

# THE COLUMBIAN.

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## A SKETCH.

Even if Tom Bayne did only get a salary of one hundred dollars a month, that fact alone did not hinder him from mingling in the best society of the town; for he was not a base mechanic or a retailer's clerk, nor yet a street car driver. No! he was not by any means engrossed in any of the callings I have recited; on the contrary he stood proudly at his desk in the bank-like office of one of the huge distilleries (which emit fire and smoke heavenward all day and night, and heart-burning lava and ashes to thousands of willing and helpless victims) which lined the murky river banks—realizing fully that he, Tom Bayne, did indeed rank high in the first row of the office hands.

"Position is everything!" cries a well-established adage, consequently T. B. took his place in society and kept it because he had a position—a position in the fulfilling of those duties he did not soil his hands, though the money he handled might be blood money.

Of course he belonged to the "Gentleman's Club," and bore up his end in the manifold expenses of that very expensive concern; he attended the same church as his employers, and contributed freely and ostentatiously, fifty cents each Sunday. And in spite of all this, long-tongued people would insinuate that perhaps the balance of his bank account at the end of the year was like the number of days remaining in the year—in infinitesimal supply.

But when with Don Alonso, John Hightone and Joe Abouss, the lowing howl was quaffed, or the "champagne, you know," his tongue dealt in flowery eloquence, and he was unanimously crowned laureate, because of his attractive, polished manners and the abundance of spicy stories always at command.

But this divergence has been made as a text to be, and as a base for the story of Tom's trouble and what came about through an evening party.

On this particular morning, at about 9 o'clock, the sun broke through the veiling clouds, and a ray of his welcome light cutting its way down through the smoky atmosphere disclosed to Tom's eager eyes an envelope bearing the familiar monogram of a society he lay before him on the dusty desk. It requested his company, etc., but why enlarge?

"Were you invited?" "Get a bid?"

These were the only remarks or replies of Mr. Tom to the customary salutations of his fellows. Then on Thursday evening he made his glad way alone and in a high priced carriage, to the scene of action—to the evening party. He was attired in full dress, regardless of cost (although his tailor threatened to seize the collateral), and as he followed the carriage to the hospitable door and the "expected" did not come, Tom, whose bosom had long been agitated with a harrowing doubt, which this very night he had resolved to fathom, grew more and more dispirited. And the cool, sarcastic Fred Grayner, sitting easily in a tilted-back chair and himself clad in a plain tweed suit, by several opportune remarks added to his discomposure.

"The damned fellow!" quoth our hero. "Thinks himself my equal, I do believe, and in that miserable suit!"

All of which reflections were lost on Fred, and by T. B.'s particular intention, for he assuredly respected the robust physique of this hated critic.

The utterance of a fellow who is in love may be overlooked, especially when that love is at the fever heat, and we overlook and are charitable with T. B. for these inflamed sayings concerning Mr. Grayner who, all the town knew, was a rival for Miss Bartholomew's hand.

The reflections of the rivals glaring at each other under the bright gaslight:

Fred—"Won't Agnes give him blazes this evening if he comes near her again with his sickening pleading for marriage and blatant tales of his own acquirements?"

"If that young jackanapes in the tweed suit dares to approach Miss Agnes," thought T. B., "won't she start him, though? The idea of him daring to dance with her young lady in white satin, he in that fall business suit!"

A rustle of rich, heavy satin on the staircase, and through the half open door our gentlemen witness the entrance of "the expected," and with a little further description of Mr. Grayner, we leave the amiable and well wishing pair, and make the acquaintance of few of the assembled—just to fill in the corners of our drawing.

He wasn't notoriously well-to-do, but he came from a respectable family, and being a hard and willing worker, had rapidly risen in the estimation of his employers and acquaintances. He was only a warehouse hand in a wholesale crockery house, and unostentatious in all things. Being such, he had gained Miss Bartholomew's esteem, and the reciprocated feeling had become so intense that this evening was to be the real letter evening of his young life, an assault on cupid's battery (a forlorn and hopeless combat sometimes) having been resolved.

Now Agnes, if he only knew it, really loved him and despised the blatant Tom; not knowing this he felt the usual anxiety, and, poor fellow! was trembling in his boots.

I said that Tom made his "glad way" to the party, which was perfectly true. Now, if I added that at the door of the entertainer's house, a shabbily dressed girl had handed him a note, and earlier a gentlemanly dressed person had handed him another, both concerning him

deeply, I might have been thought to be again diverging. These notes disturbed but did not trouble the almost imperturbable Tom. What does it matter to him if he owes his washerwoman for three months' work, and tailor for a year's clothes? Why, nothing at all.

There is a sense of such a delightful freedom in the society of these western towns! In the east there is as near one grade as possible present, and no people who are particularly better or particularly worse, are invited, judicious consideration and tact governing the whole matter. In the west every one is invited, the grading being done not by those who give the party, but by the instinctive feelings of the invited. Consequently that delightful sense of freedom. Said a western lady of high standing:

"We are hospitable and very free with strangers; but we can tell quickly and easily when we are being imposed upon." And the answer made to the assertion that they were too apt to misconstrue the approaches of strangers afterwards, to repudiate their familiarity, and thus do occasionally irretrievable harm.

Owing to this freedom and to the diversity of the guests in their respective cliques, Fred Grayner was able to isolate Miss Agnes quite soon after her coming, only to get the poor satisfaction that he must escort her home, her carriage to be sent on ahead. But Fred had noticed and so had T. B., with failing heart, that she had detached the rose Bayne gave, and wore his humble spray of mignonette.

On finishing a waltz and promenading gayly over to an alcove, T. B.'s spirits rose, cheered with the exciting dance, and then he began. Why at this juncture should these notes that had been given him drop from his pocket, unfolded and open to the keen glance of Miss Agnes? This we cannot divine, and ascribe it like all mysterious willings of the Un known, to fate—cruel fate. One glance sufficed her. "W. W. Fashion & Co., clothes; one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Murphy, three months' washing—eighteen dollars."

Mr. Bayne's protestations as to his entire independence of the mercenary world amply atoned for her breach of etiquette, and she determined to give him a lasting lesson then and there. A woman quickly decides with an impostor.

"What are those, Mr. Bayne?" "All letters from friends—invitations, I suppose."

"Invitations, yes! To what?" The dire truth was revealed to T. B. his game was over; he saw ruin in his stern yet amused face, he was beaten; the floodgates of shame opened, and hastily excusing himself, he gained the open air, and vented his excited feelings under the cold and unsympathetic light of the stars.

Father Time has been busy for nearly two decades now since Fred Rayner and his amorous took their gay homeward walk under the sympathetic starlight, and his razor-aged say the last during these cycles roamed more than one of the sheaves which formed part of the background of the "sketch" of the party. It is at least ten years since an entry opposite Tom Bayne's name in the Club book read: "Unable to pay dues. And at least five since he was summarily discharged from the office of the great distillery. Then, after that "Black Friday" of his, he subsisted through the medium of odd and miscellaneous jobs; forming all the while, however, the main figure of the group that every evening occupied the spacious arm chairs under the oak trees of a well-known sample-room. Finally his familiar face, with his scarlet nose, and the rag-clad form, were missed altogether. On our voyage of inquiry we ended in an obscure corner of a grassy mound, and comparing with the guide book, we found that the name was that of Thomas Bayne.

Fred Grayner did not marry Miss Bartholomew after all, and is comfortably settled with a cheerful, warm-hearted little wife. He possesses large business interests, interlinked with the duties of a prominent public office. His well stocked and well-used library, and the handsome etchings, paintings and articles of vertu which his house contains, betoken the full enjoyment of the higher pleasures of this transitory human life of ours. He has attained the respect of all, and retained what is still greater—his self-respect. When he folds his loving wife in his arms he realizes that in giving up the match with Agnes Bartholomew—marrying a woman not money-bags—uniting with one who loved him and would continue to do so whether he reached a pinnacle of fame or no, he did the wisest of all possible things. He has reached that pinnacle, and thinks that had he married Miss Agnes and not acquired fame, there would have been an everlasting picnic in that household.

My sketch is now done, but the colors not having all dried in, a few touches here and there seem to be in order. In writing it I did not propose the rendition of a homily on temperance—though I incline that way—but rather have shown a strain to show the effect of early companionship in the formation of character. Many others have done so before me, and maybe will again, but the fact remains and always shall, that the more one is young, the more one is choosing his companions and occupation, the surer he is of ultimately getting a high place on a stout rung of the celebrated ladder which we all climb more or less.

She laid her head on the easy chair against his head and murmured: "How I do love to rest my head against your head, Angustus." "Do you, dearest?" said he. "It is because you love me." "No, because it is so nice and soft."

## Bonnie Bessie.

"Bonnie Bessie" every one called her, and rightly enough; for of all the Highland lassies who gathered at the little Kirk Sabbath mornings, not one was half so pretty and winning as Bessie.

Squire Renfrew of the Red Pass was desperately in love with Bessie, and sought to make her his wife in spite of difference in rank. The herds at the Red Pass were the finest and largest in the neighborhood; the barn and store-houses were always well filled. He was a bachelor, something over two-score years old. And he wanted "Bonnie Bessie" for his wife.

"If the lassie thinks she can fancy me," he said, addressing Bessie's grandmother, as he stood under the low, brown rafters of the little Black Lynn cottage; a hot flush mounting to the shining crown of his bald head, "if the lassie thinks she can fancy me, the bargain's made. I'm ready and willing to lead her to the kirk to-morrow; and if a good, true husband, and some gold and silver will make her happy, she'll be as happy as a queen at the Red Pass."

Bessie listened, with wide, startled eyes, burning cheeks and quivering lips. She held her peace, standing, tall and slim, in a sort of stunned silence, until her gray-haired lover had taken his leave. Then she burst forth into vehement, passionate protest.

The old grandmother suffered her to storm until her passion was spent. "Well, 'tis o'er now, and ye'll simmer down and keep quiet, mebbe. I've let ye have your say, and now I'll have mine. We're poor folk, you and me, I found it hard to get bread when I had my own mouth to feed; and since I've been burdened with you I've gone to bed morn' a night fit to cry wi' hunger. But I've borne it all an' done my best, an' I've been willing to gi' you a share of my last crust."

"But dearest grandma—" "Now lookie here, my lass," interrupted the old woman, lifting her bony finger and glowering fiercely upon Bessie; "if ye're full enow to refuse this good fortune that ends 'twixt us two. You pack out o' my house, and ne'er cross the threshold agin'."

Bessie was silent. The great world beyond the Highland peaks seemed so dim and far away, and the old home scenes were so familiar. The autumn days drifted on, and in the spring time she was going to the kirk with Squire Renfrew and be made his wife.

The spring time came and the wedding day was close at hand, when, one evening, just before the gloaming, Bessie went to fill her pitcher, as usual, at the rocky spring near by. She had accomplished her task, had lifted the pitcher to her shoulder, and had started for the cottage, when she, shaped feet twinkling prettily below the short petticoat as she stepped from stone to stone in crossing the little brawling stream, when suddenly she uttered a stifled cry, and staggering to a moss-grown boulder, sat down and put the pitcher hastily on the ground, pressing her hand on her heart and trembling all over.

"It's his ghost, it's his ghost!" she cried. "And oh, how sair he looked at me!" Whatever she had seen, or fancied she had seen, there was nothing in sight when she next looked up; nothing except the overarching rocks of the glen, the brook shimmering in the evening light, and the white birch trees awaying spectrally against the sky.

"He has come from his grave!" she cried, clanking fearfully around. "I dare na, dare na do it. Oh, forgive me, Jamie, that I ever thought o' it."

She drew a shiver, which encircled her throat from her bosom, as she spoke, and kissed the slender hoop of silver which depended from it. "I'll never ha' peace if I marry the squire," she said, "and I ought not to ha' it; I shall feel I'm a traitor. And oh, Jamie, Jamie, after a l, I love no one but you, and never can."

Suddenly she rose, with resolution stamped on every feature. "I must give the squire his ring again," she said, brushing the last tears from her eye. "It is hard for him; but there is no other way. Then Jamie, then, perhaps, you'll forgive me, dear."

Leaving her pitcher there, she tossed back her abundant locks, as she finished this adjuration, and went speeding away, through the falling darkness with the light foot of a chamois.

When she reached the Red Pass, the bright glow of the warm ingle-side lit the windows. She approached the nearest one, and possessed her said, tired, yet resolute, face against the glass.

A minute, and she tapped lightly against the glass. The squire turned quickly, stared, and then started to his feet.

"Well, now, well, now, what's the meaning o' this?" he cried, rubbing across the room and throwing up the window. "Bessie, my lassie, what's happened?"

"Something that never should ha' happened," she answered, looking at him with a sort of desperate defiance, and drawing the gold ring from her finger, as she spoke, and "I've come to give this back to you, Squire Renfrew. I was wrong ever to let you put it on."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" "Take the ring," she said. "You've heard o' Auld Robin Grey, maybe, haven't you?"

"Well, I have, Jamie once," she went on clutching at the little silver ring as it pended from her neck, a great throb of pain shaking her; "he gave me this, and I can't ever wear any other ring. He—went off to seek his fortune, with another repressed son, 'and he was lost at sea. I tried to forget him; but I can-

not. I can't keep my promise to you, Squire Renfrew—I-I couldn't feel like she did to 'Auld Robin Grey'—I should hate you—I should—" And here she broke down completely.

He took the ring she offered, and paused for a moment. A look of unutterable pain and regret came into his kind eyes.

"So," he said, slowly, "you have come to tell me this, and to ask for your freedom? And you really think, too, you have seen Jamie's ghost?"

"Yes, And I shall never return to grandmother again. I dare not. So I am going away."

"Bessie, my darling," cried a voice, as his strong arm clasped her. The next moment she was on the breast of her lover, who had come back alive and safe.

A few days after, there was a happy marriage at the kirk, Squire Renfrew giving away the bride, our "Bonnie Bessie."

## Abstract of the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1880.

The eleventh annual report of the Commissioner of Education, covering the year 1880, has been issued.

The Commissioner states that the present year has been marked by a great increase in the amount and value of the information received at the office with reference to the conduct of education in our own and in foreign countries, and by a corresponding increase in the public demand for the distribution of information. The means allowed the office for carrying on the interchange of intelligence are entirely inadequate, whether regard be had to specific inquiries or to information which should be published in the general interest of this department of public affairs.

Seven circulars of information and six bulletins have been published during the year, comprising among others the following subjects: College libraries as aids to instruction; rural school architecture with illustrations; English rural schools, with illustrations; a report on the teaching of chemistry and physics in the United States; vacation colonies for sickly school children; the Indian school at Carlisle Barracks; industrial education in Europe; medical colleges in the United States.

The number of American correspondents of the office, including officers of the State and local systems and institutions of learning, is 8231, or more than four times the numbers at the beginning of the present decade. To the material derived from these sources must be added the foreign matter, reports and periodicals, all of which must be examined and summarized for the report.

The total school population in the States for 1880 is 15,351,875; number enrolled in public schools, 9,680,403; average daily attendance, 5,744,188, four States not reporting. The school population of the territories is 184,405, Idaho and Wyoming not reporting; enrollment in public schools, 101,118; average daily attendance, 61,154, two territories not reporting. The percentages of enrollment and average daily attendance are highest in Massachusetts and lowest in Louisiana.

There are sixteen different school ages in the States and territories, 17 being the longest period and 6 years the shortest. The earliest age at which children are admitted to the public schools in any State is four years. In ten States and one territory, the school age is 6-21, and in seven States and three territories 5-25.

The number of teachers employed in the public schools of the States in 1880 was 280,034; the same for the territories, 2,610. The average salaries paid to men ranged from \$2.52 a month in South Carolina to \$101.47 in Nevada, and the same from \$17.44 in Vermont to \$77 in Nevada.

TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF OYSTERS.—The joyous and gastronomic and epicurean circles by Olsen's paper on "The North Sea Fisheries" and the great oyster discoveries there will be shared by the whole oyster-eating world.

Two hundred acres of oyster-beds, thirty to seventy miles wide, that is to say ten thousand acres of splendid oysters within easy distance of the British coast, is a discovery to which all those of Stanley and Livingstone sink into insignificance. One curious feature about it is that the oysters lie in a depth of twenty-one fathoms, thus disposing summarily of the prevalent idea that oysters can only be successfully raised in shallow water. The man who invents a new dish, according to the Mohammedans, deserves well of mankind; but what is the reward of a man who discovers 10,000 acres of oysters? And yet all this is tinged with the melancholy doubt whether oysters will be cheaper in consequence. [Pall Mall Gazette.]

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Drunkenness in Sweden and Norway is cured in the following manner. The drunkard is put in prison, and his only nourishment is bread soaked in wine. During the first day the prisoner receives the bread and wine with pleasure. On the second day is not so acceptable. After that he takes his food with great repugnance. In general, eight or ten days of this treatment suffice to produce a disgust of liquor that the unhappy man is compelled to abstain from. After leaving prison his drunkenness is radically cured, with an occasional exception, the order of liquor produces an invincible repulsion.

Before leaving Russia for Central Asia, General Tchernaiaff made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Skobelev, and placed above it a superb silver image of Saint Michael, the dead chieftain's patron saint. In life the two generals were rivals, but withal, great admirers of each other.

## A Small Boy on Pie.

A pie, as a part of speech, is a pronoun, as it stands in the place of a noun, not very objective, most always neuter, unless too old, and agrees with any person who is not sick.

They are generally round one way and very flat the other. When they are cut they assume a triangular shape, until they are eaten, and then we don't know what shape they have. They are about the only three-cornered articles of food we have—except beech nuts.

A three-cornered piece of pie is about as convenient a thing to eat as one ever closed teeth on, and licked one's lips afterwards. That is, sharp end foremost. The only trouble is you don't know when to bite it off, for the mouth naturally widens as the wedge goes in. The composition of pies is dough and something else—what that something else is or should be has never been definitely settled.

You can make them of anything that grows in the garden except thistles and burdock. A boy told me that his aunt made a thistle pie, but the boy said a lie one day before, and I cannot trust him since.

I have seen pumpkin pies made out of apples that I liked very much. I remember one that I saw once. It was not a very large pie, but it was got up in great style. It was made on a white plate with a blue edge. The under crust was made of dough, and was very thin; the inwards were just lovely. They were made of what they call mince-meat, and a little sugar sprinkled over it. The top or upper crust was made of dough rope yarn, laid across like the slats of a bed. Oh, it looked lovely! Around the edge was a hoop of dough, laid partly on the edge of the plate, and about an inch over the fragmentary meat. It was ornamented around the outer part of the hoop with an impression made by pressing it all around with a set of false teeth before it was baked. It was a great appetizer, you better believe! They sacrificed it at a tea shrine, and it sold readily at four cents a triangle, cash on delivery.

There are a great many people who like pies but seldom eat them, 'tis because they can't get them. I don't think the common apple pie is very hard to make, for I made one once out of cranberries, and all who tasted it said it was very nice. I tasted the most of it myself. I know one boy who was very fond of pies in fact, rather than do without them he would hook them from his mother-in-law, if he had one, but he hadn't. Anyway, he was fond of them; he was very apt to take a bite out of one if it was in his way. One day there was a pie made on purpose for him, and put in his way, and he put it out of his own way and everybody else's. I never liked cayenne pepper since; it's too warm.

## HOUSEHOLD.

TOMATO CATSUP.—A bushel of ripe tomatoes cut up and cooked thoroughly; strain through a sieve when cold; add 3 quarts vinegar, 1½ pints salt, 3 ounces each of whole cloves and allspice, 3 ounces black and white pepper, 1½ ounces cayenne pepper, 12 onions boiled whole in it for several hours, watching and stirring for fear of burning. It need not boil hard, but simmer steadily. When cold, bottle, after removing the onions when they have well flavored the mixture; keep in a cool, dry place.

PRESERVED TOMATO.—Scald and skin them, and weigh equal parts of sugar and fruit. Let the tomatoes lie on a sieve to drain off some of their juice. Then lay them carefully in layers with the sugar into a stone jar. Allow one lemon to every four pounds of fruit, and put the juice and grated rind of one on each layer. Cover the jar close and set in a pot of boiling water and let it boil all day long. Be sure and see that the water comes up to the top of the stone jar, but does not boil into it. Let the jar stand in the water till it is cold, after it has been boiled enough.

STEWED PEARS.—If small and ripe, cut out the blossom end without paring or coring. Put into a saucepan with water enough to cover them, and stew until tender; add one-half cup sugar for every quart of pears, and stew altogether ten minutes; take out the pears and lay them in a covered bowl to keep warm; add to the syrup a little ginger or a few cloves; boil fifteen minutes longer, and pour over the fruit hot.

A delicate cake is made by beating five eggs very light; beat the whites and yolks separately, and if the yolks are at all lumpy, strain them. Beat three cups of powdered sugar and one of butter to a cream; add one cup of sweet milk, four cups of sifted flour in which you have mixed one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder and the juice and the grated peel of one lemon. Put the whites of the eggs in last. Bake in a moderate oven in one large, round loaf, or in two long, narrow tins.

Small new potatoes are often wasted by a careless cook, who is usually in a hurry, and who does not know how to use them to good advantage. Here is an excellent way to prepare them: Remove the skins, using a very sharp knife, so as to take off as little as possible of the potatoes. Have hot lard in the kettle in which you fry cakes. Wash the potatoes, wipe them dry, then drop them into the hot lard. They will require from ten to twenty-five minutes to cook, and should be of a delicate brown. Turn them often.

If you have trouble to get your last year's catsup bottles perfectly clean, after washing them thoroughly in suds and rinsing in clear water, chop a potatoe quite fine, mix it with a little warm water, put this in the bottle and shake it well; it will surely remove any foreign substance.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The government is looking after the young hopefuls of the red men. Two new Indian schools are soon to be established.

Blotting paper was in use, by that name, so far back as 1465. The use of sand lasted up to the end of the last century in England, and still obtains in Italy.

Mr. Carte, the London show manager, who sent Oscar Wilde to America, says the profits of the trip were £30,000, to be divided equally between the two.

To the long list of English magazines two more are to be added, Macmillan's English Critic, with John Morley, as editor, and Longman's Magazine. The latter will be sold for sixpence.

The catalogue of the British Museum, now being printed, will fill 500 volumes, and at the present rate it will require 40 years to complete it, by which time there will be new matter enough to begin afresh.

Out of nine chiefs of the London newspaper reporters five use Taylor's system of shorthand, while Pitman, Gurney, Mayor, and Byron can claim only one each. The body of stenographers prefer Pitman.

Colley Gibber's views on the Civil Service were: "Until the number of good places is equal to the number of those who think themselves qualified for them, there must be a cause of contention among us."

A real estate dealer advertises in a Dakota newspaper: "I can be found either in the Gold Mine playing 'freeze-out,' at Mitchell's Exchange betting on the age of old horses with Brown, or at my residence on Oak street perusing the Scriptures."

The Chinese Government has sent a commission of high naval officials to Germany to take the powerful ironclad Ting Tuen, that has just been built for the Chinese navy, formally into their custody. The voyage of the vessel for China is to begin next month.

Ella Wheeler has written a poem to prove that "Love is Enough." Gracious, the faster, thought fog was enough, but if one was to be tied down to a choice between love and fog as a permanent diet, Ella's recommendation would be adopted by a large majority.

A jeweler has long dunned a lady of fashion for the amount of his big bill, but in vain. When he rings the bell the footman says politely, but firmly, "Sir, the Countess only receives on Tuesdays." "I don't care when she receives," thundered the irate and long-suffering creditor; "what I want to know is the day she pays on!"

They have a bogus baby case in Philadelphia similar to that which caused so much of a sensation in London some years ago, as we have heard, secured. It is alleged, a baby at a founding home, which she presented as her own to the husband when he returned from Europe.

The Crown Princess of Germany has established a school for the training of children's nurses at Berlin. The first thing she should teach them is never to yank a child around by the arms, and the second is to pay more attention to their charges and less to the young men they meet in the park.

A curious was John Birdsell, of Rush, Indiana, who brought \$600 in gold from California twenty years ago, buried it in an iron pot, and told nobody. His family have of late suffered for food, and when absolute starvation threatened them, he dug up his treasure and went off with it, leaving his wife and four children to the poorhouse.

## Rattlesnake Pets.

There is only one thing about Professor Bell, Florida agent of the Smithsonian Institution, which his neighbors do not like, and that is the pleasure which he takes in the companionship of venomous snakes. A countryman called upon the professor, the other day, and the second is to the room a huge rattlesnake dropped off a sofa pillow which had been placed upon a chair for his accommodation, glided into a corner, coiled, and waving his head back and forth, shook his rattles viciously at the intruder. "Great jeezaw!" exclaimed the intruder. "Come in," said the professor, cordially, handing his caller the chair just vacated by the snake; "Don't mind him; he's not used to strangers, that's all." The snake obeyed an order to "hush that fuss," but still kept vigilant watch over the visitor, who, under the circumstances, did not care to make a long stay. Doubtless the reptile's fangs had been drawn, but that did not transform him into an agreeable object for contemplation.

AN UNRELENTING PARENT.—Some four or five years ago the World published the full particulars of an elopement from a very fashionable Newport boarding house, the young lady being the daughter of a New York family named Sanford, and the man was the son of a laboring gardener named Lodge. They were married, and then returned here in a few days. Soon, however, the girl's parents threatened her with a divorce, and she subsequently to Europe, but they could get no excuse for a divorce, as the young husband repeatedly offered to support her. The husband finally went to California. Word now comes that he has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations, and proposes to return to the East and claim his bride. The father has declared time and time again that the son-in-law shall never have his daughter, and there is reason to believe that the law will be resorted to. [Newport Letter to N. Y. World.]