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UP THE CHIMNEY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Christmas Eve, the day of all days in the year when gladness and joy fill all hearts where unalleviated misery has not too strong a foothold to deny them admission! Happier even, than Christmas Day, for anticipation is the keenest of delights unclouded with the shadow of disappointment which too often taints the reality of anticipated pleasures.

The streets of the city were thronged with people of all ages, classes and conditions, all animated with the same motive, all bent on errands of preparation for the morrow. Yet there were many faces in this throng in which the lines of suffering seemed to deepen at the sight of so many happy ones with whom they could hold no fellowship. The comforts and luxuries which were so prodigally displayed were not for them to enjoy, but for more favored, though not more deserving ones. The cup of adversity has many bitter ingredients, but its bitterness is never so thoroughly realized as when it is partaken of in the presence of a feast of universal joy and merriness. Some of this bitterness had entered the heart of George Howard as he sat moodily before the fire, heedless of the prattle and sport of his little ones, and apparently unmindful of the presence of his cheery little wife. A very decided frown had settled upon his face, and his meditations were evidently not of the pleasantest character. His wife soon noticed this, and for a moment her face indicated a slight cloud of the contagious melancholy. Very slight, however, for her was a sunny nature and very soon dispelled the clouds of trouble which at times overshadowed it. She scanned her husband's face for a moment, and then said:

"George, what day of the month is this?"

"Oh, pooh!" answered George, rather peevishly; "why do you ask such a question? You know it is Christmas Eve."

"Then with to-morrow comes Christmas," responded the wife, "and I think it is near enough at hand to justify us in being merry. Come, George, drive away the blues, for I know you are entertaining these visitors, and then let us forget for a time that such things as troubles exist."

"Ah, Nelly," said George, sadly, "it is easy enough to say, 'be merry, dull care!' but not so easy to keep disagreeable facts out of mind which force care to remain. I have tried to bear up against the pressure of our troubles; I have tried to nourish the hope that better times would bring us relief. I have tried to content myself with the reflection that greater afflictions have been spared us. You and our darling little ones are blessed with good health, and I should feel myself a wretch who deserved punishment if I did not think of these things and be grateful for them. But I must acknowledge that when I went out on the street to-day and saw so many happy faces, saw the bustle of preparation for Christmas day, and saw on all sides abundance to satisfy the most prodigious tastes and desires—when I saw all these and reflected that I was a strong, healthy man, but penniless, out of work and in debt—well, melancholy claimed me for her own."

Nelly was a little angel, but she was sufficiently a woman to drop a sympathizing tear, taking care, however, to conceal it from George.

"Well," she observed, "our situation is not the best, but we must remember it is not yet the worst."

"I don't know about that," answered George, moodily. "I have been out of work six months, and that, too, soon after my three months of sickness. Our money is gone, our credit has followed after it. The times, instead of reviving are becoming every day more stringent, and they tell me there will be no chance to secure work before spring. Now, here is Christmas at hand. It has always been a gala day with us. The little ones—bless their darling little hearts—have always had something to make them happy, but now they must be told what they can't understand, that Santa Claus is bankrupt, for their hearts will be as empty as their little stockings to-morrow morning."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Nelly, in a very wise manner. "Where there's a will there's a way. Now I have a little secret which I didn't mean to tell you, George, but you are so very, very dismal to-night that I will try and console you a little with the intelligence that Christmas is already provided for, and we are going to celebrate it to-morrow in the good old-fashioned way. We shan't stuff ourselves to death, nor will egg-nog, but we shall have good food to eat and plenty of it, and moreover, the children (in a whisper) will have their stockings full to-morrow morning."

"But you mystify me. How are you going to work such a miracle?"

"Well, that's the secret I was going to let out. You know I am very handy with the crocheted needle. Well, those beautiful patterns I donated to the orphans' fair were purchased by a lady who wanted half a dozen more to distribute as Christmas gifts. So she called on me and wanted me to make them for her. Of course I got up on my dignity and told her that I was not doing such things for a living, but if it would be an accommodation to her, I supposed I could do it. So there; now you have my secret, which I assure you, you wouldn't have had had I not regarded it as a forlorn hope."

"My darling," said George, "it pains me to think that I have brought you to this; but oh, it's a sweet consolation to know that the fires of affliction only make my treasure shine the brighter. When I married you I little thought that

my circumstances would ever permit you to have a want unfilled, a wish ungratified. I supposed I was bringing you to a home which you could always call your own. I supposed my father's estate would leave me in comfortable circumstances, but my expectations were not realized. The unhappy fate of my poor father destroyed all those prospects."

"George," said Nelly, "you have never told me the circumstances connected with your father's last years. I have never liked to ask you, because I knew the subject was an unpleasant one to you. But, as we are talking of it, why not satisfy my woman's curiosity now?"

"I will," answered George. "It is a sad theme to me. I acknowledge—not on account of the pecuniary disasters attendant upon it, but on the recollection of my father's sad affliction, the loss of his mind. My father, you know, was a well-to-do merchant, and was at one time considered a man of considerable wealth. My mother died when I was a mere lad, and my father, after giving me a liberal education, apprenticed me to a machinist, in accordance with his theory that every man ought to have a trade to fall back on. Precious little reliance it is in these times, though. However, I mastered my trade, and was pronounced a skillful workman. I returned home intending to make a brief visit and then commence work in earnest. I had been absent some four years, and was principally struck with the great change in my father. I left him a hale, hearty, generous, open-hearted old man. I found him a nervous, attenuated, miserably miser—hardly a shadow of his former self. He informed me that he had met with some severe losses in his business, which had so crippled him that he was obliged to wind up his affairs. He had managed to save this house and lot out of the wreck, but the great bulk of his fortune, he said, had vanished up the chimney."

"This was a favorite expression of his, equivalent to the modern one, 'up the spout.' As his mind weakened he grew more reserved and cautious. He was under continual apprehensions of some fresh disasters, and cautioned me daily not to be rash and impetuous as he had been, lest my property should vanish as his had, up the chimney. It was about this time that I met you, Nelly, and meeting you, knew you and loved you. You did not discourage my addresses, and I determined to shape my affairs so that I could in a short time ask you to become my wife. But my father, by some means, discovered my secret, and then I realized that his mind was indeed a wreck. He did not forbid my marrying you. He did not threaten or expostulate. He only begged and entreated in the most piteous manner that I should not leave him; and when I proposed to bring you here, he only cried, and declared that if I did so, we were ruined; that house and home, everything, would vanish as the rest had done—up the chimney. I saw that he was not in a condition to be influenced by reason; so I was forced to give you up, Nelly, for a time, and do all I could to administer what little comfort I could to my father in his declining years. I love I was a faithful son to him. God knows I tried hard to be, and while my life was embittered with the consciousness that I must be content to love you without calling you wife, I felt that it was sanctified by this costly sacrifice to filial love. But the end came."

"My father lay on his death bed, and a kind Providence, for a few moments, removed the veil which had shrouded his reason, and the old light of intelligence beamed in his eyes. He called me to him and said, 'George, I have been living in a dream. I see it now. My recollection of the past is dim, but I know enough to realize that I have exacted great sacrifices of you. But the term of your exile is ended. Marry the girl of your choice. She is a treasure, and is endowed with graces and beauties of mind as well as person. I give you both my dying blessing. But there is one thing more I must speak of. I had money, George; I had it from the wreck; it was gold; it was mine, George. But the curtain fell again, and he fell back gasping 'up—the chimney!' and then died."

"When his affairs were settled up no effects were left but this house. I married you, Nelly, thinking that with a house already secured, I could easily provide for you with my earnings; but misfortune came—first sickness, then inability to obtain employment. Our little savings melted away. Then the house was mortgaged, and mortgaged so heavily that next month, when it is to be sold, there will be nothing left for us but the scanty stock of furniture. Oh, if I could but get out into the country, where money-kings and monopolists cannot control the growing crops and forbid the earth yielding up its riches, I feel that I should be a man again and no longer a mere tool to be picked up and laid down at the will of my masters."

George's reminiscence was here brought to a close by little Harry climbing upon his knee and exclaiming:

"Papa, I can't find no place to hang my stocking."

"Hang it on the chimney, of course," answered George.

"But there ain't no nail on the chimney."

"Drive one, then, you're mechanic enough for that."

That suited Harry exactly, and he was soon at work, mounted on a chair, with nail and hammer in hand. He was not successful in his effort, for when he was giving the nail a smart final blow it bounded out and flew across the room.

"Try again, Harry," said George.

The boy did try again, but with no better success.

"Try it in another place," suggested his father.

Harry did as directed, but away went the nail again.

"You had better do it," said Nelly. "He will have the chimney pretty badly defaced if he keeps on."

George took the hammer and nail and commenced thumping with the hammer to find a suitable place. Hark! what noise was that? There was a stifled, but distinct, jingle that responded to every blow of George's hammer. It caught the ears of husband and wife simultaneously. They looked at each other with a strange expression. Then George struck again. Yes, there was something in that vicinity which gave forth a very unmistakable jingle. Then a sudden light gleamed in Nelly's eyes. She commenced to tremble violently. Then she whispered excitedly:

"Tear out the chimney, George, quick! Who knows but—"

But George had caught Nelly's expression, and soon a blow after blow rained in quick succession upon the chimney, while the hidden something jingled its applause. There was only a thick wall of plastering to hammer away. It was only a few seconds' work and all that have we here? A strong iron box, and so heavy that when George attempted to pry it out of its tomb it slipped from his hands and came down on the floor with a terrible crash. Then there was a terrible jingle, as if three cheers were being given for freedom. Then the iron box was lifted up, turned over and shaken. Then George kicked it, and there's no telling what he wouldn't have done, if Nelly hadn't suggested, "File it open, George, why don't you?"

No sooner said than acted upon. The tools were produced, and a swift work was never done that that which conquered the stubborn lid; but yield it had to, and when the lid was lifted, and anxious, excited—yes, frightened eyes looked into the box, what do they behold—what but layer after layer of shining, glittering gold? The light seemed to dance a jig over its bright, shining face, as if it wanted to say, "Ah, I've found you at last, have I?"

George looked at the treasures in stupefied amazement. He rubbed his eyes, gave the box a kick and looked again. Then he turned to Nelly with a serio-comic air, and said:

"Pinch me, Nelly."

He was accommodated so realistically that he was satisfied that he was awake. Then the yellow boys were counted out, one by one. Tens—a jolly Christmas provided for; hundreds—debts all paid and abundance for the winter; thousands—the mortgage paid off and a free and unencumbered home secured; tens of thousands—wealth, independence, a beautiful home in the country, prosperity and happiness! Ah, there was happiness in that little home that night which no pen can portray. There were countenances so radiant with joy and gratitude that no painter could sketch them. Didn't those stockings hang full to repletion next morning, and didn't that table groan under the weight of delicacies prepared by Nelly's own hands?

George's heart was almost too full to permit him to crave a blessing, and when he faltered in conclusion, "We would thank Thee, O God, that thou hast caused our trouble to vanish—vanish—vanish—little Bobby saw his embarrassment and prompted, "Up the chimney."

For and about Women.

Colonel Frederick A. Conkling introduced Miss Emily Faithful and her lecture upon "The Changed Position of Women in the Nineteenth Century," to an audience composed mainly of women, in Chickering Hall, New York, recently. "The great need of the time is proper employment for women," said she. Gradually those forms of industry best suited to her have been usurped by man and machinery he controls. As long as the spinning wheel buzzed by the fireside, women could find employment at home. But the situation has changed, and hard necessity has driven women from the treat of the home circle. She is found doing some of the roughest, hardest, most laborious work. It is but recently that parliament interfered to take thousands of women from the collieries. Fifty thousand women hawk fish and vegetables in Great Britain and thousands drudge out their lives at agricultural labor. In hundreds of factories women are employed at work harder than that done by the men in the same establishments. In the porcelain factories of Staffordshire women are forbidden to use hand rests, and are thus prevented from turning out work comparing with that of the men. Throughout the entire field of labor women in England is debarrd from competing with man in the lucrative branches.

"Is it not silly to tell her that her proper place is the home circle, in the face of woman's excess of five per cent. over the number of men? Unless we adopt Mormonism we must allow her to support herself. To-day there are 80,000 English governesses who can save nothing against the demands of age and want, and hundreds work for food and lodging alone. The only way to work a radical cure for this crying evil is to begin at home. Let mothers see that their girls are thoroughly trained in some trade or profession. Skilled labor whether at the loom or at the easel or in the myriad branches of industry, will afford a livelihood. Every one of the daughters in the English royal family is taught a trade. Woman only wants a man's training to assume a man's responsibilities."

Reason wrapped up in a few words is generally of the greatest weight.

A Terror.

"When is your ma coming back?" asked the groceryman of a bad boy, as he found him standing on the sidewalk when the grocery was opened in the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coat tail pockets. "Oh, she got home at midnight last night," said the boy as he ate a few blackberries out of the case. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in one hand and was trying to get up stairs on one foot. Pa ain't got no sense."

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the groceryman as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me they don't send you to the reform school. What devilry was you up to last night to be kicked this morning?"

"No devilry, just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired and telegraphed she would be home last night; and pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the dispatch. After he went to bed me and a chum thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see my chum has got a big sister, and he hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got a snoring we put some of them in his room. Oh, you'd a laughed. We put a pair of No. 1 slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking-chair beside pa's boots and a red corset on the chair, and my chum's sister's best silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather on the bureau, and some frizzles on the gas bracket, and everything that we could find that belonged to girls in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parrot, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor."

"Well, when I look at the layout and heard pa snoring I thought I should die. You see, ma is easily excited. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the door bell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was no one to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty angry, you bet, at not being met at the depot."

"Where's your father?" said she, as she began to go up stairs. "I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time, and that he'd gone to bed an hour ago. Then I slipped up-stairs and looked over the banister. Ma said something about heaven and earth, and where is the huzzy, and a lot of things I could not hear; and pa swore and said it was no such thing, and the door slammed, and they talked for two hours."

"I s'pose they finally laid it to me, as they always do, cause pa called me very early this morning, and when I came down stairs he hurt my feelings. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I'll have to carry them home, and then she'll be down on me too. I'll tell you what, I've a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel a piece as a doll-headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun and not get kicked all the time."

And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store, and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.

A Scientific Experiment.

"Yes, sir; it is one of the most singular scientific facts," said one hard-looking man with a big mustache, a big glass diamond, and a plug hat, to another gentleman of the same species as an unsophisticated-looking stranger entered the card room of a Market street saloon and took a seat.

"I don't believe it—it don't seem natural," objected the other ingenious party, fidgeting with his two pound outside chain.

"I'll bet you twenty on it, and I'll put the money up in this gentleman's hand," said the first speaker, motioning toward the farmer.

"Guess I'll have to go you," said the other fishing out a consumptive buckskin, and producing a rather dubious-looking note.

"What's the question, gentlemen?" said the granger timidly, as he brushed some hayseed off his sleeve and ordered a beer.

"Why, just this," explained the first Kearney street chamo. "I was telling my friend here that if a man ties a bandage tight around his head he can drink all the beer he can hold without feeling it—can't get drunk, in fact."

"Then s'posin' he takes the bandage off?" asked the farmer, much interested.

"Why, then, of course, it all flies to his head, and he gets fuller'n a tick in less than fifteen minutes. Now I'll tell you what we'll do, stranger. We'll pay for all the beer you can stretch your self over, and if the experiment doesn't turn out as I say, you hand the stakes over to my friend here."

"Am I to be stakeholder, too?" said the rustic, as the coin was turned over.

"All set—fire away."

Here, waiter!—twenty-five beers! The one of the sports, while the granger's red bandana so tight around his head the delegate from the tomato counties couldn't get his eyes shut.

Thirty-five glasses disappeared down the agricultural beer trap, but still the importation from Petaluma smiled blandly at his entertainers, and conversed without the slightest signs of a hiccup, much to the delight of the investigator of the test.

"Now," exclaimed that individual, much excited, "he's had enough to make

a horse drunk. Let's take off the bandage."

This was done, and, sure enough, a surprising change came over the subject. His eyes grew heavy, his tongue thick, his head began to wobble, and, presently, he slipped down on the floor a hopeless case of "roller."

"That's all right, Ned," said the first conspirator, with a chuckle. "He's clean gone; hurry up and go through him. Open his vest—these stockmen generally carry money belts."

"I believe I've got everything now," said the other pal, diving into the last pocket, "all except his six-shooter. He's a queer old chicken to go heeled."

"Oh, hurry up—we don't want his gun."

"I'm glad to hear it, gentlemen," said the inebrtate, suddenly sitting up and cooking the weapon referred to. "Don't stir, boys. I've got the drop on you, so just fork over that plunder."

"Great Scott!" gasped the spots, as they laid the stranger's effects on the table, "what sort of a job is this?"

"Well, the fact is, boys, I'm a detective, and have been spotting you for a couple of boodle-ringers ever since you struck the town. Let me see; I win that \$40 and I guess I'll assess you fellows about a tenner apiece extra for expenses—diff it out lively. That is all right, now, my men; where do you hail from?"

"Chicago," growled the disgusted confidence man.

"I thought so. You'll be allowed just 48 hours to shake the town—don't forget. Ta, Ta! Ain't you going to set up the beer before you go?"

"Well, you have gall," muttered one of the bankrupt firm, as they pulled their hats over their eyes and filed out, "asking us to put up more beer—how's that for nerve—Mac?"

But Mac's feelings were too deep for utterance.—S. F. Post.

Willing to Come Down a Little.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta I came across a young man who was digging post holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that fight myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four hours. I rested my gun right there on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see! This battle was fought in 1864?"

"K'rect you are."

"That's about eighteen years ago?"

"Just about."

"And you are about twenty-five years old?"

"I was twenty-five this spring."

"The looks at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was that?"

"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite seven years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued in a serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I'm willing to do."

"Well?"

"I'll call it twenty-four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once established.

A Beautiful Tribute to Woman.

Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly—annoyed at a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or rattling of a window at night, overpowered by the perfumes of a rosebud. But let a real calamity strike, and arouse her affections, entwine the fires of her heart, and mark her then! How strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird or anything to protect, and see her in a relative instance lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for her own life to help the helpless. Transplant her to the dark places of the earth, all her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence is a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stalking pestilence, when the strong, the brave, the noble, pale and afflicted shrink away. Misfortunes haunt her not; she wears away a life of silence and endurance; and goes forward with less timidity than for her bridal. In prosperity she is a bird full of colors, waiting for the wings of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untied in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the center from which radiates the charm of existence.

A new contrivance for heating freight cars been put in use on some of the New England railroads. The apparatus is an automatic heater, the flame regulating itself to the outside temperature and maintaining an even temperature of 40 to 45 degrees inside the car. If it is cold outside, the fire burns more briskly, if warm, it dies away. The heater is an ob-sque of peculiar construction and the heat is conveyed under the floor and up the sides of the car on all sides. It is useful in the North to enable shipments of apple, potatoes and vegetables in freezing weather.

ALL SORTS.

When a pretty Irish girl is stolen some boy-cotter is suspected.

To a communist in a beer saloon the ship of State is a schooner.

Black wool dresses remain the favorites of American women for ordinary wear.

The wearer of patched trousers is a firm believer in the efficacy of patched ulsters.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions, when she is adding up a grocery bill.

Marriage makes men thoughtful. About half their time is spent in forming excuses.

It is a popular error to look upon the wearer of the "mutton-chop" whiskers as mutton-headed.

Children wear Jerseys, and red is a stylish color for their whole costume, from cap to slippers.

Some pretty fancy wall pockets come in the shape of an old-fashioned bellows for blowing the fire.

New servant: "Oh, if you haven't any children I can't come, because whenever anything is broken there will be nobody to blame it on but me."

"Need a new hat?" he said. "No, but I'll tell you in confidence, why I bought it. I want folks to think I'm a Democrat."—Boston Post.

Making fun of English fun: North countryman to tourist: "Ah! Tourist to North countryman: 'Ah, hah! North countryman retires much disconcerted.'—Arkansas Traveler.

A man at Omaha found \$3 on the street, and he advertised the find to the extent of \$7, and made the loser foot the bill. It is sometimes disagreeable to deal with an honest man.

A Binghamton mail-bag was found in a New York lager-beer saloon last week. Nobody who is at all acquainted with Binghamton males will consider this strange.—Rochester Express.

But one may run a risk once too often. They stay away from the polls, saying that one vote can do no good! Or they take another step, and say one vote can do no harm! And vote for something which they do not approve because their party or set does.—Emerson.

A beautiful young woman, whose veil caught fire in a Troy, N. Y., church, recently, was rescued by the youthful officiating clergyman, who wrapped her in his robe's supply—several elements of romance—but the usual consequence is rendered impossible by the fact that this girl was the "bride of the church" and her rescuer a priest.

Us Boys.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all the fine houses, farms and cattle do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys."

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along a street notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead."

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys," shouted the unabashed youngsters.—[Albany Press.

SIMPLE BALLADS.—All great singers do not despise simple music. Nilsson is one of the exceptions. "It may not be supposed," she said to the Philadelphia Times, "that simple ballads are the easiest tasks which fall to the singer's lot, I may say that I sing them from choice, because I love them. No lyric poetry gives me greater pleasure than the melodies of Moore, the ditties of Robert Burns, and the many simple, touching ballads of nameless authors that live in English homes. I regret that there are so few genuinely excellent modern ballads, although there is much that delights me in some of Sullivan's. English and American audiences are alike fond, I find, of this simple music. After all, there is not much difference between the peoples."

An engineer employed on some of the public works at Szeged, Hungary, bought four cigars one day not long ago and began to smoke. He had finished one and laid another, half-smoked, upon his writing-table when suddenly it exploded, throwing him from his chair and wounding his cheek, ears, lips and left hand. Investigation showed that the cigar had contained a glass tube filled with nitro-glycerine. The fact that tobacco is a monopoly, manufactured and sold by dealers licensed by the Government, makes the mystery deeper. If the officer's cigar had been in his mouth when it exploded he would doubtless have been killed, a circumstance which does not add to the pleasure of smoking in Szeged.

A CURIOUS PROBLEM.—A curious problem has suggested itself in Winnipeg. There are about 600 cows in and about the city, and these produce 1200 gallons of milk per day, yet 4000 gallons of milk are sold. The question is, how do the milkmen perform the miracle of selling 4000 gallons of milk out of the 1200 they get from the cows? The answer is said to be, "chalk, lime, salt, and Red river water."