CANTON MAIL.

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BY

EMMETT L. ROSS.

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THE CANTON MAIL.

Emmett L. Ross & Co., Proprietors.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whatever's best administered is best."

Terms:—$3 00 a Year.

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THE WEEK PAST.

DRY GOODS were never cheaper than they are at present. Merchants in the business half a century say they never knew a time when all sorts of woolen and cotton fabrics were as low as they are to day.

THE reports of the destitute condition of the children of Augustus Dickens, brother of Charles Dickens, have brought out a letter from H. V. T. Wentworth, of Rivingston street, New York, who is a first cousin of their mother and who offers to provide for the orphans if some one will undertake the expense of sending them to that city.

MRS. PARAN STEVENS' house in Fifth avenue, New York, will cost when completed about $2,000,000. The malachite mantels in the drawing-room alone come to $20,000, and yet Mrs. Paran Stevens will one day occupy a simple vault, and upon the streets of New York there are thousands of women starving. Mr. Paran Stevens, the maker of all this wealth, commenced business as a third-rate tavern keeper in Boston.

IT should not be supposed that there are no Jews who would like to return to the Holy Land. There is a Jewish society in Russia whose members contribute one rouble each to a common fund. At stated periods fortunate members are chosen by lot and sent to Palestine, where, out of this fund, they are supported for the rest of their lives, and permitted to pass their times in meditation. The society is called "The Inquirers after the Welfare of Zion."

WHEN we recall the high anticipations with which the Samana Bay company started in an experiment that was to revolutionize the trade with San Domingo and the other West India islands—the ships and supplies provided, the efforts to induce emigration and the general high talk of those who had invested in the speculation—it seems melancholy to think that the great company with all its airy hopes should have been closed out at an auction sale for $30 to satisfy a claim of $11,000.

THE scarcity and dearness of fish is one of the melancholy exceptions to the general decline of prices. Especially that excellent breakfast dish, the mackerel, is growing dearer and smaller. The best mackerel are now $22 per barrel in the New York market, against $11 last year. The falling off in the supply is attributed by the trade to the abuse of the seine. Schools of mackerel are corraled in immense seines and then dipped up, vast numbers of fish being thus destroyed which are too small for consumption or which spoil before they can be cured.

DISCUSSING the peanut question, with express reference to the consumption of that edible in the street cars, the New York Herald says: "The peanut suffers from its vulgar name. It would be more respected, if it were called the Arachnis hypogoea, a leguminous plant. It is also an impressive fact, not generally known, that it is the root of Bunium bulbocastanum, an unbelliferous plant, which is farinaceous, phosphoric, sweet and considered nourishing. A pint of peanuts may be a vulgar refreshment, but a pint of roasted Arachnis hypogoea deserves to be looked upon with respect."

THE Emperor William of Germany possesses forty-three different decorations, all of which, with the exception of the Black Eagle order, are in some way connected with martial glory. His first military decoration was the Russian St. George order of the fourth class, presented to him on the 5th of March, 1814, for valor in the face of the enemy; five days later, on the 10th of March, he received the Iron Cross of the second class. His newest decoration is the Swedish Golden Sword medal, presented to him by King Oscar II., in May, 1875, on the occasion of the parade of the Garde Corps. On ordinary occasions, the emperor wears only the star of the Black Eagle order, which incloses miniature portraits of his father and mother—Frederick William III., and Queen Louise.

ACCORDING to the report of Peko Paulatich, the commander of the Herzegovinian insurgents, the recent battle of Muratovizza resulted in a crushing defeat of the Turkish army. If the statement can be relied upon, the insurgents will close the career of the "sick man" before next summer at this rate, and Prince Charles of Roumania will be very foolish to pay his tribute of $188,000. The restlessness of the Servian population in view of the general success of their neighbors is easily comprehended, and the report that the Servian troops have been ordered to the frontier to repel Turkish incursions has the look of aggression on the part of Prince Milan. This feverish conditions of affairs in western Turkey is periodical, but the present uprising has a positive element which betokens a speedy and radical change in the relations between the sultan and his Christian subjects.

THE report of the savings banks of New York for the past year show some curious results. The number of depositors has alarmingly decreased, giving unmistakable evidence of the hard times prevailing among the lower and middle classes who usually patronize these institutions. For ten years previous, the average increase in the number of depositors was sixteen thousand five hundred a year, while 1875 shows a decrease of nine thousand, making a difference of twenty-five thousand. Of course it is the smaller depositors who have dropped off, drawing their all. On the other hand, in the face of this decrease of depositors, the aggregate of the money deposited has increased seven millions. The simple explanation of it is that money usually employed in business has sought the savings banks in preference to the ordinary banks, because the former pay interest on deposits, while the latter do not. This increase in the aggregate holdings of the savings banks is but another evidence of the prevailing depression.

OUR WOMEN.

What is the theme that now I sing
With rattling bones and banjo's ring,
While tambourine shes fling?
Our Women!

Who is it in our homes of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Through life's tight places men do squeeze?
Our Women!

Who rattles when favorite china breaks?
Who take the topmost buckwheat cakes?
Who nurse the baby when it wakes?
Our Women!

Who drop the needle for the pen,
To follow the dance the world's men?
To wife those stupid offings, the sons?
Our Women!

Who kindled the centennial flame
In distant states, where dull and tame,
The men forgot their country's name?
Our Women

Who when the men, in blank dismay,
Sat wondering if the thing would pay,
Pulled back their skirts and led the way?
Our Women!

Who bitter-sweet old Independence hall
And woke the councils, one and all,
With sixty-thousand-power call?
Our Women!

Who when centennial stock was low
Did bravely take their books and go,
And bag a share from every beau?
Our Women!

Who leave the cradle and the tub?
Who oax pans and wheedle hub,
Unheeding jest and gibe and snub?
Our Women!

Who rocked the cradle of great Washington,
Contriving fete and fair and fun,
While Polly puts the kettle on?
Our Women!

Who, in the loveliest array,
Turn work centennial into play,
And gather money every day?
Our Women!

Who, when the days of toil were long;
When 'neath the burden bowed the strong,
Still cheered the faint with buoyant song?
Our Women!

And sang that lay that no man wrote;
"Believe shall our bigger half,
Our orifamme, the pettticoat?"
Our Women!

Who, when centennial days are o'er,
And patriotism asks no more,
Will be the things we most adore?
Our Women!

HONOR THY MOTHER.

Not long ago, a good looking man in middle life came to the door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come here to lay her beside him."

Our heart arose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general, but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find any one who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day would ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our graves may be watered with their tears and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only tribute of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" These cruel, heartless words rung in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her father's knee. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten, rang out the tale of her sports on the greensward, in the meadow and beside the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen, spoke more gravely of school days and little household cares and joys. Fifteen—sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new, strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toils and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a place to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four. Ah, she is now a second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving, money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also a look of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there clad in weeds of woe, and in an irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth him. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently: "From a child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I truly know how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us was a stranger to me, as well as all of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son told me today—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she has passed most of her life, toiling, as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and strength left her, she had never ceased in her devoted kindness to those she loved. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered on the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families or of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that. No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

..The total membership of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's church is 4,813.

..Rev. Jabez Burns, the well known Methodist divine and author, is dead.

..The revenues of the church of England sum up to $25,000,000 annually.

..The grand total of the Sabbath school army of this continent is 6,850,869.

..The exact amount subscribed in Great Britain to foreign missions, in 1874, was £1,000,199.

..The Unitarian church at Brookfield, Mass., have substituted water for wine at the administration of the Lord's Supper.

..Within the last five years seven hundred Buddhist temples in Japan have been converted to other uses than for worship.

..By a decree of the khedive of Egypt, the Mohammedan calendar was displaced January 1, 1876, by the Gregorian calendar.

..Austrian Methodism, though but a quarter of a century old, numbers 30,000 members, and 28,000 attendants upon its public services.

..The Rev. J. A. Monroe, at Port Jervis, N. Y., reports 701 conversions and 501 probationers as the results of a ten weeks' meeting.

..The Mohammedan population of the world is reckoned at 150,000,000, and has hitherto been unreached by any energetic or systematic christian effort.

..The following is the value of church property in this country, according to the census of 1870: Methodists, $69,855,121; Presbyterians, $63,624,511; Catholics, $60,982,556; Baptists, $41,608,198; Episcopalians, $36,511,495; Congregationalists, $25,069,968.

..The Catholic cathedral in Boston is larger than the Strasbourg, Pisa, Salisbury, Vienna, Venice, or Dublin cathedrals, being 304 feet in length, and 229 feet wide at the transept. It was begun in 1867, and though the work has been continued uninterruptedly ever since, it is not yet quite finished. The main tower will be 300 feet high, and the small one 190 feet. The pews can seat 3,500, and there is standing room for as many more. The organ is next in size to that of Music Hall. There is a child's chapel in the basement which will seat nearly 2,000.

..In the vicinity of Stryker, Ohio, there has been forming for forty years a community of Huguenot immigrants from southeastern France, coming from Mountbeliard, between the Jura and Vosges mountains. Being of old Huguenot blood, they have held to their faith, but without organization or pastoral care, save such as has been given them by the Rev. Emilius Grandgirard, of Chillicothe Presbytery, delegate to the General Synod of France from the General Assembly of the United States. Three years ago they found a young student, Charles Chavez. By the advice of M. Grandgirard, he studied in the French department of the Presbyterian Theological School at Montreal, and last year he completed his course, and was licensed and ordained by Chillicothe Presbytery. These people have increased to nearly a hundred families, and have organized a church.—*New York Observer.*

..Amid the cares and perplexities of life there are few things that will make a man carry his head so straight as to have a ragged neck-binding on his shirt, with plenty of starch on it well ironed in.

THE CENTENNIAL.

The Note of Preparation—What the Hotels are Doing.

Things at Philadelphia are beginning to foreshadow the great coming event, and this in the unpleasant, rather than the agreeable sense. We are not moving in the roseate atmosphere that betokens a coming sun, but we are beginning to get the benefit of the increase of prices brought about by a belief in immense future demand. I am bound to say that the hotel-keepers have not yet made any forward movement, but there is a visible reluctance to let rooms to single men, the obvious reason being that a married couple occupy the same amount of space and give double the amount of profit. The hotel men are looking for forward into the misty region of the future, and they see all their rooms occupied by families, and all the dining-rooms, breakfast-rooms, corridors, parlors, stairways covered with encampments of cots. Still, in spite of such provisionings, the prices have not advanced. But in the matter of boarding-houses, a specialty of enterprise usually conducted by females, it may boldly be said that the signs of a determined resolution to kill the golden goose before it can lay a single egg are absolutely unmistakable. Prices have gone up fifty per cent., with indications that the maximum of extortion has not been reached by any means. And the accommodation which is fairly good now threatens by the 1st of May to sink to a minimum. The reverie of Alnaschar in the Arabian Nights was not more illusive than the fond imaginings of some of these landladies. The most extravagant have informed me that they do not intend to take any permanent boarders at all, nor do they propose to furnish meals, but they will reserve their rooms for transient guests. Said one, "I shall put four beds in my large rooms and two in my small ones. I shall not take any ladies, and I expect two gentlemen to occupy each bed." "But, ma'am," I remonstrated in as insinuating tones as I could command, "where will all these men come from?" "Oh!" she answered, tossing her head, "I have a cousin in one of the hotels, and I expect to get all the overflow from that house." And I find, from general questioning in the boarding-house districts, that they all rely, more or less, on the overflow from the hotels.

While the boarding-house keepers are preparing to transmute the overflow from the hotels into a golden shower, there are various schemes in different stages of development for utilizing the inevitable indignation of the public with the boarding-house keepers. There is a granger company which proposes to erect wooden barracks in a park not far from the centennial ground, which will accommodate three thousand, and their charge will be fifty cents per head. Meals will be supplied at moderate rates upon the ground, and the whole thing will be conducted as much as possible after the fashion of a camp meeting. Everything will be rough and ready, or perhaps very particularly rough and not particularly ready. Another company has purchased the old Oak cemetery for a similar purpose. Formerly there was here a splendid mansion and fine grounds. I understand that only part of the lands belonging to the property was ever used for interment. Burials have ceased here for some years, and I may state for the relief of those who are timid about ghosts, and who believe in the midnight appearance of the sheeted dead, that the monuments are being removed as fast as possible; in fact, by the time the crash comes there will be nothing to remind the encamper of the past uses of these grounds, save perhaps the funeral aspect of the shrubs, which having been planted on purpose to look gloomy and solemn, will not unnaturally hardly be able to acquire a poetically cheerful and picturesque aspect in so short a time. Then I understood from one of the agents of the principal railway here that encampments are being projected along the lands of the three principal roads that enter the city—the Pennsylvania Central, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington. The arrangements here have not been developed to any great extent, but the railroads have agreed to give commutation tickets at a very low rate, and to run trains every half hour, or every twenty minutes if necessary. The distances of these encampments will average from two and a half to seven miles from the centennial grounds, and I can state from personal observation that along two of the lines there are many very beautiful and commodious sites for such a purpose. And I have no doubt that the same thing is equally true of the third line.

It is really too bad that the excessive greed of the Philadelphians should bid fair to overturn the really admirable plans of the centennial managers. On the one hand, the boarding-house keepers are banded together to prevent the visitors from being anything but transient. On the other hand, Gen. Hawley and others are straining every nerve to make such arrangements to interest and attract the visitors as to induce them to stay.

1776 AND 1876.—The New York World suggests a very plain, but very pointed device for a grand national banner which should be hung out in front of the grand enterance of the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, to mark the exact progress which we have made in one hundred years of existence as a people:

The Spirit of 1776—"I am not a rich man, but, poor as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."—[Jos. Reed, of Pennsylvania, to the British commissioners.

The Spirit of 1876.—"My wife must have diamonds and laces enough to shine at Long Branch and Washington. Pay me ten thousand down and six thousand a year, and you shall have the exclusive right to sell supplies to the soldiers of the United States on the frontier at your own rates."—[William W. Belknap, secretary of war to a "post-trader" at Fort Sill.

THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF THE CANARY ISLES.—Herr Von Loeher has read a paper before the Munich academy of Sciences in which he argues that the Guanch or Wandsch population of the Canary Isles, who for more than a century repulsed all invaders, are the descendants of the Vandals. Most of the names of places are barbarian, but some Germanic. Many common expressions are a mixture of both, and names of persons are almost Germanic, as also religious phrases and the titles of public functionaries.

Herr Loeher believes that the Vandals or Goths settled in the isles in the eighth century, finding there a weak barbarian population whom they subjugated, that they gradually lost the use of iron and ship building, and mostly relapsed from christianity into German heathenism; but though degenerating in their complete isolation, retained the features and customs of their race in all essential points until their discovery by Europeans. Fair-haired mummies have been found in their tombs, and the dimensions of the skulls agree with those of the Germanic races.

THE COTTON SITUATION.

Smith, Edwards & Co.'s (Liverpool) circular of February 29th says: Now let us look at this year's supply. Take the American crop at 4,600,000 bales, what will be the supply from other quarters? We allow an increase of 100,000 large bales from Egypt on the average of the last three years, possibly 150,000 bales, but we look for a very heavy decrease from India. This will arise, not so much from the shortness of the crop as from the extremely low price and the paralysis of the machinery for moving the crops of that country. At this period of the year the greater proportion of the Bombay crop is usually contracted for up-country, and every effort is being made to hurry it down as fast as possible to Bombay, and ship it off against arrival sales made on this side. This year the machinery of the trade is almost at a standstill. Hardly any cotton is being placed on this side; few contracts are being made at Bombay; the arrivals thus far are scarcely one-half what they were last year, and it is our impression that, if no recovery takes place before the month of May, one-fourth of the crop will not be shipped to Europe this year.

We therefore incline to think that 300,000 to 400,000 bales less cotton will arrive from India this year, and no doubt some deficiency from other sources as well. Therefore we should say that 2,400,000 is a full allowance for the supply from other quarters than America, against 2,700,000 the last three years, but owing to the preponderance of Egyptian cotton, in place of counting this as equal to 1,800,000 American, we shall reckon it 900,000 bales of American size, and the total supply for this season will be—

	Bales.
American crop	4,600,000
Other kinds equal to American	1,900,000
	6,500,000
Consumpt'n of Europe and America	6,400,000
Surplus of supply over consumption	100,000

—and this, we think, will go to increase the invisible stocks of spinners, which were very low last autumn, and are likely to be pretty large the coming one, especially on the continent.

We therefore venture the opinion that the visible supply of cotton on the 1st of October next will be no greater than last year, and people will then be arguing that if a crop of 4,600,000 has all disappeared, what supply shall we need for the following season?

Our impression is that a great rise of prices will take place if the opinion prevails that next crop is not likely to be more than four millions. If next season is an average one, we do not think more than this can be calculated on, especially as these low prices are likely to give a certain check to cotton cultivation in America. At present the prevailing opinion in that country seems to be that no check will be given; there is of course no certainty on this point, but we incline to think that cotton cultivation in the northern belt, where it is largely kept up by using fertilizers, will diminish; possibly this may be made up in the southwest, but we doubt it.

We feel sure that in most other countries cotton cultivation will decline at present prices. India only yielded half a million bales annually for some years before the American war, with fair Dhollerah at 5d per pound. Of late years it has furnished one and half million bales to Europe. We should think that at 4d for fair Dhollerah this may diminish to one million bales, or so, if these low prices continue long enough, as to fairly check cultivation. We think even Egypt, which is eminently adapted to cotton growing, will not keep up at the extraordinary low prices now ruling for Egytian cotton, and there can be no doubt that Brazil, Turkey and the West Indies will fall back to a most insignificant position if present prices are to continue.

CURING SNAKE BITES.

Several cases of snake-bite, in which the value of Prof. Halford's remedy, subcutaneous injection of ammonia, has been demonstrated, have, says the Melbourne Argus, lately occurred in the colony. At Seymour, on the 14th of December, a young man, twenty-six years of age, named Dwyer, was bitten by a snake between the thumb and the first finger of the right hand. The wound was received at nine o'clock, and no treatment was applied until half past eleven, when the patient was powerless and almost insensible.

Ammonia was injected into his right arm, when he revived at once. He suffered a relapse, but the ammonia was again successfully applied, and he ultimately recovered. At Bungaree a young girl was bitten by a snake, and gradually sank into a state of stupor. Two hours and a half after she was bitten ammonia was injected. Relief was immediately obtained, and the girl rapidly recovered.

A third case happened on the Acheron, eleven miles from Alexandria, where a little girl, two years of age, the daughter of a farmer named Doak, was bitten by a snake just above the ankle of the left foot. Symptoms of complete coma were setting in when the ammonia injection was used with magical effect. The child sat upright and became quite lively. A relapse occurring, a second injection was made with as great effect as before, and the child from that time continued to improve until her recovery. Another case is mentioned of a native woman on the Wirrega station, South Australia, who was bitten by a snake on the ankle. She became unconscious, and the surface of the body was turning cold, when ammonia was injected. The woman at once revived and recovered.

THE ART OF FLATTERY.

If flattery is to be grateful to a sensible and truth-loving man or woman, it must clearly conform to several conditions. As we have remarked, it must not be too broad, wholly setting at defiance the bounds of truth, but must be recognizable as an approximation to the truth. Thus the compliment bestowed should clearly point to a meritorious quality having an undisputed existence. Further, it should never be forced on a person in an obtrusive way. It should be couched in modest language, and not break violently on our attention in bald eulogistic epithets. And it should not be kept before out minds so as to arouse a full an embarrassing consciousness of the speaker's meaning, but rather appear as a transient element in a fugitive conversation. It is always better to let the praise be inferred from the language used than to declare it in direct terms. In this way it will be appreciated by a swift movement of the feeling, while there will be no time for its arousing a painful self-consciousness. Once more, flattery is always more acceptable when it seems to be the product of the moment, and not the result of premeditation, for in this case it has a greater appearance of reality. Or if the speaker distinctly intends to indicate a deliberate wish to gratify, and to show the exercise of forethought, the praise should be tendered with a certain delicate skill so as to assure the recipient of the giver's anxiety to make the offering as graceful as possible. The indirect ways of flattery are also worth attending to. One may flatter a person by saying to his intimate friend—for instance, his wife—something highly eulogistic, which it would be difficult to say to himself directly. Another and still more useful method is to flatter by action instead of words; that is, by treating people as if they had a certain kind of merit of excellence. Thus we may studiously consult the taste of a lady whose esthetic judgment we wish to extol, or may enlist the cooperation of a person in a benevolent scheme, and thus indirectly attribute to him a generous disposition. The advantage of this last mode of flattering is that it escapes the necessity of even a slight verbal untruthfulness. To appeal to a person's opinion is not the same thing as to declare him to be wise, even though he may be readily disposed to conjecture from the former that we mean the latter also.

SELF-CONTROL.

This is the fixation of the attention upon one set of motives to the exclusion of another set. In all cases the stronger motive preponderates, but we make for ourselves the strength of our motives by the degree in which we fix our attention upon one motive rather than another. When we want to withdraw our minds from some feeling we ought not to entertain, we should not say, "I must not think of this," for then our attention will certainly be directed to it, but "I will think of that." We ought to turn our minds upon something that is attractive and worthy, and, by the fixation of the attention upon that, to strengthen its attraction for us, and proportionately weaken the attractiveness of the other. How the will dominates the *cerebrum* he could net tell, but we have daily experience that it does, and our own experience and our own thoughts and feelings are far the most certain of all experience. The knowledge that we have the power of self-direction is the fundamental fact in our whole nature. "I am," "I ought," "I can," "I will," are the four words which man can say, and the saying of which divides him from the lower animals; for though a dog has a sense of duty, it is only the sense of doing his master's likes. We can reach the higher aspect of moral right and wrong. "I can," implies "I can do as I ought." Therefore, although he went entirely with his friends in asserting the automatism of the animal and mental mechanicism of men, he held that he was not all. The state of sleep, somnambulism, all the curiously induced states of somnambulism, are so completely divided from the state of the man who has his mind "well in hand," as it may be said, that he could not see how it was possible to deny the fact that we have a controlling and direct will.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—The dress in which George Washington generally appeared at church was a laced hat, stone-colored coat with gilt buttons, blue surtout, buff knee breeches, boots and gilt spurs. Being held the best horseman and boldest fox hunter in Virginia, it was natural that he followed the fashion prevalent among the young gallants and came to church on horseback. He used a Pelham bit and generally rode with holsters at his saddle peak. The portrait by Peale, which is considered by his relatives the most correct one, represents him at the age of forty in the uniform of colonel of the twenty-second Virginia militia. There is no trace of resemblance to the grandmotherly portrait by Stuart, even allowing for the difference of age. The former agrees in personal appearance with the character given him by neighborhood tradition—a bold, dashing gallant, even after his marriage; rather foppish, to win a lady's smile or the fox's brush.

BRUSSELS LACE.—Brussels lace is famous throughout the world. It is manufactured chiefly in the city of Brussels, and is superior to every other quality made in Belgium or in foreign countries. The flax employed is the finest that can be procured, and costs from sixty to eighty dollars a pound. The spinning is performed in darkened rooms, with a beam of light only admitted upon the work through a small aperture. The patterns are well worked separately and stitched on. The peculiar qualities of this lace are its delicate firmness, elegance and variety of design.

..There may not be a breath of stirring, but try to light your cigar with your last match in the open air and there will come up a hurricane that will lift the hair right off your head.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

..The lower house of the California legislature has followed up its repeal of the compulsory educational law by voting to annul the act making women eligible to the office of school superintendent.

..Again has the art of photographing colors been discovered, and this time, it is affirmed, successfully. A photographer in Lyons, France, is the fortunate discoverer, and if he can make his performance equal his promise, his fortune is made and his fame assured.

..Whatever else may be said of Susan B. Anthony, she has exhibited one virtue in which many of her masculine detractors are deficient. She has applied the ten thousand dollars which she made in lecturing to the payment of her debts incurred by the bankruptcy of her paper, the Revolution.

..London gossip says that the idea of making Queen Victoria Empress of India originated with Princess Beatrice, who wants to be, like her Russian sister-in-law, "her royal and imperial highness." It is said that this would settle troublesome questions of precedence in favor of the English side of the amiable family.

..Lake Ponchartrain, below New Orleans, is fast filling up by deposits from the waters of the Mississippi, both from crevasses, which often let the waters across to the lake, and from settlements by the eddying of the waters as they flow round from the gulf. The annual filling up of the lake is about five inches.

..Russia has only eighteen thousand miles of railroad, and proposes to add thereto by constructing several long lines, among them one to span the empire from east to west, connecting European Russia with the Pacific by the way of Central Siberia. This will largely increase the demand for American locomotives.

..General Merritt has been interviewed in regard to the Black Hills and thinks they are a stupendous humbug. Parties going there now, he says, can not mine for months, even if they are fortunate to subsist. The snow is deep on the ground, the streams are all frozen hard, and the only running water at present is upon the superficial surface of the ice, and it won't break till July.

..Iowa, too, is a stumbling block in the pathway of woman's progress. Judge Mitchell, of the circuit court in that state, has decided that women are ineligible to hold the office of school superintendent or any other office in that state. There are at the present time twelve or fifteen women holding this office of school superintendent in that state, they having been elected to it under the opinion of Attorney-General O'Connor, given several years ago, that women were eligible to the place.

..Mineral wool is one of the latest things in manufactures. It is produced from the slag or refuse which runs from the furnace where iron ore is melted by injecting through the stream of heated slag a powerful current or steam which blows the wool in a fine fleece into the air. The wool is chemically composed of silica, lime, magnesia and alumina, is entirely incombustible and unaffected by moisture or dampness. The only place where it is made, as yet, is at the Greenwood iron works, on the Erie railway, and as the demand is very small, large quantities are thrown away. It is sold for about two cents a pound, that quantity measuring about nine inches square by one inch in thickness.

..The goods shipped from foreign countries for exhibition at the Centennial exposition are arriving rapidly, the latest arrivals comprising five hundred and two packages from Germany and eighty-seven from the Cape of Good Hope. Among the German goods are many paintings, principally from Dusseldorf, also a rare collection of showcases, pencils, pens, and stationers' materials from the house of A. W. Faber, near Nurnberg, Bavaria, and glassware, machinery, toys, chemicals, beer, tobacco, hardware, and earthenware in an infinite variety. In the Cape Colony collection are ostrich feathers, antlers, wool, leopards' and lions' skins, and specimens of the agricultural and mineral products of the land. The steamer Leiptzig, from Bremen, is expected shortly with another large consignment of Centennial goods.

AMERICAN MIND AND LITERATURE.

The literature of America is but an insufficient measure of the realized capacities of the American mind. When Sir William Hamilton declared that Aristotle had an imagination as great as that of Homer, he struck at the primary fact that the creative energies of the human mind may be exercised in widely different lines of direction. Imagination is in the popular mind, obstinately connected with poetry and romance. This prejudice is further deepened by associating imagination with amiable emotions, regardless of the fact that two of the greatest characters created by the human imagination are two of the vilest types of intelligent nature—Iago and Mephistopheles. When the attempt is made to extend the application of the creative energy of imagination to business and politics, the sentimental outcry against such a profanation of the term becomes almost deafening. Every poetaster is willing to admit that Newton is one of the few grand scientific discoverers that the world has produced; but he still thinks that, in virture of versifying some commonplaces of emotion and thought, he is himself superior to Newton in imagination. The truth is that, in spite of Newton's incapacity to appreciate works of literature and art, he possessed a creative imagination of the first class—an imagination which, in boundless fertility, is second only to Shakspeare's. In fact, it is the direction to the creative faculty, and not to the materials on which it works, that discriminates between Fulton and Bryant, Whitney and Longfellow, Bigelow and Whittier, Goodyear and Lowell. Descending from the inventors, it would be easy to show that in the conduct of the every-day transactions of life, more quickness of imagination, subtilty and breadth of understanding, and energy of will have been diplayed by our men of business than by our authors. By the necessities of our position, the aggregate mind of the country has been exercised in creating the nation as we now find it. There is, indeed, something ludicrous, to a large observer of all the pheomena of our national life, in confounding the brain and heart of the United States with the manifestation that either has found in mere literary expression. The nation outvalues all its authors, even in respect to those powers which authors are supposed specially to represent. Nobody can write intelligently of the progress of American literature during the past hundred years without looking at American literature as generally subsidiary to the grand movement of the American mind.—*Edwin P. Whipple.*

EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT.

The Liverpool Mercury says: The *denouement* of an extraordinary elopement case took place on board the Allan steamer Moravian. The steamer was leaving the Mersey with a full complement of passengers for Portland. Just as she got under way a river gig was seen approaching in all haste. In the bow of the boat was seen an aged man, who gesticulated frantically to those on board the steamer to stop. The boat got alongside of the steamer, and in a short time two of its occupants—a man about sixty years of age and a young man of twenty-two—clambered on board the Moravian. The officers were naturally surprised at seeing the steamer boarded in this fashion; but noticing that the old man was in trouble, they received him courteously, and listened to his tale, which was to the effect that his wife—a woman of forty-eight, and the mother of grown-up children—had eloped with a young man of twenty-two; that they were on board the Moravian en route for America; and the deserted husband and his son demanded that the captain should send the runaways on shore. While the captain was explaining that the law gave him no such power the runaway wife happened to pass along the deck near where the group were discussing the point. She recognized her husband. A fit of repentance seized her. She at once forgot her new love, and now only thought of the old. Exclaiming, "Oh, John, are you here!" she embraced her husband and kissed him. Her son, too, she saluted in a most affectionate way. But while the preliminaries to a reconciliation were going on, the faithless wife's companion made his appearance on the scene, and placidly asked what "it was all about?" The deserted husband implored his former spouse to return to her home in Wednesbury. This she consented to do, but made it a *sine qua non* that the companion of her flight should be allowed to return with her. The husband accepted the terms thus dictated. The master of the Moravian, seeing that an arrangement had been come to, facilitated the return to the shore of the troublesome party who had for a time disturbed the decorum observed on board his steamer. When the party arrived at the stage they were jeered by a crowd who had heard of the strange elopement and the wonderful reconciliation. Wife and husband walked arm in arm lovingly along the stage, and the "lover," as if to make atonement for his wrong-doing, walked meekly behind carrying the luggage.

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.

A New York letter says: This is not a good time for newspapers; hardly any of the dailies here have made any money in the last two years, though, with the general revival of trade, their business must necessarily improve, and the prosperous days return.

Nothing is harder to estimate than the value of newspapers; but it is just to hold that a metropolitan newspaper is worth ten times the amount of its regular average earnings; buildings and real estate being independent of good will. As a rule, few persons would pay for a prosperous journal what its proprietors would ask for it, since everything depends on its careful and judicious management, and the proprietors are likely to have a knowledge, gained by long experience, which buyers would be compelled to acquire, perhaps, at immense cost.

Judging by earnings, price of stock at last quotations, real estate, rental, material, good will, and other journalistic belongings, the value of the leading New York dailies may be estimated as follows:

Herald	$3,500,000
Times	1,250,000
Tribune	1,000,000
World	250,000
Sun	500,000
Journal of Commerce	500,000
Evening Post	500,000
Commercial Advertiser	150,000
Evening Express	250,000
Graphic	300,000
Evening Mail	50,000
Telegram	100,000
Evening News	70,000

Whether the owners would sell, or whether outside parties would buy them at the figures named, is quite another question. Still the estimate is, perhaps, as fair an one as can be made by a person having no interest in them, and no disposition either to overvalue or undervalue them.

ADVICE.—Every one must remark that a favorite article of winter clothing for children is a comforter swathed around the neck. This is a great error; the feet and the wrists are the proper members to keep warm; the face and throat will harden into healthy indifference to cold; but that muffler, exchanged for an extra pair of socks and knitted gloves, would preserve a boy or girl really warm and well. Bronchitis and sore throat have declined fifty per cent. since the absurd use of high collars and twice around neckerchiefs went out of fashion; and if the poor would take better care of their children's feet half the infantile mortality would disappear. It only costs a trifle to put a piece of thick felt or cork into the bottom of a boot or shoe, and the difference is often considerable between that and a doctor's bill, with, perhaps