

TEARS.

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
"Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them smiles the blue.
Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds behind their perfect work have
done.

MISS M. F. BUTTS.

—Independent.

DON'T PROMISE TOO MUCH.

It is always your duty, you know,
To do just the best that you can;
Though your station be ever so low,
You can rise to the height of a man.
Be manly in morals and speech,
Give tone to whatever you touch,
And learn just how far you can reach,
For fear you may promise too much.
Don't promise though often you feel—
Your heart is with sympathy warm;
Your purpose you'd better conceal
Till sure that you've strength to perform.
Perchance some poor friend, whose weak
arm
Has leaned on his treacherous crutch,
Has come to some desperate harm
Because you have promised too much.
'Tis kindness that prompts you to say
The words that are sweet to the ear,
But cruel it is to delay
The help that you promised was near.
The deeds that are trifles to you,
By some are not reckoned as such;
So do what you've promised to do,
And be sure you don't promise too much.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

— Some people, because they are very good, think they can afford to be very disagreeable.

— Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker has sued a Wisconsin paper for saying that she was no gentleman.

— Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said—I wish that fellow would pay me what he owes me?

— Mamma, can't we have anything we want? "Yes, my dears; but be careful and do not want anything you can't have."

— A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered, "I can't sartin say; but it's surely better than being raised by it."

— Cincinnati has a "fountain society," the object being to supply the city with drinking fountains, at an average cost of \$25 apiece.

— Florida proposes to supply the United States with oranges in a few years. Over a million of sweet orange seedlings are under cultivation on the St. John's river, in that State, alone.

— Henry Ward Beecher is said to have received at least 500 black-mailing letters since his name has gained such an unpleasant notoriety as a Brooklyn representative of Don Guzman de Alfarache.

— A Monticello (Iowa) jury has recently rendered a written verdict, the most beautiful specimen of phonographic spelling yet seen. It was, "Kno cos of axcion."

— Rather than die without a groan, let me groan without a die. A. Ward.

— A Chicago college wants to confer a degree on Gilmore, the concert man. We suggest fiddle—D. D.—Ex.

— The *Overland Monthly* says, "The Modocs were a chained tiger, tampered with by fools."

— "Can you name the four seasons?" asked a school visitor of a class that was on exhibition. "Yes, sir," said a bright-looking little boy. "What are they, my little man?" "Salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard," was the reply.

— Of General Longstreet, since he has become commander of Kellogg's militia, a New Orleans letter says: "Our best citizens refuse to speak to him; ladies draw their skirts to one side in passing him upon the street, as if he were a leper. In the eyes of the New Orleans aristocracy he has sunk too low to be noticed. In the public meetings here he is denounced as a traitor, a renegade, a black-hearted deserter of his people and, in fact, every epithet is thrown at him that malice can paint, or ingenuity invent."

Deterioration of the Race.

A few years ago Dr. Nathan Allen, of Massachusetts, startled the people of that proud community by declaring that the Puritan race was running out. They might have forgiven him had he stopped there. But he committed the unpardonable sin of proving his thesis. He accumulated a large collection of facts and figures to show that the native New England population had materially deteriorated. Families had run out. Towns once peopled with a hardy, thrifty yeomanry of English descent were now occupied for the most part by Irish and other foreigners. The native New Englanders are deserting the country for the cities. They have not the physical health, and stamina, and power of endurance of a former generation. An interesting number of them do not marry. The average number of children to a Yankee family has dropped from seven to three. Infanticide is an epidemic, and emigration sweeps away the native population like a pestilence. Even in the cities, the native population is hardly holding its own in comparison with the more fertile and vigorous foreign races, who have few enervating tastes and no race-destroying fashions. If present tendencies continue, according to Dr. Allen, a century hence New England will be New Ireland, and the original Calvinism will be suppressed, if not supplanted, by the Catholic Church. The idea that a hundred years hence, the Puritans would visit Plymouth Rock "by permission," in a Celtic province, and among an essentially foreign population, like Christian Pilgrims at the Holy Sepulchre under Mohammedan escort, was enough to curdle all the blood in the average New England constitution, and it is not surprising that Dr. Allen found himself the most unpopular man east of the Hudson.

Perhaps Dr. Allen's statements were too bald. He may have overlooked important facts and tendencies of an opposite character. But he raised a problem which deserves consideration. Is the English race running out? We see how it is in New England. Mr. Galton has recently published an elaborate paper in the "Journal of the Statistical Society," to show that there is a manifest deterioration of race in England. He accumulates statistics to prove that there is a constant tide of population setting from the country to the cities. Centralization is the most marked tendency of the age. The great industries are in the populous towns. The chances of success are there. The attractions are concentrated in these busy hives. But, while marriages are fewer and the death-rate higher in the cities than in the country, the number of births in a given number of families is decidedly less. Putting the matter in the most concise form, the cities contribute to the adult population seventy-seven per cent. less than the country. In the second generation the per cent. drops to fifty-nine. It is easy to calculate the consequence. The life-streams of the country districts pour their currents of population into the towns, where they are swallowed up in these devouring whirlpools, something as the waters that flow into the Mediterranean. The city gains, but only a tithe of what the country loses, and the city would exhaust itself in a few generations were it not constantly recruited from the country, as fire would burn itself away were it not replenished with fresh fuel. The dreary theory of Malthus is disproved by facts he did not dream of.

These facts are certainly worth considering. They show a fearful consumption of life in modern times. Civilization has thus far proved an enervator. It cultivates mind at the expense of body. It taxes the nerves at the expense of the muscles. It diminishes physical vitality. Its habits are weakening. Its luxuries are deteriorating. Its vices are fatal to health and longevity. Its fashions prevent production and hinder development. The city polishes and refines, but wastes the substance of manhood, and weakens virility. These obvious facts wear but one face. They look towards a catastrophe not pleasant to contemplate. It seems as though Mr. Darwin's celebrated law, "the survival of the fittest," should be read backward, so far as the human races are concerned. As Mr. Greg has pointed out in his "Enigmas," it is the unfittest that live. It is the physically hardy and vigorous

races, whose habits are simple and whose lives are untroubled with multitudinous cares and problems and ambitions, that overcome their more cultured competitors in the conflict for existence. But this is not a new fact. Dr. Allen could have published a quite similar pamphlet in Athens twenty-two hundred years ago. Mr. Galton could tell a quite similar story about urban and suburban life in Rome, in the second or third century of our era. The facts show a local falling off in production and physical degeneracy, but they do not prove a real deterioration. The average life-rate is higher than ever before. There are more centenarians than at any former period. Moreover, there is an awakening interest in sanitary laws and hygienic principles and physical culture which promises the best results. In the late war it was found that the slender clerk from a city store would bear the service better than many a large, brawny recruit from the country. The physical power was all there, but undeveloped. The city of the future will be constructed on sanitary principles, and will be a conservatory of health. There is no reason in the nature of things why a concentrated population should not be as healthy and long-lived as one that is diffused; and, with the new interest in physical culture and the new knowledge of the conditions of physical well-being which science is accumulating for human use, there is every reason for thinking that the civilized races will be the most vigorous and the most enduring.—N. Y. Graphic.

The Atlantic Telegraph Expedition.

Writing from Portland on the 22nd ult., the correspondent of the *London Standard* says:

The *Great Eastern* has for the second time commenced one of those great labors which astonish the world, namely, to lay a new Atlantic cable from Valentia to Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, and then to return and pick up and repair the broken Atlantic cable of 1865. The cable has, it is believed, quite parted at a distance the test shows to be 570 miles off Valentia, and in 1,900 fathoms of water. It has parted at a depth of more than two miles beneath the Atlantic. The *Great Eastern* came to Portland on Wednesday afternoon and anchored inside the east end of the breakwater, in about eight or nine fathoms. The *Great Eastern* draws about thirty feet of water, but has yet to take in 6,000 tons of coal, which will bring her down to 34 feet 6 inches. At this depth she will have eighteen inches less immersion than when she started with the cable for India, or than when she rounded the Cape of Good Hope in very bad weather. The cable is 2,500 miles long, and roughly speaking, taken altogether, may be said to average about 3½ tons per mile—that is to say, the shore ends weigh eighteen tons per mile, the intermediate portion ten tons per mile, and the deep sea portion 37 cwt. per mile out of water, and 35 cwt. in. The cable is of three different sizes for the three different depths, but the conducting wires and the insulation are the same throughout. It is merely in the outer casing of iron wires that the difference of weight consists. The cable is much the same as the last that was laid, except that its insulation is higher. The centre conducting wire is upon strands of copper. This is insulated by thin coats of gutta-percha, with one coat of Smith's compound between each. Around the core are eight strands of galvanized iron wire, each covered with tarred hemp, and over all comes a coating of Clark's compound of silica and tar, which is most useful, but makes the whole resemble a tarred stick. Of course, this description mainly applies to the deep sea—that is, the greatest portion of the cable. The intermediate portions, though made on the same pattern, are cased in with five times heavier wires, while the shore ends are almost solid iron. The breaking strain of the deep sea portions is 6½ tons—the breaking strain of the intermediate cable is at least twice that. All the present cable is stowed in four tanks on board the *Great Eastern*. The first tank, which is 73 feet in diameter and 26 feet deep, contains 547 miles. The main tank, which is 73 feet in diameter, or about as large

almost as the circus at Astley's, contains 1,010 miles. The third and fourth tanks, which are nearly the size of the first tank, contain almost to a mile the same quantity. All the tanks are kept filled with sea water, but there are means for at once letting it off in case of the ship getting into a beam sea and rolling much. This, however, has never yet arisen, and the contingency is not looked forward to now. With the expedition go three steamers, the *Robert Lowe*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Hibernia*. The *Robert Lowe* takes only intermediate cable, of this she has 30 miles—that is to say, 800 tons—which, with coals and other apparatus, makes a fair load for her. The *Edinburgh* and *Hibernia* take the cables which are to be laid from Placentia Bay, near Heart's Content, direct across to the little town of Sidney, near Cape Breton.

A Financier.

Stock-actors in theaters when allowed a benefit make the most of it. The actor whose regular salary may be from \$10 to \$25 per week has, on this occasion, one-half of the entire receipts of the house. He is supposed, through the influence of his friends, to increase those receipts to double what they usually are. To do this they must, unless they have a number, resort to expedients not usually recognized as legitimate. An actor in the West being given a benefit, issued a couple of thousand tickets entitling the holder to "free admission to the boxes on his benefit night." These tickets were assiduously dropped at every cross-road tavern and grocery for some few miles in the vicinity on the night previous to the benefit. The bait took; and fellows and their gals might have been seen advancing on the good old town "ere evening shadows fell." The doors of the theatre were regularly besieged by pleasure-seeking rustics. When the doors were opened, and a stout policeman or two had been prudently picketed at the entrance, a rush was made in order to get the best seats in the house, as is always the case with your constitutional deadhead.

To portray the mingled phases of astonishment, anger, and honest indignation of the liberal patrons of the rustic drama when they were severally informed by the urbane and gentlemanly door-keeper that all those red tickets were *frauds* (and, indeed, as the reader knows, his information was true) is beyond the power of my feeble quill. As most of the young fellows were accompanied by their sweethearts (for the supply of gratuitous pasteboard had been diffused on a most liberal scale,) it would seem shabby to back out without seeing the show. So, with many a rueful expression while fumbling for evasive quarters, and many whispered solicitations for temporary accommodations, they filed in, pair after pair, and filled the little theatre to its utmost capacity.

To cap the climax of theatrical audacity, the beneficiary himself, between the pieces, stepped in front of the scenes with a pack of the rejected tickets in his hand, and in a most eloquent speech denounced the contemptible scoundrels who had attempted to injure him by such outrageous impositions on the public. In the whole course of his professional experience, whether in England, Australia, California or America, he had never been so grossly insulted, "and," continued he, warming to his work, "if the cowardly blackguard or blackguards are in front of this house to-night, I dare them to meet me at the door of the theatre, and I will give each and all any satisfaction for the language I have used. Aye," he concluded, shaking his fist defiantly at a harmless medallion of SHAKESPEARE that decorated the front of the second tier, "and at any time and in any way they may select!" This plucky demonstration won all hearts, and prolonged applause greeted the injured stranger as he proudly, defiantly and slowly bowed himself off. That young man has been a financial success, and is still "a prosperous gentleman."—Ex.

—There is a district of lepers in New Brunswick, and sixty years of effort on the part of the local authorities have failed to accomplish more than limiting the disease to its original locality. The matter has been brought to the notice of the Dominion Parliament.

PIOCHE NOTES.

From the *Record* of June 18 and 19—

Yesterday morning (June 18), District Attorney Goldthwaite entered a complaint before Justice Stoutenburgh against Isaac Hinsman (Big Ike) and Wm. Patterson for jumping ranches near Panaca, as mentioned in yesterday's issue. The complaint was sent to Justice Goodrich, at Bullionville, and it is expected that he will issue a warrant for the arrest of the offending parties. This brings the trouble where it properly belongs.

A son of Mr. Sneath, a very interesting child, had the misfortune recently to lose one of his feet. He has since been going around on crutches, but it was found that he continued feeble, being unable to take proper exercise. Therefore it was determined to procure an artificial foot for him. As his father is poor, the money for that purpose was raised among the generously inclined. Out of the amount raised Dr. Philson has sent \$140 to Philadelphia to purchase the artificial foot.

The appropriation of an increased breadth of land in California (formerly used as a stock range) to agricultural purposes, and the operation of the law in regard to fences around growing crops in several of the counties, has compelled the stock men to drive their cattle across the mountains into the extensive stock ranges in this State. Immense herds of cattle have also been driven into this State from Texas, and the consequence is that the prices of cattle are lower in Nevada now than they have been for many years. The range in this State is immense, and it will be many years before the land will be needed for anything else than pasturage for stock. There is no small area of grazing land in Lincoln county.

EASTERN NOTES.

The city police of Springfield, Mass., under instructions from the City Council, have, for the first time since the State constabulary force was organized, taken in hand the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor laws. Yesterday they completed the notification of every hotel, bar, eating house, drug, fruit, and grocery store in the city.—Ex.

The York Pioneers, and other gentlemen from Hamilton and the Niagara district, the Toronto *Leader* reports, have resolved to erect a monument to the great Tecumseh on Queenston Heights; and to ask the Dominion Government for a grant of one cent for each inhabitant of Ontario to bear the expenses. At the meeting where this resolution was taken "The Memory of Tecumseh" was a toast, drunk in silence.

There is a mule owned by a Mrs. Cotton, a lady living within a mile or two of Portsmouth, and driven to market every day, that has been an invertebrate chewer of tobacco for many years. Whenever the mule becomes obstinate, it is only necessary to give him a chew, when he becomes perfectly kind and gentle. The lady purchases tobacco for him regularly, and always keeps ton hand.—*Norfolk Journal*.

The *Portland Press* thus reports a recent decision at Augusta, Me., neglecting, however, to name the court in which the decision was made. "In a suit brought by a lady against the Grand Trunk Railway, who purchased a ticket several years since, good from Portland to some point upon the road, Bethel or Paris, and stopped over a few days on the route, and was refused a passage on the ticket on the ground that it was good but for the day it was dated, the court rules that a railroad ticket is good for six years in Maine, if not used before the expiration of that time."

—Dr. Anderson, who accompanied the British expedition in 1868 to the Valley of the Tapeng, mentions a very singular method by which the natives of Sanda Valley contrive to conceal gold and precious stones. Slits are made through the skin of their chests or necks, and the coins or stones forced beneath, the wound being allowed to heal. When the valuable objects are wanted a second cut is made upon the spot, and they are extracted.