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DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

GORDON MURRAY.

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading starlight starts and falls
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom,
With the shadows that dance on the dim-tilt
walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
And staunch Sir Allan, who died for Mont-
rose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold:
There are smiling beauties with powdered
hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand fold,
Leaning dreamingly back in her low arm-
chair.

And the rosy shadows of fading light,
Softly clear, steal o'er the fair young face
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
With the guileless pride of her knightly race.

Her small hands are clasped in a listless way
On the old romance, which she holds on her
knee,
Of "Tristram," the bravest of knights in the fray,
And "Isolt," who waits by the sounding sea.

And the proud, dark eyes have a softened look,
As she watches the dying embers fall;
Perhaps she dreams of the knights in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her
brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson
glow,
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
But I'd give my life to believe it so.

Well, whether I ever reach home again,
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,
I'll be true to the end all the same!

IN LOVE WITH AN IDIOT.

I do not mean by the singular heading
of my article that falling in love with an
idiot is at all an unusual occurrence,
and I do not mean to hint some degree
of idiocy is not always an attendant upon
one of those parties in the "affaires du
cœur," nor will I contradict the cynic who
said that all people in love are idiots. I
only mean to state a few dry facts, some
of which are well known to people here-
abouts.

In the autumn of the year 1815, the
steadfast inhabitants of the county town of
Fayette county, Penn., were set to gos-
siping by the arrival of a young lawyer
named S—, who announced the inten-
tion of settling in that town. A fine per-
son, genial manners, great industry, and
more than ordinary talents, set off and
greatly by singular modesty, made S—
highly acceptable to the villagers. Hav-
ing influential relatives in Washington
and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, his com-
pany was much sought after; but, like a
safe youth, he buried himself in the du-
ties of his office, apparently careless
about the attractions of society of men or
women.

In one of his visits to Washington, he,
one fine morning in April, left the po-
lished circles who formed little eddies
about the elegant wife of President Mad-
son, and turned the head of the horse
upon which he rode toward the Potomac.
Passing the battle ground of Bladensburg,
he came, after a ride of an hour, to the
end of the little bridge made so famous
by the attack and success of the English
Admiral Cockburn. The day was sultry,
and, stopping before the door of rather a
tasteful cottage, he flung the bridle over
the fence, and walked down the little
path to a well which stood in the yard.
Looking over the house, nothing human
could be seen except a pair of deep blue
eyes, which peered from an upper story
window curiously down upon him, seem-
ing to watch his motions with great in-
terest. Looking at her more intently,
he beheld the fair, round face of a very
pretty girl of about seventeen summers.
She had light hair, regular features, and,
although more than usually prepossessing,
the lawyer might have gone away, as he
came, heart free, if it had not been for
something in the blonde's deep blue
eyes which made his heart bleed.

"Young lady," said he, "will you as-
sist me in getting something from which
to drink? This well is deep, and if I
should drown myself in attempting to
descend for it, it will not add to the at-
tractions of the water."

The head disappeared from the win-
dow, and in a minute the plump figure
of the girl appeared at a side door with
a cup, and placing it in the hand of the
barrister he put his lips to the edge of
the vessel, and peering over its rim at the
beautiful girl he drank a long draught.
If he had been impressed with
her beauty before, now, when her figure
was displayed in all its captivating
graces, his heart beat more loudly than
ever. Every bullet has its billet. Young
S— had passed unhurt through whole
batteries of bright eyes at Washington,
to be wounded beyond help by an acci-
dental shot from the eyes of a country
lass at a well!

The girl walked rapidly into the house,
leaving Mr. S— at the well, who
mounted his horse and attempted flight.
He rode a few steps and returned. "The
same face at the window; the same blue
eyes, seeming to watch him with curious
interest."

"Young lady, will you have the kind-
ness to inform me of the name of the
gentleman who lives in this house?"
A long, curious look from the girl, and
no answer.

"I am a respectable gentleman. My
name is S—, and I ask the name inno-
cently and honestly."

Again no answer, and again the lawyer
turned his horse's head away from the
cottage, muttering:
"Confound it! I feel very unhappy!"
That night was a long one, and the
next day he mounted the beast, and with
couchers of his respectability, presented
himself again at the fence, determined
to throw himself at the feet of the girl
and know his fate. Throwing himself

from his saddle, he walked boldly up to
the door, and, knocking, a faded gentle-
man appeared and in grave and dignified
tones, asked his business. Upon placing
the letters in his hand, the host asked our
visitor into a sitting-room, furnished
more elegantly than the outward appear-
ance of the house would seem to indicate,
and asked his business.

"May I ask, sir, if that young lady
whom I saw yesterday, sitting at the win-
dow, your daughter?"
"It is my only daughter, sir; left to
me by my sainted wife, who has ascended
and waits my coming."

"I infer from your garb and address,
sir, that you are a clergyman?"
"In the cities," said the old man
gravely, "I would be called by that name.
Indeed at one time I held the occu-
pancy of Holy Trinity church, Phila-
delphia; but my failing health render-
ing me incapable of performing the ar-
duous duties of a large parish, I resigned
my post and came here to assume con-
trol over a small flock, and attend to the
health of my daughter."

There was something indelicately
solemn in the face of the clergyman as
he uttered these last words. After a
pause he continued:
"May I ask to what I am indebted for
the honor of this visit?"

With more vehemence than he had
ever manifested in his life, the young
lawyer rapidly related the events of the
day before, winding up by the statement:
"I propose immediate marriage to
your daughter, provided the young lady
will have me."

The father bowed his head and looked
sad.
"Mr. S—," he said at length, "do
you know that my daughter has not a
penny in the world?"

"I want to marry the girl for herself,
not for her money," said the lawyer.
"Do you know," said the sire, "that
my daughter's maternal grandparent
was hanged during the Revolution?"

"Why do you tell me of her grand-
father?" said the lawyer angrily. "I
love the girl, and would marry her if all
her grandparents had been hung since
the flood!"

Near there was a shade of pain, like
the dim disturbing cloud over the face
of the old man's face. Twice he placed his
hand on the red spot on his sad face, he
sighed deeply, and after an effort, he
looked long and solemnly in the eyes of
his visitor, and in solemn tones remarked:

"Your language, your letters and your
earnestness satisfy me that I am address-
ing a gentleman. I dare not treat your
best love rudely."

The old gentleman paused and again
the solemn flashes of sadness came over
his face, while he looked as if he were
surveying the long, shadowy past.

"I have not always, young man, been
buried, as you see me, in this remote
place. I loved once, and the woman I
loved now wears the crown of martyr-
dom. At the bidding of her Lord she
sacrificed the luxuries of her elegant
home to follow the footsteps of a poor
priest, who followed his Master. And
in the labors and the loneliness of this
place she laid her life on the altar of
sacrifice, leaving me with a desolate
heart and the girl whom you love. I
have never doubted," added the old man,
with fervor, "that He would care for
her."

"I will give her position, wealth and
everything that money can buy," ex-
claimed Mr. S—.

"Do you know that my daughter is an
idiot? Come this way, young man."

The lover followed his future father-in-
law up a flight of stairs.

"Look at your bride," said he, point-
ing to a figure upon the floor. Half re-
flecting upon the floor and playing with
a doll, was the object of his attraction.
The lawyer approached the girl and, with
the familiarity which sincere love only
can give, reverently lifted the mass of
beautiful but senseless beauty from the
floor, and placing his hand upon her
forehead, looked long and intently down
into her deep blue eyes. Alas! She re-
turned one look, as men look at things
they do not understand. It was all too
true. The barrister was looking at
vacuity.

For a moment the lawyer sighed, as
strong men sigh but once in their lives.
"I wish to speak a moment with you
alone," said S—.

"We can speak here. She will under-
stand no more than the dead."

The two gentlemen parted at a late
hour that evening, the faces of both pale
and wet.

When the snows of the next winter
were whitening the Potomac with foam,
S— and his bride stood before the
altar of Dr. O'Bryan's church, in Wash-
ington. He looked ten years older. The
sense of an unearthly trust and responsi-
bility was consuming him. When the
ceremony was over, the bridegroom took
his wife in his strong arms, as a father
would take a child, and wrapping his
cloak about her tenderly, placed her in
the carriage. He stooped over her and
imprinted one kiss upon her forehead.

"It is the first," said he, "and it will
be the last!" He had loved but once, and
it was the last.

The traveler who loiters for an hour in
the quaint old town of Fayette, may see
the remains of an old garden at the rear
of one of the most comfortable houses,
and he may see the slight bars which
surround a pretty window at the rear.
Here, surrounded by all that money and
love could buy, lived, for forty years, the
child-wife of a brilliant lawyer—the wife
of a man who was appointed District
Attorney by President Monroe, and who,
from 1821 to 1827, from 1831 to 1835,
and from 1843 to 1847—eight terms in
all—served as Representative in the
Congress of the United States. Strange
that in his strong honest heart, at a time

of life when passion and desire hold the
ascendancy, that this man should devote
his fine mind, his money, his life, to the
care of a beautiful idiot. He secured the
attention of two Christian ladies (one
of them an old flame of his), and nothing
that could add to the comfort of the
singular wife was withheld. During his
labors as a statesman, the husband
always hastened back from Washington,
his hands full of toys and trinkets, and
would sit upon the grass and amuse
her.

Some years ago, the child-wife—now
grown old and gray, but still pleasant to
look upon—was carried from her home
to the place where the grass grows in the
church-yard, and often, at eventide, the
villagers see an old man, with stooping
figure and furrowed face, bending his
steps toward the little church in the
calm summer evening, and arranging
with his hands the flowers which bloom
over the grave of the Idiot Wife.

Deception in Feet.

"That lady has very small feet!" re-
marked a reporter yesterday to a promi-
nent shoe merchant, who had just per-
formed the fitting process on a pretty
foot with a French shoe.

"Small!" exclaimed the merchant.
"Well, I should remark! She wears a
No. 12, misses' size, though a No. 3, la-
dies size, would come nearer the mark."

"Rather a tight squeeze," suggested
the reporter.
"Not unusual. I will tell you some-
thing, though you need not use it in the
paper. No city in the United States is
so renowned for ladies with small feet as
San Francisco; and why? Because in no
other city do the ladies, as a general rule,
so punish themselves as to crush a No. 5
foot into a No. 3 shoe. Why, ladies
come here and call for No. 2 shoes, and
after a gallant struggle they give it up
and go out complacently in fours and
even fives. You see this climate affects
feet more than any other in the world, and
larger shoes are required here than in
New York or Paris, where shoes can be
fitted that cannot be worn here, owing to
the climatic action, due to a lack of
change in the atmosphere. Of course
we could never make our customers be-
lieve this, so we resort to the artifice of
producing number three shoes from a
number four last, and they are thus
saved the shock of knowing the increase
in size of their feet gear."

"Do ladies require special lasts in
the fitting of shoes to order?" in-
quired the reporter.

"Not always. While there is no differ-
ence in the anatomical construction of
the foot, I find that the daughters of
wealthy families do not give sufficient
exercise in youth to their feet, which
grow slender and fail to develop a high
instep and a strong, elastic ankle."

"Do you sell many French shoes?"
the reporter asked.

"French shoes" was the reply; "why,
it's nearly all French, and, young man,
you can say that more French shoes are
sold in this city in a day than a day than
are sold in the United States in a month.
Just think of it. There are half a dozen
establishments in San Francisco that
import shoes direct from Paris, and there
is not a store in New York city that
makes regular importations of French
shoes."

"They are very popular here," was
suggested.

"Popular? Oh, yes, though they are
the most absurd thing imaginable, and
for cramping ladies' feet into all con-
ceivable shapes of deformity they surpass
those worn by the Mongolians."

Taking a small shoe and holding it up
for inspection, he continued: "You see
the uppers are very narrow and taper to
a point. This heel, you will observe, is
placed two inches above the counter and
made ridiculously high. By this decep-
tion a No. 3 shoe measures No. 10 misses'
size from heel to toe; so, by crowding
the fore part of her foot into the pointed
receptacle, and hiding the remainder in
the counter, back of the heel, a lady
stands on her toes and the instep, which
rests over the heel of the shoe. Now,
the average size of the ladies' feet of San
Francisco require a No. 3 shoe, which,
by having the heel in the middle of the
foot, makes the deception that conveys
the idea of a small foot. You only see,
however, about as much of it as you
would of your own if you pushed it
into a boot-leg and stood on your toes."

"Now, here is a sensible shoe," he
said, and, holding up a shoe with low
heel was exhibited. "These run as high
as eight, and are mostly worn by East-
ern ladies, from Chicago or Cincinnati,
where they are famous for 'big feet.' I
am satisfied that eventually broad shoes
and low, flat heels must prevail, for the
injurious effect of the present style may
not yet be felt; still the deformity and
suffering entailed will compel a descent
from the airy height of French heels to
common level for the bottom of the foot,
and then look out for astonishing revela-
tions in the size of our ladies' feet."—
San Francisco Chronicle.

He Had Been Decorated.

The first thing that is done with a
prisoner on his arrival at the workhouse
is to give him a bath. The other day a
prisoner in the police court was asked by
Judge Higley if he had ever been sent to
the workhouse.

"Well," replied the prisoner, "I was
decorated once."

"What do you mean by 'decorated'?"
inquired the judge.

"Received the Order of the Bath; don't you understand?"

The order was duplicated.—Cincinnati
Saturday Night.

The first Jew who has been honored
with the title of Doctor of Divinity from
the Union Hebrew College, of Cincin-
nati, is the Rabbi Eppenger.

Louise Michel.

Michel—France's female firebrand—
appears at meetings dressed in black
from head to foot, and delivers long,
monotonous tirades against property and
the bourgeoisie, which are terribly effec-
tive just because of their monotony. She
has no logic to speak of; she is incap-
able of a definition as Isaiah; her voice is
low and sweet; her manner is the man-
ner of a Sister of Charity, while the mat-
ter is that of one of the thirstiest blood-
hounds of the convention. She sings,
sings, a so t, revolutionary song of
hate and pillage and massacre. Half the
time she seems to be performing to her-
self; her eyes are half-closed; she is en-
tete-a-tete with her demon. Other or-
ators make the mistake of being a great
deal too wide awake; they are precise and
declaratory and statistical about the
wickedness of capital. This woman is
simply mystical; and the difference be-
tween them is that they can hardly get a
hearing without her aid.

Her history is simple; she has been
slightly mad about the Revolution with
a big R all her life. She is now quite
middle aged. This is a matter of in-
ference, inasmuch as she was old enough to
have plotted the murder of Napoleon III,
in imitation of Charlotte Corday. She
only did not murder him because the
war came to remove him quite as effec-
tually in another way. She thought of
murdering M. Thiers, but was dis-
suaded by a friend. There is no vaporing
in all this; she would do it beyond a
doubt. She was a schoolmistress at one
time, but she taught the little boys and
girls a catechism of her own until they
shooked the priest with their awful ques-
tions and answers, and Louise had to go.
The Commune, of course, claimed her as
its own, and she saw it all—fighting,
her good name, but once, when a wicked
slavender dared to say that she had been
listening devoutly to the church service;
but she explained at once to the satisfac-
tion of every candid mind. When she
came back from the penal convent under
the amnesty, all revolutionary Paris
flocked to meet her, with Rochefort at its
head. There was a banquet ready, but
she could not stay; she hurried off in a
cab to see the old mother she had left
behind in France. That mother has
been the bane of Louise Michel's public
life, and perhaps for that reason the sal-
vation of the other. She is old and bed-
ridden, and she does not care about the
revolution a fig; she thinks it is some-
kind of mad fancy, and she has a great
deal to say about it. Louise Michel is her-
self the great sublime of misery and squalor
which she draws with such terrible effect
at public meetings. It is almost impos-
sible to exaggerate the gloom and dis-
comfort of her rooms on the Boulevard
Ornano. To begin with, the Boulevard
Ornano is quite out of the world, and
this lodge is almost quite out of the
Boulevard Ornano, for it is situated near
the extreme end. It is on the fourth
floor; it is reached by a dirty staircase,
through an antechamber of dirt, and it
is dirt throughout. There is but one
white thing in the place—a head of
Charlotte Corday—and that is only be-
cause the plaster is new. The backs of
the treble table look like if they had
been tumbled out there for sale
in a job lot; it is the school-
ar's carelessness, doubled with the un-
thriftness of poverty. Louise Michel is
voluntarily poor; she gives away every pen-
ny not required for immediate needs,
and she saves as little as she can, from
the secret conviction that taking indi-
vidual wages in any fashion is a sort of
crime. Some time ago she announced
that she would sell interviews with her-
self for ten francs an hour, the proceeds
to go to some "brethren" who were in
distress for trying to blow society into
the air. A reporter of the Figaro called
upon her and a two hours' talk by the
clock, and gravely handed her twenty
francs. Nothing seems in its place
among that dreadful litter of old papers,
old dresses, dog-eared volumes, pam-
phlets and pots of butter. The heroine
—when it is not got-to-meeting time—is
dreadfully unkempt.

New Fire Escapes or Balconies.

The authorities have been doing a good
work in examining buildings to see if
they were properly provided with fire
escapes, and ordering escapes put on
where they were deemed necessary. In
most cases the occupants of buildings
comply readily with the request of the
authorities, but they struck a snag the
other day. The proper officers were ex-
amining a boarding house and had about
got through with their duties when the
landlady, who had just returned from
marketing, appeared upon the scene. She
looked over the party as they were tak-
ing a view from a back window, four
stories from the ground, and she asked
them what they were driving at. One
of them said:

"Madame, we are inspecting your
premises with a view to finding out what
facilities you have for boarders to make
their exit in a hurry. We conclude that
you must provide iron balconies for these
windows, with ladders running within
ten feet of the ground, so that in an
emergency your boarders can get out."

"Not much! Not any ladders nor any
balcony!" said the landlady, as she
wiped her hands on her apron. "Not
unless the city will be responsible in
case the boarders escape without pay-
ing their board."

"Why, what do you mean, madame?
Do you refuse to provide facilities for
escape?"

"You bet I do," said the lady, as she
put her hands on her hips and turned
her head one side and looked sassy.
"There are enough of them get out now
without paying, when I have only one
outside door, and I look that at eleven
o'clock. You see that window on the
fourth floor? Well, a patent fire escape
peddler, who had been boarding with me
two weeks, let himself and his satchel
down out of that window, just to show
the boarders how it worked, and I have
not seen him since, and he owed me
twelve dollars. You never kept a board-
ing house, did you?"

The examiners said they never did, and
looked at each other and winked, and
the landlady began again:
"No, gentlemen; I will give up this
house before I will provide any more
facilities for sudden change of base on
the part of the boarders. I try to keep
a good watch of boarders as anybody,
but they often get away. If people who
are in danger of being suffocated could
use the ingenuity of delinquent boarders,
very few people would be destroyed by
fire. If I had iron balconies and iron
ladders running to the ground from
every floor, I wouldn't collect money
from the part of my gas bill. Why, there
was a fellow who was selling a chron-
icle, 'God Bless Our Home,' and 'Pull
Down Your Vest' pictures, that boarded
with me for two weeks. He was pious,
and had a nice zinc trunk, and I thought
he was all right, but one morning
I missed his gentle face at breakfast.
He always seemed so sad because we
didn't have morning prayers and ask a
blessing, that I always felt sorry for him.
The chambermaid said she found the
sheets tied together in his room, and the
window open, and when I broke open
his trunk—it was nothing but a ten-
shilling trunk painted the color of zinc
—there was nothing in it but a couple of
senseless of my coal, and he owed me
fourteen dollars. In case of fire
he wouldn't have needed a fire escape.
There was a woman here peddling books
last year, and how she got out I don't
know, but she let her satchel
climb down with coat strings, and bilked
me out of twelve dollars and some under-
clothes. I think about putting them up,
but the summer night concert at Solihitz
Park. You needn't be alarmed about my
boarders getting out. I could empty the
house in five minutes by going around
and asking them for a week's board in
advance. No iron ladders for this Gar-
den of Eden, thank you."

But, madam, the law will compel you
to provide the ladders," said one of the
examiners, who was more bold than the
rest.

"Then the city must enter into bonds
to indemnify me against loss. If the
city, through the proper officers, will
agree to pay all board bills that are
jumped by the aid of these iron ladders,
I will think about putting them up, but
the city will have to keep a watchman at
the front and back of the house
with a shot gun. There is a certain class
of boarders that sits up nights to think
of some way to get out with their bag-
gage, and I shall not go to any expense
to make it easy for them, and don't you
forget it. There is always some new
scheme coming up to break the hearts of
the boarding house keepers, and this one is
the last hair that breaks the camel's
back."

And she put her apron over her eyes
and began to cry, and the inspectors
withdrew.—Peck's Sun.

The Judge.

"Is this the place ye give pinshins?"
eagerly inquired a ruddy-faced Irish
woman at a pension office in Washing-
ton.

"It is, madam, what can I do for you?"
politely inquired the agent.

"Ouch! a dale, sir. D'ye know wan
McGuffin?" she asked.

"Yes, madam; she is a lady who ac-
quired a pension from this office, is she
not?"

"She is, sir, she got it becase her hus-
band, Barney McGuffin, hasn't had a leg
under 'im since he was in the war."

"The same party. Proceed, madam,"
said the pension agent.

"Well, sir, an' sur, Oi was thinkin'
she was no better nor me, an' en moy
man—"

"Was he in the late war with McGuf-
fin?" quickly inquired the wily agent.

"He was, an' the devil a word a lie in
it, but he hasn't had a sober leg onder
'im since, so Oi thought Oi could draw
a pinshin, too."

"That ain't a Moonshiner's office, mad-
am, or a Good Templar's lodge, either,
so go along about your business, angrily
cried the disappointed pension agent.

Lawrence American: In a grammar
examination in town the question was
asked: "How many senses are there,
and what senses has Laura Bridgeman
lost?" One pupil wrote his answer as
follows: "There are two senses, com-
mon and proper. Laura Bridgeman has
lost all her common senses and has only
her proper ones left." During the same
examination, scholars were asked to
state three prominent employments in
the world. One boy wrote "agriculture,
mining and school keeping."

Sergeant Ballantine, on one occasion,
had a lady client named Tickie. Mr.
Ballantine said to the judge: "Tickie,
my client, my lord—" Here he was in-
terrupted by the judge, saying: "Tickie,
myself, my learned brother." Bal-
lantine, who is a great wit, looked glum
for a whole day.

SHORT BITS.

America is the best customer for Bir-
mingham gunmakers.
Horses flourish in a cold climate. Rus-
sia has nearly 17,000,000.

The test of a good orange is said to be
its thin skin and heavy weight.
Pennsylvania is one of the few States
without a State board of health.

Fishing is called angling because so
many crooked stories are told about it.
An Iowa printer is still type sticking
at the age of ninety years, and works
daily.

Dr. Ott has learned that the rattles-
nake's tail makes sixty vibrations a
second.

It is true that "cleanliness is next to
godliness," then soap must be next to
prayer.

Many a poor fellow gets a lift to the
other world through the agency of the
elevator.

There are thirteen grounds for divorce
and the next legislature expects to ring
in cold feet.

The one railroad in all Greece is five
miles long, and each mile of it took a
year to build.

The homestead of the late Senator Hill
of Georgia, which cost \$20,000, has been
sold for \$5,500.

A valuable deposit of mica, mixed with
copper, has been discovered in Bucking-
ham county, Va.

A lady says that the difference between
a silk dress and a calico gown is material;
but that's all stuff.

The droppings of sheep are much more
concentrated and valuable than those
from any other domestic animals.

A Romantic apple tree on a farm in
Georgetown, near New Albany,
Ind., is eight feet in circumference.

It is reported that about a dozen
desperadoes were shot or hung in Week-
sville and vicinity last week by vigilantes.

It was Thomas Corwin who said that
the best course of study for a law
student would be two years' service on
the jury.

If our religion is not true, we are
bound to change it; if it is true, we are
bound to propagate it.—Archbishop
Whately.

It is suggested by a lady that the
reason they say "her" and "she" when
they speak of ships is that they are so
very docile and obedient.

It is related of the famous Spanish
banker, Don Jose de Salamanca, who
died recently, that in 1858 he gave a sin-
gle dinner that cost \$90,000.

The governor of Kentucky, it is said,
pardoned in a year and a half 505 persons
for murders, attempts on life and prepa-
rations for taking life or liberty.

The late M. Gambetta's father has kept
every letter that his son ever wrote to
him, even in childhood, and he contem-
plates publishing the collection.

"Take up the cross and follow Christ,"
is an old condition of discipleship, but it
is a condition which has not changed
with changing time.—Dr. Raleigh.

Pies date back to the time of the Ro-
mans, and originally from Pizarro.
Some of the original pies are said to be
still on sale at the railroad restaurants.

A southern correspondent of the Har-
ford, Conn., Times says that there are
three seasons in Florida—the orange,
vegetable and invalid; the latter pays the
best.

A regiment of troops and two man-of-
war have been sent to Cantania, Sicily,
to quell an outbreak which arose from a
change in railway rates for carrying sul-
phur.

The prisoners in Dublin charged with
the assassination of Cavendish and Burke
are furnished meals from a public house
and a stranger calls weekly and pays the
bills.</