The East Oregonian.

PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
—BY—
M. P. BULL.

OFFICE..........COURT STREET,
OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.

Rates of Subscription in Coin:

One Year	$4 00
Six Months	2 50
Three Months	1 50
Single Copies	10

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VOL. 2. PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877. NO. 49.

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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.

One Little Shoe.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Think it no trifle, my childless friend,
The one little shoe that we found to-day,
Buttonless, faded, and wet with dew,
Out in the grass where the children play.

Gold could not buy it, nor precious stones;
Wrapped in the softest silk it lies
There in the corner, with other things
Nearly as precious, to gladden our eyes.

Only a month since *she* lost this shoe—
Dear baby Mary, with her golden hair.
Only a week since we laid her low,
"Under the daisies," sweet and fair.

Brave little feet, how they pattered forth,
Morning and noon with their task to do;
Never at rest till the good sun set,
And the "busiest baby's" work was through.

Little pink toes in their cradle-bed,
Cuddled away when the day was done,
Ready to start at break of dawn,
Over the house in search of fun.

Now they are still in their narrow bed,
Waxen and white as the drift of snow,
Only eclipsed by the angel feet,
Fairer than ever they were below.

Think it no trifle then, childless friend,
This odd little shoe that we found to-day,
Buttonless, faded, and wet with dew,
Out in the grass where the children play.

The Model Detective.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"Murder will out, some time, sure!" exclaimed Daniel Wonder to a few hearers, as he laid down a paper from which he had just been reading aloud a case of mysterious murder, the perpetrator of which had been discovered after years of ingenious and tortuous search. "I have many a time noticed it. It is according to the laws of nature, and must be so, if not right off, then by-and-by—if not to-day, to-morrow, next day, then a year, ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred years hence. The murder and the murderer are sure to come out. If I was on a plank alone with a man in the middle of the ocean, and was to murder him and sink him, *with no ship in sight*—I shouldn't feel safe! Some time or other something would bring me out. I didn't think to my bridge, asleep or awake, his bones would rise, or"—

"Or his sperrit!" assisted somebody.

"No; I don't believe in spirits—but his bones, clothes, or the plank—or it might be somebody might be looking at me from a ship out of sight, through a powerful spy-glass, or perhaps from another plank, or perhaps happening to pass by overhead in a silk balloon, and see me do it—and so I should feel sure I was not safe until at last I was led out to be hung. You see there is always a chain of evidence between the murderer and the murdered. It may be short or long. It may be broken up into many separate links; but in time one man picks up one link here, another a link there, another another, and so on, until all the links are found and put together, and they are sure to be perfect."

"It does seem so," said one of the listeners, in thoughtful awe.

"*Seems* so! It *is* so! I always know that murder will out, and have seen many singular cases of it. But the most singular case I ever heard of was the fate of Paul Picra, of Mosscreek, a clerk in a dry-goods store, and so covered up, according to the report, that no evidence was supposed to be left of it. He was unexpectedly missed one day, and his body was not found till three years afterwards. People gave up all hopes of hearing about the poor fellow, how he came to his death, or where, or what for, or who or where his murderer was, until a traveller came to Mosscreek, and hearing of the murder of poor Paul Picra, he undertook to find the body, or, at least, the real criminal, and bring him to justice. This traveller's name was Solomon Foxpaw, and he prided himself on his detective powers—his penetration and perseverance—and he had a restless, rolling, staring, snappy kind of eye that seemed to take in everything about him at a glance. People wished him success, but they didn't expect it. Yet he didn't care if they did expect. He set to work to find some links for a chain of evidence."

"But I don't see"—

"You can't see anything, yet. You must wait and see. Solomon Foxpaw made inquiries, for a month, but ascertained just about nothing, except that Paul had a habit of walking in the woods which lead to the river. He then sat down and reflected alone for three days, and finally he said to himself, 'Here is a piece of woods out here, and Paul Picra on his health—and there he murdered?'"

"To be sure! What, indeed?"

"With this idea, Sol, without saying a word to anybody—because he hated interruption as bad as I do—walks out alone into the woods, and kicks about among the dry leaves, and examines the ground, and the rocks, and the trees, with strong suspicion."

"To find a clew?"

"Why, of course, to find a clew!"

"But I don't see"—

"You never *will* see, if you don't wait, and follow his eyes and ideas. He pretty soon found various letters, carved on various trees—initials of names, perhaps—and on one of them, at last he discovered, as he hoped he would, the letters 'P.P.'"

"Perilous Place, I suppose."

"Perilous Place, *you* suppose! No. Paul Picra *he* supposed, for *he* knew what he supposed. 'He certainly cut those letters,' Foxpaw felt convinced; and he put down 'P. P.' as his first link. 'Now,' says he, 'I've got something to work on,' and he felt encouraged. Looking about him a little sharper, as if Providence had directed him, he found a rusty jack-knife, which *had* had ten blades. It had three now; a big one, a little one and a sawblade. The horn was gone, but he felt a conviction that this knife was Paul's, and he felt encouraged again. Looking about him still further, he saw a crack"—

"*Heard* a crack."

"No! *Saw* a crack—a wide crack between some rocks. Something suddenly told him there was a cave there, and that he would find the body of Paul Picra in that cave. He did find a cave, a very cavernous cave—and he went and borrowed a spade, entered, and dug for several hours, till he struck something hard."

"A box, containing the bones of Paul."

"No. He thought so, at first; but it proved to be nothing but solid rock. He dug here and he dug there—but all was rock; and now, being much tired, he paused, and began to suspect he was on the wrong scent. A less resolute man would have despaired; but 'No,' says Foxpaw, 'I'll dig in another way.' And so he dug off, back to town again, and made further inquiries about what Paul Picra said and did the last time he was seen; and showed the jack-knife confidentially.

"Nobody had seen Paul have such a knife, but Sol Foxpaw happened at last on an old lady who remembered she had bought some mixed yarn of Paul the day he was missed. He seemed sick and unhappy, and said he wanted to go to sea for his health. This was all that Foxpaw could paw out of her. It seems little, but he thought it a good deal. 'Wanted to go to sea. That's another link,' says Sol. 'A man who goes to sea naturally goes to a vessel, in the first place. Mosscreek is a seaport place. I will go down to the water-side and inquire among the vessels. So he went down, and by good luck he soon discovered that, for years past, the schooner *Flying Turtle* had been in the habit of bringing stock, from the city for the dry-goods store. 'Another link,' says Foxpaw. 'What more likely than that Paul, knowing the skipper, went in the *Flying Turtle* that day to the city?'

"So he asked the captain, who said he was not sure he didn't, and that sometimes he had; and he shouldn't wonder. 'Here is half a link more,' says Foxpaw. 'I will go in the *Flying Turtle*, and make further inquiries.'

"It was during this trip, only a day's voyage, that he added three or four more links to his chain. On closely questioning the captain, the latter remembered that on the fatal day one of his passengers from Mosscreek to the city was a raw-boned, swarthy, ugly-looking man, who had a dissipated nose and a several-bladed jack-knife. He remembered a saw blade in it, because it was the first he ever saw; and had said at the time that if he was as homely as the owner of the knife, he should cut his throat with it, and leave the consequences to other people. Foxpaw now showed the rusty knife, and the skipper said it might be the same; and added that the stranger's name was Murdman or Murkham, and that on landing in the city, he had seen him at the Jolly Tar tavern at the head of the wharf."

"Seen Paul Picra!" said one listener, much gratified.

"Why, no! Pay attention! Seen this ugly fellow—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see; but I don't see"—

"But you must wait and see, or you will certainly lose the links. Up goes Solomon Foxpaw to the Jolly Tar, as interested as if he had been Paul Picra's only brother"—

"Did he have a brother?"

"None of your business—and asked the landlord to let him look at his arrival book of three years before. The landlord sent up garret for it, and they overhauled it together; and, sure enough! there stood the name, at the proper date, in a fierce, big hand, of Mike Murdman, and"—

"Paul Picra."

"No! What do you know about it? 'Mike Murdman and Friend.' 'This is the biggest link of the lot,' says Sol to the landlord. 'Do you recollect what kind of a looking man his friend was?'

"'No,' says the landlord, 'but I recollect that next morning the two had a quarrel. They had slept together, and Murdman was charged by the other with stealing his money in the night. But Murdman swore no, and, as proof, said he hadn't enough money to pay his own bill; and they went out quarrelling, without paying. That's the last I ever saw of the other fellow, to my knowledge.'

"'More links—I'm getting a chain!' says Foxpaw. 'Went out together, quarrelling, and without robbery. And did you ever see Murdman again?'

"'O yes,' says the landlord. 'He's captain of a brig now. He came back a year afterwards, and paid his bill, and now he stops here once every three months, every return-trip he makes. It is time for him now; brig was due yesterday; if you stop, I'll introduce him to you.'

"Was the man hung?"

"Well, this beats all, I declare!" cried Daniel Wonder, exasperated. "Here you are, wanting to get to the end of the chain before I've got the links fastened together. You would never make a detective."

"I don't care anything about the links. All I want to know is was the man hung! You've got me so excited I can hardly keep my seat. It will be a satisfaction to know if the man was hung, at the start."

"Well, he wasn't hung at the start, and never would have been if Sol Foxpaw had been as impatient as you are. You have no interest in the philosophy of the thing!"

"No," said the man, nettled; "and I don't care, now, whether he was hung or not; I hope he wasn't; and I hope Paul Picra was cut into as many bits as there are links in your story!"

"Go on, Daniel, go on," said the others, "and if he interrupts you again we'll have him put out."

"So do. Well—Foxpaw waited three days, patiently, for the next link, and then the brig came to port, and the landlord introduced him to Foxpaw, over a glass, and they sat down to talk. Sol was usually a cool fellow, but, as he after sitting down and talking with a murderer, and he felt very pale and uneasy considering the critical business he was on. Sol eyed him closely and homelier than he seemed to him and more he examined him. He thought of poor Paul Picra, and felt ashamed of himself because he had been drinking in a friendly manner with this monster, who for three years had escaped being hung, and who no doubt imagined he should escape forever.

"'I have drunk with him,' thinks Sol, 'but it was a means to an end; and as that end is a rope's end, I shouldn't feel ashamed; but I must begin to gather up more links, however I feel.' And pretty soon he had a good opening.

"'Do you chew?' says Mike Murdman.

"'I do,' says Sol, holding out a plug; 'and if you don't like to bite it off, here's a knife to cut it.' And he pulled out the rusty jack-knife he had found in the woods.

"'What's this?' says Mike, staring at the knife, just as Sol expected he would.

"'Only a knife I found,' says Sol. 'Perhaps you've lost one. Does it belong to you?'

"'To me!' says Mike, looking at it with a shudder and calling it a knife. 'I guess not. Take it back. Horrible! I don't cut tobacco with such a knife as that!'

"'You needn't be afraid. It is rusty—but you don't *think there's blood on it*, do you?'

"'*Blood!*' says Mike, with another shudder.

"'Yes, blood,' repeats Sol, severely. 'As I told you, I found that knife, and who knows but there's blood, and human blood, on it, which makes it so rusty? The murderer might have thrown it away, after he had done the deed, mightn't he? and thought nobody would find it?'

"'How should I know?'

"'It is an old knife,' continues Sol, 'but an older head owned it, I reckon. Yet the oldest heads are liable to get out of their latitude and longitude. Now, you are a seafaring man, and have you ever been to Mosscreek?'

"'Mosscreek! Well, I may say I have, once.'

"'And more, too?'

"'No. Only once.'

"'Only once. And what did you go there for?'

"'I didn't go there *for!*' says Mike, with a kind of sneer, as if he was not to be so questioned; and Sol said he looked confused. 'I didn't go there for anything. I got drunk—stepped aboard the vessel by mistake, and got there by accident!'

"'By accident! A stranger there! Then you don't remember a young clerk, Paul Picra?'

"'No.'

"'Nor the woods—nor that cave?'

"'No.'

"'I thought not. Short memory, I suppose?'

"'You ask a great many questions!' now says Mike. 'Are you crazy? You are very pale.'

"'It is you who are pale,' says Sol; 'and I want you to answer me some more questions.'

"'Not another word, till you take more brandy,' says Mike. 'You need it.'

"'One word for me and two for himself,' thought Sol. 'His guilt makes him faint, and he wants a glass to stiffen him up. I'm willing. More drink will make him less cautious.'

"So he agreed, and they drank two or three times, and Mike, he seemed to gulp it down like a fish,' Sol said, 'and I thought I should soon get him drunk. But instead of that, I got floored myself. I lost all consciousness, and was put to bed, and next day I was unable to find him anywhere. Suspecting that he had got the start of me, and had got rid of my reach for the present, I now thought,' says Sol, 'that the best thing I could do was to talk with Paul's old employer and the town authorities.' So Solomon Foxpaw did go back and told them about the murder, and then went to Mosscreek to look after the poor fellow. They actually laughed in his face, and said that all these links, that he had taken so much pains to get together, *amounted to nothing!*"

"Then they didn't know it all!" exclaimed Daniel Wonder's indignant hearers. "But he did, didn't Solomon Foxpaw get hold of the slippery murderer at last?"

"He didn't get hold of him," said Daniel.

"No?"

"No. What the authorities said discouraged him, and he then resolved that he would not pursue the search any further."

"But who did get the murderer?"

"Nobody."

"Then who found the body of Paul Picra?"

"Everybody. For, on the very day when Foxpaw gave up the search, Paul Picra came back to Mosscreek, safe and sound."

"What! Then he wasn't murdered at all?"

"Why, no! I told you, in the first place, that *it was a report*. But it seems he had got a letter in the city, calling him home, as it was supposed, but was travelling, a long way off. He went home, and she died, and he inherited a rich property; and not caring a fig for the people in Mosscreek, he never wrote to them."

"*Not murdered, after all!*" cried the disappointed hearers. "Where was the *singularity* you spoke about, then?"

"In the *perseverance* of Solomon Foxpaw."

"Pshaw! *O Pshaw!* What did you work us up so for?"

"That is what Solomon Foxpaw said to those who had excited him so. He said they told him so, as I say to you, that it *was so reported*, and he only tried to work a miracle, without any reason—namely, to find, from no evidence at all, the dead body of a man who was not dead, but, as I said before, was dissatisfied as you, that the man turned up alive. But still, as I said before, murder *will out*, and no doubt if that Mike Murdman had murdered, and Paul Picra had *been the one murdered*, and the thing would have come out some time, *sure!*"—*True Flag.*

ENCOURAGING FUNERALS.—The New England undertakers are reducing their rates in hopes that the number of funerals will be greatly increased thereby. That is the reason why so few persons of ordinary means had the courage to die. They couldn't afford it.

The Cross and the Crescent.

It is usual, among recent writers, to name "The Cross" and "The Crescent" to distinguish the respective creeds in the present Turco-Russian war. In fact these several symbols plainly mark the Christian and the Ottoman faiths. The question when and why the Ottomans adopted the Crescent has been much discussed long before now. It was alleged that Mohammed broke the disc of the moon, and caught half of it falling from the top of his head, in his sleeve—this is stated in the Koran, and seems to indicate that Mohammed made the young moon a sign of his divine authority. The crescent, or half moon, the Turks, was always used as a religious symbol, however, long before the Turkish empire began. It was reported that Sultan Othman, founder of that empire, A. D. 1299, dreamed that he saw a crescent moon which waxed until its splendor illuminated the whole world from east to west; that he then adopted the crescent and emblazoned it on his standard with the motto, *Donec Repleat Orbem*, or "until it fills the world." But the crescent moon had been a symbol well known to the ancient worshippers of Diana in the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome. There are old statues of her with an up-pointing crescent over her brow. Another account is that Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, was engaged one dark night in undermining the walls of Byzantium, which he was besieging, and his operations were discovered to those within by a sudden appearance of a young moon, and that in gratitude for this timely light the Byzantines commemorated the frustration of Philip's hostile design by creating a temple to Diana, and by adopting her crescent as a symbol of the State. It has also been alleged that in 1446, when the Turks took Byzantium, they adopted the crescent standard which they found there, and which the Janizaries had borne for more than a century previous. Undoubtedly then the crescent was the emblem of Greece previous to the superiority of the Turkish rule. Oddly enough, at the present day the crescent is to be seen as an ornament on churches in Moscow and other parts of old Russia, generally surmounted by the cross, thus apparently marking the Byzantine origin of the Russian church. In 1801 the Sultan Selim III., having previously presented Lord Nelson with a crescent richly adorned with diamonds, founded the order of the crescent which, as Mohammedans are not allowed to carry this mark of distinction, has been conferred on Christians alone. The Turkish order of Medjidie, founded by Abdul Medjid in 1852, and liberally conferred upon French, English and Italian officers after the Crimean war, bears a crescent and a silver sun of seven triple rays. Assuredly the crescent dates from the time of Endymion.—*Philadelphia Press.*

AMONG other ludicrous mistakes that have happened to Congressmen in Washington the correspondent of the Boston *Journal* relates the following: "The little suites of rooms at the National Hotel opens upon little halls, uniform in appearance, connected by long corridors, and little side halls. One night Senator Mangum, of North Carolina, then President *pro tempore* of the Senate, a dignified gentleman of the old school, had just returned from a party, when Governor Upham, a Senator from Vermont, came in, and without any ceremony took a seat. The two chatted away on politics, the weather, the social amusements, etc., until the clock on the mantel struck one. 'Really, Governor Upham,' said Mangum, 'I will always be glad to see you, but I really believe it is getting very late.' replied Upham, but he made no movement. Providently the half hour sounded, and Mangum remarked: 'I thought, Governor Upham, that you had decided to go to bed, sir!' 'So I had, Mr. President,' answered the Vermonter, yet he did not budge. Mangum stared at him in amazement, and at last plainly said: 'But why don't you go to your room, Governor Upham? It will soon be two o'clock.' 'My room, Mr. President! why this is my room, and I have been wishing that you would go away for two hours past.' Mangum sprang to his feet, looked into the sleeping-room adjacent, and found that he was in Upham's room instead of his own. Webster used to enjoy joking him about his visit to Vermont."

WHILE half a dozen persons were rolling along in a Michigan avenue horse-car a man leaned across the aisle and said to another: "Excuse me, but didn't a big bug crawl down behind your collar?" "Ugh! Ouch!" exclaimed the other, as he leaped up and hauled off his coat. He looked the garment all over, but there was no bug to be seen. "Perhaps it crawled down under your vest," suggested the man. Off came the vest, and it was closely inspected without making any discoveries. The attentive stranger then made the victim turn around two or three times to see if the bug wasn't hidden under the suspenders, and when a thorough search had been made the stranger sat down and said: "It was probably a shadow flitting across your collar, but I can't say that it wasn't a bug. You can put your coat and vest on again." The more the victim thought about it the madder he got, but before he put on his coat the other man left the car and said that his politeness and had grease on his heels.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT politeness which we put on, in order to keep the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it is sometimes that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves that they put down their great merits and high pretensions, and meet the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves.—*Colton.*

A PARIS paper tells of an O'Flaherty who said to the map seller, "Give me a map of the world which contains all the most important battles that are going to be fought."

The Character of Mahomet.

In forbidding the use of wine, Mahomet denied them a gratification for which they had no special craving; but he not only permitted, he gave, a divine sanction to the unbridled indulgence of their characteristic vices. The Arab inherited a supreme contempt for human life; Mahomet made him gratify it to the top of his bent, on the sole condition that the life sacrificed should not be that of a Mussulman. The Arab was the most vain-glorious of human beings; Mahomet made him believe that he was written in the Book of Fate that the Arab race was the predestined ruler of the world and his by right divine. The Arab was proud of his language. Mahomet said that it was the language of heaven, and was consequently sacred above all others, to be denied to all but the True Believers. The Arab was an inveterate freebooter; Mahomet opened up to him an endless vista of predatory warfare, with spoils in abundance, of all that could fire the fancy, in case of victory; or refreshing powers of Paradise, attended by ever beautiful and ever-youthful black-eyed houris, if he died a hero's death. The Arab practiced slavery; Mahomet gave him for bond slaves as many of the human race as he chose to spare after satiating his lust of carnage. The Arab was grossly licentious. Mahomet gave him leave to take as many wives as he pleased, and concubines without number; and the crowning delight of his sensual Paradise is the increased opportunity which it offers for the safe gratification of animal lusts. The Jews were the first to experience his vengeance. He had fortified his earlier Suras with spurious quotations from the Pentateuch, which he asserted he received in the same revelation to the Jews which he was commissioned to deliver in the Koran to the Arabs. But when he went to Medina, the Jews denounced his devices, the Jewish scribes had the hardihood to denounce him, and he retaliated by declaring that they were guilty of having corrupted and falsified their sacred books. Denunciations, however, were not enough. The presence of the Jews, confuting his revelations out of their Hebrew Scriptures, was a standing menace to him; and he took measures, first to silence them, and when that failed, to get rid of them altogether. A Hebrew woman of the name of Asma, who exposed the prophet and his claims to ridicule in some satirical verses, was soon afterward assassinated by an agent of Mohamet, who crept into her apartment at midnight and plunged his dagger into her breast as she lay asleep between her children.—*MacColl's Eastern Question.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is frequently the case that the marriages of literary men are unhappy ones, owing to the mental inferiority of their wives, and Sir Walter Scott's matrimonial experience formed no exception to the rule. He was married on Christmas Eve, 1796, the bride being Miss Jane Carpenter (or Carpenter), an heiress of French birth. The marriage was not felicitous, especially in view of her mental inferiority, which was a life-long annoyance to the author. This feature was inherited by their four children, who were far below mediocrity in point of brain activity. The eldest son had a noble figure, which is all that can be said of him. The second was glad to get a clerkship under the government, which was his highest attainment. The oldest daughter, Sophia, was the brightest of the children, but never left anything on record to suggest that she was the daughter of a genius. The youngest daughter, Anne, like her brother Charles, died unmarried. She was a frail creature, and was dreadfully shattered by the wreck in which fell upon her father's fortunes. After his death she went to London, became a member of Lockhart's family, and died there, less than a year after her father. A pension from the king gave her relief for a short time, but the daughter of the greatest author of the age died on the verge of royal charity.

THE POOR DOGS!—There has been a great slaughter of dogs in this city. Countless hundreds of vagabond, uncollared, and unknown curs are gathered up daily by men appointed for the purpose by the mayor and taken to the pound, which is large enough to accommodate a thousand or more. The dogs are kept a few days, to allow owners to redeem them, if they desire to do so, and then they are drowned. This far several thousand dogs have been impounded, including one belonging to the mayor. Of these, nearly all have been drowned. A few have been redeemed. Although the dog-catchers and their assistants are frequently bitten, they have no fear of hydrophobia. When a catcher is bitten, he immediately sucks the wound, then soaks it with a preparation made of chloride of lime and water, two tablespoonfuls of the former to a pint of the latter, then covers it with a coat of caustic. The catchers are very zealous in their duties, receiving a good fee for every dog they present at the pound. One of them caught 108 in one day.—*N. Y. Independent.*

INSINCERITY IN ASKING ADVICE.—Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend, whilst yet he only aims to get approval of his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives it repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him, by a seeming disinterested zeal, whilst he seldom means anything by his advice but his own interest or reputation.—*Rochefoucault.*

"Oh, cut it short, cut it short!" exclaimed the victim of a Fulton-street barber, who, while shaving him, beguiled the passing moments with an uninterrupted flow of wearisome conversation. "All right, sir," he replied; "some likes a close shave, and some don't;" and so he resumed the thread of his discourse, not thinking his patron to care about.

GERMANY employs 34,000 women in the manufacture of cigars.

The East River Bridge.

The large cables for the support of the East River Bridge are being slowly stretched across, one wire at a time. It will take not less than eighteen months to complete this work. It is seven and a half years since work was begun on the piers, and apparently from five to seven years more will be required to complete the bridge. Ground has been broken for the construction of the New York approach to the bridge, which is to be 1,562 feet six inches long, and it will be not more than half as long. The four years of steady labor will be required to complete it. The Brooklyn approach workmen are now engaged in digging the foundation for the first foundation wall and brick arches. These will be placed directly against the anchor pier, and will be, it is thought, add to the strength of that massive column of work. The ground between the anchorage and the beginning of the approach will be occupied by a substantial building, which will contain stairways to give access to the bridge and will also be occupied for business purposes. There is to be a bridge over Franklin Square 85 feet wide, 195 feet long on the north side, and about 140 feet long on the south side. The bridge will be divided into two spans. This will be the most important of any in the entire approach. The bridges over the other streets will have ordinary plate girders, resting on the abutments. Within the spaces between the abutments, which will be enclosed by walls running on each side of the approach, are to be built massive supports for the roadway. The spaces will be lighted by arches in the abutments and will be used for stores and warehouses. The floor of the approach will be formed by laying iron beams across the longitudinal walls and connecting them by means of short brick arches into a solid platform. The roadway on this platform will be arranged as on the main bridge. There will be horse-car rails, with the iron tramways alongside for wagon-wheels. Trains of passenger cars will be run from 400 to 500 feet in length, and will be operated by steam engines in an underground room, between North William and Chatham Streets. The expenditures in the construction of the Bridge have already amounted to $7,547,125. The entire expense is estimated at $13,000,000. When completed, the work will be one of the wonders of this country and, indeed, of the world.—*N. Y. Independent.*

At a Dash.

A great deal of brilliant literary labor has been performed on the spur of the moment. Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and sent it to the press as it was written, publishing it with hardly a correction. Lope de Vega wrote three hundred dramas for the stage in one hundred days, and he wrote over one hundred lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zaire" in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days. Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to be sent off with her proofs to America. But, as a rule, the best work is not to be done at a dash in this style. "What do you think of 'Olympie?'" Voltaire asked one of his friends, after that work was published. "I wrote it in six days." "You should not have rested on the seventh day," was the answer, and the answer was wise as well as witty. Shakespeare was the greatest and the most rapid writer; and Shakespeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Even the impulsive, sparkling Tom Moore was slow about writing, and took great pains with his work. He added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although he kept his "Lalla Rookh" in his writing-box in the Peak. Planche produced his burlesque at an average of thirty rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. Kinglake's "Eothen," an exquisite trifle, was rewritten five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone," and he put it like that, to be taken out for revision and correction almost every day. And that is the way in which good, honest work—work that is to be read to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, is written. Scotts and Scribes turn up once in a century.

HOW INDIANS CLIMB TREES.—In South America even the weakest women may be not uncommonly seen plucking the fruit at the tree tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go up the tree, they make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a larger hoop around the tree and himself, and then jerks it up the tree with his hands, a lift at the time, drawing his legs up after him. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this they get up the cocoa palms to gather nuts. The native women of Australia climb the gum trees after opossums; they throw a rope twice as long as is required around the tree and grasping the rope with a hatchet, then one throws about the tree a rope twice as long as will go around it, puts her hatchet on her cropped head, and, placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

AT a recent woman's rights meeting in London, Miss Becker announced that there were 2,500,000 spinsters in Great Britain who own property valued at from £150,000,000—£250,000,000. If they were to organize, and concentrate their efforts, they could have suffrage and professional rights at once. The Great Britain women.

THE Established Church in England has an annual revenue of $36,000,000.

Emerson at Home.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the most original of living thinkers, has had for many years as delightful a home at Concord, Mass., as can be found anywhere. He has been twice married—when he was twenty-seven and when he was thirty-two. His first wife, who was Helen Louisa Tucker, of Boston, lived but a few months; and his second wife, Lidian Jackson, of Plymouth, Mass., has borne him three children, two girls and one boy, all living, and ranging from twenty-eight to thirty-five in age. Although one of the severest of students and most abstract of philosophers, he always emerges from his library to the family circle with evident satisfaction. Notwithstanding a certain gravity of manner, he is full of geniality and *bonhommie*, and is never more eloquent and charming than when away from his books and manuscripts. He is very fond of children and young people; loves to talk and walk with them, and listens to them as if they were revealing the oracles of the gods. No man in Concord is more popular or accessible than he. He is fully in sympathy with the old town; he reveres and honors it, and says he would not exchange it for New York, Athens, Rome, or Paris. To get a clear and adequate conception of Emerson, one must see him at home, in undress, so to speak, if he may be considered as ever in uniform, who is the soul of simplicity and sincerity. He is the kindest of husbands, the most considerate of fathers. It is related of him that when thought strikes him, when any suggestion occurs, or any pat quotation is recalled, he invariably stops the thing he is doing and jots down the thought or suggestion for future use or reference. Even in the middle of the night he observes this habit, knowing that a good thing may be lost forever unless recorded. Before his second wife got used to his ways, she would ask him, when he rose to strike a light, "Are you ill, husband?" "No, my dear," he would reply, "only an idea." Some women might object to men prowling about in the nocturnal watches to fix intellectual points on paper, but they would be unamiable, indeed, if they were not modified by so serene and courteous a phrase as "No, my dear, only an idea." The Yankee Greek, as he has been called, is a model husband. Nobody has ever seen him out of temper, or even ruffled. He is the embodiment of calm courtesy, of placid refinement—the very reverse of the supremely nervous, irritable being an author is believed to be, and often is, in truth. Feminine friends of Emerson are unanimous in the opinion that he is one of the most comfortable men possible in a home, and that he deserves to go to a special heaven, because he is never disagreeable, and never interferes in the woman's duties of the household.

The Romance of a Rose.

A story comes fresh to us from the coal mines of the Lackawanna Valley—a simple story, but rich with immense possibilities. In the "Diamond" shaft there was no steadier, harder worker than Jim Gardiner. What he did with his money was long a mystery—he had no wife, no family, no expensive habits, no relatives that any one knew of, and yet no savings bank account. It was learned later that all but the little needed for his daily wants went for charity—found its way quietly, unobtrusively, into the huts of women and children whose husbands and fathers had gone down in the crush of falling timbers or come forth black and crisp from the scorching fire-damp. There was something about Gardiner that suggested a former life of a higher grade. He talked but little, but that little was in words well chosen and of choice dialect. His dress was as rough as the roughest, but he carried it as a man who had been used to face the world smilingly. They called him "Gentleman Jim" in the mines, but they all liked him as a man who always played fair and asked no odds. In the accident of last April, when the roof of a part of the mine fell in, Gardiner was killed. It appeared in the evidence that there were a few seconds during the crack of timbers before the roof fairly came down, and in that brief time, in those few beats of the pulse, "Gentleman Jim" had caught two boys with his lion-like strength, and tossed them clear out of the fatal chamber into the safe main alley. Then he went down with the roof. When his body was recovered the next day they found him with his right hand thrust inside his vest and clasping tight a little pocket-book. There was nothing in it save a card, on which was fastened a drop of sealing-wax on the stem, all that remained of a rosebud and two geranium leaves. Underneath was written in a woman's hand, "*Marie—Toute a toi—June 4, 1867.*" Just below was written in a man's hand, "*June, 1870—all withered—except the thorn.*"

It is a tale for a poet—we have given the barest outlines as they came to us. But our informant adds that the face of the man as they found him unmarred by the cruel rocks which crushed his chest, was placid as that of a sleeping child.—*Cincinnati Times.*

IN a recent lecture Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, mentioned some trees which have been of great value. A walnut tree at Potterville sold for $1,000, the wood being highly ornamental in beautiful waves, and it was made into veneering. A black walnut at Brookfield, seven feet in diameter, sold at $1,200, for the same purpose, in New York. Two thousand dollars were refused for a very large blistered walnut at Saugatuck. At Grand Rapids a black cherry tree, with very dark wood, was shipped to Central America, and from there shipped back to this country and sold as good mahogany.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that mocking birds are becoming rarer in Georgia, by reason of their capture by the professional catchers, who sell them in the Northern markets. A consignment was shipped through Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, containing 150 young mocking birds not fully fledged.