

## NEWS NOTES.

Atlanta, Ga., sympathizes with two widows, sisters, aged, respectively, thirteen and fifteen years.

The philologists propose to shorten utilitarianism and utilitarians into uty and utians.

Mr. J. W. Gilbert of Hartford is going to play a correspondence game of chess with Miss Rudge of England, reputed to be the best lady player in Europe.

A Baltimore thief stole floral wreaths and crosses from the graves of a cemetery and sold them to a dealer in flowers, in whose windows they were found.

A thousand valuable birds were nearly suffocated by smoke that escaped from a defective flue in the Bowdoin square bird store at Boston, the other day, and many of them have died.

Logan, too, is sick, and will not be able to endure the fatigue of the winter session of the senate. Home without a mother isn't a circumstance to what the United States senate will be without Logan. *Ex.*

The Park commissioners of Boston advise the construction of a series of parks all around the city, connected by a wide boulevard. They also propose a sanitary water park in the Black Bay.

The Springfield Republican thinks that if "the positive eagerness" of the tax-payers of Washington to be disfranchised is un-American, it is not unnatural under the circumstances.

A California lawyer has been fined \$100 for calling a judge a fool. It is no wonder that California lawyers have so little love for truth when they are charged so much for speaking it.—*Courier Journal.*

Hard currency forever—a Pennsylvania fool fooled with a pistol. Ball struck a five cent piece in his waistcoat pocket, and took to his boots instead of his vitals. A thousand dollars in paper would not have saved him.

The Lebanon (N. Y.) Shakers are an outspoken set. When asked if their doctrines, carried out, would not depopulate the earth in a very brief period, they reply: "Certainly, that is precisely what we are driving at."

Jonathan Sturges, the eminent New York merchant, recently deceased, worked his way up to wealth from the position of porter in an importing-house. It is a noteworthy fact that throughout all his long and active life his walk was so ordered that he never made an enemy.—*Ex.*

A young girl in Yolo County, who has for some time been laboring under the impression that her heart was affected, consulted a Sacramento Physician. As a result of that consultation, following the doctor's advice to "take something," she took a Sacramento youth named Peter. The young lady's heart has been restored to its normal condition.—*Cal. paper.*

The introduction of Sunday theatricals in Illinois was attempted in Bridgeport by a company of variety performers. It is supposed that they were sent out by Chicago managers as an experiment to test the feeling of the public and the authorities, to be followed, if successful, by the opening of their own theatres. The entertainments drew immense audiences, but the police suppressed them.

Experiments have lately been made in Sweden with a new explosive compound, which is stated to embody all the good and none of the bad qualities of every previously known explosive, than which it is also said to be more powerful. This new destructive agent comes to us under the very expressive name of "vigorite," but the nature of its composition is at present kept a profound secret by its inventor, who is, we understand, a Swede.

The teachers of Chicago have now for two years, under a voluntary agreement, dispensed with the use of the rod in the schools and Superintendent Pick claims the following results: 1. Order as good as ever before. 2. Obedience is prompt and cheerful. 3. Maliciousness less than ever before. 4. Suspensions for misconduct are only about one-half what they have been in the best of former years.

The balance of trade seems to be a little against the business of journalism just now. Rowell's *News-paper Reporter* for the other week chronicles the death of sixty-nine newspapers, and announces the publication of only nineteen new

"candidates for public favor." If the process of weeding out goes on at this rate for a little while, the country will soon be rid of a vast amount of rubbish, and much struggling genius will have that repose and quiet which it cannot find on an editorial tripod.

New York seems to be seriously alarmed lest Baltimore, Boston and other busy bees of cities should take away her trade. The New York papers say that Baltimore succeeded some years ago in getting the coffee trade of New York, and is gradually getting more and more of her grain trade, and there is danger that another portion may be diverted to Boston. New York complains also that custom house exactions and transportation difficulties have driven away her metal trade. Altogether New York is somewhat in the dumps this last quarter of 1874.

The horse railroad just opened in Paris promises to be very popular and successful. The cars are small, being arranged for twenty-eight passengers, ten of whom stand on the platforms; but (and here is a suggestion for an improvement on our horse car system) those who stand up are counted as second-class passengers and pay a reduced fare. The cars are drawn by one horse, but a second is attached in going up hill. The prices are according to distance, being, four, eight and twelve cents, this last for about seven and a half miles, for the first class, and half as much for the second class. Other lines are soon to be opened.

The largest trip hammer in the United States has recently been completed at Nashua, at an expense of \$75,000. The weight of iron in this mammoth machine is about two hundred tons; the ram weighs twelve tons; its striking force is about one hundred tons, and four large boilers are brought into use to furnish steam to run the six hundred-horse power engine required to successfully operate it. The immense crane, with which the iron which is being manipulated is hoisted into position, is the largest in the country, and rigged with modern mechanism so nicely fitted that two men can easily hoist fifty tons dead weight.

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

From the Washington Star, Dec 23—

On a question submitted by the Department of State, the Attorney General decides that the hustings court of Staunton, Va., is fully authorized under the laws of Congress to naturalize persons.

Brother Harlan has determined not to have his true goodness clouded by the doings of his wicked partners. He has sternly rebuked them for inserting improper articles in the *Chronicle* "after midnight" and when he had retired to his virtuous pillow; but they, with true badness, seek to screen themselves by assuring him that a model paper like *The Star* is in the habit of publishing like articles. This won't do. The "Monkey Run" and "Salt-petre Cave" atrocities, which shocked the readers of the *Chronicle* during the war, were original in that paper, and never appeared in *The Star*, it is hardly necessary to add.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A correspondent writes as follows about the sanitary powers of a well-known plant: "I have discovered a remedy for pulmonary consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought that philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is the common mullen, steeped strong and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drunk freely. The herb should be gathered before the end of July, if convenient. Young or old plants are good dried in the shade and kept in clean paper bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens the system and builds up, instead of taking away strength. It makes good blood, and takes inflammation from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up and keep in the house ready for use."—*Ex.*

## The Seven Sleepers.

THE LEGEND EXPLAINED—WHO THEY WERE, WHAT THEY DID, AND HOW THEY SLEPT.

For more than one thousand years the legend of the Seven Sleepers has been told in pious song and story. Who were these Seven Sleepers? Is it only a monkish legend, or an invention of the "dark ages"? Or is the story true, or has it at least an historical basis?

It was in the year of our Lord 550 that Decius, the most inhuman of all the Roman Emperors in his persecutions of the Christians, in making a tour through his Provinces, arrived at Ephesus, in Asia Minor. Christianity had already obtained a foothold here, although the great majority of the people still adhered to the heathen religion. Upon his arrival the Emperor ordered a sacrificial festival to be held in honor of Jupiter, Apollo and Diana. In this festival every one was commanded to take part, under penalty of incurring the Imperial displeasure in case of refusal. Among the Christians of the city were seven youths, descendants of noble families. The names of six of them were Maximilian, Malchus, Dionysius, Joannes, Scapio and Consius. These determined to die rather than obey the mandate. As soon as Decius heard of their determination, he commanded them to be brought before him. "Go," said he, "and procure incense that you may offer to the highest powers." "The Highest Power," they replied, "has his throne in the heavens, and is the living and Almighty God, who hath created heaven and earth. Him we worship, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and we can never again bow down to dumb idols that are nothing."

With a terrible glance the Emperor measures the youthful confessors. Then, suddenly changing his manner, he endeavors to win them by his promises and his arguments. For he knew well that martyrdom would pour oil on flames as was trying to quench. Failing to attain his objects by threats and promises, he tells them that he will graciously accord them time to consider their resolution until he should again return to Ephesus, and informs them of the terrible consequences if they should still continue their stubborn resistance.

With a calm courage the young men departed from the presence of the Emperor. By the citizens of Ephesus they were proscribed; by many, however, secretly admired. Determined not to renounce their faith, they, however, decided to avoid the monster as much as possible. With this object they betook themselves to a range of mountains in the neighborhood of Ephesus. There they discovered a cave, the entrance to which was covered with thick foliage. In this cave they hid themselves and one of their number, Malchus, the one least known in the city, was appointed to supply them with food.

The day of the Emperor's return arrived. One of the first questions was concerning the "stubborn youths." "They have escaped," was the reply. But their concealment had been discovered. Spies had followed them, and purchased the Emperor's favor by revealing the place of concealment. Decius, knowing well that he could not hope to change the purpose of the youths, gave command to close the mouth of the cave with a wall, and thus close them in a living tomb. No sooner said than done.

There was one man, however, who, though still a heathen, had heard the Gospel, and was not far from the Kingdom of God. Desiring that future generations might know whose bones rested there, he took a roll of parchment, and, writing on it the names of the youths and an account of their courageous bearing, inclosed it in an iron casket, and, unobserved by the workmen, slipped it into the cave, and then quietly withdrew.

Many a scoffing "good night" was called after them by the brutal populace that evening in the streets of Ephesus. Many a tender "good night" did the Christians send after them in their prayers. And he who preserved David in the cave of Adullam, and rescued Daniel from the den of lions, heard their prayer. The light of day had for them faded away. But they remembered, "He giveth His beloved sleep." They lay themselves down and sleep. Soft is their slumber and no danger is nigh. It is as though holy angels had encamped round

about them. We will leave them to their sleep, and write over them on the dark rock the words of David: "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

Time passes on swift wings. Generations come and go like phantom spirits. About 187 years later we are again in Ephesus. But how changed is the scene! Decius, the tyrant, is mouldering in his grave. The world is completely changed.

A wealthy land-owner desires to make some improvements in his estate. In searching for suitable building material he finds an old wall with large square stones. The blocks are easily removed, and the mouth of the cave is revealed. It is the cave of the Seven Sleepers, whose history had long since passed into oblivion. The rays of light entering for the first time after so many years awakened the youths. They thanked God that deliverance had come so soon. For they supposed but a single night had passed since they were immured.

Malchus was again sent to the city for bread. But the way seemed very strange to him. And what was his astonishment to find over the very gates of the city a glittering cross. In the city itself he can hardly trust his senses. The images of the gods were removed. In the place of the heathen temple he notices buildings with proud domes and glittering crosses, and in the forum he hears the witnesses swear by the omnipotent God, yea, even the name of Christ, instead of Diana and Apollo. He thinks it is a dream. Accosting a man on the street, he asks him the name of the city. "The name of the city is Ephesus," was the reply. "Can it be that this is Ephesus, where but a few days ago we were proscribed by the Imperial edict?" was the thought of Malchus. But mindful of his errand, he entered a baker's shop and offers in payment for bread a silver coin.

The baker took the coin and carefully examined it: "This is a very ancient coin," said he; "why it bears the image of Decius. Where did you obtain it?" Where is Decius? was the reply of Malchus. "Has he left the city, and if so, when?" The baker and the crowd that had gathered in the meantime, looked at Malchus, and seemed to regard him as one who had lost his reason. One of them demanded to know where he had discovered the hidden treasure. Finally Malchus was taken before the Bishop of the city.

The Bishop was a reverend and dignified man. In a kind manner he asked Malchus who he was and whence he came. Malchus replied that he was one of the seven youths who had recently been immured in the grotto at the command of the Emperor Decius, but that the Lord their God had again given them light and freedom.

"The Emperor Decius? It is nearly 200 years since Decius sat upon the throne. Many Emperors have reigned since then. Theodosius now reigns by the grace of God. Heathendom has long since fallen. The cross is everywhere victorious. But tell me, where are your six companions? Show us the cave."

Thus spoke the Bishop. And Malchus led him to the cave, followed by an immense concourse of Christians. In the cave they found the iron casket with the parchment roll containing a full account of their history. For two centuries the youths had slept, and now they awoke to see a regenerated world.

The Bishop hastened to send an account of the matter to Theodosius at Constantinople. The Emperor himself hastened to Ephesus to behold the wonder. But the youths, obedient to an inner voice, in the same hour that Malchus returned, had again laid down, and the Lord took their souls to heaven.—*Lutheran Home Monthly.*

## The American Girl.

A writer in the *Arcadian*, speaking of "The American Girl at Home," says:

"Among the sad things of life is certainly to be classed that contempt of simplicity which is ingrained in the heart of the American girl of fashion in very early years. She has drunk copiously of the oxymel of precocious coquetry long before she is capable of appreciating the glory of true fashion and the fun of that efflorescence of passion of which true coquetry consists. We

are not especial admirers of children who are constitutionally shame-faced, who hang their heads before company, and creep back into sensitive silence as soon as an opportunity permits them to do so. But we admire as little the unblushing effrontery of the hot-house child who has been brought up under the bell-glass of society, and has nothing left in it excepting the original sin, which crops out in the form of impertinence. It is this abnormal self-possession which is the early characteristic of the American girl. For this she has to thank her mother and the fashionable fools who are her mother's friends. It is inevitable that the adolescence of such a child should be marked with much that is fast and morbid and trenching on the verge of viciousness. In this school she acquires these meretricious manners, that slang, that swagger, that devil-may-care air, which have rendered her a notoriety wherever she has travelled abroad. The foreigner who comes to this country, and who observes the free-and-easy manners of our youth, and especially young girls, is amazed at their boldness and recklessness. We are aware that some bitterness and unfairness have been shown towards the American girl at home; that she has been maliciously represented as a young lady whose principal amusements are young men, novels, and candies, and whose only exercise consists in promenading Broadway; but we are inclined to take a less unfavorable view of the matter than this. At the same time, it is not possible to deny that there is a grain of truth in the charge, and we are not amazed that a whole wheat field of accusation should spring from a grain that has been planted and tended with such malicious irrigation. Girls are made, it is true, for something else than to fit into some quiet nook at home, and rest contentedly there the remainder of life.

"There are some good, pious souls we know who would have every young woman, rich and poor, educated in the arts of housekeeping. They would have *Clorinda*, whose father is a billionaire, descend to the kitchen, make bread and pastry, and familiarize herself with the practical working out of all the more common recipes in the cook-book, just as they would expect the same task from Jane Smith, whose papa is not worth anything at all. How far these advisers are in the right it may be difficult to determine, but the fault with the average American girl, who holds neither a very high nor a very low position in life, is that she does not acquaint herself with any of these processes, and if, like Henrietta, in *Les Femmes Savantes*, she were asked what she saw in marriage to attract, all the answer that she could honestly give would be, 'a husband.' This is sensible, so far as it goes; but we run in danger of seeming very humdrum when we add that if a husband is to be expected to remain all that a young and exacting wife wishes him to be, the kitchen and its correlatives must receive a large share of that wife's attention."

## A Writing Machine.

INGENIOUS APPARATUS TO DO AWAY WITH THE DRUDGERY OF THE PEN.

It looks as if the problem of a successful writing machine had been at last solved, and that for the future there is to be a great simplification and saving of clerical labor. Superintendent Kline, of the Lake Shore Telegraph Lines, has now in his office an admirable little machine, which writes, or rather prints, any sort of a letter or document, in the neatest and most legible manner, and as rapidly if not much more so, than the penmanship could be executed by a skilled clerk. The machine is enclosed in a box of japanned sheet-iron, about 18 inches square and 15 high, and mounted on an ordinary sewing machine stand.

In the front part of his box are a number of keys, marked with all the letters of the alphabet, the nine numerals and the cypher and the punctuation marks. These keys are attached by wire to little levers, upon the end of each of which is a small steel letter corresponding to that upon the key. Upon touching the key, the lever flies up and strikes the letter upon its end against an ordinary stamp-ribbon, which moves across the top. A