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THE COLUMBIAN.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
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A PUZZLED VOCALIST.

How c n a person learn to sing?
That's what I want to ask.
I started out some years ago
All ardor for my task.

The teacher that I met with first
My brain with terms would cram—
"Don't use the thyroid music so:
Sing from the diaphragm.

He used to open wide my jaws
And in my throat did grope
With little mirrors set on wires,
Called a laryngoscope.

My second teacher said my voice
Had been quite falsely tried.
That "registers" were simply "bosh"
And must be set aside.

A third one told me that my voice
Was built for second basis,
And if I got it 'focussed" right
It would improve apace.

Another told me that my breath
Must near the arytenis play;
The next one said that force of tone
Within the membranes lay.

With vocal chords and diaphragm
And cric thyroid bone
I was becoming mystified
And could not give a tone.

At last I met a teacher gruff,
Who made my heart rejoice.
He heard me through quite patiently,
Then said, "You have no voice."
—Tonic Sol Fa Reporter

A FRENCH INN MYSTERY.

On the evening of March 27, 1875, a traveling carriage was driven up to the door of the inn which for nearly half a century had borne the name of "Les Trois Canards."

This wayside inn was on the old post-road leading into Chalons, and half a mile from the Chateau de Sonteau. But few travelers of late had honored this old inn with their patronage, and its landlord, Jean Bernis, and his wife, fifteen years younger than himself, a fascinating little brunette, with the grace, piquancy and bearing of a woman of better degree than that of her present station, had but two servants, one a house girl and the other a hostler. There was little need of even that help, save, perhaps, on such days as there might happen to be a grand review of government troops at Chalons.

The carriage driven up to the front of the inn, the driver leaped from his seat and opened the door of the vehicle.

"This is 'Les Trois Canards," said the coachman, in a respectful tone. "The inn which is near the Chateau de Sonteau."

A man came out of the carriage, followed by one in the plain livery of a valet.

"Rudolph," said he to his servant, "bring out the portmanteau and the dressing case. We will stop here to-night. In the morning will be time enough for the visit to the chateau."

Master and valet at once entered the inn, and shortly afterwards were shown to the small suite of rooms, a little cramped salon, or parlor, with an adjoining bed chamber, which the master was to occupy.

"Do you see monsieur valet?" said the landlord to his wife.

"Yes; and he resembles some one at the chateau. Ah, I remember! Why, he is the very image of Cherin, the keeper of the lodge, who has charge of the chateau."

"I would have sworn it was Cherin," was the landlord's answer. "The likeness is wonderful."

The newly arrived guest's name was M. Robert de Launey, a banker, en route from Chalons to Paris. His valet, a handsome fellow of five and thirty years, informed the landlord that his master intended purchasing the chateau and using it as a summer residence. Half the purchase money was to be paid in the morning.

The banker and his valet had arrived at the inn at 8 o'clock. The conversation of the valet with the inn keeper occurred at 9 o'clock, the exact time being, as she afterward testified, particularly noticed by Mad. Bernis.

At half-past nine the valet was called for by his master. Fifteen or twenty minutes later he descended to the little bar-room and asked in no very pleasant manner the nearest road to the chateau, adding that "men who are served have no feeling, and those who serve them get no rest. I am to go through the darkness to-night—now—to the chateau with a message to M. de Sonteau."

"But M. de Sonteau, at so late an hour, may not receive your message. He is a surly, quick-tempered man, and his late misfortunes—the loss of his fortune at the gaming tables and the natural ugliness of his disposition—"

"Will make him receive me all the quicker when he knows I am come from the banker, who is to pay him on account 300,000 francs to-morrow morning. Here is the message, sealed up as tight as a tomb. A horse, landlord, and quickly, so I may get back in time for a night's rest."

The landlord gave him the horse and the necessary directions for reaching the chateau.

"I will wait up for you until you return," said the landlord.

"M. de Launey will ring if he needs any service," were the parting words of the valet as he rode off into the darkness.

It was fifteen or twenty minutes past ten when the grumbling valet rode away.

"I would have sworn he was Cherin, the lodge-keeper of the chateau; the same build, the voice, the expression of the eyes—the very counterpart of each other are these two."

Madame merely answered with a smile. She already felt a strange interest in the valet, for his resemblance to Cherin suggested to her that he might make as good a lover as was the lodge-keeper, whom her jealous husband had, months before, forbidden to enter the inn.

Twice, once at eleven, and once half an hour later, had M. de Launey, the guest, rang and made inquiry if his valet had returned.

At twelve o'clock there was the clatter of horses' hoofs, the valet passed in, greeted the landlord, and, bidding him retire, ascended the narrow stairs to his master's rooms. The landlord slept below, at the rear, in a room which adjoined the kitchen, the servants sleeping—the hostler over the stable, and the house servant in a room adjoining the public dining room.

At six in the morning the landlord and his wife were suddenly startled from their slumber by loud cries and a violent knocking at the door of the kitchen. The noise also brought in the housemaid and the hostler, who were already up and beginning their morning's work.

"Monsieur Bernis, get up quickly," was the cry. "My master has been murdered. Help! Help!"

It was the valet who shouted the alarm, and speedily the inmates of the inn followed him to his master's rooms.

Surely it was a horrible sight. There lay the banker near the easy chair in which he must have been sitting, in dressing gown and slippers, his shirt bosom and clothing saturated with blood.

His throat had been cut from ear to ear. On the floor, near the table upon which stood the still burning lamp, was the weapon with which the murder had been accomplished, its blade and handle covered with the red evidence of fearful work.

The frightened landlord at once dispatched the hostler to Chalons for the police, and the house servant ran wildly up the road, to apprise the neighbors, who were few.

The valet volunteered to ride to the chateau and apprise M. de Sonteau of the horrible event, and, rushing to the stables, and saddling a horse, was, five minutes later, galloping down the road. When he returned he was alone. M. de Sonteau would be at the inn soon, he said.

The police arrived and an investigation was at once begun. The Prefect of Chalons was present in person, with three or four of his shrewdest officials. The valet gave his statement. While he was making it Mad. Bernis, pale and trembling, and looking all the prettier with the excitement under which she labored, kept her eyes fixed upon the valet with a strange expression. She noticed that he never once looked at her; that his eyes were fixed solely upon the prefect.

"My master sent me last evening to the chateau with a message to M. de Sonteau. The message was written and sealed, and I only know that it was important. When I delivered it to M. de Sonteau he was about retiring. He bade me wait. Presently he gave me a verbal answer in these words: "Tell M. de Launey that I will comply with his wish. 'A de Sonteau never violates his word.' Then I rode back to the inn, where the landlord was still up waiting my master's ring. M. de Launey was then sitting in an easy chair. I gave him M. de Sonteau's reply. He merely smiled; bade me open his dressing case and place the package, which was upon the table beside him, under the pillow of his bed. He also bade me examine the lock upon the door leading to the staircase. Then he said: 'You can go to bed. Awaken me at six. I will start for the chateau at nine.' I left the room, and that was the last I saw of my master alive."

"You knocked at the door according to his orders, at six o'clock in the morning?" questioned the prefect.

"Yes, Monsieur le Prefect—ten minutes before six. I rapped twice and receiving no answer, lifted the iron latch of the door, and to my surprise, found it unlocked. I pushed the door open, and then I saw him lying as he is now. Scarcely knowing what I did I ran down stairs and gave the alarm. That is all I know."

"What was contained in the package you placed under his pillow?"

"Monsieur, I am not positive, but I think it must have contained bank-notes—the purchase money of the chateau."

"Do you know that this package is missing, and that your late master's watch and chain are nowhere to be found?"

"I do not, Monsieur. I know nothing since I opened the door this morning."

Madam Bernis was questioned. She added nothing new to the valet's statement, merely corroborating a portion of it. But she still held her gaze upon the valet's face. She could not catch a glance from him in return.

M. de Sonteau arrived from the chateau. A morose-looking man, with a strange set expression of countenance, thin lips and heavy black moustace.

"M. Robert de Launey only needed to sign the legal papers and pay me the stipulated 300,000 francs to become the owner of the ancestral home of my family. His valet brought me a message—yes. It was a request that I would arrange so that the business should be transacted at an earlier hour than had been agreed upon. That was all. I sent a verbal reply. Am I at liberty to depart?"

"Most certainly, M. de Sonteau."

The landlord, the house servant and the hostler were examined, but they gave no clue to the mystery of this awful crime.

The Prefect decided to hold in close surveillance the valet, the landlord and his wife, and gave the case into the keeping of a couple of his sharpest detectives.

The weapon, a knife, with which the murder was committed was minutely examined. While it was being inspected minutely the valet seemed nervous and agitated, and once or twice his eyes meeting the glance of Madame Bernis fastened upon him as if watching his every motion, he trembled violently.

The woman was evidently preparing herself for some fearful emergency. She was pale, and her features wore a rigid, resolute expression.

"M. le Prefect, hold the knife near to me that I may see it closely," she said.

The Prefect obeyed the request. She did not touch the blood-stained instrument of death.

"Have you seen that knife before?"

Again the woman inspected it, and still more closely. Then she started, and with a shudder as of supreme horror, exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu, mon dieu, it is his knife!"

"Whose knife?"

The valet made a movement toward the door, as if to leave the apartment. An officer intercepted him.

"Whose knife?" repeated the Prefect.

"It is the stable knife which I have repeatedly seen in the hands of Jacques Cherin, the lodge keeper of the chateau de Sonteau!" she answered, her eyes still fixed upon the valet.

But Cherin has not been here since a month ago," said the landlord.

"That is Cherin's knife, nevertheless. His initials are cut or scratched on the handle—scrape the blood off and you will see them—J. C."

The Prefect did so. The woman was right.

The valet, now almost livid in the face sank upon his knees in abject terror at the Prefect's feet, crying, "Monsieur, save me! I could not help it."

Now the woman's face lighted up. "Ah, you see, husband, I was right when I said this valet looked enough like Cherin to be Cherin or his twin brother. Look at him. It is Cherin."

"Yes, I am Cherin. I am not Rudolph, the valet. I am the lodge keeper of the chateau." A look of profound pity came over the woman's face, "and this man," she murmured so low and only the Prefect heard her distinctly, "was my lover, and in this wretch's embrace, I forgot my duty to so good a man as my husband. God forgive me! What better am I than a murderer?" Turning to the Prefect she said so all could hear: "Monsieur, there is an awful mystery in last night's work, and this wretch can explain it—put him to the rack!"

Cherin had fallen to the floor. The officials lifted him into a chair. As he fell to the floor they saw his hand quickly taken from his mouth as by a spasmodic action of the arm. "What have you done?"

"Nothing," answered the valet. "You were too quick for me—I—I—have mercy on me. I confess all. I am Cherin; that is my knife. It was I who murdered M. de Launey. The package of money I found under his pillow I gave to my master (de Sonteau) an hour since, before he left here. But it was not I who arrived here with the banker. That was his valet, Rudolphe."

"Where is this Rudolphe—the real valet? Was he your confederate?" sternly demanded the prefect.

"I will tell you all. When the valet arrived last night at the chateau with a message from his master, M. Sonteau, my master, who was troubled at being obliged to sell his chateau, and nearly wild over the poverty to which his gaming brought him, called me to him and said, with a terrible look: 'Jacques, would you make any sacrifice to save me this chateau and make me once more rich?' Not knowing what he meant, and blindly loving him as I did, I swore to him that I would dare death itself to serve him. Then he said: 'It is an inspiration. I will kill this miserable valet who is in the hall; you shall assume his clothes and return as him. You will then cut the throat of this de Launey, search his room for his money, and if you do your work properly you will not be suspected. The inspiration has come to me through the extraordinary resemblance you bear to the valet.'

"Monsieur le Prefect, I dared not refuse, fool that I was. M. de Sonteau, my master, killed the valet with the blow of an iron rod, and, stripping his body of coat, vest, pants, shoes and necktie, we carried it to the wine vault beneath the chateau and threw it into an empty port wine cask. Then I put on the dead valet's clothes, mounted his horse and rode back. I entered the banker's room. He was asleep in the easy chair, with his feet toward the open fire. On the table was his dressing case and the package of bank bills. I caught him by the hair, and, with one blow of the knife, ended his life.

"I took the money and his watch and chain and crept out of his room, carefully closing the door, and went to my room. When my master came in an hour since to give in his statement. I gave him, unperceived, the package. The watch is up stairs, hidden between the mattresses of my bed.

"Monsieur, that is all."

An hour later M. de Sonteau was arrested. He was afterwards tried at Chalons, found guilty on the evidence of his accomplice, and expiated his crime upon the guillotine April 19th following. Cherin suffered the same expiation five days later.

Both the chateau and the inn of "Les Trois Canards" are now in ruins.

Pink Parties.

Whether we are on a volcano or not, we have danced a good deal since the opening of the "Salon," and we intend to go on dancing up to the Sunday of the grand prix race. White muslin balls have been found insipid. They can only interest mammas and professional match makers. A young and well brought up demoiselle is not a person with whom to while away an hour agreeably in a ball room. She is only out to be married, and in a business-like way, just as a lamb is taken to fair or market to be sold. As she can have no voice in the matrimonial negotiations, of which she may be the object, it would be worse than useless for a cavalier to attempt to impress her favorably. When not dancing she sits still and tries to look vacant. The rose ball is another thing. "A rose" in the ball room slang of the day means a very young matron. It not being allowable to peer into birth certificates, "roses" are classed according to the number of years they have been married. In the first year of married life there is the blush rose (la France). When eight or nine years of matrimonial bliss have been run and beauty is boldly imposing there is the "Paul Neron" and the "Reine de Angleterre." Next is the "Gloire de Dijon, a tea rose, very lovely in its way, but yellowish, and therefore not admissible to a pink rose party. Pink, it is found, is not becoming after thirty. Ladies, therefore, of a "certain age" are excluded from rose balls. Fetes of this kind are too often given by charming beings who look best in a roseate hue. Invitations are generally limited, and those favored with them are selected because they will look frightful in the pink livery that is de riguer. A sallow face will be at a dreadful disadvantage; so will be a pensive countenance or one that grief has touched even without spoiling. There are insignificant blondes who are utterly effaced in the brightness of a pink party. —London Truth.

Gov. Crittendon of Missouri, disregarded a strong petition for remission of fine in the first conviction under the new liquor law, declaring that he should not break down the work of the courts.

Second-hand Stuff.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" was asked of a man who was placing on a track the remnants of a building that had been torn down in Sixth avenue.

"Take it to the yard," he replied.

"And then what?"

"Sell it."

The yard referred to is the headquarters of a dealer in second-hand building material.

"This business is fifty years old," the superintendent said. "We occupy nearly forty city lots. They are covered with second-hand building material. We can supply brick for interior walls, or brown stone for front walls, or granite columns for ornamental high stoops or porticos. It is all ready for use, and it is of known quality. We have thousands of feet of timber and lumber of various kinds. Every kind of lumber used in building a house can be found here—joists, flooring, studding, rafters, and roof boards. The roof itself can be had, too. Tin deteriorates some, but slates do not so much. We can supply a tin roof that is as good as it was the day it was laid. We have several cords of slates. Our lumber is better than new. It is thoroughly seasoned. We supply the lumber for about all the swell mansions. Every piece of timber in Vanderbilt's house came from this yard. When men put thousands of dollars into frescoes they want to be certain there will be no shrinking in the timbers of their houses."

"You do not confine your attention to dwellings, do you?"

"Your question reminds me of a man from a neighboring village who came here. He said he guessed he'd got an order that would puzzle us to fill. He wanted a second-hand pulpit. He was astonished when I showed him a complete outfit. We had stained glass windows, crosses, altars, candlesticks, rails, mourning benches, a sprinkling bowl and a baptistry. I showed him a full assortment of pewter for the body of the church. Then I offered him a second-hand steeple with bell, complete and all set up. He bought a pulpit and paid for it in silence. He was so astonished that he couldn't talk."

"What else can you fit out?"

"Anything. Here's a good bar for a lager beer room, and back of it is an elegant arrangement of shelves to hold the cut-glass bottles. There are mirrors between to reflect the back hair of the bartender. If you want one we can supply you with a first-class stall fit for Maud S. There would be an iron manger in one corner, a solid mahogany door at the other and a rosewood hay rack between, if you wanted it."

"You don't mean to say you've bought in second-hand stalls of that kind, do you?"

"Well, not quite that. We have everything but the hay rack, though, and have got the stuff for that. To return to the interior work of dwellings, we have everything necessary to fit out either a mansion in Fifth avenue or a shanty for a squatter sovereign. We just sold a pair of Italian marble mantles that probably cost $500 each when new. They are as good now as then. You can almost see through them, they are so clear, and the carving is exquisite. We have mantels in various kinds of colored marble, and two in Mexican onyx that are beautiful. We get hold of hand-carved mantels and newel posts, stair rails, doors and frames, that would delight the heart of one able to appreciate the beauty of such work. There is a gas chandelier. The figures are extremely delicate. It is carved from solid walnut. In common articles it would tire you merely to hear them enumerated. You cannot think of any article, door knobs, girders, gas pipes, ranges, book cases, mirrors, anything that is known under the head of modern improvements or as a part of the house itself, that we cannot supply. We'll buy any kind of a building. Booth's theatre is now making its way here piece meal. The old bank building that stood at 40 and 42 Wall street is here. A part of the partition that once ornamented a Morrisania bank will go into Harry Miner's new theater. It will make the handsomest box office you ever saw. He gets Booth's fancy iron orchestra railing also. We have a windlass here that was used in a down town bank to hoist the gold up out of the vaults in the basement. In our office is a stool that was used in a succession of business houses for more than a hundred years. The clock, a round-faced affair, two feet in diameter, is as old. It is more serviceable. An enormous eagle looks down upon the bookkeeper from between masks out of an old theatre. He sits at a desk that was made in the time of Queen Elizabeth."

"How do you get it all?"

"We have three buyers out all the time. Usually the contractor who puts up a new house gets the old one in the bargain. We buy and remove it for him if he wishes, or we buy it of the owner, or we buy any part of it. We sell mostly to builders and large real estate owners. Everything is sold on its merits."

"And price?"

"About one-third that of new on the average. Some of the fine pieces we sell to builders are turned in to the new owners at ten times our prices. You cannot say that it is a cheat either, because as such bric-a-brac goes the price is reasonable."

"How much of a business is it?"

"Ours is not the only yard. We sold $35,000 worth of firewood from the waste last year, and the total sales amounted to a little more than $250,000. We used to give away the kindling ten years ago. Now it keeps a good many teams going, especially in the winter. We have 317 men on our pay roll. Their pay is high. It takes as great skill to take fine work out of a house as to put it in."—N. Y. Sun.

An Exaggerated Alarm.

It would seem that much more alarm is being manifested in the newspapers about the cholera than the circumstances call for. The recent visitations of the epidemic have not been so severe as that of 1832. If it is not known what the germ is, it is at least certain that it is a germ capable of indefinite multiplication, which is the cause of the disease. It is pretty well established that the danger is contained in the excreta. By immediate disinfection the disease is not transmitted. So thoroughly proved is this fact that Louis Napoleon had no hesitation about visiting the hospitals and inspecting the patients, when the cholera was the last epidemic in Paris. It is well known that if the cholera is taken in time, in the hands of civilized doctors, it does not, only in a few cases, prove fatal.

Once the plague moved slowly along the great routes of travel. Leisurely development seemed to be one of the laws of its spread. But the conditions are now all changed. Travel has everywhere been greatly expedited. Whether this is going to produce a more rapid dissemination is one of the unsettled problems. The germ of the disease is not as long lived as that of smallpox. It has been known, however, to be conveyed in the boxes of clothing of emigrants through the cordon at New York to the West, where it developed six weeks later. That was supposed to be the cause of the last outbreak in this country.

They are so much alarmed in Europe that it is quite certain the cordons will be drawn very tight everywhere on the Mediterranean. But it is nevertheless a time for the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health. Just now the routes by land may be even more dangerous than water routes. Yellow fever has never been able to reach this city by sea. The cool breezes of the ocean are usually too much for that fell disease. There have been cases of yellow fever on ships in the port, but by strict quarantine it was not communicated to the shore. It might be different, however, at this season of the year, in the hot valleys of the southern part of the state, coming up by way of New Orleans. It will not be prudent to try any experiments there. If cholera reaches Europe it will have to be fought at the several points at which railroads enter the state—Truckee, the Needles of the Colorado, and at Fort Yuma. The danger by sea is not so great, but no remissness at the Golden Gate should be tolerated. There were a few sporadic cases of cholera in this city in early days. But it was epidemic in Sacramento. The disease is usually produced by exposure and bad food. It broke out among the British troops in the Crimea from that cause. The same thing was observable in some of the emigrant trains in 1849.—S. F. Bulletin.

A Wind Scheme.

A novel and interesting enterprise was brought to light this week through the medium of a New York civil engineer, who is at Chicago in connection with the establishment of a pneaumatic pipe between New York and Chicago. The plans, as partly developed, are to lay a four inch pipe for the transmission of letters, messages, grain, samples, jewelry and other light packages, at a mixi mum tariff of ten cents for letters. Way stations will be established at Cleveland, Buffalo and possibly one other point. The pipe will be the ordinary tubular kind in common use, and the entire line will be made perfectly air tight, with brass stations at the points mentioned. The boxes for the conveyance of messages will be made from sole leather, with wood air registers, as used in short pneumatic tubes. Engines of 25-horse power, to drive the air pumps, will be placed at the termini, and smaller ones at the way stations. Seventeen patents for various devices have been secured by the originators of the scheme and no doubt some of them will be made available in working the line. The plan of operating, as far as revealed at present, will be about as follows: Commencing at 6 o'clock, A. M., Washington time, the boxes containing through packages will be fed into the tube at Chicago and blown toward New York, while the Chicago pump is filling the tube and the New York pump is exhausting the air. The last box, started at Chicago at 6:30, will have a patent signal attachment, which, at Cleveland, automatically announces its arrival. The local boxes are those inserted there, and later on at Buffalo. The last box will arrive at New York at 10 o'clock, the trip being made in about four hours. The line is cleared for west-bound traffic for the following four hours, and so on, alternately, day and night. It is expected that during each period of four hours 1000 boxes can be transmitted, each earning about $2 in freights, or $12 during the 24 hours, being an aggregate of $12,000 per day for the line. The cost of operating it is estimated at only $1.25 daily, which includes 300 pipe section men (repairers), 50 station operators and 100 delivery and collection messengers, hence the net earnings can reach the enormous aggregate of $3,000,000 annually—at least it is thus figured out on paper. But even allowing a very wide margin for errors and omissions, the profit of operating the pneumatic pipe line promises to be very large. The cost of laying the line will be something less than $4,250,000. The projectors confidently anticipate an immediate profit of 20 per cent. on the investment. The next serious obstacle to the present consummation of the singular scheme is the right of way; but it is said the parties interested have been secretly obtaining this at little cost. The pipe will be placed under ground in the cities, but the bulk of the lines will extend along tracks of certain railroads, the pipe in most instances being attached to and swung from the ends of the ties. For certain short distances, for connecting links, the pipe will pass through fields and along country roads, where it will be put on short "jacks," or pedestals, or swung along the base of fences. In crossing country roads it will be swung on short poles. Three telegraph wires will be attached to and extend along the pipe, to be used for electric signaling between stations. At least one engineer believes the scheme a feasible one, and if it proves a success, it is thought another pipe line will be added for the transfer exclusively of grain from Chicago to New York, by which method 50,000 bushels could be carried daily for 10 cents per bushel, at a profit of $2500. Grain placed in a tube here would arrive in New York in about five hours, the transfer time being somewhat longer than by the message line. Appliances are now being experimented with by which, with the aid of automatic attachments the grain pipe line would be continually charged from the bins of the principal elevators here, and delivered at a general central elevator at New York. The grain, it is claimed, would be improved in transit, as it would pass through a patent dust fan upon its discharge into the New York elevator. The capacity of the line being only about 18,000,000 bushels annually, it would not seriously interfere with railway traffic.

The projectors of the enterprise state that the money necessary to carry out the plans expeditiously is pledged, and at a conference to be held on the 26th instant the full details will probably be made public.—Cleveland Herald.

Chicago's Speculator.

P. D. Armour, the ruler of the provision market of the world, is of sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock. He was born in one of the central counties of New York on a farm among the hills. It was the highest ambition of his life to buy a farm adjoining that of his father. When the gold fever broke out he was a mere stripling; but full of youthful enthusiasm, he started for California, driving a wagon across the plains and mountains. He remained there three or four years and within that time saved a few thousand dollars. The dream of his boyhood days was about to be realized. He now had hard cash enough to buy that farm and settle down. He shook the dust of the Golden State from his feet and turned his face to the east. He was in a feverish haste to get home. The stages moved at a snail's pace and everything dragged horribly. He had no sooner reached home than he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The streets of the village nearest the sire's farm, which had once struck him as being noble drives and busy thoroughfares, looked narrow, cramped and dull. The house that had impressed his juvenile imagination as grand appeared mean and dingy, and the hills that had seemed to him like mighty mountains a few years before were now mere mole hills. The very atmosphere was suffocating almost, and he panted to get away before his hat was fairly on its old peg. He only remained on the farm two or three days and then took himself to Cincinnati. Later he drifted to Milwaukee, and at the close of the war he sold a great lot of pork at $40 a barrel, and bought it again at $18 to $19, realizing a profit of about a million. This gave him his start, and from that day he has been continually adding to his wealth, until today he ranks as the wealthiest man in Chicago, being rated by those who know something of his business at $25,000,000 or $30,000,000. His transactions are colossal. His firm employs between 5,000 and 6,000 men, and on his pay rolls are about fifty men who receive salaries of $5,000 and over. He is not yet fifty-five years of age, and, although he puts in ten and twelve hours a day, and devotes very little time to recreation, he is apparently good for 25 years yet.—National Republican.

McCullough's Mental Trouble.

The report that John McCullough, the actor, has arrived at St. Louis, that his health has broken down again, and that he has canceled his engagements for next winter, will be received with feelings of the deepest sorrow by all the friends of that great-hearted man. Mr. McCullough's illness arises from melancholia, which forbids the sleep that is nature's sweet restorer, and is said to proceed from a very singular if not trifling cause. Last summer when he made the tour of the Yellowstone with General Sheridan he accidentally ruptured himself while mounting his horse. For a long time he didn't know what was the matter, and probably might not until now have known but for Billy Conner, his manager, who happened to stumble upon the real trouble. When he did discover it John was frightened about half out of his life. Visions of trusses, bandages, elastic stockings and horrible machines of all kinds danced nimbly before his eyes day and night. Conner began to lead him along side streets where there were no surgical stores, and to do everything under heaven to keep his friend's mind from things connected with his physical ailment. But McCullough got to be more and more gloomy. He had heard of all sorts of things happening to ruptured men, and he began to avoid any kind of exertion. His usual employment was to sit down and ruminate in sorrow. Recently it was supposed he was better, but the recurrence of the trouble induces the gravest apprehensions.

The Mormon Question.

"Bill" Nye, the humorist of Laramie, Wyo. T., was recently interviewed relative to the Mormon question. "The Mormons," he says, "exert a more potent influence in the territory than most people suppose, and they are spreading so rapidly over the northwestern states and territories that before long that section will be practically under their control." Mr. Nye thought the Edmunds' law a failure, because the Mormon women, by whom alone polygamy can be proven, would invariably declare upon oath, that their children were illegitimate, before they would criminate their husbands. They belonged body and soul to the Mormon elders, and were afraid to disobey the edicts of the church. When asked what would be a national solution of the Mormon problem, he replied: "To anyone who is familiar with their customs and resources, all talk of controlling or governing them sounds absurd. Why, so well drilled and thoroughly prepared are they to resist any interference, that it would be amusement for them to annihilate the whole Federal army. There is no use in mincing matters, and the government can make up its mind without delay that the Mormons have come to stay. They have almost boundless wealth and their numbers are increasing from immigration by the thousands every year. They are in a position to defy the government, and no one can object."

Herbert Thompson of New York, has bought an 8000-acre swamp near Millford, Pa., intending to drain it and have the biggest cranberry patch in this or in any other country.

GENERAL NEWS.

Cincinnati brewers say they sell just as much beer with the saloons taxed as they did before and are being comforted.

It is the old story in the "Salvation Army," the money and glory mostly stays with the generals and colonels, while the privates get barely enough to live on.

There is a row because Creeks in the Indian territory impose a tax of $1 a head on cattle driven through their country to the railroad. Under the law they have no right to obstruct commerce by any charge of the kind, but doubtless there is grazing by the way which makes the trouble.

Mayor Ewing of St. Louis, with an impeachment trial just at hand, gets married. His idea is doubtless that if the matrimonial venture turns out well it will help to solace him in the official trouble, while if it proves unfortunate the scrimmage will just come in play to divert his mind.

The first lead made from Pennsylvania ore has just been smelted at Sunbury in that state, and a profitable mining business is reckoned assured. The company has opened three veins of ore and has great quantities in sight averaging 60 per cent metal, and every ton has from 10 to 15 ounces of silver.

See how the western newspaper soars when a few blocks of its mud-hole are being paved: St. Louis is moving grandly toward an era of golden prosperity. Her feet are being lifted out of the mire and placed upon the Rock of Ages. Every block of granite laid in our streets is an enduring jewel placed in the fair bosom of our city.

A great many soft maples—red and white—have been planted in Iowa because of their rapid growth, and the violent wind which passed over the state July 16th destroyed and mutilated them by thousands. Des Moines suffered especially; every street had the trees, and a great proportion of them are either killed or injured.

If anybody deserves an increase in pay it is the fellow who scales your high wall, nails his telephone wire to your roof, chuckles in his boot legs and strides off without so much as "If you please," or, "Thankee." He ought to have the 25 per cent. extra. When people begin to shoot the work will be worth 50 per cent. more.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

Property owners in Pottsville, Pa., are disgusted to find that they must pay off an old blanket mortgage amounting to $17,000, which everybody had forgotten. It covers 78 acres in the heart of the town, was given in 1840, and ever since has been in litigation of one sort and another, neglected and forgotten by the land owners.

The beet sugar business in Delaware is a disastrous failure, and the company with $120,000 capital organized to carry it on has gone the way of all earthly things. The managers say that the trouble was in the beets, that they did not have sugar enough in them, but some think that the mischief was done by inexperience and bad management.

Probable Postage Stamps.

Though the statement has not been made officially, there seems to be no doubt that after October 1st, on which date the regular 3 cent postage will be reduced to two cents, there will also be an issue of 4-cent stamps. Several designs for it, it is said, have already been received by the department, none of which, however, was satisfactory. Mr. Adams, of the postage department of the Boston office, has not been notified that there will be a 4 cent stamp, but he is satisfied that there will be an issue of that denomination to meet the requirement of double postage, fulfilling the functions that the 6 cent stamp performs now. There will very likely be a new 2-cent stamp, and it is said that its color will be green or fawn. A 4-cent stamp would be used to pay double postage on letters. The inference to be drawn, say the Boston officials, is that the 4-cent stamp will find a sale equal to that of the 6-cent stamp. During the last quarter the number of 3 cent stamps sold at the Boston office was 4,350,000, and the number of 6 cent stamps 129,000. The 5-cent stamp is used mostly on English and foreign letters, and 170,000 were sold during the same period. Of 10 cent stamps, 85,000 were sold, and of 15 cent stamps 13,000, of 30 cent 5000, and of 90 cent only 200. The number of 1-cent postages dispensed was 3,400,000 for the quarter, and the number of 2 cent stamps 2,350,000. The belief here is that, after October 1st, the 3 cent stamp will be called in, and, as 6-cent stamps are used to a very limited extent outside of double postages, there will practically be no use for them, and they will, therefore, be abolished also. Stamps of larger denominations are used almost entirely on parcels. Taking the sales of the quarter alluded to as a basis, the saving to people in Boston who buy stamps after October 1st will amount to upward of $200,000.—Boston Herald.

Every Farmer His Own Agent.

We have been informed by the Portland branch house of G. Westinghouse & Co., Schenectady, N. Y., manufacturers of threshing machines, engines, etc., that they contemplate doing business in a new manner, providing the farmers give them proper encouragement in so doing. Their method is for the farmers to order goods direct from the Portland house, and in that manner save the large commission paid local agents. We should think the farmers should take the opportunity of showing the above firm that they appreciate this new move. We would advise farmers with old worn-out machinery to lay it aside and purchase a new Westinghouse machine. Always bear in mind that an old worn-out machine of any kind is a detriment. They fully warrant all machines sold by them, and they guarantee their engines to run with one-third less fuel and water than any engine in the market. Their thresher is a fine-appearing machine, and is making friends wherever known. Write to them at Portland for prices and terms.