

TUSSLE IN THE DARK.

What Caused a Country Parson to Shut up His Hymn Book and Swear.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

While Col. Glint was in the city he was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle—that is, a part of the time. In the Mulkittle house he spent several nights very quietly, but after the fourth night he engaged board at a cheap lodging-house.

"Are you ready to go up to your room?" asked Mr. Mulkittle.

"Yes," the colonel replied. "I reckon I can sleep, but I don't know. Lying around town don't agree with me. I am used to work, and if I had a couple of trees to chop down I think I could regain some of my lost physical force."

"Don't you call preaching work?" asked Brother Mulkittle.

"Well, it is work after a fashion, but it don't loosen up the joints like splitting rails. Did you ever split rails?"

"No, and I hope I never shall."

"I hope you do not consider yourself above such work?"

"It's not that, Brother Glint. I don't consider myself above milking a cow, but I do not care to engage in the exercise."

"Why did you single out a cow?"

"Just happened to think of a cow, that's all."

"Didn't somebody tell you that I milk the cows at home?"

"I have never heard of anything of the kind."

"Then you are certain you meant no disrespect to me when you referred to the cow?"

"Why, my dear sir, such an idea is preposterous."

"Not so preposterous as you may suppose, sir. I know town people have a disposition to make fun of people who live in the country, and I want you to understand that if I am a country preacher I ain't a slouch. I can preach all around any man in this town."

"I think you are over-sensitive, Brother Glint, and are disposed to be quarrelsome. This should be an occasion of great brotherly love, and understand me when I say that I shall not be instrumental in making it otherwise. Your bed is ready, and there is a lamp in your room. Good night."

Col. Glint, without replying, sought his room. He lay on the bed and tossed awhile, and then arose to go to the door and knock on the door and ask his pardon. "I would go down and ask his pardon," he mused, "but he's gone to bed. Hello, what's that?" and he listened. "Somebody outside quarreling with Mulkittle. I'll go down and maul the wretch."

Just as Mr. Mulkittle had stretched himself on the bed, his wife, in a great fright, exclaimed:

"There's somebody trying to get in at the front door."

Mr. Mulkittle went to the door and demanded, "Who's there?"

"Me," replied a voice.

"Who's me?"

"I don't know who you are," replied the voice of a drunken man. "Must have been out on a late watch with the boys if you hafter ask every feller that comes along who you are. Who do you reckon you are, anyway?" and he laughed and slapped himself.

"If you don't go away from there I'll come out there and hurt you."

"You're the man I want to do business with."

"I am, eh?" and Mr. Mulkittle threw open the door. The fellow ran away, Mr. Mulkittle following him to the yard gate. Just as the preacher re-entered the door, he was confronted by the colonel. The colonel mistook Mulkittle for a burglar, and it flashed across Mulkittle's mind that the drunken dodge had been a device to get him away from the door so that a robber could enter.

The two men did not speak, but grappled with each other. Mulkittle is not slow in a "tussle," and the colonel, a fact proudly recorded by historians, is at home in a hand-to-hand encounter. There was just light enough in the hall for the men to see each other, but not enough to admit of recognition. Selecting his opportunity with the circumstance of a physical scientist, Mr. Mulkittle planted a stunning blow between the eyes of his adversary, but ere he could follow up the advantage thus gained, the colonel, violating the international treaty, struck Mulkittle below the belt, shutting him up like a knife.

The colonel sprang forward to avail himself of the point gained, but Mulkittle straightened up with the colonel on the back of his neck. Then followed a series of scramblings with a view to proper adjustment. Just at this time Mrs. Mulkittle rushed into the hall with the handle of a duster. She leveled a blow, she did not know at whom, but it struck the colonel across the ankle bone.

"Hold on!" he yelled. "I pass. I can stand a good deal, but when I get a crack across that bone I'm done."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Mulkittle, "is it you?"

"Oh, no," replied the colonel in agony, "it's not me. It's the feller that keeps the tollgate."

"Bring a light. This is very unfortunate, I declare."

"Yes," the colonel replied "it's d—d unfortunate. I don't use such expressions, as a rule; that is, I don't swear by note, but when a man deliberately sets a trap for me, after speaking contemptuously of my milking cows, and then gets his wife to hop out and smack me with a pole, then I shut up the hymn book and swear."

"You are entirely wrong, my dear brother—"

"Don't bother me. I'll take you out here and break you against a tree. Lemme get the balance of my clothes and I'll leave you."

When he came down stairs again, Mrs. Mulkittle, seeing that her husband had failed, attempted to effect a compromise, but he waved her off. "No, madam, your husband may be a good man, and may walk beside all the still waters he can find, and loll in all the green pastures in the neighborhood, but when a man instructs his wife to smack my ankle bone, I'm done. Good night," and he sought the cheap lodging-house.

Cutting a Shaft Under Difficulties.
[Chicago Herald.]

The work of cutting a perpendicular shaft from the 2,900 level of the Mexican mine in Nevada to 2,700 level is very difficult and dangerous. The rock is bitterly hard and it does not blast well. With all this a perfect torrent of hot water is constantly pouring down upon the men. It is difficult to conceive how they can work at all in such a place. They must go principally by the sense of touch—must feel their way like blind men. Not only is it impossible for the miners to look up, but such is the force of the pouring cascades of water that they cannot climb the ladders without danger of being beaten off, and it has been found necessary to rig a hoisting apparatus by which to hoist the men up to their work.

Comprehensive.

Over the door of a cabin in Montana, on the line of the Northern Pacific road, is written with charcoal these words: "Only nine miles to water and twenty miles from wood. No grub in the house. God bless our house."

THE CUP WHICH CHEERS.

Various Ways of Drinking It—American Ways and Foreign Customs.

[American Queen.]

If many cups of tea have the reverse of a beneficial effect on the system, on account of the reaction and sense of exhaustion which they invariably produce, yet the first cup of tea offered is as invigorating as it is welcome, and the tea is as closely associated with English and American women in the minds of Frenchmen as is coffee with the French in the minds of Americans. As to the accompaniments of tea—cream and sugar—a recent writer boldly asks:

Why don't we forswear them both? as at this hour of the day they interfere far more with the digestive organs than does the tea itself; he considers it would always be as rational to add cream and sugar to wine as to delicately flavored tea. This is rather going ahead, writer, and if we are inclined to sacrifice our sugar we have not yet made up our minds to give up our cream; indeed, gentlemen who drink tea are very free with the cream, both when helping ladies and when helping themselves. Sugar is decidedly going out of fashion at afternoon tea, and out of ten ladies, perhaps, only three will say yes when it is offered; but it may be this is rather the result of fashion than fancy.

The French, on the contrary, take sugar lavishly; they even dispense with the use of sugar-tongs, which the Americans consider so indispensable at the tea-table, and help themselves to sugar with their fingers.

We draw upon the Russians for many of our customs connected with the dinner table, but have not yet taken kindly to their idea of tea drinking; that is to say, substituting lemon for sugar and cream—fragrant peel and a hint of acid, a slice of lemon no thicker nor larger than half a crown. This, according to authority already quoted, "neither disguises nor flattens the aroma of good tea, as do the conventional additions, sugar and cream, but combines with and heightens it." The great fault of using lemon consist in adding it in excess, whereas a very slight shaving containing both peel and pulp is the correct quantity for an ordinary cup of tea. But this custom has yet to take root, and with us this process is but a slow one; we are not too ready to take up a new idea, but once we have done so, it is remarkable with what pertinacity we cling to it. When lemon is substituted for cream and sugar, slices of the prescribed size are handed with the tea. Any one who has once tasted the Russian caravan tea will understand the term good tea, but this is a luxury which only the wealthy care to invest in, as it costs upward of \$10 per pound. There is, of course, a medium in all things, and there is a wide margin from which to choose, and economy in this direction is soon detected. It is the province of the master of the house to buy the tea, and the one is far oftener celebrated for the wine he gives his guests than is the other for the choice tea offered to hers.

Need of a Better Education.
[Demorest's Monthly.]

Nearly every one who testified before the senate commission which sat in New York recently, as to the best means of benefiting the laboring classes, agrees that vital changes must be made in our common school education. Boys and girls must be trained to work as well as to read, write and cipher. France, Germany, and especially Switzerland, are far ahead of the United States in technical and art education. Hence the immense superiority of the foreign workmen in all our shops and manufactories over the native employes.

The American is naturally the most intelligent, quick-witted, and inventive, but he is left hopelessly in the rear when in competition with the trained European artisan. We must rid ourselves of the superstition that our common school system is perfection. As a matter of fact, it is woefully deficient as compared with the industrial education given by continental European nations to their working classes. Apart from our scientific schools, the Cooper Union, and the Boston Technological institute, no provision has been made in the United States to do work that requires intelligence and artistic skill.

The President's "Lightnin' Wood."
[New York Tribune.]

The other day a large hoghead, sent from North Carolina by express to the president, was delivered at the White House. A colored domestic who took it in charge explained that "Dat dar bar" is full, sah, o' lightnin' wood, or as yer might say, split pitch-pine kindlin' a fur de making ov fires. Sence Mr. Arthur hez been presidint, we hev been a-gittin' on 'em ebbery munf durin' de fall an' wint'.

Mister Arthur nebber goes to bed in cold wedder without a big blazin' fire in his room, wedder here or out to Soldiers' Home, and we as has ter clean up and look arter de fires hez ter take up a bundle ob dis hyar lightnin' wood ebbery night, so as he kin burn it in de fire an' make er blaze, an' sit dar an' tink while a-watchin' ob de shadows on de wall. When he uses de lightnin' wood, he robber uses er light, an' when he gets tired he jumps in de bed an' watches de flames flicker till he goes ter sleep. He's mighty pertickler about dis lightnin' wood, an' if de supply gins out, dar is some fun till dar's more put in de bin."

Plantation Philophy.
[Arkansas Traveler.]

De simplest truth is de truest truth, fur it an' understood by de most people. Fear ain't based on judgment. A hog will run quicker from a brick bat den he will from a gun.

De thoughts what rise in a man 'longs ter himself, but de thoughts what he gets from books, 'longs ter somebody else.

Tourgueneff's brain weighed, it is said, 2,012 grammes, and was the heaviest human brain ever weighed. The average weight is 1,390 grammes. Cuvier's brain weighed 1,800 grammes.

Cider is so plentiful in France this year that drivers refresh their horses with pails of it in the rural districts where it is handier than water.

AT A FLEA THEATRE.

The Performance of Trained Fleas Behind the Footlights.

Which Goes to Show that "The Domestic Flea is a Creature of Considerable Intelligence."

[Dantzig Letter in Pall Mall Gazette]

There was a fair going on outside the gates of this most picturesque old city. Wandering among the booths, our curiosity was excited by one which bore the following inscription: "Pariser Floh-Theatre." Tempted by a man who told us the performance was "just about to begin," we accepted the ticket, and almost thrust into our hands, and crossed the threshold of the tent. There was certainly no reason for delay, as we found some-

what to our embarrassment, that we constituted the whole of the audience. But, as the famous flea theatre was about the size of an ordinary tambourine (which instrument it greatly resembled), we should scarcely have had so good a view of the performance if the spectators had been more numerous. Taking our seats as directed about a small round table, we looked with interest at certain cardboard boxes which stood beside the theatre. One of these was open, and showed a number of tiny vehicles, carriages, bicycles, engines, Roman chariots, all as minute as possible. The other boxes, with lids, contained the acts themselves.

The enterprising manager, a stout lady in a cotton dressing-gown, placed herself opposite at the table, and prefaced the entertainment with a short but interesting address. "The ordinary domestic flea," she began, "is a creature of considerable intelligence, and capable of a high degree of intellectual cultivation. We have no less than three hundred in this establishment. They are not hungry," she added hastily, in answer to some slight expression of anxiety that doubtless portrayed itself on our countenances. "I engage a man to come every day and feed them. He bares his arm, the three hundred are placed thereon, and they suck until they are satisfied." Our immediate apprehensions thus allayed, the lady proceeded to explain that the first process in the great work of taming and educating a flea was to fasten an invisible gold thread around its neck, by means of which it could be lifted at pleasure or harnessed to any of the vehicles displayed in the box before us. A well-nurtured specimen will often live to the age of 8 years; and with evident pride she remarked, "We have several among our troupe who are already 6 years old," and so saying, she handed us a powerful microscope, and gratified us by the sight of one of these venerable fleas (magnified to the size of a wasp), kicking and plunging violently, in no wise impeded by the weight of its golden collar.

The entertainment began with a chariot race by fleas of various nations. The Russian was attached to its native drosky, the Siberian to a sledge. England, France and Germany had each their representatives, the former harnessed, I think, to a common London omnibus. Each competitor was supposed to be able to draw a body of six times its own weight. The stage was slightly tilted, however, in order to assist the runners. I regret I am unable to give you the exact result of the race, which would doubtless be of intense interest to your sporting friends, but the start could not altogether be considered satisfactory. The English steed went off at a steady trot, without waiting for any one else. The German lay down to have a nap by the way, and most of the others bolted off the course. This being over the lady resumed her lecture.

"It is not every flea," we were informed, "that is gifted with the power of saltation. So far we had seen only, as it were, the beasts of burden—docile insects, indeed, but with no other special accomplishment. Now we were to be treated to a ballet, as danced by some really superior artists." So saying, she opened one of the cardboard boxes, and extracted thence with a delicate pair of pincers a dozen of dancing fleas, each elegantly attired in—or rather, I should perhaps say, covered by—a petticoat of tissue paper, red, blue, green, yellow—all the colors of the rainbow. Each dancer was announced by name as she entered upon the scene: Mooss Elizabeth, Fraulein Anna, Mamselle Barbe, etc.; and each, all, encouraged by the voice of their directress, performed the most astonishing evolutions, whirling and hopping, skipping, leaping wildly into the air in a way that was comical to behold. It was as if the minutest of ballet girls had been cut in two at the waist, the lower half performing minus the head and shoulders, or like a Sabbathical dance of fairy lampshades be witched.

Now and again, after some unusually prodigious leap, an artiste would be upset. Then, beneath the gay voluminous skirt, the struggling insect was for a moment visible; quickly replaced on its legs, however, by the watchful care of its mistress. Now comes act the third, when the interest was supposed to culminate; and with much verbal flourish of trumpets, a female rope-dancer was produced, second only in renown to the famous Blondin himself. This young lady's name was Eliza. She lived in a nest of cotton wool, with one other companion, who was probably in delicate health, as she was not called upon to perform. Eliza not only danced on a rope, but twice traversed an imaginary unfathomable abyss on a nearly invisible wire suspended between two pins. Finally to conclude the exhibition the box of cotton wool was held upside down at a distance of nearly two inches above her head, and at the word of command, "Jetzt, Eliza, spring!" (Now, Eliza, jump!) the intelligent insect sprang with one bound into its warm and cosy nest. We were charged for this entertainment the not immoderate sum of 5 pence apiece, and as we walked away, remembering the man who fed, and the lady who taught the fleas, we could not but marvel at the variety of ways in which it is possible to earn one's livelihood in this our world-a-day world.

Mr. Beecher's Substitute for Hell.
[Interview in Galveston News.]

"Mr. Beecher, when the dogma of a hell is knocked in the head, how are you to appeal to men in such a way as to lift them out of their boots?"

"French retribution," answered the great thinker, in a very emphatic manner. "No intelligent person believes in a literal burning hell, but when men come to learn that their sins will find them out and there is no chance of escaping the punishment for wrong-doing you have got a moral lever that will control the violences of human nature and send it on through the ages of eternity in the right direction."

The Senate Bar-Tender.

The new "caters" (bar-tender) of the United States senate is Richard Francis, colored. He is worth \$40,000, and can understand a wink a mile away.

The three funds already collected for the erection of a monument to Gen. Lee in Richmond now amount to about \$35,000.

THE VARIETIES OF LAUGHTER.

From the He-He Giggle to the Thou-sand-Acre-Guffaw.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

There is the hearty laugh, the convulsive laugh, the he-he laugh, and the uproarious, almost-tumble-out-of-the-chair laugh. There was the laugh of Prince Hal, who was said to laugh "till his face is like a wet cloak—ill, laid up." There is the incontinent laugh, which is not a laugh but a smile. The late Charles Backus, the minstrel, who, it will be remembered, had a very large mouth, was once having his photograph taken. The operator told him to look pleasant, to smile a little. The famous minstrel gave an elaborate smile. "Oh, that will never do!" said the photographer, "it's too wide for the instrument."

Speaking of a western actress the reporter wrote: "Her smile opened out like the Yosemite valley in a May morning." When Miss Marie Wilt-n, the English actress, played Hester Grazebrook in the "Unequal Match," her laugh was said to be of the character that first as it were looks out of the eyes to see if the coast was clear, then steals down into a pretty dimple of the cheek and rides there in an eddy for the while; then waltzes at the corners of the mouth like a thing of life; then bursts its bonds of beauty and fills the air for a moment with a shower of silver-tongued echoes and then steals back to its lair in the heart to watch again for its prey." How different from the kind of laugh of Prince Hoare, a friend of Hayden, the painter. This gentleman has a delicate, feeble-looking man, with a timid expression of face, and when he laughed heartily he almost seemed to be crying.

It runs in families sometimes to distort the countenance in laughter. Mr. Labouchere speaks of a family who shall laugh a great deal, and who always shut their eyes when they do so. It is funny at the dinner table, when something witty is said to look around and see the same distortion of every face. There is not an eye left in the family. A trio of sisters is spoken of who show half an inch of pale pink gums when they laugh. In their presence, like Wendell Holmes, one "never dares to be as funny as one can," for fear of seeing their applauding triple gums.

A laugh is sometimes only a sneer. Diogenes, of tub notoriety, saw a good deal of this kind of laughter. Some one said to him, "Many people laugh at you." "But I," he quickly remarked, "am not laughed down."

The "Store" Pumpkin Pie.
[Puck's Sun.]

The store kind of pumpkin pie has a sort of sickly second-cousin countenance, and is scarcely over an eighth of an inch thick, with a crust on the bottom that almost breaks a tinners' shears to cut it. As for taste, that has to be imagined, as it is a sort of go-as-you-please flavor between tan bark and cinnamon. Then again, 100 store pies will be made out of an ordinary 20-cent pumpkin. Each pie cut into eight pieces about the size of two fingers, which sell for 5 cents. This brings 40 cents for a pie, or \$40 for the product of the pumpkin. That leaves the store-keeper \$39 and 80 cents profit on his pumpkin and as the crust is thin with no shortening in it 80 cents ought to cover this cost, leaving an even \$39 profit on the transaction.

A slice of mother's pumpkin pie the size of your two hands, that's the regulation cut in home-made pie, and an inch and a half thick contains more real pie than a dozen store pies, and there is no danger of trouble from indigestion eating it.

Death from Passion.

Cases in which death results from the physical excitement consequent on mental passion are, according to The Lancet, not uncommon. A recent instance has again called attention to the matter. Unfortunately, those persons who are prone to sudden and overwhelming outbursts of ill temper do not, as a rule, recognize their propensity or realize the perils to which it exposes them; while the stupid idea that such deaths as occur in passion, and which are directly caused by it, ought to be ascribed to "the visitation of God," tends to divert attention from the common sense lesson which such deaths should teach. It is most unwise to allow the mind to excite the brain and body to such extent as to endanger life itself. We do not sufficiently appreciate the need and value of mental discipline as a corrective of bad habits and a preventive of disturbances by which happiness, and life itself, are too often jeopardized.

Insect Destroyers.
[Chicago Tribune.]

Prof. C. V. Riley, in a recent address before the American Promological society, said that if he were asked to enumerate the six most important substances that could be used for destroying insects above ground he would mention tobacco, soap, hellebore, arsenic, petroleum and pyrethrum. The first three, he said, were well known, and comment on their value is unnecessary. But it has only lately been learned that the vapor of nicotine—that is tobacco vapor—is not only very effectual in destroying insects wherever it can be confined, as in greenhouses, but that it is less injurious to delicate plants than either the smoke or the liquid.

Graves of Wirz and Mrs. Surratt.
[Exchange.]

In secluded parts of Mount Olivet cemetery, Washington, but far apart, are the graves of Mary E. Surratt and E—, two well known artists, when from a discussion of cauliflowers and "mountain oysters" a step was taken in an opposite direction.

"Did you ever eat artichokes in Paris?" asked P— of E—.

A heavy wagon was going by on the street just then, and E— could not have heard distinctly, as his reply was:

"Oh, yes! when I was in Paris I used to read all the art jokes, but I am out of the way now."

And then there was a shout.

Cactus Paper.

Enterprises are on foot in Mexico for manufacturing paper and textiles out of the wild cactus which grows so abundantly in that country. The Denver Republican calls attention to the fact that the same thing might be done in Colorado.

The Dakota lands set apart for educational purposes are valued at \$82,000,000.

AN IOWA GIRL.

The Story of Belle Clinton, the Brave Dakota Homesteader.

A Little Sunny-Haired Lass' Successful Solution of One of the Serious Problems of Life.

[Nevada (La.) Representative.]

Belle Clinton's fame has touched two oceans. To the people of Nevada she is known as Sallie Hambleton—the grave, gentle maiden who, since she came here a little sunny-haired lass in the parental ark, has glibbed quietly among us from the door of her father's pretty cottage in Linn street. The catechism she learned in the Methodist Sunday school, the three R's of the old school-house, and the ologies were pursued at the Agricultural college till broken health called a halt. One long winter she studied this problem of her own. Given physical unfitness for the avocations by which Iowa young women ordinarily earn a livelihood, how is independence to be secured? and in the following summer, 1880, she set about its practical solution. An expedition, inspired by her zeal, and consisting of herself, her mother as chaperon and commissary of the party, her sister May, and two young friends of the "male persuasion," set out in a prairie schooner for the great north-west. Two weeks of journeying over a circuitous route, brought them to the home of her college classmate, near a station which was ringing for the first time with the shriek of the locomotive. This was the nucleus of the now booming city of Mitchell, the mart of southeastern Dakota.

Near the residence of her friend Miss Hambleton selected her homestead and timber lot, and in the land office of Davidson county entered her claim. After a week's stay the pioneer party returned, brown, vigorous, and enthusiastic. The spring took our homesteader again to Mitchell, and she supervised the building of her shanty, the breaking stipulated by law, and the planting of her timber. Her cabin was supplied with such comforts as circumstances allowed, and the place became known to passers-by as "the school ma'am's claim, where the flowers grow."

Just before Thanksgiving of that year she rolled the stone against the door of her cot and turned for winter shelter toward the old roof-tree. At Boone, chance then led the senior editor of The Republican, then a pencil-pusher in the Boons Republic, to a seat beside her in the railway car, and the two friends discussed her experience as a homesteader until the train reached Nevada. The main points of her experience were embodied in an editorial for the next issue of The Republican. Eli Perkins was, at that time, on a tour which included several towns on the line of the Northwestern. Whether he caught Miss Sallie's story from her own lips or others, found it in The Republican paragraphs, or in his own fertile imagination, deponent saith not; but true it is that in his next published letter to The Chicago Daily Tribune was incorporated, with slight embellishments, the outline of the pioneer girl's doings. It was given as a railway conversation between himself and "Miss Belle Clinton, of Nevada, the smartest girl I met in Iowa." In those days young lady homesteaders were rare, and the readers of The Tribune in this vicinity immediately referred the alias to Miss Hambleton. Eli Perkins' letter was copied by the press in the east as well as in the far west.

In December letters began to arrive addressed to Belle Clinton, and they were unhesitatingly assigned to Miss Hambleton. They hailed from all points from Maine to California, a single mail often bringing half a dozen. Before winter was over the number received had swelled to several hundred. They were from old men, young men, widows and maids, and with rare exceptions, were honest inquiries for information by persons desiring to become homesteaders. Of course, they were honestly and faithfully answered, and with the opening of the spring of 1882, a considerable number of Belle Clinton's correspondents became Dakota settlers; and the influence on emigration exerted by the press report of her enterprise is indicated by the fact that, on the strength of it, one Green county old German alone started off six young men; "For," said he, "what a girl can do, of course they can." In recognition of her service the officers of the Milwaukee railroad readily passed her over their line; and the second six months, shortened by a long visit from her mother, was spent on the claim.

In April last the third half year of occupation was begun. The right of a brave, gentle woman to strive honorably for independence had made her cabin a castle impregnable to either open invader or secret foe; but destiny no moat or fortress walls can stay. In an editorial room in San Francisco, a native of the city of brotherly love, whose hindred were still beside the Schuykill, prepared "copy" for The Journal of Commerce. His home, the fireside of a friend, was one day broken up by death. Belle Clinton, the Iowa maiden, pursuing a worthy purpose in a path untaught by her sex, had been named in numerous exchanges; and, in an hour of loneliness, he sent her a word of encouragement. The kindly message drew a courteous response, and—it is the old, old story—dared until it had woven fast two lives. In June, after Mrs. Hambleton had joined her daughter in Belle Clinton's rustic shanty, the prince first beheld his princess "face to face." His visit to Mitchell was followed by one to her parental home; the engagement ring glittered on her finger, the Dakota claim was proved up, and in the George Hambleton cottage, in Nevada, rejoiced a reunited household. A few weeks of busy preparation followed, and then, September 4, the nuptials were celebrated.

Belle Clinton's romance is complete, and from the marriage sacrament go forth Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jarden.

Parisian Artichokes.
[Boston Folio.]

How "the shop" will obtrude itself occasionally in an unconscious way! I was dining the other day in company with P— and E—, two well known artists, when from a discussion of cauliflowers and "mountain oysters" a step was taken in an opposite direction.

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ABDICATED.

[Nova Perry, in The Manhattan.]

So I step down and you step up; Why not—why not? I drained the draught, flung down the cup; And you have got The little place I once called mine, And you will quaff The wine I quaffed and call it fine— It makes me laugh. You'll get so weary of the thing Before you're through. The shows, the lies, the paltering Of all the crew. I wonder if somewhere beyond This earthly track, When we have slipped the fleshy bond, We sha'n't look back With just this kind of glad relief, And laugh to find! That we have left the grind and grief So far behind!

CAREER OF AN OREGON PIONEER.

"Buckskin Jim" Gets Tired of New York in Twenty-Four Hours.

[New York Times.]

One of the most remarkable of the 117 members of the Oregon Pioneer association, of Portland, Oregon, who arrived in this city from the west on Thursday night, and who are domiciled at the St. Nicholas hotel, is "Buckskin Jim," an old western settler and trapper of the Leather-stocking school, who derives his nicknames from a costume which he usually wears, made of dressed buckskin in the real Indian style so familiar to the readers of dime novel literature. "Buckskin Jim's" real name is James Hearn. He is over 70 years of age, well-to-do in the world, and few men are better or more favorably known on the Pacific slope. His story, as told to a reporter last night, had best be given in his own words:

"I ran away from my home in England," said he, "when I was 18 years of age, and sailed for the Pacific coast. The brig I went in was wrecked on the coast south of San Francisco, and the few who were saved, including myself, fell into the hands of the Indians, who treated us well. I staid among the Indians, wandering along the coast fishing and hunting. At Guaymas, in Sonora, in 1839, I think, I was taken by a party of Santa Anna's soldiers, who had orders to arrest every white man that could be found. We were marched thence to Tepic on foot, and put in double irons. We were confined without the slightest pretext in a loathsome jail, and suffered greatly during the six months we spent there, in irons and persecuted by vermin. The British consul said that if every one of us would declare himself an Englishman he would liberate us at once. One of our party, the celebrated 'Yankee Jim,' declined at first, and said that nothing would induce him to declare himself a Britisher, but he came around and we all were liberated. Mr. Saunders preferred a claim against the Mexican government for damages, and he was so sure of getting it that he paid us \$300 per man and off we went."

"I then took a sailing vessel to Alaska, where I lived among the Flathead Indians. In '45, I caught the 'gold fever' and dug for gold in California. Oh, I struck it rich, you bet. Sometimes I had as much as 600 pounds weight of gold all at once, but it never lasted very long. I have no idea how much money I have dug out of the earth in my time, but I never could keep it. You'll never see an old forty-niner who has a cent. Since then I've given up mining, and have been engaged in real estate and stock raising in Idaho and Washington territory. I am going abroad next week to buy some Durham and Mulvey calves, and when I get back I shall migrate to Snake river, the widest place in Idaho. Do I like the city? Not much. I have been here twenty-four hours and I'm sick to death of it. There is not room enough for me. Tomorrow I am going to Bridgeport to try to find my sister, whom I haven't seen heard of for fifty years. I don't know whether she's alive or not, but maybe I'll find some nephews and nieces."

The aged pioneer suggested that it might be a good idea to go down Broadway to-day in his buckskin suit, but a friend advised him against it, on the ground that he might be mistaken for an advertisement.

Old-Time Letter Writing.
[New York Tribune.]

It is a common but unjust complaint that cheap postage killed the art of letter writing. In the last century the dispatch of an epistle was an affair of some moment. The expense of the post was not to be incurred without consideration; and since it was the receiver of the missive who had to pay for it, every gentleman who valued his reputation was anxious that his friends should find his correspondence worth the money. The knack of composing an elegant and entertaining letter was one of the first accomplishments demanded of a man of wit and culture. The broad pages upon which he expended his pains took the place, in some degree, which has since been filled by the newspaper and the magazine; every letter-writer tried to be an essayist, a chronicler of politics and business, a critic, a gossip.

Hundreds of volumes of private correspondence have been collected and printed in our time, which rank with the most valuable materials for history and the most entertaining illustrations of the tastes, opinions and manners of past generations; and no inconsiderable part of them possess besides a positive literary quality. It is true that as soon as we go back to the fashionable era of letter-writing, to the time of Walpole and Pope, we find ourselves in the midst of tastelessness and artifice; but these were characteristics of the society of that day, and the letters would not be prized so highly as they are if they were not faithful reflections of the life from which they came.

Waste Places in Michigan.

The burned regions of Michigan have been visited by a correspondent of The Detroit Free Press. He says: "Every half mile brings to view, as you sail on the Au Sable, an open space in the forests many acres in extent. There are thick blackened tree trunks on the ground, protruding in all directions from their shroud of green undergrowth. A more impressive spectacle are the dead pine trees still standing in these open areas, black around the roots, and reaching as straight as a dart a hundred feet in the air. These are the giant skeletons of what once were splendid living pines, now killed by the forest fires that periodically sweep through the Michigan woodlands during drought. Not far below the mouth of the Au Sable, and on the other side of Saginaw bay, is the region where the deadly fires, two years ago, devastated the woodlands, destroying hundreds of lives and millions of property."

A Parental Pun.
[San Francisco Argonaut.]

"Does a goose lay eggs?" inquired Folio, one brisk morning in breezy March. And Rollo's father, sitting behind the stove, eating quinine with a spoon, and trying to shake his whole skeleton out of his pockets, made reply: "Yes, my son, a goose lays everything. It has slain your father."

Too Attractive.
[Exchange.]

A Brooklyn merchant made his sign and windows so attractive that the gazers blocked the streets and his competitors asked the courts to haul in his attractions, and the court actually made the order.