

The Oregon Scout

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Something About Chinese Gastronomy.

Canton is of about the size of Paris or New York, and it is one of the best places to study Chinese gastronomy. The restaurants here have bird's nest soup at \$5 a plate, and I brought a rat which was salted, dressed and dried yesterday for five cents. I doubt not the price was five times too high, for the rat was the smallest on the string which was in the butcher shop. It lies before me as I write, and it looks a little bit like a piece of dried pork. It has been skinned even to the tail. Its legs are cut off, and the liver and heart are pressed inside of it. It smells like salt meat, and it looks as though it would make the center of a good sandwich. I intend to send it to the Gridiron or Clover club as a sample of Chinese gastronomy.

In this same shop I saw cooked cats, and I visited yesterday a cat and dog meat restaurant. Carcasses of small dogs which looked not unlike clean sucking pigs hung from hooks about a low dark room, and these, in most instances, had a tuft of hair left on the tip of the tail. This hair was black, for black dog's meat is worth more than that of a yellow dog, and black cat's flesh costs here ten cents a plate. Just below these dogs, and next to the street, were two clay bowls filled with burning charcoal, and upon these was stowing the flesh of dogs and cats. In little cages on the floor were a number of live cats ready to be killed and cooked to order, and I saw this afternoon a peddler showing a cat to a woman in one of the narrow streets of Canton. The woman was examining the cat's teeth in order to know its age, and she felt of its body as though it were a rabbit. There were about a dozen Chinamen dining in this dog and cat restaurant, and a good dinner costs on an average fifteen cents.

The Chinese fruits are especially fine, and they have oranges, bananas, plums, pears and persimmons which would make your mouth water. Canton sends thousands of dollars of sweetmeats to America yearly, and their preserved ginger is sought for by the gastronomes of the world. The Chinese themselves are great eaters. Cook shops for the rich and poor are found everywhere, and a big Chinese dinner sometimes has 100 courses. Mr. Den by, the American minister at Peking, when received by the viceroy at Canton, was given a dinner of sixty-five courses, and he smacks his lips when he discourses upon the delicacy of shark's fins and bird's nest soup.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Did He Find the Tillamook Treasure?

In the early days of Oregon, when the Hudson Bay company controlled the commercial business of the north-west coast, with headquarters at Vancouver and a branch store at Oregon City, Thomas McKay, son of a Hudson Bay man by a Red river Indian woman, who subsequently became the wife of the philanthropic Dr. McLaughlin, went over to the Tillamook country on a trapping expedition as a servant of the above named company. In his wanderings up and down the coast range he found an aged Indian woman of the Tillamook tribe, who told him that she witnessed the coming ashore of the Spaniards, whom tradition credits with burying a chest of treasure at the mouth of the Nehalem river. The woman informed McKay minutely as to the place the treasure was buried, and at his opportunity went with him and pointed out the place she had described.

It was a rule of the H. B. company that anything captured by a servant of the company became at once the property of the company, and the officials of that then all powerful corporation, learning that McKay had been prospecting for the said treasure, arrested him and subjected him to a rigid examination to make him disclose what he knew about it. To all their questions and threats McKay returned but one answer: "I did not find any treasure."

McKay afterward settled on French Prairie, and some years later built a saw mill on Butte Creek, on the present site of Scott's mills, where he herded a large drove of Spanish cattle. He sold many of his cattle to the immigrants for beef, but he is credited with a big heart, and early settlers say he gave away much more than he sold. Many persons believe that McKay found the Tillamook treasure, as he always had plenty of money and spent it lavishly.—Portland Oregonian.

Bill Nye's Brother.

Frank M. Nye, the assistant county attorney, has long been suspected and watched by people about the court house with all the intenceness that detectives shadow a suspected criminal. In this case, however, the circumstances are a little different. Mr. Nye is watched on the strength of the wit and humor that has made his brother "Bill" so famous, in the hope that some spark of ancestral wit may spontaneously be emitted from him also. But nary a spark. If any humor has ever proceeded from Frank M. Nye while he is conducting a prosecution then no one has heard it. In that respect, therefore, so far as relationship is concerned, he might as well be the brother of Tom, Dick or Harry, instead of "Bill." Frank Nye, however, has his popular qualities, if serious, and he can make an effective address to a jury.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fight Between a Mink and an Eel.

A battle between a mink and an eel was witnessed in the stream below the pumping station one day last week. The mink had the eel by the back of the head, but the eel wound himself around the mink and rolled him around in the water until he let go, and the fight was a draw.

BELLA DONNA.

I never liked children much of any, the best of 'em bein' given to impish tricks of skeerin' a team of horses going down grade or a whoopin' unexpected at an elderly man that's some nervous from stage drivin' over twenty-five year; but she wa'n't never that or way. She was leetle, pale faced creatur', with the slimmest arms, the longest legs, and poor, shabby gowns allus too short fur her, she growed so fast, an' they wa'n't made with tucks to let down, as I told her they'd oughter be. She come to town—Miles Canon—that sets down at the foot of Mt. Sneffles like it was dropped there, along with her father, "Hard Luck" Stevens. He was drunk as usual, and she luggin' a big bundle done up in a red bandanna, a tiny sun bunnitted creatur' not more'n 5 years old.

"It's too bad," I says, "sissey, to let you lug that, and that old villain staggerin' as usual. What's he to you?"
"Just plain dad," she answers with a little sigh; "he's allus thater way, and she luggin' a big bundle done up in a red bandanna, and I've got ter live with him; but I'm goin' to be spectable allus, I promised my muver that."

"Bless yer heart," I cries, "if Mike Breen kin help you to the same he will. Them leetle old ways of yourn kinder chokes me up."
As they did every time I see her keepin' house fur that old reprobate, he pretendin' to be prospectin', but settin' around saloons loafin'. When she got to be knowed, there was allus some one to lug him home fore he got too fur gone to be hateful, as he done when deep in licker. Their vittles somehow got paid for, though "Hard Luck" never airted nawthin'. Missy would thank a feller so cute, with such a mite of a curtsy, it was with a dollar's buyin' of pork or meal just to see her. She wouldn't answer to anythin' but Miss Stevens, though her name was Bell, fearin' it wa'n't high toned.

My road lay by her cabin a half mile from town, an' I got in the habit of breathin' my horses there, fur it's a steep pull up the grade, an' out she'd come to say "How do do," and arter a time to ride a piece with me. I could swing her up over the wheel like a bird, fur she weighed nawthin', an' there she'd set aside me, her leetle sun bunnit hangin' by the strings, her yaller hair blowing, her pale cheeks tinted a bit, and them big, black, sorrowful eyes full of a child's delight. Land, how purty she was then!

One day she says:
"Mister Mike, you an' me is acquainted a long time."

"Five year, missy," I answers, flickin' the off horse with the whip; he allus shirked.

"I've bin thinkin' we're such real frens you needn't call me Missy any more. That's just fur the camp, you know."

"Better not change—I'm used to Missy."

"But I kin be 'spectable just the same an' I want to make you think I care a heap about you. Now, Bell is so short it ain't fine ernuff, an' I shall be a way up lady some day, so I got me a name to the drug store that hitches onto mine."

"Gimme suthin' easy; I can't get over no jaw breaker, Missy."

"You won't laff," lookin' at me with them big, serious eyes.

"Not a grin, even."

"Well," breathless like, "it's—It's Belladonna. Ain't it butiful?"

One day when she rid up with me she told me, as she was going to be a great lady, she ought to be educated.

"I can't go to school in the canon, fur father would set himself a fire or suthin', an' I hev to git our meals; but I kin read some, muver taught me a little, an' I've picked up more, an' I want you to git me some books."

An' if she didn't put a silver quarter in my hand, warm from her tiny fist. I took it, fur she was that proud she'd bin mad, an' I've got it yet, an' I worried all the way to Silver City what I'd git. I let her think her money paid fur all. She ain't some mendin' fur miners, fur she'd set a patch wonderful with them leetle claw fingers, an' as she growed big wouldn't take no more gifts of vittles. A pal an' me explored Silver City fur them books, an' I brought her a book called "Monter Christer," a Bible, a volume of plays by Shakerspear that I thought wouldn't do her no harm, a fust reader an' a rithmetic. She was tickled, I tell you, when I dropped them inter her aprin, an' arter that I allus see Belladonna (as I kearily called her, though I hed to laff inwardly—but law! I'd called her a hull drug store to please her) with a volume under her thin arm, an' the words she used ev'ry day was reg'lar double deckers.

She jest soaked up larnin' like a sponge, till I used to wonder that leetle head could hold so much.

So time goes on, an' the leetle gowns fits better, is long ernuff, an' is neat, made by her own hands, an' she gets more flesh on her, an' our leetle maid is a young leddy, an' a young civil engineer surveying for a railroad comes often to the cottage—a good chap, Jack—an' I liked him. She growed so purty, too, with her golden hair, and shinin' eyes, an' the pink in her cheeks, an' the sorter light on her face as young love gives.

Wal, one day as I drove down grade, she come runnin' out the cabin, her eyes sparklin', her lips parted, her face as rosy—an' she generally quiet and pale—an' that yaller hair flyin' about her shoulders. Jack was with me, an' I see him color up an' look at her sorter hungry, as a man does when hard hit, but she barely spoke to him.

"They say pa's struck it rich," she cries. "Take me down to the Canon, Mister Mike; I'm wild to know."

The young feller helped her up beside us, an' I see his face had growed white an' sad, but she talked like a wild creatur'.

"I told you I would be a great lady," she says.

"Hard Luck is one of them onery creaturs," says I, "as falls inter a fortin', an' I'll take odds it's true."

It was. That play prospectin' of his

had tumbled him inter a mine, that hard workin' men might have worked a lifetime fur, an' don't get, which is fate, if you're one of them fate cranks. Days passed inter weeks, an' cap'talists see the bait, an' flocked to the town, an' Belladonna was a match fur 'em. She never let the old man outter her sight, ruling him with a rod of iron, an' as keen as a lawyer 'bout terms, so that 'rithmetic didn't go fur nawthin'. But she changed somehow; the pretty light faded from her face, there was a cold look in her eyes, an' an eagerness in her manner that crushed the youth out. But she never turned a cold shoulder to me, an' I drove her an' her father out of town when they went away never to come again. Hard Luck was inside, an' she out with me, them two the only passengers.

At a turn in the road Mister Jack was a waitin' on his bronco to say good-by, so I pulled up.

"Good-by and God bless you," he says, kinder chokin'; "I think if the mine had not proved a bonanza an' made you rich, you might have cared for me. I love you, an' shall all my life."

There were tears in his blue eyes, an' a man's tears means a sore heart wound.
"Good-by," she answers, holdin' out her hand that he took and put to his lips; an' there they parted, them two that loved each other, never in this world to meet again.

"Belladonna," I says, as I drives on. "You have given him his death blow."

"Hearts do not break," she says, sorter scornful; "he will soon forget me."

"The leetle gal I've loved fur fifteen year is dead," I says, sorrowful. "She ain't you, with that gaspin' way, an' that hard, cold look; she's the leetle mite that wanted to be 'spectable an' that could keef fur one naterel an' frenly."

"Spare me," she cries, with a pitiful leetle sob. "Hearts do break, fur mine is breakin' now."

She leaned her pretty head against my sleeve, as she used to years gone by, an' I couldn't speak no more. When I bid her good-by I asked her to send some leetle hopeful message to Jack.

"No, no," she cried, looking proud and firm, but white, too, as if it hurt her, "not a word. I mean to be a great lady, an' live in the life the books tell about."

"—them volumes," said I. "Ef I'd knowed what they was puttin' in your hed never one of 'em should you have had."

She turned an' flung her arms 'round my neck, an' kissed by bronzed old cheek, my gray beard mingling with her golden hair, and that one spot where her lips rested I would like to think the decay of nature will spare when I am in my grave.

"Farewell, you, my dear, dear friend, an' the old life," she cried, an' I saw her no more.

Life passes somehow even in our mountains where so leetle happens, an' I knowed I was growin' old by the brake bein' hard to set an' the horses pullin' stiff, an' so hev'n' money saved an' some good investments in mines, one day I drove the old team for the last time, an' left 'em with a sort of dimness in my eyes, fur I'd been considerate of 'em allus as a good driver ought, an' went down to Denver to loaf like a gentleman.

Five years after she went from Miles Canon I see old Hard Luck in the hotel in Denver. He was in company with a wizened up creatur' lookin' like a monkey an' signin' his name to the register as the Markee something in French, that I couldn't spell if I was a mind to write it out. They had stacks of trunks the porter was a-strugglin' with, an' he told me, with some swearin' at 'em, they was travelin' clean from Paris, an' he wondered they got along with all that truck an' some un' didn't pulverize 'em—which, the travelers or trunks, I never knowed. Stevens knowed me an' introduced me to the Frenchman, an' we took champagne, the Frenchman growin' at it, an' Stevens, who looked shabby an' old, agreen' with him, an' our lad, knowin' Hard Luck's taste for emnythin' of old, even vinegar, of there wa'n't no better drinks; an' then Stevens says: "The markeese is up stairs an' would like to see you. This is her husband." He took me aside to whisper: "Away up nobility, Mike, an' cost us two hundred thousand in cash. They come high, them real aristocracy, I tell yer."

I confess I fixed up a bit afore I went up to the fine parlor where my lady waited to see me, the old stage driver she hadn't forgot. But in the hansum woman in the trailin' gown of black lace, the shinin' dimunts, the proud air, I couldn't see the leetle child I knowed. The beautiful eyes was as hard an' cold as the glitterin' dimunts, that seemed to mock all feelin' with their grandness. Only the golden hair was like hers, an' I looked at that an' sorter smiled, thinkin' of the sunlight stored up forever, as I used to say. She was fronly an' kind, an' we set an' talked of old times.

"Jack died of mountain fever a year arter you left," I says. "His last words was, 'I love her, I pray she will be happy.' He died more because he didn't want to live." I finished kinder cruel.

You are cryin' my lady, on that fine lace handkerchief, an' the dimunts rise an' fall on your bosom, an' glitter cruelly, but your tears are more beautiful to me. Ay, hearts do not break; they are only wounded unto death. But you killed a good man, my lady—that stands ever against you. Tears cannot blot out my memory of the poor lad who loved you.

"Good-by," I says, "can I say Belladonna?"
"Do not think too hard of me," she sobs. "Remember me as that queer little friendless child who loved you."

"I will, an' I have seen the Markee. I'm glad you've got to the summit of your ambition, but to me it's as gloomy an' forlorn as some storm torn mountain peak where no green thing will grow. I'll think only of the child that wanted to be 'spectable, that waited to ride down grade with me, of the pale tiny thing with the wistful eyes an' the leetle hands claspin' my sleeve."

Is it any wonder that I could not see her then?—that the mists of my tears blotted out my last glimpse on earth of the Markeese Belladonna?—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

I could not tell—I do not know
What classic lines, what curves of grace
Must meet and blend and intergrow,
To make a beauteous human face.

I do not know—I could not tell,
With all the lines and curves complete,
What look within that face must dwell
To make the faultless beauty sweet.

Unknown the laws that make it sweet,
And, flower like, mold it as it grows;
Enough, that when that face I meet,
I know it as I know the rose.

—Cassell's Magazine.

Happened on the Wabash.

"Heard of the Wabash river, I reckon?" he queried as he combed his long yellow whiskers with his fingers and pulled down his vest.

"Yes."

"Probably never heard of Jerry Dewlap? Jerry lives on the banks of the Wabash, and he's pizen biled down. About a month ago he come to town one day and said a boat had up-sot in the bend above his house and drowned two men. He wanted us to go up and help drag fur the bodies. We was willing, of course, and Jerry proposed we try a plan he said had worked in thousands of cases. It's an ole belief with some folks, you know, that if a loaf of bread is flung on the water it'll float to whar a dead body is lying and then stop. We reckoned to try it, and every man chipped in and we took up about a hundred loaves."

"Jerry bossed the job," continued the man with the yellow whiskers, "and we got out two boats loaded with bread and kearily dropped the loaves overboard. 'Some of 'em went tumblin' along at the rate of six miles an hour, while others sort 'o circled around and went off slowly. We used up the hundred loaves, and Jerry was taking up a collection to send to town after more, when a feller come up stream in a canoe and called out:

"'What ar' you uns a-doing over thar?"

"'A-rising the dead,' I answered. "'Oh, ye are!' he continued. 'Well, when I come around the bend ole Jerry's wife was out in a boat a-pickin' up them loaves, and I reckon she'd got up to ninety-five! You uns had better send down some pork and 'laters to keep company!'

"Well, sir, that ar' was a put up job on us by ole Jerry to git a heap 'o bread without workin' fur it, and when we took him ashore to administer a great moral lesson what did he do but turn to and outrun the best of us and git clear off!"—New York Sun.

Lady Dufferin's Connemara Cloak.

The papers have been talking about who brought the first Connemara cloak into fashion and it is like the tailless evening coat, credited to every social personage of any importance. The tailless coat, by the way, is credited to the duke, while the cloak is credited to the bud. The truth about it is that it had its birth in the smart world through Lady Dufferin. Her ladyship had been to Ireland and was there presented with a very fine piece of Irish frieze. She took it to London with her and asked her tailor if he couldn't make her a long wrap out of it—something out of the common and which would be stamped as decidedly individual. With quick wit he suggested just such a cloak as the Irish peasant wears, and so it had its birth, lady Dufferin had a number made and soon all London was wearing them because they were so useful and could be so easily assumed. However, I do not think her ladyship expected them to be worn as street wraps, nor did she foresee that, caught in the March wind, they made the slender woman look like a balloon and the stout woman like the whole earth, not with a fence, but a cloak about it.—Philadelphia Times.

The Fourth Temperament.

A Boston woman remarked the other day, in a conversation which turned upon the peculiarities of an acquaintance:

"Well, you see the trouble with Eunice is that she's got the fourth temperament."

"I have heard," one of the hearers remarked, "of the fourth dimension, but never of the fourth temperament. What is it?"

"I was instructed by a wise woman," was the smiling reply, "that there are four temperaments: the nervous, the physical, the pious and the worrying. Now Eunice undoubtedly has the worrying, and that explains why it is so hard to live with her. She is a most excellent woman, but we wouldn't one of us be hired to live with her."

"We respect her, of course," another observed, "but when it comes to living with her—well, all I can say is that I'd rather take my chances with the cannibals than with her. She worries me to death; she fusses about anything and about nothing with equal readiness. You are right; she has the fourth temperament."—Boston Courier.

A Rare and Curious Medal.

John Bedford, of East Freemont, Sanilac county, showed us a very great curiosity, being one of the ten medals struck in 1846 by order of parliament and presented to the only known survivor of the troops who took possession of Detroit at the time of Hull's surrender. The medal which is dependent from a bar marked "Fort Detroit," fastened to a heavy red ribbon edged with blue, has on the obverse a medallion portrait of Queen Victoria with the inscription, "Victoria Regina, 1846." On the reverse is a vignette of the queen crowning a kneeling man with a wreath of laurel, and bearing the inscription, "To the British Army, 1793-1814." On the edge of the medal is engraved the name of Mr. Bedford's father, to whom it was awarded. "J. Bedford, Canadian Militia."—Detroit Free Press.

Country Customer—Mister, do you keep them non-romantic watchest Storekeeper—Non-magnetic, I suppose you mean? Country Customer—Yes, that's them; our gal Liz is gitten skittish, and I thought one of them non-romantic kind would kinder quiet her.—Jewellers Weekly.

THE HARMONY OF HOME.

Cultivate Good Temper for the Family Circle More Than for Your Friends.

A home of discord may be visited by acquaintances, but its doors are never likely to be knocked at by friends. Sensible people will give it a wide berth, and prefer friendship and intimacy with those who live at peace. Nobody finds a wise young man courting a girl in a family who get on ill among themselves. He wants a bird out of a good nest, and has no wish to be drawn in by marriage to take one side of a life long fire-side feud. It is hard on a girl, you say. Sometimes. But about the young man's sagacity there can be no question whatever. If all homes were happy what a pleasant world it would be, and there is no reason why happiness should not reign everywhere if people would only make wisdom, and not stupidity, the guide of their lives.

What strikes one as an odd thing is that many are able to exercise patience and common sense abroad, but find it next to an impossible task at home. With them everything is done for the benefit of society at large and at the expense of their own circle. In other people's houses they have a face like a benediction, whilst in their own it is disguised with frowns. As if it were not their interest, let alone their duty, to do exactly the reverse. If any one has a mind to be cross, snappish and disagreeable, let her choose a field for giving vent to her ill humor as far removed from home as possible. Our best side should be turned not to strangers, but to those with whom we dwell, and while it is right to wish for the good opinion of everybody, we should be anxious most of all about the favorable impression we make on our own folks at home.

If there is to be household harmony an important point is to cultivate a sweet temper. We cannot do without that. Some tempers are like violin strings out of tune; with them who can expect either melody or harmony from the family orchestra! This is specially a young woman's subject; indeed, if our girls are not amiable nobody else can be expected to be. It is to their kind and gentle words that we must look for an antidote to fretting and ill humor. At home the keynote of the day's music is often struck by the first word we hear in the morning, and happy is the house where it is always uttered by the smiling lips of good tempered girls.—The Household.

Queer Things Out of the Sea.

Stonington fishermen are continually drawing queer things, sometimes treasures, from the bosom of the deep. One of the Williams brothers of that borough, lobstermen, was surprised to find in one of his pots in Fisher's Island sound a lobster as blue as the sky, and he placed it on exhibition. It was blue all over, dark on the back, and shading by imperceptible degrees into a light though vivid hue at the end of the claws, as delicate as the pink that etches the inner curve of some tropical sea shells.

Old fish dealers of Stonington said that no such beast was ever taken from Connecticut waters before; but they were mistaken. Two blue lobsters were caged in Fisher's Island sound last summer by lobstermen Wheeler and Story of this city; yet blue lobsters are exceedingly rare. Not a dozen of them have been taken, it is believed, in the history of the fishing industry of this country; all that have been caught have been "chicken" lobsters. Science is unable to account for the hue unless it is due to melancholy.

At about the time that Williams captured the blue lobster, Capt. Samuels Staples, of Stonington, picked up a round clam on the shore, and he extracted from its belly a neat little pearl, which Tiffany & Co. of New York offered him \$25. Every idle man in Stonington is now walking the ocean beach picking up round clams and cracking them. One day last summer a Stonington fisherman found a pearl in a clam, and got \$30 for it from a Maiden lane dealer in precious stones, and a few days after that happening, another lucky borough man caught a big fish in whose stomach each were a button hook, some glove buttons, and other toilet articles that evidently had belonged to a western belle at Watch Hill.—Norwich Telegram.

He Who Lives on a Back Street.

If you want to employ a barrister in your case, whose name is known as a special authority only to your solicitor, you will be surprised to find when you come to inquire that his brief is marked 100 guineas. If you go to the specialists recommended for your complaint by your medical director, you will see that he reckons the value of his casual conversation at something like 25 shillings the minute. If you desire to buy a water color picture by an obscure member of the institute or a young exhibitor at the new gallery, you will have to pay some £30 down for a square of paper 12 inches by 20. But when you begin to inquire into the income of writers whose works we read, to borrow the famous phrase of a sister in the craft, "from Tobolsk to Tangier," or whose books may be bought in paper covers (probably pirated) at Valparaiso and Petropaulovsk, you discover to your astonishment the strange and seemingly inconsistent anomaly that the man known to half the world in a dozen countries is earning about one-twentieth of the income earned by the man known only to the skilled in a particular profession in the city of London. The American enthusiast, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of his most admired and worshipped English author, has been heard to express his keen surprise when he lighted at last on the object of his ardent devotion in an eight roomed cottage among the remotest recesses of suburban Middlesex, or ran him to earth in a dingy stucco fronted family residence of the eligible order of architecture, lost among the monotonous and dreary desert of a London back street. How does it come, then, that these things are so?—The Fortnightly Review.

A FADING FAD.

Rapid Decline of the Rage After the Grotesque in Decorative Art.

Within the past few years, the rage for the horrible and grotesque in decorative art has declined. It is a fading fad, a rage that was consumed by its own zeal. While it lasted, the sanctuary of home took on the attributes of a heathen temple and the ugliest objects produced by pagan carvers in wood and workers in metal were given the most honored places. People of the most refined tastes did not hesitate to thus transform their parlors, library, reception hall and dining room into so many museums in which veritable freaks were the most treasured objects. The rage extended to carvings, furniture, etc. Griffins in costly woods, and hideousness generally was depicted in prominent places of the interior, until the apartments, in many instances, were nothing less than a solidified nightmare.

The extreme ugliness of these objects dominated the beauty of the appointments, and the refined taste exhibited in statuary, draperies of delicate hue and texture, paintings and engravings were lost sight of in the presence of some deformity in armor, or some Japanese warrior, life size, in solid wood, and as homely as the late Mr. Crowley of Central park. The motive at the bottom of this perverted taste was probably that phase of human nature which makes one covet, not his neighbor's goods, but something which his neighbor has not, nor is likely to have. This motive existed for a short time only. When ugliness was procurable by the buyer of average resources; when importers and manufacturers could provide hideousness at reasonable figures, the charm of ugliness was gone and the fancy of the favored few took a different turn—a turn in a better direction.

There is but a slow market for outre objects destined for the adornment of the home. Instead, there is more refinement manifested in the requirements of buyers. The carvings that adorn a costly mantel or caryatid or a gargoye or a griffin is to form part of the permanent decorations, it is not insolent in its ugliness or aggressive in the prominence of its position amid artistic surroundings. A little ugliness acts as a foil for beauty, but a wealth of grotesquerie has been found oppressive and in poor taste. The change is a gratifying one to all lovers of the beautiful, and the end of the reign of deformities and freaks will be mourned by none save those that ransacked the shops of China and Japan for something hideous enough to gratify the victims of the fad which is fading away.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Ready Answer.

Most of us are able to supply a repartee if we are given time to think it over, but a repartee half an hour after the occasion for it has passed is like a blank cartridge. It is the readiness of the retort that makes it effective. The great Russian soldier, Marshal Suvoroff, was in the habit of asking his men difficult questions, sometimes foolish ones, and bestowing favors on those who showed presence of mind in answering them.

On one occasion a general of division sent him a sergeant with dispatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvoroff's notice. The marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions.

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two of your excellency's forced marches," the soldier promptly replied.

"If your men began to give way in a battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon load of good things to eat."

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"Just as many as have not been caught."

And so the examination went on, till Suvoroff, finding his new acquaintance armed at all points, at length asked him, as a final poser, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"The difference is this," replied the soldier, coolly. "My colonel cannot make me a captain, but your excellency can."

Suvoroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye upon the man, and soon afterward gave him the promotion for which he had asked.—Youth's Companion.

Live and Die on the Water.

I took a ride on the river this afternoon. Canton has about 300,000 people who live on the water, and there is no busier city in the world than this city of boats. Crafts of all kinds, from the small steamer, the great Chinese junk and the river cargo boats to the sampans and the little tubs rowed by spoon like paddles, move here and there, or dart in and out through forests of masts. Whole families live on boats about twenty feet long and no wider than the ordinary city vestibule. Here children are born, grow up and die.

Marriages take place and the whole business and actions of life go on. Little children swarm over them, and tots two years old with cues hanging down their backs play about upon their decks. The boys have little round barrels or drums about a foot long and six inches in diameter tied by strings to their backs, and many girls of the same size have nothing. If the girl falls overboard it would be good fortune to the poor family to get rid of the expense of raising her, but the boy must have his life preserver.—Frank G. Carpenter.

All on Friday.

Four gentlemen engaged in commerce in an eastern seaport city were heated unbelievers in the common superstition regarding Friday as an unlucky day. They determined to show their contempt for and explode the silly notion. So they began to build a ship on Friday, finished her on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her Friday, hired a captain on Friday and sent her off to sea on Friday. The ship was never heard from.—St. Louis Republic.