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FACT, FATE AND FANCY

More Ways of Living than One

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY. AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DUNN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE TOMMY'S SPHERE," "MADGE WOODBINE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

"Hold! hold! Mr. Snowden, I was only joking," exclaimed the usurper, with a rattling laugh, as though his throat were filled with scum saws.

Down came the satchel upon the dingy cushion with another heavy thud. "Then, where is my note?" and the debtor gathered fresh courage as the sudden possibility of honorable, or at least, respectable escape from the clutches of the law dawned upon his understanding.

"Here, here; you shall have your note; only count me out the money, Mr. Snowden."

"Let me see your paper first," "Let me see the money first," "Not till you produce the note."

"Then, let me see the color of the coin." Always set a rogue to watch a rogue if you want the work well done. Mr. Snowden slowly opened the satchel and lifted a dozen or more of the double eagles, letting them fall back again with a jingle that Jared Solomon could not resist.

"My day of triumph will come some day; but I'll put it off till a time when it won't cost me quite so much financial sacrifice," he said, under his breath.

But it took him what seemed to Mr. Snowden an age, to open his safe, an old-fashioned and really very unsafe structure, used merely for appearance sake, for he rarely kept anything valuable in it. He was far too wily in his business affairs for that. But apparent difficulty in opening the safe was a habitual trick of his, and everybody who had dealings with him was used to it.

"How much interest will you calculate against me while you are fumbling at that apology for a combination lock, Mr. Solomon?"

"The debtor wanted to say 'usury' instead of interest, and 'shylock,' instead of Solomon, but he remembered that he was still in his creditor's power; so he strove to be respectful, though he could not wholly resist the temptation to taunt his creditor.

"When my business gets brisk enough to enable me to afford a better safe, I'll purchase one, Mr. Snowden, but I have so many hopeless cases to deal with, that I find it extremely difficult to get my bread and butter."

The debtor laughed nervously. He knew the creditor was lying, and he despised him for it, too, although he was fully conscious of his own ability to win a suit beside the spirit of Amaliam himself in a matched game among champion fabricators.

Jared Solomon yielded up the note, and Altona Snowden scowled counted out the coin, while each kept an eye upon the other with as keen scrutiny as though their lives depended upon their signposts.

"Saved as by pestilence!" muttered the forger, as he gained the street with the empty bag in one hand and the crumpled note to the other. Then he remembered his clanking and impatient team, of which he took immediate charge, and drove toward his stable at a furious pace. He was accustomed to walking to and from his place of business, and had little use for a turnout, save for the convenience of his wife and family, to whom he had always been a devoted slave.

It was little wonder that Mr. Snowden's wife was opposed to woman's rights. His family had been a clog upon his ambition in a certain sense from the day of his marriage until now. His wife "had all the rights she wanted," and these included many that properly belonged to her patient, toiling and obedient lord. She was obese because of inactivity, and tyrannical because of ignorance. Married early in life, and thoroughly occupied in mind and body after her own phlegmatic fashion in rearing her children and keeping her social place in her set, she had always exacted such a support as her imagination craved, and her husband, anxious not only to oblige her but to keep his family standing in commercial circles quite up to the mark, had doubled and redoubled his diligence as his domestic expenses increased, till at last, when Altona junior was of age, and he had begun to hope for that assistance from him in the business of the firm which any parent has a moral right to expect from the children for whose education he has made a life-long sacrifice, that son had plunged him into trouble, while sowing his wild oats, from which, as the reader has seen, his father had at last escaped at such a fearful risk.

The senior Snowden was his own groom for economy's sake; for, in his personal expenses, he was rigidly simple in everything. And his family needed every dime which he denied himself to sustain them, with Mrs. Snowden's equally rigid economy, in their style of living. The team was

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stabled and fed, and the possessor of the brown mansion and expensive family walked wearily toward the house, and entering, threw himself upon a lounge in the dining-room to await his tardy cup of tea.

Mrs. Snowden bustled into the room, and began wearing him with small talk.

"Would you believe it, Mr. Snowden, our new Chinese servant is a perfect nuisance. Don't you think, I went into the kitchen a few minutes ago, and found him wiping the floor with the dish-cloth. And only yesterday he was scrubbing the table with the broom. I declare I don't know what the long-suffering women of America will do for servants if things go on at this rate."

"For heaven's sake, Mrs. Snowden, stop your clack; shut the hall-door, too, and stop that infernal piano. My head aches fit to burst, and there's no rest or peace for me anywhere."

"What now, Mr. Snowden? Of course I've been doing something reprehensible, as usual, to throw you into a headache; I'm always to blame, if anything goes wrong. Has there been a decline in the price of pork? I think I'd be careful how I put on airs over a lady if I was only a pork-packer."

But Mrs. Snowden was at heart much more considerate than her words implied. She closed the doors, stopped her "clack," as soon as she had finished her stinging retort, and brought a pillow for her husband's aching head. Then, for the first time, she noticed that he appeared really ill.

"Why, 'Lonto, what's the matter?" she asked, in real alarm.

"I've just got through hell, wife."

"What?" "Just that. O, my head."

"Husband, are you crazy?" "I believe I am."

"But, you don't tell me what the trouble is."

"You wouldn't understand it."

"Yes, I would."

"But it's too late now. The snake of disgrace is coiled, at least for the present."

"Disgrace?" "Yes."

"Why, surely, Mr. Snowden, you haven't been doing anything wrong."

"Are the doors all shut, wife?" "Yes."

"Are we alone?" "Yes."

"Will we be interrupted soon?" "Yes; if we remain here, Fong will enter to lay the table presently."

"Then we'll go to another room. Oh, my head!"

Mrs. Snowden was all apprehension and curiosity now. She preceded her husband to their chamber, and made a show of real tenderness in her solicitude for his comfort.

"Poor old fellow; he works too hard," she said, in a caressing sort of way that soothed his aching brain, as nothing else might.

"Do you feel better, now?" she asked, imprinting a kiss upon his dry, wrinkled forehead, the first he could remember for years.

"Much better, wife. You are very kind."

"Now, dear, will you tell me what troubles you?"

"I say you wouldn't understand it." "And I say I would."

You know I will not tamely submit to them."

"Well, the boy would not marry this girl, and the old man had to be bought off."

"Her father?" "Yes."

"Where's the girl?" "You'd better ask me how I got the money to get out of the scrape."

"Pshaw! Mr. Snowden! You know I never trouble myself about money matters. It's as much as ever I can do to turn and make over old garments and stretch every dollar to the capacity of half a dozen."

"The girl is in the city?" "Where?" "At the hospital."

"Concealed?" "Concealed."

"And her child?" "Is at the orphanage."

"Is there any prospect that we shall have further trouble?" "That's what I want to talk with you about."

"O, Mr. Snowden! Why have you hidden all this from me?" "Because—"

He hesitated. Poor man; it was not wholly the fault of Mrs. Snowden that she had been an unappreciative wife. As men sow, so shall they reap. He had preferred from the beginning to manage his own affairs, as he considered them, and to keep his own counsel. His wife and children were to him a part and parcel of the luxuries with which rich men are wont to surround themselves.

"My house, my orchard, my dog, my wife, my children and my store" were ranked by him in the same catalogue. They were his effects, and as such were simply his, to have and hold according to his own inclination. His business and his property were alike, including his family, what he had made them. His mistake had been in that he had undertaken too much and claimed too much. And when the calamity that fell upon his son came before him in the shape of financial ruin and social disgrace, it was quite as much his fault as that of his wife that he did not dare to counsel with her concerning it. But now, as he said, he was desperate.

"She should know all if he died for it," was his mental resolve.

"I've been alone through all the years, wife; through all the years. You have never helped me to bear any of my burdens, and you were the very last person I thought of coming to—the very last."

Mrs. Snowden felt culpable, she hardly knew why. According to her light and opportunities, she had always done the best she knew, she thought. And really, good reader, she was right. That she had not been the helpmate to her husband that she ought have been, was a great deal more his fault than hers. He had chosen his burden, and had decreed that she should not share it, and she had done what she could to adapt herself to the consequences.

"When the old man came to me with the story about his daughter, I went to 'Lonto, about it, and he owned up like a man. But he wouldn't marry her. She's only a child; barely sixteen, poor thing. And then her father was going to take it into the courts and make a pretty scandal. So I had to get out of it, somehow. The girls are getting to be marriageable, and everything depends upon keeping up the respectability of the family. Old Shaddock is as avenging as he is vindictive, and I had to buy him off. There was but one way to get the money. My name hasn't been worth a cent at bank for five years past, and I've been obliged to get money at ruinous rates, when pressed for it, from Jared, the Jew."

"O, husband!" "Don't interrupt me. Old Shaddock gave me neither grace nor quarter. He posied me till, in desperation to save 'Lonto and you and the girls from disgrace, I drew up my note for a sum that to-day, in principal and interest, amounts to eleven thousand, and to realize on that note, I forged Banks' name; so there."

"Does Banks know of this?" "Know of it? Do you suppose I'd be out of jail three minutes if he did?"

"Husband, I will go at once and see him."

"You must not."

"But something must be done."

"Something has been done."

"What?" "I've lifted the note."

Mrs. Snowden heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then why are you so troubled?" "Because I've escaped Seylla on one side, only to meet Charybdis on the other."

"Have you committed forgery again?" "Worse than that."

"How, worse?" "I've handed over the deed to our new daughter's thousand acres, as surety for the eleven thousand dollars, borrowed money."

"Well, what of that?" "The deed isn't recorded yet, and we are liable to lose the whole thing."

away in marriage to our son when you knew he was not worthy, and yet never entered a protest?"

"I had no idea that you'd take that view of the case, wife."

"Of course you hadn't. You are not the only man who would know women better if all men would trust them more. Well, you've gained a little time, and you're safe from the clutches of the law. We shall see what can be done. But, first of all, I must see that unfortunate and silly girl."

[To be continued.]

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTEEN.

NAPLES.

Leaving Geneva by the morning train, we go by way of Mt. Cenis' tunnel, Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and Civita Vecchia, to Rome without stopping. Remaining here long enough to make railroad connections, we are on board the train for Naples, which we reach early in the morning, just forty-seven hours after leaving Geneva. Our first view of the Mediterranean is by moonlight at Genoa, and for several hours we are in constant sight of it. The early morning finds us on the lookout for the leaning tower at Pisa, which we do not see from the train, but have seen before. Until noon, when we reach Rome, we are much of the time on the shore of the sea. We pass in plain sight of the island of Elba, and perhaps see the dim outlines of Corsica in the far distance. Beyond Rome we are away from the sea, and passing through places familiar to every classical student. Of the many, we can only mention Capua, which was the winter quarters of Hannibal, and where the insurrection of the gladiators under Spartacus commenced. The speech of Spartacus to the gladiators, so dear to every school-boy's heart, came back to me, and I looked about for some gladiator with short sword, helmet and shield, but saw only a full-rigged Italian officer strutting about the depot. A little later, while the freshness of early morning yet hung upon the vineyards and orange groves of this almost tropical climate, we reached Naples, the light of Italy, its largest city, and the paradise of travelers. Naples has a population of 400,000, and is most delightfully situated on the bay of the same name whose wonderful beauty has been recognized for nearly three thousand years.

On our long ride along the quay to our hotel, we realize that we are indeed in a strange city and in the midst of a people and productions different from any we have before known. In the markets, which seemed to be all only pieces of canvas to keep off the sun, were peaches, grapes, oranges, lemons, aloe and pomegranates from Sorrento, just across the bay, pomegranates, olives, figs, and several other fruits of which even the names are unknown to us. Bare-footed men and women, and half-dressed or entirely nude children are to be seen everywhere. In the two miles along the quay an artist could pick out a dozen "Neapolitan Fisher Boys," while men clothed only in two garments stretch out at full length upon the stone pavements and sleep.

All kinds of work are carried on in the street in front of the houses. Barbers, shoe-makers, harness-makers and clothes dealers often have everything out on the sidewalk. Women cook, wash and iron, and do all kinds of household work on the street. Two or three times we even saw them going through the children's heads hunting game with a fine-toothed comb. In places there were large yards in which strips of macaroni ten feet long, hanging over poles, were drying in the open air, exposed to whatever of dirt the breezes of heaven might bring them from the street.

Everything about us shows that we are among a strange kind of people, and in a southern climate. The narrow streets and high houses, with a balcony in front of each window, the braying of the omnipresent donkey, the ceaseless clatter of wheels and snapping of whips, the harsh screaming of the peddlers, the undaunted impudence of beggars, guides, and carriage drivers, all combine to give the traveler something new at every turn.

The national characteristic of the inhabitants of Naples, as far as they have any, has always been, and is now, a love of the enjoyment of the present and an entire disregard of the wants of the future. Of all the Italians, the Neapolitans are the happiest and the poorest, the laziest and the dirtiest, and the least given to mourning the misfortunes of the past, or the wants of the future. The bare-legged lazzaroni, with an empty stomach and not a single soldo in his pocket, or any prospect of his getting one, will curl up in some warm corner and go to sleep as contentedly as though he were a millionaire.

Probably no finer or more varied view is to be had in all Italy than from the Carmadoli, a former monastery, on a lofty hill at the back of the city. It includes all of the matchless bay of Naples, with its numerous islands, much of the city below, on the left, Mt. Vesuvius, with its vine-covered base, and miles of fertile plain dotted with numerous villages, while in the opposite direction stretches the open sea. The wonderful beauty of the situation and its surroundings has given rise to the Italian saying,

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori!" "See Naples and die."

Our first visit is to the museum, which is particularly rich in mementoes from the buried city of Pompeii, and there is no other place where so good an idea can be obtained of the home life of the Romans as from a careful study of the many articles which are here preserved. Among these are household and domestic articles, many of which are of similar shape to those in use with us. There was a plane which a modern carpenter would handle with ease. I do not know how many articles there are in all, but I saw one numbered ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. There are a great many statues, bronzes and vases, in a more or less perfect state, which have been exhumed. One room contains grain of various kinds, bread, meat and some eggs which came from the buried city. These are all charred, and would not be recognized except from their form. There is also a glass bottle filled with oil, which is in a good condition, and not dried up. One of the most interesting rooms to me contains the library of the Papyri, which was discovered in a villa near Herculaneum. These rolls were completely encased in ash, and they were supposed for a long time to be valueless. Originally there were three thousand of them, but only one thousand eight hundred are now preserved. They are charred and are as black as coal. The inner bark of the papyrus plant was pasted together, forming a long roll, and on this the writing was done with the stylus. It was for a long time thought impossible to unroll them, but at length an ingenious machine was made by which they are carefully unrolled, after being moistened. Two or three of these were at the time of our visit. Several hundred papyri have been unrolled and read, but they are mostly of little value. There are also human figures encased in ash, which were found in various places in the buried city.

In the afternoon we go by train, a ride of forty minutes, to Pompeii, where we at once engage a guide for the visit to the buried city. Pompeii was destroyed during the great eruption of seventy-nine, by a cloud of hot ashes, and by subsequent falls of volcanic matter, until at present it is covered with a deposit twenty feet in thickness. For three hundred years after its destruction the ruins were dug into and ransacked for marble and other treasures until it was supposed that everything of value had been removed. For the next 1,400 years the buried city was neglected and almost forgotten. A little more than a hundred years ago excavations were again commenced, but it is only within the last twenty years, since they have been taken in hand by the government, that they have been conducted in a systematic manner, and anything like satisfactory results obtained. Everything which can be readily moved, and even the more important frescoes, as soon as found, are taken to the museum at Naples. An area of about sixty-eight acres has already been excavated, which is supposed to include the most important third of the city. If the work is continued at the same rate as now, it will take about seventy years to complete it, and will cost \$4,000,000. The streets are regularly laid out, the main ones twenty-four feet wide, the narrower ones fourteen feet only. They were originally well paved with large square blocks of lava, which have been worn into deep ruts by wagon wheels. At the corners of the streets are stepping stones projecting nearly a foot above the pavement for the convenience of pedestrians in muddy weather, and at the same places there are often remains of fountains, or notices painted in real letters, generally relating to municipal affairs. The houses are mostly built of concrete, and covered with a coating of marble or plaster, which was ornamented with paintings in bright colors, red being particularly noticeable. Most of the houses have stairways, showing that they were more than one story high, and one of them has a charred second story remaining, which was built of wood, and projected over the street. The shops, which were small, were opened on the street the whole width of the front, and closed at night with wooden shutters. The private houses, particularly those of the wealthy, were built around an open court, and had only a solid wall on the outside, with a single entrance from the street. As these walls were built up to the line of the street, and had almost no windows, a walk through a street occupied entirely with residences must have been a dismal affair. Within, the rooms of the houses generally opened into some court, which was an uncovered square, containing a fountain or flower garden. All the walls were brilliantly painted and the floors frequently inlaid with mosaics. With the bronze ornaments and statuary and the inlaid furniture, these houses must have been cheerful and very pleasant. It was with mingled awe and pleasure that we wandered amid these remains of the every-day life of the Romans, and nothing we have ever seen, except the ruins of Rome, has ever impressed us so vividly with the reality of those ancient times. As we studied them carefully in connection with the museums, both here and at Naples, and see the implements of their every-day life and labor, we lose something of the poetical idea

of the grim Roman who was always standing cold and merciless in full armor with drawn sword, and learn to look upon them as men of like passions and occupations as ourselves, and the romance of those old heroic times dwindle away into the real bread and butter occupations of our modern hum-drum life.

Late one rainy morning our party left the hotel in carriages for the ascent of Vesuvius by way of Resina. A ride of considerably more than an hour, all the way along a built-up street, brings us to Resina, where we engage a guide and mules. The carriage winds up the side of the mountain, through vineyards and highly-cultivated fields, until it comes to the overflow of 1872, over which for nearly an hour the road winds until the Hermitage is reached, which is the limit of carriage travel. This lava stream is black, and lies in great waves and ridges, such as would be formed by a semi-fluid mass rolling down the mountain, stiffening as it cooled. It is the ideal of desolation itself, not a green thing being able to live upon it.

From the Hermitage one can go by foot or by mule over a rough path to the base of the cone, which is reached in about one hour. This rises one thousand five hundred feet, and the ascent can only be made on foot. As the cone rises at an angle of about thirty-five degrees and consists of slag and loose ashes which slip back under the feet at every step, the climb is most fatiguing. The traveler is beset with men who offer their services, and will help unless they are resolutely and energetically refused. Some go just ahead and extend a strap to the traveler by which he can be partly pulled up, while others get behind and "boost," and by these combined means even the weakest finally reach the top.

From the edge of the crater is a magnificent panorama. Before us we see the country for miles around, the bay, the city and far out at sea, while turning around we look down into the smoking pit some two hundred feet below us. Clambering down the hot, steaming sides, we are at last at the very mouth of the crater, and to all appearance at the entrance to the infernal regions. The night before our ascent, the first display of the present season of activity had taken place, and the sky was lighted up with flames from the burning mountain. We found that there had been a small overflow during the night, and that some two acres of the bottom of the inner crater had been covered with lava, which by the time we had reached it had a cool crust an inch or more thick, on which we could walk with care. Through the cracks in it we could see red-hot mass not two inches under our feet. The guides cooked eggs in these cracks, and pressed coins into the melted lava which were drawn out with part of the cooled lava attached to them. We could hear the melted mass in the interior of the mountain surge from side to side as it boiled, and as often as once a minute melted lava would be thrown into the air through the little cone in the inner crater, and fall near us. The air was full of sulphur fumes, which were at times so oppressive that we could hardly breathe. Great drops of pure sulphur were scattered all around us.

At the end of half an hour we were glad to clamber up the side of the crater, out of the "jaws of hell," and with another long look at the grand view before us, we scrambled down the steep side of the cone and return to the city. After this we shall have all faith in the power of Vesuvius, and when we read that during an eruption it threw a stone weighing twenty-five tons a distance of fifteen miles, we shall shut our eyes and swallow the statement without a word of dissent.

After another visit to the museum, and to some parts of the city not mentioned in this letter, we, with regret, take the train for Rome. We shall never forget how, as we rode for miles along the ruined arches of the aqueduct, while we were entering Rome, the full moon just rising flashed through the arches which seemed to fly past us.

With this vision of moonlight on the Campagna, amid the ruins of the great nation and city the world has ever seen, we retire for the night, and in the morning will ask our readers to go with us over the "Eternal City."

O. R. BURKHARD.

Postal cards give rise to peculiar troubles. A Rochester lumber dealer mailed a card to a discharged clerk, accusing him of swindling, and the clerk has obtained a verdict of \$450 damages, based on the publicity of the charge while passing through the mails. A similar case is on trial in Pittsburgh, the plaintiff being a sewing machine agent, to whom his employer addressed an accusation of improperly retaining money. An Omaha clergyman publishes a card, complaining that he frequently receives advertisements of wines printed on postal cards, and, as he is a total abstainer from strong drink, the impression might be created that he is a buyer of the wine. A Boston lady sends bills on postal cards to former boarders, accompanied by urgent requests for payment. One of the recipients began a suit against her for litem, but withdrew it, his lawyer advising him that, as the communication was but a simple request to pay a just debt, he had no legal grievance. A Kansas City girl filled her lover, and he retaliated by writing her amorous letters on postal cards. She did not love the law, but put a raw-hide in her pocket, lay in wait for the annoyances, and whipped him.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The elections are over, and we trust the country is again safe. When wily, ambitious and somewhat unscrupulous men, like Ben Butler, are candidates for high offices and go into the contest to win at all hazards, we do not always feel assured of our national safety until after the election, for there is no coalition or fraud or other political device that will not be resorted to in order to reap success. It is all very well to pool, pool at Kearneyism, fraudulent votes and registration, yet the difference between many of the elections now held in our great cities and the selections of rulers in ancient Rome by resort to arms, is only one of degree, and time and courage only are needed to develop continuous and persistent ballot-box stuffing into the force given by an armed mob under the guidance of a Kearney or a Coban, or may we say a Ben Butler? To be sure Mr. Butler is a man of peace, but to gain his ends, his means set a precedent that will never, under the retrograding tendency of politics, lessen in their influence for evil. Milton tells us that "Devil with devil damned firm concord holds," and the man is not far distant who, possessing Ben Butler's wonderful executive and intellectual ability, will unite with it a desire to break down all law and order and by drawing around him the flendish elements of society give the nation untold trouble. Our only hope lies in putting down at once all tendency of the turbulent to rise, and as we understand the Massachusetts canvass, we are glad that the peace-loving citizens have dictated that Mr. Butler must not occupy their gubernatorial mansion. One thing seems apparent from the fall elections. Those members of Congress who have most strenuously resisted appropriations have been left at home and new men substituted, and though, we suppose, the fact of opposing expenditures of public moneys did not really enter into the canvass against these "constitutional objectors," yet it is strange that all, with hardly an exception, have been kept at home by their constituents. It is to be regretted that such is the case, though several of these gentlemen incurred much enmity by objecting to everything in the shape of an appropriation, without the slightest regard to the merits involved. So long as we lack a constitutional provision compelling a vote of ayes and noes on all bills involving expenditure of public moneys, we have imperative need for a "constitutional objector," one who by "objection" compels a vote on the numerous steals which every session springs upon Congress, and yet will draw a proper distinction between the appropriation for a worthy, national object and the improvement of a river which has no existence.

Our city has been visited with another bank failure. The German National suspended because of inability to cover its assets, and took with it the German Savings Bank, which was attached to it. There being no crookedness, defalcation or embezzlements connected with this failure, no one doubts eventual payment in full to all depositors in both banks. The assets seem abundant for the purpose, and though much inconvenience and distress must necessarily result from the locking up of the capital of business men and needy depositors, yet the fact that dollar for dollar will sooner or later be paid has sufficed to keep down all excitement, and the suspension made hardly a ripple on our society current. Jay Cooke's First National Bank paid out in full, and that too with a transfer of deposits after the smash that seemingly partook of sleight of hand transactions.

The Celestials, the Chinese Embassy, are quietly taking notes of our political and society matters. We saw the whole delegation at the English Opera, and they watched the play as intently as if deeply interested in it. Their small tight-fitting skull caps, ornamented only with the red button denoting rank, their peculiar silk blouses and strongly-marked Mongolian features brought them in strong contrast with the "outside barbarians" sitting around them. They, of course, are perfectly dignified in their manners and demeanor when in public, which is more than we can say for some of the *ambassadors* of European legations. Recently they visited the American Institute Fair in Baltimore, and spent the afternoon in looking at the exhibition. We doubt not that every valuable invention seen there will be noted, as it is one of their objects to note the improvements of our country, for the benefit of their own.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8, 1878.

Lady Anne Blunt, the granddaughter of Lord Byron, is about to publish a volume on a "Winter's Residence Among the Bedouin Arabs." She spent last winter with her husband among the wandering Arabs of the Syrian desert, and they were admitted by their hosts to the privileges not only of hospitality, but of sworn brotherhood, honored as friends, and protected by a royal escort.

Mrs. Lydia P. Knox, of Hill, N. H., made twenty-five chesses this season, averaging sixteen pounds each, aggregating four hundred pounds. But she is too weak, physically, to be entitled to the ballot.

Man wastes his mornings in anti-impating his afternoon, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.