

EXCESS OF ENERGY.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE STUNG BY THE GADFLY OF COMPETITION.

Proverbial Philosophy That Is Partly to Blame—Labor, in Itself, Without Dignity—Learn to Rest—Effects of Overstudy—"Festina Lente."

The vice of the Nineteenth century is excess of energy. While it is true that there are exceptional cases of those who, in familiar slang, are "born tired," the characteristic of the time is a pushing, driving, restless, uneasy habit of mind and body, a constant struggle to get on, to attain wealth, or fame, or position, and all this too often with utter disregard of the means employed, and with a criminal carelessness of the wear and tear of the machine, mental and physical. We are stung by the gadfly of competition, and goaded to renewed effort by ambition and the well meant but really pernicious advice of those to whom our success in life is near and dear. To be content with our station in life is regarded as an American station in life is regarded as an unpatriotic, and as every soldier in the French army is said to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every American youth is presumed to have enormous wealth or high political station within his reach, and if he fails to strain every nerve to grasp it he is deemed what our Anglo-Saxon progenitors called "mildering"—a worthless, useless, ambitionless fellow.

Some of the cheap and tawdry Poor Richard style of proverbial philosophy must bear its share of the blame for this condition of affairs. The remark attributed to Daniel Webster that "there is always room at the top of the ladder" has probably been instrumental in turning out more poor and inefficient lawyers than all the law schools of the country. The poor, deluded disciples of Blackstone fail to see that there is so much room because of few reach the top of the ladder, and that the top rungs are more often attained by a series of happy accidents than by plodding industry, especially if the plodder have industry and nothing else.

"DIGNITY OF LABOR." Another phrase about which folks have been written and on which the press, the pulpit and the stage have expended much eloquence, the "dignity of labor," is equally mischievous. Labor in itself possesses no quality of dignity. It is irksome, disagreeable, sordid, mean and grinding. It extinguishes aspirations for higher things; it exhausts the capacity for enjoyment; it makes an abject slave of a free man. And yet we are told, ad nauseam, of the dignity of labor. Labor is only a means to an end. It is a means of probation, to be followed at some time, as we all hope, by rest.

There may be, and often is, much dignity, much elevation of character, in the man or woman who labors, but this is not because of his or her labor, but in spite of it. A human soul will shine through any disguise, and true nobility of character will reveal itself under the most adverse circumstances; but to say that one possessing those qualities has them multiplied or intensified by labor is to say that a lovely landscape would be made more beautiful by being viewed through a smoked glass, or that a fair woman is more fair in rags and tatters than in silk or satin.

LEARN TO REST. But since toil is the destiny of the human race, a destiny as inexorable as fate itself, is it not the part of wisdom to seek to alleviate our condition by every means in our power? Though we are hemmed in by the iron walls of necessity, nothing prevents us from making our imprisonment as endurable as possible, and to do this we must cultivate the capacity for repose. We must learn to rest as well as to toil. We must become impressed with the absolute necessity for recreation from labor and the urgent demand of mind and body for recuperation.

Activity of any kind can reach its most successful results only when it is alternated by sufficient periods of rest, and the capacity for repose must be developed in every man if his best possibilities are ever to be realized. Modern science has sufficiently demonstrated this so far as merely physical culture is concerned. Not only is the imperative necessity for sleep universally acknowledged, but it is also conceded by all students of human energy that at least one day in seven should be kept as a day of rest for the body, and this independent of any religious considerations. Many and careful observations have been made on this question, and their result amounts to an actual demonstration that no man or set of men can work effectively more than six-sevenths of the time, and that any attempt to run the human machine beyond this limit means its destruction.

STRAINED BY STUDY. Mental vigor is equally dependent upon the harmonious relations of activity and repose, and ignorance of this most important fact is a defect in every modern system of education. The constant tendency of the age is towards too rapid development of the mental powers and towards reaching the goal too soon. The powers of thought are often strained too tensely for their own good, study is made too continuous and too monotonous, and refreshment for the wearied brain is too little studied or considered.

But how could it be otherwise? Teachers and leaders have never been taught to rest. How, then, can they teach others? They are constantly urged forward by the pressure of public opinion to perform, or attempt to perform, miracles. They are expected to put so much into a child, no matter whether the child is capable of retaining it or not. Their positions often depend not on what they have taught the children or pupils under their charge, but upon how much of the curriculum they have gone through in a given time—in short, they are expected to successfully manage the machinery of the Protestant school, and make the most of the lesson and not the lessons the pupils.

The Roman philosopher's maxim, "Festina lente"—hasten slowly—is too often overlooked in this rapid age of the world. We have not, or think we have not, time to go slowly.—San Francisco Chronicle.

House in a Volcano's Crater. Licancanir, a volcano on the eastern boundary line of the Chilean province of Antofagasta, has been ascended by Don Jose Sante Tices. An inner road leads to the summit, and Peruvian "tambo," houses of a single room, with a low stone bench, still remain upon it. The bottom of the crater is about a quarter of a mile across, and has a pond 400 feet across in its center. Around this pond are the remains of some thirty large stone houses, and a large quantity of fuel, which must have been carried there at least 400 years ago, but whether by the Peruvians or by their enemies, the Calchaqui Indians, cannot be known.—Boston Budget.

THE ZULU CHIEFTAIN.

A VISIT TO CETEWAYO, UNDER GUARD AT CAPE TOWN.

A Brave Old Fellow Dauntless in Defeat—The Noble Monarch's Seven Wives—Glimpse of Kingly Grandeur—An Unpleasant Predicament.

Two years later I met Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, in the garden, under British protection. Knowing the colonial secretary, I obtained permission to visit his majesty at the residence assigned to him by government—a plain, scantily furnished farm house, fourteen miles from town, near a station called Wynberg. He was attired in Zulu full dress, consisting of a necklace of lions' and cheetah's claws and a gorgeous leopard skin, worn skirt fashion, and as he rose to his full height to respond to my salute and receive my little donation he looked in truth—what ever loss of power, need I say liberty, could not deprive him of—every inch a king, savage as of old, when in his days of undisputed sway, master of life and death over thousands, the royal "Room," the salute of a welcoming people, thumped in his ear; then a conqueror, now a prisoner.

Somehow I felt sorry for the brave old fellow, who could meet defeat so dauntlessly, and I must have shown it—for he took my hand when the interpreter told him that I was not of the nation of his conquerors, and gave it a right royal squeeze. I advised his majesty to proceed to the queen and prince of Wales with a lot of ostrich feathers on his approaching visit spring of 1882 to England, but he gave but a nonchalant smile, shook his head and pointed to his surroundings, a plainly furnished room, a few wicker seats, a table and a colossal arm chair, the poor old fellow's throne, and mournfully exclaimed, "This is all I have." I felt sorry I had mentioned the subject, and with another heavy grip of the royal hand which I partially evaded I took my departure for the day. His majesty expressed a desire to see me again.

THE MONARCH'S SEVEN WIVES. A few weeks later I called to bid him farewell, business demanding my return to Kimberly. I had brought with me as a parting gift, a dog—a handsome Newfoundland—having learned that he had often expressed a wish for one. Cetewayo on this occasion wore a navy blue suit of serge and a Zanzibar fez or cap made of camel's hair. I had to endure the shake again, but suffered gladly for the sake of witnessing his delight to behold one who was not of a people he hated. His voice rang out in a volume of sound that caused a stampede in an adjoining room, and seven black faces looked in to see what the topic of discussion was. But a royal nod made them skip back to their own dominion, their fat black faces disappearing like startled fawns at a lion's roar, one falling over the other in their hurry to obey. I thought his majesty was jealous of letting strangers' eyes behold his merry wives, for they were tightly arrayed in the latest fashion in a coat of shining, not very romantic oil, numerous anklets, bracelets and necklets and gigantic earrings, all made of large white and blue beads. I did him injustice. Five minutes later he had seen and highly approved of the dog's daily work, and he was ready to return. The merry harem was called in, and I beheld their majesties of Zululand, and royal specimens of their people they were, each able to vanquish three or four of the stoutest white men in Africa, so the king proudly stated. I didn't express any of my feelings, but I was not a little surprised when he called in, and I beheld their majesties of Zululand, and royal specimens of their people they were, each able to vanquish three or four of the stoutest white men in Africa, so the king proudly stated. I didn't express any of my feelings, but I was not a little surprised when he called in, and I beheld their majesties of Zululand, and royal specimens of their people they were, each able to vanquish three or four of the stoutest white men in Africa, so the king proudly stated.

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT. Momentarily I was paralyzed. Another wife! Jerusalem! and a black one! Well, I thanked his majesty for the intended honor, told him that "my country" was already overstocked; in my country four was the maximum a man of moderate fortune could well manage to handle. However, I thanked him kindly. What the interpreter told him I never could ascertain; suffice it to say that the whole royal crowd abandoned their dignified demeanors till tears started, and three pickaninnies commenced to bawl. Cetewayo wanted to shake hands and the youngest merry septuple wanted to hug me. I evaded both by producing another lot of confectionery and calm was restored. But night was drawing nigh and I had to say goodby. I've often felt sad at partings, but seldom have I been more touched than at that time.

Merciless, savage, cruel, relentless foe, the English called him. I judge not. He may have cause to be so, but I had found him gentle and kind to those that wished him well and could see no harm in his displayed towards his wives. Their last act was to present me with a lot of bead-work necklaces, anklets, etc., while the parting gift of the stern old warrior, who had lost his kingdom and had so little left to give—was the necklace of cheetah and lions' claws and the camel's hair cap from Zanzibar. I have both, and shall never part with the gifts of my savage black friends. Another shake of the hand, and I stood it bravely—all round the circle this time—and I mounted my horse and galloped towards Cape Town. Once I looked around and I saw them standing as I had left them—the black king shading his eyes against the setting sun, the dog fawning by his side; in the background, on the threshold of his home, his wives, "the antelope eyed daughters of his people," who loved him and had followed him in exile. A mist came into my eyes and I saw them no more.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

John Chinaman's Pen. The pen with which John makes his tea marks is a curiosity. It is a hair brush placed in a quill, and is very much like the little brushes sold with toy paints. When he writes he never touches his fingers nor wrist to the paper, but grasps the quill in the middle and begins to paint very much like an artist retouching a picture. Singularly enough there is not an instance of a Chinaman being unable to write his language, and many of the laundrymen who speak pigeon English can read and write our language quite well.—Buffalo News.

WOMAN AS A JOURNALIST.

What the Chief Editor of "The New York Herald" Says on the Subject.

Dr. Hepworth, of The Herald, needs no introduction, as his clerical duties, his books and lectures to young men have made him known throughout the country. Dr. Hepworth is quoted by all who have met him as possessing the manners of a Chesterfield. He is of strikingly intellectual appearance, and invites confidence at sight.

"Be seated, please," he said kindly, as I entered the editorial office. With him I resolved to try other tactics than those I had pursued with his great rival. So I said: "Dr. Hepworth, I want a position on 'The Herald.'"

"Yes," he said, "I am disinclined to look upon an encouraging smile, and adjusting his glasses as if to get a better view of the one who had made such a bold demand. "What can you do?" "Anything," I replied, with a candor that was probably about as startling as it was.

"Well, that's what The Herald is in search of. We want talent, and we are always glad to give everybody a trial. Sometimes we are compelled to search for the person we desire. Mr. Bennett has told me to allow every reporter to try writing editorials. I try first one and then another, until I am disappointed. I am bound, some time, to find the talent we are in pursuit of, and when that occurs the reporter chosen has secured himself a permanent position. Just as soon as the man with that talent is found I'll transfer him from the reporter's room to the editorial office."

"Do you object to women entering newspaper life?" "No, I do not object; but still there are many things about it not suitable for women. I could not think of sending one to the police or higher criminal courts, as I could a man. Even if I did, the officials would give her a little information, as they could, in order to get rid of her, and very likely, just as she was leaving, the most important news would take place. Now a male reporter would stay there and hear and judge of the cases for himself. As all that the paper cares for is the news, I would naturally be represented by one continually liable to lose important information. But crime and criminals, though important, do not encross all our columns, and there is much other work women can do, and do well. In this respect I might specify the gathering and writing of clerical, fashion and social news, which is a little information, but demand a different kind of news, so long as women are unable to serve as all around reporters. The very sources from which we obtain a larger portion of our news, render it an impossible field for a woman. On account of the sensations of which they are often the subject, and by the present popular taste, a gentleman could not, in delicacy, ask a woman to have anything to do with that class of news. That is what bars her from reporter success, absolutely."

"Do you favor employing women upon the work which you are now doing?" "Yes, because on such news matters they are preferable to men. But, do you know, they are a restraint in an office? The men do not feel at liberty to take off their coats or rest their feet on the desks; and then—I might as well add—they are not so free as we really are. Well, if there are within hearing men, they will give vent to their feelings in the language all grades of angry men employ; consequently the result is apt often to be serious." Here he looked up in a half dubious manner, as if to see what effect the work would have on me.

"Then, if you are not opposed to women, why don't you employ more?" "Because, the work which they can properly do being limited, there is no demand for their services. We have a woman, an old journalist, whom we are sending to Ireland. If a woman has the same industry and the same man's courage and news as a man, she has the same chance upon The Herald. What we demand is the best, and we don't care what form it comes in. When we find what we want we are willing to keep it at any price."—Nellie Bly in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Testing Superstitious Fancies. Some time ago, in a conversation with a gentleman from the country, an instance of superstition was brought to my attention that was different from anything I had ever heard, though it may not be new to some of you. "A horse died for me last spring," he said, "and I asked my neighbor to hitch a pair of horses to my carcass and drag it out to the woods. He seemed unwilling to do so, and I offered to compensate him. 'Oh, it isn't that,' he replied, with an embarrassed air. 'It's a bad thing to do. It is quite likely that one of the horses will die within the year.' I hesitated at the suggestion. 'You know it to happen more than once,' he said, with a dubious shake of the head. He finally consented, accepted \$1, and hauled the dead horse to the woods."

"And did one of the horses die?" I asked. "Inside of ten weeks," was the prompt reply. Now, the story was true, but the explanation was sheerest nonsense, and yet I'll venture to say that you can't beat it into the head of the farmer who lost the best horse of the pair. The great mistake in connection with testing superstitious fancies is that we are apt to make a note of the one instance in which they come true, and neglect to make a note of the other nine instances in which they fail.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

How Women Begin to Drink. Out of an examination of 304 inebriate women I have found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whisky (as punch at first, usually), 20 began with wine, 8 with gin and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls largely, began by going to some so-called refreshment saloon with their friends, and the debaucher usually began by sipping a little tonic (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic acid gas and colored with burnt sugar); beer soon followed, and soon rioting, and drinking commenced, reckless and crime; and what was an innocent foolish girl yesterday, is today a branded criminal, and all for a glass of beer.—Godey's Lady Book.

Who Owns the Patent? The general rule is that when a mechanic laboring for an employer in the construction of a machine invents a valuable improvement, the invention is the property of the inventor, and not of the employer. It may be that when an employer hires a man of supposed inventive mind to invent for the employer an improvement in a given machine, under a special contract, that the employer shall own the invention when made; the invention, if so made, would in equity become the property of the employer.—Joliet Manufacturing Company vs. Dice, Supreme Court of Illinois.

Hunting Deer by Night.

Night hunting with a jack light is a practice which the law seems hardly able to check, and it has a strong fascination for both guides and amateurs. It goes on all summer, and as conditions of success are a dark night and absolute quiet, there is little fear of detection. Benson, after his return from one of these secret expeditions, gave me an enthusiastic description of his feelings. "There was a sense of mystery and adventure even in our creeping away from camp by dark, dragging the west shore of the lake in the black shadow of the hills and pulling into the river, where we waited for complete darkness. Then we lighted the jack, on a staff on the bow of the boat. I crouched behind it with my gun, and the guide unlit the cork and took his paddle. I thought I knew that river by heart. I had fished it so often; but the fantastic and beautiful sights which broke upon me in the moving light made it seem like an enchanted stream. A patch of lilies would dart out of the darkness and just glisten for a moment, and then be lost to sight. I thought I knew that river by heart. I had fished it so often; but the fantastic and beautiful sights which broke upon me in the moving light made it seem like an enchanted stream. A patch of lilies would dart out of the darkness and just glisten for a moment, and then be lost to sight. I thought I knew that river by heart. I had fished it so often; but the fantastic and beautiful sights which broke upon me in the moving light made it seem like an enchanted stream. A patch of lilies would dart out of the darkness and just glisten for a moment, and then be lost to sight. I thought I knew that river by heart. I had fished it so often; but the fantastic and beautiful sights which broke upon me in the moving light made it seem like an enchanted stream. A patch of lilies would dart out of the darkness and just glisten for a moment, and then be lost to sight. 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