

Some Singular Characters.

The year 1866 saw the end of Rene Lartigue, a Parisian of more notoriety than reputation; a man of regular habits, who had spent the best part of the last 15 years of his life in the Paris-Royal. Every morning at 10 o'clock, clad in a patterned coat, buttonless waistcoat, ragged trousers and a rusty old hat, he would install himself in his particular corner at Tissot's restaurant, there to remain eating and drinking until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, by which time he would have got through half a dozen bottles of wine. He then walked up and down the garden until the clock struck 7, when he returned to his seat for another meal, which occupied him until half-past nine, his time of departure. Such a customer might reasonably expect a little favor at the restaurant-keeper's hands. He did not meet with it. One day Lartigue craved credit for his dinner; the lady presiding at the comptoir demurred to complying with his request, whereupon, calling one of the waiters, Lartigue went with him into the office, and unbuckling, took off a broad leather belt, and showing the astonished garcon 200 gold pieces of 100 francs each, tossed one of them into his hand to settle his bill—and Tissot knew him no more. Thereafter his patronage was bestowed elsewhere, but he continued to visit the Palais-Royal as regularly as before, and eat and drink in the same fashion, until he fell, as he deserved, a victim to over-indulgence.

The Mysterious Oriental—so dubbed by the Parisians in default of knowing his proper patronymic—did nothing to call forth astonishment or disgust. He was simply a Persian gentleman, to be found wherever lovers of quiet congregation, of whose antecedents nobody apparently knew anything. Upon his death, however, the mystery which had surrounded him was cleared up by M. Chazdra, Professor of Oriental Languages at the College of France, furnishing Galgani with the following account, professionally taken from the official annals of the Empire of Persia:

"In the year 1219 of the Hegira (1812 A. D.), the Shah sent an embassy to Bombay; and the envoy, Aadi Khalil Khan Kazbini, was received with great consideration. Two hundred soldiers of the East India Company's army were given as a guard of honor to the mission, which was lodged in the most splendid palace of the city. Unfortunately, the servants of the ambassador, in seeking to amuse themselves, shot some adjutants—birds held sacred by the Hindoos. A disturbance occurred, and words soon led to blows. The ambassador, seeing all from his window, tried to interpose, when a bullet, probably unintended for him, killed him on the spot. On receipt of the news, the governor general hastened to send a representative to the court of Teheran to declare that he had remained neutral in the affair. The Shah believed that statement, and consented that the matter should be compromised between the company and the family of the deceased. All was arranged in a friendly manner, and the Indian government undertook to pay a certain sum to the son of the ambassador. The child was no other than Ismail Khan, the Persian who lately died in Paris, and who for so many years had received a pension of a £1,000 a year from England."

A "Man in Green" for many years spent his afternoons parading the gallery at Brussels, never interchanging a word with man or woman. In 1871 the familiar figure failed to put in an appearance for three successive days, and the police set about inquiring what had become of him. They found him, only to see him carried to his last lodging before the week was out; but not before he made a confession, unless the story made public regarding him was a pure invention. It was a strange one.

Serving under the Russian government in the Caucasian diamond mines, he had in the course of his duties come into possession of a stone of such extraordinary size and beauty that the temptation to appropriate it proved irresistible. That was easily done. To get away with it was not so easy. Making an incision in his neck large enough to receive the diamond, he waited until the skin had grown over it. Then he asked for a holiday on the score of ill health, and escaping the vigilance of the searchers, reached Amsterdam with his spoil. There he disposed of it for something like twenty thousand pounds; the diamond eventually passing by purchase into the hands of the proper owner, the czar; while the thief, keeping his own counsel, lived quietly on the proceeds of his crime in the Belgian capital.

A rare good fellow, a man of infinite mirth, was butcher Wilson, the fattest and funniest man in Romford, albeit he was eccentric alike in his shop-keeping, eating and worshipping. His bills were written in various colors and divers hands; for he was an admirable penman, and delighted in exhibiting his proficiency that way. Instead of sitting down to dinner like anybody else, Wilson would take a joint in his hand, put a quantity of salt in the bend of one arm, a small loaf under the other and stroll through the streets until he had eaten all he carried. He was a capital singer, and went early to church on Sundays, to amuse himself and the congregation by singing psalms until the minister took his place in the desk; and one fast-day distinguished himself by remaining in church during the long interval between morning and evening service, going from pew to pew repeating the Lord's prayer and singing appropriate psalms, until he had performed his devotions in every pew in the church.

An Arkansas ferryman posted the following notice on a tree: "If anybody comes here after licker or to get across the river, they can jes' blow this bear horn, and if I don't cum when my Betsy up at the house hears the horn blow, she'll come down and sell them the licker or set them across the river when I'm away from home. John Wilson, N. B. Them that can't read will have to go to the House arter Betsy, taint but half a mile there."

American Women.

The men of the nation evidently make the women what they will, and the women in return impress upon their children what they have received from their own fathers. Hence it exists that the American woman has become almost as purely objective as that of the man. Her ideal of life from her cradle has been associated with the maximum of exertion. There is no quietude among Americans, and wonderfully little egotism in their social life. It is a never-ending series of sensations and mental shocks, which keeps the whole being in a nervous quiver, and allows no time for any quality save that of energy to develop itself symmetrically. The American woman is as unquiet in her thoughts and enlaid by her duties, however light, as the man. Even when she visits she has no air of repose. Her conversation is not thoughtful, but actual. She tells you what she does or suffers, not what she thinks or feels. There is no reverie about her, no suggestion of that brooding spirit which indicates a capacity for impassioned affection—a capacity which, to bachelors, is always ideally seductive, however little the married man may appreciate or return it. Yet, generally speaking, undemonstrative as the American girl may be, she will wear her life out in working for the man she loves. She forgets all about being for him in that merciless energy which always drives her into doing for him.

There is, again, another reason why the American girl seems cold to the superficial observer. It is because she is free. She is educated to repress emotion, because her independent movements expose her to contact with men of all classes, among whom there are many very "vile persons." Her coldness of demeanor, therefore is her armor against impertinence, or even worse things. She passes, Diana-like, through crowds of men every day, not one of whom for one instant suspects her of being other than she is, because her manner shows her at once to be a free born, spotless American woman!

The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For, while one class of men is striving to solve the problem of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which is shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors at Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in philosophic or mathematical, the newspaper editor sings the praises of her who can roast a turkey, bake bread, or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to exist, but only to work, with neither hand or brain. No one says to her: "You are not only yourself, but the future mother of other beings. Do not, therefore, allow yourself to be driven by either school or apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortably or pleasantly. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics or dressmaking, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadfastly, but without strain, without hurry and without emulation. As the apostle said (and it must have been meant expressly for Americans) 'avoid emulation.' Find out first what you can do best, and even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that."—Atlantic.

Good Lessons.

When I was eleven years old (said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant), my grandfather had a fine stock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his books than of the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it; I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have the sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not, exactly make out in my mind what it was; but he had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects his duty; be ye faithful and you will have your reward."

A Poetic Justice.

When you took a second look at him you could see a sort of grimace about him which convinced you that whatever he undertook to do he would accomplish or break his back in the attempt. About noon yesterday, when the rain fell fast, he appeared on Woodward avenue under an old umbrella worth about the price of its ribs. At the opera house he placed his old rain-shedder in the doorway and took position in another not far away. In about two minutes along came a citizen with his left eye watching for just such a chance, and pounced on that umbrella with a chuckle of the deepest satisfaction. He didn't wait around there for the owner to appear, and he didn't care a copper whether it belonged to a Sister of Charity or an over-grown bondholder. As he started off, rejoicing over his good luck, the grim man followed. The umbrella-holder had a walk of about half a mile to reach his residence, and the grim man was close on his heels all the way. As the citizen halted at his gate the other detained him and quietly remarked:

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Ah, yes—I never give anything to tramps."

"I want you to take that umbrella back to the doorway from which you stole it."

"This umbrella! why, is this yours?"

"Well, yes, I couldn't do that, but I guess it has been worth a quarter to me."

"Will you take it back?" asked the man with the iron jaw.

"Why, no! What's the old thing worth, anyhow?"

"One hundred dollars."

"That's a good joke. I'll give you fifty cents for it."

MELLIS BROS. & CO., REMNANT SALE This Week.

Anecdote of Andrew Johnson.

One bright afternoon in July, 1859, Andrew Johnson sat sewing a patch in the subcellar of the late Wm. H. Seward's pantaloon, when the Hon. Reverdy Johnson (also late) rushed in to have a suspender button sewed on.

"How are politics, Mr. Johnson?" asked Mr. Johnson, as he knotted the thread and hoisted the waistband up to Mr. Johnson's armpit to get it in range of his eye.

"They are very brisk," responded Mr. Johnson. "Ed. Magovern has the nomination for Alderman in our ward, and they are talking something about running a man named Lincoln for the Presidency. They are both able men, and while I doubt that Lincoln will be elected, I think it our constitutional duty to support Mr. Magovern."

"The words sank deep into the heart of the tailor. He reasoned in this way: 'Now, I can be a politician. All I need is to strike for a place high up on the ticket. The interest in politics centers in the legal offices, and an alderman or a constable has a more bitter fight than the President. I'll go for a big office, and I'll get in.'"

When Mr. Seward called for his pants that afternoon, he found Mr. Johnson in a deep reverie and the garment unfinished.

"But I am inlaid to dine with Mr. Lincoln," explained Mr. Seward.

"Can't help it," said Mr. Johnson. "Pants won't be patched for a week."

"But I go from there to a ball at Mr. Magovern's. I don't care about the dinner, but I can't lose the ball."

"I'd like to have an office," sighed Mr. Johnson.

Doing Right.

A man who loudly calls attention to the fact that he has resolved to "turn over a new leaf" in his life is not always to be trusted. He who perpetually makes resolutions is pretty sure to break them. People should reform, if it be necessary to do so, at once, and without parading their intentions before the eyes of the world. They should go to work silently, and with a firm determination to carry out, no matter how trying or hard it may be at first, those virtuous designs which they deem necessary for their welfare. They should not look to the world for applause; their highest reward will in due time come from the good they have done for themselves or others; meanwhile they will enjoy that which assuredly is a sweet and precious possession—the consciousness that they are worthily fulfilling the object for which they were brought into this world.

A more odious form of conceit than this bragging about self-reform does not exist, and no effort should be spared in order to stamp it out. Let those, then, who wish to improve, labor to that end in silence and in sincerity; success is sure to crown their efforts. But they should not flaunt their excellence in the eyes of the world.

An old sign is, that a child grows proud if suffered to look in a mirror when less than twelve months old; but what the average infant can see in a mirror to make it proud is difficult for any but its parents to understand.

Plain Words are Best.

We learn that certain people find fault with W. E. Clark, of Providence, R. I., for not "writing up" his great Kidney Medicine, HUNT'S REMEDY, in more flowery style. It is not Mr. Clark but his critics who are foolish. What does a man who is threatened with Bright's Disease, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver or any Urinary organs, most require—fine words or a cure? In HUNT'S REMEDY, the Great Kidney and Liver Medicine, he gets the cure—a sure cure.

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From the Banks of the Hudson.

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