

insensely ignorant of its contents. For, to a candid mind the best refutation of that thoroughly exploded and newly revived fabrication—the Spaulding story, is the Book of Mormon itself. There is not a sacred record of any religious body in the world, Christian, Mohammedan or Heathen which is so well authenticated; and to any honest-hearted person of fair understanding, it bears on its own pages the most convincing proofs of the fallacy of that foolish story concerning its origin, which evil men invented and craft-falling priests have promulgated, to blind the eyes of the multitude to the mission of the Prophet of the nineteenth century. Should the Washington County resolvers carry out their absurd project—rejecting our suggestion—they will succeed in erecting a monument to their own folly, and making a memorial of their own fitness for an asylum for the harmless insane.

#### A Literary Curiosity.

[The following is a most remarkable composition. It evidences an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in italics when read from top to bottom and bottom to top form the Lord's Prayer complete.]

Make known the gospel truths, our Father king,  
Yield us Thy grace, dear Father, from above,  
Bless us with hearts which feeling can sing.  
"Our life Thou art for ever, God of love?"  
Assuage our grief in love for Christ we pray,  
Since the bright Prince of Heaven and glory died,  
Took all our sins and hallowed the display,  
Infant be ing, first a man, and then was crucified.  
Stupendous God! Thy grace and power make known,  
In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice,  
Now labor in Thy heavenly kingdom own,  
That blessed kingdom for thy saints the choice.  
How vile to come to Thee is all our cry,  
Enemies to Thy self and all that's Thine,  
Graceless our will, we live for vanity,  
Loathing the very be ing, evil in design.  
O God, Thy will be done from earth to heaven;  
Reclining on the gospel let us live,  
In earth from sin beliver ed and forgiven.  
Oh! as Thyself, but teach us to forgive,  
Unless it's power temptation doth destroy,  
Sure is our fall into the depths of woe,  
Carnal, in mind, we're not a glimpse of joy  
Raised against heaven; in us hope we can flow.  
Oh, give us grace and lead us on the way,  
Shine on us with thy love and give us peace,  
Self and this sin that rise against us slay.  
Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease,  
Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do,  
Convince us daily of them to our shame,  
Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too,  
Recurrent lusts, and we'll adore Thy name,  
In Thy forgive ness we as saints can die,  
Since for us and our trespasses so high,  
Thy God, our Savior, bled on Calvary.  
—Philadelphia Press.

#### How Some Papers Get Thrilling Intelligence.

An entirely new line of business has been struck out, by an enterprising Eastern journalist, who thinks of establishing himself in the West. He called at the *Tribune* office yesterday and said that he wanted to secure a situation as an interviewer. "A what?" said the editor—"an interviewer?" "No," an interviewer," replied the man; "it's a new line of business—that is, outside of New York; but I think there is money in it. I will explain. Suppose there is a Zulu war, or a Rooshin Nihilist assassination, or a negro exodus, or anything you want an interview about. Now, I go to a hotel and register as a missionary from Natal, or Prince Ragamuffinski from Moscow, or Col. Blood N. Thunder from Okolona, Miss., or any one else that it may be desired to personate. You send your reporter round to me to interview me, and I'll reel him off a screed a column long, full of facts and figures, and I'll give him such lively incidents from my own experience as 'll make his eyes bulge out with horror and the pencil drop from his astonished grasp. There's my name and address on the hotel-books to prove it was a bona fide interview, and where it is

necessary I have a first-class wardrobe of dresses, wigs, and so on, and I can make up artistically for the character it is desired to represent. My terms are very reasonable and no one but you and I need be in the secret. The reporter can be a different one every time, and he will never know he has been getting taffy given to him. I can show you my testimonials from New York. You may remember the mysterious Hindoo Brahmin who appeared at midnight in a boat on New York Bay and was interviewed about the Great Pralaya? I was that mysterious Hindoo Brahmin. I suppose you read the interview with the German colonel sent over by the Rooshian government to buy arms for the Zulus? I was that German colonel, and I can lick the *Herald* reporter that says I wasn't. Let me recall to your memory the interesting recital which went the rounds of the assassination of Lord Leitrim, told by the murderer himself, who escaped to this country as a stowaway. I was that murderer, though I say it that shouldn't. A few days ago you may have noticed a report of a Russian Nihilist interview, in which some previously unsuspected facts as to the ramifications of the immense social and political conspiracy were published? Well, sir, let me cleanse my foul bosom of the perilous admission that I was the Rooshin Nihilist in question—that's the sort of a hairvitch-pla-owski I am. In this simple manner you will observe, newspapers are enabled to give the latest and most interesting intelligence on any given subject right on the moment and up to the handle. I am also prepared to be a prominent Southern gentleman who does not desire to have his name mentioned, or a leading Northern Republican who does not wish his identity disclosed, or a member of the second batch of whisky thieves—indeed, I am prepared to be anything, and that on the shortest notice." The editor regretted that he had no vacancy at present on the staff, and the great American interviewer said that was all right—if he couldn't get a berth on some of the other morning papers he'd skip back to New York, though now that the papers there had gone in for economy and were inventing their own interviews out-and-out, or even clipping 'em out of the English papers, there wasn't nearly as much money in the business as there had been.

#### London and Its Mortality.

##### THE VALUE OF GOOD SANITARY REGULATIONS.

The English Registrar-General, in his annual summary of births, deaths, etc., for 1879, says: "London is the greatest city in the world. Its population exceeds 3,500,000, or if we add the population of its suburbs in the Outer Ring, the total population is 4,500,000. Its population approaches the aggregate population of 22 other large towns of the United Kingdom. It nearly equals the aggregate population of Paris, Berlin and Vienna; or with the suburbs, it equals the populations of the capitals of France, Prussia, Austria and Russia. The area of this great city is 122 square miles, or a square of a little more than 11 miles to the side; so the density of population is 29,322 people to the square mile, and the proximity of the population is 11.04 yards, or the people are at a mean distance of 11.04 yards from each other. The low rate of mortality in London, if we take its density into consideration, is still more striking than its magnitude. With a density of 29,322 persons to the square mile, the mortality should be 35.2 per 1,000, were not special systems of drainage and cleanliness in use in London, by which the mortality in the years 1874-8 is reduced to 22.8. The consequence is that the deaths are so low in London as 83,695, and the births being 129,184, the registered births exceed the deaths by 45,489, which exceeds the estimated increase of population (43,693) by 1,796. There is a continued influx of newcomers into London, but the facts show that the numbers who leave London as emigrants exceed the number of its immigrants. There is an incessant interchange of persons born in and out of London. In the seventeenth century the deaths equalled the births in number. The density of the population is

continually increasing. Thus, while in 1842 there was 16,367 persons to a square mile, there were 28,602 to a square mile in 1876; and that alone would cause an increase of mortality, which would, according to the law that has been deduced from the returns for all England raise the mortality from 24.5 in 1840-4 to 26.2 in 1874-8. Thus the deaths should have been at this rate 91,423 a year in the five years, 1874-8, whereas they were actually 79,245. The reduction in the rate of mortality saved 12,178 lives annually in the five years in London. This may be fairly ascribed to sanitary improvements. In 1840-5 the water supply to London was taken partly from the Thames at Hungerford Bridge and Battersea, where it was mixed with the sewage of London, while in 1874-8 it was taken from the Lea, the New River, and the Thames higher up the river, beyond the London sewer contamination. The great system of sewerage has been carried out in its main outline, and the whole of South London has been drained. There are health officers appointed in every district of London who have made many useful suggestions which have been partially carried out. All this has reduced the mortality from 22.62, the corrected rate, as has been shown the increase of density would imply, to 22.8 per 1,000; so 12,178 lives are saved annually. Much has been really done, and still more remains to be done. The waters of the Thames partially contaminated are still supplied to London, and the branch sewers are still imperfect, while the sewers communicate in many cases with the interior of the houses, so that much remains to be done, which may be pointed out by skillful health officers acting under one head.

#### Horrors of Famine.

The following are extracts from a letter from the Rev. J. B. Ginsburg, missionary to the Jews at Mogadore, Morocco: "We have passed a season of indescribable difficulties, misery, sickness and trial ever since I returned to my station. Hundreds, I may well say thousands, pressed to the gates for relief; skeletons—emaciated by hunger, almost naked, bearing traces of every possible disease and suffering—who, for a loaf of bread, would be trodden down by the crush, bruised, and not unfrequently seriously injured; sometimes a leg or arm broken in their eagerness to be the first to receive relief. When out of town on my daily walks, I hardly ever returned without picking up a dying man, woman or child, sometimes two or three at a time; brought back to town, a plate of soup and a cover were sufficient to bring life to the dying. More than once have I met a young man or woman coming from the country with no strength to finish the last quarter of a mile; with bruised head and broken teeth from falls in the effort to get up from the ground. The starvation was not confined to men; cattle, camels, horses, asses, sheep and poultry have all, or nearly all, perished; but the dogs have survived, and in their insatiable hunger, finding no food in towns, and abandoned by their masters, who either died or left their villages in search of food, fed on human flesh. Roaming over the country in bands of twenty, thirty, or fifty, they sometimes attacked any human being they met and devoured him. Some twenty women and men were eaten up within one mile of the town. One day I was busy by the river side, with the help of my servant, giving assistance to a dying young woman, when our attention was drawn to an Arab who was being eaten by dogs. He was dead before we reached him, and we had only the painful duty of burying the remains decently in the sand. I must apologize for writing about such hideous misery to you. But, dreadful to read, what is it to witness? There are cases which have come before me that I really cannot put on paper. More than 13,000 have in this way perished from hunger. There were dead and dying in every street in and out of town. The dead were buried not more than one span deep, and the dogs soon uncovered the earth. There is hardly a house where there is not one sick person. In the Mulah, or Jewish quarter, every house has been turned into a hospital."

It pays better not to do a wrong than to do it and then repent.

#### Rules for Spoiling a Child.

1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for.
2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable.
3. Tell him that he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him.
4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother.
5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical, or as a mere whipping machine.
6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother.
7. Do not know or care who his companions may be.
8. Let him read whatever he likes.
9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes.
10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits of the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend.
11. Be not with him in the hours of recreation.
12. Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, chastise him severely for a foible and laugh at a vice.
13. Let him run about from church to church. Eclecticism in religion is the order of the day.
14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulder, touch not one with one of your fingers. Preach; but don't practice.

These rules are not untried. Many parents have approved them with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.

#### The Solution of the Indian Question.

When once our legislation had taken a form that right-minded men need not be ashamed of, we could with much better grace, as well as success, put a stop to the barbarities of savage warfare on the one hand, and the irritating aggressions and outrages of white criminals on the other. The spread of our settlements has already gone so far that the question cannot much longer be postponed. We are drifting into a condition of things the outcome of which is likely to be a general border-war. If the public voice shall demand of the committees of Congress that they apply themselves, with all the aid that the administration can give, to the codification of the statutes on this subject, reducing them to consistency not only with each other, but with the dictates of humanity and fairness, the important first step will have been taken.

The next would soon follow, in the form of laws recognizing the truth that very few of the remaining Indian tribes can longer subsist by the chase; that they will only learn civilized industry by slow and uncertain steps; and that sufficient provision must be made to carry them over this period of danger. The fund for subsistence and instruction must be ample, and the provision for the force to keep the peace and command respect must be equally ample. Power and justice must both be unmistakably exhibited. If a "penny wise and pound foolish" economy shall prevent this, the inevitable result is desperate savage war, national disgrace, and an enormous increase even of the pecuniary burden of the people.—Hon. J. D. Cox, in *June International*.

#### Betrayed by Music.

For nearly two years past a young man wearing the garb of a Highland piper has been wandering about in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, playing his pipes in the streets, attending picnics and dances, and apparently depending on his instrument to make him a living. A few days since he was playing in a mining village on the outskirts of Scranton, Pennsylvania. A crowd had gathered around him, among them a mine laborer named Braidy. Suddenly the piper ceased the music, and stepping from the crowd, seized Braidy by the shoulder and announced that the laborer was his prisoner. At the same time he produced papers which he said were his authority for

making the arrest. Braidy seemed entirely overwhelmed by the arrest, and made no opposition to the authorities when it was revealed that the piper was a detective. For two years he had been on the track of his prisoner who is charged with having murdered a wealthy man named Findlay, in Scotland, in January, 1877. Braidy was in the employ of Findlay. Early one morning the latter was found dead by the road side, his skull crushed with a club. Braidy had been discharged the morning before for drunkenness. He had been heard to make a threat that he would get even with Findlay. He was nowhere to be found, but was traced to Glasgow where it was believed he had taken a vessel for America. William Male, detective, was employed by the relatives of the murdered man to come to this country and search for Braidy, who it was thought would bring up in the Pennsylvania coal regions, where he had friends working. One of Braidy's peculiarities was his love for the bagpipe, so the detective, being a piper, adopted the disguise of a Scotch piper and played about in the coal towns in the hope of some day attracting the attention of the man he was seeking, he being sure from information he had received that Braidy really was somewhere in the coal regions. The ruse succeeded after two years of patient trial. Male is now on his way to Scotland with the alleged murderer.—From the *Bradford (Ont.) Era*.

#### Tally Several for the Toad.

Many gardeners already appreciate the valuable services of the common toad, and afford them protection for their insect-destroying propensities, while as many more, perhaps, are ignorant of their usefulness. To the latter class it may be interesting to know that toads live almost wholly upon slugs, caterpillars, beetles and other insects, making their rounds at night when the farmer is asleep—and the birds too—and the insects are supposed to be having it all their own way. English gardeners understand these facts so well, that toads are purchased at so much a dozen and turned loose, and the best of it is, that the toads generally stay at home, so that the gardener is not troubled with buying his toads over again every few days.

The toad can be tamed, and will even learn to know "its master," and come when called; the writer has not only had such pets himself, but could give other instances of toad-taming that have come under his observation. Toads can be made very useful about the house, and will do not a little good in destroying cockroaches, flies and other household pests. They are sometimes known to eat worms, which they grasp with the middle of their jaws, cramming in the writhing ends of the unfortunate articulates by means of the rapidly-darting tongue, which always secures the victim as it is about to fly or run away.—*New York Tribune*.

#### SHORT AND SHARP.

A little Waterloo Sunday School Miss was asked by her teacher, "What must people do in order to go to heaven?" "Die, I suppose," replied the little one. The teacher didn't question her any further.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Little Billy was told: "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day, after reflecting seriously for a minute or two, he asked: "Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"—*Paris Paper*.

A Scotch minister in one of his parochial visits met a cow-boy, and asked what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "Well," replied the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."—[Ex.]

A gentleman not extremely given to piety was dismayed by being asked to say grace at a strange table. To refuse and explain would be embarrassing; to comply would be equally so. He chose the latter and started off briskly with, "Oh, Lord, bless this table!"—Just here, being unused to the business, he nearly broke down, but by a gigantic effort pulled through with, "World without end. Yours respectfully, amen."