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## Select Poetry.

### THE SECOND WIFE.

They told me he had won before  
Another heart than mine,  
And laid his first and dearest love  
Upon an earlier shrine;  
They said my spirit oft must grieve  
If I my lot would cast,  
With one who held so sacred still  
Remembrance of the past.

I heed it not; my bark is launched  
With his on life's swift tide,  
And earth holds not a happier heart  
Than mine—his second bride.  
I know that he has loved and lost  
What life may ne'er give back;  
The flowers that bloomed in freshness once,  
Have withered on his track.

I know that she, the angel called,  
Looks out from yon blue heaven,  
A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul  
From which her own was riven.  
Together do we recall  
This dream of other years;  
I do not love him less to know  
He once had cause for tears.

## Our Olio.

### MARRIAGE!

Who to Marry—How to Marry—When to Marry  
Important Facts About Marriage, etc.

BY A YOUNG UNMARRIED LADY.

A young lady contributor to the *American Register* of London, having recently penned an interesting work entitled, "The Young Woman's Guide," is moved to make some very sensible comments thereupon. In the work in question, there, she says, one short chapter, headed "How to Behave During Courtship," which very sensibly directed the young lady not to seem as if she expected the proposal till it came, and not to sit in corners with the gentleman, and never to allow him to squeeze her hand till she was engaged to him. There was another one, still shorter, devoted to "How to Choose a Husband"—like the passages in Housekeeper's Manuals, headed "How to Choose Fish," "How to Choose Mutton"—and treating the subject in an apologetic way, as if marriage were a species of accidental evil, which every well-regulated young woman should do her best to avoid; but if by chance it came, like the small pox or measles, in spite of every preventive measure, she was to put up with it and behave as well as her unfortunate circumstances permitted. Such as it was, however, it gave highly valuable advice, and to any young lady who is desirous of wedding the seven cardinal virtues incarnate, I can recommend no better husband than the pattern one set forth in those judicious pages. Still, I cannot help having a lurking fear that he would remain a husband on paper only, and that the marriageable damsel of the present day might seek far and wide amongst the degenerate successors of Sir Charles Grandison and Celebs, in search of a wife, before they would find any more such walking seraphs in swallow-tails. An angel to cook for you and an angel to court you are alike, I fear, impossible *trouvailles*.

It occurred to me, however, that though the husband described in that interesting little work was altogether "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," still it was certainly within the limits of rational aspiration to improve a little on the very imperfect type of lord, master and protector, that our young ladies are obliged to love, honor and obey, *fade de interet*. The idol's feet of clay will peep out, my dear child, though with a woman's intense desire to fall down and worship blindly something, no matter what, you cover them up in cloth of gold and embroidery, and endeavor to obfuscate your own eyes with the clouds of the incense you burn before his Omnipotence. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to look up to a man as a demi-god who swears because his beefsteak is not *aignant*, or because his eggs are hard-boiled, or who comes home at 2 A. M. slightly the worse for brandy smashes and mint juleps, or who appears at the opera in the rear of some resplendent creature, lovely with Eau Blonde, Bloom of Roses, and Noir de *Chimise*, it is difficult, I say, to prostrate yourself in meek and adoring reverence, as the good books about the duties of wives say you should, at the shrine of such fetish. But what is to be done? You would not marry a perfect man if you could; if you came across him you would run a mile from him—you like those men best who are sure to make bad husbands; that is the simple fact, and there is no help for it. Let me tell you something in point. One day I was perambulating down a certain thoroughfare in London, and behold in a shop-window, in brilliant array, lovely pots of jam, with gorgeous labels, all pink and white and green, like the French high art paintings that one sees at the annual exhibitions. Moreover, those pots of jam were exactly 1d. cheaper each than could be got in any other shop in London that I knew of. Now, I confess if, I have one greater weakness than another, it is a weakness for jam, and I rather flatter myself upon having preserved intact that unsophisticated taste of childhood. The labels were so pretty I felt sure the jam must be something "scrumptious," so in I walked and ordered home a goodly batch. Arrived at home, I hastened to brag of my lucky find, but alas! my triumph was short-lived. One pot after another was opened, and proved to be nothing but a conglomeration of stalks, leaves, and nondescript debris. In vulgar parlance, I had been done. Well, as I chose my jam, so do you choose your partners, your "muffs," your husbands, by their exteriors, and when having made your bargains, you are quietly repeating them, the only consolation I can see for you in this, matrimony-like affliction, was meant as wholesome discipline, and as it is the best people who are always plagued the most of this life, so it is the

better half of humanity, we women, who bring the most trouble on ourselves by our imprudent choices; for what does a man care when he marries an uncongenial wife? Why, he can go and live at his club, or lock her up in her room, or cut off her pin money, or thump her with the poker, use a hundred measures, in fact, to bring her to reason, which a wife cannot do; and yet by some inscrutable arrangement of Providence, it is the women who long to be married, who dress to be married, who dance to be married, who sing and play the harp to be married, who pinch up their feet and enlarge their entablatures of false hair to be married, who suffer indescribable tortures at the hands of dancing-master, dress-maker, and coiffeur to be married, who learn poetry that they don't understand, read newspaper articles that bore them to death, and cultivate their minds generally to be married, who tell fibs about their likings and dislikings, and pretend to be amused and interested with men they are talking to when they aren't a bit, to be married—may, who will positively, when they meet a man whose ideas lie in that direction, learn how to make an omelette and hem a pocket-handkerchief, to be married (but this is the *ne plus ultra* of feminine heroism), and then, when after all this slavery, they have become Madame this or Mrs. that, why, if the beast will remain a beast, though he is married to beauty, the world says, and I say so, serve, them right! Woe to the successful! Nobody has any pity on their misfortunes. The pining spinsters left out in the cold feel a tressor of delight run through their unexposed hearts as the distant sounds of conjugal squabbling are wafted to their ears.

Do I not remember to this day the scarcely disguised pleasure of a whole school of girls, when a detested schoolmate, who had carried off the chief prize for good conduct—a magnificent bound volume of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—accidentally upon a large bottle of ink under the five minutes afterwards? And when a young lady carries off the reward of merit (according to Miss Edgeworth) in the shape of the Prince Charmant, at a hotel in the Champs Elysees, or a mansion in May Fair, do we not through around her and congratulate her, and send her cheap presents, and eat lobster salad at her wedding breakfast, and wish her all sorts of happiness, and hate her cordially, and smirk amongst ourselves when the Prince Charmant's relatives turn her the cold shoulder, or when the Prince Charmant himself appears at Biarritz in the triumphal procession of Madame de Marquis Blanc de Perle, having first deposited his six months' bride safely in some exceedingly dull country house, where she can spend her time making smoking-caps for him, and meditating on his perfections and the sweets of matrimony, if she likes? Is she not married? What right has she to complain? Has she not climbed the greased pole? It may be disagreeable enough and perilous enough, now she is up there; but she must put a good face on the matter, and look as if her uncomfortable perch were the softest of love-nests.

"Let us make believe we are horses or lions, or kings and queens, and grown-up people," the children say; well, life is one grand game of make-believe. Do you see those two people in the corner, who appear so unusually interested in each other? Do you think they care a snap for one another? Bah! they are making believe to be flirting, so as to attract notice and excite the envy of those who are not sufficiently lucky to have also a spiky little flirtation on hand. Make-believe to be happy, Madame—don't caged birds sing the loudest, like sensible creatures as they are? Learn a lesson from them; always say that you are the most fortunate of wives, that you have got the best of husbands, and let not thy right foot know where the shoe on thy left foot pinches.

Well, you must marry; you must walk the plank, or stand in the pillory of old maidism all your life. And oh! that word of fear, Old Maid! At five years of age, and sometimes younger, the feminine bosom is already imbued with a deep and shuddering horror of the portentous meaning contained in that terrible word: "Don't go out in the sun and get freckled, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't study and get red eyes, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't have an opinion of your own on any imaginable subject, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't talk as if you had the smallest pretensions to brains, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't wear boots that you can walk in, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't waste your time conversing with an 'ineligible,' or a married man, or a lady, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't eat more than the twentieth part of a snipe's wing, and the fourth part of a green pea, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't wear your own hair, or speak in your own tone of voice, or laugh your own laugh, or be satisfied with the figure and complexion nature gave you, or retain your own natural manners, or do anything natural, or be yourself in any way, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't say that you hate cigar smoke, though it does give you a sore throat, and sore eyes, and a headache, or you will be an old maid;" "Don't, for mercy's sake, correct the man you are talking to when he tells you that Nelson was a friend of Peter the Great, or that he has never read Tennyson's "Princess," because he does not like the poetry Tennyson wrote in his capacity of poet laureate, or you will infallibly be an old maid." This is what rings in your pretty ears all your youthful days; like the Wild Huntsman, you are ever flying before phantom terrors; only in the ark of marriage can you find a resting-place for the sole of your poor little squeaked Louise Quince be-hooped foot. Marry then, by all means. I should be the first to throw old slippers after you. Marry, but listen! Let me whisper a word in your ear. If you want to have a decent chance, I won't slip of a happy, but of an endurable exist-

ence, look well to two things in the man you marry; first, his great virtues; secondly, his small weaknesses. One very pronounced and obnoxious vice, or one ridiculously trifling failing, in a man, may render your home an unhappy one. But don't be alarmed; there are hosts of men in the world, and if, as I once heard it suggested, a few were passed compelling forthwith every old bachelor over five-and-forty, to marry a spinster over five-and-thirty, depend upon it the spinsters would prove the most refractory. There is such a thing as Nemesis, and every man over forty is just as anxious to marry as before forty he was anxious not to marry.

### Aversion to Manual Labor.

The practice of educating boys for the professions, which are already overstocked, or for the mercantile business in which statistics show that ninety-five in a hundred fail of success, is fearfully on the increase in this country. Americans are annually becoming more and more averse to manual labor; and to get a living by one's wits, even at the cost of independence and self-respect, and a fearful wear and tear of conscience, is the ambition of a large proportion of our young men. The result is that the mechanical professions are becoming a monopoly of foreigners, and the ownership of the finest farms, even in New England, is passing from Americans to Irishmen and Germans. Fifty years ago a father was not ashamed to put his children to the plow or to a mechanical trade; but now they are "too feeble" for bodily labor; one has a pain in his side, another a slight cough, another "a very delicate constitution," another is nervous; and so poor Bobby or Billy or Tommy is sent off to the city to measure tape, weigh coffee, or draw molasses.

It seems never to occur to their foolish parents that moderate manual labor in the pure and bracing air of the country is just what those puny, wasp-waisted lads need, and that to send them to the crowded and unhealthy city is to send them to their graves. Let them follow the plow, swing the sledge, or shove the forklane, and their pinched chests will be expanded, their stunted cheeks plumped out, and their lungs, now "cabined, cribbed, and confined," will have room to play. Their nerves will be invigorated with their muscles; and when they shall have cast off their jackets, instead of being thin, pale, rapid coxcombs, they shall have spread out to the size and configuration of men. A lawyer's office, a counting room, or a grocery is about the last place to which a sickly youth should be sent. The ruin of health is as sure there as in the mines of England. Even of those men in the city who have constitutions of iron, only five per cent succeed, and they only by "living like hermits, and working like horses;" the rest, after years of toil and anxiety, become bankrupt or retire; and having meanwhile acquired a thorough disgust and unfitness for manual labor, bitterly bemoan the day when they forsook the peaceful pursuits of the country for the excitement, care, and sharp competition of city life.—*M., in What Next?*

### The Growth of Trees.

An interesting question relating to the growth of trees is now being discussed by botanists and other naturalists, the point at issue being, whether the trunks and branches of trees lengthen except by additions to the extremity of the growing points. Or, in other words, whether there is, during growth, an elongation of wood already formed. A salt between two mill owners, last Fall, turned on this question the legal height of the water at one mill being fixed under an order of court, by certain markings on a tree trunk, which, it was alleged, had been raised by the growth of the tree. The court decided that the tree mark had not been raised, and this is in accordance with the views, not then expressed, of Prof. Gray, the botanist. He says: "If trunks actually lengthen throughout, that of a young tree or sapling should show it more equivocally than an older one, a far greater proportion of it being in a living state." He recommends that tacks be driven in the trees in a vertical line, at certain sharply defined distances, so that if there should be an elongation of the trunk in growth it may be readily observed. Comparing a mark on the bark with exterior marks or with fixed objects may, or may not give indications of the truth or falsity of his views for the whole body of the tree might be lifted up by the swelling of the roots and pressure against rock or other hard substance. The growth of a sapling is so rapid that an unquestionable elongation, if any, should take place within six months between any two points in a vertical line.

A cattle-farmer left his cows by will in the following proportion: one half of them to his son, one-third to his nephew, and one-ninth to his grandson; but, unhappily for the exactness of the shares, he happened to have seventeen cows, which of course were indivisible. Under these circumstances, the heirs *be-traveled* a cow, making the herd eighteen. Then they divided the property according to their relative's directions; the son getting nine cows, the nephew six, the grandson two—i. e., seventeen cows in all, and then they sent back the borrowed cow with their best compliments and thanks.

There are very few who can detect what is wrong in the tale of these cows.

A New York politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a deceased member of the Legislature, says: "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to Heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

Be not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the hearts and sweeten the life of all who receive them.

### THE COUNTRY POSTMASTER.

A country post-office, as a general matter, is simply a country store, with some odd corner railed off for secrecy, if not security. Anybody can go around behind there, if he is so fortunate as to be in the confidence—social or political—of the village Postmaster. It is chiefly the village Postmaster who steps to that desk timidly and doubtfully, as if asking a favor,—or stifle along, as girls do, and inquire for a letter in the softest whisper, lest even their names should be pronounced aloud in that public presence. To the rude boys the place is *causere*. For them alone is the iron rail spiked down so rigidly into the counter,—to keep off trousers' stuffs and heavy swinging boots.

Keys and barrels—nail-boxes and soap-boxes—customers and letter-writers—men and boys—women and dogs—the box-stove and the department letter-boxes—are all mingled at the post-office establishment with picturesque incongruity. Of a close, wintry evening, the apartment is redolent of savors unnumbered and indescribable. A row of men sit perched upon the smooth-faced counter; a row of boys, and men too, sit on boxes and nail-kegs opposite the stove; whistling idlers stand and stare at the hoe and mop handles so nicely balanced overhead, possibly calculating if they would hurt "much" if they fell on their crowns; the iron stove roars, and growls, and spatters, from being frequently stirred up with sticks; little boys come in, every few minutes, and look up into the expressionless faces of the men sitting idly around,—or listen attentively, with open mouths, to what they happen to be gossiping about,—and then run uneasily out to measure tape, weigh coffee, or draw molasses.

It seems never to occur to their foolish parents that moderate manual labor in the pure and bracing air of the country is just what those puny, wasp-waisted lads need, and that to send them to the crowded and unhealthy city is to send them to their graves. Let them follow the plow, swing the sledge, or shove the forklane, and their pinched chests will be expanded, their stunted cheeks plumped out, and their lungs, now "cabined, cribbed, and confined," will have room to play. Their nerves will be invigorated with their muscles; and when they shall have cast off their jackets, instead of being thin, pale, rapid coxcombs, they shall have spread out to the size and configuration of men. A lawyer's office, a counting room, or a grocery is about the last place to which a sickly youth should be sent. The ruin of health is as sure there as in the mines of England. Even of those men in the city who have constitutions of iron, only five per cent succeed, and they only by "living like hermits, and working like horses;" the rest, after years of toil and anxiety, become bankrupt or retire; and having meanwhile acquired a thorough disgust and unfitness for manual labor, bitterly bemoan the day when they forsook the peaceful pursuits of the country for the excitement, care, and sharp competition of city life.—*M., in What Next?*

It makes a pretty scene. Teniers might have added it to his portfolio. How extremely odd it strikes one, thinking of all the men in a little town grouped around a hot stove in a country store, under a full headway of gossip about the affairs of other people, and, to appearance, as much impressed with the weight of their responsibility as if the nation itself rested on their round shoulders.

Their wives at home, poor women!—else how would the affairs of the house get on? They must not go a-gadding; but the *lords*—they may sit about in the post-office till they have to come home for patches to their trousers' seats, and not a word of complaint must be uttered against it!

Well, and the mail-coach rattles up. If in the winter, it is after dark a long while; but if it be summer weather, the sweet twilight is gloaming all over the town. Such delicious draughts of enjoyment as one may drink in, on the summer nights, at this particular hour,—draughts like the cool air of spice islands, that play about one's temples and dally with his very heart!

The echoes of the driver's voice are to be heard all over the secluded street,— "Get up along! *Ol' lang!*" The heavy rattling of the wheels makes music against the sides of the meeting-house, and fills the town with the notes of its warning. The post-office door opens, and forth steps a boy to take the mail; and a pencil of light from the one or two tallow dips within projects itself far out into the desert of darkness.

The cluttered little office is instantly a hubbub. Every eye is turned on the mail-bag and the Postmaster. At this particular moment, the latter is at his zenith. The by-standers watch him as he proceeds to void the responsible pouch of his precious contents. They count up every package, parcel, and newspaper that comes to the light, and appear as much pleased with what they discover as children are over the miscellaneous contents of their Christmas-stockings. They give their minds to the study of color, size, thickness, and relative importance of each article that is exposed.

Many of those nearest the counter, and those who, by reason of age or property-value, feel "privileged" in the place, venture upon taking a piece or two of the mail-matter into their hands, which they proceed to "heft," and make shrewd computations about. Some of the more forward lads crowd up under the men's elbows; and you can find an odd head here, and an odd body there, and a spare leg or arm somewhere else, which, anatomically arranged, would fairly present you with the manners common to country boys in the post-office, at the hour when the mail arrives.

In good time, the contents of the bag are all sorted; that is to say after waiting, and *waiting*. It would astonish an old Hollander himself,—what a dreadfully slow man the country Postmaster is! The more there is pressing upon him for dispatch, the less he is actually able to accomplish. Nothing confuses him, for he will not permit it. Still, the miscellaneous talk about the room does bother him, and he now and then looks up sharply over his spectacles, as a thorough school-master looks around his little realm of a school-room.

When, at length, the critical moment does come, he begins without the perceptible flutter of a nerve. "Mr. Atkins!" he calls out, in a tone of appropriate solemnity. The gentleman by that name makes a half bow, as if he would say, "Excuse me for a moment, all hands!"—slips off his seat on the head of a barrel of Genesee flour standing in the darkest cor-

ner of the store, and supplicatingly holds out his hand above the counter. Or, if he cannot pierce the crowd, a file of good men and true pass over the documents to him from head-quarters, every one of whom embraces such opportunity to study the post-mark as the tallow flare of the light affords him.

"Mr. Battles!"—again sings up the official at the desk. Everybody looks around to find Mr. Battles. He is sought after with as anxious care as the hundredth sheep that went astray. His acquaintance shlep every corner and cranny, look one side and another of the stove-pipe, and finally respond—"Not here!" Then "Mr. Canitkin!" He comes forward as far as the jam permits him, and is put in possession of his mail, much after the style of Mr. Atkins. Then, "Miss Fairnairde!" At which some of the young men exchange jokes, in a low voice, while a little boy—who has been on the lookout for his pretty sister near the counter—reaches out his tawny hand and makes an effective grab for it and carries it off.

So on, through the list. To those who go without a word to their own boxes and bring away their mails with a tap on the glass, this picture may seem as exaggeration; but back in the country, and altogether beyond town-reach, it will be recognized at a glance for the truth. Again and again we heard our name called out in the pars of the town magistrates and received what mail matter was rightfully ours through the hands of we could not tell how many accommodating men and boys, mixed together in officious confusion.

On mooted points of law—especially constitutional law—the country Postmaster is strong beyond any one's estimate. He has the mother-wit to keep a handful of stray old Congressional Reports, bound and lettered, on the dusty shelf at his back—as well as a more solid-looking copy of the Statutes, in imposing calf; and with his legal stock in trade, he sets the town at defiance. Of course he is not to be contradicted on matters pertaining to the nation and its welfare, for, sustaining such close relations with the Government, how is it to be supposed that any other man can know some things as well as he? Even Goldsmith's school-master is no match for him, in the line of "arguing still." Not even a member of the President's Cabinet can give an opinion with more pragmatic precision, or deliver himself with greater assurance of the intentions of the august Washington authorities. He stands for the village Rajah—the Great Mogul—at the head of the political wigwag of the place. National politics take their local coloring by being passed through the rather opaque medium of his official commentary. He is sketched, in the party's mind, as the one man who keeps the keys, the seals, and the secrets. If a single man contemplates so reckless a step as party backsliding, or defection, he of all the rest is close behind him to make him quake in whatever clothes he happens to have on!

Thus does the Postmaster practically become the centre of town patronage and town consequence. All look up to him, as they do to the village flag-staff, from which the "stars and stripes" are in the habit of waving. If any grumble at it or at that, it makes very little difference; they are obliged to keep on even terms with him, and pocket all their dissatisfactions in silence. The women either like or dislike him,—and that very decidedly. The younger portion, however, are careful to drop no syllable that can reach the Postmaster's family, and so make infinite trouble for themselves.

When they trip across into the office, they expect a joke from him, rather slyly, about their distant correspondents which shows with what studious thoroughness he informs himself, and what a memory passing all wonder, he has. Indeed, it affords him intense satisfaction to poke fun at the girls about their beaux, and to tease them with intent to draw forth still more of their little love-secrets.

Thus, no doubt, would he like to pass long afternoons, alternately raining over odd papers which tardy subscribers have failed to call for, and gossiping with the girls concerning the trifling love-secrets that form the staple of their letters from places not always very far off.

It is, therefore, an unparadiseable mistake to take city postmasters—the New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston magistrates—as the fair representatives of these officials throughout the land. If you would make a study of the Postmaster, you must contemplate those who compose, under government favor, the rank-and-file of the office-holding army. In the rural districts the rural Postmaster excels. There he stands forth, stately in his glory,—colonnar and individual in the social landscape. The whole town leans on him,—revolves around him. He attracts all local and personal interests, like iron filings, to his official lodgings.

A school teacher in DeWitt county, Ill., has introduced a new method of punishment into his school. When one of the girls misses a word the lad who spells it has permission to kiss her. The Clinton *Public* says: "The result is that the girls are fast forgetting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rapidity."

An Illinois woman, when they first began to have Congressmen-at-large out there, hearing the fact alluded to, straightway rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming, "Sarah Jane, don't leave the clothes out to-night, for there's a Congressman at large."

Macaulay had a prodigious memory, and was wont to say he knew Milton's *Paradise Lost* so well that he could restore the first six or seven books in case they were lost.

When the Indians catch a bald-headed man they cut off his ears to compensate for the loss of his scalp.

### South Pacific Cannibals.

According to the New Zealand *Herald*, the schooner *Sandfly*, of the British navy, which has been employed in the suppression of the Polynesian slave trade, must have brought away from its late cruise among the Solomon Islands some very unpleasant impressions of the "customs" of the natives of that interesting little archipelago. In one of the group it was found that the beach natives were on such deadly terms with the tribe which held the hills within that they could not meet without murderous consequences, and just before the arrival of the *Sandfly* one of the latter tribe who had come down to pay a secret visit to his daughter, married to a "beach native" before the rupture, had been discovered and tomahawked on the spot. The way of disposing of a dead enemy being to roast and eat him, preparations were being made for this purpose by the son-in-law of the deceased, when the commander of the cruiser, having learned what was going on, at once interfered by means of an interpreter, and expressed his intention of destroying the village if the body was not forthwith brought to his vessel's side and there sunk, which was accordingly done. Not long afterwards the same officer arrived at a village which had just been visited by a slave-catching and skull-hurling foray of another stronger tribe; the practice being on such occasions to kill and eat the male adults and carry the weaker members into captivity. A threat from the schooner and the show of her rocket tubes compelled the spoilers to take their departure abruptly, which they did without showing fight.

On Lieut. Nowell and his party landing, they found fourteen children, whose parents had just been killed before their eyes, and a number of skulls undergoing the process of roasting, in order to be retained afterwards as trophies. Some fugitives now returning, were treated with presents and left in charge of the children; but the skulls, for security sake, were taken out to sea and sunk. On the whole, the account of the *Sandfly's* cruise inclines one to believe that the unfortunate natives of the Solomon Islands could not be worse off if the group were to be annexed by China as a depot for the emigrants refused in California, or even by Spain as a compensation for the probable future loss of Cuba.

A White Man's Skin Engrafted Upon a Negro.

Mr. George Pollock's well-known and successful experiment, by which he tested the success of Levertin's valuable method of skin-engrafting in surgery, has been repeated inversely in America. Dr. Geo. Troupe Maxwell, of Newcastle, Delaware, reports in the *Philadelphia Medical Times* of October 18, that in February, 1873, he was called to a negro who had been shot in the face with a bird-shot. As he was only a few feet from the muzzle of the gun, the discharge passed through the left cheek, as in compact a mass as if it had been a ball, and passed out of the posterior portion of the ramus of the lower jaw, just below the lobule of the ear. There was extensive sloughing, and Dr. Maxwell proposed skin-grafting. He conceived the idea of transplanting the skin of a white man; and the consent of the patient having been obtained, Dr. Maxwell cut from his own arm a piece of skin about the size of a dime. He also took from the patient's arm a similar piece, and having cut them into pieces the size of a canary seed, carefully inserted them on the wound. All the white grafts except one died, and this one increased rapidly in size, till it was more than half an inch in diameter. After the wound had healed, Dr. Maxwell thus describes the patient's condition: "Meeting my patient on the road, I readily distinguished the white patch on the side of the face twenty or thirty yards distant. Upon examination, dark-colored lines, forming a net work on the white skin, were discovered. These lines increased in size and in number, deepening the color of the patch, until, at the end of the third month, the whole surface of the wound was of a uniform black color." The experiment is exceedingly interesting, and it is said to be the first published case of the kind.

The St. Louis Bridge.

The iron work of the great bridge across the Mississippi, at St. Louis, has been completed by the Keystone Bridge Company. The bridge proper consists of three arches each, over 500 feet in length. Platforms could not be built from which to construct the arches on account of the rapid river current, and of their interference, if erected, with the business interests of St. Louis. These difficulties were met, however, by the engineering skill of the contractors. From each of the two river piers arches were sprung which balanced each other as they were being built, and from which the workmen's platforms were suspended. The area to meet these were balanced from the shore piers by counterpoise weights, so arranged as to automatically support the arch in its proper position, notwithstanding the contraction and expansion always going on in the metal supporting rods. Link by link the spans were built out from six different points, until the three arches met over the river and were firmly banded together. The bridge is a wonderful specimen of skill in construction, and this, no less than its great size and cost, will make it attractive to tourists. Its cost, including tunnel and approaches, will not be less than \$10,000,000. The bridge is sixty feet above high water, but complaints have been made that it is not high enough to allow the passage of the great Mississippi steamboats under its spans. The immense smoke stacks on these boats, however, can probably be cut off to suit the bridge, and if not they can be so constructed as to be " telescoped " one section within another while they are passing under this great bridge. A Western paper suggests that these smoke stacks should acknowledge inferiority by a graceful bow.

### Ride and Tie.

In the days when travelling was not, as now, reduced to a system, in the non-existence of public conveyances, people had to provide their own. Those who wished to make a journey were sometimes put to their wits. For instance, it might happen that two men had the same journey to make and only one horse between them, and no carriages. The "time table" was thus arranged:—A would mount the horse, ride half an hour, and then dismount, tying the horse at the road side, and proceeding in his turn on foot. B came along, and when he reached the horse mounted, and rode his half hour, passing A on the road, and tying up at the end of his time. Thus the paradox was verified, that a journey is only half as long when there are two persons to make it.

This process illustrates one of the many "correspondences" which take place in the business and social relations of the world. Most people, if they but knew it, are moving along through life on the system of "Ride and Tie." The steam horse, for instance, is in the case of the quadruped. The railway system of the country, taken as a whole, is ahead of its business, and "tied up," waiting for the traffic and population to come along and authorize the further extension, which all admit must come at some time. It is toilsome work, this toiling to come up with the waiting locomotives, "Speculation" and "Fancy." But it is a work which cannot be avoided, and the main demands for which are patience and plodding endurance. It is true that such a condition of things is not specially cheerful in this age of hope and love of excitement; but the accomplishment of impossibilities is something to which neither the mental nor scientific power of man is equal. "Ride and Tie" is one of the unescapable conditions of human progress.

The same rule holds in almost every business relation. Over-trade or over-production, or whatever else exceeds the absolute present demand, must come under the rule of a forced pause, because it has pushed on and left the best half, the paying half, behind. Those who can move no faster must content themselves with a footpace, which, though slow, will be found sure. It may be inconvenient. It may involve disagreeable contrasts and painful sacrifices. But "ride and tie" has its compensations, and the pedestrian has the consolation of a fair certainty that his horse is waiting for him at the next stage.

In morals and social and political reformations and changes, "ride and tie" is the rule also. The man "in advance of the age" is only centering on, to tie up some where ahead, and, perhaps, out of sight. But the age will catch up with him, and, mounting his hobby, will ride it farther than he dared to do, or dreamed of doing. Perhaps the reader is ready to say all this philosophizing is easy. So it is—quite as easy as groaning, and much more pleasant. It is never so much the lack of things needed that oppresses a man as the failure to get what he simply desires.

### Mysteries of the Shawl Trade.

Before leaving this subject, says a Paris correspondent, I must relate a curious discovery made on this occasion. M. Guyot took me to see one of his first artists, who works at home. In the front room of a modest apartment was the intelligent artist working at his lathe, and in the back room was his wife working upon an India shawl. A fine cashmere, worth 4,000 francs, or perhaps, \$1,000 in New York, was cut into strings, or figures, and on glancing at it I could not help crying: "Ah, how in the world did this fine shawl get so badly damaged? Was it eaten by the rats?" M. Guyot laughed, and said: "Oh! Monsieur, it is not damaged at all. I am rearranging it." Probably my lady readers will be as much surprised as I was to find that these costly shawls are purposely cut in pieces and then sewn together again. The philosophy of it is this: Some years the fashion is for white figures, running about in scrolls as in all cashmires, and sometimes for black. Hence the shawls with white ground figures are cut when black sell best, and the black cuttings sewn in. Sometimes, when a lot of shawls have been for many years on hand, the disposition of the figures are changed in order to suit the prevailing taste. Now, the work was done so well that I could not distinguish the seams, but it seems to me that if I were to buy a shawl worth a thousand dollars, I should greatly prefer to have it as it came from the Indian loom. I was told that hundreds of these rearranged shawls are annually sold to American ladies at very large prices, and if those who have them find that they come in pieces they will understand the reason. They have only to send the shawl to some *raccommodeuse*, like the person of whom I write, and the work will be elegantly done again. This industrious artist and his no less industrious wife earn a very handsome living from their common labor.

### HEALTHFUL DWELLINGS.

Among the indispensable requisites of a healthful dwelling are that it shall be absolutely free from damp; because a damp home is a most potent and active and ever-present cause of disease, especially of rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, coughs, consumption and such like. The site, therefore, if not naturally dry, must be rendered so by means of asphalt or cement, throughout the foundation, and the roof and gutters and drainage must be perfect. And, second, that the house shall be so placed that the direct rays of the sun shall have free admission into the living apartments; because the sun's rays impart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate the vitality of human beings as they do those of plants, and without sunlight, human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be in an unobscured position. A fine 300 feet south-east.

### Boys, Read This.

The lesson contained in the following narrative is earnestly recommended to the thoughtful consideration of every boy in this county.

"Spare a copper, sir, I am starving," were the words of a poor, half-starved ragged man to a gentleman hastening home one bitter cold night. "Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you." Struck with the fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman stopped and said: "You look, as if you had seen better days. If you will tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough to pay your lodging." "I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered with a mournful smile. "Try, try. Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only to be sure you speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking for nearly a minute, said: "To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a boy I had kind loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change in store for me. I hoped that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusement. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was to be one continued holiday. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; you can guess the rest, I wasted what little they left, and it is now too late to combat my habits. Yes, sir, idleness has ruined me."

"I believe your story," said the gentleman, "and I will tell it to the boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform." Come to my office to-morrow and let me try to inspire you with fresh courage. And giving the man a piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried on.

"Never kill time," boys. He is your best friend. Don't let him slip through your fingers when you are young, as the beggar did. The days of your boy-hood are the most precious you will ever see. The habits you form will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure and a true success. You may not grow rich, but your life will be a real success, nevertheless. If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be very rich.

### Rio de Janeiro.

"The fresh, cool sea breeze, sweet and pure from the coast of Africa! is blowing on us now in this city of Rio de Janeiro (the river of January), on this Sunday evening in March.

"You have seen the sky over Cayuga Lake, as you have been on the hill side in our village