GOING HOME.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from the chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melanchthon's praying,
And the hymn that Luther sung;
Blessed our loving Maker,
That is where our feet shall roam,
Still we journey towards "God's Acre"
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary;
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave;
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home.

Harvest Home.

"Billy, come hurry up, I want you to dig some potatoes for dinner," and Mrs. Dodson, Billy's mother, gave a vigorous final whisk to her broom as she swept the last speck of dust from the back steps that led into the kitchen door, and herself retired within that humble portal. It was a very warm day in August and Billy was, to draw it mildly, somewhat disinclined to any great exertion in the line of manual labor, yet, as his great admirer and faithful chronicler, I am bound to state that I firmly believe that if Tommy Jones or Jimmy Smith had just then happened along and suggested a swim in the river he would have shown much greater alacrity. I don't think I should have blamed him for it, either. Well, he took the hoe and a basket and proceeded to the vegetable garden, where he found it warmer if possible than at the house. I must pause just long enough to give you some idea of my hero. Billy, while a favorite of mine, is not handsome. He is freckled, sunburned, and has light, straight, striped hair. He has a frank smile, and, I might add, a large one, for, strictly speaking, his mouth cannot be called either a "cupid's bow" or "rosebud." His teeth are all full grown, in fact large and wide apart, which indicates good nature. As for dress, Billy can' scarcely be called a dude, though there is time enough yet for that. He just won't wear a coat in warm weather, and one suspender is nearly always shorter than the other, which gives his clothes a "hitched-up" appearance which is quite comical. He does not use the most correct language in speaking, as will be apparent before this story is done, but has a direct way of speaking which is easily understood by the most fastidious scholar. He does naughty things sometimes. He robs birds' nests, he displses to go to Sunday school, he will not learn Bible verses, he says he never expects to go to the young people's Christian Endeavor society, he has never joined a blue ribbon club, and, sad indeed to relate, he has actually had a fight, on his way home from Sunday school, too. He whipped a boy larger than himself for imposing upon a smaller boy. I am sorry that Billy fought, but I am glad that he whipped the other boy. Yet with all these and many other faults, the boys all like him, and so do I. When I see him going along the road whistling—he is an inveterate whistler—(when boys whistle they are not intent upon mischief) with his battered hat set square on his head, I often think of the untold possibilities clustering around that homely, good-hearted young 'un. Possibilities and probabilities of import so great that we may well pause and reflect—the destinies of home, church, state, yes, of a world, hang upon the future of boys like that. But I must not moralize, but go on with this story. It was only 10 o'clock when Billy set his basket down by a fine hill of potatoes; and as he knew that there was plenty of time, he leisurely stretched himself in the shade under a tree for a short respite.

There were all kinds of vegetables in the garden. It was indeed a regular "truck patch," as his father called it, and most of the vegetables were large and fine. But there were quite a number of weeds scattered here and there, as there is apt to be late in the season. Billy knowing that his father was in the habit of taking vegetables to the Oregon state fair, looked around wondering how many premiums would be his this year, and just what particular vegetables would be put on exhibition. Bordering along the fence and in the corners were several hollyhocks and sunflowers. What was his surprise to see a large, tall sunflower bowing and nodding in a most astonishing manner, while from its luminous face proceeded as queer a voice as Billy had ever heard. In perfectly awful astonishment he heard these words from the great yellow sunflower: "Fellow vegetables," (now Billy did not believe for one moment that that sunflower was a "fellow vegetable.") The sunflower proceeded, "The hour having arrived for us to discuss matters relative to the future important position which some of us will no doubt hold at the Oregon state fair, I hope that each one of you will, in a calm, dignified and impartial manner, discuss his or her respective claims for a premium. It is just barely possible that the general public will not agree with you, and it is almost absolutely certain that the committees will not; nevertheless, I should like an expression from you, and also from some of the the more thrifty weeds,, especially those who are ih the habit of constant association with us. Of course, they are not at all likely to be placed upon exhibition, but believing as we do in the [illegible] of [illegible]tion, equal rights, eternal progress and the McKinley bill, we would also like an expression from them, for it is quite possible that future generations will discover their virtues and bring them before the public as benefactors of the race." At this there seemed to be general nodding and waving of approval from all the vegetables and weeds. A casual observer would have thought that a breath of air stirred them, but Billy well knew there was no air stirring that hot August day. Then the stately sunflower explained how that much against her will she had been prevailed upon to accept the responsible position which she occupied,only upon condition that all would express themselves freely, and be sure to transact business between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., as the sun's heat was so intense that even she could not loook upon his face, and as it was too warm to grow, and the vegetables had more leisure during that time. While to these remarks alll gave respectful attention, the corn, who had been listening with all its ears, stalked along in dignified rows, and really presented a fine appearance waving its silky hair, and one who seemed to be a leader, in a voice husky with emotion, said: "Many of us boast descent from King Phillip, yet most of us claim only Indian origin. I should be amazed if we don't secure premiums. We are better drilled than most of you. And while by us men are warned not to get corned, for we not only grow in rows but we grow on toes—at this poetic effusion the popcorn went off into explosions of laughter, almost having hysterics, in which most of the vegetables joined, and the confusion was so great that Billy could not hear the rest of the remarks of the corn; but in solid comfort he loooked at his own brown, bare toes and thought, "that corn don't hit me." The sunflower promptly called the popcorn to order and there was the most respectful attention, when a representative Early York cabbage said: "We boast of royal lineage. We are of the famous house of York, and if gentility and blue blood count for anything, we are certainly entitled to premiums. Why," continued he with such an effort that his veins stood out all over his face, "there are cabbages with such blue blood that—that—" "well, don't get so excited that you burst," said a voice from somewhere, just where Billy could not tell, but he firmly believes to this day that it was the little, fat Dutch fairy Jemimy Kraut who spoke, but Billy won't say sure as to this. It seemed to come from the winter cabbages. At this juncture, O children! what do you think happened? Those poor, foolish Early York cabbages' heads actually bursted wide open, and there were no brains in them either! Billy got a never-to-be-forgotten lesson from this. It is an awful thing to boast. But even this incident, dreadful as it was, did not put a stop to the proceedings. Soon a tall, seedy loooking representative of the onion had the floor, (or ground I suppose I should have said.) He told them that onions were humble, meek and lowly in appearance, but in appearance only. Yet, that they boasted of great antiquity, having originally come from India. Said he, "We are of that great Leek family of which the Bible makes often and honorable mention. The Egyptians worshipped us, and I've no doubt whatever that we were used as part of the incense offered to their gods, and are probably the herb of 'sweet smelling savor' of which sacred writers speak so respectfully. Of course, as a perfume we are not the present 'fad,' but I think we are entitled to much honor, and we are strong in our way." As he ceased speaking Billy noticed a wet expression on many of the onions. From the eyes of all the old maid raddishes and many other vegetables the remarks of the onion drew tears as they looked at him, and they nudged each other and said with great emotion, "Did you ever?" Billy did not feel surprised at this outburst of tears, for he could not even ever so politely assist an onion to take off his overcoat without weeping. As the onion referred to the ancient Egyptians the peas and beans fairly rattled in their pods, and the peas said: "We came from the south of Europe ages ago, and have always been considered a wonderfully wholesome vegetable." "So you are," replied the beans, "but just please remember how a noted Greek philosopher regarded us, even as the soul food for man." "Well," said the spinach, "you will also remember that the Egyptians and another equally as great Greek philosopher despised and condemned you," and the spinach spun a long yarn of how it was of greater antiquity, and also of Persian origin. "Hum! that's nothing," said a clover who had somehow gotten into the garden. "I was endorsed by the Howly Saint Patrick himself! and used by him to explain the trinity to his followers." "Yes, but—" said the sage, who was exceedingly wise, "There is no good luck about you unless you have four leaves, and you seldom do." The sage, who had traveled from the north of Europe, seemed to make quite an impression. Here the gooseberry bush, who was quite surly and seemed to want to scratch everybody's eyes out, declared that as he came from the greatest of modern nations, Hold Hingland, he was entitled to great honor, but he only succeeded in making a goose of himself, and was fined for giving expression to mouldy sentiments. At this the black caps, native Americans, doffed their black caps in glee, and the blackberries laughed until they were black in the face, while a little bush in the corner with great complacency remarked: "Well, I am current everywhere." The asparagus sympathized with the gooseberry bush, as its native country was also England, and it told how it had originally adorned the wild seacoast region, and waved its handsome green plumes to the music of the waves long before the Roman conquest, and it put on a lot of airs, and acted just like it had originally known, "what the wild waves were saying," but lo! it didn't know any more about it than the others did. Suddenly a tall, lank plant who had the air of being on his own native heath, and who resembled Uncle Sam somewhat, remarked: "All the garden truck that came over from England has got to be subdued somehow." "Yes, Mr. Tobacco Plant, you are a pretty fellow to talk of subduing anybody; you ought never to be allowed in decent society, and I propose to squash such sentiments from you at once," replied a fine specimen of the Hubbard squash as one would wish to see. At this a brilliant yellow pumpkin became fairly radiant as he said: "That's right, Sister Squash, we will not allow Mr. Tobacco in society, and will knock his sentiments all into pi (pie)." Then suddenly remembering that she was a Yankee pumpkin, and Mr. Tobacco an American, she said: "We will make pie of English sentiments," and there was a truly thanksgiving spirit about her, and she spoke as one having authority with the great American public. "Who said anything about pie," said the pieplant in the corner. "Well, it does beat all," said the beets. "We will go to the fair even if we do have to go as dead beats." This being a most profound sentiment for them, they felt all beat out. There were some very sweeping assertions made by the broomcorn, but nobody seemed to pay much attention to them. The vegetable oyster, which is a very worthy vegetable, might have made brilliant remarks, but gained a reputation for great wisdom by keeping close as an oyster. By this time the cowhorn car[illegible] fairly hooting and th[illegible]y said, "they are selling us out.' "Let us have peace," said the lettuce with dignity. Better order might have prevailed if the cucumbers had not kept slipping and creeping around everywhere and trying to get everyone into a pickle, while the peppers and some mustard who really had no business in there, were in a red-hot argument as to which was the smartest. But it served them right when a little, despised smartweed fairly divided the honors with them. The sweet balm, which grew from under the fence, tried to give them the balm of consolation, but succeeded only tolerably well.

"If we are to choke, I'd like to know of what use you are," said the artichok to the watermelon. "O, certainly, certainly," replied the watermelon "I'll give you a drink of water," and the canteloupes also did their part to refresh them, while the muskmelons and mint sent a rare fragrance over the entire garden. "Let us go to the root of the matter," said the rootabagas "and to put the matter fairly before the garden, I move you, Mrs. Sunflower, that only those who have real merit be allowed to go to the fair." At this the parsley, who is an excellent grammarian, spoke, telling them that he originally came from Egypt, and was especially honored as having been used for the garland for the brow of the Greek Hercules, the first garland of which mythology makes mention." At this statement a laurel tree just over the fence rustled its leaves in fierce protest, but the parsley proved the truth of its assertion, and this gave it great distinction. The turnips, who were first imported from Rome, turned up their noses on the sly at the claim made by the parsley, but it being popular, they seconded the motion after all. And so the sunflower said: "All those who favor this motion will please vote yea." There was quite a respectable vote at this; "all who are opposed, nay," said Mrs. Sunflower. Children, I almost blush to tell it! that horrible horseradish actually neighed! As might have been expected, there was a grunt of disapproval from the pigweed, who early in the spring would have taken the whole garden if it had not been for Billy's hoe, and there was a growl and bow-wow from the dogweed and a very modest little meow from the catnip. Oh! how the tomatoes, who are natives of South America, blushing at the audacity of the horseradish, I cannot tell you what red faces those tomatoes had, while the parsnips, poor things, betrayed a great deal of agitation. Really, no one could have answered for the consequences if Dr. Castor Bean had not "poured oil over the troubled waters," the oil of severe dignified reproof. Then the hollyhock, which always minds its own business, and is a very sensible posy, said: "O, silly weeds, and foolish vegetables, why do you boast of your ancestry and position in life; you are just where your maker placed you, you all sprang from the same common soil, some of you would amount to nothing if you did not affiliate with the common earth! and the more old refuse and garbage that is in it the better you seem to flourish. However, be this said to your credit, while the golden sunshine and pure air calls your roots strike into the soil; you only attain perfection by commingling the higher and lower principle. Don't try to be clouds, stars, or sunbeams, yours is a different sphere." After this wise admonition by the hollyhock the sunflower said, as she looked toward the flower garden: "I'll call-a-flower," at this the cauliflower, foolish thing, thought that she was wanted, and when she found out her mistake she drew her green hood closer around her pale face, feeling exceedingly mortified, and would not speak another word. "It is time somebody moved an adjournment," said a bunch of sweet thyme (time) while a cute little four-o'clock, which bordered the path where the vegetable garden ended and the flower garden began, said, looking at his watch, "not yet." The more pretentious flowers did not pay much attention to the vegetables. Well they were so busy furnishing honey for the bees, making sweet fragrance and adorning all things with beauty that they really had not much time outside of the work of their own particular sphere. But there were a few of the common, old-fashioned varieties who were not "too stuck up," as Billy said, to exchange friendly greetings with their more humble and more useful neighbors. There were the dahlias, second cousins of the artichokes and potatoes, the sensible marigolds, the brilliant nasturtiums, at home everywhere, and even the sweet peas, who were very friendly, and also the sweet williams, who looked "too killing" at the dear, bright-faced pansies, whose thoughts needed no interpreter, while the johnny-jump-ups, country cousins of the pansies and violets, were pert as they could be, and were continually trying to jump up and put motions and offer amendments. But after all, few of the flowers had anything to say, but these few brightened things up a bit by their brilliant color and cheerful ways.

All of a sudden there was a queer voice coming right out of the ground at Billy's feet, and the potatoes, who had hitherto kept silence, began to hustle each other in the hill and call out, "Let us out; bedad! let us out! you're not going to forget the best vegetable in the worruld. Here we are crowded so that we can hardly breathe. We've got as long a loine of ancesthors as ony of ye, and we're as proud as auld Lucifer, so we are. We were found in Paru in the first place; but och, Billy, me bye, it took an Irishman to make our vartues known to the worruld, and we'll get a pramium, too." As this ludicrous appeal struck Billy's ears a large, portly grasshopper jumped right in Billy's face. It startled him! He rubbed his eyes; he looked around! had he been dreaming? surely not, there were the vegetables, weeds and flowers. But somehow they seemed so perfectly quiet in the August sunshine that Billy suspected that he had had a curious dream. Just then Billy heard his mother's voice, "Billy, Billy Dodson, are you never coming with those potatoes for dinner?" "Yes, yes, I'll be there in a jiffy," answered Billy, and he made the hoe fly as he freed the potatoes from their earthy prison house. As he put them in the basket in a dazed sort of way, he was astonished at the queer expression of their little eyes and his own blue orbs were exceedingly watchful lest more unexpected things might happen. "You would look better if your faces were washed," Billy said to the potatoes, but they spoke never a word nor wunk an eye. When Billy handed the basket to his mother he said: "Mother, let's have mashed potatoes for dinner, and be sure and cut the eyes all out. For," thought Billy, "I'll never eat another potato cooked with its jacket on as long as I live. I am afraid they'd loook at me and I'd feel kinder skerry."

When Billy told me about his curious dream he said: "It might all have been a dream, but it don't seem like it. It set me a thinkin' somehow, and I jess thought we eat all sorts of vegetables that come from all sorts of countries, and if we grow on what we eat we're liable to all sorts of sentiments. We can't all be jess one way; it ain't natural, we're kinder streaky in our makeups." And I know that Billy had to be a pretty wide awake boy to dream such a dream as that, and I also knew that he had, without suspecting it, imbibed about the same sentiment that was revealed to the apostle Peter in his remarkable dream recorden in the new testament, when the sheet was let down from Heaven in which were all manner of things. Peter refused to eat what he called unclean, but the voice from Heaven told him not to judge what God called clean. God was no respecter of persons. In all nations the workers of righteousness were accepted.

Billy is wonderfully inspired with a desire to raise better vegetables than ever next year, and he asked me what I thought about praying over the matter. Well, I told him if he spaded and hoed as he prayed he would probably receive a bountiful harvest. Somehow since Billy's remarkable dream his views of life seem to have enlarged somehow. He still persists that it is curious that a dream could have so much in it. I said, "O, Billy, I sometimes think that while we must not indulge in dreams all the time, even if they do enlarge the horizon of common, humdrum life in a wonderful and beautiful way, yet, if were not for dreams life might sometimes become a worthless and wearisome thing."

Billy went to the state fair and when he went to look at the vegetables his eyes—his whole face—expressed unutterable things but his lips were mute to all but me, whom he had taken into his confidence. He looked, seeing and understanding many things about these vegetables that the general public never even suspected. He knew what he knew, and how he knew it. He seemed especially fascinated with one large, fine potato. The dark eyes of that potato met his own blue questioning ones frankly, but neither of them spoke an audible ord, but whether they understood each other or not is not for me to say.

VOICE FROM THE G AVE

McCullough's Mad Ravings in Phonograph.

A Western Catch-Penny Scheme of Fraud.

Shameful Insult to the Memory of the Great Tragedian—Attracts Many Morbid People.

A New York actor saw a sign in the window of a St. Louis store that made him feel indignant. It offered the public the privilege of dropping a nickel in the slot to "hear the mad ravings of John McCullough." There were other signs around it offering for the same inducement a reproduction of a complete Sousa concert, a Talmage sermon or a negro plantation medley.

The actor was for many years a member of John McCullough's company and had visited him in Bloomingdale asylum a short time before the hapless tragedian died. He hesitated for some time about making an experiment that might make him miserable; but finally he went in. Here are his experiences as written for the World:

"I said to the man in charge, 'Do you mean to say that I can hear John McCullough's voice through that instrument?' "

" 'Certainly.' He placed a chair for me as he spoke.

" 'May I expect to hear anything that he said after he quitted the stage—in fact, his mad ravings, as stated in your advertisements?'

" 'Well, try it and see. If you ever knew John McCullough, or heard him speak, you may judge for yourself.'

"I dropped in my nickel and placed the transmitter to my ear. When the machine began to work there was a deep, growling sound, inarticulate at first, but which gradually formed itself into words. I recognized at once the powerful chest tones, slightly grating at the outset, but smooth enough before I could recover from my astonishment.

" 'They say I am mad, r-a-v-i-n-g mad.'

"There was some more spluttering for awhile, and I listened, with the perspiration starting from my brow. Then the voice became distinct again.

" 'Ha! ha! raving mad—and that it was my plays that made me so.' This was followed by a most prolonged and blood-curdling laugh.

" 'And as I appeared on the stage rang out the name of John McCullough.'

"This name was uttered with a force that startled me, as though it was the mightiest thing on earth. There was more rumbling, followed by that awful laugh. Then the machine began again.

" 'John McCullough—Ah! ah! ah! And as I appear in Virginius l-e-a-n-i-n-g on my daughter, a free-born maid—'

"Here there was more rumbling, and the man adjusted the instrument so that I might hear more perfectly. I wanted to stop, but he persuaded me to continue. I felt sick.

" 'Appius Claudius, you have sent for me,' the machine rolled out—and now I was more certain than ever of McCullough's voice. 'You have sent for me, and I have come; come to defend my daughter, a free-born maid, dragged through the streets of Rome as thy slave. Go on, Appius Claudius, I am r-e-a-d-y to defend my daughter with my heart's blood.'

"The last word merged into a laugh so hideous that I hurried back to my hotel, literally terrorized. I could scarcely believe my senses. If this was not John McCullough's voice, it was a most diabolical imitation. The very thought of it made my flesh creep.

"I am not fond of experiments of that kind, but the next day I could not resist the temptation to go back again. 'Do many people ask to hear McCullough's ravings?' I asked the manager.

" 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'it is our best drawing card.' Then he told me that the same phonographic cylinder had been used in San Francisco and Chicago, and that one actor who was once a member of McCullough's company had become so infuriated that he tried to smash the machine. I sat down to try the experiment again.

"The same experience as the day before, exactly. There was scarcely a change of inflection. I listened this time to the end.

" 'And as I appeared in "The Glad' —ah! ah! yes, yes, "The Gladiator;" after killing my man, I said, "Picadors! I will kill no more.'

" 'Then thy wife and child shall suffer!"

" 'No! No! No! Not that, for if thou injure them I'll make Rome howl.' This was followed by a series of hideous howls and wild laughter. Then the voice continued:

" 'I mad? No, I am not mad. I, John McCullough, mad? Oh, no, I am not mad (convincingly), I am not mad (pleadingly), I am not mad (pitifully). I tell you I am not mad' (furiously).

"In fact, the words 'I am not mad' were iterated in every tone imaginable, concluding with a frenzy of fretful and hideous laughter, prolonged and loud. They were followed by shrieks of mortal agony. Then there was a dead pause. Then yells and groans, as of a monstrous wild beast wounded to the heart, and all was still.

"I never went through such an experience before," concluded the actor, "and I never want to again. But it seems to me monstrous, even blasphemous, that one of the greatest inventions of the greatest living electrician should be applied to such a purpose."

The manager of the North American Phonograph company said he had heard of this phonographic fraud, but was practically powerless to prevent it. "You may rest assured," he said, producing a catalogue, "that nothing of that kind has been sent out from our office or that it is used with Mr. Edison's consent. But we are obliged in the course of business to send out a lot of blank cylinders. People in St. Louis, Chicago and San Francisco who run what are called 'phonographic parlors,' claim that they must have songs reproduced by local favorites in order to get trade. We are, therefore, obliged to send out large quantities of blank cylinders. That unscrupulous people turn them to fraudulent use—as in this McCullough instance—I am fully aware. But what is this company going to do about it?

"For instance, suppose that a customer with forty phonographs orders from us a consignment of blank cylinders and sends them out to his 'parlors' freighted with the jewel song from 'Faust,' as Christine Nilsson used to sing it. We cannot help it. But I am told this thing is constantly done. Clever imitation is all that is necessary to deceive a gullible public, and, from what I hear, this seems to have been done with marked success in the McCullough case. But we sanction no such fraud, and I am sure that no one would be better pleased than Mr. Edison to see the people punished who make such a shocking use of his invention. As a matter of fact, McCullough was dead four years before the first cylinder phonograph was turned out."

The old Bloomingdale asylum is in White Plains now. The manager in charge said that he had heard of the McCullough fraud, but he did not suppose any serious attention was paid to it. It was, in his opinion, the miserable trick of some actor who had been permitted to see John McCullough in his last days, and had turned the privilege to pecuniary account.

COREAN WAYS.

The children in Corea are extremely quaint and pretty, especially when only a few years old. At New Year's they are generally dressed up in brand new frocks, and though, according to our ideas of taste, we should not give yellow sleeves to a bright red jacket, and wear this over a green frock, I must say that somehow or other it looks all right there, and relieves the monotony of the sempiternal white garments. The faces of the children are whitened with chalk, and the hair is oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down, and tied into one or two small pigtails.

Coreans are not much given to washing, and less still to bathing. They wash their hands fairly often, and occasionally the face; the better people wash it almost daily. Corean houses are generally small, and the rooms of diminutive size. The most curious point about them is that the flooring is made of stone, covered with oil paper, and that under the stone flooring there is a regular oven, called "Kan" in which a big fire is kept up day and night. Often, as the people sleep on the ground in their clothes, it happens that the floor gets so hot as almost to roast one. The Coreans seem to delight in undergoing this roasting process, and when well broiled on one side they turn on the other, and take it quite as a matter of course. I admired them for it, but was never able to imitate them. The houses, as a rule, have only one floor, raised a few feet above the ground, and the room seldom measures more than twelve feet square. The roof is very heavy, and sustained by a very strong beam, and the windows are of paper, as in Japan.—Fortnightly Review.

ON THE OVERLAND

FELLOW PASSENGERS OF ALL LANDS ENTERTAIN.

Dense and Obstreperous Young Englishmen Who Prove to Be Good Fellow.

Whenever a Canadian Pacific steamship reaches Vancouver the managers of the railroad always send out an extra sleeping car on their eastward-bound trains for a day or two. The porters of these cars prepare for an extra task. They know that there will be probably a dozen or more young Englishmen on board returning from the Orient, jolly young fellows, who, as a rule, have never seen a sleeping car.

These young men invariably fill up the car with their heavy luggage and cannot be persuaded to have it transferred to the baggage car. Moreover, they usually want everything done for them in an instant, and they fill up the smoking compartment constantly so that the American on board who wants only an occasional smoke must go early and stay late if he would get a place.

At first the American traveler is inclined to dislike these men very much. He stumbles over their luggage, and he doesn't like the way in which they take possession of the place. He soon changes his mind, however, for after a few hours he invariably finds them agreeable passengers, courteous beneath the exterior and ready to entertain others with their experiences aboard. After the first six hours he becomes fond of them and forgets their monocles and their pajama-like clothes, and sees in them sturdy, manly fellows, handicapped, according to American ways of thinking, by unfortunate manners.

When the porters begin to make up the berths for the night it is a study to watch them. The smoking room becomes empty. They flock to their seats and ostensibly busy themselves with a book. Out of the corners of their eyes they watch every move of the porter. Their eyes grow larger as they see what he drags down from the garret, and they observe all the fittings and clasps as the places are made snug.

A Sun reporter who came East on this road recently enjoyed watching these men hugely. Two of them particularly were absorbed in watching the porter, and when their beds had been prepared one of them expressed his astonishment by saying:

"Fancy paying one pound a day for sleeping in a dog kennel like that. But isn't it neat?"

The next morning the reporter met these two men in the lavatory. They were in their sleeping clothing, and as they shuffled along in Chinese slippers on their way to their morning tub, it was edifying to an American to hear them compare their first night's experience in a sleeping car.

"How did you sleep?" said one.

"Oh, very well," said the other; "but do you know I thought several times during the night that there was a slight list to port."

Later in the day the reporter was in conversation with the engineer of the train while riding in the locomotive cab.

"Have you heard them try a joke?" said the engineer. "If so, perhaps you can solve a mystery for me. I had one of those young fellows in the cab here with me about six weeks ago. He wore his monocle sitting beside me. We were going up the Kicking Horse Pass, and had come in sight of the Otter Tail range in the Rockies. As you will see, the mountains there are very regular in their formation. Well, this young fellow had sat up here beside me for an hour or two without saying anything, except an occasional grunt, and then what question do you suppose he asked me?"

The reporter couldn't guess and the engineer added: "He asked: 'How much a day did the masons get for building those mountains?'

"That man's face was immovable when he asked that question, and what I have been trying to make out ever since is whether that was a joke or whether the young fellow was simply dense. You see, those mountains are as regular in their outlines as the pyramids, and it may be that he thought that the company had put up those mounds to entertain their passengers."

The engineer gave it as his solution that he thought the young man had been trying to perpetrate an American joke, or what he thought was one. Be that as it may, one is bound to meet on these trains a choice assortment of travelers. They are from all over the globe, and their chief desire seems to be to get hold of an American who can answer most of their questions. It would have to be a very learned man who could answer them all.

One of the passengers who was on the train with this reporter was Canon Routledge of Canterbury Cathedral. He had come over to Canada on a three weeks' vacation to go shooting with some relatives west of Winnipeg, and had traveled westward from Montreal a day or two with Julian Ralph, who was on his way to the Japan-Chinese war. Mr. Ralph has written in Harper's Weekly about his experiences with the canon, describing his unostentatious dress and entire absence of any suggestion in his clothes of his calling, but the canon's impressions of his meeting with Ralph have not been told.

The canon was talking about American writers and turned to the Sun reporter, whose identity he did not know, and asked:

"Did you ever happen to meet a well-known magazine writer of your country named Ralph—Julian Ralph?"

The reporter said he had, and added that he had worked in the same office with Mr. Ralph for several years, and knew him well.

"Bless me, how small the world is!" ejaculated the canon, and then he went on:

"Well, I had great fun with Ralph, teasing him about America, don't you know, and about Americans. I hope he didn't think I was in earnest (those who have read Mr. Ralph's account may judge for themselves about that), and do you know I was very glad to find him an American who actually didn't hate England."

The reporter started to explain to the canon that he must have been misinformed seriously as to the views Americans hold regarding England, the canon previously having said that he had never visited this country, when he detected a roguish look in the clerical man's eyes. A little later the canon said he had met hundreds of Americans at Canterbury, and had found them delightful people, and the reporter was glad he had not replied a few minutes before that all Americans were haters of England, for it had become evident that the canon was looking for a new victim to "tease."

On the same train was a wealthy rancher from New Zealand. He had not visited this country in twenty years.

"I want to see Niagara Falls again," he said, "before I go home. I saw them first while sitting on the seat of an omnibus with the driver. I said to him as we came in sight of them: 'Are those the Niagara Falls?' He said they were, and then in my impetuous way I said: 'Another of your American humbugs!' The driver said he thought I would change my mind, and it wasn't long before I did. I stayed there for a week, and when I left I thought those falls were the most stupendous thing in nature that I had ever seen."

There was an Italian count on the same train, two Russian naval officers, a French diplomat, three rich American girls from Oregon, bound East to school, and bubbling over with Western frankness and good humor, a delight to the eye and ear; and the man who would have found a transcontinental ride on that train dull, with this variety of companions, would have been stupid indeed.—New York Sun.

PERSONALITY OF LI HUNG.

John Young in Review of Reviews: How far the career of Li Hung Chang will justify the estimate of General Grant history will show. But he is undoubtedly one of the notable men of the century. When I first saw him in 1879 he was in the fullness of activity, an alert, imposing personage; tall, with a soldierly bearing, and the touch of the poet in his glittering eye. He had less of the passive oriental manner than was common to Eastern statesmen, the result, I presume, of much contact with foreigners. He would give you the English grasp of the hand, or more likely rest his hand upon your arm in a gentle, caressing way, when taking leave. He had an abrupt and at times turbulent manner—with capacities, I was told, for vehement anger, and there were occasions when courtiers and high people would seek safety in flight, as was the custom in Berlin in that era of flying bootjacks and imminent cudgels when the father of Frederick the Great was king. Li was never vouchsafed to me in this condition, was always a stately, imperative person, with a capacity for asking questions, and given to mockery and banter and unique views of Western affairs. He welcomed talk running into narrative, did not disdain gossip, liked to hear of the customs of other lands, relished anecdotes of eminent men—Lincoln, Grant and others. He had read international law, and I remember his handing me a copy of Wheaton in Chinese, and asking me to point out the passages in which Wheaton had laid it down that a negro should have more privileges in America than a Chinaman. The viceroy interded this criticism as an offset to some demand I was presenting, for in his soul he cared no more for the emigration question than the average American does for the Digger Indians in Lower California, and when I implied as much he turned it off with a laugh. It was the only conversation I ever had with him on the burning issue of emigration. He called it "an English trade question," and cared nothing about it.

Li Hung Chang was princely in his courtesy, considerate, strove to divine some way of conferring a favor, would if possible, anticipate your wishes, and do it off-hand. He would send his steam yacht fifty miles to render a service to the ladies of the legations. His industry was incessant, and he kept in touch with everything. He would innocently read telegrams passing to Pekin through Tien-Tsin, and if at all vague would send inquiry to the receiver as to their meaning. I remember that a foreign minister heard of the death of a member of his family through a message of condolence from the viceroy, which arrived before the dispatch containing the news. The dispatch had been intrusted to the viceroy and was belated in its delivery. This tendency of the viceregal mind to keep informed by other people's telegrams was, if rumor were correct, utilized by some of the embassies. It is said that when negotiations came to a hitch they would be advanced by a confidential message of a warlike character addressed to, an admiral through the Tien-Tsin office, advising him to prepare for serious business.

DR. HOLMES' LAST POEM.

Dr. Holmes' last poem, read on the occasion of the Author's breakfast, February 23, 1893, is as follows:

Teacher of teachers, yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask.
High up Ionia's marmorous mount,
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the storm below;
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills,
In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous nature kindly yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil,
Plowed deep by thoughts and wearied toll,
In learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
Without your watering at the roots,
To fill each branching plain.
Welcome the author's firmest friends,
Your voice, the surest God's deed, lends,
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands
Through all the mists of morn.
You knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed,
To fire the years unborn.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE

Roster of Senators and Representatives.

The Men from Whom Much Is Expected.

The Names, Politics and Postoffice Addresses of Oregon's Ninety Solons of 1895.

Following is a complete and authentic list of the members of the eighteenth biennial session of the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, which convenes at Salem on Tuesday, January 14, 1895:

SENATORS.

Alley, B. F.* (Rep.), Florence, Lane county.
Bancroft, F. A.* (Rep.), Portland, Multnomah county.
Beckley, Henry* (Dem-Peo.), Elkton, Douglas county.
Brownell, Geo. C. (Rep.), Oregon City, Clackamas county.
Butler, N. L.* (Dem.), Monmouth, Polk county.
Calbreath, J. F. (Rep.), McMinnville, Yamhill county.
Carter, Tolbert (Rep.), Wells, Benton county.
Cogswell, C. A.* (Dem.) Lakeview, Lake county.
Dawson, S. A. (Rep.) Albany, Linn county.
Denny, O. N.* (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Gesner, Alonzo (Rep.) Salem, Marion county.
Gowan, A. W. (Rep.) Burns, Harney county.
Hobson, W. H. (Rev.) Stayton, Marion county.
Holt, S. H. (Pop.) Medford, Jackson county.
Huston, S. B.* (Dem.) Hillsboro, Washington county.
Johnson, A. J. (Rep.) Scio, Linn county.
King, Will R. (Pop.) Baker City, Baker county.
Maxwell, J. W.* (Rep.) Tillamook, Tillamook county.
McAlister, D. A.* (Dem.) La Grande, Union county.
McClung, J. H. (Rep.) Eugene, Lane county.
McGinn, H. E.* (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Patterson, I. L. (Rep.) Salem, Marion county.
Price, A. R. (Rep.) Weston, Umatilla county.
Raley, J. H.* (Dem.) Pendleton, Umatilla county
Simon, Joseph (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Smith, J. A.* (Dem.) Moro, Sherman county.
Smith, John H. (Dem.) Astoria, Clatsop county.
Steiwer, W. W.* (Rep.) Fossil, Gilliam county.
Vanderburg, W. S.* (Peo.) Marshfield, Coos county.
Woodard, C. H.* (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.

*Elected in 1892.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Baker, C. H. (Rep.) Walterville, Lane county.
Barkley, Henry L. (Rep.) Woodburn, Marion county.
Beach, S. C. (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Blundell, J. E. (Rep.) Canyonville, Douglas county.
Boothby, J. S. (Rep.) Lexington, Morrow county.
Bridges, J. T. (Rep.) Drain, Douglas county.
Buckman, Thos. (Pop.) Marshfield, Coos county.
Burke, W. E. (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Burleigh, J. A. (Pop.) Joseph, Wallowa county.
Calvert, J. L. (Rep.) Hubbard, Marion county.
Cardwell, B. P. (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Cleeton, T. J. (Rep.) St. Helens, Columbia county.
Cole, Clarence (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Conn, Virgil (Rep.) Paisley, Klamath county.
Coon, T. R. (Rep.) Hood River, Wasco county.
Cooper, T. H. (Rep.) Corvallis, Benton county.
Craig, David (Rep.) Macleay, Marion county.
Curtis, C. J. (Rep.) Astoria, Clatsop county.
Daly, John D. (Rep.) Toledo, Lincoln county.
David, J. E. (Rep.) Croy, Gilliam county.
Davis, E. J. (Rep.) Milton, Umatilla county.
Dunn, Geo. W. (Rep.) Ashland, Jackson county.
Gates, H. V. (Rep.) Hillsboro, Washington county.
Gowdy, J. T. (Rep.) Dayton, Yamhill county.
Guild, H. G. (Rep.) Sheridan, Yamhill county.
Gurdane, J. S. (Rep.) Ridge, Umatilla county.
Hillegas, M. J. (Rep.) Camp Creek, Lane county.
Hofer, E. (Rep.) Salem, Marion county.
Hope, I. W. (Rep.) Vale, Malheur county.
Huffman, C. D. (Pop.) La Grande, Union county.
Jeffrey, J. A. (Pop.) Herling, Jackson county.
Keyt, D. L. (Rep.) Perrydale, Polk county.
Lester, C. F. (Rep.) Astoria, Clatsop county.
Long, J. M. (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Lyle, A. R. (Rep.) Cross Keys, Crook county.
McCraken, John (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
McGreer, T. H. (Rep.) Antelope, Wasco county.
Mintie, F. L. (Rep.) Oswego, Clackamas county.
Moorhead, S. L. (Rep.) Junction City, Lane county.
Moores, C. B. (Rep.) Salem, Marion county.
Myers, Geo. T. (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Nealon, S. M. (Pop.) Table Rock, Jackson county.
Patterson, Orin L. (Rep.) Long Creek, Grant county.
Paxton, O. F. (Rep.) Portland, Multnomah county.
Rinearson, G. O. (Rep.) Oregon City, Clackamas county.
Scott, J. H. (Rep.) Tangent, Linn county.
Sehlbrede, C. A. (Rep.) Roseburg, Douglas county.
Shutrum, Geo. (Rep.) Pendleton, Umatilla county.
Stanley, Calvin (Rep.) Newberg, Yamhill county.
Stewart, Frank A. (Pop.) Ophir, Curry county.
Smith, C. B. (Rep.) Eagle Creek, Clackamas county.
Smith, Ira S. (Rep.) Monmouth, Polk county.
Smith, R. G. (Rep.) Grants Pass, Josephine county.
Smith, T. Fleming (Rep.) Halsey, Linn county.
Templeton, W. A (Rep.) Brownsville, Linn county.
Thompson, E. H. (Rep.) Brower, Multnomah county.
Tigard, Chas. F. (Rep.) Tigardville, Washington county.
Wright, J. A. (Rep.) Sparta, Union county.
Yates, C. P. (Rep.) Manning, Washington county.
Young, John C. (Pop.) Baker City, Baker county.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

Here are recipes for removing various kinds of stains:

Coffee, tea, and wines.—If these stains on the table linen are of long standing, and have been washed with soap, it is rather difficult to get rid of them. But javelle water—which can be made at home or bought of a druggist—is generally most successful. Put about half a pint of javelle water and a quart of clean water into an earthen bowl; let the stained article soak in this for several hours. Then rinse thoroughly in three waters. It is only white goods that can be treated in this manner, as the javelle water bleaches out the color.

Sewing Machine Oil Stains.—To remove these stains rub the stain with sweet oil or lard and let it stand for several hours. Then wash it in soap and cold water.

Pitch and Tar Stains.—Rub lard on the stain and let it stand for a few hours. Sponge with spirits of turpentine until the stain is removed. If the color of the fabric be changed sponge it with chloroform and the color will be restored.

Ink Stains.—Tear blotting paper in pieces and hold the rough edge on the ink when it is freshly spilled, or cover the spot with Indian meal, or the liquid ink may be absorbed by cotton batting. If the ink be spilled on a carpet, cut a lemon in two, remove a part of the rind and rub the lemon on the stain. If the ink-stained article be washed immediately in several waters and then in milk, letting it soak in the milk for several hours, the stain will disappear. Washing the article immediately in vinegar and water and then in soap and water is another remedy which will remove all ordinary ink stains. No matter what substance be used to remove ink the stain must be rubbed well. If the article stained be a carpet on the floor use a brush.

Grass Stains.—Rub the article stained with alcohol, then wash in clean water.

HOSPITALITY OF THE HAWAIIANS.

"I know of no more hospitable people in the world," said Captain A. C. Alexander, of Washington, last night, "than the common people of Hawaii. If you ask for lodgings at nightfall at a native hut, you are received as if you were conferring a favor; frequently the whole house, which has but one room, is set apart for you, the people going elsewhere to sleep. A chicken is slain in your honor and for your exclusive supper, and you are served by the master of the house himself. The native grasshouse, where it has been well built, is a very comfortable structure. It has but one room, calico curtains serving as partitions by night. At one end a standing bed place, running across the house, provides accommodations for the entire family, no matter how numerous. This bed consists of mats, and the covers are either tappa cloth (which is as though you were sleeping under newspapers) or of blankets. The more prosperous people have often, besides this, an enormous bedstead curtained off and reserved for strangers, and you may see the women go to chests when you ask for hospitality and take out blankets, sheets and any number of little pillows for the bed, and often a brilliant silk coverlet. The use of the dozen or so pillows puzzled me, until I found that they were intended to tuck or wedge me in, so that I should not roll around in the big bed. On taking your departure the next morning it is not well to ask the cost of your accommodations, as the Hawaiian has vague ideas of prices. He might tell you $10 or $20, whereas if you hand him 75 cents for yourself and guide he will be abundantly satisfied."

STORYETTES.

An English traveler once asked a Cavan laboring man how far it was to a place for which he was bound. "Two miles, your reverence." "Two miles and a little more?" said the Englishman, knowing, by long experience, that Irishmen do not like to discourage a traveler by letting him know that he has still a long walk before him. "Well, your reverence," came the reply, "it's two miles strong and rich, so to spake."

There is a story told in the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun, of a colored girl who happened to meet a gentleman going down the street, and who got on the same side of the narrow walk; then both started for the other side, and another collision was imminent. They then danced back and dodged again, when the colored girl suddenly stopped and said: "See heah, mister, what am dis gwine to be, a schottische or a waltz?"

A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of the Rev. Robert Hall, pressed him to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted: "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

Vestris, the great dancing master, died at 83, and it is said he would have lived till a hundred but for a sudden and mortal blow in the shape of an advertisement. One day he asked for a newspaper—probably for the first time in his life. Scarcely had he opened the sheet when his eyes lighted upon the following: "Wanted, a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Must be a skillful chiropodist at the same time." He took to his bed and never left it again alive.

GREAT IS OREGON.

THEY LIKE IT.

The Cincinnati Post speaks in the highest praise of a car of prunes and plums received in that city recently from Oregon. This is the first fruit ever sent to Cincinnati from this state. Our fruit is only beginning to be known east of the Rockies. Every pound of fruit put up in first-class shape and sent east will assist in creating a demand for more like it.—Albany Democrat.

OREGON FOR FIGS.

Emil Schanno has a variety of figs on exhibition at The Dalles fair which shows for what varied fruits our climate is adapted.—The Dalles Chronicle.

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

A late report from Nuremberg, Germany, says trade is a little more active with no change in prices current. Hops are quoted from 30 to 70 shillings per hundred weight, that being the outside figures for natives. In Belgium, according to intelligence from Ardoye, prices are very low, the best grades commanding only two pounds and the inferior quality selling for 37 to 40 francs. Samples of the new crop there are not highly flavored, the hops being loosely tissued, and the crop itself is only about a third of the usual yield.—Hamilton, N. Y., Sentinel.