

VOL. IX.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Aug 5, 1893.

NO. 14.

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### THE THREE SISTERS.

They All Lipped and Were Warned Not to Say a Word.  
There were three sisters who lipped very badly, and their mother, who was solicitous about finding husbands for them, was continually admonishing them to hold their tongues. This is difficult for a girl that has no impediment in her speech, but it is impossible for those stammers. One evening the three sisters were invited to "a quilting" at a neighbor's.  
"Now, mind, girls," said the anxious mother, "some nice young men are going to be there, and you must not say a word, or they will learn that you lipped and won't care to make up to you."  
They promised to be silent and went to the quilting. When they reached the house, they sat down and quilted diligently in silence, and nothing could induce them to take part in the conversation. At last the eldest wanted the scissors and tried to make signs to her next sister to pass them to her, but could not attract her attention. Losing patience, she stammered out:  
"Thither, pass me the thirthorth."  
The other replied with indignation:  
"Didn't ma say that you thouldn't say anything?"  
This was too much for the youngest, and she exclaimed in a self congratulatory tone:  
"Elieth God, I ain't thaid nothin'!"—  
New York Times.

### BLOSSOM TIME.

High above in the cherry tree,  
The bees are holding a jubilee.  
The time is May, and the trees bloom,  
And the air is sweet with the rare perfume.  
"We need not wait for the fruit to grow,"  
The bees hum busily as they go.  
The blossoms are sweet, and the wind is shy,  
He loves to scatter them by and by!"  
High above, 'mong the blossoms gay,  
The bees are gathering sweets today.  
And Robin wisely shakes his head,  
"They're welcome; I'll wait for the cherries red!"  
—Agnes Lewis Mitchell in St. Nicholas.

### THE GIANT CACTUS.

Mexicans and Indians Make Many Uses of the Ugly Plant.  
Southern New Mexico and Arizona and southwestern Texas embrace a region totally unlike any other section of the United States. This portion of our country bears evidence of its Mexican origin in its swartly population and its low built "adobe" houses, while its bleak mountains, hiding treasures of precious metal, and its sandy deserts, among whose grasswood and mesquite bushes lie the poisonous tarantula, the venomous rattlesnake and the stinging scorpion, seem but part and parcel of our sister republic on the south.  
That which strikes the traveler most forcibly, however, in journeying through the sandy wastes is the wonderful luxuriance of the cactus family, which appears to grow everywhere, the lowly cholla (choyah), the roedlike ocallilla (o-kah-lee-yah) and that unsightly giant, the great sahuara (sah-wah-rah). The drier the sand and the hotter the sun the better the cactus seems to flourish. On some mountain sides the chollas grow so thick one cannot pass through them, so fierce are the sharp spines of the cholla "balls." Curved at their ends like fishhooks, these little spines pierce leather and fasten upon the skin of the foot, causing the most excruciating pain.  
Rough and repulsive as these various kinds of cactus are, however, yet a use has been found for most of them. After treating the stems of some of the smaller varieties furniture is manufactured from them—chairs, tables and other small articles. The tall, graceful stems of the ocallilla are gathered and woven into fences, while the weird, uncouth sahuara is put to a number of uses which will require a more detailed description.  
The sahuara, easily the king of the cactus family, is peculiar to Arizona, its fluted columns, with its gaunt, upward growing arms, covering the deserts in some places like a veritable forest. It is often 20 feet in height, and its heart is a water pulp protected by long parallel strips of tough, fibrous wood, reaching from base to top, the whole covered with a thick, green skin which successfully turns the sun's rays and prevents the evaporation of the water within. Where the sahuara gets this water is a mystery, since it grows in the driest of places, where rains come, if they come at all, at almost yearly intervals. This water, however, is of no use to man, as many a poor prospector has found to his sorrow. It is astringent and bitter, serving only to increase thirst.  
The Indians of the country—Apaches, Pimas, Papagoes, Maricopas—use the straight, flexible poles which form the skeleton of the sahuara in the construction of their huts. Like the prickly pear, the giant cactus also bears a fruit which grows on the very tips of the parent stalk and its branches. This fruit is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and when ripe, it is of a scarlet hue and splits open into four lobes, disclosing a pulpy mass about the consistency of a fig and filled with minute black seeds. The Mexicans and Indians are passionately fond of this fruit—and so are the birds. The former, if so fortunate as to get ahead of their feathered rivals, take long poles and knock the fruit from the top of the stalk. The Indian squaws dry it and prepare it into a dish resembling fig paste.  
But there is a use to which the squaws put the fruit which is not so commendable. It is pressed in wide, shallow baskets and the juice collected in pottery ollas (o-yahs), vessels of native manufacture. The ollas are then stored in a small room where a fire is kept burning until the appearance of a white froth on the surface of the liquid indicates that fermentation has commenced. It is then a strong drink called "tizwin," for which the Indians show a deplorable fondness. In former years the government always expected trouble from its red proteges in "tizwin time" and extraordinary precautions were taken to hold the savages in check during those particular periods.—Detroit Free Press.

### THEY WERE BAD MEN

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLSWORTH AND HAYS CITY.  
Back in the Sixties These Towns Were Not So Quiet as They Are Now—How Some of the Citizens Settled Down—Wild Bill and Jim Curry.  
"Ellsworth" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a prairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, cottonwood shaded, prairie encircled western Kansas town. To the left could be seen a large and peculiar building, located on the outskirts of the village.  
"What is that building?" I asked of the gray bearded man who had shared my seat for the last 20 miles.  
"That is the Grand Army grounds and building," he said. "It belongs to the old soldiers, and they hold a reunion there every summer."  
"They have picked on a very quiet town in which to rendezvous."  
"Yes, this is a quiet town now, but I can remember, 80 years ago, when Ellsworth was hell's half acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the cussedness going on in this town in the sixties couldn't have been crowded on to less than hell's half section. Times was mighty dull in Ellsworth them days when there wasn't work for the corner six days in the week, and he generally had to work overtime on Sundays. It was the toughest place on the plains until the railroad moved west, and the killers, toughs, gamblers and their female companions followed on to Hays City. Then the carnival of crime and the contract for filling the graveyard was transferred to Hays. But today both towns are as quiet and orderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth permanently and became quiet citizens—after they became residents of the graveyard on the hill yonder.  
"Apache Bill, scout and tough, took up a permanent residence out yonder because a bartender got the drop on him one night and added about two ounces to Bill's weight in the shape of lead placed where it would do the most good. Comstock Charley, a half breed Cheyenne scout, tough and general all round bad man, also became a quiet citizen of the place where they planted 'em in those days on account of a puncture put into him by Henry Whitney, sheriff.  
"Bill Hickok (Wild Bill) gained his fame at Hays City, west of here, as also did Jim Curry, who later on shot and killed Ben Porter, an actor, at Marshall, Tex. I knew Jim Curry when he was an engineer on this road. He became enamored of a woman, married her, and they settled down in Hays City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of negro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offense at Jim because he refused to serve them with meals at his house. They came around to clean out the place. Jim went to shooting, and when he quit Uncle Sam's army was decimated to some extent.  
"Wild Bill was a nerry man and did some killing in his day, and he might have lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of his class, was always expecting trouble and was always on guard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where his keen eye would readily detect any master of the situation, but he did allow the drop to be got on him twice to my knowledge. The first time I was present, and the next time—well, Bill was gone himself when the second time came to a climax.  
"I will tell you the story of the time I was present. Now, I never knew Bill to pull his gun to kill unless it was in self defense or there was no other way to secure the peace and quiet Bill always hankered for and would have—peaceably if he could, forcibly if he was determined to acquire a reputation as a bad man, and, as Bill Hickok held the championship of the world at that time as a killer, Curry thought he might safely run a bluff on Wild Bill.  
"So he sent his word he would kill him on sight, not that he had anything against Bill, but Curry had gone into the killing business, and he proposed to hold the center of the stage and show that he was displaying energy and aptitude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering him in his class.  
"One day I met Curry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloon kept by a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black hair loomed up at a table in the back part of the room. His back was toward Curry and myself. Curry walked over to the table, standing directly behind Bill. Before any one suspected what he would do he had his gun against Bill's head and said, "Now, you long haired son-of-a-gun, and you're going to die." Bill never bat an eye nor moved a muscle, but said, "You would not shoot a man down without giving him a show to defend his life, would you?" "Wouldn't it show you did you ever give any one, you —?"  
"The Dutchman was dancing around like mad, imploring Jim to put up his gun and for big old Bill to shake hands. If they would, he would stand treat for the house, which proposition was finally accepted. Wild Bill and Jim Curry shook hands, after which Bill said: "Now, Jim, I got nothin' ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, but if you are bound to get a reputation here as a town full of tenderfeet here and lots of sassy nigger soldiers go practice on them. You'll have to get more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to get 'em than if you held a discussion with me, but I think you will live longer to enjoy it and be happier than if you kept your project with me. So now I'll just drop this, or I may get the idea into my head that you're in earnest, and that might be bad for you."—Indianapolis Journal.

### PROGNOSTICATIONS.

It is a notable and noteworthy fact that many of the greatest moral and political revolutions which the world has experienced have been preceded or accompanied by prognostics of one kind or another.  
Lord Bacon's remarks upon this subject are worthy of reproduction and are as follows:  
"The shepherds of the people should understand the prognostics of state's tempests. Hollow blasts of wind, seeming, at a distance, often precede a storm."  
Instances of prognostication of this kind are by no means unknown in history.  
Thus Bishop Williams in the reign of Charles I clearly foresaw and predicted the ultimate triumph of the Puritan party in England, and having the courage of his opinions he abandoned the government party and sided thereafter with the opposition. At the time the bishop took this decided step there was no outward sign whatever that such an event was imminent or even at all probable.  
Dugdale, the antiquary, predicted and anticipated the ruthless destruction of ancient monuments in the cathedral churches which took place in 1641, and he made haste, therefore, to complete his wanderings and labors in taking drafts of and copying out the curious inscriptions upon these ancient monuments, so, as he himself says, "to preserve them for future and better times."  
Browning and the Athenaeum Club.  
Calling upon Robert Browning at the Athenaeum club, then as now, says Colonel Higginson in The Atlantic, the headquarters of intellectual pursuits in London and of which it used to be said that no man could have any question to ask that he could not find somebody to answer, that very afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock at that club, it seemed strange to ask a page to find Mr. Browning for me, and it reminded me of the time when the little daughter of a certain poetess quietly asked at the dinner table, between two bites of an apple, "Mamma, did I ever see Mr. Shakespeare?" The page spoke to a rather short and strongly built man who sat in a window and who jumped up and grasped my hand so cordially that it might have suggested the remark of Mme. Navarro (Mary Anderson) about him—namely, however, at a later day—that he did not seem like a poet, but rather "like one of our agreeable southern gentlemen." He seemed a man of every day, or like the typical poet of his own "How it strikes a contemporary." In all this he was the very antipodes of Tennyson. He had a large head of German shape, broadening behind, with light and thick gray hair and whitish beard and had blue eyes and the most kindly heart.

### SHOOTING STATISTICS.

The Philadelphia Record's calculating barber says: "I see that your shoestrings are tied in bowknots. Did you ever stop to think how much of the string is required to make those useless loops? Probably three inches of each end. The loops in ordinary knots, and you could cut from the pair four pieces, each three inches long. There are 800,000 people in this city and 80,000,000 in the United States who wear laced shoes. If each of these bought three pair of laces a year, that would mean 90,000,000 pair, from which would be snipped 800,000,000 ends. These pieces, placed end to end, would make a continuous shoestring 17,046 miles long—long enough to stretch two-thirds of the way around the earth. Suppose that the shoestrings cost at retail an average of 8 cents a pair, then the 90,000,000 pair used annually in the United States cost \$7,200,000. One-fifth of their length could be done away with by cutting off the useless ends, and the value of these ends is therefore one-fifth of their net cost—\$1,440,000. This sum would buy approximately 10,000,000 pocket handkerchiefs or the besthen of Africa. Witch hazel or bay rum?"

### THE EARLIEST OF NONSENSE VERSES.

I should like to know whether there is anything earlier in this way than the "History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women, Illustrated by as Many Engravings, Exhibiting Their Principal Eccentricities and Amusements. London, Printed for Harris & Son, Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, 1821," which forms No. 15 of Harris' "Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction," 98 in New York's successors, is an exceedingly rare one, with colored illustrations of the drollest. Perhaps space may be spared for a verse, taking one tack to the days when lotteries were not illegal:  
There was an Old Woman of Laling  
Who jump'd 'till her head touch'd the ceiling,  
When 2104  
Was announce'd at her door  
As a prize to the Old Woman of Laling.  
—Notes and Queries.

### OF WHAT HELP WAS CARLYLE?

Yet it is difficult to decide what Carlyle has bequeathed to us now that the echoes of his sonorous denunciations are at last dying away. Standing between the infinite and the individual, he recognizes no gradations, no massing of the species; he compares the two incomparable objects of his attention and scolds the finite for his lack of infidelity, as if for a preventable fault. Unjust to human effort, he barks at mankind like an ill tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves. A most unhelpful physician, a prophet without no gospel, but vague air and turbulence of contradiction, a voice and nothing more, yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice—"A Short Help to Literature," by Edmund Gosse.  
Read Them All.  
"Arthur, I cannot stand this city air. I must have the foliage of the forest, I must have birds, I must!"  
"But, my dear, you have all that on your hat."—Flegende Blatter.

### FOOD FOR THE FIEND

#### NEW YORK'S "FIREPROOF" SKYSCRAPERS INVITE A HOLOCAUST.

Once Well Started a Conflagration Might Wipe Out the Best Part of the Business Section—Too Much Iron, Says Chief of Fire Department Bureau.  
New York's business section—that part of the city that includes the newest of modern fireproof buildings—is in great danger of being wiped out by fire. Capitalists who furnish the money that pays for erecting these new buildings do not seem to realize this fact, although the veteran chief of the fire department reiterates this statement about once a year. Read what he says.  
"That a big section of lower New York some day will be wiped out by fire is probable if existing conditions continue," Fire Chief Bunker said to a Press reporter.  
These conditions are the height of the buildings, the material used in their construction, the narrowness of the streets and the inadequacy of the water supply.  
It is a favorite argument that if worst came to worst, buildings ahead of a burning area could be blown up, as the farmer turns a dead furrow to check the prairie fire. This theory is not advanced any more by intelligent men, says the chief.  
"We can fight a fire 125 feet high, or ten stories. Above that we are well nigh helpless. They say that the modern tall fireproof building needs not as much protection as the ordinary low structure. But the fireproof building is yet to be built. The communists couldn't destroy Paris in 1871 even by the use of barrels of petroleum. In American buildings are all the necessities of a big, hot fire, without the aid of a drop of petroleum. The large structures in foreign cities are built far more solidly than ours. Having fewer forests and less wood, European builders get along with little inside trim of wood. Iron and steel in these days have taken the place in this country of masonry. Nothing withstands fire as well as a well constructed brick wall. Iron columns are covered with four inches of terra cotta or brick, which fire and water can tear off in a short time. Then the stripped iron is left to warp and twist and tumble. I believe the covering should be eight inches."  
"With only one night watchman in a building, in danger, like all mortals, of sudden sickness or incapacity, and with no night elevator, a fire could get a good headway in the upper floors of a 30 or 80 story building. Bursting out of the windows and fanned by a strong wind, the flames could easily leap the narrow streets of lower New York and a fire of enormous extent and damage begin.  
"I have always opposed putting a big building in City Hall park, believing that the time might come when these area, needful as a base of operations, would be the salvation of the city."  
Most of the new skyscrapers have fire fighting appliances of their own of more or less value. Tanks on the roof and in the cellar are supplied and kept full by various systems, but these are as much for the ordinary requirements of tenants as for possible use in fire. Some of the structures have standpipes inside or outside the wall. Legally there is no way of compelling the builders of what is called a "fireproof" building to put in more than the most ordinary fire appliances, even above the 125 foot line.  
Building a 30 story structure is much like building a dwelling house in one respect—there's always deviations from the plans and improvements upon them. For every alteration from the drawings filed with the building department the permission of the board of examiners must be had. If the alterations are proper, consent is granted, but on condition that approved fire appliances be put in the building, particularly in the upper stories. These include a stipulation that at least one elevator shall be ready to run at any time in the night in order that the firemen can get up and down quickly; the putting of hose and fire buckets on each floor, and, usually, a standpipe, with couplings for each floor. When the builders consent to add these equipments and others deemed necessary, including a competent night watch service, permission is granted to make the alterations. This applies, of course, only to buildings under construction recently. Of those already up there is small hope unless the underwriters' offer of lower premiums appeal sufficiently to the pocketbook.  
To the end that the fire resistance of building materials shall be known positively, fire tests have been made under the supervision of the superintendent of buildings. Three such public exhibitions already have been held, and they will be continued at intervals through the winter. When finished, Superintendent Constable will make a report to the board of examiners.  
The cry for more water in the lower part of the city has been incessant for years. Many have been the plans for reservoirs at the Battery and on either side half a mile or a mile up stream. Every time an extra line of pipe has been laid with the object of furnishing the needed surplus it has been tapped up town. The fire and building departments hope that the two 48 inch mains being laid in Fifth avenue will be left for the relief of the section below Chambers street. Chief Bunker says the Forty-second street reservoir should not be disturbed until water is flowing undisturbed through these mains to the locality that needs it most and for which it is intended.  
That New York will be brought face to face with grave peril from the 80 storied structures unless precautions plentiful and timely are taken is not doubted by those who have studied the problem of maintaining safety with mountainous skyscrapers in crowded streets.—New York Times.