

SUICIDE AND CAUSES.

LOVE, HEREDITY AND POVERTY CONTRIBUTE LARGELY.

Savages Rarely Kill Themselves—Self-Destruction is Frequent Only Among Civilized People Where Nervous Tension is Pronounced.



THE general opinion of intelligent people upon the much-discussed subject of suicide is rather sweeping, says the Washington Post. Ask the average man why his neighbor destroyed himself and, in all probability, he will tell you that everybody who commits suicide is insane. Now this is true only to the extent that the brain that evolves the impulse of subjective destruction is not in a normal state, and abnormal minds are, in a way, insane minds. But this last postulate brings us around with a whirl to the important question, When is the brain in a normal state? Certainly not when under the influence of excitement, of anger, grief, or of any of the passions. Therefore, as man is not a vegetable, but lives out a good part of his existence under a certain amount of nervous strain, it becomes evident that the gray matter in his head undergoes constant fluctuation from so-called normal to so-called abnormal conditions.

Consequently it does not seem too much to assert that the standard is an assumed one and that the man who dies by his own hand may be not more out of order mentally than the man who criticizes him, the only difference lying in the fact that the former has demonstrated his eccentricity and the latter has kept his to himself.

As civilization advances and the nervous tension of the individual waxes higher, suicidal statistics show a steady increase. Savage races are comparatively exempt from the tendency to self-destruction and the more advanced the nation the more fatal becomes the impulse. However, this last statement must be modified by such considerations as population, national prosperity and several other factors that unite to render reliable statistics on this subject very hard to obtain.

The suicidal ratio between the sexes is estimated at a minimum 15 per cent for women to 85 for men; maximum, 30 to 70.

The general causes of suicide are the impulsive passions—love, jealousy, shame, religious or political fanaticism. But in almost every case more remote and disguised causes have been at work, such as education, imitation, influence of the physical and moral environment, etc. The effect of these is so insidious that the suicide himself is unconscious of their presence. Then, again, there is the man who is impelled to self-destruction by heredity.

Taking the first in the list of causes—love—the percentage of self-inflicted deaths therefrom is not large in either sex. Women suicide directly from the influence of disappointed affection; but men often solace themselves by "taking to drink," and it is the effect of the alcohol that impresses the mind with the impulse of subjective destruction, like Byron's—

"Lord Mont-Coffee-House, the Irish peer,
Who killed himself for love—with wine—last year."

There have been, of course, a number of men driven to the rash act by no other intoxicant than the original one—love; but they are in the minority. Neither do all men under these painful circumstances take to drink; some because, like Mr. Swivel, they had taken to that long before, and some for better reasons. Mr. Swivel took to playing the flute; but all are not so desperate, and, as the range is practically unlimited, various are the consolers "taken to."

The effect of imitation is generally underrated. A very remarkable suicide from this cause took place in London almost a century ago. Fashionable society at the time professed great admiration for Addison's "Cato." Upon seeing a stage representation of this piece a certain Mr. Budgell was so impressed with the suicidal death of the hero in the closing scene that upon leaving the theater he went at once to the Thames and, plunging therein, put an end to his existence. When his body was recovered this couplet was found upon him:

"What Cato did
And Addison approved
Must needs be right."

A man predisposed by heredity to self-destruction must find it almost impossible to pass through the trials and, above all, the weariness of this life of ours without giving way to the natural bent of his mind. Many instances of such deaths are on record. One Parisian suicide, by name Jules Delmas, is a striking example. Both of his parents had died by their own hand, and, though happily married and prosperous, the natural attitude of his mind was so antagonistic to life that he was incapable of maintaining existence. One evening, as he was returning from the opera with his wife, he seemed unusually preoccupied. Arriving at the corner of the square upon which his house stood, he turned to her and said: "I have just recollecting an engagement that I must fulfill. Where I am going it is impossible that you should accompany me, so return home."

She heard no more from him until the next day, when she was informed of his voluntary death and received his last message.

"Forgive me, Margaret, I am going to rejoin my parents."

VANITY.

Still Shown by Women When in Convict Garb.

A writer in an English paper says that our hapless countrywoman, Mrs. Maybrick, set the fashion in Working prison of wearing the skirt long, that is, with a train, as she was wearing such when she entered the prison. The dresses served out to the convicts are a constant source of annoyance to them, and many an hour is spent in touching up and altering.

At Milbank, another English prison, some years since, a female convict was discovered to be in possession of three tallow candles, which, if they had not been missed would have been utilized as pomade! Periodically the hinges of the cell doors are oiled, and, strange as it may seem, convicts have been detected wiping the oil and putting it on their hair.

One woman created quite a sensation among the female convicts in Working prison by reason of the brilliancy of the color of her cheeks and lips. Many of her fellow prisoners became most envious, and exercised every kind of blandishment in order to induce the fortunate one to part with her secret—but in vain.

At last, one day she became quite friendly with a young convict to whom she took a fancy, and during the ten minutes' chat (female convicts are allowed to converse with each other for this allotted time) she confided the secret. It was soon all over the prison, and very soon on most of the cheeks of the women could be found traces of color. The paint was obtained in the following ingenious manner: In the aprons that the women were wearing there was, running through the pattern, a bright red stripe, and this was carefully drawn out. When unraveled and chewed in the mouth the color or dye was released, and thus the paint was obtained which decorated their faces and lips.

In the same prison a convict had repeated fainting fits without any cause discoverable by the medical officer. One day she was attacked in chapel, and, upon her removal to the infirmary, she was undressed, when to their astonishment the authorities found the fits produced from tight lacing, and from the effects produced by the pieces of wood and wire which the convict had managed to force into her stays in order to make her waist slender.

The prison authorities in their wisdom have not deemed it necessary to supply the female convicts with that ever ready and indispensable article so dear to the feminine gender—the hairpin—but necessity, the mother of invention, is ever at work, and the convict will spend hours in tearing out bits of wire from the window guard and afterward bending them into the required shape.

Leaves from the bible are often torn out to make the old-fashioned "cracker" curls, but this practice, if found out, involves a very serious punishment.

Even the "life" prisoners are not exempt from this desire to make the best possible appearance, and they will scheme, plot and plan for months together in order to become possessed of a piece of broken window pane in order to make a looking glass.

While out in the exercise yard a convict will rapidly scan the ground in the hope of coming across a piece of glass. Once possessed of it, she will run the risk of solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet in order to get it into her cell. A piece of black cloth at the back of the piece of glass makes an excellent mirror. Here it will be hidden in all conceivable places, and many a violent woman, ill-favored by nature, has been known to become subdued after being able to admire her features by means of the mirror.

Benefits of Advertising.
Advertising has another use aside from bringing in new business. It is a mighty, potential factor which enables a business to be held. It prevents old customers from slipping away and stirs up their determination to stick. Some buyers like to change, and it is to prevent this switching around that printer's ink becomes so useful. Many a financial advertiser ceases to advertise because "no returns can be traced." His extreme short sightedness prevents him from realizing that in order to know just what benefit the advertising has been to him, it would be necessary to know the inner thoughts of many people. The latter are not disposed to be communicative when it comes to giving reasons for their action. Good, clean advertising always has, always does and always will pay. There is no doubt about it. Because the results cannot be seen is not positive demonstration that it has been of no account.—American Investments.

By His Mouth.
A Philadelphian, who had traveled extensively in Burmah, was telling an English girl, on an accent voyage across the Atlantic, some of the remarkable work which elephants are taught to do in that country, and, in order to create a good impression, he drew slightly on his imagination. He told the truth as to how the elephants toil all day piling up teakwood at the saw-mills, and even lay the logs on the plane, "and," he continued, "there was one old elephant, much wiser than the others, who, after he had laid down the log, got down on his knee and squinted to see if it was on straight." The girl smiled in a bored sort of way, and said: "Now I am sure you are an American."—Argonaut.

After the Funeral.
Mr. Rector—So you think you know too much about matrimony ever to try it again?
Mr. Benedict, again a widower—Yes, sir; yes, sir! Here endeth the second lesson.

POETIC LIFE IN JAPAN

DAINTY AND EXQUISITE LITTLE TOY DWELLINGS THERE.

Dear for Neighbors—A Real Arcadia—The Charm of the Island Miyajima—A Place of Perfect Peace—Fairy Balconies.



HERE is an isolated, aristocratic quarter of the village in the ravine behind the temple, inhabited by priests and superior folks and the fair ravine holds the Momiji (or Maple Leaf) tea house—most be witching cluster of dwellings—the most picturesque setting ever found in Japan, says the Century. There is the usual large living room or office of the landlord and a general "food preparing" room for the establishment opening on the roadway, but within the gates one finds a deep green glen, an awful chasm some fifteen feet deep and twice as wide, all filled with delicate airy branches of cut-leaf maples. A terrible torrent some two feet wide dashes madly down the mountain side, spreads out into a lake the size of a large dinner-table with a wooden sauce-boat moored at one side. Each vantage spot on the steep bank holds a one, two or three roomed doll-house—such exquisite little toy dwellings, with such fairy balconies, such spotless screens and soft shining mats that one hesitates to desecrate them with the clumsy, defiling destructive appurtenances of the simplest foreign living; and as for himself fitting into one of these midjet mansions is Gulliver alive among the Lilliputians. Our life in that glen of maple leaves was full of interest, from the moment of slipping back the screens in the morning with some anxiety lest the mists of a glen and its midjet lake were not there or real-rolled up over night, and some other charming Japanese drop curtain put in its place—to the last hanging of the amados or wooden outer screens at night. The deer were friends and neighbors from the moment of our arrival, coming to drink from the musical fountain-jet in our three-foot square court of entrance and then to the edge of our porch to bob their heads in well-mannered appeals for deer-cake. These pretty beggars, with their lovely eyes, their sharp muzzles and delicate feet, seemed to know the value of their charms, and having no fear of man, had only to pose a few moments to move the stoniest and most indolent heart to wait on them. It was even more idyllic in the early morning to find some antlered friend, or an equally fearless doe and her tiny fawn, waiting by the lakeside to share our breakfast. After Miyajima one may well boast of having lived in Arcadia, and each day, more idyllic than the other, puts one in the better spirit of enjoying the rare Japanese charm of it all. The peace of the island is as perfect as its plety and few sounds but the gentle dashing stream and the flutter of maple leaves disturbed our enchanted little glen. One spoke softly, as befitted a place of such perfect beauty. Neighbors came to the doll-house across the chasm, but only the rat-tat of their pipes on the bamboo cups of the tobacco trays was evidence of their presence there. In that simple, intimate life there was no mystery, not even of the menu. All the villagers who passed might stop and watch our cook make his highly colored curry for our midday meal; and peddlers who came to tempt the tea-house maids with gay kimono patterns watched his strange concoctions and sought pretexts to watch our further play with the knife and fork, as we sat at feast on our little veranda over the lake. The small boy of the tea house added the comic element, and his morning pursuit of our dinner chicken was always a feature. He would chase the angry hen around and around the lake, and when it fled cackling up the bank, a swift movement of his palm across the lake would spurt such showers of water on the ruffled fowl as might soon empty the whole vast deep and rob the ravine of its choicest landscape ornament. When the tea-house staff had combined against the hen, our major-domo would bring the captive to us in his arms and display the fine "stew chicken." There was a solidity and an adamant fiber to the Miyajima fowls that resisted ordinary cooking, and we commanded one day that the bird should be divided at every joint, the body quartered, and all kept stewing for three hours during which we expected to be gone on an excursion. Summoned to see if it was all right, we found the pallid, uncoked chicken dismembered to the last joint; but the whole puzzle had been neatly put together again, and the bird wound over and over with the closest network of fine spool cotton—a strange travesty on that Gulliver to whom we were always comparing ourselves.

Swam Seven Miles.
Man has conquered the sweeping flood of waters at the Golden Gate, the entrance to San Francisco bay, Charles Cavill swam from shore to shore, seven miles, accompanied by a fleet of sail-boats and many screaming steamers and tugs. When his feet touched the sand at Ft. Point and he stood up and bowed to the multitude the occupants of almost numberless rowboats added their cheers to the toot of whistles and clang of bells. Cavill is said to be the first and only man who ever accomplished the feat of swimming from shore to shore where the bay and ocean meet.

The business of shipping mose for packing nursery stock and plants is developing quite an industry at Vicksburg, Miss.

THE BURROS DIED.

But the Prospectors Who Crossed the Desert Managed to Survive.

A man can stand more hardships than a burro. That is the conclusion that Henry Freeman and Jacob Gester have reached, and their story bearing on the subject indicates that the point is well taken.

Freeman and Gester are mining prospectors whose habits are migratory. They arrived in San Francisco recently after a long and winding scout for precious metals in the mountains of San Bernardino and Inyo counties. Mr. Freeman volunteered the information that he had passed through an experience which, in suffering, outdid anything that he could expect to find in the infernal regions during twice the length of time.

"Gester and I had been knocking around the mountains and canyons for several weeks," said Mr. Freeman. "We had four burros, two to ride and two to carry our packs of tools and provisions. The burros 'are dead; Gester and I are alive, but mighty shaky. We had poor luck and struck nothing with color in it for a long time. Finally, we decided to strike out for a locality where few, if any, white men had ever gone before. We crossed the desert country south of Death Valley about—I can't remember the dates, because I didn't know Wednesday from Sunday.

"Well, then we headed for the Funeral mountains, east of the borax beds. There was some game to be had, and our supply of provisions held out very well, but the further east we went the scarcer the water became, and what there was of it was rank poison. In one of the gulches of the Funeral range we found a running spring with water as clear as crystal. Gester and I drank with great gulps, and so did the burros. This was about two hours before sunset on a day that was as hot as hades. Well, sir, five minutes after we drank that water my partner and I and the burros began to suffer agonies worse than death. My insides seemed to be on fire, and I felt as if some lusty fireman was dragging out my intestines with a fire hook. It was nip and tuck between Gester and me and the burros as to which could squirm and kick and make the most horrible noise. Before the sun set two of the animals were dead. The other two partially recovered.

"After a couple of days' rest—having in the meantime discovered a scant quantity of dirty, but less poisonous water—we set to work again, and very soon discovered some very rich gold-bearing quartz. It carried free gold, at least \$300 to the ton, and we drove stakes on the claims. But we might as well have saved ourselves the trouble, because, so far as I am concerned—and I know Gester is of the same mind—I wouldn't go back to that accused region for a million. No, sir! It's death, death everywhere. Poison in the water, burning death in the sunlight, annihilation in the scorching winds. There is no water with which to work the ore or quench the thirst of man or beast. It would be next to an impossibility to cart the ore to a place where life could be sustained for any length of time. I am satisfied there are thousands of great fortunes in those hills and gulches, but it's my opinion they will remain there a long time."

Mr. Freeman then gave a graphic account of the retreat toward civilization and habitable regions. For nearly two days and nights he and Gester and the two burros had not one drop of water. The men were on the verge of madness, because the heat was intense. The mules tottered and groaned, and hung their tongues out of the corners of their mouths. When almost within sight of a little mountain stream of pure water, not far from the Santa Fe railroad, the burros lay down and died, almost in the same breath. But Freeman and Gester reached the railroad, flagged a freight train, and left the land of horrors; with a pledge to each other never to return. Freeman says he will seek a cooler climate and better water in South Africa.

Not so Shy After All.
Postmaster White received a registered letter two or three weeks ago for a Delmar man and the man took the return receipt card out of the office and carried it home. The letter not being called for, Postmaster White saw the owner one day last week and asked him why he didn't take it out of the office. The man admitted that he had the return receipt in his pocket, but he said: "I notice that it is one of those things that you've got to sign, and I don't propose to sign anything I ain't sure about and have it turn up in a note by and by." Postmaster White finally convinced the man that Uncle Sam would not tolerate any confidence game in the postoffice and the man signed the receipt and took his letter. He opened it at once and it turned out to contain \$1.50 in money which the man had sent to a swindling concern in Ohio, and he was informed that the postoffice department had intercepted the letter and saved his money and returned it. He wasn't quite so shy after all.—Wellsborough, Pa., Agiator.

Tall Trees in the Northwest.
Professor F. G. Plummer, of Tacoma, Wash. is authority for the statement that there are scores of trees in that corner of the United States that are over 600 feet high.

A Natural Mistake.
Train Robber, in the Pullman—Your money or your life!
Sleepy Passenger, wrathfully—Confound you, porter! I'll call you when I want you.—Life.

No Use.
Herdso—Why didn't you defend your wife's suit for divorce?
Saidso—I have known for years that what she said was law.—New York World.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles Quickly Cured.

You May Have a Sample Bottle of the Great Discovery Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Sent Free by Mail.

Men and women doctor their troubles so often without benefit, that they get discouraged and skeptical. In most such cases serious mistakes are made in doctoring and not knowing what our trouble is or what makes us sick. The unmistakable evidences of kidney trouble are pain or dull ache in the back, too frequent desire to pass water, scanty supply, smarting irritation. As kidney disease advances the face looks sallow or pale, puffs or dark circles under eyes the feet swell and sometimes the heart acts badly. Should further evidence be needed to find out the cause of sickness, then set urine aside for twenty-four hours; if there is a sediment or settling it is also convincing proof that your kidneys and bladder need doctoring. A fact often overlooked, is that women suffer as much from kidney and bladder trouble as men do.

everything, but will be found just what is needed in cases of kidney and bladder disorders or troubles due to weak kidneys, such as catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble. It corrects inability to hold urine and smarting in passing it, and promptly overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night.

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