

Stories By Dead Authors.

The revival of the question as to the authorship of "Hugh Conway's" novels, and the production of evidence by his executors that the last story of all, "Living or Dead," was completed eighteen months before his death, recalls to me another case in which the same question could not be so satisfactorily answered. Some time ago I received a letter from a firm of lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who occupy the house next door to that which Dickens describes as the residence of Mr. Tulkinghorn. ("It is let off in sets of chambers now, and in those fragments of its greatness lawyers lie like maggots in nuts.") They said that they had been referred to me by a London publisher, and that their object in writing was to inquire if they could not obtain through me some redress for a client who was the victim of a great injustice. This client, a lady, was the author of a large number of very popular stories, to which she was constantly adding through the columns of some such paper as the *Family Herald*; and as fast as they appeared there they were stolen by a similar story paper in New York. The injustice did not end here, for while they were issued anonymously in London, the pirates in New York attributed them to Bertha M. Clay, a fictitious name which they had invented and used without the sanction or knowledge of the victimized author.

Now could I, they inquired, suggest any means by which the lady, who was an invalid, with a large family dependent upon her, could induce the pirates to surrender some of their spoils? She did not want "back pay," but hoped that some arrangement could be made by which she might profit by future works. In proof of the value at which her work was held the lawyers inclosed a column advertisement from the *Tribune*, setting forth as an extraordinary attraction the opening of a new serial by the "Bertha M. Clay" aforesaid. I at once communicated with the guilty publishers in New York, and to my surprise a member of the firm, "the mildest mannered man," etc., immediately came to Boston to see me on the subject. He admitted that they had invented a name for the author because they had deemed it advisable to have the stories attributed to some person, if only the shadow of a *nom de plume*; but they had always paid for the stories in a most handsome manner. Whom had they paid? Why, the publisher of the paper in which the stories appeared in London. I was amazed at the sums mentioned, which were four or five times as great for these very sensational stories as they would have been for genuine literary work; but we all know too well that blood and thunder are still more marketable than any other commodities that may be purchased in Grub street. Some further correspondence showed that the remittances from New York had been quietly pocketed by the London publisher, who pleaded as a justification that he paid the author a fixed sum per annum, practically a salary, for the exclusive control of her work, and he considered that this included the American as well as the English market. The arrangement was profitable to him certainly, for the amounts he received from America were larger than her salary, and thus he had the use of her stories in his own paper for nothing.

I succeeded in establishing a direct relationship between her and the New York firm, but it had scarcely been effected when she died. The similarity between this case and "Hugh Conway's" is that though her death occurred nearly three years ago, new stories by "Bertha M. Clay" are constantly appearing; and as I know she left no completed work behind her, I wonder who it is that still carries on the business. —N. Y. Critic.

Oddly Addressed.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post office. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London:

Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere;
He needs not ask, whose wide-extended
fame
Is spread about our earth, like light and air,
A local habitation for his name.

Charles Dibden, the naval-song
writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing
the following address.

Postman, take this sheet away
And carry it to Mr. Hay;
And, whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the theater, Bolton,
If in what country you inquire,
Merely mention Lancashire.

A letter addressed as follows was
mailed to the provinces, and was duly
delivered in London:

Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies,
There dwells a citizen of sober fame—
A plain, good man—and Balaam is his name.

The letter was delivered without delay
to a Mr. Balaam, a fish-monger,
near the monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find
the following vague direction:

Mr. —, Traveling Hand, one of the Four playing
in the street, Percha (Perashore), Worcester-
shire. Please find him, if possible.

Another envelope bore the following:

This is for the young girl that wears spectacles,
who minds two babies, 30 Sheriff street,
off Prince Edwin street, Liverpool.

J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The
Royal Mail," says that two letters, directed
as follows, were duly delivered:

To my sister Joan, Up the Canongate, Down a
Close, Edinburgh. She has a wooden leg.

The other was addressed:

My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the
Wood near the New Forest.

"In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde,
"the letter had to feel its way about for
a day or two; but 'Ant Sue' was found
living in a cottage near Lyndhurst." —
Home Chimes.

Work of Art in Washington.

There are some collectors in Washington whose treasures in the way of bric-a-brac and historic things are little known of in a general way, writes a Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*. A very fine art loan exhibition could be gotten up, but there are no collections of pictures of any great worth, although Mrs. Henry Adams owns an original Teniers and Mrs. Francis Coltons a Canaletto and several undoubted canvases of the Venetian school.

Col. Bonaparte's house here is a museum of Napoleonic relics, and the imperial N is seen on old china, silver, and hangings. Mme. Bonaparte possesses some treasures of old lace bequeathed by the great Napoleon's sisters, and often wears it on her evening dresses. Mrs. George B. Loring has a piece of the flounces made for the wedding dress of the Empress Marie Louise, the design a groundwork of bees with medallions surrounded by roses and laurel leaves. Mrs. Loring's lace has all the documents and every proof of its genuineness and was one of the finest pieces exhibited at the loan exhibition in New York a couple of years ago. She is also the owner of some historic silver and rare old blue and white ware.

Mr. Henry Adams also possesses a store of antique silver, and on his return from his recent visit to Japan, where he went in company with the artist La Farge, he brought back a wonderful collection of curios and art works of that country. His cousin, Dr. Bigelow, is a great connoisseur of Japanese art, and during a residence in Japan acquired the stores of unique things that constitute the pride of the Boston art museum.

When Attorney-General Brewster lived here he used at his dinner parties a Sevres dessert service that had been the property of Louis Philippe. Mrs. Caroline Dall pours tea from a teapot made by Paul Revere, and has much old colonial silver and furniture in her home and cabinets full of curios from all parts of the globe.

The British minister's daughters have some heirlooms in their possession that are envied by European museums. Miss Victoria West owns a fan that belonged to her great grandmother, the Duchess of Dorset, that has sticks of carved ivory inlaid with gold in a pastoral design. The outer sticks are covered with flagstone gold and set with large emeralds, pearls, and opals. On the parchment body of the fan are painted groups of Watteau figures. Miss West has also quite a little collection of antique rings and one or two exquisitely fine specimens of old enamels on copper.

Gen. E. F. Beale's historic house is full of historic things, and some of the old family silver dates from revolutionary times. Some were presented to old Commodore Truxton by grateful citizens as trophy pieces, and graces his table at great dinner parties.

Barbers in Bologna.

One woman out of every two in Bologna wears her hair elegantly powdered. Will you be astonished, then, when I tell you that the meanest lane or the most insignificant alley in the town has at least a pair of barber's shops lining its purlieus? Such a swarm of hairdressers, O, ye heavens! And such a medley of tongues does one hear if he had occasion to enter one of these establishments. The barber of Bologna is an ardent disciple of the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, of philosophical dispute. Besides his own language, he can speak French tolerably well; he can babble away to his heart's content in Spanish; he can handle German like a Bavarian burgher; Russian he knows a little of, and he can even articulate a few syllables in English.

He has not, however, mastered the preliminary difficulties of the latter tongue. Strange recollections of what I read of the great French revolution and visions of the blood-stained guillotines of the reign of terror flashed on my mind as I read the ominous words, "Head-cutter," gleaming from the sign-board of a barber's shop here the other day. I saw a solid gentleman, suspiciously like an Anglo-Saxon tourist, quietly noting down the phenomenal English on the title-page of his Baedeker. Shop-girls throng these establishments in the early morning to have their headgear done up before proceeding to business. Shopkeepers' wives lol for hours every day on cushioned, velvet arm-chairs before exquisitely polished mirrors, while the coiffeur is raising his pyramid of jet-black tresses on the crown and dexterously arranging false nattes over the forehead.

Dudes saunter in and out to flirt with the ladies if they are worth a flirtation, or ask the barber if they (the dudes) can possibly do without a shave for the next two hours. I saw one of these effeminate dandies stroll in and call for a "wax." What this particular article was I confess I did not really understand until I beheld the coiffeur applying a cosmetic to the customer's mustache, after which the visitor made his bow and retired. Most of the Bologna gentry come into the barber's shop for a shave or hair dressing once a day, and not a few come in twice—once in the morning and secondly before dinner hour! These are the abbees, or subscribers, who pay fifteen francs a month or so to the master barber for his services. —*Cor. N. Y. Mail and Express*.

John B. Boddie went to Birmingham, Ala., three years ago with \$1,000 and now has \$250,000 in real estate. But it must not be expected that everybody can do as well.

MISSING LINKS.

There are few things nowadays that cannot be bought on the installment plan.

In Upper Alton, Ill., there are 187 marriageable young women and only eighteen eligible single men.

Fifty colored men hold clerkships in the departments at Washington at salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,600 per year.

A man at Tulare, Cal., lately deeded a piece of property to his wife in consideration of "love and affection in hand paid."

Fourteen clocks keep the time at the state-house in Augusta, Me., all eight-day. Two of the clocks are over 40 years of age.

An Albuquerque photographer has an album in which he exhibits the portraits of people who do not pay for their photographs.

A check for \$6, issued to a pensioner by Pension Agent Glick, of Kansas City, was raised to \$3,000, and a Kansas bank cashed it.

A Griffin, Ga., citizen, aged 97 years, can do a full day's work as well as a man of 50. He is a negro, and was a slave for seventy years.

Ernest Amient, a Swiss resident of Indianapolis, is about to introduce and attempt the sale of snails for use as a delicacy upon epicurean tables.

One of the wealthiest San Francisco women is Mrs. James G. Fair. The courts gave her \$4,500,000 of her husband's estate, and it is estimated that she does not spend the interest on this sum.

It is said the insertion of the white of an egg into the eye will give instant relief in cases similar to those noted recently where pepper had been thrown into people's eyes. The same remedy may also be used when lime or dirt has entered the eye.

A good deal of amusement was created recently in Justice Thompson's office, Napa, Cal., by the discovery of a large placard in front of his Honor's desk, which bore this suggestive legend: "Each game must be settled for before another is commenced."

Frank Cushing, who created a sensation by joining the Zuni Indians and taking them east two years ago, has again gone to Zuni, taking his wife and sister. He has prepared a Zuni grammar and dictionary, and is now to explore the Zuni ruins.

Arizonians who thought they had converted a Chinaman were greatly surprised, after they had burned one of his idols, to find him worshipping another. He simply said: "Chinamen make velly sure. Me catechee Joss and me catechee Melican God."

Whistler, the artist, indignantly repels the accusation that he was born in Ohio. He says he was a native of Baltimore, and his parents were from Virginia and Kentucky. Ohio can now hold up her head once more, but sympathy for Maryland is in order.

"Proving up" in Eastern Dakota is not without its difficulties. Special Agent High relates that while in Aberdeen recently a settler appeared at the land office to make final proof on a homestead entry. He appeared much troubled, and finally stated that he had made all the required improvements, but did not know what to do about his "continuous residence," as the wind "kept blowing it away."

The winter wheat belt has been pushed westward almost three hundred miles in the last three years, according to Frank Wilkeson, of the *New York Sun*, and this is due entirely to climatic changes. These changes he considers due to the extensive irrigation along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, the wind, according to his theory, taking up moisture from the immense irrigating ditches and distributing it where before it had been unknown.

The venerable James Jackson, who was the Nestor of the medical profession for so long a time in Boston, used to say that a man came to the prime of his effective faculties when he was 65 years old. He said that it was true that the curve of physical strength was then declining. But experience, and the ability to act which comes from experience, are of course constantly improving while memory holds. According to Dr. Jackson, the curve of experience and the curve of physical life cross each other at the age of 65.

Says the Wood River (Nev.) *News*: Mining is fascinating. Most men have the common trait of thinking their trade or profession the most onerous of all occupations. But who ever saw a miner who did not consider his business the most alluring way of earning a winter grub-stake? One honest miner who had struck it rich enough to buy into a mercantile house said that ten hours were never so short as when delving in the rocky tunnels, expecting each stroke to reveal the shining metal.

Fred Douglass and Theodore Tilton went about Paris a great deal together and attracted much attention, both being large, distinguished-looking men with massive heads of white hair. They dined together at a restaurant and a Frenchman afterward said to Mr. Tilton: "When I saw you and your brother together here, although I could, of course, understand nothing that you said, I made up my mind from the refined modulation of your voices that you must both be orators. I should like to ask if in England it is usual to have two brothers so equally gifted and experienced in public speaking?"

Fifty years ago that portion of Washington which is now the center of fashionable residences was the favorite camping-ground of negro squatters. Some of the more frugal squatters pur-

chased bits of ground at a mere nominal sum, which they cling to yet. What cost \$100 at the time mentioned can now be sold for prices ranging from \$15,000 to \$20,000, according to location. One aged negro woman, who still works by the day when she can get work, has been offered \$14,000 for her little cabin and bit of ground. As she would not know what to do with that amount of money should she accept the offer, she declines to part with her property.

A large number of Americans who were induced by glowing descriptions and well-worked advertisements to join the Owens socialistic colony at Topolobampo on the shores of the gulf of California, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., Thursday, a disappointed and disgusted crowd. They pronounce the colony a gigantic fraud. The manager of the swindler has succeeded in getting about \$600,000 by sales of stock and lots in the "city" on Topolobampo bay. This city consists of a single rough-board shanty and about thirty tents, while the site is unhealthy in the extreme. It is marshy and malarious, and the surrounding country is nothing but sand, rocks, and cactus. Water supplies had to be carried seven miles, and there is much sickness among the deluded colonists, many of whom are anxious to get away, but have no means left to do so. The fine harbor, of which so much has been said, is too shallow to accommodate anything but a small boat, and to reach that one must wade for half a mile in water. The San Francisco party went to Guaymas with a large party from the east. At that point they contributed \$1,000 to the agent of the colony to buy provisions, but when they reached Topolobampo they were charged 25 cents for each meal from their own food. The ground is not fit for cultivation, and the colonists will starve to death if regular supplies are not sent them.

Margherita.

The queen of Italy was brought up under the supervision of her mother, the duchess of Genoa, says a writer in the *New York Mail and Express*, and her life as a girl was one of the most quiet and retired, devoted to study, varied and serious. When, in 1867, somebody hinted to Victor Emmanuel what an excellent thing it would be if he would give his consent to the marriage of his son Humbert to his niece Margherita, he hastened to call on her. He had not seen her for a long time, and was delighted and charmed to find what a beautiful young lady she had developed into. He consented, not only with pleasure, but with enthusiasm, to this marriage, which took place on April 20, 1868. The feasts and ovations with which the young couple were received throughout all Italy are impossible to describe. Only one striking circumstance I will recall. Among the numberless wreaths of flowers there was one sent by the ladies of Rome, which city then was still under the papal rule. Since that time her life, whether in Turin or in Florence or in the Quirinal or in the country, has constantly been that of a refined, good-hearted, cultivated, and in every way superior woman. She seems to belong to the not long array of those particularly blessed creatures who look clearly into human things without letting their heads turn or their hearts be chilled or weakened. In the Quirinal, amidst the whirl of the capital, her life is most methodical and consistent. She always rises early, generally at 7 o'clock. She gives one hour to her toilet, and then she passes over to her great, immense *salotto*. There she reads, writes, sings, plays all by herself for three hours—up to 11 o'clock. She reads no political paper. Four booksellers send her every day, from Leipzig, from London, from Paris, from Rome, the most important publications in literature, art, and science. She reads rapidly, and remembers a good deal. She is much interested in science. She keeps up with its progress with all the eager curiosity of an active mind. Still, as to what concerns her religious faith, she believes in it so naturally, so sincerely, so deeply that nothing can shake it even for a moment. In literature she is eclectic; but she prefers what is mainly, strong, and lofty. She dislikes that literature which is cold, unsympathetic, which analyzes and dissects brutally, without pity and without shame. She knows Latin and Greek. She speaks fluently and is very fond of the English language and devoted to the English literature. When she has read a good book or listened to fine music she writes her own impressions for herself, trying to fix by words her artistic emotion.

Glistening Diamonds.

"Why do some diamond earrings keep up more of a ceaseless quivering motion than others?" was the question put to us the other day. There is a contrivance that causes the oscillation and greatly enhances the beauty of the gem. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the framework. On the under side of this band is a cuplike cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is a projecting pin pointed with rodim, a metal which never wears out—something like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped. Now, when the diamonds are put in position on the hoop the rodim points project into the cup. The consequence is what scientists would call a condition of unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with a pipe by a schoolboy, the diamond is given no rest, with the difference that no effort is required to keep it dancing. The metal point never wears out. —*Philadelphia Call*.

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