(4)

MY PHILOSOPHY.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute,
No matter ef his daily walk
Is subject fer his neighbor's talk,
And critic minds of ev'ry whim
Jest get up and go fer him.

It's nachural enough, I guess,
When some gets more and some gets less,
Fer them that's on the slimest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide,
And I've knowed some to lay in wait
And get up soon and set up late
To ketch some fellow they wuld hate
Fer goin at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin fault with Providence
And balkin 'cause the world don't shake
At ev'ry prancin step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out everywhere.

My doctrin' is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that count jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.
—Whitcomb Riley.

Tragedy of an Organ-grinder.

THE class, or rather section of mankind which we are accustomed to call Bohemian, is very generally condemned for its supposed laxity and looseness of living. That many Bohemians are lax and loose cannot be denied, yet in what class will you not find individuals who share such a failing? But in consequence of this hasty generalization the beauties of Bohemia are altogether overlooked or swamped in this sweeping moral censure. Now what is not generally known is that on the frontier of that country there is set what we may call the converse of a douane. No importation of any sort is illegal; you may take in as many unbroken boxes of cigars as you please, but you and your luggage will not be passed unless you have an unbroken box of kindliness toward your fellow creatures. You must be sympathetic; your willingness to condone, or at any rate your refusal to condemn, must be beyond dispute. That certain acts and modes of thought are altogether foreign to your nature, you must accept. You must be willing to concede that the world is wide, and that there are many things about which you are not competent to judge. You must be tolerant, and you must remember that you are a man and a brother; or, if you are not, that it would be better if you were. If you can comply with these requirements, you may, if you will, wander far and wide through Bohemia; you may, if you will be naturalized, but without them you cannot be. As is Bohemia, so are Bohemians, and thus I maintain that they have many good points in their favor.

Jack Stanley was the best Bohemian I ever knew, but as he had none of what are considered the cardinal vices of that nation, he was never classed as one. He was only considered rather odd.

We were sitting together in the window of a club one day late in July last year, looking out onto the hot, dusty street. The season was dying hard, but had been emitting sundry galvanic efforts to pretend it was quite frisky still, in the shape of rather sparsely attended dances. Jack's Bohemianism did not cut him off from his own class, but he had been lamenting its want of originality compared to what he called "second circles."

"The capital of Bohemia," he was saying, "is London, and the season is from September to December. Of course, May to July is very lively, and I breakfasted off cherries this morning in Covent Garden. Towzler gave me them. Do you know Towzler? He is one of the proper old Covent Garden men, and drives his own van up every night. I don't believe he goes to sleep at all between April and August. My dear fellow, you should know Towzler. I don't approve of his morals, but he is really original."

"What's wrong with his morals?" I asked.

"O, haven't you heard? He was had up for bigamy at Bow street. He got off, but Towzler tells me it's God's truth."

"How did he get off?'

"That's Towzler's concern. They couldn't lay hands on the second woman. He says he hasn't done her any harm; she's only on a visit to foreign parts, apparently. Poor old Towzler, he had a rough week of it. But his methods are always simple, and simplicity is the secret of art."

"But not a proof of it, though I don't doubt Towzler is an artist. What time did you get home this morning?"

"About half-past five," said Jack. "I left Lady Masingberd's at three, and as it was a lovely morning I walked to Covent Garden, and breakfasted with Towzler, as I said. Three to four on a midsummer morning is the loveliest hour in all the year. So mankind snores then. I am a fool, I know, but I must say that I have the sense to appreciate an early midsummer morning. Even London looks washed."

A piano-organ struck up in the street outside at this moment, and Jack got up and went to the window. It was employed in cutting out the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" with relentless accuracy.

"I know that only one piano-organ could have got that tune yet," murmured Jack. "He'll play the 'Lost Chord' next.

Now and then I felt a little irritated with Jack. It is excusable to feel irritated with a man who says he knows what tune a chance barrel-organ will play next.

"I bet you two to one he doesn't," said I.

"My dear fellow, it's not fair to bet on certainties. It's Jim Planter's organ; I know Jim intimately. There; I told you so. 'Seated one day at the piano-organ!' How well the music suits the words, and how bourgeois they both are! They are a sort of meat-tea-music."

He threw up the window. "That's the most determined piano-organ in London," he continued. "It stamps the notes out like a steam-punch, and flings them down on the pavement—bang——. There! What an example of industry and punctuality. If there is a single moment to spare, it sprints up to the top of its compass and down again, and is always in time for the next note. Good afternoon, Jim. How is she going today?"

A thick, husky voice from outside growled out:

"Silly old"—something I could not catch what. "She's got a wambling in her innards today, I'm thinking."

Jack shut down the window.

"Jim is so colloquial," he sighed, and of course Lord Anstruther passed at the moment. "That's the great disadvantage of clubs. You can talk to your friends from the window, but your other friends can hear what they say."

He threw himself into an armchair.

"Jim has a real soul for music," he said, "though of course his taste isn't educated. He went to the gallery at the opera the other night—I gave him a ticket—and unfortunately they were doing the 'Tristan and Isolde.' He's very straightforward. And he said he'd never heard such damed catterwaling in his life."

"That doesn't necessarily prove that he's musical," said I.

"No. I was going to tell you more about him. He has the most intense affection for his organ. He took the pledge six months ago, and put by twopence a day until he had saved enough to buy the 'Intermezzo,' for it. It was for that reason alone, for I know as soon as he had got it he wasn't sober for a week. He tried to pawn his blue ribbon as remnants, but they wouldn't advance him anything on it. The man at the pawnshop told him that the market was overstocked with blue ribbons. That pawnbroker appears to be a finished cynic—I must make his acquaintance."

"Did he get all his tunes that way?" I asked.

"I am afraid he stole the 'Lost Chord,'" said Jack, thoughtfully. "He had long wanted it, and one day a brother grinder left his organ in the street, while he went into a gin-palace. Jim had had his eye on that organ for a long time; it was just the same size as his. And while the brother grinder was drinking, he—he abstracted the 'Lost Chord' and went away. He nearly got into trouble over it; but of course you can't swear to the identity of a 'Lost Chord.' It would have been absurd to convict him."

"Yes; it sounds an immaterial sort of charge."

Jack lit a cigarette, and sat silent for a moment.

"It's perfectly true, as all your moralists are always impressing on us—that a man never gets what he wants without wanting something he hasn't got."

He paused.

"What is it that Jim hasn't got?" I inquired.

"He's been walking out with that girl for two years," he continued, "and she won't make up her mind to marry him. How odd it is you should be ignorant of these things! People like you are supposed to be looking for material, and yet you never go where it lies in the streets, broadcast like manna."

"Never mind about material. Tell me about Jim's young woman."

"She can't go out just at present," said Jack discursively, "she got a severe bite a couple of days ago."

"A dog?" I suggested.

"I asked the same question, and she said to me: 'O, no, it was another lady what did that.' She is very fresh and frank. Anyhow, Jim is worth half a dozen of her, but she doesn't want to commit herself, I think. You see, in those classes—I don't know why I talk about classes—young women sow their wild oats as well as young men."

"And even the 'Intermezzo' doesn't make Jim happy?"

"No; I hoped it would. I expect she's been unkind to him today, for he spoke quite—quite crossly to me just now. Good heavens! it's half-past four."

"Where are you going to?"

"I'm going to see Frank Carver."

"Is Frank Carver an organ-grinder?"

"No; why should he be? I don't limit my acquaintance to organ-grinders. I don't really know how to describe him. He's a sort of agent."

"That sounds sufficiently vague."

"Sufficiently inclusive, I hope. Frank's very broad in his views. Well, good-bye."

This conversation took place at the end of July, and a couple of days afterwards I left London for the country, and lost sight of Jack for some months. He had been seen, so I heard, at Aix-les-Bains in August, though what took him there I cannot pretend to guess. He certainly did not take the waters, and the report that reached me that he was going to marry a Russian princess with a hook nose and no roubles was quite incredible. But in December I was in London again, and passing one day up Jermyn street, I inquired at Jack's lodgings whether he was in town, and receiving an answer that he was in his room, I went up.

On the landing outside his room there stood propped against the banisters a large piano-organ. The thought of Jim flashed across my mind, and I gave the handle a turn, and was not surprised when the first two or three bars of the "Intermezzo" detached themselves, as it were, from the surrounding dusk, and clattered, as Jack had said, on the floor.

Apparently the noise roused him, for he came out from his room to see who I was.

"Ah, come in," he said. "I am delighted to see you. Yes; Jim's piano-organ."

"And is Jim having tea with you?" I asked.

"No; Jim is dead. He left me his piano-organ."

I followed him into the room, and he poured me out a cup of tea.

"Yes," he repeated; "Jim is dead. He committed suicide. Confounded fool—poor old Jom."

"Tell me about it," I said.

For a moment he looked at me distrustfully, as the douane officials on the frontier of Bohemia might look at a traveler with scanty luggage.

"If you care to know, I will tell you," he said.

"I do care to know."

"I think I told you before that Jim had a young woman who wouldn't make up her mind whether to marry him or not. Well, one day last October, Jim couldn't stand it any longer. He had taken her out for a walk on Sunday afternoon, and he asked her for a direct answer, yes or no, but she wouldn't say either—she is a most tiresome young woman—and poor Jim got desperate. He told her that she was spoiling his life, that he didn't care for his piano-organ any more, that even the 'Intermezzo' was a burden and the 'Lost Chord' had failed, or words to that effect; and as for other young women—well, his classification of them appears to have been most—how shall I say it?—most peremptory. Fanny told me all about it—her name is Fanny. They were waiting at Hammersmith district railway station for a train to take them home, and at last Jim said that if she wouldn't answer him one way or the other he'd throw himself down in front of the train, and she might go home alone, and he would never be able to bother her any more. In fact he apparently played the heavy father somewhat.

"Of course Fanny laughed, and said she'd like to see him do it; and if there's one thing its unsafe to do to a love-sick man, it is to laugh at him. You may abuse him and insult him, and he will probably fight you, and that will do him good; but it is best not to laugh at him. He didn't say anything more, and Fanny went on chaffing him, telling him it was a pretty thing to do to ask her to go out walking with him, and then behave like a stuffed idol, or whatever their equivalent for a stuffed idol is—a glass of flat half-and-half, I should think. Then Jim said suddenly that he was sorry she hadn't enjoyed herself that afternoon. And when the train came up, he stepped quietly off the platform onto the line in front of it. I had just come home from Aix, and was spending the evening alone, when Fanny—or what was once Fanny—rang at the house and demanded admittance. My man, on the other hand, refused her admittance, and between them they kicked up such a row that I went down to see what the matter was. Fanny—a fringeless, dishevelled Fanny—was about half way through her vocabulary of expletives; but my man had finished and had begun again from the beginning. He is a sort of savage and has only a few simple words. They were both very much out of breath. I went with Fanny to St. George's. Jim had not been killed outright, but he died before morning. He left me the piano-organ."

"And Fanny?" I asked.

"Fanny is his executrix and legatee. We went to the funeral together, and I took care of her. She wore a large black ostrich feather in her hat, and was very hysterical. She gurgled on my shoulder. Afterward she made me an offer of marriage."

In the silence that followed Jack walked to the window and looked out. The gas had just been lit in the streets, and the pavements were greasy and shining with a cold sleet which was driving down from the east. The room had grown dark during his story, and pale billious squares of light had sprung onto the ceiling from the gas-lamps outside. He stood there in silence for a little while, and then turned back into the room and lit the candles. A man came in to clear away the tea things, and just as he was leaving the room, Jack spoke to him.

"Bring in the piano-organ," he said.

And standing in the middle of the room, he played the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana," all but the first three bars, which I had played outside on the landing, and when it was finished we were both silent again, for it seemed to us that it was Jim's requiem.

Then Jack turned to me.

"Poor old Jim," he said. "Of course it was a devilish silly thing to do; but it was a fine answer to Fanny's chaff. It would have been finest of all if he could have made her believe that he was able to do it without doing it. But Fanny is so obtuse—I had to tell her three times that I really must decline the honor of her hand and heart—nothing but the practical demonstration would have convinced her. Yet, after all, it is better to do a fine thing and die, than to continue not doing fine things and live. I don't mean that Jim had done anything fine before, but, at any rate, he has done one fine thing more than most of us ever will."

$200,000,000 AND SEVENTY TITLES

Fortunes of Golden Girls Who Married Noblemen.

That a new impetus has been given the fashionable fad of marrying a title has clearly been shown by recent events. Miss Anna Gould is now a French countess, and Miss Mary Leiter, the far-famed Chicago beauty, will soon become the wife of the Hon. G. Curzon, M. P., prospective heir to the title of Lord Scarsdale. Miss Leiter's father is a millionaire several times over, and it is not improbable that as the Hon. Mrs. Curzon Miss Leiter will take with her to England something like three millions of good American dollars. Anna Gould's fortune is estimated to be fifteen millions.

These facts bring up the question with startling emphasis—How much money have titled American girls taken away with them to foreign shores? A laboriously compiled list of all the marriages of American women to titled men for the past thirty-five years shows that at least two hundred millions have gone away from these shores in the period. Eighty per cent of this is represented in the marriages of the past six years. This shows how the habit is growing.

CHINESE WEAKNESS.

Julian Ralph, in a letter relating to the situation of affairs in the East, makes a striking comparison to illustrate Chinese helplessness. He says:

"In considering this or any other war in China, the student must understand that China is not a nation, but a people. Instead of being a great body, 'moving glacierlike upon its enemy' (as an ex-diplomat in America ignorantly describes it), it is a broken bag of shot rolling in all directions away from the object that has torn the bag. We have here three sets of people—(1) the once warlike, now enervated Tartars or Manchoos, who rule the country; (2) the great body of true Chinese in the provinces north of the Yang-tse river, and (3) south of that river a number of dissimilar provinces, speaking different languages, having different customs, and governed for China in a manner that embraces much of the relics of the ancient feudalism which not long ago was pure there and complete."

China seems to be the most conspicuous illustration of a nation divided against itself. Thus, with its adherence to barbaric methods of warfare and its antipathy to modern civilization, it is left weak and defenseless before the brave, enterprising progressive and homogeneous Japanese, notwithstanding its enormous superiority in numbers.—Harper's Weekly.

HOW TO PREVENT TRAIN ROBBERIES.

Lieutenant Knight of the third cavalry contributes to the North American Review an article on a subject which is of much interest to the traveling public, towit: the prevention of train robberies.

He says that the make-up of trains in the Western country facilitates such robberies. These trains are made up in the following order: Engine, tender, express or baggage-cars, second-class coaches, first-class coaches and sleeping-cars. The robbers board the forward platform of the car nearest the tender at some small stopping-place and lie quiet until the train has reached a trestle in the darkness; then they crawl over the tender, cover the engineer and fireman and compel them to stop the train. This done, they return to the express-car and either terrify the messenger into opening the door, or blow it open with dynamite, when the booty is at their mercy. The occupants of the passenger-cars are unaware of what is happening until the affair is over.

Lieutenant Knight suggests that the make-up of trains should be altered by placing the engine and the express car at the two ends of the train. If this were done, the robbers would have to traverse the whole length of the train after they had stopped the locomotive before they could reach the plunder they sought, and in that long journey they would run no small risk of resistance by the train crew. And if they let the locomotive run on, and attacked and uncoupled the express car at the rear end of the train, an automatic alarm bell would immediately apprise every person on the train of their enterprise. The tocsin would be a signal for the engineer to back down his train, and by the time it reached the cut-off express car there would be a force of armed men on the rear platform ready to do battle. Lieutenant Knight supplements his plan with the suggestion that every car on the train should be provided with two repeating shotguns, each magazine containing five buckshot cartridges.

The plan is worth the attention of railroad managers and express companies. If the chances of death in train robberies is made greater than the possible prospect of gain, the business will be abandoned. It is only because train robbers generally escape scot free that the race continues to flourish. Some day two or three gangs of highwaymen in rapid succession will encounter train crews brave, resolute and keen-sighted, and will leave their corpses on the track. That will put a stop to the industry. When William III became king of England he found that all the great highroads leading out of London were infested with highwaymen, so that men traveled at the risk of their lives. The shrewd Dutchman detailed a regiment of cavalry to attend to the business. They patrolled every road from sunset to sunrise, and being rough riders, with a brutal directness in their methods, they shot and killed in a few weeks eighty robbers. There were no trials—only a few brief coroner's inquests. But the business of highway robbery fell into disrepute and was abandoned.—S. F. Bulletin.

ONE GAMBLER'S LUCK.

A party of horse racing followers were standing in Willard's lobby last night when a tall, soldierly looking man, with white hair and snowy mustache and imperial, strode in and advanced to the clerk's desk.

"See that feller," said one of the elderly men in the group. "That's 'Lucky Jack Doty.' Never hear of him? Well, he's got a story that is worth knowin'. Thirty years ago there wasn't a higher roller in the South. His people had died out one by one until only a sister was left, and Jack and her had loads of money and lots of negroes. She got religion the worst way, and all of a sudden went into a convent.

"As I said, Jack was a high roller, but he'd kept within bounds up to that time. When the girl left the world, as they call it, Jack was crazy. He was devoted to her, in spite of his runnin' around, and he just cut loose and raised a fog. He played the limit, and it wasn't long before the brace players had layouts fixed for him in every town he struck. His money went, and his negroes, too, and the time came when he didn't have the price of a shoestring. He drifted up to Memphis one night, broke and desperate. He went into a farrar bank and watched the game for awhile, but he didn't get a nod, where not long before the negroes used to break their necks to shove a chair up right in front of the layout for him.

"Old man Galloway had a fever streak on him that night, and was playin' blues at a hundred a stack. Jack sat down near him and seemed to flustrate the old man, because he bet 19 chips on a double seven and got split. He was madder'n a hornet, but he laughed just the same and said to Jack, as he handed over the split check to him:

"'I reckon you wanted a stake and made me bet odd chips. See what you can do with that.'

"Jack grabbed the two and a half like a hungry man catchin' a bun, and shot it into the square. The king won on the turn. Then the duce won twice. Jack let the $20 lay; the deuce won again; then the king won twice, and then the deuce won again. Neither the queen nor ace had showed, but the $320 in blue chips were still untouched. The dealer thought he had a cinch and never spoke about the $200 limit. The queen won on the turn.

"'Draw down to 200,' said the dealer, and Jack took $440 away. Well, the last king and all the queens and aces won, and Jack had 200 on every one. He kept on playing and turned the box down and carried off the $7,000 bank roll with him along about daybreak. He got the blue split he had started on and had a hole bored in it and put it on the chain of the watch he bought next day. He went to New Orleans and won $60,000 in five weeks. Then he went on a bank-breaking trip up the river, and he reached St. Louis in the spring of '69 worth $200,000 in solid cash. He was coming out of a farrer bank the day after he got there, when a little woman came up to him.

"'Jack,' she said, 'gimme that thing you've got on your watch chain and hang this instead,' and she held out a little medal. Jack saw it was his sister. He broke the blue split off and took the medal and put it on. There were twenty crooked games fixed for him at St. Louis, but he never played farrer again. He wears that little medal yet."

When Doty came out a few minutes later a dozen pair of eyes searched his vest. Dangling from the heavy gold chain that crossed it was the little medal.—Washington Star.

ELECTRIC TANNING.

The capabilities of that marvelous fluid, energy, or condition, whichever it may be, which we use so freely and know so little about, seems absolutely infinite. It is now employed for tanning leather. It is more especially valuable in coloring leather, which, by its aid is accomplished with wonderful rapidity and effectiveness. The skin is stretched over a metal slab, and the coloring mixture is then poured over it. A current of low power is sent through the metal. The pores of the leather are relaxed and opened, and the dye is absorbed into them by capillary attraction. A thin hide is colored completely through its substance in a very short space, a thicker hide requiring a proportionately longer time.

CAREER OF DOUGLASS

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE SLAVE-STATESMAN.

His Triumps in England and Ireland Graphically Related by an Eye Witness and Friend.

The Cleveland gentleman who was best acquainted with the late Fred Douglass is probably Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper. Dr. Pepper first met Mr. Douglass abroad nearly fifty years ago, says the Cleveland Herald, and tells some very interesting stories of the negro statesman's career.

"The first time I met Mr. Douglass," said Dr. Pepper, "was in Ireland, in 1847. He had met with enthusiastic receptions in London and throughout England, and had arrived at Cork. He was met at the landing by distinguished citizens, and rode away in a carriage seated between the lord mayor of Cork and Father Mathew, the great Roman Catholic apostle of temperance. He was dined by the city council, and was accorded especial marks of attention by the most prominent people in Cork.

"Going to Dublin, he went to call upon Daniel O'Connell, who was the first Catholic lord mayor that city had had for more than 300 years. Mr. Douglass had a letter of introduction from Hon. Charles Sumner, but when O'Connell's servant announced that there was a colored man at the door, the great Irishman rushed to the door, and clasping Douglass in a warm embrace, said: 'Fred Douglass, the American slave, needs no letter of introduction to me.'

"On the day following his arrival O'Connell took Douglass to Conciliation hall, where he introduced the ex-slave to the repealers, when he used the following words: 'If there be in the huts of Africa or in the swamps of the Carolinas, a human being panting for freedom, let it be proclaimed to him that he has a friend in the old Irish nation. My words shall travel across the winds and waves of the Atlantic; they shall roll up the banks of the Mississippi and the Missouri, telling the slaveholder that the time for his injustice to cease has come, and that the period for the emancipation of the bondman has arrived, according to the laws of the living God; and a prayer goes forth from my heart that a black O'Connell may arise in America,' pointing his finger at Douglass as he spoke. The whole audience arose and gave three hearty cheers for Douglass and the abolitionists.

"Daniel O'Connell," continued Dr. Pepper, "was a fierce and uncompromising abolitionist. About that time a check for a good many thousand dollars arrived from New Orleans to help the Irish cause. Mr. O'Connell took the paper and said, 'Send it back. Ireland is poor, but poor as she is, she cannot accept the wages of the unpaid negro.' About the same time O'Connell wrote his powerful appeal, urging the Irish in America to join forces with the abolitionists.

"Probably the grandest moment in Mr. Douglass' life," said Dr. Pepper, "was in London, near the time of the events which I have just related. He attended the world's universal peace convention, at which Lord Shaftesbury, the famous philanthropist, presided. Douglass was introduced to the audience, which consisted mainly of dukes and lords, as 'The American Slave.' At the conclusion of his address his hearers cheered for fully five minutes.

"One of the most striking incidents occurred, however, when a prominent New York clergyman went forward with the others and extended his hand, which was proudly refused by the black man. 'No,' said he, 'you would not do this if we were in New York, and I refuse to accept it here.' The incident was noted, and the New York clergyman did not have an opportunity to preach in a single London pulpit during his stay.

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"During his stay with me he referred to his escape from slavery. It was brought up by his reading an address of mine in Ireland in which I referred to the reception which was tendered to him there, and to the abhorrence of the Irish people for slavery. He said that when a boy, on Colonel Lloyd's plantation, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, he was seized with a desire to see a ship, and obtained permission from his mistress to go to that city. While at the docks he saw two Irishmen unloading the timbers from a vessel, and gave them some assistance.

"On taking leave of them, one of the men asked him if he was a slave, and upon his replying affirmatively, the other exclaimed:—'Why don't you run away? God never made a man to be a slave.' As he walked back to his master's plantation the words of that Irishman rang in his ears, and the idea resulted in his making his escape. Then, his sides shaking and his face wreathed in smiles, Douglass concluded:—'Mr. Pepper, when I get to heaven, I will search for those two Irishmen, and when I have found them I will take them before the Great Master of all, and will say: 'There are the men who told me that I was never meant to be a slave.'

"Then he talked for an hour about the celebrated men he saw and heard in England and Ireland, and said he thought Mr. O'Connell was the most natural and spontaneous orator he ever heard. He talked of Disreali, Wendell Phillips, and went into raptures over Lincoln. Said he: 'As the years roll on, yes, the centuries travel around, Lincoln's fame will continue to grow greater, and the colored race will never be able to mention his name without emotion."

A MEDAL PRESENTATION.

The President of the Commission Pleasantly Remembered.

A few days ago a beautiful gold medal was presented to Hon. Geo. T. Myers, president of the late Oregon World's Fair commission, by his fellow commissioners and the officers of the commission. The medal was formally presented to Mr. Myers by U. S. Senator Geo. W. McBride, who said:—"Mr. Myers—On behalf of the Oregon World's Fair commission, I have the honor to present to you this medal as a token of the personal esteem of those whose names are thereon inscribed, and as a testimonial of our appreciation of the energy, ability, and fidelity with which you have performed the onerous duties of president of the commission. We recognize that the success of the Oregon exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition is largely due to the able manner in which you met the trials and difficulties of your official position, while we must especially commend you for your personal sacrifice of time and money, in the interest of our common work in behalf of our state. Accept, then, this medal as an evidence of our recognition of your valuable service to the commission and to the state, and of our personal regard and esteem."

Mr. Myers responded with much feeling, saying that while, as a matter of necessity, the duty of supervising the general work of the commission had devolved upon him as its president, he had relied upon the advice and assistance of the commission, whose faithful and efficient performance of duty had brought about the signal success of Oregon's exhibit at the great exposition. He insisted that he had done only his duty according to his best judgment, and said that the credit for the success of the Oregon exhibit should rightfully be shared in common by the members of the commission, who had together shared its labors and responsibilities. He returned his thanks to those who had joined in presenting the medal, and said he should prize it highly, but not so highly as he prized their commendation of his course as their president and the good will and personal regard which prompted their kind gift. Mr. Myers closed by saying that he should gratefully remember his fellow members of the commission for their steadfast aid and support in the difficult labors of his position and for the beautiful memento of their appreciation and esteem.

The medal presented was of handsome design representing the globe, above which is a plain gold bar, on which is engraved the words, "George T. Myers, President." On the face of the medal the globe is surrounded by the words, "Oregon World's Fair Commission," and engraved on the obverse side of the globe are the names of the donors: Geo. W. McBride, J. R. Cardwell, W. F. Matlock, Phil Metschan, E. B. McElroy, J. A. Wright, Mary Payton, C. B. Irvine, secretary, Jay Guy Lewis, general superintendent.

ORIGIN OF EASTER.

Queer Customs and Superstitions In All Countries.

The Egyptian Osiris was probably the prototype of the Latin goddess Aurora—the dawn—who was known to the Germans and Saxons as Ostara, or Eastre. The latter goddess was often worshipped with fire, probably as an emblem of the dawn—Osterfeuer. When Germany became Christianized, the new church did its best to trample out all the old pagan customs. But they could not do it. The Eastre festivals in particular had taken a deep hold on the hearts of the people, and the heads of the new church wisely decided to make the best of them. So they turned them into Christian observances instead of heathen rites. The people held fast to their eggs. Let them go they would not. They kept on coloring and giving them as presents quite as much as though they still worshiped the goddess Eastre.

One must go back to the Persians for their first observance of the egg day. Before their conversion to Mohammedanism the Persians reckoned the beginning of their new year from the day in which the sun enters Aries, which is in March. According to one of the ancient cosmoganies, all things were produced from an egg, hence called the mundane egg. This cosmogany was received in Persia, and on this account there obtained among the people of that country a custom of presenting each other with an egg, the symbol of a new beginning of time on every New Year's day—that is, on the day when the sun enters Aries.

Among the Jews the season of the ancient New Year became that of the passover, and among the Christians the season of the passover has become that of Easter.

In olden times the fires were always quenched in all the churches on Easter eve and kindled anew from the flint, and the new fire being hallowed by the priest every one could take home a brand to be lighted, when needed, as a preservative against tempests. Less well observed is an old custom of putting the house in order on Easter day, particularly the kitchen.

In many parts of Ireland and England in olden days the belief obtained that on Easter morning the sun danced in honor of the resurrection. On the evening of Holy Saturday great preparations were made for the finishing of Lent. Many a fat hen and dainty piece of bacon were put in the pot by the cotter's wife, and woe to the person who should taste it before the stroke of 12, but at that hour would be heard the clapping of hands and cries of "Out with the Lent!" All would be feasting and merriment for a few hours, when the good people would retire, to rise about 4 o'clock in order to see the sun dance.

It was an old custom in England to break the Lenten fast by eating a gammon of bacon on Easter Sunday, and thus show the abhorrence in which the Jews were held on that festal day.

A custom obtained in many parts of England in which, as soon as the service of the church was over, the boys ran about and laid hold of every woman or girl they could meet on the street and accosted them with "Pay for your shoes, if you please," at the same time stooping to take them off, which, if they were not paid, they would do and carry the shoes off, leaving the hapless female in her stocking feet.

At Twickenham two great cakes used to be divided in the church on Easter day among the young people, while in the Peak of Derbyshire a custom known as sugar cupping obtained. The children used to repair on Easter morning to a spring called the "Dropping Tor," with a cup in one hand, a quarter of a pound of sugar in the other, and having caught in their cups as much water as was desired from the dropping of the spring they dissolved the sugar in it and drank it.

It is the custom of German families on Easter eve to place sugar and real eggs, the former filled with sugar plums, in a nest, then to conceal it with dried leaves in the garden, that the joyous children may hunt for them on Easter morning.

It is a superstition all over the world that one should wear new clothes on Easter day. Bad luck will follow if there is not at least one article which is new.

It was an article of faith with the devout of Normandy that with the earliest chimes of the church bells of Easter morn celestial visitants descended and at every house where there were little children left eggs for them as tokens of their visits. But satan, ever on the alert, sometimes adroitly slipped in an egg of ill omen.

Many of the old Easter customs have gone like the wassail bowl and yule log of Christmas, but colored eggs, like Santa Claus, have firm hold on the childish heart.

There is a pretty legend to account for their origin—that a bird sung a sorrowful lay over Christ's tomb, and as a reward for its devotion its eggs were ever after decorated.

Another story is that of an exiled lady who amused herself and children by decorating eggs with Easter mottoes. One bearing the words, "Hope In God," fell into the hands of a soldier, who, by chance, gave it to the captive husband and father. He recognized the handwriting, and at last the fragile train brought about the re-union of the family.

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