

ETCHINGS.

The busy man has little to say about the climate.

The man who always says "Business before pleasure" has no pleasure.

No matter how stringent the money market may be, money is never tight when the owner is.

There is a dog in Washington City that drinks beer with senators. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

Blood is thicker than water, and this probably accounts for the fact that it is often so sluggish when called upon to do something.

Delay is dangerous, but many a fellow who calls upon a young lady and finds a big dog on the porch is willing to take chances on the delay.

A change of chief of police in Portland by Boss Simon would be similar to a carpenter laying down a saw and picking up a hammer—merely a change of tools.

We never know who were our best friends till we have lost them. The fool who has speedily parted with his money as quickly realizes that he has lost the best friend he ever had.

From the fact that pension agents are raking the country with a fine-tooth comb to find claimants, one might infer that there was not such a universal demand for the dependent pension law by old soldiers as was made to appear at Washington.

Bloodthirsty residents of Fresno, Cal., recently declared that there were too many murderers—eight in all—in jail in that city and announced their intention of lynching them. It is the murderers out of jail that cause us the most anxiety up here. When we once get them safely juggled we breathe easier.

At the time of his death Gen. Fremont was engaged upon a paper for one of the magazines, entitled "Finding Paths to California." If the magazine still desires such an article it can have it, for some of the men who found the paths and showed Fremont where they were, are living yet in Oregon and California.

A floating newspaper paragraph says that "The first herring caught on the coast of Holland belongs to the king, as does the first sturgeon caught off the coast of England belong to the queen." I was not before aware that royalty was so fond of stale fish. They would be as big a card for Chicago as the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter.

When Powderly says our laws should not be framed to protect illiteracy at the polls, he strikes the key note. However beautiful universal suffrage may be in theory, it is utterly absurd and harmful in practice. There ought to be some better qualification for a person to participate in the government of this country than that the individual is twenty-one years of age and wears pants.

A gentleman proposes a five-cent subscription by every man, woman and child in the north, for the erection of a monument to the memory of General Grant. The idea is a good one, but why say "in the north?" I venture to prophesy that were such a subscription started, the proportion of subscribers in the southern states would at least equal those in the north-ern. It is a narrow minded man, indeed, who thinks loyalty to the union or admiration of General Grant is a matter of geography.

Railroad contractors in Mexico have sent to China for 8,000 coolies, and this is cited by some papers as showing that our opposition to the admission of Chinese is foolish, since Mexico raises no objection to them. This is about as good an argument as can be given for chewing tobacco. There are many other things Mexico does that it does not necessarily follow that we should do. We claim to be leading the procession, not following it, and we certainly are not looking to Mexico for lessons on political economy.

If the shade of Horace Greeley could look down upon White-law Reid's German castle, with its \$40,000 granite portico, there would not be stone enough in the entire structure to keep him from turning over in his grave. The aping of nobility by Americans whose wealth is founded upon the brains and toil of some one else, is one of the undemocratic tendencies of the times that make things look dark for genuine American principles. However, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the pages of American history will still bear the name of Horace Greeley when the builder of Reid's Rhenish castle shall have been forgotten.

One of the benefits of royalty was demonstrated in London recently. Mrs. Mackay—the alleged American washerwoman—gave a concert in honor of the Princess Louise, who had the exceedingly bad manners to delay her appearance until 11:45. Meanwhile the concert had made good progress, after tedious waiting for the guest of the evening. The Princess requested that the concert begin again, and as a royal request is equivalent to a command, it began again and did not end until 4:00 o'clock in the morning. In all the broad land of America there probably does not dwell a woman who, under similar circumstances, would have been so thoughtless and disregardful of the comfort and pleasure of others, as well as the commonest canons of good breeding as was this royal lady, to whom English women are supposed to look for a pattern of ladyhood.

Marquise DeLeuille is doing his best to prove how fortunate a woman Mrs. Leslie was in discovering his peculiarities in time to avoid a marriage with him. His threat to come to America and prosecute the press for slander, reminds me of an incident that occurred in my native town. A lady-killing clerk, whose meager salary was so completely consumed by his livery and other society bills that those who supplied him with the necessaries of life had great difficulty in securing their pay, was requested by his washerwoman to pay his bill. Upon his declining so to do she expressed her opinion of him in forcible Irish, in the presence of many amused spectators. "Don't you call me such names as that, Mrs. O'Connor," he exclaimed, "or I'll sue you for slander." "Huh! an will yez?" she shouted in great wrath. "An will yez sue the hull town? Ye'r in the mouts of everybody." W.