CRAZY JOURNALISM.

...ERS PUBLISHED BY LUNA... OR LUNATICS.

...ns That Are Issued In ...ind Asylums Are Almost Entirely Free From Gloom and Melancholia.

Dotted here and there over the earth are little colonies whose inhabitants are cut off from all intercourse with the everyday world by their own idiosyncrasies. Each individual lives in a world of his or her own creation, which, in the majority of cases, only two outside interests ever succeed in reaching—namely, the asylum doctor and the asylum magazine.

In some cases the proof sheets are just glanced at by the head doctor before the magazine goes to press, but they are written, printed and published by themselves.

...produced the first ... Scotland be... ...g started the ... which has survived its infa... ...act, the birth of ...mantic journalism. ...ok place when the first number of The New Moon was issued from the Crichton Royal asylum, Dumfries, on Dec. 3, 1844. Since that date the following have been successfully launched: The Morningside Mirror, from the Royal Edinburgh asylum; The Excelsior, from James Murray's Royal asylum, Perth; The Fort England Mirror, Grahamstown, South Africa; The Murthly Magazine, from the Perth County asylum; Under the Dome, the organ of Bethlehem Royal hospital, London, and The Conglomerate, which belongs to the Middletown asylum, New York.

These magazines touch the journalistic ideal, as, being written by the inmates for their amusement, they cannot fail to hit the popular taste. We find that those mentally deranged like most four-ninths of their reading to take the form of travel and heavy prose articles of a strictly theoretical nature. The rest of the contents comes in order of quantity as follows: Humorous local notes, poetry, chiefly in a light vein; special articles on local theatricals and fiction.

The most striking feature about these journals is the almost total absence of gloom and melancholia, and we have it on the word of the doctor of one of the leading asylums that this is not owing to such contributions being tabooed. But now and again one comes on a poem or tale drenched with melancholia and morbid insanity. In one of these journals appeared a story written in the first person about a hero—undoubtedly the writer—who had his head twisted round the wrong way. The consequence was he invariably had to walk in the opposite direction to which he wanted to walk. This terrible fate haunts him right through the story, causing him to lose friends, money and everything else which man holds dear and ends up by his, in his own mind, murdering the girl who was to save him from himself.

According to the story, the heroine was standing on the edge of a great precipice. The hero is standing near. Suddenly the heroine becomes giddy and totters on the brink. The hero tries to dash forward and save her, but of course runs the other way. Here comes a break in the narrative, which is finished by the following sentence: "And the gates of an asylum for those mentally deranged shut the writer off from his friends in the outer world."

Apart from such tragedies as the above, the whole of these journals are saturated with humor. In one we find the following among "Questions We Want Answered:"

"When does the queen of Sheba intend to recognize the royal rank of the Prince of Wales?" Did 'Marie Corelli' really tweak the doctor's nose? Why did 'Ranji' throw the ball at 'W. G.'s' head during practice at the nets?" Perhaps it should be explained that the celebrities referred to above are not those known to the public, but other persons who claim their personalities and are detained in the asylums for that very reason.

A writer in The Fort England Mirror gives the following reason for his detention: "I met a young widow with a grown stepdaughter, and the widow married me. Then my father, who was a widower, met my stepdaughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law and made my stepdaughter my mother and my father my stepson. Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my brother, because he was my father's son. He was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter and therefore her stepson. That made me grandfather to my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the stepmother of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I'm my own grandfather. And after trying to explain the relationship in our family some seven times a day to our calling friends for a fortnight, I was brought here—no, came of my own will."

Another declares that he never found out from his mother-in-law before, and he intends to hoodwink the doctors as long as possible. And yet another points out that it has always been the fate of really great men to be ignored or ill treated by their contemporaries, and that is why he is now detained. "For the thick skulls and those of little sense are jealous of my being the first to discover that we could all live forever if we would only walk on our heads instead of our feet." — London Mail.

LONGFELLOW'S ADVICE.

Kindness Was the Keynote of the Poet's Character.

Mme. de Navarro gives some charming pictures of Longfellow in "A Few Memories." She says that every conversation with him led to some good result. His first advice to her was: "See some good picture—in nature if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as to astonish even yourself."

The poet was fond of a good, amusing story and had many to tell out of his own experience. He was particularly delighted at the ingenuity of an enterprising vender of patent medicine who, vaunting the "marvelous effects" of his drug, no doubt in the hope of inspiring the poet, invited him to write a verse for the label, promising him a percentage on each bottle and a free use of the medicine for himself and family.

On one of his birthdays he was astonished at seeing a wagon containing a piano drive up to his house, followed by a strange young lady in a carriage. The young lady informed the housekeeper that she wished the piano to be put in a room where it would "sound well," as she had composed a piece of music in honor of the poet's birthday and meant to play it to him on her own instrument.

Longfellow was a great lover of music, and Wagner appealed to him strongly. We heard several operas together in Boston after my engagement there. He generally arrived before us, armed with flowers and full of delightful anticipations. On one of these occasions some one sent a magnificent bouquet to our box. Not knowing the donor, I did not take it up. He insisted on my doing so.

"Put down my simple ones," he said, "and take up these beautiful flowers. It will gratify the giver, who is no doubt in the house. Try never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure. It will make you happier and better."

Kindness was the keynote of his character. No inconvenience to himself was too great if a good turn to any one was at the end of it.

AMERICA'S FIRST GEORGE.

How He Tried to Run Away From His Admirers.

Washington was not churlish, but he had that preference for being unobserved that develops at times into a longing in a man whose life is spent in public. He quitted the Macomb house on the morning of Aug. 30, 1790. The servants were instructed to steal away at dawn, to have the carriages and luggage over the ferry at Paulus Hook by sunrise. By candlelight, Mrs. Washington, the children and the secretaries assembled in the morning room.

The president entered, pleased with his stratagem. He was enjoying in prospect his concealed departure. Immediately under the window suddenly struck up on the still morning air the blaring, vigorous notes of an artillery band. From the highways and byways scurrying people appeared. To witness his first step outside the door a thousand goggling, affectionate eyes watched.

"There!" cried the general, in half comic despair—I cannot think altogether displeased. "It's all over; we are found out. Well, well! They must have their own way."

It was the "general" they waited to see, not the president. They lined the roadway from house to barge, recording every movement in observant brains. (A distinguished man can never know which of his audience is to be his biographer. It may be one of the "supers" on the stage rolling off the carpets.) The thunder of artillery could not drown the living shout that rose from the throats of the people as Washington was borne off with the rise and fall of the oars gleaming in the cheerful sun. His voice trembled as he bade the assembled crowd farewell. Though chary of appealing to it, the love of the people never failed to move him deeply.—Harper's Magazine.

A Banker's Generosity.

In a chapter of reminiscences of Von Bunsen and his friends, in The Century, the Hon. John Bigelow tells this anecdote of Humboldt:

One day he was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill.

"No," said Humboldt, "but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again."

Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside, and said: "By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live."

Goat's Milk.

Modern Medicine says that goat's milk, contrary to the general impression, differs from cow's milk not in being more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is indeed the most indigestible of all milk. Goat's milk has a peculiar and unpleasant odor and flavor, due to hircic acid, or hircine. It contains an excess of fat and is therefore altogether too rich for an infant's diet.

A CROSS ON HIS BACK.

It Was Made With Chalk, but Was Too Heavy to Carry.

There is a story of an envious tailor current with the French peasantry. He fancied that his neighbor, who received a pension for the loss of an arm incurred while fighting for his country, was better off than himself. Both men went to pay their rent on the same day.

"That's a lucky man," said the tailor to the landlord. "He gets well paid for his arm."

"But who would be willing to part with an arm, even if he were paid for it?" said the landlord.

"I would," declared the tailor.

"You!" cried the landlord. "Why, man, you wouldn't be willing to bear anything of the sort, no matter how much you were paid for it."

"I wish some one would try me."

"Now, see here," said the landlord, who had studied human nature, "I'll tell you what, if you'll wear even so much as a chalk mark on your back I'll remit your rent as long as you wear it on your coat so it can be seen, the condition being that you tell no one why it is there."

"Agreed," said the tailor eagerly. "That's an easy way to pay rent!"

So the chalk mark in the form of a cross was made on the back of his coat, and the delighted tailor sallied forth upon the street.

Strangers and acquaintances hailed him to tell him of the mark on his back. Jokes were made at his expense, children laughed and pointed at him, and his wife annoyed him with questions and with conjugal familiarity told him he was a fool. The usually amiable man grew surly and morose; he shunned men, women and children and frequented back streets. Before the week was up the tailor found himself embroiled in a quarrel with his best friend, his wife had threatened to leave his house and he considered himself miserable and ill used.

Finally, one night he took off his coat and rubbed out the chalk mark and said: "There! I would not wear that cross on my back another week, no, not if I could have all the money there is in Paris!"—Youth's Companion.

SHAVING A DEAD MAN.

A Job That Occupied an Impecunious Artist About a Week.

"I have just finished shaving a dead man," said a local artist. "The job occupied me about a week and"— "Good heavens!" ejaculate a horrified friend, "what d'ye mean?" "Don't be alarmed," replied the artist calmly. "The operation was not as repulsive as you may imagine. In fact, I performed it with a brush. You see, a certain family of my acquaintance have a large oil painting of the head of the house, who departed from this vale of tears some time in the early eighties. At the time the portrait was made he wore a full beard, which was contrary to his usual custom, and the family, who remember him best with a smooth face, have been anxious ever since to get off the whiskers. I was engaged to shave the portrait, and hard times and approaching rent day persuaded me to accept the commission, which, needless to say, was highly antipathetic to my artistic instincts.

"I had to depend entirely on the recollection of the family for my data, and I found, to my alarm, that each member had retained a different impression of the old gentleman's chin. One claimed it was double and another insisted that it was sharp and clean cut; a daughter described it as 'square and determined,' and the widow assured me privately that it was shaped like the prow of an armored cruiser. Altogether I found myself in a deuce of a fix. It was no trouble to take off the whiskers; I did that in three fell swoops; but when I blocked out the jaw experimentally and called in the crowd for suggestions, there was a grand chorus of protest. Strange to say, I pleased nobody, and I have been correcting, amending, remodeling and doing it all over again ever since. One point of dispute was the location of a wart, which half the family said was on the left and half on the right. I finally effected a compromise by painting in two warts, one on each side. I got my fee all right, but before I take another tonsorial job I'll go to driving a trolley car."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Care of Rubber Goods.

In putting away rubber gloves, rubber sponge bags and rubber bathing caps a liberal supply of talcum, or even ordinary toilet powder, should be applied to them on all sides, and they should be placed carefully in boxes without rolling. When they are needed for use again, they will not be found adhering in different places in a way that makes pulling apart dangerous, if not entirely disastrous.

SCHEDULES OF TIME

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

NORTH BOUND.

Oregon Express No. 12 Lv. 6:17 p. m.
" " " 16 " 8:24 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

California Express No. 11 Lv. 9:22 a. m.
" " " 15 " 7:52 p. m.

POSTAL SCHEDULE.

BY SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Mail closes going North 5:50 p m, and 7:45 a m
Mail closes going South 8:52 a m and 7:22 p m

BY EAST SIDE ELECTRIC LINE.

Mail closes for Portland and distributing points, 12 m.

Mail closes for Milwaukie and Sellwood 9 a m.

Mail arrives from Portland 1:30 p m.

SIDE ROUTES.

Oregon City to Ely, Carus, Mulino, Liberal and Mollala leaves at 12 m, and arrives at 1:30 a m daily.

Oregon City to Beaver Creek, Shubel, Clark, Meadow Brook, Union Mills and Colton leaves at 8 a m Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and returns on following days at 4:35 p m.

Oregon City to Viola, Logan and Redland leaves Oregon City Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p m, leaving Viola same days at 7 a m.

Oregon City to Willamette, Stafford, Wilsonville and Graeme arrives at 10:30 a m and leaves at 11:30 a m daily.

General delivery window is open on Sunday from 10 to 11 a m. All letters dropped into the box at the door is promptly sent off Sunday as on other days.