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THE COLUMBIAN.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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NOT WHOLLY DEAD.

We call them dead, the loved and lost
Whose faces dear no more we see.
Those who the solemn bound have crossed
That borders vast Eternity.

Yet all that in their lives was sweet—
The words they spake, the smiles they gave,
That kindly acts love made complete—
Passed not with them into the grave.

For these their blessed influence
Still round our pathway sweetly cast,
And open to the soul's pure sense
The dearest memories of the past.

We lay our precious dead away,
No longer their fair forms we see,
And part of our lives died the day
Their mortal being ceased to be.

The loving ways that made them dear,
Their gentleness untouched by art,
In sweet impressions linger here,
For of ourselves they are a part.

Our aims these loved ones helped to cast
In honor's mould; they planted seeds
Of hope within us that at last
Were ripened into life's best deeds.

And though no more their hands we press,
Though they have vanished from our side,
The glory of their loveliness
Faded not with them when they died.

The sweet companionship we miss
As we recall the words they said,
But in our souls their presence is—
We cannot call them wholly dead.

WAS IT THE SOUL OF THE BURGOMASTER?

I have always professed a high esteem, and even a sort of veneration, for the noble wine of the Rhine; it sparkles like champagne; it warms one like burgundy, it lubricates the throat like bordeaux, it stimulates the imagination like the liquors of Spain, it renders us tender like the lachryma Christi; in fine, and above all, it makes us dream and unfolds to our eyes the vast realms of phantasy.

In the fall of 1846 I decided to make a pilgrimage to Johannisberg.

Mounted on a miserable horse with hollow flanks, to whose intercostal cavities I had disposed two canteens, I was making the journey by short stages.

What an admirable spectacle wine-culture is! One of my cans was always empty, the other one always full. My only regret was to be unable to share my pleasure with one capable of appreciating it. One evening, when a few sunbeams were still lingering among the large vine leaves, I heard the trot of a horse behind me. I turned slightly to the left to leave him a free passage, when to my great surprise I recognized my friend Hippel. You know Hippel, his fleshy nose, his special mouth for degustation, his stomach built in three stories. He looked like the good Silene pursuing the god Bacchus.

Hippel was traveling with the same object as myself; a distinguished amateur, he wished to fix his opinion about the shade of certain hills, concerning which he had always entertained some doubts. We continued the road in company, halting now and then to inspect our canteens.

The night was already advanced when we arrived at a small tavern on the hillside.

We dismounted. Hippel glanced through a small window, almost on a level with the ground. There was an old woman asleep near a table on which was a lighted lamp.

"Hi!" cried my companion, "open the door, mother."

The old woman startled, arose, came to the window, and pressed her old shrunken face against the panes.

When the old sibyl had distinguished us, she grimaced a smile and opened the door.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," said she, in a trembling voice, "I shall awake my son; make yourselves at home."

"Let us have oats for our horses and a good supper for us," cried Hippel.

"Yes, yes," hastened to say the old woman.

She went out and we heard her ascend stairs more perpendicular than those of Jacob.

We remained a few minutes in a low and smoky dining-room. Hippel made a tour of the kitchen, and returned caressing his stomach.

"We shall have some supper, yet," said he. In effect it was placed on the table shortly after—a fine ham, a bottle on each side, one of red wine, the other of white.

"Which do you prefer?" asked the hostess.

"I must taste it first," answered Hippel, handing his glass to the old woman who had poured him red wine. She also filled mine. We tasted it. It was a strong and sharp wine. It had a peculiar taste, a perfume of cypress. I drank a few drops and a profound sadness took possession of my very soul. Hippel, on the contrary, clapped his tongue with an air of satisfaction.

"Famous!" said he, "famous! Where do you get it, good woman?"

"From a hill in the neighborhood," said she, with a strange smile.

"Famous hill," aswered Hippel, filling his glass again. It seemed to me that he was drinking blood.

"What a face you make, Ludwig," said he, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," I replied, "but I don't like that red wine."

"There is no disputing with tastes," observed Hippel, emptying the bottle.

"Some more," he called; "some more, and exactly the same. Ah! that's a generous, vivying wine."

Hippel leaned back in his chair. His face seemed to become decomposed. I emptied the bottle of white wine at a draught and joy seemed to return to my heart. My friend's preference for red wine seemed ridiculous, though excusable.

We continued to drink until 1 o'clock in the morning. He the red, and I the white wine. One o'clock! It is the hour when celestial music tickles the ear of the dreamer, and whispers in the soul the harmony of invisible spheres. It is the hour when mice gambol on the floor, and bats unfold their velvety wings and sail silently over our heads.

"One o'clock!" said I to my comrade, "we must rest if we wish to start in the morning."

Hippel arose, tottering. The old woman conducted us to a room with two beds and wished us a sound sleep. We undressed, and I remained the last to put out the light. I had scarcely touched my bed when Hippel was in a profound sleep. His respiration resembled the rroa of the tempest. I could not close my eyes. A thousand fantastic figures were flying around me. Imps and witches were executing their cabalistic dances on the ceiling. Singular effect of the white wine! I arose, lighted my lamp, and, drawn by an invincible curiosity, I approached Hippel's bed. His face was red, his mouth partly open, the blood seemed to beat in his temples, his lips moved as if he wished to speak. I remained immobile, near him, and should have liked to look to the very bottom of his soul, but sleep is an impenetrable mystery; like death, it keeps its secrets. At times Hippel's face expressed terror, then sadness; sometimes it seemed to contract as if he was going to cry. That good face, made for laughter, had a strange character under the impress of pain.

What was passing at the bottom of this abyss! I saw full well the waves on the surface, but whence came the profound commotions? All at once the sleeper arose, his lids opened and I saw that his eyes were white. Every muscle in his face was quivering, his lips seemed to wish to make a cry of horror. Then he fell back and I heard a sob. "Hippel! Hippel!" I screamed, pouring a pitcher of water over his head.

He awoke.

"Ah! thank God, it was a dream! I am so glad that you awoke me."

"Very well; but you must tell me your dream."

"Yes—to-morrow. Let me sleep. I am sleepy."

"Hippel, you are ungrateful; it will be all forgotten to-morrow."

"Cordieu! leave me alone; I am asleep."

I would not listen to it.

"Hippel, you will dream again, and this time I shall leave you to your fate without mercy."

These words produced a magical effect.

"Dream again!" he yelled, jumping out of bed. "My clothes, quick! My horse! I am going. This house is haunted. You are right, Ludwig, the devil inhabits these walls. Let us go!"

He dressed himself hurriedly. Then I stopped him.

"Hippel," said I, "why should we run away? It is only 3 o'clock, let us rest."

I opened the window, and his fears vanished as the fresh night air came in. Leaning on the window sill he related what follows:

"We were talking yesterday of the famous vineyards of Rhinsau," said he. "Although I have never been in that section, my mind was undoubtedly preoccupied with it, and the rich wine I drank gave a somber shade to my ideas. What is most astonishing is that I imagined, in my dream, that I was the burgomaster of Welche (neighboring village), and I was so identified with that man that I could describe him like myself. This burgomaster was a man of middle hight, and almost as big as myself. He wore a coat with long basques and brass buttons. Down his pantalopns was another row of small buttons like nail heads. A three-cornered hat covered his bald head; in fine he was a man of a stupid gravity, drinking only water, and thinking only of money. As I had taken the clothes of the burgomaster, so had I taken his character. I should have despised myself, I, Hippel, if I could have recognized myself—beastly burgomaster that I was. Is it not better to live gayly and laugh at the future than to pile up dollars and distill bile? But that's all right—here I am, burgomaster.

"I arise from my bed, and my first thought is to see if the men are at work in the vines. I put some bread in my pocket for breakfast. Think of it; I, who eat my cutlet and drink my bottle every morning. I order the old housekeeper to sweep the room and prepare dinner at 11 o'clock—some boiled meat and potatoes, I think—a miserable dinner. But no matter. He goes out. I could describe you the road, the mountains; they are right under my eyes. Is it possible that a man in his dreams can thus conjure up a landscape? But during all that time I felt a sort of dizziness, an indescribable headache. I walked faster. The sun arose and the heat became excessive. I was following a path which led to the ruins of an old castle, and a little beyond were my four acres of vines. I hastened to get there. I was all out of breath as I reached the ruins. I stopped. The blood seemed roaring in my ears. My heart was beating against my breast like a hammer on an anvil. The sun was all on fire. I wished to continue my road, but suddenly I was struck as if by a mallet. I rolled behind the wall and I understood that I was suddenly struck with apoplexy. Then despair took possession of me. "I am dead," said I to myself; "the money that I have saved with so much hardship, the trees that I have planted with so much care, the house that I built, all that is lost, all passes to my heirs!"

I felt my soul detaching itself from my cadaver, but it remained standing beside it.

That soul of the burgomaster saw that its cadaver's face was purple and its hands were yellow.

As it was very warm and a deathly sweat was rolling from the forehead, a host of flies alighted on his face. The cadaver did not stir, and the soul in distress could not drive them away. An hour passed. The heat was increasing, there was not a breath of air, not a cloud.

A goat wandered along the ruins. In passing by my poor body she bounded to one side; then came back, opened her eyes wide, sniffed around and continued on her way. A young shepherd started after her, but, on perceiving the corpse, he screamed and ran toward the village.

Another hour passed, as slowly as eternity. Then some voices, some steps, and my soul saw ascending slowly, slowly, the justice of the peace, followed by his clerk and a number of persons. I knew them all. They made but one exclamation at the sight of my body: "Our burgomaster!"

The physician drew near, drove the flies away, raised an arm already stiff, and said, indifferently:

"Our burgomaster has been struck with apoplexy. He must have been here since morning. He must be buried as soon as possible, for this heat hastens decomposition."

"Faith," said the clerk, "between us, the district does not lose much. He was a miser and an imbecile, who did not know anything."

"Yes," added the judge, "and he always looked as if he wanted to criticise everybody."

"That is not surprising," continued another, "fools always imagine they have brains."

So saying, they walked off and my poor soul heard them a few moments longer; then I remained in silence and solitude I don't know how long.

They returned, however, and cursed the weight of the burgomaster, whose body they were carrying, while my soul followed plunged in the blackest of grief. Finally I was deposited in a room on a strawbed, and passed in review. When one of my cousins wished to take the keys from my pocket, I wanted to cry with rage, but unfortunately souls have no voice. Finally, my dear Ludwig, I saw them open my desk, count all my money and although I could never need anything more, I grudged every cent they took.

At last they undressed me, nailed me between four boards and I assisted at my own funeral. When they lowered me into the grave despair gnawed at my soul; all was lost. It was then that you woke me Ludwig; and I fancy that I still hear the clods rolling over my coffin."

Hippel stopped and shuddered, chilled through.

We remained a long time meditating, without a word; then went to the dining-room. The host served us the remnants of our supper, filled one of my canteens with white wine, the other with red, saddled our horses and wished us a "bon voyage." We were hot half a mile from the inn when my friend Hippel, always thirsty, took a drink of red wine. He seemed seized with vertigo. "My dream! My dream of last night!"

He started at a gallop, as if to escape the vision. My nag forced me to lag behind.

With the first rays of the sun Hippel stopped and waited for me.

"I don't know," said he, "what dark thoughts have taken possession of me. That red wine must have some singular property; it flatters my throat, but it attacks my brain."

"We cannot deny," I replied, "that certain liquors contain in themselves the principles of phantasmagoria even. I have seen cheerful men become sad, sad men become gay, smart men become stupid and stupid men become smart with a few glasses of wine in their stomachs. It is a deep mystery, and no one is so insane as to doubt the magic power of the bottle. Is it not the scepter of a superior incomprehensible force, before which we must bow, since we sometimes feel its divine or diabolical influence?"

Hippel recognized the force of my arguments and remained silent and lost in a reverie.

We jogged along awhile, when suddenly Hippel halted, his mouth opened, his hands stretched in the attitude of stupor, then, like a flash, he turned to flee, but I seized the bridle of his horse.

"Hippel, what on earth is the matter?" I exclaimed. "Has Satan laid himself in ambush before you? Has the angel of Balaam made his dagger shine before your eyes?"

"Leave me alone," he said, struggling; "it's my dream!"

"Come," I said, "calm yourself. Red wine evidently does not agree with you. Take a drink of this wine; you will find it better."

He drank with avidity, and somewhat recovered his equilibrium.

We emptied that red wine which had become black as ink. It formed large bubbles as it sank through the ground, and it seemed to me that I heard deafening roars, confused voices, sighs, but so faint that they seemed to come from distant regions. Hippel was too excited to notice this phenomenon, but I was profoundly impressed with it. At that moment I saw a blackbird, as large as my fist, escape from one of the bushes and fly away with a little cry of terror.

"I feel," Hippel, "as if two opposite principles were contending for supremacy within me—the black and the white—the principal of good and that of evil. Let us go!"

We continued on our way. "Ludwig," said my companion soon after, "there are such strange things in this world that the mind trembles in humility. You know that I have been through this country. Well, yesterday I dreamed and to-day I see the reality of my dream rise up before me. Look at this landscape, it is the same I saw in my sleep. Here are the ruins of the old castle where I was struck with apoplexy. Here is the path that I went over and there are my four acres of vine. There is not a tree, not a bush that I don't recognize as if I had seen them a hundred times. When we shall have turned the corner, we shall see at the end of the valley the village of Welche; the second house to the right is that of the burgomaster; it has five windows and above, in front, and four below and the door. To the left of my house, that is to say, that of the burgomaster, you will see a barn and a stable, that is where I used to shut up my horses and cattle. Finally, my dear Ludwig, I am resuscitated just as you me. The poor burgomaster looks at you through my eyes, he speaks to you through my lips, and if I do not recollect that before being burgomaster, miser, rich proprietor, I have been Hippel, the high liver, I should hesitate to say who I am, for what I see recalls to me another existence, other habits, other ideas."

All happened as he had predicted. We perceived the village at a distance, the houses scattered along the river, and the second house to the right had in effect been that of the burgomaster.

All the individuals we met Hippel had a vague recollecion of having seen them; some seemed so familiar that he was on the point of calling them by name; but the word remained on his tongue and he could not detach it from other recollections. Besides, seeing the indifferent curiosity with which we were looked at assured Hippel that we were unknown, and that his form was a complete mask for the defunct soul of the burgomaster.

We stopped at the inn that my friend pointed out as the best in the village; he had been acquainted with it a long time.

A new surprise awaited us. The mistress of the inn was a fat woman, a widow for many years, and whom the burgomaster had courted for a wife. Hippel was tempted to put his arms around her, so quickly did his old sympathies revive. However, he controlled himself. The veritable Hippel was combatting in him the matrimonial tendencies of the burgomaster. He contented himself with asking in the most amiable manner for a good breakfast and the best wine possible. When we were seated a very natural curiosity impelled him to inquire what had taken place since his death.

"Madame," he said to the hostess, with a flattering smile, "you were undoubtedly acquainted with the former burgomaster of Welche?"

"Do you mean the one who died of apoplexy three years ago?" she asked.

"Precisely" replied my comrade, fixing a peculiar look upon the lady.

"Oh, yes; I knew the old miser; the old fool wanted to marry me. If I had known the old fool was going to die so soon I should have taken him. He proposed that the first one to die should leave all the property to the survivor."

That answer somewhat disconcerted my dear Hippel. The self-love of the burgomaster was terribly wounded within him. However, he restrained himself.

"And so, madame, you did not like him?"

"Like him! How can a woman like a man who is so miserly, dirty and repulsive?"

Hippel arose and looked at himself in the glass. He smiled at his full, rosy cheeks and returned to finish his chicken.

"Was he any relative of your?" asked the hostess.

"I! I did not even know him. I was only saying that some are ugly; others are good-looking. Because my nose is on the middle of my face like your burgomaster, it does not follow that I must look like him."

"Oh, no," hastened to say the woman; "you have no family resemblance at all."

"Besides, I am not stingy, which demonstrates that I cannot be your burgomaster. Bring me two more bottles of wine."

The lady disappeared and I seized the occasion to warn Hippel not to rush in conversations which might betray his incognito.

"For who do you take me, Ludwig?" he yelled, furiously. "I want you to know that I am no more the burgomaster than you are, and the proof is that my papers are 'en regle.'"

He drew out his passport. The hostess was just entering.

"Madame," said he, "did your burgomaster answer this description!"

He read: "Medium forehead, large nose, thick lips, gray eyes, medium hight, brown hair."

"Pretty near," said the lady, "except that he was bald."

Hippel passed his hand through his hair, exclaiming.

"The burgomaster was bald, but no one can pretend that I am."

The hostess thought that my friend was crazy, but as he paid her on arising, she did not say anything.

At the door Hippel turned to me roughly, saying, "Let us go."

"One moment, my dear friend," I said, "you must first take me to the cemetery where the burgomaster is reposing."

"Never," he shouted, "never! Do you want to throw me into Satan's claws? I, standing over my own grave! But that would be contrary to all the laws of nature. Surely you don't think of it, Ludwig?"

"Calm yourself, Hippel. You are this very moment under the empire of invisible powers. They are holding you in such transparent toils that you can't see them. You must make an effort to dispel them. You must make restitution of the soul of the burgomaster, and that is possible only over his grave. You don't want to be the thief of that soul; that would be a manifest larceny. I know your delicacy too well to suppose you capable of such infamy."

These invincible arguments dicided him.

"Very well," said he, "I shall have the courage to tread under my feet those remains, the heaviest half of which I carry with me. Ah! thank God, no such robbery shall be imputed to me, Ludwig. I shall lead you."

He walked with rapid, precipitate steps, his hat in his hand, his hair flying, shaking his arms, stretching his legs, like a wretch who performs the last act of despair, and has to excite himself in order not to fail. At last we reached the cemetery.

In a corner was the charnel house, at the other was a cottage with a small garden.

Hippel rushed in the room. The grave digger was there, sculpting a cross and so absorbed in his work that he arose, quite frightened at the approach of Hippel. My comrade fixed on him a pair of eyes that must have horrified him.

"My good man," said I, "will you lead us to the grave of the burgomaster."

"I know where it is," cried Hippel, and without waiting for an answer he rushed like a lunatic among the graves.

"Here we are!"

The genius of evil had evidently taken possession of him, for he knocked down a while cross, with a crown of roses—the cross of a little child.

The grave digger and I followed from afar. The cemetery was large. Rank weeds of a dark green were as high as three feet. Cypresses dragged their branches over the ground, but what struck me at first sight was a clump of vines so magnificently loaded with grapes that the branches were lying thickly over each other.

I said to the grave digger, "You have a small vineyard there which must be quite profitable.

"Oh! very little," he replied in a doleful tone, "what comes from the grave returns to the grave. Nobody wants these grapes."

I examined this man. He had a false look; a diabolical smile contracted his lips and his cheeks. I did not believe what he said.

We arrived at the grave of the burgomaster. It was close to the wall. Right in front was that enormous vine, full of sap like a boa. Its roots penetrated undoubtedly into the coffins and disputed their prey with the worms. Moreover, its grapes were of a purple red, while those of the other vines were of white slightly tinged with vermillion. Hippel was leaning against that vine and seemed a little calmer.

"You don't eat those grapes," I said to the grave digger, "but you sell them."

He turned pale and made a gesture in the negative.

"You sell them in the village of Welche, and I can name you the tavern where your wine is drunk," I exclaimed; "it is the inn of the Fleur-de-Lis."

The grave-digger trembled in every limb. Hippel tried to grasp that wretch by the throat, and all my strength and intervention was required to prevent him from tearing him to pieces.

"Scoundrel!" he yelled. "You have made me drink the quintesscence of the burgomaster. I have lost my identity." But all at once a bright idea struck him. He turned towards the wall and taking the celebrated atttitude of those attacked with seasickness he rendered unto the earth the substance which had drawn its sustenance from the earth.

"Thank God!" said he, as he came back to me. "I have returned unto the earth the soul of the burgomaster, and I feel relieved of an enormous weight."

An hour later we continued our route and my friend Hippel had recovered his normal cheerfulness.

A SHORT GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

In one of Byron's poems we find these lines:

"A drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands perhaps
Millions, think."

It is often a work of love to the interested student of literature to trace back these drops till they flow directly from the facile pen of a brilliant author, to note his style of chirography, his methods of composition, and the happy occasion that gave birth to some of those wonderful word paintings which grace the mother tongue and thrill our hearts with their inspiration.

Among the famous men of our own country there is one who will always be remembered by his atrocious handwriting—Horace Greeley, the sage of Chappaqua. His manuscript was very illegible. Fancy, if you can, his disgust when the printer gave forth to the world, "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," instead of "Virtue is its own reward." His copy was a perfect string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors. One of his leaders on William H. Seward came forth entitled "Richard the Third;" his "freemen in buckram" was turned into "three men in a back room," while "Jupiter Pluvius" appeared in print as "Inspector Phineas." He once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York whose writing equalled his own. The recipient of the note returned it by the boy messenger, unable to read it. Mr. Greeley, supposing it to be the reply, glanced it over and could not read it himself, and said to the boy: "Go, take it back. What does the fool mean?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "that's just what he said!"

There is a story illustrating the beauty of Rufus Choate's penmanship. When living on a farm he desired a new fence built, and having a rough sketch of it drawn, he handed it to the carpenter, and hastened to catch the train. When he returned, it was to survey in amazement the extraordinary, zigzag, crazy looking fence. In the hasty inquiry that followed, it appeared that Mr. Choate had furnished by mistake a note in his own handwriting instead of the original plan.

Hon. Thad. Stevens, the "Old Commoner," replied by letter to a friend's query; in vain did the friend endeavor to decipher it's contents; weeks after, the letter was handed to the writer, who could not read it himself till reminded of the matter that called it forth.

A president of one of our great railroads wrote to an old farmer requesting him to remove some shedding. The man could not make it out, "guessed" it was a free pass, and used it as such for a year, none of the conductors disputing his right.

During the latter part of the life of the Duke of Wellington his writing was often illegible. A letter of his to a minister in Lord Derby's cabinet has not been to this day unraveled.

George Sand, Lamartine, and Napoleon I., could never have shown in spelling-school, for their orthographical sins were many.

Some of the letters received by Maria Louisa from her illustrious spouse looked as though a bomb shell had exploded over the paper.

Many celebrated authors have been very rapid writers; this is the case with Sue, Dumas and Lamartine. It was at Monte Cristo that Dumas wrote the most of later novels. He was asked one day at dinner how much time he would require to write a novel in two volumes, of four hundred pages. "Seventy-two hours," was the reply. A wager was made. Dumas called for pen and paper, and, beginning at the dinner-table, he wrote with but a few hours of repose, until, before the number of hours had expired, he had finished one of his most interesting novels, Le Chevalier Maison Rouge.

"I compose hastily," said Burns, "but correct laboriously." "Holding the plow," his brother Gilbert testified, "was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while at that exercise."

Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas sixteen times over, while Petrarch was not satisfied with one of his until he had rendered it in forty-six ways. Newton remodeled his Chronology sixteen times. Gibbon wrote nine autobiographies before he was pleased with his work. Samuel Rogers achieved four harmonious lines in a day. Gray's famous Elegy took seven years of penwork.

Daniel Webster, on one occasion, presented, with a brief epistle, a valuable book to a literary society at Harvard. The note, so carefully elegant and graceful, elicited many compliments. It was discovered, however, when the book was examined, that the donor had thoughtlessly left between its pages a paper on which half a dozen different forms of the same note were written.

A daughter of Cooper, the novelist, speaking of her father, remarked: "He always wrote two hours every morning—wrote rapidly, almost always with his own hand, and seldom erased or amended what he had written."

Thackeray was an accomplished penman. A few weeks before his death, he was present at the usual Saturday dinner of the contributors to Punch and was challenged to give an example of his skill. Thackeray produced a four-penny piece, marked the circle of the coin on a piece of paper, drew a crown in the center, and filled the remainder of the space with the Lord's Prayer, using no contractions except spelling the word which "wh."

Dickens was a methodical writer, but his copy was a terror to the printer. The original manuscript of Our Mutual Friend crossed the ocean to find itself in the library of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. A lady, writing a description of the prized treasure, says: "Almost always writing on thick, blue note paper, and with blue ink, Dickens has been faithful to his rule in this manuscript. The firmness and closeness of the writing are enough to render the most amiable of experienced printers temporarily insane. There is no lover of Dickens so ardent as to willingly read a page through, nor would the most mercenary peruse both volumes for less than their weight in gold."

Lamb was very fastidious, wrote slowly, and subjected every word to severe self criticism, aided, as he doubtless thought, by the fumes of the tobacco he smoked.

Charlotte Bronte used to sit patiently writing day after day with a lead pencil, in little paper books made by herself, which she held close to her near-sighted eyes. The language was hardly ever changed upon the printed page.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

Women's Wages.

A writer in the Woman's Journal sends forth the following encouraging words: "I oftentimes think what a noble work for humanity our army of working girls is doing. The next generation of working women will bless them for their patient, pioneer work. Only within the last half century have women pushed themselves into the various vocations which had before been monopolized by our brothers, who, having both the capital and the experience, gave to their sisters only the menial places, with hard work and little pay. With the meek submission characteristic of the women of fifty years ago, they accepted the lowly position and worked long and hard and well, only to find that the miserable pittance paid them would barely support life.

"But the day is fast approaching when sex will no longer determine wages. Woman is pushing herself forward in every avenue of business life. She has risen from the poor shop girl into the proprietor of dry goods and millinery stores. Instead of being only the copyist of tiresome law papers, she has risen to the dignity and commands the fees of the first class lawyer. Instead of the ridiculed and scorned medical student, she practices among our best families, and instructs by her books and papers even, the superior sex in her profession. From the humble, ill-paid school teacher of a half century ago since we see her rising to the important position of county and city superintendent, and she in compelling by her patient labor so faithfully performed, a larger compensation. And in every other department where women are laboring, by their faithful devotion to their employers' interests, by their work which employers themselves acknowledge could not be done better. Their work as workmen is becoming proverbial and their wages are advancing. O, my sisters, you patient, humble toilers, despair not! A brighter day is dawning. Your painstaking work of fifty years has not been all in vain. Already, although your work of fifty years has had to bear comparison with masculine work perfected with long generations of the accumulated wisdom of fathers and sons, the world of employers acknowledge your eminent fitness and worth in all the vocations in which you are laboring. Your reputation once established, corresponding wages must follow."

Buttons.

"Button, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons, in fact."

"No," replied the closet door. "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I had a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the heel.

"And I had a hundred or more," yawned an easy chair; "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There is a button wood tree in the garden," said the button hooker; "I suppose you all grew there."

"I know better than that," pouted the closet door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their lives."

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the seashore from 'farthest India'?"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"—Mary N. Prescott, in St. Nicholas.

"Mr. Jipso indulges largely in hyperbole," remarked the high school girl to her mother. "Yes," answered the old lady; "Mrs. Jones told me he'd taken to drinking; I'm sorry for his wife, poor thing."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

St. Louis has 20,000 scholars studying German.

Of the 167 students in the Texas university, forty are women.

The admission of women to the university of Louisiana is agitated.

There are over 200,000 children in Alabama who do not attend school.

The university of South Carolina has a larger number of students than at any time since the war.

Professor Sylvester has resigned the chair of mathematics in John Hopkin's university, and has been made professor emeritus.

The Nebraska state university is still destitute of a chancellor, Prof. Adams of Ann Arbor, Mich., being the latest to refuse the position.

The whole number of students in the colleges of the United States is over 35,000. There are 7060 American students in attendance at German universities.

The school fund in North Carolina last year amounted to $722,153, of which $509,736 was disbursed, leaving $212,416 on hand for the spring schools. The schools were attended by 145,000 white and 88,000 colored children.

The school fund in North Carolina last year amounted to $722,153, of which $509,733 was disbursed, leaving $212,417 on hand for the spring schools. The schools were attended by 145,000 white and 88,000 colored children.

Professor Paul Passy of Paris, who says that America is the dustiest country he ever saw, and thinks our high schools are not practical, falls into line with the declaration that too much Latin is the bane of modern educational institutions.

Mr. Ruskin has had scaffolds erected around the Ducal Palace, Venice, so that casts may be taken of the sculpture. He keeps two artists constantly employed in making drawings from the best continental examples of old masters' works.

Alma Tadema's picture called "Sappho," which has already been etched by O. C. Murray and extensively published, has now advanced to the dignity of reproduction on a drop-scene of a theater in Edinburgh. The painting on the drop-scene is in monochrome.

An accurate photograph was taken some time ago of a very ancient inscribed palm leaf preserved in the temple of Horiusi, Japan, and forwarded to England, where it will be duplicated by the autotype process. Max Muller wrote to the Times that it is considered the most ancient manuscript in the Sanskrit character now known. It has been a sacred relic since A. D. 500.

The Carrier Pigeon.

Once on a time it was a swift messenger brought into service to convey missiles of affection to and fro between love-lorn individuals residing at long distances apart. At each end of the "line," the dove, with a perfumed note tied with a gay ribbon around its neck, would be turned loose, and almost with the swiftness of electricity would faithfully deliver the precious charge. Latterly they have been employed in the service of war instead of that of peace. The French used them successfully during the siege of Paris as a means of conveying important information to the provinces, and the Germans have since improved upon the idea by making them a "regular arm" of their military service. Trained pigeons are as regularly kept in all the great Teutonic fortresses as are trained artillery. They are more reliable than baloons, or aerial machines. It makes no difference to them from which quarter of the compass the wind may blow. His diminutiveness aids materially to his safety. He would indeed be a sharp and accurate marksman who could bring one of them down. They fly where no one can see, and ahead of the celerity of bullets. Sometime ago an experiment was tried of a race between two carrier pigeons and a continental mail, and the bird beat the locomotive about an hour. It must be considered, however, that the locomotive sped along curves and deviations through highways that were far from straight, while the bird flew on a comparatively straight line. Another race between a fast horse and a pigeon, resulted in an easy victory for the latter, who made a mile and eighty yards while his competitor at the top of his speed, made but half a mile. The value of the carrier pigeon in certain exigencies, is, therefore, demonstrated. He may be more reliable than mail in time of political disturbance, and more sure than telegraph wires that are liable to be cut. He could not carry a great burden, to be sure, but as a conveyor of cipher dispatches, he may come more prominently and generally to the foreground.

Taxing Mustaches and Eggs.

The following amusing dialogue, which took place the other day between an official and a number of revolutionary peasants in the neighborhood of Agram, illustrates the nature of some of the causes which have brought about some of the present troubles in Austria: "We wish," said the peasants, "to see the papers in which the new taxes are written down." "I have neither papers nor new taxes." "Tell that to somebody else, sir; we know very well that you have brought the papers." "I assure you it is not so." After a long parley, which ended in a search for the documents on the official's body, the peasants at last believed him, and one courageous spokesman asked, "So the new taxes do not exist?" "I assure you that they do not." "And we have to pay taxes according to the length of our mustache?" "Most certainly not." "Neither according to the number of children we have?" "What are you thinking of?" "Neither according to the number of eggs in our houses?" "Whoever told you such a thing?" Thereupon with loud exclamations of joy the peasants, who gathered together from many parishes, dispersed to their homes. Singular stories equally baseless have, however, played a prominent part is some of the greatest revolutions recorded in history.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Don Cameron, whose health is not much improved, will remain in Europe all winter.