journal office, Nurnold Bros., Nellie Jennings, Jacob Allen, Jno. H. Crowell, T. R. Lawrence, Sutherland & Squires, Madden's news room, Maurer Bros'. store and barber shop, Mrs. Hadley's millinery store, Van Kleck's and Gilmore's drug stores, and Hoag's drug store; Hill's grocery, Addison's shoe store, Carnsey & Waller's hardware store, Phillips & Hawk's hardware store, Blodgett's dry-goods store, Howe's hat store, beside many tenants in the rooms above the stores.

All three newspapers are burned out, and the telegraph and telephone service is suspended. The Gleason & Bailey works were several times on fire, but the flames were kept down without doing injury.

The fire was confined to the territory already named. The buildings consumed embrace thirty-three stores, the livery, blacksmith shop and three houses, and Hoag's Hotel. Twenty-five of the buildings were of brick, and from two to three stories in height, and only one of them for business purposes was vacant. Three of the best-equipped printing offices in the State, the Courier, Reveille and Journal, lie buried in the ruins. But a few losses and insurances are obtainable. The loss on the opera-house is about $30,000; insurance, $10,000; Hoag's Hotel, $27,000; insurance, $10,000; R. G. Waynes, $4,000, insurance, $2,000; John H. Crowell, loss, $500, insured; Farnice, insured; Jacob Allen, loss, $800; no insurance. Comber had no insurance. Jacobin, the insurance man, places the loss at $500,000, with probable insurance of one-quarter the amount. The loss on buildings is estimated at about $200,000. The mail was wholly removed from the post-office, but the safe could not be reached, and the books, money, stamps, etc., it is hoped, are safely wet down in the waters of the race-way beneath. Grand Army Hall, in the third story of the Daniels' block, is among the things that were. A part of the records of Cross Post, including its charter and the irreparable loss of many relics and mementoes, will be a source of regret to the veterans. John Duff, of the paid fire department, sustained a fracture of a leg by a flying pipe and hose. All the saloons were closed by order of President Rumsey.

The Loss Placed at Half a Million.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 30.—The latest news from Seneca Falls places the loss at $500,000. Fifteen acres were burned over, covered principally by three-story brick buildings.

Seven Bodies Recovered.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 31.—All day long a crowd of busy searchers with grappling irons and hooks were fishing the waters in the vicinity of Monday night's disaster on the river for bodies of victims. Seven bodies were recovered. They were: Harry Kopp, Lena Beetz, Lillie Griggs, Annie Rieth, Mrs. Sophia Faber, Mrs. Lizzie Grenzer and Willie Beigal. The bodies were in a badly decomposed condition and presented a sickening appearance. The faces and other parts of the bodies were badly eaten by crabs, and they were recognized only by their clothes etc.

Forty Acres of Flame.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Fire, supposed to have originated from a spark from a locomotive, started about seven o'clock yesterday afternoon in the lumber yards just north of the mouth of the Chicago river. Fanned by a heavy breeze, it spread rapidly, burning over nearly forty acres before it was subdued. The total loss will exceed $200,000. Ayers & Company's lumber yard and the Fitzsimmons & McConly Dredge Company are among the heaviest losers. The fire destroyed nearly $25,000 worth of freight cars belonging to the Northwestern Railroad Company.

OPPOSED TO LOTTERIES.

The President Sends a Message to Congress Calling Attention to Recent Attempts to Establish and Perpetuate Lottery Schemes, and Urging Legislation to Reduce Their Pernicious Influence to the Minimum by Closing the Mails to Them.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The President sent the following message to Congress yesterday:

The recent attempt to secure a charter from the State of North Dakota for a lottery company; the pending effort to obtain from the State of Louisiana a renewal of the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery, and the establishment of one or more lottery companies at Mexican towns near our border, have served the good purpose of calling attention to an evil of vast proportions. If the baneful effects of these lotteries were confined to the States that give the companies corporate powers and a license to conduct the business, the citizens of other States, being powerless to apply legal regulations, might clear themselves of responsibility by the use of such moral agencies as were within their reach. But the case is not so. The people of all the States are debauched and defrauded. The vast sums of money offered to the States for charters are drawn from the people of the United States, and the General Government, through its mail system, is made the effective and profitable medium of intercourse between the lottery company and its victims. The use of the mails is quite as essential to the companies as the State license. It would be practically impossible for these companies to exist if the public mails were once effectively closed against their advertisements and remittances. The use of the mails by these companies is a prostitution of an agency only intended to serve the purposes of a legitimate trade and decent social intercourse.

It is not necessary, I am sure, for me to attempt to portray the robbery of the poor and the width of corruption of public and private morals which are mere necessary incidents of these lottery companies. The National capital has become a sub-headquarters of the Louisana Lottery Company, and its numerous agents and attorneys are conducting here a business requiring probably a larger use of the mails than that of any legitimate business enterprise in the District of Columbia. There seems to be good reason to believe that the corrupting touch of these agents has been felt by the clerks in the postal service and by some of the police officers of the District of Columbia.

Severe and effective legislation should be promptly enacted to enable the Post-office Department to purge the mails of all the letters, newspapers and circulars relating to this business.

The letter of the Postmaster-General which I transmit herewith, points out the inadequacy of the existing statutes, and suggests legislation that would be effective. It may also be necessary to so regulate the carrying of letters by the express companies as to prevent the use of those agencies to maintain communication between the lottery companies and their agents or customers in other States.

It does not seem possible that there can be any division of sentiment as to the propriety of closing the mails against these companies, and I therefore venture to express the hope that such proper powers as are necessary to that end will be at once given to the Post-office Department.

[Signed.] BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Executive Mansion, July 29, 1891.

Accompanying the message are two documents, one a letter of the Postmaster-General directing the President's attention to the subject; the other a compilation of the laws relating to lotteries heretofore enacted, together with the decisions of courts defining those laws. In his letter to the President, the Postmaster-General says that the urgent necessity of the case impels him to anticipate his annual report by this special communication in regard to the use of the mails by the Louisiana Lottery Company.

THE INSURRECTION QUELLED.

The Argentine Revolution Comes to an Inglorious End from Lack of Ammunition to Further Prosecute the Fight.

LONDON, July 29.—The Argentine Legation has received the following:

BUENOS AYRES, Monday, 2:30 p. m.

Announce that the insurrection has been completely subdued. The President of the Republic and the National Cabinet are giving orders from the national government house. The Finance Minister has been set at liberty.

[Signed] JUAN GARCIA.

Garcia is the Prime Minister of the Argentine Republic.

The Government Completely Victorious.

LONDON, July 30.—The Argentine Legation in London received last night the following telegram signed by the Minister of Finance, Garcia:

BUENOS AYRES, July 29.

The government is completely victorious. The mutineers have capitulated and deposited their arms in the arsenal. All rebellious superior officers will be dismissed. The troops are returning to their quarters under the command of loyal officers. The minor officers participating in the revolution will be transferred to positions of less influence. The forces mobilized by the government are returning to the provinces. The political situation is thoroughly consolidated. The capital and the whole country are tranquil.

JUAN GARCIA,
Prime Minister.

Further Particulars.

LONDON, July 30.—The Times special from Buenos Ayres says: At the time pickets of the Union Civica were being extended, Provisional President Alem, stated that negotiations were in progress, and he expected them to be successful.

At noon the squardron began firing on the government house and firing was renewed in various parts of the city. President Celman and his adherents were obliged to abandon the government house. They took up their quarters in the street on the twenty-fifth of July. The squadron had improved its aim so that every shot but one struck the government house. Alem and Lopez claimed after the bombardment ceased that they had ordered the fire discontinued. It is believed, however, that the ammunition gave out and that this led to the final capitulation of the Union Civica, whose chief reliance had come to be in the navy. The ammunition in the hands of the insurgent land forces was also insufficient.

Relief for the South Lawrence Cyclone Sufferers—More Help Needed.

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 30.—Battery C, which has been on duty at the ruins daily since Saturday, yesterday morning voted one hundred dollars for the relief of the cyclone sufferers. Rev. Clark Carter, Rev. M. F. McManus and Rev. M. F. Collins have been appointed a sub-committee on distribution of the relief money and $4,000 has been placed in their hands. They have established headquarters on Springfield street, and are issuing orders for supplies. Much more money than has been raised is urgently needed.

The Great Conflagration at Wallace, Wash.

SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., July 30.—The fire at Wallace, Sunday night, started at eight o'clock in the Central Hotel, and in two hours every thing had gone up, the supply of water in the reservoir having given out after ten minutes work by the firemen. One man, Antonio Demarcio, was burned to death. Help is pouring in from the surrounding towns. The district burned covers six blocks, the fire even reaching the surrounding hills and consuming a portion of the residence part of the town.

LACK OF DELICACY.

A Republican Organ Attacks Pension Commissioner Raum.

Either Pension Commissioner Raum should resign or his son John should go out of the pension business. There ought to be sufficient sense of the proprieties of life in the family to force one of them to quit.

It appears that a man named Wilkinson and Mr. John Raum have gone into the pension and bounty claims business, the senior partner having an office in the little village of Mount Carmel in this State, and the junior partner having one in Washington, and looking after cases before a bureau where his father is Commissioner and one of his brothers a clerk. The firm is advertising over Illinois and probably over the country.

It is not at all probable that Messrs. Wilkinson & Raum have any special facilities for getting business attended to at the Pension Bureau. It would be hazardous to favor them at the expense of other claim agents. Still, the name of a public officer is being used to get business for a firm of which his son is one of the members. The old soldiers will believe that an agent who is so near to the Commissioner must have advantages which others do not possess. It comes close, therefore, to being a case of getting business under false pretenses.

A son who had any delicacy of feeling would not do any thing which would subject his father to unjust but natural suspicions. A father who cared much for his good name would not tolerate for a moment the attempt on the part of a son to trade on it. The members of the Raum family seem to have thick hides, however, and they may not mind what the outside world is saying so long as the cash comes in.

General Raum went into office under favorable circumstances. He had made a good record in the Internal Revenue Bureau. He succeeded the "surplus-buster," Tanner, whose administration of the office had been marked by irregularities, such as the rerating of pensions, but for some time back the present incumbent has been the object of charges in and out of Congress, and to some of them he has made no reply. So far as these accusations hinted at misconduct nobody who knew him believed them. When he was accused of peddling out among his clerks the stock of a company in which he was interested he denied it, and his denial was believed.

But in the light of this unrebuked appearance of his son as a pension agent at a time when the business, owing to the passage of the dependent act, is to be a most profitable one, it is difficult to see how far General Raum's denials of past charges can be given much weight. He has shown too plainly that he has not a high standard of official propriety—that he is willing to put up with suspicion and distrust, so that some member of his family may make a little money out of the old soldiers. His course is mortifying to every Illinoisan.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

THE FORCE BILL.

Condemned by Business Men in All Sections of the Country.

As a general rule, we think that business journals should not interfere in partisan politics, but there are political measures which are so intimately associated with the welfare of the whole country that it becomes the duty of every business man to speak out and let himself be heard upon them.

At Appomattox General Grant said to General Lee: "Tell your men to take their horses home with them to help them make their crops," and afterward uttered the immortal words: "Let us have peace."

The people of the South accepted their defeat in good part, and went earnestly to work to retrieve their fortunes, with a result which has challenged the admiration of the world; but just as the New South is emerging from its darkness, with its labor contented and its resources developing by a union of Southern effort and Northern capital, certain politicians, actuated by the same spirit which General Grant rebuked, now come forward and for partisan purposes seek again to stir up strife between the North and the South by proposing what is popularly known as "the force bill," a Federal election law which Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, the great leaders of the Republican party, if alive to-day, would unhesitatingly condemn, and which every fair-minded man must pronounce as unwise as it is unnecessary. Even intelligent colored men are already found protesting against it as sure to result in detriment to their race.

The conditions at the South are such that until the colored people have grown in intelligence, toleration and virtue, the white race must necessarily be the dominant race. Northern Republicans, who visit the South and see for themselves, admit this. The property of the South is being taxed to educate the colored people, and in time they will rise to the responsibilities and duties of citizenship; but to attempt to employ bayonets in regulating elections in a Republican country a quarter of a century after the war, is a step backward that "the common sense of most" will not indorse, and that the dominant party will find to be as bad policy from a Republican party point of view, as it is untimely and unjust.

Among the first to condemn it will be the men in blue, who fought against the men in gray, and who sympathize more with the sentiments of their great leader than they do with those who seek to speak for the Republican party to-day. At any rate, it is time for the business men of the United States to protest in the name of the country's welfare against such legislation as the force bill, and that they *will* protest earnestly and vigorously the leaders of the Republican party will find out in 1892, if they do not before.—American Grocer.

THE SUBSIDY BILL.

A Job of Whose Magnitude But Few Have a Correct Conception.

The subsidy bill has recently passed the House, having previously passed the Senate, and will unquestionably become a law. It has not received much attention, and few have a very definite idea of what it amounts to. The object, as stated, is to re-establish the American merchant marine, and divert the foreign carrying trade from the ships of other nations that have a monopoly of it. The offer it contains is to pay certain sums to vessels built in this country, and manned by American citizens, trading with foreign ports. There was a time, before the legislative policies of the Republican party were adopted, when it was not necessary to hire American citizens to build ships and sail them on the high seas. Having destroyed the foreign commerce of the country by imposing burdens that made it impossible to compete with the merchant service of other countries, it is now proposed to pay men out of the Treasury to meet these obstacles, rather than to remove them. Many of the vessels in the carrying trade are owned by Americans, but they find it unprofitable to sail under the flag of their country. The tariff and ship-building regulations are in their way. The provisions of the act in substance are that the United States will pay each home-built ship engaged in the foreign trade a bonus of 30 cents for each 1,000 miles or fraction thereof, for every registered ton gross, with a trifling variation or two. This would involve an expense of 90 cents a ton, or nearly that for a vessel running between New York and Liverpool. A steamer of 5,000 tons register would get $4,500 for each passage, or $9,000 for the round trip. If it makes twenty trips a year it would have for its subsidy $180,000. Ships going on long voyages, such as around Cape Horn to South American ports, or about the Cape of Good Hope to India or China, would be paid in the same proportion. These figures are to continue ten years and the next nine years there is to be a reduction of three cents a ton. No close estimate can be made of the outlay to be required by this measure, but if it meets the expectations of its supporters it must run up among the large millions. They insist that it will more than multiply by four the present tonnage of about 1,000,000 in the foreign trade. The cost would be enormous were there ships under American register to take advantage of it. Time will be required to build them. This is all that saves the Treasury from a fearful depletion.—St. Paul Globe.

DEMOCRATIC TOILERS.

Can They Better Themselves by Joining a New Party?

The silly report that there is a fight on between the Democratic and Farmers' Union Labor party is entirely unfounded. The truth is the essential principles of the two parties are the same, and the question is, can Democratic farmers better themselves by leaving their party and going to some other? The Republican party is responsible for the hard times and scarcity of money in the West. Farmers who have voted that ticket have abundant right to complain, as they have not been represented at all. The men they have elected to law-making bodies have never taken into account their interests and wishes, but have wholly ignored them. On the other hand this is not true of Democrats. Democratic legislators have done their utmost to embody into laws for the past thirty years the very measures which the Western people are so earnestly demanding now. They were unable to do so, however, because the party has not had complete control of the Government since the war.

As a sample of some of the legislation passed by Democratic legislative bodies, take the work of the Indiana Legislature two years ago. Among the important laws passed by it were the following:

1. The new school-book law, which reduces the cost of text books forty per cent.

2. The Australian election system which will prevent fraud at the polls.

3. The payment of wages every two weeks to employes.

Other laws might be cited, but these are sufficient for the present. They are all in the interest of the people and what they have been demanding. In Missouri, a Democratic State, the only law so far passed in the United States against trusts, an anti-trust law can be found which confiscates the property of these oppressive organizations, and which has served to compel them to quit operating in that State. So, by careful inquiry, the Democratic farmer and laborer will find that his party has done all in its power to forward his interests, always meeting with the united opposition of Republican legislators. What then has a Democratic farmer or laborer to gain in leaving his party to vote a third ticket? Nothing. A Republican, however, has the best reasons to leave his party. If the Republican farmers of this county are honest and sincere in advocating the principles enunciated by the F. M. B. A., and Farmers' Alliance, we do not understand how they can ever consistently vote a Republican ticket again. If the measures advocated by these orders are in their interest, then of necessity the measures that have been passed and are being voted for now by the Republican party are directly against their interests, while those of the Democratic party are in harmony with them. This is a serious subject, and should be the object of serious consideration on the part of every voter.—Washington (Ind.) Democrat.

PRESS COMMENTS.

——It seems to be settled that State rights are for Northern States. The South must content itself with National rule.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——Vice-President Morton is not one of those prohibitionists who carry water on both shoulders. One of his shoulders he devotes to alcoholic mixtures.—Courier-Journal.

——That stanch Republican paper, the Philadelphia American, advises all Republicans to vote the Democratic Gubernatorial ticket this time. Things seem all ready for a "tidal wave" in the Keystone State.—Boston Globe.

——So there will be no Pattison men and no Wallace men in the Pennsylvania Democracy. They are all Democrats.

"We will unite the white rose and the red,
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction."
—N. Y. Sun.

——The New York Tribune editorially inquires: "Who says it is a force bill?" Well, leaving out a few millions of Democrats, the Pioneer-Press of Minnesota says so, and Murat Halstead of Brooklyn and Cincinnati says so.—Washington Critic.

——Why should the House or the Administration be expected to take notice of the scandalous conduct of Pension Commissioner Raum? Is he not a Republican, engaged in distributing the surplus among his own relations and clients and the pension raiders?—N. Y. World.

——The force bill will produce another crop of carpet-baggers, but they will not find the South of 1865 in 1890, and it would be well enough for them to exercise a degree of caution when they approach Kemper County.—Louisville Times.

——In an interview with the Rochester Union (Dem.) Bob Ingersoll says: "I believe in protecting what are called the infant industries, but after these 'infants' get to be six feet high and wear No. 12 boots is about time to stop rocking the cradle, especially when the 'infant' tells you that if you stop rocking he will get out of the cradle and kick your head off."

PITH AND POINT.

—"And, Alphonse, do you think you can love me a little when I am old?" "Yes, very."—Boston Times.

—Never get mad when the other fellow does. Wait until he cools off, and then you will have the field to youself.—Texas Siftings.

—Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby.—Terre Haute Express.

—Jenks—"Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?" Blinks—"I don't know. Why?" Jenks—"I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"By the way, how is Higgins? I heard he was at death's door." "I don't know about that, but the last time I saw him he was on the step pulling the doctor's bell."—Philadelphia Times.

—Farmer Wayback—"All my pigs broke out last night and the constable put them in the pound." Farmer Wise—"Take care of the pens and the pounds will take care of themselves."—Puck.

—In the Sanctum—"What do you mean by saying that the author of this story is a young man of twenty? He is sixty-four years of age." "You forget. He was twenty when the story was accepted.—N. Y. Sun.

—Spacer—"Oh, well, I don't care whether you accept my jokes or not. I can sell them elsewhere." Editor—"I dare say you can. What has been done once can be done again, and all these jokes have been sold before."—Epoch.

—She had sent off a telegram and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion: "That's from George, I know. I can tell his stutter."—Philadelphia Times.

—Magazize Editor—"Great Lucifer! man, we can't accept such a poem as that." Poet—"Why? I think it one of the best things I have ever done." Magazine Editor—"Bah, it's too simple. Why, our readers would understand what it means the first time they read it."

—A Williamsport girl, who, in the matter of beauty and effectionate exuberance, was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own, I have a parrot that can swear and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."—Oil City Blizzard.

—Sweet Girl Graduate—"I'm so glad you liked my essay on 'The Philosophical and Religious Thought of the Ancient Etruscans.' Do you know I'm going to send it to a journal in the city of Washington for publication." Friend—"I certainly would do so, as the essay shows you to be a soundly and thoroughly-educated American woman." Sweet Girl Graduate—"By the way, what state is Washington in?—America.

—"Brethren and sisters," and the patient old pastor buttoned his threadbare coat closer about his spare form, "I notice that members of this congregation are shivering from the cold. I should have replaced the broken pane of glass in this window behind me weeks ago with rags if they could have been spared from the family wardrobe. The collection for foreign missions will now be taken up.

POWER OF SUGGESTION.

A Much More Powerful Factor Than Is Generally Supposed.

If Fletcher, of Saltoun, had lived in our day, he would have modified his well-known aphorism, and declared that: "Let me make the newspapers of a people, and I care not who makes the laws." It is, indeed, a matter of common observation that the man who reads but one newspaper is likely to become more or less consciously the echo of its opinions. But recent investigations of the phenomena of hypnotism show that the imprint made upon the brain by reading, however cursory, is much deeper and more permanent than is commonly supposed. A patient at one of the Paris hospitals was able, while in the trance state, to repeat word for word a scientific lecture which she had heard some time before, but of which in her normal condition she could not recollect a syllable. Other experiments showed that, had she read the lecture, instead of hearing it, the result would have been the same. Another instance indicating that impressions made upon the brain, though we may not be able to reproduce them at will, really last as long as the life of the organism, is mentioned by Sir William Hamilton. It is the case of a man who, in the delirium of fever, uttered sentences in several foreign languages with neither of which did he in a state of health possess any acquaintance. It turned out upon inquiry that at one period of his life this man had heard those languages spoken, though he had never understood them. If we reflect upon this seemingly well-established imperishability of cerebral impressions, we can not but feel that it immensely heightens the moral responsibility of all writers, and especially of contributors to newspapers which have a world-wide audience.

The daily record of crime and vice, though it may not afterward be recoverable by the reader through any deliberate effort of the memory, is nevertheless engraven on the tablets of the brain, and who can say that its evil suggestions may not under certain morbid conditions, or at some grave moral crisis, exercise an imperceptible but malignant influence upon the character and conduct. It is certain that the crimes which hypnotized persons may be made to commit are perpetrated in obedience to suggestions addressed to those very sections of the brain, normally inactive, which, under special stimulation, evince the extraordinary tenacity of memory above described. Why, under hypnotic conditions, may not crime be self-suggested? This field of inquiry is as yet but imperfectly explored, but some experiments indicate that what is called auto-suggestion, or a morbid impulse excited by the remembered wrongdoing of others, may be irresistible by a hypnotized person, while in his waking hours it would be easily controled. The inference is that evil communications may corrupt good manners in ways more subtle than have hitherto been imagined, and that he should do well to safe-guard young men and young women not only from those books and newspapers which deliberately palliate crime and vice, but even from those which present a colorless record of evil-doings considered as a matter of news—N. Y. Ledger.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

A HAPPY LOT.

Happy the boy whose lot in life
'Mid rural scenes is cast,
Whose youthful hours with birds and flowers
Contentedly are passed;
Whose home is where the dense woods wave
And emerald meadows lav,
Where Nature stands with outstretched hands,
Inviting him to play.

The mill-race, churned to dancing foam,
The pond, the rush-rimmed brook,
Are free for him to sail or swim,
Or cast the baited hook;
He roams in blossomed clover dells,
Companion of the bee,
And for the fruits his palate selects
He plucks the orchard tree.

He sees no signs: "Keep off the grass!"
"Boys not admitted here!"
Policemen grim don't trouble him
And make him quake with fear;
No threatening municipal laws
His outdoor sports annoy;
There don't exist a Socialist
Free as the country boy.

These summer days he sports about
Barefoot and jacketless;
No fashion plates he imitates
In matters such as dress;
The prisoned brick and mortar lads
May dub him "Country Jake,"
But everywhere the pure, fresh air
Clear brains and stout limbs make.

And while the draughts of rich ozone
Feed muscle, brain and lung,
The rustic mind is quick to find
Gems in our mother tongue;
For where the state, the pen, the sword,
Ambition's slaves employ,
High up in fame is carved the name
Of many a country boy.

—P. C. Fossett, in Golden Days.

LIVING FOR GOOD TIMES.

How a Selfish Little Boy Learned to Plant the Good Seed.

There was once a little boy who had such an appetite for good times that he was called Good-Times Freddy.

Now, what do you think was his idea of good times? Why, pleasing himself, playing, eating, reading fairy tales, getting gifts at Christmas, and stuffing himself till his buttons flew off at Thanksgiving time!

One way of having a good time, according to Fred's belief, was to "knee it" up and down and across the lawn. Another way was to make taffy on the kitchen stove ironing-day. Freddy had a most delightfully good time whenever a homeless cat crossed his path. To see his little terrier frighten timid Mrs. Tabby, and send her flying over the high board fence, caused Good-Times Freddy to fairly bubble over with delight.

Or if an ugly little mongrel specimen of a dog happened to stray into Fred's domain for a sociable call upon the elegant terrier, to see that same dog go scuttling off over the pavement with a tin pail banging and bouncing at his tail, caused Fred the most intense joy.

There were little sisters in Good-Times Fred's family, and a baby boy. Sometimes mamma wished Fred to amuse these little people while she was making good things in the kitchen for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the same thing over again. (Oh, such a lot of goodies as it took for the stomach of Good-Times Fred!)

But when Fred was asked to stay in the house and play with Patty and Matty and Toddlekins, he would throw himself flat upon the floor, and utter wailings like unto this:

"Ow, wow, wow! I never can't have no good times!"

Now you know there are only just so many good times in the world. It seems a pity that there are not more, but probably things are best as they are in this respect. There being a limited quantity of good times, if one boy gets more than his share, somebody else must do without. On account of the good times "kneeing it" over the lawn, mamma was obliged to sit up nights, and patch and darn till she had bad times with her aching head.

Because Good-Times Fred was determined that he wouldn't help take care of Patty and Matty and Toddlekins, mamma couldn't go out and get as much fresh air as she needed. Because he would climb scraggly nut-trees and peaked picket fences, his new suits cost so much that mamma sometimes had to do without new gloves or a new gown. At last this poor overworked mamma fell sick. The headaches got worse and worse till there was not much but headaches.

A tall, sharp-eyed, Roman-nosed doctor was called. He was the kind of a doctor who can see right through little boys, and he saw through Good-Times Freddy at the first sharp glance. He saw through the gentle, tender-hearted mother, too.

"See here," he said, holding up a long bony forefinger. "See here, madame! You are worn threadbare. Now you might take a barrel of pills and powders; you might dose your liver, and dose your stomach, and brace your nerves, and rectify your heart—for they're all ailing—but it would do no good. Madame, you must have change; you must leave every chick and child behind you, and go off and enjoy yourself. Tone, madame, tone is what you need."

So the patient mamma went away for her share of the good times, and a housekeeper as tall, as bony, as grisly, as the doctor, came to take her place.

It is well known that housekeepers like good times almost as well as little boys. The very first time that Mrs. Toothacre caught Fred on his knees out of doors she called him in and sent him to bed.

"No place like bed for boys," she said. "They're out of sight and hearing, and their clothes last twice as long if you keep 'em in bed."

So hungry was our little Piggy Wee. But in vain did he squeal for more cake, pie or bread and butter.

"You shan't stuff while I'm here," said the grim, slim, trim Mrs. Toothacre. "You'd be hungry any way, however much you ate."

And the hours that Fred spent shut up with Patty and Matty and Toddlekins! Why, it was beyond belief!

"Good Times!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "Oh, you will have good times when your mother's quite gone from you!"

You see, Fred had been complaining, as usual, that he never had any good times, and in the midst of his moanings had jingled the postman's bell. A letter from mamma was handed in, which Mrs. Toothacre hastened to read.

"When's she a comin' home—say, Miss Toothache, when's my mamma a comin'?" said Fred.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, she won't come home at all. She's very sick. Your papa writes that she seems to grow weaker instead of stronger."

"And shall you stay here allers?" inquired the grief-stricken boy.

"Mebbe, an' mebbe not," said Mrs. Toothacre.

A great wail went up, that no scolding and no threats could stop. Good-Times Freddy had a heart, after all. That night he couldn't eat his supper. Something swelled in his throat that kept him from swallowing. Pretty soon after that, a dimple-cheeked young aunty came to stay with the children. Fred began to love her the moment she stepped into the house.

"What made mamma sick?" he asked, wistfully, the day she came, leaning on her shoulder, with her soft, round arm clasped about him.

"I think your good times helped to make her sick," said gentle Aunt Grace. "And now all those good times have changed into one big bad time—the very saddest and sorrowfulest kind of a time."

"Do good times always make bad times?" asked the tearful little boy.

"Not always. But your good times my boy, were like seeds that make ugly, prickly, stinging things—and that's because they were selfish good times, which really are no good times at all."

"I see," said Fred, who was a very bright boy; "I've been a plantin' thistles an' nettles an' burs, an' now they're a stickin' into me."

"But suppose we begin planting some of the right kind of seed," said Aunt Grace, smiling; "the kind that comes up in genuine good times."

Fred was curious to have Aunt Grace tell him about the wonderful seed. But she said they had talked long enough. There was work to do, and Patty and Matty and Toddlekins must be attended to.

"I'll tell them that story about the mouse mother and the baby mice," said Fred. "The poor things really don't have any good times."

"There's hope for little Good-Times Fred," said Aunt Grace to herself. "He has really begun to think about making good times for other folks."

Quite patiently Fred went over and over with the story, till the little folks had had enough. At the end they threw three pairs of fat arms around his neck, and printed a dozen baby kisses upon his round red cheeks. His face sparkled with pleasure as he went to give an account of himself to Aunt Grace.

"You needn't tell me about it, Fred," she said. "I see it all in your face. You have made a good time for the babies, and the good time has stretched out so that there is enough for you. It is a kind of a miracle."

"I'd like to make another good time for somebody."

"Go help Mrs. Toothacre. She is making supper, and the fire is giving her a very bad time."

Fred ran out, with an offer to help.

"Dry wood I want, if there's to be any supper to-night," said the slim, prim housekeeper.

The wood-box was filled, which so pleased and cheered Mrs. Toothacre that she baked Fred a special little cake, and covered it with red and white candies.

And so the true good times began. They grew and grew, and reached even to mamma in her sick-room. It was about this time that she began to get better, and one day, a long month later, the Roman-nosed doctor said she might go home to her children.

"I have been planting good-times seed," said Fred, as he nestled close to her side on the night of her return.

Mamma was completely mystified.

"What?" asked she.

"Good-times seed. Of course, you don't understand; but just wait a few days, and you will see."—Mrs. M. F. Butts, in S. S. Times.

OWLS.

Habits of Some of These Wise-Looking Birds.

Oh! the round-headed owls
Are such wise-looking fowls,
That you'd think they'd read many a book.
But, between you and me,
Like some people you see,
They're not nearly as wise as they look.

Owls have large, puffy heads, big, blinking eyes, short, stout bodies, little hooked beaks and soft, downy feather coats, and almost all of them sleep in the daytime and go about at night, for their eyes are not strong enough to bear the light of day. Owl-faces and cat-faces are very much alike, and the owls and cats themselves are in many respects very much alike, so much so, in fact, that one of our great naturalists says "an owl is a cat with two legs, two wings and a feather coat, and a cat is an owl with four legs and a fur coat." They both eat rats, mice, birds and fish, and they both see well in the dark.

A snowy owl is a handsome bird. Its coat is white as snow, its claws and beak are black and its eyes are orange color. This owl is one of the few owls that fly by day, and it is a good fisher. It sits on a rock or the branch of a tree that hangs over the water, and when a fish comes within reach it takes the unfortunate swimmer with its sharp long claws in the twinkling of an eye.

The coquimbo or burrowing owl is a quaint, long-legged owl, not quite eleven inches in length, which lives in those parts of America where prairie dogs abound in the burrows made by these curious little animals. They are also day owls and can even stand the glare of the noon-day sun, and they may be seen any time of the day or evening perched on the small heaps of earth that are thrown up in front of their homes.

Some owls are called horned owls because they have two tufts on their heads that look like horns. They are very large, strong birds with white throats and reddish brown coats and their beaks and claws are black, and their eyes the same color as those of the snowy owls.

The horned owls kill and eat squirrels, rabbits, ducks and wild turkeys, and, like the majority of their kind, they hide in the dark woods all day and prowl about at night, when they utter a loud and fearful cry which sounds like "Waugh O! Waugh O! Waugh O!"

The barn or screech owl is always found near human habitations, generally in the vicinity of farm-yards, where it loves to dwell, not for the sake of devouring the young poultry, but of eating the mice that do so much damage in the ricks, fields and barns.

This bird is easily tamed when young, and makes a very amusing pet.

Most owls build their nests in holes in trees. They build them of big sticks, leaves, grass and feathers, and their eggs are large and white.—Detroit Free Press.

In the Same Business.

Inventor—I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity.

Broker (turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations)—My dear sir, that's just what I am doing.—Texas Siftings.