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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Faded Violet.

You gave it me long years ago
  In the shadowy evening time,
While the clouds stole round the mountain-side
  And the bells rang out a chime.
The blossoms listened at our feet,
  The trees stooped from above;
You said, "This flower will say for me
  All that my heart says—'Love.'"
    'Tis long ago; but I have yet
    That little faded violet.

And life was at its blithest then;
  The world ne'er seemed so bright;
For the sweetest story ever told
  I listened to that night;
And often, often, when alone,
  I've kissed my violet blue,
And said, "E'en as I keep my flower
  So will my love be true."
    Ah me! I have it hidden yet,
    That little faded violet.

We parted long, long months ago,
  With not a sign to tell
That once, in far-off happy days,
  We two had loved so well.
We parted with a few cold words—
  We two who oft had said
Not all the world should come between—
  Ah, well: the love was dead—
    The love was dead; but yet, but yet,
    I keep my faded violet.

A STRUGGLE FOR A MOUSTACHE.

AS SORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

This is for boys, of course. Who ever heard of girls being interested in moustaches!

It was January, the first month of a year not a great many years ago. The winter school was keeping. George Redway was the master that winter. Harry Smith, Tom Edwards, aad I had a "long seat" together.

The "back seat" was full of "great boys" of eighteen and twenty. They nearly all had moustaches or attempts at the same. And some of them even had whiskers. Of course their example and good success in this particular was stimulating to us smaller boys. Still we did'nt take our fever (moustache fever) from them. It came from a sudden exposure in the form of a young fellow from Portland, named Fred Barry, who came up the second week of our school on a visit at his grandfather's, who lived in the neighborhood. By the way of passing time (nothing more I guess) he attended school for several weeks. Anything like the brown beauty, the trimness, and the heroic effect of Fred's moustache can scarcely be conceived of. The "great boys" were goats beside him. And as for the "great girls," it was amazing to see how they kept wearing their best dresses every day, and how cold they grew toward their old admirers.

Harry, Tom, and I, from the long seat, eyed him (the moustache part, and that was the only part of him worth noticing), —eyed him admiringly. Day by day we watched and sighed, nay pined—I really think we pined—under the unapproachable glory of that manly moustache. Unapproachable; for as yet our faces were as smooth as our dinner-boxes. As I said at first, I don't expect any save boys to sympathize with us in this mood. And I know the most of folks will but laugh when I state that for the first fort-night after Fred's arrival, Tom and I actually lay awake nights to discuss it, and devise means for putting our own upper lips in a similar condition. As a preliminary step, we had already procured an old razor and a cake of soap; and were proceeding toward the object in view by scraping in the usual way, when one forenoon at recess Harry, whose fever ran higher evan than ours, showed us a slip cut from a late newspaper (a religious paper, too) which made everthing easy in a moment.

That slip was this:—

"Moustaches! Moustaches!!!

"The Grecian Compound! Will force a growth of hair on the smoothest face with a few applications. This is no humbug. Price only $1.00 per package.

"Address (with money),

"Professor Bouffet,

"92 Nassau St., New York."

Was there ever such an opening! We read it over and over, in school, holding it behind our books.

"Do you suppose it *really is so?*" whispered Tom.

"*This is no humbug,*" read Harry, pointing to the slip.

On the whole it looked too straightforward and honest, and was too much to our liking to be seriously doubted.

"Let's send on and try it, any way," said Harry, as we sat eating our dinners in our seat and talking the matter over. "Shouldn't wonder if that was the way he raised his," with a nod up to where Fred was *shining* and talking with the girls. "Let's send to-morrow. It'll be thirty-three cents apiece. Can you do it?

It would nearly break us; but we could do it, barely.

"Come over to our house to-night," said Harry, "and we'll write the letter."

That evening after repeated attempts we got off the following:—

N——, Maine, Jan. 29, 186–.

"Professor Bouffet, Esq.

"Dear Sir: Please send us a package of your Grecian Compound as soon as you get this, which contains one dollar to pay for it. Be sure to send us the right kind.

"Your obedient servants,

"Harry Smith and two others."

We put this in the post-office next morning, as we went to school.

"How long do you expect it'll be before it will get there?" asked Tom.

"O, well, it may be a week," said Harry. "I don't mean to think it strange, though, or worry, if it don't come for a fortnight. May have a good deal of business on hand, you know."

That seemed some time; but as we could do nothing further, we set ourselves to wait patiently.

Tom and I were therefore very agreeably surprised, when, on the third night after, Harry came running up to our house, and, calling us out, exclaimed, "It's come!"

Such promptness looked well in the *Professor*.

"Let's see it," cried Tom.

It was simply a yellow envelope addressed to "Harry Smith," containing a little square paper package, much like a paper of garden-seeds, with "directions" on it which told us to *dissolve in warm water and apply* wherever we wanted *hair*.

"Come down and stay with me to-night," said Harry, "and we'll *put on* some of it."

We went back with him, and at an early hour retired to Harry's chamber. He had brought up a cup with some water. We tore off a corner of the package and turned out about a quarter of the Compound into the cup. It was merely a gray powder; but what a puissant look it had to us! It dissolved readily in the water. And standing there before Harry's little looking-glass, we put it on our upper lips with our forefingers, dipping them alternately. The operation took some fifteen minutes; we rubbed it in well. It was a bitter cold night. There was no fire in the chamber. I remember that we nearly froze our legs; though, of course, a little thing like that was not to be put in the balance with a moustache. After what we deemed a faithful application, Harry blew out the candle and we got into bed, shivering considerably, but with high hopes.

"It'll probably begin to start 'em out by morning," said Harry. "We'll put on some more before we go to school. Drive 'em out as fast as we can, now."

It was light when I awoke. Tom was in bed (he had the middle) staring alternately from my face to Harry's, who was not yet awake. His upper lip was *black as soot!* It flashed into my mind about the moustache "Compound."

"Tom!" I exclamed. "You've got a *prodigious* one!"

"Have I?" cried he jumping out and running to the glass. "I hope it isn't like yours."

I sprang out and looked over his shoulder. My lip was as black as his!

"What is it?" said Harry, rousing up.

Then seeing us staring into the glass, he leaped out and came looking over *my* shoulder. There was now reflected three of just the blackest lips you ever saw. We eagerly *felt* of them. It was'nt hair, it was a black stain. Our forefingers were equally black.

"By hokey!" exclaimed Harry, "I did'nt think that's the way t'was going to do! Did you?" We did'nt.

"But it's all right and regular enough, I guess," he continued, after a moment of doubting amazement. "We'll wash it off, though, before we go in to breakfast."

We went down to the sink, and, getting out the soap, began to lather and scrub, running along to the glass now and then to see how it looked. We could no more start the stain than we could dissolve granite! It seemed to grow all the blacker for soaping! For a moment we were thoroughly frightened; then, our faith in the "Compound" returning, we resolved to accept the situation resignedly for the sake of a moustache.

"It's probably getting the roots laid," whispered Harry, as he went in to breakfast, rather shamefacedly.

"Why! Why! My stars!" exclaimed Aunt Dolly, (Mrs. Smith), as we took our places opposite her at the table! "What *have* you been doing to your faces? Ink! It's ink. O you silly boys!"

We said not a word. Far better to have her think it *was* ink than to let her know what we had really been doing.

How little Rhoda and Lizzie laughed! But we were thinking of the tougher ordeal in store for us at school.

"O, if we hadn't got to go to school!" exclaimed Tom, after we had left the table.

It would'nt do to think of giving up our school, however. The folks would'nt hear a word to that. If we even asked to stay at home one day, we should have to explain it all. Besides, there was no prospect of the stains coming out very soon.

We gave our luckless lips another scrubbing, a fruitless one; and then, as it drew near nine o'clock, went off toward the school-house. The master was just going in as we got there. Holding our hands up to our noses, we went to out seat without attracting much notice. But while reading in the Testament, several of the boys *spied it out* in spite of the books we held up. We began to hear a suspicious tittering; and while "Fifth Reader Class," which came next, was out on the recitation-seats, it kept breaking out, much to the master's annoyance and surprise. He looked sharply around. But we held our heads down and studied prodigiously.

"Class in the Fourth Reader!" cried the master. That was our class.

Our hearts gave a great jump. We stole out to our places, Tom holding his open book under his nose, while Harry and I put our handkerchief over our mouths. All eyes began to fasten upon us; and somebody snickered out.

"What's this?" demanded the master, coming down to our end of the room. No one answered; but a general grin and staring pointed us out as the root of the difficulty.

"Put down your book, Thomas," said the master. Tom wriggled and hesitated. "Do you hear?"

Down came the book, and, lo! the black lip! A roar followed this unveiling.

"What is that?" cried the master, looking at it attentively.

"Moustache!" suggested a voice behind.

The master glanced at it again, then frowned. He had a small, sandy moustache himself, and, with a young gentleman's usual sensitiveness on this subject, I think he took it as a saucy imitation, a piece of impudence. For a moment he almost glared at poor Tom, when another voice blurted out, "A couple more under the handkerchiefs!"

"Take them down!" thundered he, turning upon us.

We did so, and were greeted with another roar.

But Mr. Redway recovered his humor in a moment, and, turning to one of the little boys, said pleasantly, though still with a slight gleam in his eye, "Johnny, run over to Mr. Needham's, next door, and borrow his razor and a piece of soap. These young gentlemen will have to shave. The class may be seated till we their moustaches off."

Now the best thing for us to have done would have been to tell him frankly just how it was. But we were so flustered scared, and withal so ashamed, that we stood mute as monkeys, our black lips helping the simile.

"Come out here!" said he. We followed him into the floor. "Take off your jackets!"

"Now pin your handkerchiefs about each other's necks, towel fashion."

We performed this office for each other, in a dreadful clumsy way, eliciting fresh outbursts from the whole school, which now sat agape with merriment. By this time Johnny had got back with Mr. Needham's razor and lather-box.

The master went along to the pail and poured some water into the box, which he set on the table. Next he seated me in his chair, barber fashion, and had me put my heels up on the stove. This done, he retired to the back seat and bade Harry shave me after the most approved style, with the remark that he would teach us *barbering*, if nothing else.

"Lather him and shave him well," was the order, as he went up the aisle, leaving us alone in the floor.

It took a second command to drive Harry into it. And then, O, how lingeringly awkwark and slow he went about it! How silly he looked, as he smeared the lather over my face! And how his hands trembled and shook about as he *diddered* the razor along my lip! And the *little chap* in the chair must have been a picture! You can imagine him! In short, I leave the whole scene to your imagination. You can't overdo it. The master laughed till the tears ran down into his sandy moustache. And such guffaws, both bass and treble, as rose in the back seat. What the three little fellows who furnished the fun underwent Heaven only can know. I never had anything so knock the bottom out of my self-respect before nor since. To this day it makes me squirm and ejaculate; whenever I happen to think of it suddenly.

And when, after scraping off the lather, my lip still showed black as jet, how they laughed again! The master made Harry go over me a second time. Then I shaved him, and lastly he shaved Tom. That wound up the shaving part.

"Now," said the master, coming to the table, "go and wash off that ink."

"It isn't ink, sir," Harry ventured to say.

"What is it then?"

"I—I don't know what it is, sir."

"You don't know what it is? Where did you get it? Where did it come from?

"New York, sir."

"New York! Have you got any more of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see it."

Harry went to his jacket, and, drawing from his breast pocket the yellow envelope, took out the package of "Compound," before the wondering school.

The master took it. "Oho!" he exclaimed. "A whisker preparation! Blacked your lips, did it? Served you right. Take a friend's advice: let Nature work, Now go wash it off."

"It won't come off, sir," said Harry.

"Won't come off?"

"No, sir. We've tried it hard."

"Let me try. Come here."

Thereupon he caught up the lather-box and soaped us again; then, getting out his handkerchief, gave our poor lips another most unmerciful scuring, going at it again and again, all the harder, when he hadn't started it. He didn't like to *give in* on it, but finally had to.

"Take your seats, you young scamps!" he cried out, at last, nearly exhausted with his useless toil. "Never saw such stuff! You're marked, I guess, for one while."

We were marked in more senses than one. You know how, when a red ribbon is tied to a young rooster's neck, all the other roosters in the flock will run him down and give him no rest as long as it's on him. That was our case at school for the next three or four weeks, till the stain wore off; and we often heard of it afterwards.

It's almost needless to say that no moustache *came out*. The thing speaks for itself. "Professor Bouffet" rather plaid it on us. But it will be a long day before any of those New York leeches get us to bite again.

Chloroform and Robbers.

Dr. Stephen Rogers, of New York, in a report on "Can Chloroform be Used to Facilitate Robbery?" records some facts which prove it to be of no use to robbers. 1st. As to its use to promote the greater security from the disturbance of the sleeper, even were that practicable, the very time that would be consumed in the gradual and cautious administration of the vapor—the only possible theoretical manner of accomplishing it—would so increase the danger of detection that few thieves would think of employing it. 2d. During the administration of chloroform, whatever manner may be adopted, the patient or subject, as a rule, becomes excited, often very violent and turbulent, with an irrepressible propensity to sing or shout, which is often so loud as to alarm the inmates of the whole house. He is in a state of wild chloroformic intoxication. The exceptions to this rule are so few that no prudent thief would think of running the risk of not meeting one of these exceptions. 3d. Supposing the two preceding obstacles overcome, and the victim thoroughly quieted into a narcotic sleep, a third and very frequent complication arises: he begins to vomit, and while he does not generally make much noise about it, still he may, and he always requires attention lest fatal strangulation occur. The knowledge, among the criminal classes, that the abandonment of their victim, with a towel over his face, to the liabilities of vomiting and strangulation, would often add the crime of murder to that of robbery, would have great effect in deterring them from employment of it.—*Medical Record.*

Ku Klux.—The majority and minority reports of the joint Ku Klux Committee have been presented to the U. S. Congress. The majority will submit several thousand pages of printed evidence of so-called Ku Klux outrages, defend the Ku Klux law of Congress, and recommend the continuance of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* beyond the time to which it is now restricted; agrees with the report of the minority that the carpet-bag governments of the South have plundered and robbed the Southern people until lawlessness was provoked. The minority report contains these words: "We will show to all men not blinded by prejudice or passion that the Ku Klux bill and the conduct and report of the majority of this committee, as inaugurated, continued and reported, is the grossest outrage, the foulest calumny, ever perpetrated or circulated upon or against a helpless people by their rulers, who ought for that reason to be their friends instead of relentless enemies and calumniators."

The Damage to Paris.—At the last sitting of the Municipal Council of Paris, 50,350 demands were discovered to have been sent in by the sufferers from the sieges asking for indemnities, the total of which amount to 229,000,000 francs, that is to say, 120,000,000 francs for Paris, and 109,000,000 francs for the suburbs. It appears, however, that the Parisian claims when revised, will be reduced to 68,000,000 francs, and that of the suburbs to 77,000,000 francs. As far as Paris is concerned, it is stated that the Prussians damaged the city to the extent of $2,000,000 francs, the Versailles troops to the extent of 6,000,000 francs, and that fires did the rest.

On the Eve of Battle.

Gen. Custer in his life on the Plains, thus describes the prelude to what might have been a battle between the United States troops and the Indians:

For a few moments appearances seemed to foreshadow anything but a peaceful issue. The infantry was in the advance, followed closely by the artillery, while my command, the cavalry, was marching on the flank. General Hancock, who was riding with his staff at the head of the column, coming suddenly in view of the wild fantastic battle array, which extended far to our right and left and not more than half a mile in our front, hastily sent orders to the infantry, artillery, and cavalry to form line of battle, evidently determined that if war was intended we should be prepared. The cavalry, being the last to form on the right, came into line on a gallop, and, without waiting to align the ranks carefully, the command was given to "draw sabre." As the bright blades flashed from their scabbards into the morning sunlight, and the infantry brought their muskets to a carry, a most beautiful and wonerfully interesting sight was spread out before and around us, presenting a contrast which, to a military eye, must be striking. Here in battle array, facing each other, were the representatives of civilized and barbarous warfare. The one, with but few modifications, stood clothed in the same rude dress, bearing the same patterned shield and weapon that his ancestors had borne centuries before; the other confronted him in the dress and supplied with the implements of war which the most advanced stage of civilization had pronounced the most perfect. Was the comparative superiority of these two classes to be subjected to be mere test of war here? Such seemed the prevailing impression on both sides. All was eager anxiety and expectation. Neither side seemed to comprehend the object or intentions of the other; each was waiting for the other to deliver the first blow. A more beautiful battle-ground could not have been chosen. Not a bush or even the slightest irregularity of ground intervened between the two lines which now stood frowning and facing each other. Chiefs could be seen riding along the line as if directing and exhorting their braves to deeds of heroism. Fortunately before coming to conflict matters were explained and the two bodies were soon at work making a treaty of peace, instead of fighting.

Death in the Mines.

The statistics furnished the State Government by the Mine Inspectors in the anthracite region are almost complete for the year 1871, and are of a more than ordinarily interesting character. The death record in these statistics furnishes a most powerful proof of the fact that the Mine Ventilation law is not enforced as it should be, or the list of deaths for 1871 would not, and could not, be so great. We present it here as nearly correct as it is obtainable at the time;

	Killed.	Injured.
Lackawana District	64	91
Wyoming District	52	86
Lehigh District	28	36
Northumberland County	20	54
Dauphin County	6	14
Columbia County	1	2
Schuylkill County	201	339
Total	272	622

These unfortunate men left, on a close estimate, 220 widows, and between 500 and 600 orphan children. We have watched the numerous accidents occurring in the several regions of Luzerne County, and we believe that we can make a correct estimate of the nature of the 116 deaths, and place the responsibility where it belongs. About one-third of the whole number of the killed met their death on account of the neglect of operators to make second openings to their mines. Another third were killed by the explosion of gases, which would have been averted if the law requiring every mine to be examined by an experienced miner with a safety lamp before the workmen enter had been complied with. About one-sixth lost their lives through mere negligence, in not paying sufficient attention to the roof of the mines and otherwise, while the remaining one-sixth of the whole number were killed by unforeseen and unavoidable accidents. We have no doubt that very nearly the same state of facts exist in the other regions, except in Columbia county. It is really astonishing that in that county more than half a million of tons of coal was mined and shipped, in the production of which only one life was lost and two persons injured. The greatest proportion of casualties to the amount of coal produced is, as usual, in Schuylkill county, where one man was killed to every 50,000 tons of coal produced.—*Scranton Republican.*

Sad Affair.—A girl named Lohnes, living on a farm of E. W. Hollister, near Galesville, Ulster County, New York. is now lying there at the point of death from the effects of an occurrence of the most appalling character. Her mother had taken her babe and this little girl, three years old, to call upon a Mrs. Lanagan, who resided on the opposite side of the street. Mr. Lanagan kept three hound dogs, and as Mrs. Lohnes opened the door she saw the dogs. Mrs. Lanagan told her to come in, as there was no danger. Mrs. Lohnes and child entered, and in an instant the hounds attacked the little girl. The women fought the animals and shrieked for help, but the tearing to pieces of the little girl seemed inevitable. Some men engaged at work in a barn close by rushed to the rescue, but before it was accomplished she had her face so terribly mangled and cut that nothing but a miracle can save her life.

Sensible to the Last.—A sensible shoemaker, who made a princely fortune by the sale of an extensively advertised shoe string of his own invention, wrote this stanza, which now adorns his crest:

If you're wise and wish to rise,
Then pitch right in and advertise;
If you are not, then sit down sot,
And let your business go to pot.

Newspapers.—The total annual circulation of newspapers printed in the State of New York is 492,771,868 copies, more than twice the number issued in any other State. The next greatest number of issues is in Pennsylvania, where 233,380,532 copies are annually printed. Massachusetts prints 107,691,952 copies, Illinois, 162,686,204, Ohio, 93,592,448. Next comes California with 45,569,408 newspaper sheets per annum.

London Cabmen.

The man was a character, and his method of procedure, at least in the instance which we were about to quote, was novel and original. He was a short bull-necked man of fifty years of age, with a red and nubbly countenance, and two small twinkling gray eyes set very far back in his head; he was lame, and wore a black glazed felt hat like a French coachman's; his language was fluent, personal, and marked with the strongest adjectives; and there was rum in his whole system at the time we chanced upon him, jogging along in a distant suburb, Notting-hill way at five in the morning. We had been at a friend's party, and had not provided for the return journey; we were disconsolate, and six in number; and the man saw our position, and volunteered, with considerable amount of politeness *then*, to drive us homewards. The cab was a roomy cab, and could hold the six of us quite comfortably; only try it. We did try it; for there was a drizzling rain descending, and no further help in sight. We gave our address, and were driven off, a mass of distorted humanity, until we finally reached our destination in the broad daylight, with the reproachful eyes of a policeman upon us as we struggled from the vehicle, and strove to assume our natural conformations.

The settling-up question came, and we are of opinion that a very handsome donation, that made amends for extra distance, extra weight, and left a decided margin for the driver, was tendered on that occasion to the eccentric being whom we are never likely to forget. But even with a policeman before him, he fell into position, and launched his language at us.

He wouldn't touch it; he wouldn't lay a hand upon it. He wanted double the money, just double the blessed—he did not say blessed—and measly—he did say measly—amount which had been offered him. Settle the case at the next blessed station house! which, however was not blessed on that occasion by the disputant—not he; though there wasn't an inspector in all the land who would'nt give the decision in his favor. Ask the policeman present what he considered was a legal claim! of course he would. But when the policeman went into calculation, and thought that we might have given him something like three shillings too much, no pen is powerful enough to describe our cabman's rage and mortification, and general state of wounded feelings. He tossed his shinny hat into the road-way; he executed a maniacal dance; he cursed us for hiring him, and himself for being hired; he startled his observers considerably by drawing from his pocket a huge clasp-knife, which he opened and flourished round his head, as an Indian savage might have brandished it when scalp collecting.

"I'm not a-going to hurt you," he said to the policeman, "or them. Not I; I knows my place too well for that. I'm not a-going to take their blessed"—please consider "blessed" was not the adjective employed again—"and measly money. I make em a present of it, there! But I aint a-going to have this poor animal imposed upon. He shan't have the misfortun' of drawing such a measly lot ever again. I'm going to *cut his throat!*"

He went with solemn strides to the front of the horse, as Virginius might have done towards his daughter, seized the bridle, held the knife to the animal's jugular region; and paused.

"Are you going to pay up" he asked, in a tragic tone.

No we are not going to pay up any more.

"Then this poor critter must have his throat cut. You aint a-going to draw such a measly lot again, old horse; it isn't worth your while—it isn't worth your living for."

It was impossible to resist a burst of laughter at this pathetic address. The policeman, whose beat had possibly been dull that night, fairly doubled himself up with hilarity. The cabman paused again, with his knife against the horse's throat, as though he were shaving it.

"Will you give me eighteenpence more?"

"No."

"Will you make it a shilling?"

"No."

"Not sixpence? not a measly sixpence?"

"Not a sixpence!"

"Then give us your money; and, mind you, I'll never take you anywhere again, not if the whole measly lot of you were dying!"

He closed and pocketed the knife, picked up his hat, received his money, mounted his box, burst forth into fresh and forcible adjectives, and drove away, hurling his imprecations on our heads, till his voice was lost in the distance into which he took his cab and objectionable self.

The Cost of Raising Cotton.

A "cotton-grower of forty years experience," writing from Cut Off, Arkansas, says: I will give the average cost of producing cotton on a small farm; say on a quarter section of land, where you may find fifty acres in cultivation worth say, $1,500 where cotton alone is cultivated:

Interest on farm at 10 per cent	$150.00
Taxes on farm and stocks	45.00
Annual cost of plows and harness	20.00
Use of 3 head plow mules at $30	90.00
Four laborers, at $20 per month	960.00
Provisions consumed by same	240.00
Cook to prepare meals	150.00
Bedding and bedclothes	20.00
Medical bill	50.00
Forage (corn and hay) for teams	150.00
Total expenses	$1,875.00

Now let us see what return the grower of cotton gets: Take the average production of the country (uplands) 300 pounds of cotton is a good average. Then from fifty acres we have 15,000 pounds of cotton, at 15 cents net per lb., giving to the grower $2,250 return, showing a balance in his favor of $375. This estimate is based upon the supposition that the land is owned by the grower.

A Present.—Capt. John Cowden has made a gift to the Emperor of Russia of the plains, specifications and drawings used in the construction of the celebrated rams Arkansas, Virginia and Tennessee. They were presented to Admiral Poisset in trust for his Imperial master. The theory developed in the papers referred to, makes the use between the iron-plates of cotton, or some other elastic substance, imperative in the building of this kind of craft. It is claimed that shot from guns of the heaviest calibre cannot take effect under such circumstances. In addition to this, the vessels are supposed to be so shaped that they cannot be struck at right angles.

The Government of Children.

The government of children says Henry Ward Beecher, has been a source of dissension in the household since the world began, and will be, presumably, till the "new heaven and the new earth" are produced. Children ought to be an element of harmony in the family, and to bring to the parents united counsels and co-operative love. In many cases this is the happy result. Where it does not produce this effect, it may be from any of a variety of causes.

The mother, sometimes, has an intense and excitable affection for her children, which, when roused up by anything that to her seems like injury, takes on the form of a fierce instinct, such as we see in the lower animal kingdom.

At other times, the mother feels in an intense degree her special and peculiar ownership in the child. And truly the mother has a right that the father has not. She travailed; she bore it; she suffered. Chiefly upon her fell the weariness, the watching, the anxiety, the task of early training and instruction. Her life is like a fountain poured out for the child, and whenever she sees or fears that her long labor of pain and patience is liable to be prevented by the intrusion of one who, though father, and in law made even superior to her in the control of children, it rouses resistance which springs from the very roots of moral sensibility. A woman may often press this right unduly. But no just and thoughtful man will fail to recognize a reason of justice in a woman's claim to have much of the management of the children, provided she is really seeking their advantage.

Since men do not as yet produce angels, but only little unripe men over again, children must always be a source of more or less trouble, inconvenience and annoyance in the house. Both parents must take their share of the patience inevitably required. Among other things, children's noise must be borne with. They must not be too sharply curbed; and yet, for their own good and for the welfare of the family, they must not be lawless nor boisterous within doors. Out of doors, and in playrooms remote from hearing, let them shout. It is good practice for the lungs. But in, or near, the common sitting-room, they should be trained to quiteness. It is best that they should early feel the responsibility of contributing to the common good.

The household is a little commonwealth. The child is a new citizen. He must early be taught the duties of citizenship. It is an evil influence which permits the child to sacrifice every person's comfort in the house for the selfish sake of its own enjoyment. It may be pleasant to the child for the moment, but it sacrifices a higher good. A child cannot learn too early order, subordination, obedience, and a willing contribution of its own pleasure for the good of others. If restraint, or even discipline be needed to secure these results, it is best that the child be subject to them. Health and freedom may be secured without allowing children to make nuisances of themselves. For another reason it is cruel for parents to leave their children untrained and boisterous; such children invariably are objects of dislike to all about them. They are the neighborhood talk. No parent by neglect of discipline has a right to subject his child to so much odium. We take sides with the parent who desires an orderly family; where children are not vexatious despots; where a man may feel reasonably safe from an irruption of bears and buffaloes in human form; and where the sharp irritable selfishness of over-indulged children shall not be his daily portion.

Terrible Fight Between Boys.

For a week or two past, says the Wheeling (W. Va.) *Register*, the boys of the rival villages of Bellaire, on the Ohio side of the river, and Benwood, on the West Virginia side, have been engaged in fighting. Whenever a Bellaire boy was found on this side of the river he was unmercifully beaten, and whenever a Benwood boy was discovered in Bellaire the flogging was repaid with interest. Not long ago the boys of the two places met on the ice, and engaged in a regular pitched battle, using stones, and even pistols. Some of the combatants are now in the Marshall county jail, awaiting trial for riot. A few days after, a vast number of boys, about 150 on each side, met on the ice, by appointment, it would seem, and engaged in a most terrific fight. Every conceivable weapon was used, and several of the combatants received cuts in the head and face. The battle raged with fury for about two hours.

One boy, a lad about 13 years old, named Furson, whose parents reside in Bellaire, was struck behind the ear. He fell on the ice stunned. In a short time he revived sufficiently to enable him to go home. He suffered terribly through the night, and yesterday morning he died from the effects of his injuries. Now that one of their comrades has been murdered, and several others have been badly injured, is it not time for the authorities on both sides of the river to put a stop to these boy-battles, and prevent any more such disgraceful scenes as that of Saturday? Must they wait until other boys are killed before stopping these outrages? Every boy connected with the proceedings of the two Saturdays should be arrested and held to answer for young Furson's death.

A Gift Concert Explosion.—An apparent fraudulent scheme under the name of "National Engineers' Gift Enterprise," has been ventilated by the newspapers of Milwaukee; the president, Chas. D Smith, having failed to make a satisfactory explanation as to the disposition of the funds. A number of citizens whose names have been used as references in connection with the scheme have published cards disclaiming any association with the concern, and expressing regret at the use of their names. It is about time that people let Gift Concert and sister humbugs alone.

Smart Boy.—A little boy who loved to pass his evenings in stores, and listen to the improving conversation of the elders while helping himself to sugar, was told the other night that hereafter he must stay at home. "I wish I was a man," he said. "And what would you do if you were a man?" asked his mother. "I would get married and then I would go to the stores every evening." A very observant boy.

Facts and Fancies.

Charity is an eternal debt, and without limit.

A recipe for rosy cheeks—double-soled boots.

The snow is forty feet deep in the Yo Semite.

Pennsylvania produced 5,755,057 barrels of oil in 1871.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one more cunning than others.

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

An old miser, going down his cellar steps the other day, fell against his will.

It takes just twelve hundred dollars' worth of lace to trim a velvet cloak properly.

A locomotive consumes, on the average, forty-five gallons of water for every mile it runs.

Minds of moderate calibre are too apt to ignore everything that does not come within their own range.

The difficult in life, is the same as the difficulty in grammar—to know when to make the exception to the rules.

In the absence of other competent authority, a Georgian performed the marriage ceremony at his own wedding.

Cincinnati is said to be more densely populated than any other city in the country. The population is about thirty-six thousand to the square mile.

A young lady at Fond du Lac, was married without shoes or stockings on, the other day, in accordance with an old whim that such an act would bring good luck.

A cautious old bachelor, who is aware that the present year is leap-year, says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

A physician in New Hampshire has used the same horse for twenty-six consecutive years. The animal shows what air and exercise will do for health and length of days.

The good people of Manitowoc, Wis., had a grand celebration on the completion of their dry dock, and woke up the next morning to find that the dock had caved in entirely.

A Kentucky paper calls it a "difficulty" when one man stabs another several times and then is shot dead by his opponent.

It is of no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

Glashier, an aeronaut, says that the voice of a woman can be heard in a balloon when at the height to two miles, while that of a man cannot be heard when higher than a mile.

A Milwaukee man, ever since the Grand Duke's ball, carries his right hand behind his back, shaking hands only with his left. The former is reserved exclusively for royalty.

No credit due.—An independent old lady, speaking of Adam naming all the animals, said she didn't think he deserved any credit for naming the pig—any one would know what to call him.

A veteran observer says: "I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

A young lady, named Lou Gibbons, in Lexington, Ky., cut her throat from ear to ear with her brother's razor because her father had spoken harshly to her. She lived but a few moments after committing the deed

Sick brother: "Harry I want to whisper! Pa has given me sixpence for taking my medicine. On your way from school buy me a pennyworth of hard-bake, a pennyworth of tafly, a pennyworth of almond rock, a pennyworth of honey drops, and a penny stick of Spanish licorice, and we'll keep the other penny for to-morrow."

In Davenport, Iowa, the other day, a woman for "fun," robed herself in ghostly apparel, and went groaning into the room of a friend. The scared woman shrieked and fell on the floor in spasms. The scarer then became the scared, and she collapsed in a swoon, and their friends had a lively time for a while to keep their souls and bodies together.

Trial of a Road Steamer.—A trial was made at the Philadelphia Navy-yard, of the first road steamer ever invented and manufactured in this country. It hauled the largest gun a considerable distance, and in a little while hoisted abroad the Powhatan a number of heavy guns. The steamer is called the America, and closely resembles the hind portion of the fire steam-engines now in use. It has two driving-wheels, and a small guiding-wheel in front, which is attached to a brake. The diameter of the driving-wheel is about 66 inches; the diameter of the guide-wheel 31 inches. The boiler is 38 inches in diameter by 6 feet 3 inches in length. The total length of the machine is about 10 feet. The extreme width of track is 76 inches. The breadth of the faces of the driving-wheels is 10 inches, and that of the guide-wheel 6 inches. The capacity of the water-tank is 250 gallons. The fuel-bunkers carry hard coal for ten hours' labor. The cylinders are 7 by 12 inches. The total weight is from 7,000 to 8,000 pounds.

A Good Present.—In Germany, the children all make it a rule to prepare Christmas presents for their parents, and brothers, and sisters. Even the youngest contrive to offer something. For weeks before the important day arrives, they are as busy as little bees, contriving and making such things as they suppose will be most agreeable. The great object is to keep each one ignorant of the present he or she is to receive, in order to surprise them when the offering is presented. A great deal of whispering and innocent management is resorted to, to effect this purpose; and their little minds are brimful of the happy business.

A female herb doctor at Detroit recently solicited the privilege of curing a paralytic. She ordered the patient's undershirt taken off and burned to ashes, and the ashes given him in small doses, and also rubbed on his chest. It is a fact that the man soon recovered, and is free to think that her queer remedies cured him.

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