

The Law of Primogeniture. It is a very easy matter to abolish the law of primogeniture. In fact, more than a dozen years ago, when I was a member of Mr. Gladstone's first Government, the question had been discussed, and a bill was under preparation for that precise object, and I think myself that there would be no difficulty whatever in these days, opinion having grown and advanced so much, in passing such a measure in the House of Commons. I know nothing of the House of Lords; but I suspect that even in that house a great change has taken place, for only the year before last a bill of considerable value in the direction of what I am speaking—the freedom of land—was brought into Parliament by Lord Cairns, and passed through both houses with almost no difficulty.

Well, then, we should have the sons and daughters treated as sons and daughters, not outcasts. Now, a man leaves, or the law gives, to the eldest son this handsome estate and this fine house; and what does it give to the other sons or the daughters? The law gives, I believe, just nothing. [Cheers.] What would any man say to a father of a family who took his eldest son and gave him an education, sent him to one of your good schools in your neighborhood, or Oxford, or Cambridge, or elsewhere, and gave him the best education money could give, and left his other sons and daughters without learning even so much as their alphabet? Suppose such a case arose, what would humanity, or what would the moral sense of the country, say to a disposition like that? Surely, if a man was bound to give to his children such fair education as he can offer them, surely he is equally bound, from the means he possesses, to make—I do not now speak of equal provision—some reasonable and righteous provision for all his children. If he neglects or omits to do this, it becomes the duty of the law, which a Christian professing Parliament has made, to make that provision for them.

The law should be consistent with natural justice, and with that course which a just and affectionate parent would have pursued if he had done his duty. There is no reason why the law of settlement and entail should not be so limited as to be practically abolished for all mischievous purposes. Transfers might be made perfectly simple. Ships and shares and many vast properties of other kinds can be transferred almost without cost. A friend of mine told me last week that he bought a house in London. He was a member of the House of Commons. There was no difficulty about the title of deeds or anything, but the transfer of that house cost him £200. Why, it might have been done and not cost him more than 200 shillings, or less than that.

The amount of business transactions would be enormously increased, and whenever this new measure of reform becomes established as the law of the land, I hope the first great measure that will be undertaken will be to free the land of England from these feudal and ancient claims, and that it will be made free, as we succeeded five-and-thirty years ago in making its produce free.—Speech by John Bright.

**Floral Clocks.** We read that at the opening of each hour, by night and by day, somewhere, a band of "feathered quackers" breaks into happy song; from branch or rooftop, skimming the waves, or stirring the stillness of forest depths, the sweet, arousing strain awakens silvery echoes. And so it is with flowers; each plant has its appointed season of awakening to a new day. And beautifully has one of our own poets given the story of this joyous greeting time:

"Ah! well I mind the calendar (Faithful through a thousand years) Of the painted race of flowers— Exact to days, exact to hours, Counted on the spacious dial Yon bird-crested zodiac girls. I know the pretty almanac Of the punctual coming back, On their due days of the birds."

Of the waking and sleeping hours of plants, the great Linnaeus has given us a list:

The morning-glory opens at about 2 in the morning, closing at 10; rutland beauty opens at 3 in the morning, closing at 11; vegetable oyster opens at 4 in the morning, closing at 12; poppy opens at 5 in the morning; bitter-sweet opens at 6 in the morning; water-lily opens at 7 in the morning; scarlet pimpernel (the poor man's weather-glass) opens at 8 in the morning; garden marigold (*Calendula arvensis*) opens at 9 in the morning; sandwort (*Arenaria rubra*) opens at 10 in the morning; star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum*) opens at 11 in the morning; passion-flower (*Passiflora caribaea*) opens at 12 in the morning; feverfew opens about 2 in the afternoon; four-o'clock opens at 4 in the afternoon; catchfly opens at 5 in the afternoon; evening primrose opens at 6 in the afternoon; night-blooming corn-cockle opens at 7 in the afternoon; night-blooming cereus opens at 8 in the evening.

Young gardeners may find great pleasure in watching the unfoldings of their flowers, pets of their own planting, and will doubtless be able to add others to the list already made out.—*Floral World.*

**An Unpleasant Predicament.** "Yes, I was in quite an accident once," said the baggage man, as he stood in the door of his car waiting for his train to start; "it was a queer accident, too, and I never want to see the like of it again. You see that long white spot there on the side of my head—that ridge? Well, that was the result of the little bust-up I'm telling about. It was on the Lake Shore a good many years ago. On my run one day I had a sleeper—a corpse, you know—and as it was a through passenger I put it in the extreme rear end of my car. Nothing unusual happened till we got this side of Adrian a piece—that was before the air line was built—when we struck a cow on the track and got thrown off. It was right on a high bank, too, and we went to the bottom with a good deal of a crash, I tell you. Trunks and boxes flew around there pretty lively. One of 'em struck me there where you see that scar. But the worst of it was the sleeper's box broke open as it came tumbling down to my end of the car, and the passenger

stuck his head out to see what was going on. I wouldn't a minded that if he hadn't come quite so close to me. His banged-up box stopped right side of me, and his face came right down on mine. It makes me crawl yet to think of it. And I had to stay there twenty minutes before the boys could get at me, with that clammy dead face, two weeks gone, up again mine. I believe my hair'd a turned gray if there hadn't been so much blood on it from that hole in my head. No more mixes like that in mine, please."—*Chicago Herald.*

**From Chicago.** "May I have this seat?" she asked of the genteel drummer whose baggage was occupying it. "I don't know, ma'am," he answered politely. "It belongs to the railroad, you know; but I'll see the conductor, and maybe he can give it to you." She grew purple, and said: "You don't understand me. I mean, can I take it?" "Well, I don't know that, either. You see it is fastened very firmly to the car floor, and would be troublesome to get up; however, I'll have a carpenter come on board at the next station and ask his advice."

"I don't want to take the old thing," she howled. "Is this your traps on it?" "No'm," blandly answered the drummer; "they belong to the firm I travel for."

"Well, can I sit down here," she finally screamed, after shifting from one foot to the other. "I don't know, madam; you are the best judge of your muscular powers."

"Where do you travel from?" she screamed. "Chicago," he replied. "That settles it," she said, meekly; "will you please move your valise, and permit me to occupy a small portion of this seat?" "Certainly," he replied, "why didn't you say that at first?"

**A TRAGIC EVENT.** A Father's Despair and Self-Inflicted Death—His Son's Final Rescue Too Late to Save His Parent. The graphic occurrence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The next morning a coroner and an aroused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could have committed such an act, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes, and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their development. And indeed he had good reason to be proud, for they had all become men of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would frequently sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head ached him, not acutely, but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He lost all his interest for food and much of his interest for things about him. He tried manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger each day. The next morning he was taken to Buffalo, where a painful operation was performed, resulting in the loss of much blood, but affording little relief. The young man returned home, and a council of physicians was called. After a thorough examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a very few days. To describe the agony which this announcement caused to the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great for him to bear. He took a knife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized son. At that time William Rindge was too weak to be moved, and his father, who had turned black, his breath ceased entirely, and his friends waited for his death, believing that the end, Bright's disease of the kidney from which he was suffering, could not be removed. In this supreme moment William's sister came forward and declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. She called a doctor, and, after a long and fruitless search, she found a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which she gave to her brother. He took it, and in a few days he was able to get up, and in a few more days he was able to walk. He is now a healthy man, and his father is still alive.

**Three Remarkable Interviews.** A reporter has interviewed Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M. C.; Hon. Judge Flanders, of New York; and Dr. Arthur H. Hays Sulzberger, of New York, in regard to their experience with Compound Oxygen. These interviews give surprising results and show this treatment for the cure of chronic diseases to be the most remarkable known to the profession. A copy of these interviews, also a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, will be mailed free, by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Phila.

**A Pleasure to Recommend It.** We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tur Syrup to any public speaker that may be troubled with throat or lung disease.

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**Staple's Tack-Making Machine.** A Connecticut man has perfected an automatic machine for making upholstery tacks, and is producing the goods at Torrington. These tacks have so far been always imported, and the secret of the English manufacture is not known. Various attempts have been made in this country to devise machinery for producing these goods, but resulting in failure. One firm sunk \$20,000 in the endeavor. Another firm fifteen years ago, partly succeeded, but failed financially. The new machine turns out perfect tacks at the rate of 150 per minute. An average day's work of 60,000. One man can take care of forty of these machines. By using different dies the heads may be either round or cone-shaped, and several sizes can be made. After shaping another machine polishes the face of the metal. The immense quantity used is shown by the fact that an importer in New York receives eight or ten million of these tacks monthly.—*Cotton, Wool, and Iron.*

**Loadstone.** Loadstone is the magnetic oxide of iron. When this is highly magneto and exhibits polarity it is called loadstone. It is the richest known ore of iron, and is used for the manufacture of iron, as are other ores of that metal. It is found in almost all mineral regions rich in iron.

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