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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
AT
ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,
BY
E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

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LOVE'S COMMANDMENTS.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

The first is, Rosa, that there must not be
One loved by you in all the world but me.

The second is for you to render plain—
You must not swear to love me, dear, in vain.

The third is Sundays, and when I incline,
Nights through the week to keep them wholly mine.

To honor you, in all your walks and ways,
Comes fourth—to honor you through all my days.

The fifth is, you shall never kill my rest,
Nor tear with jealous thoughts my faithful breast.

The sixth is—as for you alone they shine—
Steal no sly looks at other eyes than mine.

The seventh—well, where true love holds his throne,
He scorns to dream of any but his own.

The eighth, bear no false witness, bad or good:
Of me be silent, as wise maidens should.

The ninth is, ne'er compare your neighbor's lover so
With me that I to some discredit show.

The tenth is, covet not another's cashmere shawl;
But bear with patient grace what to your lot may fall.

AN IDEAL MARY.

"A cheerful surprise for the bride of a year, forsooth," thought Pierce Elgin, with a feeling almost of self-contempt as he stood on the steps of the custom-house at N——. He had just received notice that a change in the administration would necessitate a change in the officers of the custom-house, and Elgin's appointment not receiving the approval of the President, his was the first head that fell under the political guillotine.

"Ah, Anne, I fear you made a mistake when you chose the poor artist in preference to the wealthy and influential lawyer. Art and politics do not agree," sighed the gentleman to himself as he descended the broad steps leading to the street. It was a clear October evening, and he decided to walk to his home in the suburbs. As he thoughtfully proceeded on his way, thinking of his wife, the little romance of his love and marriage passed through his mind like the shifting scenes in a theater.

Four years ago he had met Anne Horst shortly after his return from Europe, whither he had gone at the urgent invitation of an uncle living abroad, who wished him to cultivate his talent for painting. For this purpose he had attended the art school at Munich and spent a year in Italy at the expense of his generous relative.

He returned to America with fine credentials and lofty ideals. But he did not find the public as responsive as he had hoped, nor his colleagues as cordial, since his ideas of art and theirs were divergent. For a time it seemed doubtful whether he would ever penetrate beyond the limits of the academy where he was employed as drawing teacher. However, a few well-executed portraits brought him money and a reputation, and shortly after a first class periodical employed him to illustrate its pages, so that his beginning was an auspicious one. But he had dreams and ambitions which were not satisfied with a commonplace success. He began a painting which he hoped would bring him lasting fame. And it was to Anne Horst that he confided his hopes and dreams. He had no other relatives besides the uncle before mentioned, and in Anne he found what he needed, an intelligent counselor and a sympathetic friend. She was so sensible, so appreciative, and possessed such correct taste that, although she was unable to draw a line, it seemed to Elgin as if he were talking to a brother artist. She was only a village school teacher, living with her widowed mother; had enjoyed no great educational advantages, but with the knowledge of French and German, and her wonderful musical gifts, she really seemed cosmopolitan to Elgin. How distinctly he recalled their first meeting! It was the happy summer when he had taken it into his head to go fishing, and chose Lake Erie. The little village of Westwood, with its groves stretching down to the water's edge, offered all the facilities for a pleasant summer vacation, and Elvin congratulated himself on his good fortune in discovering it. The next morning after his arrival he determined to make a sketch o the vicinity for the Eastern magazine, and, taking a boat, rowed across the West Fork Run to get a better view of the town. Arriving on the other side he moored the boat, and, gathering up his portfolio, proceeded along a footpath that led him up rather a steep bank to a dense grove. On entering it he perceived a young lady in the shadow of some trees. He passed her with a polite greeting, to which she answered with a graceful bend of her head. After trying several points from which to make his sketch, he retraced his steps, and found that the best view was from the spot where the young lady was idly sitting. She looked up at his approach, and he addressed her with a deprecatory smile:

"Pardon my intrusion, madam, but this seems to be the best point from which to get a view of the town and the harbor. Will you allow me to sit here and sketch?"

"Certainly," was the pleasant answer, "and if it does not take too long I may possibly have the pleasure of seeing your sketch."

"If you will promise not to let me disturb you in the least," was the reply.

"I can readily promise you that, as I am sitting here perfectly idle," answered she composedly, and then he began to sketch rapidly, however, furtively glancing at his quiet companion from time to time. Her appearance justified his curiosity, for she was almost beautiful. A perfect fitting dress of a clouded blue harmonized well with her clear complexion, nut-brown hair rippled back from a wide forehead, and formed a graceful coil at the back of her head; clear gray eyes looked out with a peculiarly straightforward gaze from under beautiful dark brows; nose and mouth were well shaped, particularly the latter, the lips being beautifully colored. Elgin would not have been the artist he was, had he failed to note these points. After having busily sketched for quite a while he observed smilingly:

"I see you do not take out that pocket edition of some favorite poet, which is the indispensable companion to a ramble in the woods. Does my presence disturb you too much for reading, after all?"

"No, indeed, my pocket does not harbor the conventional poet. In fact, I do not enjoy reading out of doors."

"Ah, may I ask why not?" inquired Elgin, secretly hoping that her reasons might be congenial with his, who never wanted a book to disturb his communings with nature.

"Because I can not fix my attention on a book when a thousand voices around me are calling for it. I think it the most delightful sensation in the world to its entirely idle for an hour at a time, exercising only the senses of sight and hearing. You, of course, do not appreciate my ideas of enjoying nature, being an artist, and therefore diligent."

"Indeed I do, with the exception that the hour to which you limit the blissful state is extended into days and weeks in my case."

There was silence again for some time, during which Elgin kept on working rapidly, then holding up his sketch he said:

"Is it recognizable?"

"Oh, how natural!" exclaimed Anne, with undisguised admiration. "I am no judge of art, but your sketch seems a miracle to me."

"As otherwise it probably would not," said Elgin, laughing, but feeling strangely flattered. Then in the course of their conversation he told her that he sketched for the —— Monthly, and took his card from his portfolio, offering it with a bow, to which she simply answered:

"My name is Anne Horst, and I teach at the village High School."

It all came about in such a natural manner that neither felt any impropriety in this exchange of courtesies.

When Anne arose she pointed to the gaudy red mallows that lined both sides of the river, saying:

"Wouldn't those mallows and cat-tails make a pretty little picture?"

"I was just thinking myself if I draw one; will you allow me to come and show it to you?"

She acqueisced with unaffected pleasure. Then tying on a broad hat trimmed with bunches of marguerites, she started down the path accompanied by Elgin, who unmoored her boat, and watching the graceful and strong young rower a moment, returned to his unfinished work. That very evening found him at the gable-roofed cottage with his picture of a group of mallows and marsh grasses. Anne's admiration was unaffected and sincere, as was also that of her mother—a white-haired, beautiful lady, very much like Anne. During the four weeks of his stay, Pierce Elgin was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Horst's, and after his return to N——, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to write to his summer acquaintance. Thus Anne gradually became a part of the young man's existence, although not a word of love or marriage had been spoken, perhaps had not been thought of even.

On his third annual visit to Westwood he was accompanied by his friend, Ralph Holm, a wealthy lawyer some years older than Elgin. Holm, who usually spent the summers in Europe, had been seized with an idle curiosity to behold the place that was so attractive to the rising young artist. Elgin had often spoken of the Horst ladies to Ralph, in enthusiastic terms, and sometimes even read extracts from Anne's letters to him; but he had remarked cynically:

"A typical Mary, worshiping at the feet of art and learning. Beware of these appreciative women, Elgin. They will burn your pet Sunday roast, and contrive to keep your house looking like the world two days before the creation, disorder in chaos. That is the secret of all the marital misery in the lives of celebrated men. Their wives were either all Mary, frowzy and slipshod, but with grand yearnings, or they were all Martha, with no idea about the houshold. A woman combining the excellent qualities of the biblical sisters is an impossibility."

"Perhaps Anne is the embodiment of this impossibility," answered Elgin, laughing, and when, after their first call had been made at Mrs. Horst's, he asked Holm:

"Well, what do you think of the typical Mary?" That gentleman answered enthusiastically.

"She is both Mary and Martha. The man who is so fortunate as to win her for a wife need have no misgivings about his happiness."

Elgin experienced another feeling besides gratification at his friend's words, and wondered why he never before remarked what a handsome fellow Holm was. Throughout the summer days the friends vied in their attentions to Anne and her mother, and they often asked each other why such unpretentious yet cultivated women were so rarely met with in society.

Toward the end of August, when the friends were already talking of their departure—Holm to Europe and Elgin to his studies—there was to be an excursion to the neighboring islands, and Holm said to Elgin:

"Let me take the Horst ladies. You have enjoyed their society for years, and it isn't likely that I shall ever see them again."

"All right, old fellow, if you will promise to take good care of them," Elgin answered, with a quiet satisfaction at the latter part of Holm's remark. When the ladies were invited by the young man, there was a hesitation on the part of Anne that he did not fail to notice; but Mrs. Horst accepted with thanks, saying:

"Our dull town affords no amusements all the year round that Anne would enjoy. This will be an agreeable diversion."

Holm had secretly chartered the pretty steamer so that only a certain number of passengers were allowed on board, thus making the trip to the islands a very agreeable one, with the exception of Anne's rather preoccupied manner, which suddenly left her when at the landing they met Elgin, who had started early and alone to surprise them. The hours at the island were spent in gayety, Holm displaying a remarkable talent in all sorts of entertainments. In the afternoon Elgin said to Anne:

"There is a beautiful view to be had of the adjacent islands from Rocky Point. If your mother is not too tired we will row across, and be well paid for our trouble."

"I believe I will not attempt it," said Mrs Horst; "but Anne can go and I will sit on the beach and watch you." Holm immediately ordered camp chairs and umbrellas and they proceed to the beach, where Elgin and Anne entered a skiff, and with gay good-byes started for the point. The water was swarming with little steam tugs that were busily engaged in carrying people to points of interest, and it required skillful rowing to keep out of their path. Elgin and Anne were scarcely ten rods from shore when the watchers on the beach saw to their horror that a tug was bearing directly down on them. Elgin saw the danger too late to avoid it, and, seizing his companion by the arm, shouted "Jump!" and the next moment they were floundering in the water, while their skiff disappeared under the black hull of the tug. Help was instantly at hand, and soon Anne was in the arms of her half-fainting mother, laughing and reassuring her. Holm had instantly, with gentle forethought, sent word to the hotel for dry clothes and hot drinks, and soon the party was comfortably seated in the parlor of the Island House, Elgin and Anne in the clothes of some obliging summer guests. But a feeling of constraint had settled on the pleasure-seekers which Ralph's happiest jokes could not dispel, and each felt a secret relief when the steamer's loud whistle called them on board.

Late that night Holm entered Pierce Elgin's room and abruptly said:

"Elgin, do you love Anne Horst?"

A moment the two men eyed each other with fierce looks, then Elgin answered coldly:

"I do not think I owe you an account of my feelings."

"Very well; from this answer I assume that you do not love her. I do, and tomorrow I will offer her my hand and fortune. A man must be a weak trifler or a fool who will hesitate to make such a girl his wife if he has the chance. Good-night;" and without waiting for an answer he quickly left the room.

Elgin was alone. With white face and set lips, he said aloud:

"The impudent fellow! How dare he have the effrontery? She is mine. I know she is mine, even though I should never ask her. She will not be yours, Ralph Holm, nor any other man's, but only my own, own Anne!" and a feeling of exultation filled his breast. That day, in their hour of danger, he had realized what Anne was to him, and had determined to make her his own as soon as possible. Toward noon of the next day he met Ralph coming up the hotel steps. He held out his hand with a sad smile.

"Good-bye, Pierce; I am off for Europe. You know what that that means. When you and Anne are happy, think of me sometimes."

That evening Anne received her second offer, and when Elgin left Westwood a week later, it was with the determination that Anne, his wife, should never regret having refused a millionaire; and seeking a political appointment he soon received a lucrative position in the custom house at N. Friends were surprised and disappointed at the close of his artistic career, but Elgin shut his thoughts to everything except his wife and money making. The great picture, which had been his dream for years, was turned on its easel, and Pierce persuaded himself that he was doing his duty, Anne was all he had expected—the light of his home, for whom he would have thought a world well lost. But sometimes he would detect a shadow on her face, and the harrassing thought would come. "Is it Holm and his millions?" He felt ashamed of the unworthy thought, and yet it would return to vex him; and tonight, as he neared his home, from which the cheerful light was streaming like a beacon, he said, bitterly: "She will regret her folly now, certainly."

Anne was leaning on the gate, waiting for his coming, and when she saw him she hastened down the walk, and fondly taking his arm, whispered:

"You are late on our anniversary."

"Yes, Anne, late, and perhaps unwelcome when I reveal the reason. I have lost my position at the custom-house."

"Lost your position? Oh, Pierce I am so glad!"

"Why, Anne, are you mad? Do you know what you are saying?"

They were in their yard now, under the shadow of some trees that lined the walk. Anne stood still and her husband could see her sweet, smiling face in the faint light of the western moon.

"Yes, Pierce, I know what I am saying. It has grieved me, oh! sorely, that you gave up your art when you married me. You were not happy yourself, and I have wished for some accident that would make you return to your first love.

Now my wish has been fulfilled, and you will finish that grand picture that will make my husband famous throughout the land."

Elgin folded his wife to his breast with a feeling that he had never been so happy in all his life. "My own Mary, you shall not be disappointed."

Elgin finished his painting, and reaped laurels and gold. To-day he is one of the foremost artists in our country.

Three Trays to Beat.

Mrs. Giddleton, who knows that her husband never shakes dice for drinks and that he is strickly sober, was awakened the other night by her Mr. Giddleton, who in his sleep exclaimed:

"Three trays to beat! Horse on me!"

"What do you mean?" asked his wife, shaking him.

"What does who mean?"

"You."

"What about?"

"Why, you cried out 'Horse on me!"

"That's all right. I merely had a nightmare."

Several years ago a few gray squirrels were placed in Central Park, New York. They have multiplied so rapidly that it has been found necessary to thin them out, and the attendants were instructed on Saturday last to go gunning for them to-day. One of the charges against them is that they rob the birds' nest. The children are getting up a petition asking the commissioners to spare a few of the "bunnies" at least, as they are as interesting as birds, and a great deal cuter.

The Pigmy and the Giant.

During Mr. Stephens' congressional service, and pending the campaign of 1848, he returned from Washington to Georgia. He was fresh from the great debates on the acquisition of California and New Mexico as United States territories, and for having taken, against the wishes of a majority of the southern members, a most prominent part in opposition to such acquision, he was met by much adverse criticism. Jude Cone, who was at that time one of the leading politicians of Georgia, was particularly severe in his criticism upon Mr. Stephens' action, and was reported to have publicly denounced him as a traitor to the south.

Hardly had Mr. Stephens reached his home when these and similar reports were conveyed to him. At first he did not credit them, but as one kind friend after another informed him that Cone had called him a traitor and advised, in the true southern spirit, that he owed it to himself to demand what is called "satisfaction," the fires of pugnacity in his nature, which are always smouldering, hissed up, and he declared that if Judge Cone would admit having called him a traitor to the south he would "slap his face." Not long after this he met the judge at a numerously attended Whig gathering, and, going up to him, quietly said:

"Judge Cone, I have been told that you, for reasons of your own, have denounced me as a traitor to the south, and I take this opportunity of asking you if such reports are true."

"No, sir," was Cone's reply, "they are not true."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Stephens, cordially; and in the same friendly tone continued: "Of course I do not desire to be in any way offensive to you, Judge Cone, but in order that we may have no further misunderstanding through the misrepresentations of others, I think it right to tell you that I have said I would slap your face if you admitted having used the language attributed to you."

Upon this the judge again disowned having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Stephens, and so for the time the affair ended. It was the subject of discussion all over the ssate, however, and the general verdict was that Judge Cone, a powerful man by the way, had shown the white feather to "Little Aleck Stephens." In such a community no public man resting under such a charge could hope either for political preferment or popular respect. Cone, of course, knew this, and, very much heated and annoyed by the comments which were being made upon him, wrote to Mr. Stephens, demanding an immediate and public retraction of the threat. In reply Mr. Stephens wrote that the threat of slapping the judge's face had been made contingent upon the truth of the report regarding which he (Mr. Cone) had pronounced to be untrue, and that, such being the case, there could be no cause for offense or angry feeling on either side. Unfortunately this letter was never received by Judge Cone. Three or four days after it was written, however, he met Mr. Stephens on the piazza of a hotel in Atlanta, and, disregarding that gentleman's friendly greeting, said in a very offense tone:

"Mr. Stephens, I demand that you make an immediate retraction of your threats regarding me."

Sick and weak though he was, Alexander H. Stephens could allow no one to speak to him in the fashion described. Judge Cone was a very giant in size and muscular development, yet the frail man whom he addressed, with aggravating politeness, and without hesitating a moment, replied: "Pardon me, sir; I have already written you on that subject. I must decline to discuss it further."

"Am I to take this for your answer?" asked Cone, excitedly.

"It is the only answer I have to give you," was the calm reply.

"Then I denounce you as a miserable little traitor," cried Cone, mad with excitement. The last words had hardly left his lips when a light cane, wielded by the quick hand of the man he had insulted, left its red scar across his cheek.

Wild with pain and passion, without uttering a word, he drew a keen pointed dirk knife and made one furious thrust at his weak little adversary's heart. Instantly as he did so, however, Stephens, seizing a stout umbrella which he held in his left hand, interposed it as a defense and was able for a moment to hold him at arm's length. The knife fell short of its mark. Once more it was thrust at Stephens, cutting a deep gash in his arm, but reaching no vital point; eighteen times it cut deep into his breast, arms and body, but still he did not fail. Then he could hold out no longer. No courage, no spirit, however firm and unyielding, could long withstand such an attack. Cone was determined to finish his work. He threw all his great weight against the umbrella which held him away from the man he intended to kill. It broke; Stephens, half fainting, fell upon his back. The giant Cone was at his throat in a moment; his head, by a grip of iron, was held against the cruel floor; the keen and blood-dripping knife was held aloft before him, ready for the last fatal thrust, but still the poor, pale face of the little hero was set and defiant—his black eyes still flashing undauntedly.

"Retract, or I'll cut your cursed throat!" hissed Cone.

"Cut! I'll never retract!" gasped the almost lifeless Stephens.

Like a flash the knife came down. With an almost superhuman effort the prostrate man caught it in his right hand. Clean through the muscles, tendons and bones of the hand it cut, then stuck fast and reached no vital part. With desperate strength Cone tried to wrench it free. With a grasp almost of death the horribly mangled and mutilated hand held it fast. In the struggle Stephens was once more dragged to his feet. The blood was rushing in streams from his many wounds. His hold upon the knife which sought his heart began to relax. He was dying. But even when he believed the next moment would be his last, strong men came to his relief. The madman Cone was secured and held fast.

Then quickly the wounds which Mr. Stephens had received were examined. It was found that one of them had penetrated to within a sixteenth of an inch of his heart. An intercostal artery had been cut. The doctors declared that he would surely die. Happily their predictions were not verified. His life was saved by the unremitting care of a surgeon, his devoted friend, who, as good fortune would have it, happened to be in Atlanta at the time. When he recovered, with a magnanimity with which few men are capable even of understanding, he refused to prosecute Cone, and that person, instead of getting his deserts in the dark cell of a state prison, was fined $1000, and with his "honor vindicated," was allowed to go free. To the day of his death Mr. Stephens spoke of him in terms of consideration and forgiveness. Not long ago, referring to the terrible struggle I have attempted to describe, and showing me the great hole in his mangled hand, he said, with a quiet and far away look in his deep, eyes: "Poor Cone! I'm sure he would be sorry if he knew what trouble I have to write with these stiff fingers of mine."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Calabash Sam.

Three months ago, when 200 of the leading citizens of Gunnison City met in convention on a street corner, there were seven or eight Michigan men among the crowd. When Col. Parker presented the following resolution, it was a Michigan man who supported it:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to wait on Calabash Sam, late of Deadwood, and inform him that after sunrise to-morrow morning this crowd will open fire on him with the intention of furnishing a corpse for our new graveyard.

The committee of five went out to find Samuel and deliver their message. He sat on a bench at the door of his shanty, a shotgun across his knees and a pipe in his mouth, and he preserved silence while the chairman of the committee read the resolution; then he asked:

"That means me, don't it?"

"She does."

"They don't like my style of carving and shooting, eh?"

"That's what the kick on."

"Well, I won't go! You havn't got 'nug men in the valley to drive Calabash Sam a rod! Return to the convention and report that I am here for the season."

"I forgot to menshun," continued the chairman in a careless voice, as he leaned on his gun—"I forgot to menshun that the convenshun has adjourned. This committee thus finds itself in an embarrassing situation, and it sees only one way out of it. Onless you'll agree to pick up and travel, this committee will feel called to—to——"

"To begin shootin', you mean?"

"Exactly, Samuel, exactly. You may have already observed that two of the committee have got the drop on you."

"I see."

"Corpses which are riddled with buckshot have a very unpleasant look," continued the chairman, as he rested his chin on the muzzle of his gun.

"Yes, that's so."

"And it's kinder lonesome, this being the first plant in a new burying-ground."

"Y-e-s, it may be."

"And so, take it all around, the committee kinder indulges in the hope that you'll see fit to carry your valuable society back to the Black Hills. You may have observed that three shotguns, each under full cock, are now looking straight at ye. We don't want to bluff, but it's getting nigh supper time."

"Well, after looking the matter over, I'm convinced that these diggings won't pan out lower grade ore, and I guess I'll take a walk."

"Right off?"

"Yes."

"Right up this trail?"

"Yes."

"Very well. While the committee is sorry to see you go, and wishes all sorts of luck, it hasn't time to shake hands. Step off, now, and for fear you ain't used to walking, we'll these guns pinted up the hill until you have the half-mile bowlder. Trala—march!"—Detroit Free Press.

Famous Clocks

A work on the great historical clocks of Europe mentions a curious controversy between the townsfolk of Beauvais, France, and those of the famous German towns with regard to the respective merits of their celebrated clocks. The townsmen of Beauvais claimed that, besides recording the calendar days of the week, month, year, zodical signs, eclipses, phases of the moon, etc., their clock indicated events occurring not oftener than once in 400 years; for example, in three centuries out of four the last year leaps its bissextile, and the clock leaps from February 28th to the 1st of March, a movement occurring once only in 400 years. A Strasburger, not to be outdone, claimed that his town's clock not only did all that the Beauvais clock could accomplish, but in addition to them contained an ecclesiastical computator, and gave all its indications, golden numbers, solar cycles, etc., and wound up by saying that "the Beauvais clock makes a change every four centuries, but asks an astronomer what is meat by a procession of the equinoxes. He will tell you that it is a movement of the stars describing a complete revolution round the earth in the space of 25,000 to 26,000 years. In our Strasburg clock there is this movement which receives only one revolution in 25,000 years. As this whole thing," adds the apologist of the Strasburg clock, "can be measured and indicated, it is unnecessary to await its accomplishment." Well, we are glad of that.

Characteristics of the Nothern Race of Red Men.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin found the natives of Alaska exceedingly curious to see and to know. He thus describes their methods of investigating and the rough way the whites protected themselves. He says: "We experienced no trouble from the natives except in the early part of the winter they would come and stand about our doors and windows and get in our way generally, so that they became a nuisance.

"When the frost gathered on our windows, they kept peep-holes open by licking the frost with their tongues. This we finally got rid of by making a strong decoction of Cayenne paper and painting the outside of the glass, so that licking it was not all comfortable.

"A few of the respectable ones were occasionally let into the house, If any of these did not behave themselves, we treated them with very little ceremony so that they soon became afraid of us, and were very civil.

"At first some of them had the habit of opening the door and walking into the house as if they were its owners, and after a short time we got tired of this and put a few of them out, and by that means they have improved in their manners considerably.

"There is very little fight in them and they never stick together or stand up for each other. If you cuff one, the rest stand around and look on and laugh, and say it is 'Nakoomak' (good), and the fellow getting chastised is 'Aseernk' (bad.)

"They are not at all handsome, but then they are quite well for savages. The women when young are much better looking than the men, but all are very dirty and never dream of washing any part of their body.

"The men wear a large pair of bone buttons, like shirt studs, in their under lips, and it gives them anything but a pleasant appearance. The women tattoo their chins, which they consider a great mark of beauty, but I cannot say that I agree with them on that point."

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Barnum's elephant "Pilot" was killed recently. It became intractable.

Mulenberg county, Kentucky, with taxable property amounting to about a million and a half, is said to have a debt of eight hundred thousand dollars.

A Chinaman of Louisville has sued the Courier-Journal and Commercial for libel, they having published that he kept an opium den and a house of ill-fame.

A man named Hanson was found dead on the road near Lost creek, Nev., recently. He had fallen off a lumber a load of lumber while drunk and broken his need.

Alfred Barton, the colored boy arrested for turning the railroad switch at Swingle's landing, near Woodland, has been held to answer. The superior court will determine whether his offense shall be considered a felony or a misdemeanor.

England has very severe tramp laws. The New England state laws of this class, some of them, notably those of New Hampshire, very oppressive statutes, are, like many things in New England, copied in substance from English statute books.

The St. Gothard railway company is running extra trains on account of the growing trade between Germany and Italy, a fact not at all likely to give England much joy, as this increased traffic is in coal and iron, which for years has gone to Italy from England.

In the Canadian commons recently Homer moved a resolution in favor of reciprocity with the Hawaiian Islands. Formerly a large trade was done between British Columbia and the Sandwich Islands, but since the United States has established reciprocity trade relations with the islands, British Columbia trade has fallen off almost to nothing.

A good Christian mother in Middletown explained to her little boy, as he was retiring, the efficacy of prayer, and told him that if he would ask God for anything he particularly desired she had no doubt his request would be granted. The little fellow knelt at his mother's knee and prayed God to send him 50 little sisters and 100 little brothers. The prayer was never finished.

A Montreal girl smelt of the perfume satchel contained in a valentine sent to her a few days ago, and instantly became unconscious. Whether the effect was produced by the peculiar nature of the perfume—violet powder—by poison in the paper, or by astonishment felt at getting a valentine at such an unseasonable time, is what two doctors, one priest and all the members of the family are at a loss to find out.

A number of cattle which a 12-year-old Dakota boy was watching were destroyed by a prairie fire six years ago. As the lad could not be found, it was supposed that he had likewise perished. One day last week he surprised his old employer by walking in and handing him a check for the full value of the cattle. He said he was afraid they might think the loss was occasioned by his carelessness, and went down into Colorado, got a job of herding and saved his money until he had enough to square the account.

Ellen Conway, who for many years stood at the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, New York, selling papers, was found dead in her dreary room on Sunday morning. On searching her bed $50 in money was found and two bank books showing deposits amounting to $6,700. She had no relatives as far as known, neither any friends in whom she confided any of her history. No matter how cold or disagreeable the weather she could be found at the corner, and always did a good trade, mainly through sympathy.

Not long since an aged and very popular Irishman died at Eglington, near Londondery. The usual services were observed, the coffin taken to the country and buried in the presence of a large concourse of people. On returning home the relatives of the deceased were amazed to find the old woman lying on the bed upon which she had died, nobody having thought to put her in the coffin. The body was subsequently taken in a cart to the grave, the coffin was raised, the corpse was placed in in it and it was again lowered to its place.

A unique relic of the rebellion was recently sent to Mr. A. G. White, of Pittsburg, formerly of the Thirtieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, by his old messmate, John Huffman. The night before the battle of the Pines they stole out of camp in search of some to eat, and presently returned with the carcass of a heifer which they had found among the underbrush. The orders against foraging were so strict at that time that after the flesh had been distributed prudence required that the bones should be taken out of camp and buried. Huffman recently visited the battlefield, and, after a search, succeeded in finding the heifer's grave, from whirn he took the skull and horns and sent them to his comrade.

SHORT BITS.

A landmark—A dirty face.

An enormous swell—A balloon.

A goatee—A man who owns goats.

Friday is an unlucky day—for fish.

Household words—"Shut the door."

Not on speaking terms—Twin mutes.

A water-color exhibition—A glass of gin.

A pair of slippers—Orange and banana skins.

"A Winter's Tale"—The story of a blizzard.

A close shave—Two per cent per month.

A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a hoister.

When lovers quarrel the taffy trade weakens.

Sleight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.

If "Urip" does not spell Europe, what does it spell?

Good advice, like vaccination, doesn't always "take."

An anonymous article—A baby before it is christened.

A woman nose so much because she ears a good deal.

Song of the postage stamp—"Gum, oh, come with me."

Nothing tells so much in the long run as a female gossip.

Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances.

A fatal blow-out—Extinguishing the gas with one's breath.

New reading: Where the treasurer is, there the cash is also.

The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor.

Silence may be golden, but it will never borrow a dollar.

The tower of Babel was the first continued story on record.

The proprietors of ice houses make many a cool thousand in the course of a year.

The average editor can sympathize with England in her trouble with the Boers.

A down east girl, who is engaged to a lumberman, says she has caught a feller.

"Ruler ruin," as the boy said when he threw the teacher's ferule into the stove.

Where there is a storm in the nursery the mother will castor oil on the water in vain.

Josh Billing says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian because he was on her trail all the time.

Shot falling into a tin pan "tumble to the racket," and so do hailstones on a slate roof.

"Of what complaint did your father die?" "The jury found him guilty," was the answer.

A single swallow may not make one spring, but a small mouse will make a woman jump.

The rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gathers the fellow who rides the bicycle every time.

Origin of a common phrase: It was the prostrate Persian subject who first said "O, Shah!"

Private troubles are very much like infants: The more you nurse them the bigger they grow.

The uses of adversity may be sweet, but we prefer a little of the bitterness of prosperity in ours.

"Sport."—We have no opinion as to whether or not Slade can whip Sullivan. He Maori may not.

Mixed society is like mixed pickles. All become of the same flavor if mixed together long enough.

When Kansas papers run short of local news the reporters write up an eighty-pound hailstone lie.

You can't get happiness out of wrong-doing any more than you wool by shearing a hydraulic ram.

People say that blackberries are good for the complexion; but who wants a blackberry complexion?

Many people die of fatty degeneration of the heart, but fatty degineration of the head kills twice as many.

An economical woman, after the death of her tenant, used the remainder of her soothing syrup to poison rats.

A man always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with a nameless fear until the job is completed.

A well-clad and respectable man recently created a great stir in London by promenading the streets sandwiched between two boards, which bore these placards: "General Post-Office. Discharged for not saluting a clerk. Twenty-five years Her Majesty's servant."

The prince of science, having cast his eye over the table to see that none of the instruments are missed or misplaced, is about to amputate his patient's leg. The patient bursts out into lamentations. "Come, come! my good fellow," says the surgeon, encouragingly, "don't take on so; try and fix your mind on something else!"

A Lady Barber Who Shaves with a String.

Signora Helen De George Ides, a female barber from Smyrna, Asia, has located in New York, where she shaves ladies with a string. She takes one end of a linen thread between her teeth and with a peculiar see-saw motion of both hands the thread is passed over the surface to be denuded, the hair being caught in little loops in the thread and snatched out by the roots. As only two or three at most are caught at a time, the operation is not painful. She says brunettes have to be shaven once a month, and blondes every three weeks. Men's beards are too stiff to be treated in this way. Her business is growing so rapidly that she expects to have to send back to Asia for an assistant.