

Rifted Clouds.

Merry May. A sudden closing of books proclaims the final verdict of a mastery over geometrical problems and Caesar's twisted speeches. A kind of reverie steals over me, and, although interesting histories and delightful poems are lying on my study-table, I turn from them, and find my thoughts occupied with the scenes without. It has been a dreary, winter day, and a misty rain is falling. I look across to the hills opposite my window where the bare woodland makes me sigh for very loneliness, when I remember how many happy hours we spent there through the sunny summer, and how grand and majestic were the trees under the reign of Autumn's jeweled fingers, which made them glow with hues brighter than gold and rubies. Now oaks and maples stand as monuments of sweet spring flowers beautiful summer verdure, and glorious autumn leaves. I turn from the window to my study-table; but a sense of dreariness still oppresses me, as I notice the familiar places of last year's pleasant papers still lying with "1876" on the top number—no fresh tokens of "1877" scattered over the books and slates, enjoying unrestrained freedom, until consigned to their places on file with the others. These hard times are the dreary clouds of our home skies. But sunny days will not always last, and when prosperity grows dim, the best thing for us to do is to learn to make use of the blessings that are bestowed upon us. "Enjoy what you have" is a good motto, that ought now to be practiced in our pleasant country homes—pleasant, although we feel keenly sometimes the absence of many-wished-for luxuries. So I select my evening's reading, feeling that I have purchased an hour of enjoyment in this way, by my afternoon's study, and repair to the sitting-room, where, after a short chat, I don my kitchen apron, and am ready to perform the office of singing milkmaid and jovial Bridget. By the time the evening's work is finished and supper waiting on the table, I have quite forgotten my dreary musings, because in visiting cellar and pantry I see evidence of the abundance of food with which country people are supplied, and thus conclude that we ought to be content. If we strive to keep a merry heart, sunshine enough will gleam through the lowering mists of "hard times." With pleasant words and happy faces we find it easy to forget the dreariness without, when all is cheerfulness within.

Great Wealth a Great Mockery.

If you are ever tempted to purchase a very large pear, decline the investment or reckon upon a disappointment. You will probably find it woody, almost tasteless, and more like a turnip than a pear. We know, for we have the experiment in the land where the gigantic pears are grown. Overgrown fruits never seem to us to have the delicate sweetness which may be found in those of the usual dimensions. What is gained in quantity is more than lost in quality. In the same manner great wealth, great honor and great rank generally turn out to be great shams. Beside the counteracting influences of great care and great temptation, there is the inevitable satiety in too much of anything, which soon renders it tasteless. For sweetness prefer competence to enormous fortune, the esteem of a few to the homage of a multitude, and a quiet condition to a position of eminence and splendor. There is more flavor in enough than in too much. Solomon's proverb bids us prefer the dinner of herbs eaten in peace to the stalled ox consumed amid contention; and his remark is the more practical when we consider how often the fat ox seems of necessity to involve contention, while the herbs are not thought to be worth fighting over. He chose wisely who said: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." He took the smaller and the sweeter pear. After all, it is better to have no choice, but leave it all with our Heavenly Father.

How Do You Keep Your Books?

We believe that there is a considerable proportion of men engaged in business—men who know how to buy goods, and can make a good sale of the same—who do not understand the details of keeping accounts. These men go on, year after year, without this knowledge, content if they find enough money in their drawer or at the bank to meet their bills. But, when you talk to them about a balance sheet, they immediately show a lamentable ignorance of the rules by which it should be made. Such ignorance may be very well when trade is flush and the skies are bright; but when the screw of hard times is applied, they are like a captain of a rudderless ship, who does not know when or how the rudder was lost. Partners go on drawing out money for personal expenses, exceeding in amount the profits of the business, but they fail to see that this excess diminishes the capital of the concern. A and B form a partnership, and put in \$15,000 each. If each draws out \$2,500 for living expenses during the year, there must be a profit of \$5,000 made by the business in order to keep the capital at its original figures. If the profits fall below the amounts drawn out the capital is diminished by whatever that difference may be. This is simplicity itself, and it requires no special education to understand it. Therefore, if a business man understands how such a sheet should be made, he has no excuse for not knowing just how he stands.

No Blue Laws, Either.

It has been known for some years to those familiar with the history of New England, that the surprising jumble of absurd enactments known as "the Blue Laws of Connecticut" were in fact, never on the statute books of that colony or any other, but were invented by a renegade parson, Rev. Samuel Peters, who ran away from home, where his genius for fabrication was not rewarded, to England, where he issued his "Blue Laws," and got a very good living by slandering his native land. To puncture Peters' forgeries so that they will never again have credence, J. Hammond Trumbull, one of our most trustworthy historians, has just issued a brochure giving the bogus "Blue Laws" of that romancer, and contrasting them with the most rigid and unreasonable of the genuine colonial statutes of that early time. He shows with what insane carelessness the most famous historians have accepted Peters' Revised Statutes as a true version, forbidding a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and forbidding a woman to make beds or kiss her child on a Sunday or fast day. The real laws of the Connecticut colony were bad enough; for they prescribed modes of worship and forms of doctrine, and prohibited all Sunday travel, except to and from church, and then the horse must never go out of a walk; but Dr. Trumbull shows that the contemporary laws of England, Massachusetts and New York were worse than those of Connecticut, and that, after Episcopalians were permitted to worship in New Haven, a Presbyterian minister was thrown into jail in New York for preaching a sermon and baptizing a child, while prisoners in this city were tortured to compel confession and capital offenders were tied up in a sack alive and drowned in the North River. The fact is that the bigoted and harsh spirit of that age affected alike all contiguous communities, and Connecticut, without being crueller than other colonies, was probably just as bad. Peters, however, can be mustered out. As a historian he is not worthy even to stand by the side of that imaginative historian of the Revolutionary war, Parson Weems, the amiable fabricator, who vouches for Washington's filial virtue and his famous hatchet, for Putnam's wolf capture, for Ethan Allen's devout remark at the gates of "Old Ti," for Marion's potato feast with the British officer, and for numerous other delightful episodes that never happened. Weems told only those incidents which ought to have been true; Peters seems to have been a wanton libeler. No Blue Laws! One by one disappear before the hand of the vandal. History, the idols of our youth! And there is no telling when the work of disenchantment will stop. William Tell, with his arrow aimed at the apple on his boy's head, has dissolved into myth. The lovely Joan of Arc, half hero and half saint, is going like one of the Eddy materializations. Robin Hood is the Jo Miller of highway adventures, to whom all sorts of impossible deeds are attributed.

Turks and Their Wives.

Having obtained a wife, it is worth while to inquire how a Turk treats her. I am not aware that she has much to complain of generally from the personal ill-treatment of her husband. I should think, as a rule, that the Turk is a fair husband. The Turk, in ordinary life, is not unkind or cruel. The wife's misfortunes arise from her position. As husband and wife see little of each other, they are not specially given to quarreling. But she is a woman, possibly purchased outright in the slave market, for it is pure illusion to suppose that the slave-trade, in Turkey has been abolished, and being a woman she bears about her on every hand the marks of degradation. It is her duty to wait on her husband, if he is poor, at meals. Her accommodation in the house is inferior to his. In all things she is his slave. If the wife is the daughter of a wealthy man her lot is not a hard one. As the law regards marriage merely as a partnership, she keeps her own property, and the husband has to be on his good behavior to obtain a share of it. If she is of poor origin she can hardly be said to have any rights. On two or three occasions it has been my lot to travel in the steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's when we have had a harem on board. In each case the husband was in the saloon with the rest of us, living well and sleeping in a comfortable cabin. The poor women were penned up as deck passengers, living on wretched food which they had brought with them. Only a few weeks ago I traveled in a steamer carrying a harem where there were perhaps twenty women, wives and slaves who were, shivering under canvas which was quite insufficient to keep out the pelting rain. I know that it is a thing almost unknown for a harem to have cabins taken for it. The husband takes care of himself, has, perhaps, as I remember seeing, unlimited champagne, and leaves his women huddled together on the deck to take care of themselves. I do not think it would be fair to charge the Turk with cruelty for thus treating his women. An Englishman does not usually take a first-class cabin for his servants, and the Turk with no more intentions of ill-will or intention of harshness than an Englishman who sends his servant third-class, will take the cheapest method of transport for his women.

Capt. Nares is to be knighted, and why not all the rest of us? We, too, never discovered the North Pole.

Moon Madness.

The popular belief that the moon's rays will cause madness in any person who sleeps exposed to them has long been felt to be absurd, and yet it has appeared to have its source in undoubted facts. Some deleterious influence is experienced by those who rashly court slumber in full moonshine, and probably there is no superstition to which the well-to-do pay more attention. Windows are often carefully covered to keep the moonbeams from entering sleeping-rooms. A gentleman living in India furnishes Nature with an explanation of this phenomenon which is at least plausible. He says: "It has often been observed that when the moon is full, or near its full time, there are rarely any clouds about; and if there be clouds before the full moon rises, they are soon dissipated; and therefore a perfect clear sky with a bright full moon, is frequently observed. A clear sky admits of rapid radiation of heat from the surface of the earth, and any person exposed to such radiation is sure to be chilled by rapid loss of heat. There is reason to believe that, under the circumstances, paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from a chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation, and consequent loss of its heat. This chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear. I have often slept in the open air in India, on a clear summer night, when there was no moon; and although the first part of the night may have been hot, yet toward two or three o'clock in the morning, the chill has been so great that I have often been awakened by an ache in my forehead, which I as often have counteracted by wrapping a handkerchief round my head, and drawing the blanket over my face. As the chill is likely to be greatest on a very clear night, and the clearest nights are likely to be those on which there is a bright moonshine, it is very possible that neuralgia, paralysis, or other similar injury, caused by sleeping in the open air, has been attributed to the moon, when the proximate cause may really have been the chill, and the moon only a remote cause acting by dissipating the clouds and haze (if it do so), and leaving a perfectly clear sky for the play of radiation into space."

Parental Pride.

Last night a crowd of loungers were sitting round the stove of a corner grocery discussing such live topics as the weather, etc. As the wind howled through the streets they hunched up closer to the stove, and filled it up with wood to warm their chill limbs and evaporate the layers of tobacco juice on top. With pardonable parental pride they began to discuss their children. Said one man, reflectively: "I s'pose I got the worst boy on the Lode. He was a taren disgrace to the family from his cradle. He squallied and had the colic till he was eight-years old, and then he began to break things. When he got to goin' to skule he never learned nothin', and was allers playin' hooky. One day he lit on one of the teachers and plum nigh murdered him with the stove-poker. He was the stupidest cuss in that ward, and in spite of my tryin' to keep him correct, he grew up to be a regular huddum."

"Yes, I heard of that boy," chimed in another from across the steaming stove. "He's a bad egg, no mistake. I'm allers sorry to see boys act that way, and I'm allers sorry for their parents, because 'tain't their fault." "It's rough to have that kind of a rat, sure enough," said another. "Hi'd break 'is bloody neck hid he was my boy," remarked a third. "Yes, you bet; I know 'im. He's a huddum from the ground up."

And so these comments passed round the store, each man taking special pains to coincide with the opinion of the squire. During the conversation, however, the squire gradually got nervous, and at the last remark he rose up with: "Men that'll insult a father by rumin' down his child are mean skunks!" And letting out his right, he pasted the last speaker in the eye, and then sailed in.

It was fine to see how his parental love asserted itself as he walked through that crowd. He just floored all hands and stamped on 'em. In two minutes he had cleaned out the place, then shaking his fist in the air, he roared out: "That boy's mine, and no man can abuse him to my face; and what's more, he ain't got his equal on the Comstock!"

Father Tabor, of the Boston Seaman's Chapel, furnishes as many good things for the papers as any other man. The other Sunday, in the midst of his sermon, he called an old salt to order, who was walking out of the meeting. "Aye, aye, sir," responded Jack; "I'll be back in the twinkling of a marlingspike; I've only got to get my grog."

The old story of a man who listened to a very pathetic discourse from a strange pulpit one day, but was the only person in the house unaffected, is put to many things of these times. Upon being inquired of by some one how he could refrain, he answered with a characteristic aridity, "Oh, sir, I belong to another church."

Why is a four-quart measure like a lady's side-saddle? Because it just holds a gall-on.

THE OLD PRINTING PRESS.

From the Australasian Typographical Journal. A song to the Press, the Printing Press! Of the good old-fashioned kind. Ere the giant machine, with its pulse of steam, Elbows it out of mind. In the days of yore One father's hour By his sturdy limbs have wrought Of iron or oak, His teachings spoke The language of burning thought.

A song to the Press, the Printing Press! As the carriage rolls merrily along, His stout sides groan, as the bar pulls home, Keeping time to the pressman's song. And the crisp, wet sheet On its errand fleet By anxious hands is sped, Though oft elsewhere It may sorrow bear, It brings to the printer bread.

Then here's to the Press—the old Printing Press! Though his days be numbered now, A fond heart weaves, of the laurel leaves A garland to deck his brow; Though the giant machine With its pulse of steam, Has doomed his form to decay; His stout old frame From our hearts shall claim Remembrance for many a day.

—GEORGE W. SOMERVILLE.

A Story of A Haunted House.

F. J. Theobald in the London Spiritist. I am sure your readers will be interested in the following account of hauntings:

I can vouch for the entire truth of the whole statement. The young lady to whom the events happened related them to me herself, and as far as possible I have used her own words as she described the details to me. For obvious reasons it would not be wise to publish the address of the house, but I may say that it was at one time inhabited by a man who held a high position in society, but is unfortunately noted in history for his atrocities, and especially during his residence on the premises now under notice.

It is beautifully situated, within a few hours' railway journey from London. I should say that my friend is not a Spiritualist, although, without her own knowledge, she must be a medium.

The following is the narrative: "One cold winter's night I awoke, and to my great surprise I found there was a bright fire-light in the room. I sat up in bed and noticed that the ordinary grate was not to be seen, but in its place appeared an old-fashioned open hearth upon which was blazing a splendid fire the light of which had filled the room and had woken me up. I saw a small strip of carpet laid down in front of the fire, but there was no fender. When we went to bed there had been a fender, but no carpet, and no fire.

"As I looked with astonishment, I particularly remarked a brass pair of fire dogs, with very curious and pretty twisted fire-irons resting upon them. By the side of the fire was a beautifully carved oak arm-chair, made with a square seat, the point of which was in front, and a round back. It was such a chair as was used two hundred years ago. In this chair was sitting an old man, he was resting his elbow on the arm of the chair, and with his hand supporting his head; he was looking directly toward me, with an intent, sad gaze.

"He was dressed in the style of the olden times—two hundred years ago—with knee breeches and stockings. I noticed curiously the flicker of the fire, as it was reflected in his bright knee and shoe buckles.

"I woke my sister who was sleeping with me, saying, 'Do you not see that old man sitting by the fire?' She sat up by my side, but saw nothing, and advised me to 'Go to sleep,' advice she acted upon herself, but I lay down and shut my eyes for a time, then sat up, and again saw the scene I have described, and watched it for some time, for I was not in the least frightened, not even at the sight of the old man, and I often wish I had spoke to him. At last I laid down and went to sleep. On awaking in the morning my sister asked me what I had been talking about in the night, fully admitting that when I awoke her I was myself most fully awake, and not in a dreaming condition. We had been living in the house about two months when this occurred, and we found that it was known through the town to be haunted.

We lived there nearly two years, and during the whole time were annoyed by mysterious knockings and noises, but the 'White Lady' did not show herself until just as we were leaving. My father and mother had already returned home, sending me and my younger sister and a young housemaid, to finish the packing up. "On Saturday evening my sister and I went out, leaving the servant to cord some boxes and put the rooms in order; we did not return until past 10 o'clock, when, to our surprise, we found the servant sitting in the hall with the front door open. She began to cry on seeing us, saying that she had been much frightened. She told us that after we had gone out, and she had changed her dress, as she was coming out of her room, which opened on the front staircase, she thought she saw me coming up-stairs, only I had changed my dress and had on a long white one; she exclaimed, 'Oh! Miss A—, you are never going out just now, in your best white dress!'

"By the time she had said this, the figure was close up to her, then she saw it was a woman, dressed in a long trailing gown of some white material, but she could not distinguish any face. The figure stopped when quite close to her, and suddenly she thought what it really was—the ghost!—upon which,

with a scream, she sprang over the flowing train, ran down into the hall, and had been sitting by the open door ever since. She had seen the figure walk into the drawing-room.

"The girl was so much alarmed that I told her she could make up a bed for herself in the room that I, with my sister, was occupying. It was the bedroom where I saw the old man by the fire. That night passed quietly, but the next night a strange thing happened. We were very late; it was past 12 before we all three retired to our room. You will understand that there was no one else in the house but our three selves. As the door would not latch securely, I placed before it, to keep it shut, a chair, with a heap of things upon it. The servant and my sister were in bed. I was standing by the dressing table, when suddenly the door was pushed open so violently that the chair was thrown out into the middle of the room. I turned round sharply, and there saw, standing in the doorway, the tall figure of a woman in a long white dress, such as has been described by the servant. The sudden opening of the door had so terrified both the servant and my sister, that I was compelled to give my attention to calming both of them down. I did not tell them what I had seen, as I would not frighten them more. I should add that when the figure went away, the door was drawn to again.

"Some few minutes passed before I had quieted my sister. I then lighted a night light, and put out the candle, preparatory to getting into bed myself. To my surprise I saw, when the room was thus darkened, that there was a bright stream of light all around the door, which would not close tightly. I went and opened the door, and found the whole passage illuminated by this white light, as light as day, but I saw no more of the figure. This frightened me dreadfully, but I could only jump into bed, and feel glad it was our last night in that house.

"I should say that for many years that room had been nailed up, as unfit for occupation, on account of the haunting; it had not been very long unfastened when we went to stay there."

Canning of the Polar Bear.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its habitation beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter it from below; here the young seal passes its infancy, and when the returning heat of summer has destroyed its ingloo or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its young beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who, with its keen scent, soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain entrance, makes a spring and comes down heavily with all its weight on the top of the ingloo, crushes it in, and seizes the young seal with its paw.

Here, it might be supposed, the hungry bear at once devours his prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so; it knows full well that where there is a baby there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will soon be in search of her darling; therefore the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal hole, and holding the young seal by the flippers allows it to flounder about, and when the mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal toward him until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw and thus captures both.

The mode in which the bear captures the seal on the ice is equally ingenious. When at a distance, the bear throws itself down and stealthily crawls toward the seal, and if the seal looks up it lies perfectly quiet, and makes at the same time a noise which lulls the seal. The bear repeats the operation until it approaches its victim, when it falls a prey to Bruin's appetite.

When attempting to catch a seal in the water the bear sinks its body beneath the surface of the water, leaving only the head above which resembles a piece of ice; and when the seal raises its head above the surface, Bruin quickly sinks and swimming under the seal seizes it.

Why Editors Do Not Suicide.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, in a recent letter, says: "While speaking of suicides as a feature in human experience, I am led to the remarkable fact that editorial life exhibits so general an exception. While we have had instances of self-inflicted death among lawyers, bankers and mechanics, such a case has not occurred among the journalists of this city. One may reasonably inquire what is the cause of this exception? They labor intensely, and are generally ill-paid, and they have a full share of life's hardships, which they endure until their change comes in the course of nature. I can give no other reason for this except that the profession is constantly busy, and works with an approval of conscience, since it labors for public weal. Editors, in fact, are so occupied with a range of thought embracing public interest that they have little time to think about themselves. Walter Scott made the remark, after he had reached bankruptcy, that nothing saved him from insanity save his habit of writing. His mind was thus led away from the contemplation of his miseries. Journalists are so engaged in chronicling the woes of others that they lose sight of their own.

CLARK'S "O.N.T." SPOOL COTTON

How, and Where it is Made—The Clark Thread Company—Largest Works in the New World—Acres of Splendid Buildings—Forests of Wonderful Machinery.

The Process of Manufacture

Down in the Cotton Fields—The Employees' Societies—The Clark Hose Company—A Grand Relief Society—Employees' Centennial Excursion—The Renowned Eureka Club And Thistle Band

Many Interesting Particulars

[From the Essex County Press, Newark, N. J.] At the foot of Clark street, in the Eighth ward of the city of Newark, on the banks of the Passaic, occupying several acres of ground upon which are buildings the flooring of which measures nearly eight acres, are situated the largest thread works in the New World, employing about fifteen hundred hands and paying out every two weeks from sixteen to twenty thousand dollars in wages, to be distributed by the employees among different classes and occupations in the city, and from fifteen to twenty thousand per month to other parties here, who in various ways, are connected with this vast establishment. Although having the largest pay roll of any employers in New Jersey, and contributing more to the welfare and prosperity of the city than all its financial institutions combined, we hear less in the newspapers of this world of wealth makers than of some second-class money-lending shop on Broad street. It would be useless for any one to attempt to trace their source all the varied industries which have entered into the production of Clark's "O. N. T." Spool Cotton, which is sold by every merchant dealing in dry goods, fancy goods, hosiery, notions, etc., in the United States, and contains two hundred yards of that indispensable article, strong, smooth and beautiful. It is made up of

NEARLY FORTY-TWO MILLION DOZENS, and yet is so fine as to be hardly visible a few inches from the naked eye. The immense capital invested in The Clark Thread Company's Works and the vast volume of business, amounting to several millions per annum, extending to every part of the United States, is one of the principal sources of Newark's prosperity. What it is and the blessings which flow from it, are not realized by one in a thousand of the people who dwell within the sound of their tower bell. Notwithstanding the large amount of money which the establishment was to pour into the hands of every merchant and trader in the city, as events have shown, the first thing the City Fathers did when these works were being erected was to tax the bricks and material not yet shaped into buildings. It was not on a par with the intelligence and appreciation of the

REAL SOURCES OF WEALTH, usually exhibited by the average politician. Had it been some trust company or curbstone broker that asked exemption, it would probably have been granted. Some idea of the value of these works to the community may be had by an illustration of a thing which might really happen at any time. The Clark Thread Company employ, as stated, about fifteen hundred persons, paying out to them sixteen to twenty thousand dollars every two weeks. These hundreds of hands pay out that money to the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the clothier, the dry goods merchant, and all who have anything to sell get a part of it in some way, either directly or indirectly. From their hands it goes to pay debts, meet obligations and fill the channels of trade with the circulating medium called money, and which is to business what blood is to the human system, giving it life, animation and power. Suppose to-night those works were

DESTROYED BY FIRE. They are fully insured. The Clark Thread Company receive their insurance in cash from their underwriters. They say to themselves: "Business is dull, sales are uncertain, profits are small, the future is unknown, and our taxes are heavy. The vast business requires close attention and persistent energy. We will not take this money and rebuild the works, but adopt the plan pursued by most moneyed men, viz: go to Washington, buy government bonds, bring them home, put them in a tin box, pay no taxes, and sit down to take our ease, eat, drink, and be merry, with no thought of care, supported in luxury without risk by the interest on our bonds, paid by taxation of the producing classes." Can any man calculate the widespread ruin which would follow such a calamity and course of action by the Clark Thread Company? It would be incalculable. All those people who earned money to purchase what they wanted to buy, would be added to the list of paupers who to-day clamor for work or bread. Misery, want,

STARVATION AND CRIME would be the fruit of such a course. But this is exactly what has been done throughout the country, and explains why one in twelve in Newark are to-day supported by the city. The productive capital of the country, which employed our now idle millions, has been put into government bonds, and appalling desti-