

THE POET'S DEATH-SONG.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to the strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the American magazines, especially the Southern ones, several of which, though short-lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When the war deprived him of his fortune he still continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, has been the scene of his labors for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem, which, though written two years ago, by a strange coincidence was published just before the writer was permitted to verify its truth. We repeat it for those who may not have seen it in *Harper's Magazine*.

FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.
Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst forsake the mortal schools
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babe of midnight foils,
Ere the morning of Truth be born;
But I, earth's maddest above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair—
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light.
When the Summer of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night;
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his tending breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest;
And still, earnest of man's above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impaired
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone others, unshowered by a wind,
At the passes of Death grow awed,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat;
And I, earth's maddest above,
Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Unclothes the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with balmy breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

FIGHT WITH PIRATES.

James Torrence was a foremast hand on the British bark *Huntress*, and one morning in the seventies we left Singapore, bound to the south by way of the Straits of Sunda. We had sixteen hands on the bark, and for armament we had a nine-pounder mounted on a carriage and a good supply of muskets and spikes. All the seas to the north of Australia are suspicious waters for an honest ship. Pirates have abounded there ever since ships began to sail, and I'm thinking it will be long before the business is entirely wiped out. There are hundreds of islands in the Java and Banda Seas, and each one of them offers a secure headquarters for a gang of native pirates. They are not as bold as before the Government cruisers got orders to patrol those waters, and sink every craft which could not show honest papers; but they are there still, and the temptations are too great to expect they can ever be entirely suppressed. On our way up, when off the Red Islands, on the northern coast of Sumatra we overhauled an Italian brig called the *Campello*. She was stripped of sails, cordage, and most of her cargo, and had been set fire to and scuttled. For some reason the flames died out, and the water came in so slowly that she was floated six hours after the pirates abandoned her. Our mate was sent off to board her, and he found a shocking state of affairs. She had been laid aboard without resistance by two native boats, armed only with muskets and pistols. The crew had at once been made prisoners, and set to work to strip the ship and hoist out such cargo as the pirates coveted. She was run in behind one of the islands and anchored, and for three days and nights the pirates were hard at work on her. Each man of the crew worked under a guard during the day, and at night captain and all were secured in the fore-cabin. The crew numbered fourteen.

Toward evening of the third day the pirates had secured all their plunder. Several native crafts had been loaded and sailed up the coast to some rendezvous, and only one remained to take the last of the plunder. As no actual violence had been offered Captain or crew during the three days there was hope that the pirates would go away and leave them in possession of the robbed and dismantled brig. Just what shift they would have made in this case I cannot say, for the craft was left without sails, rope, block, or provisions. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the natives were ordered forward, while the crew collected aft, and at a given signal a fire was opened on the defenseless men. To their credit let it be recorded that they seized whatever weapons they could lay hands on and dashed on the pirates, but it was simply to die like brave men. In ten minutes the last one was shot down. The pirates then raised the anchor and got into their boat, bored holes into the ship's bottom, and started a fire in the hold amidships. The information I have given you came from a little chap on board who was making his first voyage as an apprentice. He was, I remember right only thirteen years old. On the morning of the third day he

managed to hide among the cargo, and the pirates completed their work and sent the bulk drifting out to sea without having missed him. He was on deck to catch the painter of the mate's boat when she drew alongside, and to one of our crew who could speak Italian he gave the story as straight as the Captain could have talked.

We reported the affair at Singapore, and a British gunboat was sent off to investigate. She returned before we had completed our loading, and reported that she had made no discoveries. It was a warning for our Captain, and he wisely determined to heed it. We took on shell and grape for our cannon, a dozen revolvers were purchased for the crew, and on the very day we left the Captain brought aboard two very heavy rifles which he had picked up somewhere at a bargain. I call them rifles, but they were young cannons, carrying a three ounce ball, with powder horn half way across the ship. We left Singapore as well prepared as a merchant vessel could be, and it seems that the Captain was advised to bear well up to Borneo, and give the Red Islands a wide berth. We crossed the equator at least a hundred miles to the east of the islands, as I overheard the Captain say, and then altered our course to the southeast, calculating to pass to the east of Biliton Island before hauling away from Sunda Strait.

The bark made good weather of it, and we had crossed the equator and run down on the new course until Biliton might have been sighted from the masthead, when there came a calm. The wind had died away about mid-forenoon, and the drift of the bark was to the north. We looked for a change at sunset, but nothing came, and the night passed without wind enough to move a feather. My watch was below when daylight came, and we got the word to turn up lively. To the north-east, off the coast of Borneo, two or three green islands were in sight, and between us and the islands were two native craft bearing down upon us. These craft were about the size of pilot boats, half decked over, and rigged like a catboat. They had been sighted when six or eight miles away, and as my watch came on deck the mate descended from the perch aloft, where he had been using the glass, and reported to the Captain that the craft were approaching us by the use of sweeps. The calm still held, but it was clear enough to a sailor's eye that we should have a breeze as soon as the sun began to climb up. No man asked himself the errand of these boats making out for the *Huntress*. At that time and locality there could be but one answer. The captain presently called us aft and said:

"Men, the craft which you see pulling out for us are pirates. We shall have a breeze within an hour, but they will be here first. If we can not beat them off we are dead men. They take no prisoners. I look to see every man do his duty."

We gave him a cheer and began our preparations. The cook was ordered to fill his coppers full of water and start a rousing fire, and the arms were brought up and served out. There were three or four men who had served at a heavy gun, and these took charge of the cannon, and the piece was loaded with a shell. When the captain called for some one to use the rifles, the only man who answered was an American. He took them aft, loaded them with his own hands, and by the time the pirates were within a mile we were as ready as we could be. The bark was lying with her head to the east, and the fellows were approaching us from the north on our broadside. The mate kept his glass going and announced that both craft were crowded with men, but he could see no cannon. They made slow progress, and we were impatient to open the fight. By and by, when they might have been three-quarters of a mile away, the captain passed word for the gunners to send them a shot. In a few seconds the big gun roared, and we all saw that the shell flew over the pirates and burst in the air. It was a good line shot and something to encourage, but before the cannon sent another shot the American had to try with one of the rifles. The mate was watching his shot from the rigging, and the report had scarcely died away before he shouted:

"Good for the Yankee! He hit at least a couple of them."

The second shell from the cannon burst over one of the boats and took effect on some of the men, as reported by the mate. The American then fired again, and again his bullet told. We were doing bravely and were full of enthusiasm, but the struggle was yet to come. The fellows bent their energies to creeping closer, and pretty soon they opened on us with musketry, and the balls began to ring through the rigging in a lively manner. We had our muskets ready, but the Captain ordered us to hold our fire and keep sheltered behind the rail. One of the piratical craft was a quarter of a mile in advance of the other, and the third shell from the cannon burst aboard of her and must have killed and wounded a dozen or more men. There was great confusion aboard, and she remained stationary until the other craft came up. During this interval the American got in two more shots which proved the victory as assured, and there was cheering from one end of the ship to the other. We were a little ahead of time. The third shot from our big gun burst it, and although none of the men were hurt we were thus deprived of a great advantage.

As soon as the Captain knew what had happened he called upon all the crew to shelter themselves and wait to fire at close quarters. One man was detailed to assist the cook with the hot water, and powder and bullets were placed handy for reloading the muskets. I was stationed near the gun carriage, and I noticed several shells lying about under foot. The American kept firing with the rifles, knocking over a pirate at every shot, and pretty soon the two craft were near enough for us to open fire with the muskets. I presume we wasted a good many shots, for we were green hands and greatly excited, but I am likewise certain that we also did great execution. We had a plunging fire down upon a mass of half-naked

fellows, and we must have weeded out a full third of them. There was no air stirring, and the smoke grew thick about us. By and by the shouts and yells of the pirates sounded close at hand, and their craft were laid alongside. We now flung down the muskets and used the revolvers and pikes. When the revolvers were empty we used captain bars, clubbed muskets, or whatever would serve to strike a blow. One dhow lay on our quarter and the other on the bow, and the fellows tried to carry us by boarding.

I can't describe the fight to you, further than to say that there was shooting, clubbing, and stabbing all along our port rail. We beat them off the rail again and again, and twice I brained pirates who reached the deck over the blades of pikes. By and by I heard some one sing out that the fellows had boarded us forward. I did not see how we could spare a man from the quarter, for two had gone down and the rest of us were hard pressed. All of a sudden I thought of the shells lying at my feet. There were half a dozen burning wads on our decks from the jingals of the pirates, and with one of these I lighted the fuse to a three-second shell and gave the ball a toss for the show. It fell right into the thickest of her crew, and it was a settler. Our rail was clear in half a minute, and then I picked up another shell and a burning wad and ran forward. A dozen natives had gained the bow and were pushing our men back. I lighted the fuse and gave the shell a roll along the deck into the crowd, and I give you my word that not one of them was left alive after the explosion. One of our men on the quarter threw a third shell, and I brought the fourth one and threw it on the bow.

The fight was ended. A bit of wind blew the smoke away, and we looked down upon the terrible sight. The boats seemed full of dead and wounded, the living having sought shelter under the half decks. Why, there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, and arms and legs and pieces of bloody meat enough to make the bravest turn pale. As we cut their lashings they drifted off, and the American with his big rifles, and two or three of the men with muskets, kept up a fire on everything that moved. Presently the breeze came up, and as we made sail and got the bark where we could handle her we ran down for the dhow. They were light built, and it needed only a fair blow to crush them. The first one we struck on her starboard quarter, and although the bark glanced off, we crushed in her timbers, and she filled and went down inside of five minutes. There were about twenty living men on the other, and as we bore down for her at a good pace they uttered shouts of terror and made signs of surrender. Our captain had no mercy for them. We put the ship right at the dhow's broadside, and we cut her square in two and rolled the bow one way and the stern the other, while the living, wounded and dead went into the sea together.—*New York World*.

The Judge Knew His Father.

Bob C. tells the funniest thing on himself. Bob can tell it far better than I can write it, and you must imagine a wheezy, fat man, with numerous little hitches in his voice, to appreciate Bob's style. He tells the story thus: "When Huff was mayor, way back in the long ago, I was just about as wild a chap as there was in town. I got to hitting the red eye pretty heavily, and several times I was called up before his honor, who would fine me \$5 or \$10. But one time I got on a big tear, and when I was brought up next morning I knew right away that Huff was going to swinge me. He looked at me a little, and then began a lecture, enumerating my sins on his fingers as he went. 'Bob,' he began, 'you are making a nuisance of yourself. You are getting to be a vagabond, and the calm, measured tones of his voice took me down considerably. Then he grew more benevolent as he continued counting on his fingers: 'Bob, you come of a good family. I know your father—a good, honest citizen. I knew your two uncles, and both of them are as good men as the country affords.' Here he told off three fingers and I felt real good, for I thought he was placing that many points to my credit. 'Yes, Bob, I knew them well, and now I am going to teach you a lesson. I fine you \$35.' 'Phe-w!' I involuntarily ejaculated. 'Please, your honor, if you had a known my grandfather, I believe you would have made it \$100.'—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Forgot Himself.

Old Sandy and Col. Blunt, both about half drunk, sat under a tree. The colonel took out a bottle, drank, and handed the bottle back to Sandy. Sandy drank and returned it to the colonel. The colonel wiped the mouth of the bottle, drank and handed the bottle back to Sandy. Sandy wiped the mouth of the bottle and drank. This made the colonel furious. "You d—d black scoundrel," he exclaimed, "how dare you wipe a bottle after me?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you infernal scoundrel. How can you have such impudence?"

"Wall, sah, lemme tell yer. Yer tole me jes' now ter ack like er white man, an' I done it, an' now I wants ter know why yerse'f's got de impudence ter wipe er bottle arter me. Oh, I see wid yer, sah. Hadn't wanted me ter ack dat er way yer ougterter tole me."

"That's all right, Sandy. I forgot I was a Democratic candidate."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

How to Find a Sweetheart.

1. Visit a cemetery after nightfall, spit upon twelve graves and repeat the Lord's Prayer backward.
2. Unravel a woolen stocking and bury the yarn in the backyard, with a paper on which your desires have been inscribed.
3. Kill a black cat and drink a portion of its warm-life-blood and repeat some fetichistic jargon.—*Chicago Mail*.

A STUDY OF CRIMINAL TYPES.

The Character of Greater Importance than the Act—Relation Between Insanity and Crime.

The current number of *Science* contains a statement by Prof. Joseph Jastrow, of the Johns Hopkins university, of the theory of criminality propounded in the *Nouvelle Revue* May, 1886, by Dr. Lombroso, a representative of a number of scientific men in Italy who for the last few decades have devoted themselves to a careful study of criminal types. Their point of view is a strictly scientific one—they regard a crime as the expression of a dangerous trait of character. The character is more important than the act. Moreover, the criminal is not a spontaneous, capricious product; he does not stand alone, but belongs to a class. Thus the anthropology of the criminal classes becomes a distinct object of study. Again, criminality is essentially a morbid phenomenon, and is a defect analogous to insanity or idiocy. In this aspect the criminal is a psychological study. To characterize the spirit of this movement in a few words, one may say that it lays stress on the criminal rather than on the crime.

In general one may recognize three types or causes of the outbreaks against the social order—physical, social, and anthropological. Among the first may be mentioned climate. In the Argentine Republic the sharp changes of temperature favor a revolutionary character in the inhabitants. The season of year influences the amount of crime; crime predominates in the warm months. Of 192 revolutions in Europe, the months of June and July have the largest share; November and January the smallest. So, too, heat is a factor. Southern countries—Italy, Spain, and Greece—have the largest number of revolutions; northern countries—Russia, Sweden, and Norway—have the least. Geographical position and other physical causes could be added. As social causes Dr. Lombroso regards the struggle for supremacy among the various social castes or classes; a disharmony between the existing civilization and the prevailing economic conditions; an opposition between the political forms and the national feeling and needs. Such are the more constant occasions of revolutionary outbreaks as shown in history. Mere accidental circumstances, such as the appearance of a great leader or writer, must also be considered.

Finally, the following are the prominent anthropological causes: The coexistence of races not really assimilated, with, perhaps, a tendency to political changes, hereditary anomalies of character, such as criminality and moral insanity, or acquired anomalies, as alcoholism and insanity. All these go to form three classes—criminals by heredity, by habit, and by mental disease. These have furnished the subject matter to the new science of criminal anthropology.

One must not suppose because these criminals are classed under the insane they will not be active in political crimes, for though they may be men of small intellect, yet the absence of the restraining power of a well-developed moral sense makes the bridge between thought and action shorter and smoother. A mere fanciful conception of possible crimes will take so strong a hold on their minds that the act itself will follow. More sensible and reflecting criminals would be repelled by the consequences and dangers of the act. In addition to this class of criminals, who become breakers of the peace simply because that happens to be the most accessible method of venting their perversive instincts, there is another class who are led on by a wild passion for the destruction of the old and the creation of something new. Their need rests in the worst possible. As a rule, too, they are very fond of notoriety. They are in love with crime. The pain of others is a keen satisfaction to them; its horror attracts them. The French revolution shows such types. Lejeune made a little guillotine and used it on the chickens destined for his table. Jean d'Heron wore a human ear in his cockade on his hat, and had others in his pockets. Carrier confessed that the writhings of the priests whom he condemned to torture gave him exquisite pleasure.

The modern anarchists, socialists, and dynamiters no doubt contain an element of these hereditary criminals, who use the political object as a mask for their instinctive tendencies to lawless outbreaks. The socialistic and the criminal types of face present strong resemblances. In some cases the introduction of such a criminal element transforms a purely political organization into a band of outlaws; the Mollie Maguires are an example of this.

All these facts urge the study of these defective classes. Society has a right to defend itself against these enemies of all peace and progress. But the punishment must be directed to the removal of the evil. The born criminal can readily be detected; the craniological peculiarities, the absence of a moral sense, the reckless cruelty of his deeds point him out. The treatment of these must aim at removing all opportunities of indulging their passions, for meeting others of their kind (for the epidemic contagion of this disease is one of its worst characteristics,) for bringing into the world others fated to follow in their footsteps. For their children houses of correction and careful discipline should be at hand.

The relation between insanity and crime is one of both cause and effect. Esquirol has shown an increase of insanity and suicides at each outbreak of the French revolution. Lumier declares that the excitements of 1870 and 1871 were the more or less indirect causes of 1,700 cases of insanity. This simply means that the same morbid element, tending to pronounced insanity in one direction and to pronounced criminality in another, is brought to front by a common cause. Very frequently, too, both tendencies can be seen in the same individuals. Marat, for example, had attacks of maniacal exaltation and a passion for continual scribbling. He had a sloping forehead, was prognathous had a promi-

nent jaw and high cheek-bones, and a haggard eye, all of which correspond closely with the insane type of face. Later his delusion of ambition changed into one of persecution and homicidal monomania. Dr. Lombroso cites case after case, all telling the same story. He includes Giteau in this list, and agrees with the opinion of an Italian alienist that his trial was simply "scandalous." The real place for such beings is in a much-needed institution—an asylum for insane criminals.

A few words as to criminals who have acquired their sinful traits. Alcohol is the most common cause. This always plays a prominent role in political outbreaks; the French revolution is no exception. Here is another great practical problem needing solution.

So very hasty a sketch of an important theory is necessarily unsatisfactory. It may serve, however, to call attention to the fact that a change in our view of crime and criminals seems about to take place.

The several interests involved in this change of view are many and important. When a chemist is called to court to give expert testimony the law accepts the results of science as final; but when the doctor testifies it is at once evident that the medical and legal points of view are essentially different and in conflict with one another. The law is interested only in the question of responsibility, and demands a "yes" or "no" when a truly scientific answer can not be given in that form. A medico-legal case almost always presents strange inconsistencies. The law should certainly be as ready to accept the testimony of science from the doctor as from the chemist, and should remember that they may both be equally valuable though not equally definite. If such views as those urged by Dr. Lombroso ever become the guiding principles of the law courts, a great and beneficial change in the treatment of alleged insane criminals is sure to follow. Our knowledge of these marked classes is becoming sufficiently accurate and scientific to warrant a practical application of these views in their legal trials, and a theoretical appreciation of them in our theories of ethics.

Farmers Can Raise Their Own Trout.

There are many farmers who own trout streams, and would like to have them restocked, and some others very feebly attempt to do it by putting in a few thousand young fish. This would restock a small stream if it were done every year for some years. But it is folly to suppose that a large stream, which has been fished for years, and thousands taken from it every year, can be restocked quickly by putting in a few hundred, or even a few thousand young fry. It is much easier to stock a stream than to raise fish in ponds, because the young fish will take care of themselves much better than anyone can take care of them, and if they are protected from danger until they are about forty-five days old—which is about the time the fish culturist takes charge of them—until they are ready to feed, they are then tolerably able to look out for themselves. In stocking a stream with trout, the young fish should be taken to its head-waters, or put into the springs and little rivulets which empty into it. As they grow larger, they will gradually settle down stream, and run up again to the head-waters in the fall and winter to spawn.

When putting fish into a stream, do not put them suddenly into water much warmer than that of the vessel in which they were being transported. They will not be so likely to be injured by putting them in water a few degrees colder; but try to avoid all sudden changes, and gradually raise or lower the temperature of the water in which you bring them, until it is even with that of the stream in which they are to be placed. Perhaps, in no branch of fish culture, are the results more immediate, or more apparent, than in restocking streams. Very many inland streams that were once inhabited by trout, are now wholly depleted, not only of that fish, but of all others. They are beautiful, sparkling little streams, but so far as food-producing element goes, they are valueless, and in a large majority of cases, they make a wonderful return for the restocking.

No brook, that has once contained trout, need be without them if the waters remain pure and cold. I believe there are no waters more satisfactory to stock than brook trout streams, because they are always before you. In stocking waters with shad or salmon, they migrate to the ocean, and only return once a year for the purpose of spawning; with salmon-trout and whitefish, they stay most of the time in the deep waters of our lakes; but brook-trout remain where they are placed, and are caught among the residents, and contribute directly to the support and amusement of the people. Streams that have been wholly worthless in producing food, can be once more replenished, and be made a valuable addition to the farm.—*South Green, in American Agriculturist*.

She Took the Pledge.

There is a little three-year-old tot, whose parents live on Fourth street, who is of a very reflective nature. Not long ago, in company with her mother, she was passing the police station. The door was open and two policemen were seen around a dirty, drunken man who lay on the floor in a drunken stupor. The little one was much impressed by the scene, and she asked her mother why that man was lying there. She was told he was drunk. That night she was very uneasy in her sleep, and after a few hours of restless tossing she gave a long sigh and muttered, slowly and determinedly: "I will never get drunk as long as I live."—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth*.

Justly Celebrated.

"Do you know why we celebrate Washington's birthday?" asked Mr. Hendricks of his son Bobby; "why his birthday is honored more than—that mine, for instance?"

"Oh, yes," responded Bobby, promptly; "George Washington never told a lie."—*New York Sun*.

SUICIDES IN LARGE CITIES.

A Number of Tables from Which Certain Interesting Facts Are Gleaned.

An investigation into the causes of suicides furnishes few facts upon which to formulate any theory that self-destruction is the resultant of social conditions. Suicides is thorough individualism. The somewhat empirical philosopher, Buckle, however, says that "In any given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their own lives. Suicides is merely the product of the general condition of society. The individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances." The following specially obtained statistics give the number of suicides in each of the leading cities in the United States during the year 1885:

NUMBER OF SUICIDES.	
New York.....	207
Chicago.....	118
San Francisco.....	94
St. Louis.....	79
Philadelphia.....	75
Brooklyn.....	50
Buffalo.....	13

The number of suicides to population, which is the only comparison of value, is given below:

SUICIDES TO POPULATION IN 1885.	
San Fran.co.....	1 to 2,800
St. Louis.....	1 to 5,100
Chicago.....	1 to 5,700
New Orleans.....	1 to 12,000
New York.....	1 to 6,700
Brooklyn.....	1 to 14,000
Baltimore.....	1 to 14,000
Newark.....	1 to 6,900

The above statistics show two curious facts: 1. That the number of suicides to population is greater on the Pacific coast, and decreases in almost an arithmetical ratio, city by city, until the Atlantic coast is reached. 2. That Brooklyn, which is practically a part of the city of New York, has less than half the number of suicides that the latter has. The census of 1880 places the number of suicides in the United States at 1 to 20,000 of population, while the statistics above show that the average in the twelve cities named is 1 to 8,450, which indicates that self-destruction is nearly two and a half times greater in the large cities than in the towns and villages.

Research shows that the details of suicides in New York apply generally to the other cities mentioned, and in fact to the whole country. This is shown by the following record of the ages of suicides in New York during 1885 compared with those in the United States for the census year:

Ages.	New York.	United States.
10 to 15.....	13	13
15 to 20.....	8	141
20 to 25.....	25	250
25 to 30.....	34	356
30 to 35.....	34	965
35 to 40.....	47	703
40 to 50.....	7	133
Total.....	207	2,511

One 90 years.

The methods of self destruction were various, but the principal means compared with those shown in the census record were as follows:

Means employed.	New York.	United States.
Shooting.....	76	473
Poisoning.....	51	335
Hanging.....	34	154
Cutting.....	11	7
Drowning.....	7	7
All others.....	23	1,550
Total.....	207	2,511

Of the total number of suicides in New York, 63 were native born, 152 were foreign born, 167 were males, and 40 were females. Those who were married numbered 83; widowers and widows, 26; single persons, 64, and 58 whose marital relations were unknown. The record of occupations of those who sought death at their own hands ought to throw some light upon the question as to whether poverty is to any great extent the cause of suicide. It does not, however. The statistics are as follows:

Professional occupations.....	Number.
Mechanical occupations.....	49
Other occupations.....	75
Unknown.....	77
Total.....	207

—*Boston Globe*.

The Boarding-House in Washington.

The boarding-house women of Washington are numbered by thousands. There are two classes of these. The first merely rent rooms and the second give board as well. It is a great business here at Washington for women to take large houses, paying from \$75 to \$300 per month for them, and then to sublet the rooms to gentlemen or to families as the case may be. They receive, as a rule, as much for their ground floor rooms as they pay for the whole house, and there have been instances in which women have made themselves independent by room-renting. One hundred dollars and more is not an uncommon rent here for a couple of furnished rooms in a good location, and \$50 and \$75 are often gotten for two rooms on the second floor. A good third floor front room will bring \$25, and a house that rents for \$100 a month unfurnished will often bring in \$200 or \$250 if furnished and sublet, besides giving a room for the landlady. A number of landladies make money here keeping boarding-houses, and the one who entertained W. D. Howells during his last sojourn in Washington has been able to buy the house in which she lives, which is worth about \$40,000, and is now starting a new hotel near the treasury. Of course her success is phenomenal, but there are numerous others who are doing well in a similar way, and the number of those who make their living by feeding others is legion.—*Cor. Cleveland Leader*.

A Practical College Education.

"Charles," said a fond Philadelphia mother to the son who had just graduated from Harvard, "I see in the papers that France has expelled its princes. Can you tell me what it was for?"

"Well, mother, you see I played with the Harvard nine and pulled stroke oar in the eight, and had no time to either read or study. I guess, however, they were expelled for selling base-ball games and giving tips to the pool-rooms."—*Philadelphia Herald*.