

A WORD TO PARENTS.

The ambition of the ordinary American parent is to bring his or her children up in idleness. To accomplish this, the parent works early and late, denies himself of everything like luxury, and is content even to act the part of servant to the object of his fond but foolish affection. The father says to himself: "I had no advantages in my youth. I had no education, no opportunity to acquire the social accomplishments which aid to success in the great world. By hard work and close economy I have accumulated some money. I have my trade by which I can earn a livelihood as long as I have my health. But I don't want my children to lead the life I have led. I don't want them to be drudges to daily labor with tanned faces, coarse hands and uncouth manners. I want them to rise in the world. I want my sons to follow some business that will enable them to earn more money than I can and with less work." The mother reasons in the same way. She has been a helpmate to her husband, working, saving, managing, aiding in every way to advance their mutual interests. She has done this because she saw the necessity of it, but she does not mean her daughter shall follow in her honored footsteps. No. Her daughter shall be an elegant and accomplished lady. She shall be educated for society, taught the graces to adorn refined circles and be fitted to be the wife of a man of the upper walk; a minister, doctor, lawyer, broker, politician—anything but the wife of a workingman. In pursuance of this ambition the children are put forward, the old folks remain out of sight. The sons approach manhood without a trade, with perhaps a theoretical knowledge of some business and a general education. He has been to school, got a smattering of the classics, writes a good hand, knows something of book-keeping and is on the lookout for a situation in which his superficial accomplishments shall be made remunerative. But he finds the path crowded. All his school mates are like himself in pursuit of some business by which a plenty of money may result from a light and pleasant occupation. Time passes. The youth remains in idleness. The father having educated him to do nothing is compelled to support him in doing it. The youth forms acquaintances whom the father does not know. He becomes at seventeen or eighteen quite a man about town, knows all the most notorious women and sporting men, and in a variety of ways shows himself to be entering into a very different walk in life from that which his father has honorably trodden. The father, perhaps, begins to suspect that he has made an error in bringing his son up in idleness, but the wasted years cannot be recalled. The son is too old to be apprenticed, his habits are too confirmed to be broken. They must wait until something turns up—until some opening can be made into a business which will enable him to live like a gentleman. But the habit of being idle is in itself the worst of vices. It invites all others. The son who has been reared at such cost, whose boyhood inspired such bright hopes, who was to accomplish so much in the way of elevating the family in the social scale—this son falls in with strange associates. The manners of the street affect his own. He becomes coarse, boisterous, profane—in a word, the son who had been educated to be a gentleman becomes from association a "hoodlum."

The remedy for this condition of things is to make labor respectable or to act as if it were so. We cannot all face the duties of the day in kid gloves and immaculate linen. The hands have work to do as well as the head. The parent's duty to his offspring is to fit him to fight even handed the battle of life. That is mistaken kindness which spares him in early life the formation of such habits of industry and economy as circumstances will compel him to acquire at a later period. Industry and economy should be habitual. Train a boy to live in idleness, and work is irksome. It is bad enough for the rich to rear their children in idleness—in the poor it is a crime. Better work for a pittance than not work—better compete with Chinamen than be beaten by them. There is a great cry now about the hoodlums that infest our city. Who are these "hoodlums"? Some of them are the sons of rich men. Some have a family right to a respectable social position. They are hoodlums because they have never been taught obedience or habits of in-

dustry. Foolish fond parents have given them their way until now they come face to with the law. This wild street life possesses a certain attractiveness for the young and thoughtless. The sexes mingle, throw off all restraint, thinking only of the wants of the hour. They are communists of the rankest sort, each sharing with the other his last quarter, and what is more trying, his last cigar. The girls catching this free spirit of their order, think nothing disgraceful but a refusal to contribute to the needs of the community. Hence the waifs that are swept up and buried from sight in the Magdalen Asylum—half grown girls whose sin was prompted by a generous impulse. This life—not without its fascination to the young and untrained—is what threatens every youth and maiden whom the parental hand does not restrain. Industrial Schools and Magdalen Asylums as remedies, stand at the wrong end of the line. The source of the supply is the point that should attract attention. That source is ill regulated homes. Parents are too indulgent, too neglectful of their duties.—*Golden Era.*

Office-Seeking the Curse of the Country.

Republics as well as monarchies have their evils. Liberty is a good thing. The ballot is a good thing—for some people. To be permitted to select from among the people our rulers is a good thing; but when these privileges degenerate into office-seeking and public plunder they become great evils and somewhat dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the country. From the organization of the Government until now the latent energies of young and old have been stimulated into activity by holding before them the opportunity and possibility of some day reaching the White House. In Sunday school addresses, pulpit orations, Fourth of July fulminations, common school education, and political harangues we have educated ourselves into a nation of politicians and place-seekers. To this more than any other one cause are we to attribute the incompetency and corruption of public men, which have precipitated upon the country a political crisis demanding the abrogation of party lines and names to save the country from the disastrous results of its own liberties. Under the influence of this education the Constable aspires to be the Justice of the Peace, and finds in his office the means of attaining his ambition. The Justice aspires to be County Sheriff, Probate Judge, or some other equally important official. The Mayor aspires to be Governor, the Governor to be United States Senator, the Senator to be Vice-President, or chief incumbent of the White House. The Legislator, as soon as elected, begins to look up for the next round of the ladder. He reaches out most likely for Congressional honors, and as soon as he succeeds in this direction he makes it the fulcrum on which to place his lever to hoist himself still higher up towards the goal of the universal ambition. He becomes a partizan for the sake of election, and in turn supports the party for the furtherance of his own private interests and ambition. The office is sought by the man, and not the man by the people. Some incidental service or a cident, or adroitly laid scheme, too often accompanied with an improper use of money, are the instruments employed. Unfortunately for the country, ignorance on the part of the masses of the people of what they really want done, the almost total lack of knowledge on the subject of all things the most important in a Republican form of government, to wit: a well digested and definite system of political economy, makes it almost impossible for the masses of voters to decide reasonably as to the fitness or unfitness of aspirants to public favor. When once fairly ensconced in the seats of office, men of the stamp we reprobate assume a proprietorship for themselves and their friends, and hold their positions as heir-looms.—*New York Star.*

Progress of the Great Mississippi Bridge.

Those not familiar with bridge work are unable to appreciate the progress daily being made on the great Illinois and St. Louis Bridge, which, before our public are hardly aware of it, will span the mighty Mississippi, and not only connect two great States, but give an impetus to the pursuits of commerce of the nation. Those passing any por-

tion of the bridge-work look with wondering eyes at the labor already performed, yet few of them can comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking. When completed, we shall not only have one of the biggest, but one of the finest bridges in the world. From the west abutment, on the levee, to Third street, at the tunnel entrance, the superstructure is ready for the track, and the upper roadway is in course of construction, the planks for which are being sawed on the spot by a portable saw mill. The planks are fitted together by dowels, an ingenious method having been devised by Mr. Kattle for drilling the holes and cutting the pins with the same machinery which cuts the planks in the saw-mill. The west pier is completed, and the workmen have all been withdrawn from it, being transferred to the east pier, upon which there are now about a hundred men employed. The east pier will be up to its full height in about three weeks. On the Illinois side there are some four hundred men employed on the bridge work. The whole superstructure will be finished in less than two months. There have been delivered in Pittsburg, up to July 25th, by the Batcher Steel Company of Philadelphia, 3,231,128 pounds of cast steel, which material the Keystone Bridge Company of that city works into its various shapes, ready to be fitted and put up. Besides this quantity of steel, there have been manufactured in Pittsburg, 1,808,139 pounds of wrought iron, mostly in bar and round iron. In addition to this, 48 ponderous skewbacks, each weighing over three tons, have been forged in solid mass and delivered in Pittsburg. They were manufactured by establishments in New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Of cast iron, over 5,000,000 pounds are now in the bridge works, all manufactured by our home foundries. Of the 1,000 tubes which comprise the arches, there are 287 finished; over two-thirds of the material for the balance is on hand in the Keystone Bridge Company's works, which are employed day and night turning them into shape. The other material is correspondingly advanced. The first big skewback, with the tube properly attached, was shipped on the 30th from Pittsburg for St. Louis, and it will be put in position as soon as it arrives.—*St. Louis Globe, Aug. 13.*

Why Manufactories Languish on the Pacific Coast.

A communication in the San Francisco Chronicle sets forth the following intelligent reason why manufacturing enterprises do not, as a rule, succeed on the Pacific coast:

"In an article in your paper a few days ago, you said: 'Our manufactures languish;' and now let me tell you why: By reason of unequal, unjust and high taxation by State and city, licenses to do business are very high; and the more you do, the more you have to pay. Taxes are levied on real estate at its full value, which is all right; but if you require a large factory, and have to mortgage the land to build it, then taxes on the mortgage also—taxes on the stock manufactured and in store for sale, and on the materials and stock in process of manufacture at its full value, a large portion of which is bought on time, so as to be able to sell some before the payment becomes due, and thus economize capital. And not satisfied with these taxes are assessed on solvent debts, which means on all the goods you have sold to other parties (who perhaps pay taxes on them also as stock on hand) which are not yet paid for. And if you are fortunate enough not to have paid out all your money for labor, etc., then come taxes on the money on hand and in bank, thus compelling a manufacturer, instead of paying a tax on the actual capital he has invested in his business, to pay on perhaps four or five times as much. The profits on most manufactures are not large enough to stand all these and compete with other states and cities, where personal property is better treated and interest is lower."

The conclusion to which the writer brings his logic is, that manufacturing industries are "Taxed to Death."

A sexton, being very familiar with a physician, was asked whether he had entered into partnership with him.

"O yes," said he, "we've been together for some time; I always carry the doctor's work home when it is done."

A LETTER FROM A HORSE.

Respected Person:—After living unappreciated until middle life, I have at last found a friend who understands me and is willing to interpret me to my master and mistress, to whom I wish to give a few ideas. You mustn't suppose horses have no brains, for I can tell you we hear and understand more than you suppose, only we can't express ourselves in a way that suits your comprehension.

For instance, yesterday they took me out to exercise me. I'm such a favorite that they take care to exercise me pretty much of the time; sometimes I think they overdo it, but I know they mean well. However, as I was saying, I trotted easily along, one ear kept back to listen to the conversation. Says my lady, "I often think that if our horses only knew their own strength, and how completely we're at their mercy, we should have to take to locomotives, velocipedes and wheelbarrows, for the horses would be lost to us forever." Says my master, "It's a blessing they don't."

How wild they would have looked, had they known that I understood every word? But they are mistaken; we do know our own strength, we talk it over at nights in the stable, and sometimes, when I am in the field, and no human creature near, I almost make up my mind to revolt from slavery forever. Sometimes when I see in the distance a man with an ear of corn I say to myself "He can't catch me unless I choose, and I don't choose; as for his ear of corn, he won't give me but a nibble, and what are a few grains of corn compared with freedom?"

Again, when I am in harness, and get into a brown study over something, all at once I feel a cut of the whip which I don't like, for it interrupts me. Now, at such moments I know perfectly well, that if I choose to put forth my strength for two minutes, I could smash everything, and free myself from my bonds. But while I know that I could I feel as if I couldn't! Now that's a queer thing, isn't it?

However that's not my business now; we've talked all that over, and concluded that, on the whole, it is the destiny of horses to be driven by people, and that as long as the people treat us properly, we'll make no fuss about it. But we should like to have a little better understanding as to what proper treatment is; for the fact is, although you are doubtless mostly well-intentioned, some of the things you do are so odd that it is very hard for a sensible horse to comprehend them at a l.

For instance, when I take my master out of an afternoon, why does he insult me by speaking to me so rudely? He hurts my feelings continually. If he is slow about getting in, and I paw the ground to hurry him up, it's "Whoa now! Ho, Caesar!" shouted as if I were deaf. It jars on my nerves, and is apt to make me start a little, and again it's—"Ho, now, what ye 'bout?" as if I was committing some impropriety, when nothing is further from my thoughts. Then off we go, and as I recover my good humor, I give a little playful shake; it does me good after standing so long in the stable.

Straightway comes a jerk on the bit that almost makes me sit down, and a "Ho, now, keep steady, can't you?" just as if he thought if he didn't yell at me, I meant to kick things to pieces! I tell you nothing riles me like being unjustly accused.

Well, when he has done this a few times, he has spoiled all my pleasure in the journey; then I settle down in a dull sort of way, and get into a brown study on horses' rights or something, when all at once I am roused by a stinging blow with the whip; then I jump, and start off pretty fast to escape another sting; then he braces his feet and pulls the lines till my mouth is almost bleeding, and it takes me some seconds to find out what he *does* want.

Now if he wanted me to go faster, why didn't he tell me so politely? When I lived with Dr. McAmble, who raised me, I hardly knew what a whip was; it was only—"Up Caesar!" and his low clear voice would rouse me from the deepest meditation. Now, all I ask of any driver is to do me the justice to speak first, and if I don't mind that, I deserve the whip.

Similarly, if he wants me to stop, instead of using all his strength to stop me by the mouth, let him say, "Whoa Caesar," making it sound as if he said—"Stop if you please, Caesar," and he will see how ready I am to mind.

It is known that I am a finely organized horse, and consequently nervous; sometimes, when I am suddenly yelled at, or hauled two or three ways at once, it gives me such a turn that I have not the slightest knowledge of what I am about. Then if I begin to back, or, out