

sport more savage than the Indians, the poor of our cities must be swept into incestuous heaps," and Matthew Arnold, having in view the effects of luxury, complains of "a system which tends to materialize our upper class, vulgarize our middle class, and brutalize our lower class." We will take but one voice from America, out of a religious magazine: "Tens of thousands go out from their mean and comfortless homes, from which absolute hunger is kept away only by the most strenuous and constant labour, and see proud and sumptuous equipages, costly and luxurious dwellings, and children, whose superfluous ornaments would make their half-fed and scantily-clothed children comfortable. Is it strange that bitter feelings should rise in their hearts! that—but here our subject is taking a moral and social turn, which it is impossible in this article to discuss. A number of questions of great interest and overwhelming importance here present themselves. Is this admitted spread of luxury and the attending penury—for they always are found side by side—a necessary condition of a high state of civilization? Historians tell us that such has been the case in the past; must it continue to be so in the future? The celebrated French statesman, Turgot, wrote: "Everywhere the laws have favoured that inequality of fortune which corrupts a certain number to doom, the rest to degradation and misery." Shall this be the history of the world down to the end of the chapter? or, as the actual state of society in most civilized countries is one of "immense inequality of fortune," is it not better that the wealthy should be luxurious and extravagant, and not parsimonious and frugal, in order that the poor may have "remunerative employment," work and riches thereby tend to be distributed? Would it not be a terrible economical calamity if the rich were to resolve to-morrow to consume the necessities of life only and to live temperately and frugally? And was not Hobbs right when he pointed out that private vices were national benefits? Such are some of the questions to which moralizing on luxury almost invariably lead us, and which cannot be answered so off-hand as at first sight appears, least of all in an article like the present.

Leipsic, Germany.

JAMES W. BELL.

A BABY ELEPHANT.

A very interesting event—the birth of a baby elephant—took place at the circus stables of Cooper and Briley, Philadelphia, early on the morning of March 10. The importance of the affair to the world of science will be realized when it is stated that it is the first authenticated instance of the kind that has ever taken place among these animals in a state of captivity. It is said that a similar event occurred in London some time during the last century, but there is no positive proof in regard to it.

At the sides of the stable-room where this little creature was born were a number of large elephants chained to posts, while Hebe, the mother, was chained in the centre of the room, where she was safe from molestation. The moment the baby was born, the other elephants set up a tremendous bellowing, threw their trunks about, wheeled around, stood on their hind legs, and cavorted and danced in the highest glee, as though they had gone mad. The excitement communicated itself to Hebe, and she became almost frantic. With a terrific plunge she broke the chains and ropes which held her, and grasping up the little baby elephant with her trunk, threw it about twenty yards across the room, letting it fall near a large hot stove—where a fire is always kept burning—then followed with a mad rush, bellowing and lashing her trunk as though she would carry everything before her.

The keeper, who was on watch alone, fled for his life, and not a moment too soon. Around the stove was a stout timber railing, against which Hebe charged with such effect that she reduced it to kindling-wood in short order. Not stopping here, she struck the stove, and knocked it into the position of the Leaning Tower of Pisa in an instant, and badly smashed the pipe. The keeper meanwhile had given the alarm, and three or four others coming to his assistance, the animal was, after some trouble, secured and chained to the post again.

The other elephants meanwhile kept bellowing and lashing their trunks, as if to welcome the little stranger. The attendants gently led it back to the mother, and the keepers and others who had been attracted by the unusual commotion at once became interested in nursing it. It would run about with its mouth open, very much like a young colt. The old elephant would not stand still long enough to suckle it, being constantly swaying and swinging about, so the keepers hit on the happy expedient of procuring a funnel, and a rubber tube about a yard in length. Inserting one end of the tube in the baby's mouth, they fed it by milking into the funnel at the other end, the little new-comer taking its sustenance with a relish, until it declared it could take no more by promptly jerking its mouth away. Later in the day, however, the baby proceeded to feed itself by the natural source provided for it. Throwing back its trunk, the baby applied its mouth to the mother's breast, and fed itself in a perfectly natural and easy manner. Writers of to-day have held that the young elephant uses its trunk in the process of suckling, while ancient writings were directly to the contrary. The early statements have been thus proved to be correct.

The baby elephant is a female. She is a queer-looking little animal, not much larger than a

Newfoundland dog, with a very diminutive specimen of a trunk, and with a disposition to run at things blindly like a young colt. She stands 35 inches high, measures 3 feet 11½ inches around the body, and weighs 213 pounds.

Hebe, the mother, is twenty years old, and weighs 8,000 pounds. She is one of five brought to this country from Ceylon in 1865. The father of the infant is called Mandrie. He is three years older than Hebe, and came with her to this country. The mother is very affectionate toward her offspring, and inclined to regard the approach of strangers with suspicion. At such times she raises a peculiar cry, to which all the other elephants respond with great excitement. The keepers say that if the baby were threatened with danger, no chains would be strong enough to hold them, so overwhelming is the interest which they manifest in the little stranger and its mother.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EXERCISE.—Exercise, to be beneficial in the highest sense, should be for itself alone; it must not be work in any sense; it should pursue its own objects, and no other; it should be made a pleasure, and not a labour; it should be utterly divorced from ulterior notions of economising expended powers; and this should never more firmly be insisted on than in the case of those abnormal creatures who say they take no pleasure except in useful work.

GOOD SPIRITS.—The power of good spirits is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body.

MANNER.—Lack of refinement in one's manner or incivility in one's ordinary personal address ought to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidence of a strong character, and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt person" who is above shams and pretences. Nevertheless, while rudeness may exist along with strength of character and integrity, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

A TRUE LADY.—A true lady not only is always at ease, no matter with whom she is conversing, but she contrives also to make her companion as much at ease as herself. Some people, quite unintentionally, cause uncomfortable pauses in conversation, simply by the habit of hearing in perfect silence a remark which is not actually a question. It is not that they wish to ignore it, but it does not occur to them that a reply or comment is required, so the unfortunate utterer of the remark feels snubbed, and ceases to chat with the same animation as before. One simple rule to bear in mind will go a great way toward winning the reputation of being a pleasant companion. It is, always to show some interest in whatever is said to you.

EARLY MARRIAGE.—To a young woman an early marriage is the natural course of life. To this end she tends, and, consciously or unconsciously, perhaps, prepares herself to secure it, according to the requirements of society. Her unpurged taste is for a young man a little older than herself—a companion she can admire, respect, and love, but still a companion and not a father. If taught by the silent, though still powerful, voice of society that harmony of character, of aims, of temperament, are the indispensable foundation of great and lasting happiness in marriage, that material advantages are secondary to this unspeakable blessing, that thrift, knowledge of household economy, the power of creating an attractive home, are essential to the attainment of this great good, then her instinct, by an inevitable law of nature, will tend to the acquirement of these qualifications.

THE GLEANER.

The Duchess of Marlborough is an indefatigable worker. The immense correspondence from innumerable applicants for aid all pass through her own hands, and she writes most of the answers herself.

The tall, fair and fragile-looking Princess Blanche d'Orleans is going to marry the Prince de Ligne, who, although not of royal birth, is allied to several reigning families. Princess Blanche is the second daughter of the Duc de Nemours, and is the frequent companion of her father in Paris society. She is the only remaining unmarried grand-daughter of Louis Philippe.

An eccentricity of the late Mrs. Gales, of Washington, is recalled by the story of the London beauty who had all her coins scoured before putting them into her purse. If Mrs. Gales dropped her handkerchief on the floor, she would not use it again until it had been washed. Immediately on returning home after a walk or drive, she would change every article of her clothing for fresh garments.

AUSTIN DOBSON, the author of clever *vers de société*, wrote no poetry until he was twenty-five years of age. This is the way in which he dedicates an American edition of his poems to an American poet: "Dear Dr. Holmes—Once a couple of words from you—which you doubtless have forgotten, but which I shall always remember—made me very proud and happy. Permit me, then, to inscribe this American edition of my verses to you, as a token of respect and gratitude."

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, and his father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, the brother of the Empress of Russia, have announced their intention of going to Berlin, to participate in the celebration of the eighty-third birthday of the Emperor William on the twenty-second instant. There will also be present King Albert and the Crown Prince of Saxony, the Ducal families of Baden, Anhalt, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and many other distinguished persons.

OFFENBACH is one of the most prolific of writers. Every year he produces three or four works. He has as firm a belief in the immortality of his works as if he were a Mozart, a Weber or a Schumann. Personally, Offenbach is a pleasant gentleman, and his conversation is as witty as his music. In the course of a life that was beset with difficulties at the outset, he has had ample opportunity to notice the failings and weaknesses of men, and upon these he dilates with bantering vein, most amusing to listen to. His thinness has grown proverbial; it is not possible to be thinner without wholly disappearing.

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE, who shot Victor Noir eleven years ago, now lives alone at Versailles, in the Hotel de France, where he has two rooms on the first floor. He is tormented by gout, and never leaves his room unless it be to go to mass on Sunday, for the old freethinker is now a devoted Catholic. He eats very little and depends on the one hundred franc note that Prince Jerome sends him from time to time. His wife lives poorly with her daughter Jeanne, who is eighteen years of age, in the Rue de Lille. Jeanne Bonaparte studies at the Ecole Nationale de Dessin, and an engraving and a medalion by her were admitted to the Salon last year. The mother and daughter are supported by a monthly pension of one hundred francs paid by the Princesse Mathilde. The son, Roland Bonaparte, who is twenty-one years of age, has been educated at Saint-Cyr, and is now a sub-lieutenant of infantry.

VARIETIES.

SOCIETY IN BERLIN.—Society in Berlin is somewhat rigidly divided. The artisan contemns the rough, the burgher is cool to the artisan, the financier thinks nothing of the burgher, the bureaucrat cuts the financier, the noble disdains the bureaucrat, and the military officer snubs them one and all. The Emperor is the "All-Highest," and after him, in a genteel *diminutive*, troop his anxious subjects. Mr. Vizetelly, in his recent work on the city on the Spree, states that he has seen a card inscribed with the style and dignity of the "Royal Sweepers of the Apartments," and declares that a shopman or domestic, upon entering the service of a grocer who during the whole course of his career has by some chance or other once supplied the Royal Palace with a pound of coffee, will be compelled to address his master on every occasion as *Herr Hauptkaffee*—Herr Purveyor to the Court.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—This most astonishing thing a contemporary ever heard of in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah as belonging to a native Prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In front of the clock's disc was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts of twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately palace. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another each his blow, and then fell to pieces.

WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.—"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell an amusing story of the early days of the theatre in the United States. Hill once "showed"—to use a professional phrase—in a town in the western part of New York where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled, with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church, and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter, not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he

did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was of no use. The audience was evidently on its best behaviour, and the curtain went down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark, "Say, mister, I was into the play to-night." "Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained." "Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-strainin' to keep my face straight. And, if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right out in meetin'."

A GREETING.

When the pink clouds float up the blue
Like incense from the earth to God;
When the soft blessing of the dew
Falls stillly on the parched sod;
When the dripping lilacs swing
The robins after summer rain,—
When the brown woodland minstrels sing,
When autumn lifts his scythe again,
My lips may brim with laughter gay—
My thoughts and heart are far away.

When winter fires burn bright and clear
While howls the wind against the pane,—
When to the friend I hold most dear
I breathe the fancies of my brain;
When all the world seems lulled and stilled,
Sheltered beneath night's folded wings,—
When the sweet flower-cups are filled
With the rare nectar nature brings,—
My heart that seems so blithe and gay
Is with a brother far away.

Fredericton, N.B.

E. G. R.

HUMOROUS.

THE gem puzzle was invented by a block-head.

At what time was Adam married? Upon his wedding Eve.

"Why is the world like music? Because it is full of sharps and flats."

A MAN without enemies is like bread without yeast; he never rises.

PROMINENT among the shining artists of America are the bootblacks.

THE most comfortable hat a man can wear in cold weather is one that is a little stove.

INSULTS are like counterfeit money, they may be offered, but you need not take them.

MOUNT VESUVIUS is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.

THE world is full of compensations. The more prices go up the more we have to come down for everything.

It is reported that an able statesman who built a house out of his poker winnings said that his residence was built on a bluff.

DE LESSEPS estimates that the Brooklyn bridge will endure for six centuries. There is a possible chance, of its being completed before it is worn out.

MARRIED women are not considered worthy to teach school in Chicago. We must confess that, leaving all questions of worthiness aside, we would prefer an unmarried woman if we were going to school.

A SCHOOL teacher in Iowa had the debt of the world all nicely figured up to a cent, when a Chicago man went and got trusted for a cod-fish and forgot whether it came to 17 or 27 cents. It was awful mean on the schoolmaster.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are said to have made up their minds "to establish a fashion of 7 o'clock dinners, instead of those given at the absurd hour of 9." Good! Now it only remains for some one to establish a fashion of 6 o'clock dinners instead of those given at the absurd hour of 7.

"Pa, dear," asked his son and heir, "tell me what is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" "Pa, dear," gave it up. "Well," said his son and heir, "if my pressing tailor, Mr. Snippson, were to fall into a deep pond it would be an accident; but if any one were to pull him out it would be a misfortune."

AN Illinois schoolmistress was unable to chastise the biggest girl pupil, and called in a school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages and got a verdict for \$50.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.—Ed.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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