## Corvallis Weekly Gazette.

GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Pubs.

OREGON CORVALLIS,

The crops in Europe are, according to the latest returns, much below last year, although little, if any, below the average of the last ten years, so that the important demand there will be fully up to the average.

The manufactories of Connecticut are reported in a booming condition. Nearly all are running on full time, and not a few on extra hours. Among these mentioned as doing well are the hosiery, carpet, silk, velvet, brass, silver plate, knife, pins, clock, arms, ammunition factories, etc.

There is a loud call for an extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain that shall include the large number of defaulters that are domiciled in Canada. The presence of an asylum so near and so convenient of access gives a promise of impunity which cannot but be a powerful incentive to crime.

The value of dairy products exported from the United States during the four months ended August 31, 1885, as reported by the bureau of statistics. was \$5,289,504, against \$7,733,619 during the corresponding period of last year. During the ten months which ended August 31, 1885, the shipments of beef and pork amounted in value to \$73,761,451, an increase of \$2,024,641 compared with those of the corresponding period of 1884.

The Ontario Bureau of industries publishes its report on the condition and outlook of the cereal crops in Ontario, Dominion of Canada, under date of September 10, in which it is noted that the yield of all wheat throughout the province is 24.3 bushels per acre, as against an estimate of 23.3 bushels by the August report; or a total product according to the former of 21,280,543 bushels, as against 20,474,729 bushels by the latter.

Mr. Stephen D. Elkins, a somewhat noted politician, thinks that parties will have to grapple with the labor question-that it is a live issue that guestion—that it is a live issue that must be met. He says that "the price of labor has come to be computed on destiny by a wealthy marriage, he the basis of what it costs the laborer to live-a situation which cannot endure with the degree of education prevailing in this country. Mr. Elkin's remedy is co-operation and combination, making capital and labor harmonious instead of antagonistic."

Even General Gordon, whom the exigencies of British politics exalted to the rank of a martyr and hero of almost superhuman excellence, did not seem altogether admirable to all who knew him. For example, Judge George S. Bachelder, the American representative in the international tribunal at Cairo, who has just returned to New nature. Those who knew her best York, brought back with him a not very favorable opinion of the general. He says General Gordon, whom he saw and of whom he heard so much from those who knew him well, cared for nobody but himself, and had the same disregard of death as the orientals among whom he had lived for so many years. He was pious, but bloody, and would have made the Soudan groan with his despotism if fate had not cut short his career in Khartoum. "To us in Cairo," says Judge Bachel. der, "he was anything but a hero-Gordon brought about his own destruction by disobeying orders."

Col. Fred. D. Grant he mapped out a work that shall be supplemental to his father's book upon the inner history of our armies during the rebellion. The colonel is in possession of an immense amount of material bearing upon matters that are little known to the public; and yet that are of great public interest, and from these purposes compiling a book that will give the record of his father during the time of reconstruction and the subsequent eight years of his presidency. Many interesting points will be drawn from Gen. Grant's private correspondence while he was president-points that will throw light upon the hidden secrets of that time. Col. Grant will try to condense this matter into a volume of 500 pages, connecting the cious, and smiling. Did she know or private and official documents by a necessary thread of explanation, but he will find impossible to present in so confined a space even the more important papers that will be required to clearly define the personal and political situation of his father during those years. In compiling this work he closely will follow the plan laid down for him by the general, with whom he has discussed the subject frequently and thoroughly, and there is, therefore every reason to believe that the result will be satisfactory to himself and of value to the public. More interesting, perhaps, than Gen. Grant's book, to the great mass of readers.

SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and care A few paternal acres bound, Content to breathe his native air In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread. Whose flocks supply him with attire; Whose trees in summer yield him shade, In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find Hours, days and years slide soft away In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and case Together mixed; sweet recreation, And innocence, which most does please With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown; Thus unlamented let me die; Steal from the world, and not a stone Tell where I lie.

## SIX YEARS.

Mr. Alvin Sutton stood in the shadow of the drapery, looking up the long and brilliantly lighted salon where Madame Marschel had gathered her "dear five hundred."

He was not so elaborately dressed as the other men present. His coat had been sponged and brushed for the occasion, although his gloves were fresh and of the nicest quality, which bit of extravagance nearly emptied his

Truth to tell, Alvin Sutton's fame just at present exceeded his finances. He was a rising young author, and as such Madame Marschel who was a charming little old Frehch lady, had become interested in him, and chose to introduce him into her set.

Alvin would not have acknowledged that he came to-night for the express purpose of looking once more upon Kate Chamberlain, but such was the

Outwardly, he was quiet and easy, carrying himself-despite his shabby coat-with the graceful insouciance which attracted and fascinated so many of his acquaintances; but in his heart, refusing to be quieted, was a restless memory of old days, when with a laughing sixteen-year-old girl, he strolled along the beach of the dear little seaport across the ocean, or drifted with merry jest and song over the moonlit waves of Penobscot Bay. Six years ago!

She was a romping, gypsy-faced girl, whose best dress was a fifty cent cash-

He was the village doctor's son, earning a modest remuneration with

his pen, and dreaming dreams. Ambitious friends had stepped besupposed; and now at this late day he found her in Paris, unmarried still, surpassingly brilliant, the admiration and the adoration of the gay world wherein she moved, and betrothed, it was whispered, to Lord R-, a prominent M. P., twice her years in age, but immensely wealthy. Kate's beauty did not consist of reg-

ularity of feature, her month was too large, her chin too decided. She had magnificent hair and eyes, however, and there was an intangible witchery about her presence that brought scores of lovers at her feet.

For this they called her a coquette, and women said spiteful things about

Only a few among her society friends were to be found in the poverty-stricken haunts of the great city, but Kate was not made of the stuff to rehearse her own deeds of tenderness and char-

To-night, as she stood in the centre of a brilliant group, radiant in satin, lace and costly jewels, her old-time boy-lover was doing her a great injustice in his thoughts.

Proud, selfish and vain, he told him-

self; the innocent girl-heart he had known warped by her frivolous, shallow life-sold to an old man for mon-

Nevertheless he did not object when his hostess led him forward.

"Miss Chamberlain, I have the pleas ure to present Monsieur Sutton-of your own country, mam'selle."
Alvin bent low before her, with a faintly-sarcastic smile curving the big brown moustache. Would she recog-

nize him? "Sutton-Alvin Sutton!" said Kate, a sudden bright smile lighting her limb. great eyes as she frankly gave him her hand; "of my own native village, dear

madame! And she nodded gayly at the Frenchwoman, who arched her delicate eyes

"Ah! is that so? What pleasure!" "Yes, indeed, it is a pleasure," responded Kate, with another smile at Alvin, which made the men about her green with jealousy, while the young man himself bowed again and murmered something about "too much

honor. One by one the others drifted away, until they stood quite alone together. A hot resentment had grown up in Alvin's heart against her. She was so

did she care what he was suffering? When the others had left them, a new shyness came into her manner. child-like cadence in her low toneswhat did it all mean?

But with the sudden remembrance of her title lover, he crushed out the passionate hopes in his heart, and mentally called himself a fool to be thrilled so by the coquettish arts of this woman.

She was making the most of her last days of freedom-that was very evi-

Well, since she desired a flirtation, why should he not gratify her, and indulge this mad desire of his for companionship with the woman whom he had struggled so vainly to forget?

of her folly and weakness would work

a radical cure of his passion. If Kate Chamberlain was surprised and puzzled by his manner, she was also fascinated by it.

He seemed to have grown as variable as the wind; at times tenderly gallant in his treatment of her, at times bitter and sarcastic.

And Kate's meekness was a wonder

to behold. To be sure she quarreled with him but much as a naughty child would quarrel with its lawful guardians. The fiercest never seemed to keep them

Wherever Kate was, the young au-thor was sure to appear in his shabby coat, sometimes smiling and debonair, sometimes with a coldly, careless expression, which made him doubly nandsome.

Match-making mammas whose daughters were attracted by his fine face and figure, were wont to say of

"A handsome young man, but so very poor, you know, in spite of his talents." It mattered little to him. He had

eyes and ears for but one woman. He denounced himself a hundred times a a week for being a contemptible fool, if not a knave, for lingering about this woman whom rumor had betrothed to Lord R-, yet night after night found him in her presence at ball, at opera, hiding his pain and passion under a careless exterior. But the end was near.

Lord R-was expected in Paris soon and Kate's aunt's had been showering reproaches upon the girl for her reckless disregard of appearances in flirting so desperately with "that poverty-stricken scribbler who hadn't a decent coat to his back.' and Kate was quite desperate.

"Lord R- returns next week, and what will he think of you?" pursued her irate relative.

"It matters little to me what Lord R-thinks," replied Kate, very calmly, though there was a glitter in her dark eyes.

Mrs. Chamberlain, who affected Parisian manners, uttered a little shriek.

"And you are as good as engaged to him! What can you be thinking of? I am sure he is coming here to propose to you. People consider it a settled affair already, and you are the envy of half the women in Paris—you strange, perverse creature!"
"Aunt Louise," said Kate very de

cidedly, "Lord R— is not coming here on my account, I think he understands that I shall never marry him. You have been kind to me, and have shown me many favors, for which I am truly grateful—therefore I regret to disappoint you, but honesty compels me to confess that I shall consider myself a happy woman, when Alvin Sutton asks me to be his wife.

And she swept away, leaving Mrs. Chamberlain in a condition bordering on frenzy.

Kate was so sure that Alvin Sutton loved her. Had they not vowed eternal constancy in the old days? Had she not kept his image pure and un-defiled in her heart, while she waited, waited for fate to bring them together once more.

She laughed, with blissful tears in her eyes, thinking over the old days and their more recent intercourse, during which he had not scrupled to con-demn her frivolous life. She would show him some day how dress and fashion had not quite spoiled her! How she would keep his house, and get up delicious dinners for him out of nothing, and economize in any way so that she was with him his happy, lov-

ing wife! That very evening, at the Russian minister's reception, she met him.

He led her into the conservatory, presently, where the music of the band softened by the distance, mingled with the splashing of a fountain. She looked like a bride, in her dead-white silk, with creamy roses in her hair and bosom

Alvin's eyes clung half sadly to her smiling face, as he said, slowly:

"I suppose I must congratulate "Upon what?" queried Kate, look-

ing up in surprise.

He laughed bitterly. 'How innocent you are! I have arned to-day that your fiancee, Lord R-, returns next week. I must, of course, congratulate you, as well as bid you farewell; for business demands my presence in America. My new bock s to be issued this spring. Our little flirtation has-"

"Stop, sir!" She had arisen and stood before him, white and trembling in every

All the anguish that mortal seemed capable of suffering seemed to be crowded into that one cruel moment. Even the sensitive pride, which is a woman's shield, was thrust aside by the suddenness of the blow which had struck home to her heart.

For a moment there was a silence. broken only by the far-off crash of the band.

At last she spoke, tremulously, de pite her mighty struggle for self-con-

"I am at a loss to know what manner of a woman you consider me, she said; "but justice for myself and respect for Lord R-compel me to inform you that I am not, and never have been betrothed to him, neither do I expect to be."

"Kate-Kate!" He threw his arms towards her with this passionate exclamation, all his undying love for her glorifying his face. She would have been blind or stupid had she failed to read that love aright, although he had spoken no word be yond that simple utterance of her

Blinding tears rushed to her eyes as he drew her toward him.

"Kate, dearest, do you remember the old days? I thought you were trifling with me. I love you so dearly that my heart was wild with the bur-

den of parting. You do love me? Speak Kate—you will be my wife?" He had out his handkerchief, wiping away her tears, as if she were his girlsweetheart of the old days.

ad struggled so vainly to forget? "You don't deseve any Surely, a more intimate knowledge swer, you horrible man!"

## said, with a little laugh. "Do you think I would have allowed you to go sefar if I had not loved you? LIFE IN CASTLE GARDEN.

to the great delight of the Paris semi

Alvin cared nothing for any of them.

He was determined not to return to

America without his wife, and she was just as determined to go with

Shortly after his book was issued he

found himself not only a famous man,

but a wealthy one; and Kate never-

regretted marrying the "shabby author

without a second coat to his back."—
Annabell Dwight.

Good Hot Weather Reading.

Frederick Schwatka in New York Times.

means 100 deg. below freezing point

It was in the Artic regions, not far

from Back's Great Fish River, when

the author was conducting a home

ward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay

in the depth of an Artic winter-Nov

ember, December, January, February

and March-that he experienced it.

-had set in just before Christmas, in

1879, the thermometer sinking down

never getting above 60 deg. below, and

we were having a hard time with our

sleighing along the river, our camps at

night almost in sight of those we had

left in the morning, so close were they

together and so slowly did we labor

along. Reindeer, on which we were relying for our daily supply of food, were not found near the river, and be-

ing seen some ten or fifteen miles back

from it, I determined to leave its bed

We had been gone three or four days,

when, as we ascended the higher levels,

the thermometer commenced lowering,

and on the 3d of January, 1880, at 3

o'clock in the afternoon, reached 71

deg. below zero, the coldest we exper-

ienced on our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest ever encountered by white men traveling

out of doors, for that day we moved

camp some ten or twelve miles to the south-eastward. The day was not at all

disagreeable, I must say, until along toward the early night, when a slight

zephyr, the merest kind of motion of the wind that would hardly ruffle the

leaves on a tree, or even suffice to cool

the face on a warm day, sprang up

from the southward, and, slight and

insignificant as it was, it cut to the bone every part of the body that was exposed, and which, fortunately, was

only the face from the eyebrows to the

chin and about half of the cheeks. We

turned our backs toward it as much

as possible, and especially after we had

gotten into camp and got to work

building our snow-houses and digging through the thick ice of the lake for fresh water, and so lazily did our

breath, that congealed into miniature

clouds, float away to the northward,

like the little, light cirrus clouds of a

summer sky, that we knew well enough how terribly cold it must be without

looking at the thermometer that stood

It is not so much the intensity of the

cold, expressed in degrees on the ther-mometer, that determines the disa-

greeableness of Arctic winter weather

as it is the force and relative direction

of the wind. I have found it far

pleasanter with the thermometer at 50 deg., 60 deg. or even 70 deg. below

zero, Fahrenheit, with little or no wind

blowing at the time, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little tell

tale showed 20 deg. warmer tempera-

ture. Even an Arctic acclimated white

man facing a good strong wind at 20

deg. or 25 deg. below zero is almost sure to find the wind freeze the nose

and cheeks, and the thermometer does

not have to sink over 4 deg. or 5 deg.

to induce the Esquimaux themselves to

keep within their snug snow houses un-

der the same circumstances, unless

want or famine demands their presence

in the storm. With plenty in the

larder for all the mouths, brute and

human, none of them venture out in

Extent of Human Travel.

The movement of persons has under-

gone quiet as important a growth as

that of goods. In the "Reviewing of the World's Economy" the number of

passengers carried by all the railroads

in all parts of the world in 1882 is

estimated at 2,400,000,000, or an

average of 6,500,000 a day, the ab-

was the case with goods, they are car-

ried for longer distances and more

days' journeys than on railroads, so

that, estimated by the mile or day,

the amount of both frieght and pas-

senger work the steamers do will ad-

pear to much better advantage. The significance of the facilitation of pas-

senger transportation is divided princi-

pally from its effects on social con-

ditions civilizations and customs.

One of the most important of these

effects is illustrated in emigra-

tion, which has assumed dimen-

Of twelve and a half million emigrants

who went to the United States between

the recognition of their independence

and 1883, not more than a million be-

lishment of regular passenger com-

munications by steamer with Europe

about 1884. As a result of the es-

tablishment of this method of com-munication, and of the building of the

railroads that opened the Mississippi

Valley and the western part of the

continent, emigration assumed collos-

sal proportions. Besides the ameli-

oration of the voyage, which has be-

come an affair of not more than ten

creased safety of the transit may be

marked and circumstances contribut-

ing to this result.

long to the time previous to the estab-

From the Popular Science Monthly.

such weather.

71 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit.

and strike straight for home in Hud-

son's Bay.

Seventy-one degrees below zero

dal mongers.

Stray Pictures in the New World's Great

Why, Alvin"-sheswayed toward him. and lifted her two slender hands to his Turnstile. New York Herald .- "Did you ever shoulders—"I never doubted your love any more than I did my own." kill an immigrant, Captain?" inquired A week later they were married, to the great horror of Kate's wint, and a Herald reporter of bluff George E. Moore, the veteran landing agent at

Castle Garden. Never had the luck-bad luck, mean. I have landed every immigrant that ever came here-eleven millions of them-and we have never killed or injured one of them or lost a piece of baggage. Singular, isn't it? But I don't want to brag or we'll surely have an accident right off."

"Didn't you ever have a suicide

"Nary a su. You see, if a person is going to kill himself he does it on the voyage when everything looks blue and he is feeling sick and miserable. By the time they get into port they feel better; they have the interest of seeing strange sights in a new country and the hope of finding something to make them happy in this unknown land of promise. If they put off committing suicide until they get here they postpone it until they get away. Be-sides, a good many eyes are watching here, and people acting suspiciously are placed under surveillance at once." "I suppose you see many queer char-acters here."

Severe weather—that is, intensely cold 'Queer characters? Oh, Lord!" and Captain Moore gave a gasp as expres-sive as a whole oration. to 65 deg. and 68 deg. below zero, and

If you wish to see a mosaic of humanity go to Castle Garden. If you wish to study human nature in many aspects and of many nationalities this is surely the school of schools. Castle Garden is Cosmopolis. It is the gathering place of the nations. It is the modern Tower of Babel. It is the meeting of the waters. It is the greatest human kalcidoscope ever invented. Capt. Moore is very fond of present-ing his friends with a little book, issued

by the American Bible Society, which gives John iii., 16—"For God so loved the world," &c., translated into one hundred and sixty-four different languages. If the eleven million human bodies which has passed through Castle Garden could be classified according to nationality there would be few of those tongues left unrepresented in the vast agglomeration. What a procession! Is there any other on earth to equal it? It has contained all classes and conditions of men, women and children, for the nobleman has been there as well as the beggar. It has been the birth-place and the deathbed of people. It has seen giants and dwarfs, and all manner of monstrosities. And it has furnished also some of the best blood which the United States pos-sesses to-day, Castle Garden is a big thing on ice.

Castle Garden is one of those natural theaters which almost always have some new drama upon the stage. Visit it at almost any time, and you will find some unique picture or novel situation in the tangled skein of human life. The bulk of the incoming tide of of travel is, of course, commonplace and uninteresting, as life in the lower strata of society is very apt to be. A ship-load of immigrants pours into the gateway, bringing the flavor of some particular Nation with it, and then pours out again, and goes westward, and in the thousand people there may not be a dozen who excite a ripple of interest in the observer; but every once in a while there comes a comet, or planet, an eccentric star, or a brilliant one, and the attention is fixed. Dig down a little and you find, not dirt, not chaff, but the golden sand which makes life something more than a mere animal existence—the "material" of the poet, the dramatis; and the

Look at that pretty girl with wooden shoon, and golden band about her hair, sitting apart from the rest, with a far away look in her eyes and a faint smile on her lips as she tucks a rude letter away against the white bosom behind her quaint bodice. Can you not see the love story there, the tearful separation years ago, the struggling farmer in the west, the waiting maiden in the east, the summons to come and the happy reuniting not far off now? "Why, it is as plain as print to an old Castle Gardener. Every steamer brings a score of lovers on their way to union and reunion. These old country lovers are more faithful than those of North America.

Yonder is a Swedish lass who fairly makes the Yankee tongue itch to be able to talk her language. Her gay skirt comes down to the knees. Below it are top boots. Above it a snowwhite waist. Above that—ah! such a Nilsson smile! What is the romance here? Bless your heart, young man, isn't that arch little creature a ro-mance in herself? Where are your solute number of passengers carried on steamers is smaller; but here as nerves?

It is a noticeable peculiarity of the North country people (for Castle Garden) that they are strikingly clean and neat in person, intelligent in manners, and they make themselves quickly at home in a strange place. A Swedish girl will flirt with a good-looking American young man as freely and naturally as a watering-place belle, whereas the representatives of more southern nations (and apparently more dirty ones) act more like frightened animals than intelligent human beings from the time they leave the ship until they are domiciled beyond

sions under the operations of the new methods of communication. the public eye. The only predominating topic of in-terest in the immigrant mind is money -how to make it and how to save it Suspicious of every one who can not talk their particular language, though easily bamboozled by those who do, they come into the Garden looking upon every stranger as a robber and an Their money, which may be enemy. a greater sum and may be a less, is sewed away in the lining of their clothes or fastened in their coats, or secreted in their stockings, or chained to their waists by brazen money belts and various other apparatus of torture, and to get it out is much worse than pulling teeth or coaxing pigs to market. Only a few days ago an old Swede brought his wife and \$1,400 in money or twelve days for an emigrant vessel, the improved fare the cheaper rate of passage and the punctuality and inover with him, and it was an hour before he could be persuaded to get it changed into American money, and in the day, and the racket ple then not until he had been taken in-

side of the exchange bureau and the whole thing described to him about nine separate times. Put the same suspicious man in the hands of a shrewd rascal outside conversant with Swedish, and that money would change ownership in a very short order. It is a common saying at the Garden that an immigrant knows more when he arrives there than he ever does afterward. You can not teach him anything. If he is in the toils of a swindler, and you try to warn him in time to save himself, he will refuse to believe you. The most successful swindlers who operate among the immi-grants lay the foundation of their work with letters and circulars sent cross the ocean.

What are the immigrants' first impressions of this country? Most of them are very matter of fact. The pleasing fiction that they come here expecting to pick up money in the streets is a wild romance. They do expect to make money, and they have a lingering hope that it will come without much work. They walk out and view the butt end of the city and go back much disappointed. It isn't half so fine as they thought it would be, they say, and they compare it unfavorably with London or Paris or Berlin, or whatever city they are familiar with. Those who stay at the Garden long enough to get acquainted with the sharpers who are constantly on the watch there or thereabouts for victims come to believe that New York is quite a lively town after all. The "Labor Bureau bum" is a well known character. A ticket from the Labor Bureau gives him entry there every night, and he houses himself there as long as he can scrape up money to buy food. Then he wants to be sent back to Europe. He is a sort of local tramp, with the tramp's aversion to real work.

The Fire Horse and the Whip. From the New York Times.

The firemen who trained the horses for the department have abundant opportunities for a confirmation of the theory that horses reason from cause to effect. Of one horse in particular, which is now in active service, many anecdotes are current, as showing his great intelligence and ability to master questions for himself. The following story was told by one of the assistant engineers at the fire on Broad-

'Jim," he said, pointing to a powerful black horse who was pawing and snorting in time with the puffs from the engine, "was a difficult horse to train. He was slow at learning to leave the stall and make a rush for the pole as soon as the gong sounded. We tried him in various ways, and finally made him one of the quickest horses in the service by simply feeding him an apple as soon as he had taken his place at the pole. This plan worked admirably, but the depart-ment didn't supply unlimited apples, so when we thought him fully trained the customary apple was omitted. What did Jim do then but quietly remain in his stall when the alarm rang out. The apple business was resorted to again, and he was as spry as before. Then again the apple was dispensed with, and Jim did not budge, but looked at the men calmly, and if a horse can wink, I think any one could see the merry twinkle in his eye and imagine him saying. 'No apple, no move.

"He was too strong and too valuable to lose, so the foreman rigged up an automatic whip, which was released at the first tap of the gong, and came down with a sharp thwack across Jim's quarters. For two or three days this answered every expectation, but it was then noticed that when Jim backed into the stall he furtively looked behind him, and after a cogitation with himself he squeezed his body close up to the side of the stall, so that the lash came harmlessly down by his side. This was not only once, but every time he was put in his stall, and it was clear he had beaten the men. Well, then another plan was adopted. The whip or lash was strung along the side of the stall, and when the gong sounded out it sprang, hitting Jim a smart clip on the side. This brought him out on a run for two or three days, when again he got the best of us. When he was backed in he would just plant his body firmly against the side of the stall, and the gong might sound for a week and the lash never touch him, as he held it tight against the boards. We then tried a third and last plan of having half a dozen lashes working from the gong, so that however he may place himself some of them are sure to hit him. This has succeeded so far, but Jim has evidently been thinking out a plan to get the best of this, and I am not sure he will not succeed. During the narrative Jim stood qui-

etly as if listening, and when the engineer, walking by him, gave him a friendly pat, he neighed out a whinny of satisfaction, acting as if he had understood every word.

## The Origin of Lawn Tennis. From the London Truth.

How few lawn tennis players know

who originated the game and where the first game was played? This excellent pastime has now been in existence for ten years, and it has probably been a greater source of amusement than anything of the kind ever invented. The originator and inventor was Maj. Walter Wingfield, of Her Majesty's Body Guard, who in 1874 wrote a little book, compiled a set of rules, and coined the outlandish name "Sphairistike." The first game ever played was in 1874, at Col. Naylor Leyland's house in Denbighshire. The first public game ever played in this country was at Prince's Ground, in the summer of 1875, the players being Maj. Wingfield, Mr. Clement Scott, Capt. Alfred Thompson and Mr. Albany Erskine. It was openly jeered at by a crowd of racket and cricket celebrities, who did their utmost to ridicule the game in every way. But in less than one month two courts were taken at Prince's for every hour in the day, and the racket players and