

## COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

We may have courage, all of us,  
To start at honor's call,  
To meet a foe, protect a friend,  
Or face a cannon-ball!  
To show the world one hero lives  
The foremost in the fight—  
But do we always manifest  
The courage to do right?

To answer No! with steady breath,  
And quick, unfaltering tongue,  
When fierce temptation, ever near,  
Her system song has sung?  
To care not for the bantering tone,  
The jest, or studied slight;  
Content if we can only have  
The courage to do right!

To step aside from Fashion's course,  
Or custom's favored plan;  
To pluck an outcast from the street,  
Or help a fellow man!  
If not, then let us nobly try,  
Henceforth, with all our might,  
In every case to muster up  
The courage to do right!

## WHAT SHE THINKS OF IT.

She says: I have just come in from the street, and I am exasperated, furious, savage, in short, I am in a passion, and if I could have my way—  
"But what is it all about?" you ask.

Well, just look at the bottom of my dress skirt. Does it look as if it belonged to a decent woman or a tramp? All dragged and splashed, and dripping over my nice kid boots! Can you fancy anything more abominable? All the morning I've been in a simmer about it, for I've been in the lower part of the town, where there are black pools of the nastiest dirt at all the crossings, and where the middle of Broadway looks like a miniature Lethe. It isn't mud, this horrible mixture that clings to me; that won't brush off my shoes, and that attaches itself so pertinaciously to the fabric of my dress that it is well nigh ingrained in it. No, this is a paste composed of the filthiest filth of the city and I have appreciated the fact every time I have stepped at a crossing this morning to gather up my drapery bunglingly with one hand, the other being devoted to my muff and a bundle, and felt that I was not half doing it, and knew as I waded out into the slush that my skirt was sopping up all these abominations, and carrying them to my clean white stockings. Then I thought some bitter things, I can tell you!

My street dress is not a demi-train. I am not quite so much of an idiot as that amounts to. It is made just as short as the present style will allow. But it is altogether too long for the street, for it just touches the dirt, whereas it ought to clear it entirely. Then I shouldn't be bothered with thinking of my dress on the street. This comparative felicity Fashion granted to every woman about a year ago; but it has been her will to withdraw it from her humble slaves, and now if, in defiance of custom, I should have my dress made as short as I wore it three years ago, I should probably subject myself to unpleasant apprehensions in public. I have to choose between that and comfort and cleanliness. And this is why I am so angry. Why will the women be so foolish, I should like to know, as to let their dressmakers, instead of their own common sense, decide in such matters? You say I am one of them, and that I ought to set the example. As if it would do the least good! I might go about with my dress shortened to my ankles, to my hearts content, and get laughed at and stared at and jered at and perhaps worse treated, for my pains; but as long as so-called French dressmakers and women of wealth shall decide that dresses must sop up all the nastiness of New York streets, I should have no followers. And if I have to elect between a soiled dress and being allowed to go quietly, without notice, on my way through the streets, I shall choose the former. But I don't like it, all the same. I want to know if there is any woman who does—especially those who have to clean their own dress skirts? Oh, how many times have I, over this nasty work, vowed I would never again go on the street with my dress touching the pavement! And then how I grew cowardly the very next time I went out, and stealing into a corner stealthily took out the pins which held it out of the dirt, hoping that I should find clean spots to walk in, only to be deceived as usual.

And just so long as I have to endure this mortification of spirit, it is useless to talk to me about giving women any more privileges or any more rights. They already have the right to dress

themselves as they choose, and they abuse it shamefully. They have the right to dress themselves in decent, not over-costly garments, made in a sensible manner. Do they do it? Let me see them making a proper use of what rights they already have before you talk of giving them any more!

And I never will believe they are fit to have anything to do with business or politics as long as they haven't sense enough to lift their skirts out of the dust and the mud. I should like to see a man submitting to that sort of thing! The idea of sweeping into Wall street on a muddy morning in a train a quarter of a yard long! There! That will do. I am too angry to say any more, and I must go and clean the mud from the bottom of my dress. Ugh!

An after thought.—Which comes to her while she is grumbling and brushing with all her might and holding her head on one side—with her nose very much turned up—to avoid the cloud of dust which arises from the desecrated garment.

It is the height of stupidity to have any dress which is intended to be worn on the street made so long that you must pin it up any time. The pins tear the dress or slip out. Why not have a long skirt for the house and a short one for the street, if you are so much of a peacock that you can't rest unless you have something dragging along after you?

When I come to think seriously about it, a short dress for the street is more modest than a long one. It may be shortened to the ankles, but still it is the more modest of the two; for there is no occasion for lifting it. How is a woman to calculate just how high to lift her dress when she is in a hurry? In nine cases out of ten she either lifts it too high or she doesn't lift it high enough. On one side she shows more boot-top and white stocking than she has a mind to, and may provoke a passing leer; but, on the other side, the drapery flops down into the mud or the dust, and thus she is a disgusting object all around. Oh, fie! I haven't any more patience!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

## HYDROPHOBIA CASE AT FLINT, MICHIGAN.

The subject of so much discussion, Mr. Burt True, was bit by a rabid dog last May. The dog had bitten several animals. Young True was bitten in the centre of the inside of the right hand. Being in the country at the time, it was some twelve hours before he reached a surgeon, who cauterized the wound with nitrate of silver. The wound healed and remained so until it became irritable and broke out again. Soon the first marked symptoms of hydrophobia showed themselves, convulsions, "barking like a dog," frothing at the mouth, and making strenuous exertions to bite every thing that came near. During the convulsions the patient would seize the pillows from his bed in his teeth, and shake and rend them with all the seeming ferocity of an angry dog.

An intense dread of water also exhibited itself, the sight of which threw him into the most terrible convulsions, at these times requiring the united strength of five men to keep him under subjection; in fact, every symptom of hydrophobia made itself conspicuous. The patient was attacked on Friday evening, January 19th. On Saturday evening his physician, Dr. Axford, reached him, and at once was convinced of the terrible nature of the disease. Having had a casesimilar some seven or eight years since, where the patient recovered under his treatment, and has remained well ever since, after consulting the physician present, Dr. McCall, it was decided to place the patient under the same treatment which had been successful in this former case, which, for the aid it may be to others who suffer from this disease, we here give as follows: The injection under the skin of large doses of morphine, and the administration of large doses of castor, which is a powerful antispasmodic. About one grain of the sulphate of morphine was injected under the skin once in four hours, and half a drachm of the powdered castor, mixed with syrup, given internally.

The effect was to produce sleep in about half an hour, which lasted about an hour and a half, when the convulsions returned at intervals of an hour to an hour and a half until nine o'clock Sunday morning, when the last convulsion occurred, after which he suffered severely from obstinate vomiting until Monday, at ten o'clock, when that also ceased, leaving the patient comparatively easy, but very much prostrated.

Since that time he has gradually improved, and now is to all appearance quite well. In addition to the above treatment small quantities of chloroform were inhaled at times, and on Sunday morning the patient was wrapped in a woolen blanket wrung out of a warm solution of muriate of ammonia, eighteen or twenty grains to the ounce. This was the treatment which checked this fearful malady, and which Dr. Axford, for the sake of humanity, is anxious should be published to the world, and thoroughly tested.—*Correspondence Detroit Tribune.*

## The Wife a Companion.

Make a companion of her in the fullest acceptance of the term, and do not consider it beneath your dignity to suit your conversation to her tastes and intellect. The price current contains matters vastly more pleasing to you, but it is very probable that your young wife would as lief hear you discourse of other matters than the price of cotton or the texture of broadcloth. Study diligently the art of pleasing. Cultivate those thousand and one little nameless attentions which are so much prized by the female sex and learn to take an interest in whatever occupies her attention. Do not affect an air of listless, tolerating condescension, when she is pointing out the progress of her embroidery, and shun the treason of yawns as she dwells upon the little details of her domestic government.

These hints may seem trifling, but the non-observance of them may be attended with the most serious results. If we could anatomize the human mind, how frequently would we discover that the seed from which the upas tree of estrangement hath sprung, is of a scarcely perceptible minuteness. Be as much at home as possible. A pregnant source of discomfort in the nuptial state is unsettled habits of the husband in this respect. Nothing can be more galling or disheartening to a young wife, after the first honey-months have passed, than the frequent absence of her spouse in the evening. A suspicion is excited in her mind that the flame of affection begins to abate, and that she has lost the power of pleasing, and whenever this feeling occurs, the risk is great, that the wish to please will soon cease to exist. There is no rule without an exception, but in general we would hold that a young husband should have few engagements of an evening, where his wife did not accompany him. It is most important to cultivate the habit of domestic sociability, and the fireside will never have any charms if they do not exist at the commencement of a union.—*Ex.*

RUSSIA AND POLAND.—The Russian General Lovascheff has been sent from Russia to make conciliatory overtures to the Polish refugees in France. The reasons for this significant step are thus outlined by the Paris correspondent of *The London Times*, who says:

"The partition of their country has always placed in the hands of the Poles a powerful political weapon, for it is clear that the relations in which Russia and Germany stand to each other, and in which Poland stands to both, give Poland facilities to turn to her advantage the rivalry of these two great powers, and to calculate on the probabilities of an ultimate collision between them bringing some advantage to herself. Having no longer France to rely upon, and France being, in fact, not in a position to have a policy of her own just at this juncture, it became necessary to choose for a friend either Germany or Russia. Events are deciding the Poles in favor of Russia. It is no doubt a bitter pill to swallow, but several leading and influential members of the Emigration have abandoned the idea of recovering the national independence, and are trying to reconcile themselves to the policy which was, in fact, that of Wirlopolaki, and which, they believe will enable them ultimately to play a leading part in the government of Russia."

The correspondent considers "it not improbable that the negotiations may end in a measure of amnesty on a large scale, and in the inauguration of a new policy between Poland and Russia."

The keeper of an oyster saloon in the Nineteenth Ward, New York, set out a placard inscribed, "No profane language allowed." He said he did so to draw the clergy, but has hitherto succeeded only in keeping out the other kind of people.

## The Russian Tradition.

Every faithful Muscovite believes that some day the Russian flag will float over the walls of the capital of the Moslem; that driving the Turks across the Bosphorus into Asia, and rooting out the Crescent from Europe, are the traditional tasks the Czar has to accomplish. And this belief is not confined to a particular class. The eyes of every Russian are turned towards the minarets of Constantinople, with the conviction that the "holy banner of Russia," is fated to wave triumphantly from them. This belief has all along been encouraged by the successive Russian governments, each succeeding Czar keeping in mind that he may be the one to bring to fruition the long-cherished idea of his race. Had not the jealousy of Russia caused the other European powers to interfere, the Emperor Nicholas would have carried his army into Constantinople forty years ago, and raised again the standard of the cross that fell in 1453, at the gate of St. Romanus, when the last of the Patalogi died in unsuccessfully defending it against the conquering Turk. Constantine, the name of the first Christian monarch of ancient Stamboul, and in honor of whom Constantinople received its present name—has been borne for several generations by the second son of the reigning monarch of Russia. The name is not of Asiatic or Russian origin, and it having become the traditional cognomen of the second male born to the Czar, would suggest the idea that it is continued for some other than mere personal reasons. The orthodox believe that, as Constantine established the Christian religion at Stamboul, its re-establishment will be by one bearing the same name, and who will represent the Russian authority of Constantinople when that of the Moslem is expelled. The territory of the Sultan in Europe, with the addition of Wallachia and Moldavia, would be a very handsome patrimony for a junior branch of the House of Romanoff. But although the power of the Turks has been considerably shorn since the siege of Vienna, when complete victory was prevented only by the timely arrival of Sobieski and his legions, they are not a prostrated people. Indeed, the "sick man" is displaying considerable vitality, and the chances of an easy conquest of Turkey do not appear so good as previous to the death of Nicholas. In matters of religious freedom, the infidel Sultan has shown much more liberality than the Christian Czar, every religion being freely tolerated in the Turkish dominion, which is not the case in Russia. That the addition of Turkey would materially increase the power of the Czar, is indisputable, but that it would advance the cause of political and religious freedom is not so certain.—*Ex.*

## Excellent Interest Rules.

For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days, the answer in each case being in cents, separate the two right hand figures to express it in dollars and cents:

Four Per Cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate the right hand figures from product and divide by 9.

Five Per Cent.—Multiply the number of days and divide by 72.

Six Per Cent.—Multiply the number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 6.

Eight Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45.

Nine Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 4.

Ten Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 36.

Twelve Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 3.

Fifteen Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 24.

Eighteen Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 2.

Twenty Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 18.

It was once remarked in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in a night. "I should like to know, sir," said the child, "where the seed came from?"

An exchange having advised its readers to plant peas "in the new of the moon," the *Norristown Herald* asks, "But how are they going to do it? They can't reach up. The ground is a better place to plant peas anyhow."