The East Oregonian.

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

M. P. JULL.

OFFICE ..... COURT STREET,

Rates of Subscription in Coin:

Year $2 00
Months 2 00
Months 1 00
Single Copies 10

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 2. PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877. NO. 14.

The East Oregonian.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN COIN:

One inch, first insertion. $2 00
Each subsequent insertion, ... 1 00

Time advertisers by contract. Business notices in the local columns, 20 cents per line. Advertising bills payable monthly.

JOB WORK executed with neatness, dispatch and at low prices.

Our Autumns.

We, too, have autumns, when our leaves
Drop lonely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

In each day brings less summer cheer,
Grimps more our hedectual spring;
Something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

At Parting.

There are no words in which to say farewell.
Perhaps a little prayer that God may bless
Crowned the future with love's tender spell,
Perhaps a falling tear. . . The bitterness
Of parting lies too deep for ready speech!
Even true hearts must sever each from
[illegible]
Worth are best. . . We cannot measure
Love
Only by long time, and tried, and faithfulness
Do these alone in worth can fully prove.
Yet you. In silence turn thy face from mine,
Thy tender eyes unbose the sleeping hand
Of leave me. But I feel that I shall stand
Beside thee near, by spirit evermore!
Yes, not all the wide world's waste of
Sand,
Nor ocean's farthest depth, from shore to
shore,
Can any power in life or death can break
The tie that binds my faithful heart to thee.
Through all the future, for the Past's dear
Sake!
So! an smile, and make the parting sign.
Well knowing, dear, that there can never be
An farewell between my soul and thine.

MARY ATWOOD DU VANE.

Going to School.

He helped her over the meadow brook,
While her feet she timidly set
(Pale lilies they were) on the mossy stone
Near the cooling ripples wet.

They passed the brook, and it seemed to sing
With a sweeter merrier sound,
As the two with their school books wandered
on
Over the clover-hidden ground.

Child, o maiden! how fair you were
With your eyes of heavenly blue,
And the dimples played on your cheeks, as
play
Dews run the dingle of dew.

As you put on a rose the dingle
When the breeze [illegible]
Are your lips they [illegible] opening
petals,
In the morning's [illegible]
Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we
may be in prison." Moreover, they can
[illegible] boasting of the cleverness and
[illegible] by which they have gained the
[illegible] of enjoying themselves, and if
[illegible] are cast upon the truth of their
[illegible], they will produce the spoil in
[illegible]. Their excessive love of dress also
[illegible] frequently affords a clue to the police.
A smart "rig out" is the evidence of a
[illegible] successful haul. A woman named
[illegible], an accessory to a brutal murder
[illegible], was asked what induced her to
take part in the scheme. "To get some
[illegible] bonnets," was the only response.
Among these degraded persons an extra-
[illegible] fastidiousness is sometimes
[illegible]

A criminal named Lacenaire, who
[illegible] remarkably good hand, was em-
[illegible] as a copyist, and often dined in a
[illegible] restaurant frequented by the deni-
[illegible] of the Parisian Grub street. One
[illegible] two third-rate dramatic authors
[illegible] with him for the transcription of a
[illegible]. The next day Lacenaire returned
[illegible] 88., telling them that he really
[illegible] it copy it. "I've read it," said he,
[illegible] find it too idiotic."

Criminals seem to be given over
[illegible] a tender age to a sort of ob-
[illegible] servity, and invites the as-
[illegible] "Come, they [illegible] money responsible
[illegible] quietly [illegible] up the truck his
[illegible] putting [illegible] his pocket
[illegible] marked, [illegible] ys *did* suspect
[illegible] per of m[illegible]

mother fifty-six blows with a knife, and then, feeling tired, lay down beside the corpse, and passed an excellent night! Verdure went to see his own brother mount the scaffold. Returning from the scene he repaired to a public house, where a number of his comrades were awaiting him, and laughingly exhibited four watches and a purse taken from the gaping crowd intent upon the execution.

Such utter insensibility to all natural feeling as such examples, show a mental condition which makes a criminal lunatic asylum the proper place for this class. Instances of depravity of this kind are, however, rare among youths, though frequently found among mature outcasts. Very few pursue their career long without conviction. An extremely clever fellow named Piednoir, a burglar, contrived, however, to elude detection from the 10th of October, 1834, to the 22d of July, 1843. This man had excellent manners, lived in a refined manner, and was wont greatly to deplore that his ears had been bored in his infancy, as it gave him, he alleged, a somewhat plebian air. He employed subordinates to arrange all preliminaries, and when all was prepared his master hand gave the final coup. When a robbery had been successfully accomplished, he divided the spoil, retaining for himself the lion's share. However, Justice, after she had baited unusually long, overtook the accomplished Piednoir at last, and he was condemned to twenty years' hard labor. It is added that he is now living, very much at his ease, in Holland.

The countenance of the majority of this miserable class are, when in repose, vulgar and commonplace; some are, however, gentle and some agreeable, while a few even carry an air of distinction about them which renders them the more dangerous. Mitifrau was an example of this. He assumed the title of Count de Belair, gave himself out to be the son of a deceased general, under the first empire, and was really a man of irreproachable manners. He went into the most exclusive society, and lived by all sorts of clever roguery and luck at cards, for that was the time when ecarte was the rage. At last, however, he resolved on a bolder stroke, and was arrested in the act of committing a robbery by the aid of false keys. When his term of imprisonment expired he returned to Paris, and fell into a state of abject misery.

Some clever scoundrels are such marvelous adepts in concealing their real character behind a cunningly wrought screen of apparent respectability, that it takes the utmost sagacity and experience of the police to discover them. The arrest of a fellow of this sort, named Toufriant, at his splendid villa, occasioned great surprise some years ago. This enterprising gentleman lived in the Rue Verite, where he kept eight horses and various fashionable equipages. Like the accomplished Piednoir, he laid plans for the benefit of young bandits, whose operations he directed, he himself only giving the finishing stroke. In fact, he was a sort of magnificent Fagin.

There are certain families in Paris in which crime is hereditary, and which are the despair of the police. The houses of Piednoir (that may be translated blackleg), Cour de Roy, and Nathan enjoy this unenviable notoriety.

The total condemnations of fourteen members of the last named family represent a period of two hundred and nine years of prison!

The majority of criminals reach the higher flights of crime by graduated steps. Cases such as that of Piron, who made his debut by assassination, are rare.

A highly expressive language of crime is found among the French criminals, embracing many of the words commonly employed by gypsies. "To balance the red rag" means to talk. The Corps Legislatif is felicitously denominated "the Tower of Babel," a definition which would apply with even greater force to another legislative body. "The harp" indicates the iron grille which protects the windows of a prison.

The Parisian thieves are disciples of Adam Smith. Division of labor is the fashion among them. Nearly all have their *specialite*, in which they ultimately acquire prodigious skill. M. Du Camp, an authority on this subject, seems to think that the [illegible] which levies the heaviest contribution on society, is that composed of swindlers who take offices, assume a respectable appearance, give themselves out to be men of business, and draw any number of foolish flies into the webs they spin. They belong to the type of Daumier's "Robert Macaire," etc. The famous Vidocq, chief of the detective force under Louis Philippe, estimated that this class cost the citizens of Paris 70,000,000 francs a year ($14,000,000)! And M. Du Camp says that, as they have since then conducted their operations on a far more magnificent scale, their depredations now amount to a far larger sum.

The *carousbleur*, who robs by the aid of false keys, plays an important part in Parisian thievery. To succeed in this line demands considerable prudence, foresight and skill on the part of a professor. He must know the habits of the house, the general arrangement of the apartments, must procure impressions in wax of the locks, make false keys himself, in order to avoid detection in advance, select a propitious hour for the accomplishment of his plans, and, last but not least, murder if need be. The majority of robberies in offices, banks, etc., are due to the energy and enterprise of the *carousbleurs*.

The Napoleon of this branch of the criminal profession was Cognard, who called himself Count Pontis de St. Helene. This man, who held the appointment of Chief of the Legion of the Seine, and really occupied an extremely high position, lived among Marshals of France and was admitted to the Court of Louis XIII., continued meanwhile to direct an organized band of plunderers, profiting by the connections he had formed to carry out his operations with certainty. Another celebrity was Beaumont, whose fame is likely to be long remembered by the Parisian police. This astute rogue, having attired himself in a black coat and white [illegible] portfolio beneath repealed the ordinary [illegible] appearance of punishment was allo[illegible] in the girls' grammar [illegible] of that city.

A Happy Home.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. Oh! the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, health, strength, and of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words. A celebrated writer remarks to this effect, namely that fretting and scolding seems like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin than we have to curse and swear and steal. In a happy home all selfishness will be removed. Its members will not seek first to please themselves, but seek to please each other. Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from the heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to make home happy! At evening, how soothing is the sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of the wife and mother! How do parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight upon those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye and burst from the inmost soul of those who are dear and near! How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with lowly hearts to return to the parental roof! Seek, then, to make home happy.

Pickled Cucumbers.

A very good old lady, one who has kept house nearly a half century, says that I did not finish my article on making pickles in a late number of the *Farmer*. She says instead of putting down cucumbers in salt, it is a better plan to make pickles enough to last a year, at one time, all ready for the table.

I give her formula, and I am sure that whatever she says is true. We will suppose that the family is very large; in that case the pickles must be made in a keg, or in large stone jars.

Gather the cucumbers, carefully cutting them off the vines, put them in a weak brine for two days, then wash them and let them stand two days longer in vinegar diluted with water, merely a little sour; then pack very closely in the keg or jar, with an occasional layer of bruised horse-radish roots, and small green peppers; boil some pure cider vinegar in which you have sliced an onion or two, for flavoring, take the onion out and pour the vinegar over the cucumbers; on top lay a covering of horse-radish roots, bruised, and a plate with a clean weight on it. If your keg or jar is not full, prepare more when you gather them; take off the plate and the roots and proceed as before, being careful to have the cucumbers covered with vinegar. Keep closely covered and in a cool place down cellar. The roots are preservative, and if the cider is good, no mold or decay will follow.

The school reader says, "Vinegar never catches flies," but we housewives know better than that. You must keep things very closely covered next spring or your jars will breed flies by the million, and your nose will wrinkle in disgust as you peep into the pickle jar, and the pestiferous little insects will "pooh!" right up into your prying housewifely face.

SOUND SLEEP.—Sound sleep is essential to good health. It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system, exhausted by labor and activity, without this perfect repose. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom unduly disturbed by trifles, while a wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose, and of sleeping but little. We are inclined to think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of closely limiting the time given to rest, have not been exaggerated. Active persons of nervous temperament can hardly get too much sleep.

TO COOK BEANS.—When beans are kept over a year or more they become difficult to cook tender. One way to accomplish it is to soak them over night in soft water, and in the morning put them to boil, putting a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda into the water. The water must be turned off as soon as it boils, and changed two or three times. Have a teakettle of boiling water ready to cover them when the other is poured off, as cold water hardens them again. After they begin to crack open they should be put in the oven, with a piece of pork previously freshened and water enough to prevent them from burning, and baked a couple of hours. Beans are a healthful and convenient dish, and should often appear on a farmer's table, being as good, or better, when cold than they are when just cooked.

SUCCOTASH.—Take two quarts of shelled beans and put in four quarts of cold water in a covered iron kettle, with a half pound of salt pork; let them boil half an hour. Take thirty ears of green corn, cut the corn off the cob, scrape the cobs lightly to get all the juice and pulp. Turn the corn in the kettle with the boiling beans and pork and let them boil together for half an hour, then add a quarter of a pound of butter, stir well, and send not to the table. This will make a dinner for eight hungry people and is a good and nutritious dish that tastes of the grand old days that have gone by.

SWEET RUSK.—One pint warm milk, three-fourths cup yeast, one egg, three-fourths cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, and a little nutmeg. Sponge it, and after it is raised mold and let it rise again. Then roll, cut into cakes, and let them rise and bake.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses, one of milk, one-half cup butter, one egg, one tablespoonful ginger, two teaspoonfuls soda, and a little flour.

OPE-EGG CAKE.—One and one-half cups sugar, three-fourths cup sour milk, one-half cup butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful soda. Don't mix very stiff.

Canine Sagacity.

A gentleman resides up-town in New York city, in whose family there is owned a black-and-tan terrier dog. It happens that the household consists of father, mother, and three daughters, the dog being a pet of the ladies, but always heretofore an object of dislike to the one solitary gentleman, which dislike, it is hardly necessary to state, was mutual. To such a degree had the animosity been carried, that the gentleman would have destroyed the animal long since, had he not been deterred by fear of feminine reprisal, while the dog never failed to show his teeth and growl, whenever his masculine antipathy presented himself. A few evenings since the family were at dinner in the basement, the dog apparently asleep on a chair. Suddenly he roused himself, assumed an attitude of listening, then jumped down and ran toward the door, snuffing at the bottom of it; then standing upright, and placing his paw on the knob, he turned his head with an expressive look, which said plainer than words, "Please open this." One of the ladies opened the door; then the animal ran to the foot of the stairway, looked round again, paused, seemed to consider, then darting by the lady, ran to the gentleman of the house, put his paw on that person's knee, and glanced from his face towards the stairs with a sharp, anxious bend of the head, as much as to say, "You are a man, follow me." The gentleman took the hint, and the dog rushed off up the stairs barking vociferously. Instantly a dash of heavy footsteps, though with a muffled sound, was heard on the stairs above, leading the parlor floor to the second story, as if some one was descending in haste, then a hurried fumbling with the chain bolt, and just as the master appeared at the head of the basement staircase, he saw a man emerge through the front doorway, with the black and tan clinging to the calf of one leg. A yelp told immediately afterward that the dog had been hurt, the thief striking him a heavy blow to loose his hold. Fortunately the canine was not seriously injured, but his display of equal-to-human intelligence had won him the everlasting regard of the gentleman who was formerly so inimical. It was ascertained that the thief, knowing the family to be at dinner in the basement, had entered the lower door by means of a false pass key, hoping to slip up stairs undetected. The keen sense of the dog discovered the intruder, and equally shrewd observation told him that a man was needed.—*Ex.*

A Curious Case of Bigamy in France.

A curious case of bigamy is exercising the minds of men (and women) in the Faubourg St. Denis. The facts are these: Some twelve years ago a M. Albert P—— set up as a vendor of lemonade at Sens, and soon did a thriving business, with which he might have found it wise to remain content. M. Albert, however, thought that if a pretty woman presided at his counter he might obtain even more customers than he had already. With this view he married a Mlle. Bertha M——, who had the necessary qualifications. The plan succeeded admirably; indeed more than admirably, as M. Albert soon began to think. One bright morning, accordingly, after a stormy interview with his wife, he disappeared, not forgetting to take the cash box with him. Next day, on the banks of the Yonne, a fisherman found a man's clothes and an empty bottle, together with a letter in which one "Albert P——" declared that he was weary of life. The clothes were identified as those worn by Mme. Bertha's husband, and his disconsolate wife lamented him as lost. After waiting ten long years she married a worthy tradesman of the Faubourg St. Denis, and it was with mingled tidings that she saw her first husband enter the shop a few days since. By way of simplifying matters, the lady shrieked. Number one did likewise, and was soon engaged in a fight with number two. While they were plucking out each other's hair by handfuls, a posse of guardians of the peace made their appearance, and marched them off to the police station. Explanations followed, when the ex-consort avowed that he had shammed suicide. French justice has so far contented itself with drawing up a report on the case.

A BOY'S SAD FATE.—A boy about thirteen years of age has for the past three months been working for a lame shoemaker on Gratiot street, but was thrown out of a job and upon a cold world yesterday through no fault of his. The shoemaker sent him down town to hear "the latest," and the lad consulted a bulletin board, and went back and said:

"Kellogg says that Louisiana is sure for Hayes by 8,000."

"Good!" chuckled the shoemaker; "that defeats Tilden."

In about an hour he sent the boy down again, and the lad reported:

"Wade Hampton carries South Carolina."

"Thunder! that elects Tilden!" growled the old man, and he threw down his lapstone in a rage.

A third time the boy was sent for news, and this time he reported:

"Florida Democratic, New York Republican, and both parties claiming the election!"

"You are discharged—you are not reliable!" roared the old man, but yet the lad had closely consulted "latest dispatches."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY tell of an Oberlin, Ohio, woman who is a graduate of three colleges and can write poetry in any quantity necessary to meet the demands of the trade, and yet lies in bed every morning, and not only lets her husband get breakfast but actually black his own boots! There would seem to be something, it is difficult to say what, in the system of female education in this country which needs to be modified. It is rather strange, not that a graduate of Oberlin College should fail to black her husband's boots, but that she should [illegible] husband who is [illegible] be blacked.

Moslem Religion and Statecraft.

Perhaps the most important contribution to the history of the chronic struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, which now assumes the form of a duel between the great representative of the Greek Church and the head of the Mahometan religion, is the republication of "the Conquests of the Saracens," by Edward Freeman, the distinguished historian. Mr. Freeman's research and attainments fit him admirably to speak with authority on this subject, and he certainly does speak with great positiveness that leaves no doubt as to his opinions. He is evidently no friend of Islam. He does not share for an instant the tolerant ideas of some religious theorists of the liberal school, who look upon Mahometism as the religion best suited to the character of its votaries, and a vast improvement on the barbarous superstitions which it supplanted. It is of necessity unprogressive, and it lays down and enforces obedience to an unchangeable system of rules of life, and a creed of superstitions, such as obtained among the semi-barbarous Arabs of the seventh century. He states the cardinal distinction between it and Christianity, in their application to the conditions of life among different nations, at the different stages of development, as follows:

"Christianity placed on men the injunction of purity and justice, but was silent with regard to the particulars of conduct. Christianity presented no vicegerent of God on earth to whom was due temporal as well as spiritual allegiance. Christianity, therefore, could suit itself to various conditions of society, and was progressive. The Moslem creed laid down a very definite course of rules and observances, to which it taught that the world *must* conform; by vesting the temporal power in the hands of the successor of the Prophet, conformity in all countries governed by Moslems was secured. Mahometism was therefore necessarily stationary."

Mr. Freeman goes on to say: "In one or two respects, indeed, Mahometism has actually appeared as a retrograde system, even among heathen nations. One cannot doubt that the doctrine of fatalism had a wonderful effect in animating the spirits of the first Saracens; but its ultimate effect has been pernicious to the last degree. When the first heat of enthusiasm is over, the same doctrine leads to quite opposite results. It becomes a mere excuse for stupid and listless idleness; submission to the Divine will is held to render all human exertion superfluous. Nothing in the world is so energetic as a Mahometan nation in its youth; nothing is so utterly feeble as a Mahometan nation in its old age."

The deductions Mr. Freeman makes from these premises, are that the application of such a religion to the purposes of temporal Government is necessarily a failure—misgovernment and oppression are the unavoidable consequences, and reform is impossible. The present Ottoman Government, he says, is the rule of a gang of robbers without a captain. The few great men which the Ottoman race produced in the past, have been succeeded by a line of creatures, of feeble mind and personal insignificance.

He is especially decided on the question of religious tolerance—the existence of which must be very difficult under Mussulman government, since it is opposed to the vital principles of the religion. An unbeliever of any kind is classed among the beasts of the field, and while such unbeliever may be simply politically inferior under the better forms of Government, under the worser he is the victim of personal oppression, often of the most terrible kind. Altogether Mr. Freeman can find little excuses for the existence of the peculiar form of religion, and if he had his way, we imagine he would speedily sweep over it with the besom of destruction.—*Toledo Blade.*

SHE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO HIM.—When a young Chicago man came down stairs the other morning he remembered that his wife, who was preparing breakfast, had not spoken to him when he got up, and so he cheerfully said: "Good morning, little lady."

Not a word came in reply.

"Good morning," said he, again, in a higher key, thinking that she might not have heard him before.

"Um—'m—'m," was all that escaped from her sealed lips, as she kept on with the work.

"Why under the sun don't you answer me?" exclaimed he in surprise; "what's the matter? what have I done to offend you?"

"Um—'m—'m," was still the only sound elicited.

"Look here!" then exclaimed the husband, as he jumped up and knocked over a cup of coffee: "I don't swallow a mouthful of this breakfast until you tell me what's the matter."

"What's the matter?" echoed she, suddenly turning upon him with flashing eyes. And then, she continued: "John Adell Smithson, the next time that I dream I see you kissing another woman, I—I,—I will leave this house!—boohoo!"

ABOUT TEA.—Tea is rapidly rising to an important place in the list of English imports from British India. Less than 18,000,000 pounds of Indian grown tea were imported in 1874, whereas in the year following the amount had increased to 25,000,000, the value of which amounted to $11,000,000. The cultivation of tea is rapidly increasing in Bengal, the crop proving a remunerative one. The best laborers come from Nepaul, and their relations with their European employers are satisfactory. The average yield of an acre in the Darjeeling district, according to the latest returns, was 325 pounds. The tea plant was introduced into India about forty years ago. The China variety is the hardiest, but has the drawback of slow growth and produces a very small leaf. The Assam variety, which is preferable in these respects, requires a [illegible] sheltered situation and richer soil [illegible]

Fondness of M. Thiers for Conversation.

M. Thiers has returned to Paris, but is still occupying himself actively with diplomacy, inviting the foreign representatives to his house in the Place Saint George, and talking to them by the hour about the necessities of the moment. M. Thiers, like all the statesmen of his epoch, is a furious Turk. He foresees and predicts the greatest danger if the Ottoman empire is dismembered. This comes from the old idea of the "balance of power," which can never be eradicated from the minds of the statesmen of the 1830 period. These evenings with M. Thiers are extremely interesting, for he is a remarkable talker. He has the faculty of expressing himself fluently about all he knows—and he knows a good deal, and knows how to throw in little anecdotes and bits of personal [illegible] which charm while fixing th[illegible] He is a wonderful *causeur*, a[illegible] His ways of talking whence [illegible] audience has led to a number [illegible] one of them being that of [illegible] farmer who was sent to give [illegible] the result of his experience. [illegible] man wanted information abo[illegible] cultural state of the country, [illegible] make up a report. The agricultu[illegible] rived and was warmly received [illegible] Thiers took his favorite place wi[illegible] back against the mantel, and tol[illegible] farmer why he had been sent for, [illegible] then launched out into a discourse [illegible] farming. He told him what kind of manure should be used on certain soils, how seeds should be planted, how stock should be treated, and discoursed for an hour in the most admirable manner. Suddenly M. Thiers looked at his watch.

"I am sorry to say," he said, "that my time is up, but I have had a satisfactory interview, and I shall not fail to embrace your ideas in my report."

The farmer looked up in surprise.

"Good day," continued M. Theirs, "and allow me to express my thanks for the valuable information you have given me upon the practical agriculture of the country."

During the whole interview the farmer had not expressed a single opinion, and had only bowed from time to time his assent to the views of M. Theirs. Yet the latter gave him credit for a remarkable stock of knowledge in his report and in his book. He now sends for the different diplomatists to get information from them, and talks to them incessantly for hours, giving them no time to put in a word. But, as I have already remarked, these conversations are wonderfully interesting—*Paris Cor. of the N. Y. Times.*

Odd Occupations in New York.

We are fast running "specialties" into the ground in this city, says a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, when an exclusive "Baked Beans Company" is formed and put into successful operation. This is a veritable fact, and the wagons of the New York and Boston Baked Beans Company now traverse the streets supplying the famous Sunday meal to the restaurants and hotels [illegible] as much regularity as the milk [illegible] They do a thriving business. An specialty here is the manufactu[illegible] whipped cream for Charlotte russe. [illegible] concern manufactures nearly all o[illegible] delicacy sold in the city. They use [illegible] chinery, and by dealing in large qu[illegible] ties of materials, and using labor-saving machines, they can supply the restaurants and confectioners cheaper than they can make it themselves. But the oddest thing, which, though small in itself, is a big thing in its way, is the operation of a stock company for manufacturing the article of "paste" for book-binders, paper-hangers, newspaper offices, etc. The cost of this thing is so slight that it would seem there was no "big money" in it upon conceivable terms; but in fact this business employs 100 hands, occupies a five-story building, and keeps three or four wagons and twice as many horses in constant use. They supply paste to the suburban cities and villages, and on terms which prevent competition from [illegible] consumers. Another odd [illegible] that of a half dozen butcher boys in [illegible] ton and Washington Markets, who make a business of supplying cat and dog meat to wholesale grocers and others who keep cats or dogs to protect their property against rats and mice. It is carried around to the stores nicely cut up, ready for use, and tradition says that fortunes have been made in this line of supplying cats' meat by two retired butchers. Here's a hint for some of your Chicago meat merchants.

THE MADMEN AT GHEEL.—The Town of Gheel, situated in the province of Antwerp, has been for six centuries an abode of madmen, and tradition even takes the story back eleven centuries. There are 11,000 people in the place, and they have charge of 1,300 lunatics from abroad, who are boarded around in the families and treated with great consideration. The children from youth are familiarized with the business, and all the people know how to manage those committed to their care. The inhabitants are all, so to speak, engaged in the surveillance of the lunatics. One of the greatest social punishments that can be inflicted on a family is to declare that it is unfit to receive such boarders. The lunatics are disposed of among the inhabitants according to their wealth or statis[illegible] wealthy patients being sent into the b[illegible] ter families and poor ones to the po[illegible] The cures average from sixty to se[illegible] five to the hundred. Gheel is d[illegible] into four districts, each with its [illegible] and physician. Large sums of [illegible] are spent in the place by the pa[illegible] and families generally are always de[illegible] of having one or more lunatics o[illegible] hands.

THE English have [illegible] est bridge in the [illegible] India possessions. It [illegible] four spans of 142 feet [illegible]

[illegible] accounts [illegible] nomical arrangements [illegible] company $12 a [illegible] Outfit and [illegible] Augusta, Maine.

HOUSE AND [illegible] NDMILLS!

THE best and Cheapest Self-Regulating Mill in the World. Light, Durable and Simple in Construction. Send for Price-list to BAKER & HAMILTON, of San Francisco and Sacramento.

F. A. LEH[illegible] ted to the locality bei[illegible] Washington F. D. C. Not between these [illegible] circular.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
24 Post St., Near Kearny, S. F. Cal.
Pupils educated thoroughly and practically for a successful career in life.
For Circulars call at College or address, S. F. HEALD, San Francisco.