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721 Market Street


THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
AT
LENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,
BY
Editor and Proprietor.

RATES:
.....$2 00
..... 1 00
..... 50


# THE COLUMBIAN.


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'n less than an hour we reached N——. nere we had barely time to take our ats in the 10 o'clock express for Lon- on. It is not possible to have a com- rtment to ourselves. An old gentle- n, white-headed, spectacled with the tempered looking face I ever saw, ied that which we entered. He nveloped in rugs and studying his per with the deepest attention. v a quick, expressive glance r of deep-set, small, black ot appear to notice our in-

...ss parliamentary de- not a comic wondered dy, jovial whispers usness ing ler

nd his ... towards

a mischiev- ettling myself over the large ading it. But husband inter- ok the papor from said, authoritatively, the train, please; I ask

t of Edgar! Was it because I ot talk to him in whispers that nt to punish me? But the words ...ely spoken—"Love, honor and ..."—came to my mind, and I quietly ded.

ve launched at York. Afterward, as tood alone by the bookstall, our fel- w traveler came up to me.

"Choosing a novel, my dear?" he asked, in the fatherly way that old men sometimes adopt even to a stranger, and and which somehow one rather likes to hear. "Take my advice—don't. Look here," he added, pointing with his walking stick to a conspicuous white placard where large black letters announced the latest news, "save the money you were about to spend on a novel and buy a penny paper instead. Can any novel hold out such promises as that? Why, that alone;" he went on, arresting his stick at the words "Horrible Discovery. A lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway carriage. The murderer at large—that alone is sufficient sensation for a whole journey. A three volume romance lies hidden under those few works. But the truth will out. Sooner or latter the British public will know all about it. Did you ever read De Quincy's 'Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts?'"

Thereupon the old man settled himself into his corner to sleep, a placid smile upon his good-natured face, and when I was sure of being unobserved I crept closer to Edgar and slipped my hand in his. "I wish we were at our journey's end. I wish we were far, far upon the sea!" I whispered, hoping thus to soothe him.

"How fervently I wish it God only knows!" he answered in the same low tones, drawing me closer to him, and I trembled as I looked up into his anxious face. Suddenly a terrible, scarcely defined fear assailed me. "Edgar," I whispered, "you are not surely afraid that anything will—will part us now!"

"Would you allow anything to part us, Leonie," he inquired sadly.

"No power on earth!" I answered. And though he did not speak I knew that he believed me.

At about 4:45 the train thundered into the railway station at King's Cross. The afternoon had been unusually dark and gloomy. A dense fog was setting in. The lamps were lighted.

Our fellow traveler, rousing from his long slumber, collected his papers and placed them in his traveling-bag. As he closed the lid he took hold of a label attached and turned it over, thus exposing the address. Without the least desire to do so, I could not help seeing what was written. It was this: "Septimus Gooderingham, Charing Cross Hotel."

The hotel we were going to ourselves. He threw his rug over his arm, took up his bag, then looking round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next moment he was lost in the crowd.

"Any luggage, sir?" asked a porter, as Edgar helped me out of the carriage.

"Yes. Darling, stay here a moment while I go and see to it."

So saying, my husband went off with the porter toward the luggage-van, and I was left standing under the full flare of a gas lamp alone.

The moments lengthened into minutes, and with every minute the crowd grew less. Cab after cab, close by where I stood, laden with boxes, drove off in turn. After what appeared an age, at length I saw three persons coming toward me. The middle one was Edgar. Plainly enough I could see three faces in the gaslight. My husband's was pale and drawn, and as I came quite near I noticed a nervous switching of the lips, though, in spite of it, he tried to smile.

"Darling," he said, with an unsteady voice, but quite loud enough to reach his companions, "darling, I cannot go with you. This—this—person,"—indicating some one of the men—"will accompany you to the Charing Cross hotel, where I telegraphed for rooms this morning. In an hour or two I hope to join you. You may be sure the business must be imperative that takes me from you."

"O Edgar! Business—now?"

"Don't make it harder for me, Leonie?" And the sorrowful, pleading tone awed me instantly into silent acquiescence.

The two men must have heard each word, but both kept their eyes averted, and the peculiar stolidity on the countenance of the one seemed to reflect itself on that of the other. With a silent hand clasp Edgar and I parted, and I was driven off in a cab as fast as the crowded state of the London streets permitted.

On reaching Charing Cross hotel, the man Edgar had sent with me on the box only waited to see the luggage in and to know the number of the apartments allotted to me—I saw him enter it in his pocketbook—and then, without a word to me, he departed.

I was shown into a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor. Numerous candles lighted up the pretty sitting-room, a bright fire burned in the grate, near which was a small round dining table laden with fruit and flowers, and covers laid for two. The quantity of lovely flowers made the air heavy with perfume.

A little later on, emerging from the bedroom, I found a waiter removing one of the covers. He inquired if he should serve dinner then. Not until my husband came, I told him.

"Pardon, madam," he said deferentially, "but the dinner was ordered at this hour, and the person who saw to the luggage said it was the gentleman's wish he should not be waited for."

"I cannot dine alone," was my only answer, with difficulty choking back a sob, and when the man had left the room I shed tears at the forlornness of my position—a husbandless bride!

Restless and feverish, I alternately paced the rooms or stood listening for the slightest sound that might herald my husband's coming. All at once my glance fell on a heap of newspapers lying on a side table, and the sight of them recalled an incident of our journey. What I wanted was easy enough to find! It occupied a conspicuous place in the first paper I took up.

When the last train reached London from the north on Saturday night a lady was discovered in a first-class carriage dead. On examining the compartment there seemed abundant evidence of a struggle having taken place. A doctor—a surgeon from one of the London hospitals, whose name for certain reasons I withhold—gave it as his opinion tha death had been caused by strangulation. That robbery had been the incentive to the terrible crime seemed only too apparent from the fact that some sovereigns and silver were scattered on the floor, also that a broken watch chain hung from the lady's pocket, whence the watch appeared to be violently wrenched. There was no clue to the unfortunate lady's identity. Her appearance and dress were both minutely described. The latest accounts stated that the police believed themselves on the right track of the dastardly perpetrators ofthe crime.

How was it, although I read this so attentively, and can even now recall every word, it yet failed at the time to produce the effect I coveted? It was powerless to make me forget even for a moment—my own forlorn position—a deserted bride.

When I had finished reading I looked at the time piece. It was nearly ten o'clock. At this moment a man was ushered in by the waiter. I recognized him at once as the same who had come on the cab from the station.

The newspaper was still lying spread out before me. Resting my hands upon it I looked at the intruder. "Do you come from Mr. Harrington?" I asked.

"I do, ma'am."

"You have brought me a message?" I said, inquiringly.

"A note."

So saying he strode forward and laid a folded slip of paper before me. A small key fell from it as I opened it. These words were scrawled in pencil:

"Dearest—Enclosed is key to my portmanteau. The bearer has my instructions.—E. H."

"I'm here to open the gentleman's portmanteau, ma'am, and the sooner you show it to me the quicker things will get done."

"But we have not been out of England," some vague old memories of custom-house duties flitting through my mind. "The portmanteau is in there," I added; for, after all, had I not proof this man was sent by Edgar?

Scarcely had I spoken when he dragged the portmanteau in from the adjoining bedroom and commenced a most careful examination of its contents. How it chafed me to see those coarse, rough hands turning over my husband's things—things which to me, his wife, would have been sacred!

Was Edgar compelled by the business which had called him away to stay all night? This interpretation of the affair occurred to me at seeing two or three articles of dress—after undergoing a strangely close scrutiny—placed on one side. Something fell from the waistcoat pocket as the man was folding it. He picked it up, looked at it eagerly, and there burst from him a sudden, uncontrollable cry of surprise.

"What is that?"

"Nothing," he answered awkward y, and thrust it into his own pocket.

"I insist on you showing me what you have got there. It belongs to my husband, and not to you, I conclude. Show it instantly," I said, for I felt sure that this man was exceeding his prerogative.

"If you insist, of course I will. But my dear lady, I'll take upon me to say that your husband would rather I did not."

"I order you."

Somewhat reluctantly, it seemed, he drew out his hand, opened it, and showed me a watch—a small gold watch. On the back was a monogram in brilliants. To the swivel hung about an inch of broken chain. Only a watch—an inch of broken chain.

From the pretty jeweled toy I looked into the face of the man. My eyes were opened then, and I knew him to be a policeman. For the moment I was a murderess myself in thought, wishing I could kill him where he stood.

"And he—Mr. Harrington—my husband—is accused of—?" I gasped, then paused.

"Of murder. It's an ugly word, but you would have it, ma'am. The gentleman said as how you knew nothing and needn't know till morning."

"But he is innocent," I cried in agony. "He could not do this thing—never—never!"

"Oh! If you can prove an alibi, he's safe enough," returned the man in tones that expressed more than doubt.

Alas! I had not seen Edgar from parting with him on Saturday afternoon until that—Monday morning. What was there I could do or say to help him?

"But where is he? Surely they will accept—bail?"

"Bail? evidence against him far too strong for that," he answered, looking with exultant satisfaction at the bundle of clothes he held in his arms. "Accused is at the—police station, where he'll stay right enough till morning. Can't waste no more time here. Good night, ma'am."

Summoning the waiter, I said to him as collectedly as I could: "There is an old gentleman here, called Gooderingham—Mr. Septimus Gooderingham. I wish to see him immediately. Find me this number and this is yours." So saying I laid a golden bribe upon the table. The waiter was not long in earning his reward. I heard the handle turn, and Mr. Gooderingham came in. "My husband has been arrested—charged with that dreadful crime you were reading of. He was innocent—I know that he was innocent. We were only married this morning. Mr. Gooderingham, something tells me you can save him."

Mr. Gooderingham sat for some moments silent, lost in thought. Presently he asked: "By the bye, you said there was a diamond monogram upon the watch?"

"Yes. The letters were quite plain—they were 'M. G.'"

If I had suddenly accused him of the murder he could hardly have started more visibly.

"What?" he cried, bending forward and grasping spasmodically both arms of his chair: "Not M. G. in Roman letters, on a dark blue ground? Don't tell me that. Don't, don't."

But it is the truth, Mr. Gooderingham. You have described the watch exactly. These two letters stood out quite clearly on a ground of dark enamel. But you have discovered a clew! Tell me—for pity sake, tell me——"

He jumped up, seized his hat, and was rushing from the room. Vainly I sought to bar his passage.

"Useless to detain me. I can't explain. In the morning I will tell you all I know. It may be all a mistake, but—dear! it's coming perilously near home."

With these enigmatical words he left me and hurried down the stairs. Then slowly and sadly I sought my room, where, sitting down beside the window, I kept my lonely vigil. When midnight struck I knew my wedding day was ended.

Some time after noon a commissionaire brought me a tiny, twisted note. It contained these words, written in pencil, hurriedly, in Edgar's hand: "All is well. In an hour or less I shall be with you." But the reaction was too much. I flung myself upon the bed and sobbed aloud.

A short half hour more and I was in Edgar's arms, laughing and crying alternately at the strange joy of it, and in my newly-found happiness, forgetting to inquire, and scarce caring to know, how it had come about. But after a little time I knew, and, as brifly as possible, I will relate it here.

When Edgar reached N——, after parting with me on Saturday afternoon, he found a telegram awaiting him from the firm of engineers who had given him the Indian appointment. It is stated that the head of the firm was obliged, unexpectedly, to start for Paris next day, and desired Edgar, if possible, to meet him in London first to receive his final instructions. There was just time to save the 4 o'clock express to town, and Edgar left by it, judging it best not to inform me of his sudden and unexpected departure. He traveled alone from York to Peterborough.

At the last named station, when, after a few minutes' delay the train was on the point of starting, a young lady, apparently in a state of considreable excitement, ran along the platform and pushing past the guard, who was about to close the door, jumped into the carriage beside my husband. They had proceeded some distance before she had sufficiently recovered breath to speak, but at last, in gasps, she made him understand that she had no ticket and no money; that she had run away from some great danger, and if he would have pity on her and furnish her with sufficient funds to pursue her journey she would give him the address of her uncle, by whom he would be repaid. Her strange, excited manner alarmed my husband. Hoping to calm her he handed her his purse, requesting her to take what money she required. He saw her help herself to gold and silver. Then, with the money and purse still in her hand, she took out her watch and tried apparently to detach it from the chain. Too impatient to effect this properly, she tore it off by sheer force, breaking at the same time the slender, plain chain of Indian gold to which it was fastened. Then, placing the watch, together with the purse, in Edgar's hand, she said:

"Take that to Uncle Septimus; he will recognize it and will repay you. I particularly want him to have the watch. His address—"

She never spoke again, but, with a stifled cry, fell on the floor of the carriage, struggling and writhing in mortal agony. Edgar, guessing this to be either some paroxysm of madness or some sort of fit, grappled with her with all his might, but his utmost natural strength was slight compared with that of frenzy. How long the dreadful struggle lasted he could not guess. In vain he attempted to signal to the guard to stop the train; his hands were too closely occupied in holding the unfortunate girl down upon the floor. At last she lay quite still, but when thus enabled to relax his hold, life had fled. He raised her, placed her on the seat, and then the awkwardness of his own position occured to him for the first time.

The fact of a lady being found dead in the train would necessitate an inquiry, and he, Edgar, as the only person cognizant of the circumstances of her death, would be required to attend such inquiry. This would inevitably cause delay, and delay to Edgar at this particular juncture of his life meant certain ruin to all his prospects, the one stipulation regarding his Indian appointment being that he must start on Wednesday without fail. This last thought decided him. He determined that, voluntarily, he would say nothing of the terrible tragedy he had witnessed. He entirely forgot the watch which, in his haste to render assistance to the poor girl, he had thrust hurriedly into his pocket. He had forgot the money which had fallen to the ground when she was first seized; but with a sad feeling at his heart and a conscience that all the time upbraided him sorely, he removed, as far as he was able, the traces of the encounter from his clothes and person. The instant the train reached King's Cross, at twenty minutes to eleven, he gave up his ticket and was out of the station probably before many of the passengers had even left their carriages.

He next went into a restaurant, and there the idea occurred to him that the removal of his moustache might aid in frustrating any attempt to identify him as the traveling companion of the unfortunate girl. The interview with his employer was accomplished satisfactorily, and he left London again for the north by the 1:42 train on Sunday morning.

Having made the return journey without recognition, he hoped all would now be well. It was not until he saw the newspaper account of the affair on his way to Lesscar on Monday morning that he realized the horror of the situation, and then, when too late, deeply regretted the part he had taken. There appeared nothing for it now but to let events take their natural course. There was still the chance he might be able to leave England without discovery. He would risk that chance; and, if fate favored him, he would write a detailed account of the whole sad story and send it to the newspapers. Fate did not favor him. He was seen and recognized at Peterborough, and a telegram to Scotland Yard caused two detectives in plain clothes to be in waiting at King's Cross.

When told of the charge laid against him, Edgar contented himself with simply asserting his innocence, and professed his entire readiness to go to—police station and explain everything before the proper authorities. Now for the part Mr. Gooderingham played in the affair. Late as it was when he left me he managed to gain access to the room where the body of the poor girl lay and at once identified it as that of his niece and only living relation. She had been subject to epileptic fits since childhood, and owing to their increased severity had been placed by her uncle, within the last few months, under the care of a doctor in Huntingdonshire, who gave particular attention to such cases. During his temporary absence and by means which need not be detailed here, she managed to escape from the custody of those who had charge of her.

"And now," said Edgar, when he had told me this, "thanks solely, I believe, to the wonderful chance that threw Mr. Septimus Gooderingham across our path, my character is not only completely cleared from the horrible charge, but what I had scarcely dared to hope, we can sail for India on Wednesday without let or hindrance."

Ah, well, we are happy now. But I may safely say that never in all our lives to come shall we commemorate with anything like rejoicing, the anniversary of our terrible wedding-day.

## An Anecdote of Longfellow.

Rev. James B. Kenyon describes in the Syracuse Chistian Advocate a visit to Boston in June, 1881, and tells how he spent one morning in attendance to certain publishing interests in the city, and met "Aldrich, the present editor of the Atlantic, a dapper little man, with waxen moustache and a nervous, open, genial manner," and in the afternoon went to Cambridge "to that pleasant, old-fashioned country seat where Longfellow passed so many melodious years of his life." In the course of the narrative occurs the following. "Longfellow's courtesy was the outgrowth of his nature. A simpler, nobler bearing I have never known. There was no labored politeness, no straining at mere etiquette, but you felt at once that you were in the presence of a gentleman—one of nature's rare and finished spirits. I shall never forget the exquisite grace with which he proferred B. and myself a cigarette (undoubtedly a costly kind), and my only regret has been that we did not have an equal grace to accept it; even though we had not used it there we might have requested to keep the tiny gift as a memorial of that day and of the artless and beautiful courtesy which prompted it. The post that day furnished us with several humorous instances of visits which he had received from various persons at various times. Some of these anecdotes I have already seen in print, all of them varying more or less from Mr. Longfellow's own relation of them. One especially has entirely lost its point, as I have seen it printed. As the poet related it to us, it ran as follows: One day a knock was heard at the door, when Mr. Longfellow answered in person. The poet at once recognized his visitor, both by his accent and dress, as a Western rustic. As his custom was, Mr. Longfellow invited the man to step in. Once fairly in the house, the fellow gazed curiously around, and at last said: 'Is this the house that George Washington once occupied?' Mr. Longfellow answered: 'It is.' 'Well, by the way,' said the rustic, 'might I ask who the party is that occupies it at present?' 'Certainly,' replied the poet, 'my name is Longfellow.' 'Longfeller, Longfeller,' drawled the 'sinew of the West,' 'you don't mean Henry W. Longfellow?' 'That is my name,' answered the poet. 'Well, I vum,' said the rustic, 'that beats me; why, I thought that Henry W. Longfellow died before Washington was born!'"

A CATFISH CAUSES TROUBLE.—For several days the Rock Island waterworks have been practically useless. The authorities telegraphed to Ira Holly, and he having concluded an examination made a special report to the city council. He found that the pumps were working with power that should produce 27,000,000 gallons per day, but that the city was only getting about 6,000,000 gallons. Taking the pumps apart he found in them a catfish three feet nine inches long and weighing fifty pounds. Upon removing the fish, which had to be done in sections, the pumps worked all right.

A tailor's goose—the dude.—Boston Star.

## A Peculiar Divorce Suit.

David Holtz, in an action in the Court of Common Pleas, is seeking to have his marriage with Pauline Moses annulled. In his complaint he says that he became engaged to Miss Moses on the 1st of April last. At that time she and her relations represented to him, he being a foreigner, that it was necessary under the laws of this state that the marriage should be performed by some official at the city hall. He objected to this sort of proceeding, as he desired to consult his mother, and also become better acquainted with Miss Moses.

He was told, however, that the ceremony would not be binding upon them, and that an actual marriage would take place afteward by a Rabbi. He was induced to consant to the marriage at the city hall, which was performed by one of the aldermen, and on the 15th of April another ceremony was performed by the Hebrew minister. On the morning of April 16th, he declares that his wife became insane, and that some time afterward she was taken to the Blackwell's Island insane asylum.

Mr. Holtz charges upon information and belief, that his wife has been a lunatic for some years, and that she has been confined in an asylum several times. He says, moreover, that occasionally she has lucid intervals of from five days to twelve months, and while in this condition appears to be perfectly sane. He declares that she was aware that she was insane, and that she was led to believe that if she got married she could be cured. Mr. Holtz charges that her relatives kept from him the fact that Miss Moses was insane, that they wanted him to marry her, and that the marriage occurred while she was in a sane condition. He declares that since he ascertained that she was insane he has not lived with her, and he asks that the marriage shall be annulled.

The case was before Judge J. F. Daly yesterday in the court of common pleas. Several affidavits were presented showing that Mrs. Holtz was in no condition to be served with the summons. Morris J. Friedlander, plaintiff's counsel, asserted that Dr. Thomas M. Franklin, the physician at the asylum, asserted that Mrs. Holtz was in no condition to be served with the papers, and he refused to allow her to be served. The papers were placed in the hands of the sheriff, who also failed to serve them. An affidavit made by the plaintiff himself stated that he had never seen the girl's father, but he believes that he is a lunatic and has been for ten years. Judge Daly directed that the summons in the suit should be served personally upon Mrs. Holtz, Dr. Franklin and Mrs. Annie Moses, the girl's mother.

## Garrison Life.

Reveille roll-call is sounded at sunrise. Then all the enlisted men of the garrison form in front of their respective company quarters or barrack buildings and answer to their names, which are called by the first sergeant. The first sergeant reports the result of the roll call to his company officer, who in turn reports it to the officer of the day, who, standing in the center of the parade ground, receives the reports, which he in turn hands over to the commanding officer later on, during office hours.

Directly after reveille the men have stables and then breakfast.

6 A. M. goes sick call, when the lame, the halt and the blind not already in the hospital, and who are in need of medical attendance, report to the surgeon in charge and have their ills attended to.

At 7 o'clock A. M. fatigue call is sounded, and the different working parties are assigned to the several duties, and at 8 o'clock is heard the first call for guard mount. This is a beautiful ceremony, and in reality inaugurates the new military day, as an entire change of the guard details is made, the new men marching on duty and relieving the old guard of its 24 hours of watching. After the mount there is a drill for two hours. All the officers and all the men who are not on duty at this time attend the drill. The private soldiers are instructed in the manual of arms, tactical movements and the general use of the service rifle. Recall from all duty is announced on the bugle at 11 o'clock, and the men rest themselves until 1 o'clock, when fatigue call is again heard and work resumed. Recall is given at 4 o'clock, and supper soon after. Precisely at sundown is heard the first call for retreat and 10 minutes later the assembly. The men again fall in ranks to answer to their names, and an undress parade is gone through with. Sometimes this is varied by dress parade, which is one of the finest ceremonies known to the military service. Tattoo is beaten at 9 o'clock P. M., when all must be present once more to answer to their names, and fifteen minutes later the sound of the "taps" is heard, all lights are extinguished and sleep becomes the business of the hour. This ends the routine of duty for the enlisted men.

## Japanese Cremation.

A Japanese cremation costs about $1. One shilling's worth of fuel is the average consumption required for each body. Granite supports are laid in pairs along the earthen floor, and on these the coffin-chests are placed at 8 P. M., when the well-dried faggots beneath are kindled. The fires are replenished from time to time, and at 6 A. M. the man in charge goes round the building, and from each hearth collects and stores in a separate urn the handful of ashes which alone remains. Some wealthy families secure the services of Buddhist priests to watch all night beside these funeral pyres, but this is considered quite a work of supererogation. After the religious service in the house the further attendance of the priests is optional; but in many cases they return on the morrow to officiate at the interment of the ashes.

Mr. Musset says in a recent paper upon the influence of the moon upon the direction of the plant growth: "Plants of phototropic sensibility were grown from seeds in pots in a very dark place; then on three nights exposed at a window to direct moonlight, the stems bent over towards the moon and followed it in its course.

## ALL SORTS.

A good man—The man who is good to me.

"There's plenty of room at the top," is very true of dudes.

One of the best stops to a hand-organ is a pewter dime.

Truth calls her "that seductive saltimbanque, Sarah Bernhardt."

General Ord's widow, son and two daughters are in Washington.

Modjeska is making a study of the Mexicans and Indians in Santa Fe.

The up-town streets have the appearance of not having been cleaned for years.

No matter how bad a temper one may have, he should never lose it.

"Died of scrawfully," was the brief wording of a Michigan doctor's certificate.

Miss Emma Nevada, the singer, is seeking recreation by a horseback trip through Bohemia.

Mr. Sargent, the American Minister to Germany, will return home some time during September.

J. Armory Knox, the funny man and duelist of the Texas Siftings, was once a dry goods clerk in Augusta.

Mahone claims the credit for having increased the number of free schools in Virginia from 2,000 to 6,000.

The general understanding is that a patient is not out of danger until the doctor has been discharged.

So long as base ball reports continue to come regularly, nobody will believe that the telegraph company is embarrassed.

The difference of forty years between the ages of a Michigan bride and bridegroom was against the woman, who was seventy-two.

The Portland Advertiser thinks Dorsey declined the offer of the Interior portfolio because the Star-route portfolio paid better.

It is a Chicago scientist's prediction that if pointed shoes remain in use human toes will eventually be obliterated among civilized people.

Gail Hamilton (Miss Abigail Dodge) is described as a plain, brown-eyed lady of the most unpretending type.

Robert L. Ream, father of Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptor, has been appointed special agent of the general land office.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is living almost the life of a recluse at West Gloucester, Mass., and working diligently at a new story.

There are many decent and respectable people who will regret to learn that Mrs. Langtry will return to this country next fall and visit San Francisco.

Crushed banana is a new color. If it is the color of the stars a man sees after he has accidentally crushed a banana with his feet the tint must be very brilliant.

DEPARTED.

Tom Thumb is gone and Langtry's sailed!
O woful, sadful diminution!
Let Time well mark the day we wailed
For Lily and the Lilliputian.

Charles G. Reynolds, the bookkeeper in the office of the Boston City Treasurer, has held his position for more than forty years. He is now eighty-two years of age.

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.

A telegraph operator confined in the penitentiary at Leavenworth has sent a message to the manager of the strike, asking for the signal. He says he wants to "go out."

The city marshal of Dodge City, Kan., will be a candidate for re-election, and bases his claim upon the fact that he has killed a cowboy at a distance of three hundred yards.

The Saturday Review says "the people of Great Britain eat too much." One wouldn't suppose so from the appearance of some specimens recently sent over to this country.

A Boston school girl cannot be made to speak of overalls. She prefers to call them superomnes. Now let some of those wild Western sheets again sneer at our culture, if they dare.

They thought they heard burglars in the house last week; and in going down stairs to investigate Bibbs said to his wife: "You go first; it's a mean man who would shoot a woman."

The new preacher, who made such a wonderfully favorable impression on a Boston audience, on the occasion of his trial sermon, said: "The children of Israel were repeatedly on the point of manumission, but at the last moment the Lord afflicted Pharaoh with auricular ossification."

A Washington county man has, after a long search, found the cradle in which he was rocked when a baby, also the cradle with which he cut his first dozen of wheat. He has the switch with which he was first whipped for going fishing on Sunday; also the switch his wife wore when he first met her.

"Do you ever have a sort of lassitudal feeling just after dinner, a kind of creeping tiredness all over, and a desire to sit down and rest for a year or two?" asked the man on the soap box. "Well, yes," said the man on the mackerel barrel, "only the feeling comes over me earlier in the day. It strikes me just after breakfast."

Seasickness is the result of reflex irritations arising from little surprises to the muscles, and shocks to the nerves engaged in performing certain important functions—notably of locomotion, respiration and vision—and when the groups of muscles thus engaged are once educated to the surrounding circumstances, the nervous revulsions are not experienced.

Madame Hurtelle, a lady of position in Paris, has been arrested for drunkenness. In defense she said she had read that the surest way of preserving furs from the ravages of moths was to store them away in an empty spirit cask. She accordingly purchased one and confided to it her cloak. The weather being chilly, she required the garment, and the alcoholic fumes produced intoxication. She was acquitted.