

OCHOCO REVIEW.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

Why don't I speak to her? Afraid? Oh, no; Crowned queen, with royal diamonds on her brow.
Dress to the purple? But 'tis long ago Since we were friends. She might not know me now.

For when I saw her last her loose, dark hair Blew in the wind, her cheek was round and warm—
Beside the farm gate bars she waited, where The cows came in, in milk pail on her arm.

Oh, yes—no doubt she may have heard of me In print and elsewhere since. Fame travels fast.
But, then, I was her plowboy lover—see? Perhaps 'tis safest to ignore the past.
—Madeline S. Bridges in Frank Leslie's.

Bats in South America.

Bats are often regarded with as much horror as snakes; the wheebling flight of the little creatures in the twilight, their dusky forms, shroud like wings and fiery eyes seem to league them with the supernatural; but they are generally not only harmless, but useful. They are a scourge to insects of every kind, from the mosquito upward, and some of the American Indians regard them as food. The big fruit bats of the Indian peninsula are considered as great luxuries by the natives.

A bat measuring two feet from tip to tip must be a formidable looking thing to encounter, and this is the size of the fruit eating bat of the Amazon, to which the name of the Amazon bat is often given. It is a large bat, but it is, however, a smaller species than the American species which does much mischief to any animals, including human beings.

The mischief does not consist in the quantity of blood abstracted by the bat itself, but in the fear of the withdrawal of the aggressor. It has been objected, by obstinate misbelievers that no one has ever seen the wound inflicted; but, considering that the bat only bites in darkness, the proof upon which these skeptics insist is not easily obtainable.

The curious feature in the bat's bite, says a recent traveler, is that it is hardly ever felt, even when the person attacked is awake. I myself had a remarkable illustration of this, and stood with a man who was remarking that he could not understand how people always got so unaccountably bitten, though he had been actually making this remark, in the dusk, a bat was sucking one of his toes, as was evidenced by the bat being seen by me and himself. The latter away, whilst the man's toe, to his great surprise, was found to be bleeding severely.—Youth's Companion.

Johns Hopkins University.

There is no division of maricardates into freshman, sophomore, junior and senior classes. The scope of privileges and stripes based on such a division is narrowed to a poor margin of differences so little emphasized as to furnish no comfort to even self-asserting superiority. The matriculate courses of study are marked out for three years, and when the student is ready to be examined, and try for his degree, he is free to do so. Class jealousies and impositions are unknown. There is no approach to hazing or the terror of forced speeches at the dead of night. So far as the present writer has been able to discover, there is no working chapter of any secret fraternity here. There are no rival debating or literary societies, hotbeds of enthusiasm, where the frenzied young speakers may defy and defy one another. There is, however, one very flourishing literary organization, called the Hopkins House of Commons, in which "bills" embodying various principles and public questions are passed under consideration according to the strictest parliamentary processes. The public session of this body in Hopkins hall about once a year is a great treat to both university members and the general public.—James Cummings in Lippincott's.

The American Woman's Gait.

Why is it that so few American women walk well, you wonder. Is it lacking or bustling or what that spoils their gait? And as you study this problem another presents itself quite worthy of pedal science. Terrible as the charge is, it seems none the less true that nearly all southern women "too in." Ten ladies, all young, from Baltimore and New Orleans, have crossed the sands. One of them has planted her dainty feet properly, angling them away from each other as they fall. Another has approached this, but the remaining eight have either set their feet in a straight line ahead or pointed them a little inward. Two of them have displayed an ungraciously overreaching hip movement. Lewis Carroll found the only word to describe it when, in recounting the slaying of the Jabberwock, he made the word "galumphing." Those two unquestionably "galumph." But they have faces that could carry worse faults than that, and of foot education they take no thought whatever.—Narragansett Cor. New York Times.

A Kissing Festival.

Home, in his quaint old "Table Book," gives an account of a curious old kissing festival held in Ireland: "Easter Monday several hundred young persons of the town and neighborhood of Rosferry, county Down, resort, dressed in their best, to a pleasant walk near the town, called 'The Water.' The avowed object of each person is to see the face, which consists in the men kissing the females without reserve, whether married or single. This mode of agitation is quite a matter of course; it is never taken amiss, or with much show of concern. The female must be ordinary indeed, if returns home without having received at least a dozen hearty kisses.—Chicago Tribune.

The Climate of Curacao.

It is especially healthful. During winter months a steady, average temperature of 70 degs. Fahrenheit obtains, with strong northerly breezes that sweep the old Dutch streets clean, and there are no epidemic diseases. Nights are cool and quiet, and if there were a decent hotel in the island there is not a winter resort in the world where invalids could be more comfortable or have a better chance to improve. Equality of temperature, dryness of soil, and absence of dissipation fit Curacao admirably for consumptives, especially those to whom economy is a desideratum.—Dr. W. F. Hutchinson in American Magazine.

Will Stek to Railroad Trains.

"And say, young man," he continued, "if you ever go traveling, like me avoid steamships. I went as a stowaway one time, and till I saw what happened. After three days out at sea, I was discovered. The captain said to me: 'Young man, you'll have to go to work.' He set me to scrubbing oil paint for nine days. At the end of that time we reached port, and instead of being allowed to land I was placed in irons and kept there until we left, when I was liberated and set to work again all the way to New York, where they allowed me to go. I never went to sea again. Railroads are good enough for me."

AN OMINOUS INCIDENT.

A Story Concerning Abraham Lincoln's Second Nomination—A Vision.

On the day of Mr. Lincoln's re-nomination at Baltimore he was engaged at the war department in constant telegraphic communication with Gen. Grant, then in front of Richmond. Throughout the day he seemed wholly unconscious that anything was going on at Baltimore in which his interests were in any way concerned. At luncheon time he went to the White House, swallowed a hasty lunch, and without entering his private office hurried back to the war office. On arriving at the war department the first dispatch that was shown him announced the nomination of Andrew Johnson for vice president. "This is strange," said he, reflectively; "I thought it was usual to nominate the candidate for president first." His informant was astonished. "Mr. President," said he, "have you not heard of your own re-nomination? It was telegraphed to you at the White House two hours ago." Mr. Lincoln had not seen the dispatch—had made no inquiry about it—had not so much as thought about it.

On reflection Mr. Lincoln attached great importance to this singular occurrence. It reminded him, he said, of an ominous incident of mysterious character which occurred just after his election in 1860. It was the double image of himself in a looking glass, which he saw while lying on a lounge in his own chamber at Springfield. There was Abraham Lincoln's face, reflecting the full glow of health and hope of life, and in the same mirror, at the same moment of time, was the face of Abraham Lincoln showing a ghastly paleness. On trying the experiment at other times, as confirmatory tests, the vision reappeared and then vanished as before.

Mr. Lincoln more than once thought that he could not explain the cause of the vision. He had tried to reproduce the double reflection at the executive mansion, but without success; that it had worried him not a little, and that the mystery had its meaning, which was clear enough to him. To his mind the vision was a sign—the life-like image betokening a safe passage through his first term as president; the ghostly one that death would overtake him before the close of the second.—Ward H. Lamon's Letter.

All Had Heart Disease.

Professor Blank, of E—, devoted a whole week of the session to lecturing to his students on the subject of heart diseases. He had a private apartment opening off the class room, to which he was wont to retire after he had finished his discourse in order to take off his gown and enjoy a little meditation by the fire. On the afternoon of the second day a knock came to the door. "Enter," said Professor Blank. And, in hand, appeared one of his students, looking somewhat worried and pale. "What can I do for you, Mr. M.?" "Nothing, I fear," was the reply. "Nothing on earth can aid me. I have the very symptoms that you were today describing. Sound me and see, sir." The sounding was soon performed. "You're in perfect health as regards your heart." That was the verdict. And Mr. M. went away happy.

But hardly had the kindly old professor resumed his seat before another knock resounded on the door. "Come in, Will, what's the matter with you, Mr. C.?" "A dead man," gasped Mr. C., looking wildly round as if he wanted to clutch something. "He got heart disease as sure as a gun." "Not quite as bad as that, I trust. Take off your coat." Auscultation and percussion were speedily performed; then the professor laughed in C's face. "Sound as a bell, man," he said. "Go home to your dinner, and don't be a fool." The doctor did not sit down again, however. No; he was afraid there would be more of them, so he hurried along through the squad and got into his carriage. But he had two more visits at his residence on the same night from frightened students, and every day during the remainder of that week he had a visit or two of the same kind. On the following Monday he got out to his fever, and the students completely recovered from their cardiac complaints.—Cassell's Magazine.

Vague Ideas of Newspaper Work.

It is amusing to see the vague ideas of newspaper work held by people outside of the profession. I suppose that there are few newspaper men who have not been accepted in the course of a quiet stroll by some friend who wears a knowing grin and exclaims: "Ahi! hunting for news." And when told that a man rarely goes for news unless he is sent by the city editor, regard you with a smile of incredulity. The general public seems to have an idea that a newspaper man chases around after items like an entomologist after butterflies. Of the machine like system of a great newspaper office they have no conception.

Not the least amusing phase of this ignorance is displayed by people who have never attempted to brain work. "I saw a piece you wrote in our paper," said a piece you wrote in our paper, "and how much do you get for such a piece?" "About \$15," I replied. "How long does it take you to write such a piece?" I queried presently. "About two hours," I answered. Then I could plainly see that the old man was making a mental calculation something like this: Fifteen dollars in two hours would be \$7.50 an hour, working ten hours a day—and unless a man works ten hours a day he would be hopelessly lazy in the opinion of the old farmer—would be \$75 a day; six days in the week would run up to \$450 a week. He did not like to think me a liar, so he simply smiled and murmured: "I reckon you don't work very hard."—The Journalist.

Humorous Descriptions of the Jubilee.

I hear that some of the American correspondents who sent original and humorous descriptions of the jubilee ceremony to their respective papers, written in the graphic and flowery language that obtains in the far west, are rather abashed at finding a collection of all the accounts written by journalists to whom tickets for the abbey were issued, is being made at the lord chamberlain's office, and that these extracts are to be bound up in two volumes, one to be presented to the monarch, and one to be retained by the lord chamberlain.

A correspondent has amused himself in the meantime by collecting a few specimens of choice newspaper English from some gushing native reports, e.g.: "The luscious edibles were dispensed," "Partook of the transitory joys of a slide," "Unique event of the day," "General director, prime mover and animated soul of the movement." "The scene was one of great magnificence. Human ingenuity had been exhausted in contributing to its splendor, and the result was a spectacle which called for the genius of a Turner to perpetuate it." Fancy Turner painting a public function in an unpolished Westminster Abbey!—London Table.

A Telegrapher's Disease.

Another of the new diseases which follow in the wake of civilization has been reported from Berlin, where two telegraph operators have been affected. The finger nails have fallen out, one after another, though the persons have been otherwise in good health. The curious affection is ascribed to the constant jar and pressure on the fingers produced by working the Morse key.—Arian saw Traveler.

YELLOW HANDS' FATE.

THRILLING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL.

How the Big Chief of the Cheyennes Met His Death at the Hands of a White Scout—The Heart of the Savage Was Broken.

Perhaps the greatest experience of Buffalo Bill's life was the killing of Yellow Hand, a famous Cheyenne chief, and the consequent naming of War Bonnet creek in Wyoming from that circumstance. When Gen. Crook was sending the Sioux tribe with bullets in the summer of 1876 Buffalo Bill was his wagonmaster and chief of scouts. A courier had come in Crook's camp with the intelligence that young Sitting Bull had broken away from Red Cloud agency with 800 fighting bucks and was then on the way to join old Sitting Bull up here in Montana territory; while Yellow Hand, the big chief of the Cheyennes, had also left his agency without permission, with 800 warriors, bound north on a similar errand. Troops were ordered to scour the country in every direction, Crook's particular business being to reach Running Water, follow on to Redwood creek, cross a plateau to Indian creek, and there meet and crush Yellow Hand, or drive him back to the agency.

Arriving on the plateau mentioned, clouds of Indians could be seen far ahead in the dim distance, and one of the officers predicted that everybody in the civilized command would be killed. There were five companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry; the latter making a detour and coming around about the middle of the afternoon of battle, while the others were ordered to dismount and fight the Indians. All this took time. At the end the men drew quite near, when from their hosts rode out in front of the line a half dozen, a magnificent equipt and gallantly decorated Indian, his hands were banded with eagle's feathers trailing behind, and a shining Winchester rifle resting easily on the angle of his arm. He promptly sat his steed and surveyed the pale-faced soldiers with scorn. Then uttering a war whoop or defiance, the chiefman raised his rifle and fired one shot at his enemies. The challenger was Yellow Hand. His rifle fortissimo alone, delivering but a single shot and that in the face of his enemies, the uttering of a defiant war whoop; all this meant nothing more nor less than a challenge to a duel. Was there not one among all those white soldiers to take up the gauntlet so defiantly thrust at them!

A SINGLE HORSEMAN.

For a moment everything was still, not a sound was heard; the Indian meanwhile striding majestically before them and awaiting the result of his shot. Then, all at once, from the white men's lines dashed a single horseman with his rifle carried at a ready, who rode obliquely along the front of the line, then turned suddenly toward the challenger standing alone and ready to receive him. Troops and Indians watched with interest the outcome of the fight, for it meant a duel to the death. Yellow Hand started his pony galloping in a circle, flying far over on the opposite side, according to the aboriginal style of fighting from horseback, fired shot after shot quickly and rapidly at his pale faced adversary. Buffalo Bill sat his steel like centaur, and only pulled the trigger when there was some reason for it, preferring not to waste a shot unless there was some chance of hitting. Gradually the circle became smaller and the faster Yellow Hand fired his Winchester; always loading his magazine and manipulating his piece while lying down and on the farther side of his flying animal. When the distance had been lessened to about 150 yards, and when Buffalo Bill had grazed more than once by his enemy's lead, the latter suddenly halted his horse, took a quick and accurate aim at the circling par, and pulled the trigger. Down went rier and steed rolling over in the dust, both of them shot to the death. Rushing forward the white scout leaped from his horse, and whipping out his long, keen hunting knife, scalped the great warrior in full sight of both armies.

With the loss of their leader the spirit of the Indians was broken. They could not fight after that calamity, the scalping of their favorite chief utterly and totally breaking their savage hearts. They gave up the scheme of joining the other hostiles in Montana and hurried back to their own agency, scattering provisions and plunder by the way. That night the troops camped on Indian creek, and in honor of Buffalo Bill great achievement and handsome trophy taken from Yellow Hand's head, the name was changed from Indian creek to War Bonnet creek, which latter title it still bears.—Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. Cleveland Leader.

How to Fight Indians.

This thing of sending out a body of troops to fight Indians is all bunk. They can see a company of soldiers miles away, then scatter and hide and shoot when they can't be seen. Young Capt. Evans, of Fort Phil Kearney, knew how to fight the redskins. I remember when Fort Scott was besieged that was when Fort Scott was the outward frontier post, 175 miles southwest of Kearney. Capt. Evans volunteered to go to the relief, on condition that he should be allowed absolute management of the expedition. Report had it that Fort Scott was then surrounded by at least a dozen Indians. The captain rigged out half a dozen big mule government wagons, with canvas covers arranged with ropes overhead, so that the curtains could be rolled up in an instant. Then he loaded his men into the wagons, rolled down the curtains and started, with a rider on each mule. These were the only men in sight in the train, and the captain gave orders for the men to pull cover to show himself until he sounded the bugle as a signal for the curtains to be rolled up, when the soldiers were to fire upon the enemy. When the train got in sight of Fort Scott the Indians came on them with a war whoop, flourishing their bows and tomahawks. They were going to capture the train. Capt. Evans led them come until they got within sure killing distance and then his bugle sounded, and the next instant a volley of lead was poured into the redskins. They never waited for a second shot, but turned and fled as fast as their ponies could carry them, and that was the end of their siege of Fort Scott.—Brooklyn Kinney in Globe-Democrat.

Home Made Ice.

Take a cylindrical earthen vessel and pour 3½ ounces of commercial sulphuric acid and 1½ ounces of water into it and then add 1 ounce of powdered sulphate of soda. In the center of this mixture place a smaller vessel containing the water to be frozen; then cover the vessel, and, if possible, revolve the whole with a gentle motion. In a few minutes the water in the small vessel will be converted into ice. The same mixture can be used a second or third time for making a block of ice. The operation should, if possible, be performed in a cool place, in a cellar for example.—La Science en Famille.

Home Made Ice.

Japan keeps a standing army of 50,000, with 20,000 reserves. They carry the breech-loader, and drill more than any men in the world.

BILL NYE TO HIS SON.

He Relates His Experience in the Chicken Industry.

MY DEAR SON: We are still pocking along here at home in the same old way, your mother and me. We are neither of us real well, and yet I suppose we are as well as folks of our time of life could expect to be. Your mother has a good deal of pain in her side all mother has a good deal of pain in her side all the while and I am off my feet more or less in the morning. But my fixed up upon some condition powder that he says will straighten me out right away. Perhaps so. Do has straightened-out a good many people in his time. I wish I had as many dollars as he has straightened out people.

Most every spring I've had to take a little lar delion root, lathered up with gin, but this year that didn't seem to get there, as the boys say. I fixed up a dose of it and took it day and night for a week till I wore that old dandelion root clear down to skin and bone, but in ten days my appetite was worse than ever and I had a head on the like a 3-year-old oyster. Dandelion root never served me that way before and your mother thinks that the goodness is all out of it, may be. It's the same old dandelion root that I've been using for twenty years, and I believe when you've tried a thing and proved it's good, you ought to change it.

I tried to get your mother to take a dose of it last week for the pain in her side. Fixed up a two-quart jug of it for her, but she can't bear the smell of gin, so I had to take it myself. Dandelion is a great purifier of the blood, Henry. Some days after I have been taking this dandelion root, for an hour or two I feel as if my blood was pretty near pure enough to feel like a new man.

On the 11th I wrote you had winter, Henry, that I was going to buy some new-fangled hens in the spring and get into the egg business. Well, I sent out a March for a couple of fowls, one of each above railroad charges, per pair over some \$4.35 more on top of that.

I thought that as soon as the hen got here she would get her things off and get rested she would proceed to lay some of these high priced eggs which we read of in The Poultry Keeper's Guide and American Eggist. But she seemed pensive, and when I tried to get acquainted with her she would cluck in a croaky tone of voice and go away.

The rooster was no doubt a fine-looking brute when he was shipped, but when he got here he strolled around with a preoccupied air and seemed to feel above us. He was a polio-dot rooster, with gray mane and tail, and he was no doubt refined, but I did not think he should feel above us, who are accustomed to the self-made American hen, or he seemed to be a plain, simple, plain hen. He seemed to be a plain, simple, plain hen. He seemed to be a plain, simple, plain hen. He seemed to be a plain, simple, plain hen.

I never saw such a haughty rooster in my life. Actually, when I went out to feed him in the morning he would give me a cold, arrogant look that hurt my feelings. I know I'm not what you would call a polished man, but I have a son that is both of said things, but I have had a rooster crow over me because he has had better advantages and better breeding than I have. So there was no love lost between us, as you can see.

Directly I noticed that the hen began to have spells of vertigo. She would be standing in a corner of the hen retreat, reverting to her joyous childhood at Fremont, O., when all at once she would "fall senseless on the earth and there lie prone upon the sward." She would remain in this comatose condition for between five minutes, perhaps. Then she would rally a little, slowly pry open her large, mournful eyes and seem to murmur, "Where am I?"

I could see that she was evading the egg issue in every way and ignoring the great objection for which she was created. With the ability to lay eggs worth from \$4 to \$5.75 per dozen delivered on the cars, I could plainly see that she proposed to roll up this great tail in a napkin and play the invalid act. I do disguise the fact, Henry, that I was mad. I made a large rectangular affidavit in the inner temple of the barn that that I had sent her to the seashore for her health when she was eminently fitted by nature to please the public with her lay.

I therefore gave her two weeks to decide on whether she would contribute a few of her meritorious articles or insert herself into a chicken pie.

She still continued haughty to the last moment, so I did her partner. We therefore treated ourselves to a \$9 dinner in April. I then got some expensive eggs from the effects east. They were not robust eggs. They were laid during a time of great depression, I judge. I do not say that the eggs were bad, but I say that their instincts and their inner life wasn't what they ought to have been.

In early May I bought one of those inky-baters that do the work of ten setting hens. I hoped to head off the hen so far as possible, simply purchasing her literary efforts and editing them to suit myself. I cannot endure the society of a low-bred hen, and a refined hen seems to look down on me, and so I bought one of those inky-baters that do the work of ten setting hens. I then got some expensive eggs from the effects east. They were not robust eggs. They were laid during a time of great depression, I judge. I do not say that the eggs were bad, but I say that their instincts and their inner life wasn't what they ought to have been.

Thereupon I bought one of the medium size, two-story hatchers, and loaded it with eggs. In my dreams I could see a long procession of fuzzy little chickens marching out by little inky-bater, arm in arm, every day or two, and dreaming one of these dreams night before last, at midnight, a holy hour, when I was rudely awakened by a gallon of cold water in one of my ears. I arose in the darkness and received a squirt of cold water through the window from our over watchful and courageous fire department. I opened the casement for the purpose of thanking them for this little demonstration, wholly unsolicited on my part, when I discovered the henery was in flames. I went down to assist the department. We saved the other buildings, but the hatchery is a mass of smoldering ruins. So am I. It seems that the kerosene lamp which I kept burning in the inky-bater for the purpose of maintaining an even temperature, and also for the purpose of showing the chickens the way to the elevator in case they should hatch out in the night, had tipped up and ignited the hatchery, so to speak.

I see by my paper that we are importing 200,000,000 of hens' eggs from Europe every year. It'll be 200,000,000 next year so far as I'm concerned, Henry, and you can bet your little panted jacket on it, too, if you want to.

To-day I send P. O. order No. 143,876 for \$5.50. I agree with the Bible that "The fool and his money are soon parted." Your father.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

He Bought Aytch Ees. See!

A country merchant bought HEE; What did he purchase, if you please?—Washington Post.

A CELESTIAL SIGN.

THE NATURE OF CHINESE MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATIONS.

Results of an Inquiring Reporter's Investigations—A Chinaman's Explanation—The Detectives' Account by No Means Complimentary.

Patrons of the Clay street cable line, which passes through Chinatown, have marveled much at the possible meaning of a good English sign inviting to the sight of all men from the third story of a building on the south side of Clay street, a short distance east of Stockton. It is resplendent with gilt lettering and gracefully draped with red cloth. It appears bold and businesslike. It reads: "Jog Lam Sen Fong, Chinese Mutual Aid Association." These words have a ring to them that is especially pleasing to the ear of an American. They sound modern. They suggest an institution possibly only to modern conditions of trade—the mutual benefit association, the most recent and as yet unfinished institution of our democratic freedom. But, above all, it is gratifying to our race pride to think that the belated son of the Orient has observed in our keeping something else that he must perform copy.

A reporter entered the hallways of the customary Chinatown rookery, climbed three flights of narrow, dirty and dark stairs, and making his way through an unpaired, unplanned redwood door, found himself in a Chinese business office. The Joss was there, squatted in his tinsel altar begrimed with pink smoke and hog fat. Facing this divinity there was the usual low platform, softly carpeted. Upon this sat, in trim, Oriental fashion, three cross-legged Chinamen smoking their tobacco through long tin cans filled with water.

"What you want?" said one of them. "The object of the visit was stated. 'No no no,' said the English, 'was the quick, suspicious response, and the three Chinamen became as mute as the little muzzled dogs in front of them. They smoked on, totally oblivious of the stranger's presence, and after a glance at the semi-barbarian about him, he left the room.

A MORE PRETENTIOUS SHOW.

On his way down Clay street a still more pretentious sign attracted his attention. It was swung from the top of a building on Water's place, and bore the words, "Chinese and American Mutual Protective Association." Again the staircase was threaded, and an apartment similar to the one just described was found on the top floor. But there appeared to be no one present. The little girl sitting on his heels and peering out through a cloud of incense smoke was alone. Presently, however, a confused holding was heard in one of the dingy passages that led from the room, and a Celestial made his appearance. Guiding himself by the wall, he moved as if in a daze, and then, turning to the visitor, revealed the fact that he was stone blind.

The usual question, "What you want?" was asked and answered, and then the Chinaman, after explaining that he saw nothing but fog, explained in his own fair English the purposes of the society. He said, in effect, that it was closely modeled after the American pattern. The members pay so much per month, in this case \$1, and in return get all the benefits that co-operation can afford. If they become sick they are sent to a Chinese doctor's medical establishment and their expenses paid; if, through advancing age or loss of health, they are no longer able to earn their living in this country, their fare back to China is paid; if found poor on the streets, they are taken to the home of the association and fed and clothed; if out of work, they seek it through the aid of the society. The blind informant stated that every week the office receives letters from the country calling for laborers; and then, when a member breaks his list, the society sees to it that his bones are in due time shipped to the lands of his fathers.

ASTONISHING INFORMATION.

Further inquiry among the denizens of Chinatown elicited further astonishing information. A well-to-do merchant said that during a few years past these societies had sprung up like mushrooms in a warm cellar. Fifteen years ago there were but two or three; now there are between twenty five and thirty, and almost the entire population of Chinatown is numbered on their rolls. Some contain as many as a thousand members, the "Chinese and American" above spoken of, smolds over 600. The dues are in some cases light, in others heavy, according to the benefits conferred. Some of the societies had even gone so far as to set up a simple system of mutual life insurance, the amount of the insurance payable to any one member the insured should designate. Upon careful questioning several Chinamen were found to admit that a number of these societies were further still—that they guarantee to shield their members against encroachments of American justice. Bail is furnished for offenders under arrest, and counsel fees are paid. The merchants questioned were careful to insist that the mercantile class as a rule did not belong to the societies; that they were particularly popular among country laborers and those subjected to the vicissitudes of fortune.

"How perfect an application of the adage, 'In union there is strength,'" thought the reporter. "Here is a semi-barbarian people, from a land when co-operation and mutual help is totally unknown beyond the narrow limits of the family relation, and yet in this country they place their dependence upon one another in health as in sickness, in misfortune, in crime, and in death. They have done more than borrow—they have perfected."

A little further on the reporter met Detectives Cox and Glenn, the well known Chinatown detectives. In conversation with these gentlemen the fine spun stories of the Chinaman, one after another, collapsed and disappeared. According to the account of the detectives, these societies are nothing more than clubs of highlanders, who make a living by extorting blackmail from the law abiding portion of Chinatown. They do as a fact include in their membership the great majority of Chinamen, but it is only because they find it cheaper to pay the fees demanded of them than to suffer the continual incursions of the highlander fraternity.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Brevity Is Eloquent.

Two ladies are talking up a Woodward avenue street car.
"I have just received a letter from my brother in Texas, and he says they had a cyclone there on the 18th."
"Hail!"
"Yes, it blew down fences and unroofed houses."
"Dip!"
"He says he'll be home in the fall."
"Does?"
"He's named their new baby after me."
"Hail!"
"Where do you get out?"
"Here!"
"I ride a block further. When will you come and see me?"
"Soon."—Detroit Free Press.

Colorado's Peculiar Wind.

"Well, no," said the Coloradoan, "I have any winds to amount to anything. It blows a few minutes there now and then, but it's peculiar, too; I never thing like them anywhere else. I've seen a man go along the street, and on the other side it would calm. I've seen a mule stand broad, the wind blowing behind her, but blow right up straight, and only away ahead of her nose, while the other side would be in a natural, slow, and that side of the wind, the sweating! It will take the skin off your face and not touch the other man with whiskers get one side of shaved by a wind like that, as a barber could do it. A small boy was walking up the street with time, and they each lost one ear, man lose one leg of his pants and a and get his hat knocked all over. They don't do any particular damage, but they are as peculiar as the Descendant of S. W. in Salt Lake."

The Wolf and the Penelope.

A peasant who was on watch flock of goats were feeding discovered prowling about and fired upon the wolf, who narrowly escaped being advanced in great indignation and. "By what right do you fire upon me, having seen me commit some crime?" "My dear sir," replied the peasant, "I proceeded to reload his gun, 'til he fired at a wolf is before he has killed goats."
MORAL.
Arrest your burglar before he Detroit Free Press.

Art in Chicago.

Two gaudily attired ladies were recently inspecting the colossal Schuller, of which Chicago is proud.

"What a remarkably large man have been," said one, craning her gaze up at the flowing locks and nose of the figure.

"Yes," replied the other, with a scolding air of one imparting knowledge. "The Scotch are always large men."—Five Press.

Examples of Tenderness.

Fog—I really beg a thousand times I stepped on your dog, L. Marigold—Oh, it doesn't matter; he belongs to the other.

TOUCHING DEVOTIONS.

Estelle—And are you going to be soon, Augustus Augustus—M would willingly give ten years of a could stay longer. But if I do, I'll be fined for being late at a card party.

He Was From Minneapolis.

"Have you heard of that interesting down east of a woman who was paralyzed by the miraculous power of St. Paul?"
"Yes, I have; but I'm from St. Paul and I wouldn't touch a relic of St. Paul's ten foot pole."—Chicago Rambler.

A Bad Habit.

The habit of abbreviating every writes is a bad one. The Webster tells of seeing a communication of a lady appearing at the theatre's tana.—Lynn Item.

Brevities.

Inconvenience is the father of Whitehall Times.
A hit in time saves the nine on field.—Newark Call.

Tobacco chewing is so popular, that a movement has been inaugurated to change the name of the lake city cap.—Life.

The superintendent of a county is economical time, space and paint; up the sign, "GIRK ST." That's sense.—Hurdette.

It is a sight to make angels smile fishermen pull out of the water a sucker with an outfit that cost \$30.—Boston Transcript.

"Garments without buttons" are Evidently the cast-off clothing of who don't know how to handle the needle.—Norristown Herald.

If the genius who informs you my