H. L. Bancroft & Co.
721 Market Street


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
Six months, " .....1 00
Three months, " .....50


# THE COLUMBIAN.


VOL. IV. ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON: DECEMBER 7, 1883. NO. 18.



THE COLUMBIAN.

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



ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (16 lines) first insertion.....$2 00
Each subsequent insertion.....1 00


### THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage coach rattling by;
For the steam-king rules the traveled world,
And the old Pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal,
Where once on the stage-horse day by day
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs,
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And bright-eyed children play,
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheels rumbling round;—
Ah, ha, the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse hath sought the plow;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a file no more,
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at a flying rate.
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills,
And tunneled the mountain's side;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
Fearlessly on we ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front;
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echo a wake too late,
To babble back the sound;
And the old Pike road is left alone,
And the stagers sought the plow;
We have circled the earth with iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now!

### PRIESTLY VESTMENTS.

The solemn mass meeting at the opening of the synod is the votive mass of the Holy Ghost, says the Catholic Review. If the temple itself is full of lesson, what a wealth is there in everything that immediately surrounds the altar, priest and sacrifice? All the scripture, all the theology, the entire Christian tradition, from our own days back to the Mosaic and ante-Mosaic periods when the Messiah was but a promise, are crystallized in this altar, its priest and its rite.

The celebrant, being a bishop outside his diocese, sits at the epistle side at the foot of the altar on a portable chair, known as the faldstool, a well known survival of the chair of the Roman. He is there invested with the mystic dress of his order. Every portion of it, whatever its origin, whether in Mosaic type or in the necessity of the early Christian days, or in the progress of its liturgical science, has now, with its accompanying prayer, a spiritual and allegorical meaning as well as a historical origin.

Attendant on the bishop are an assistant priest and a deacon, who represent the law and the prophets, Moses and Elias, that in the mountain of the transfiguration spoke with Jesus. His subdeacon is John the Baptist, the precursor. The two deacons of honor attendant on the cardinal are David and Abraham, to whom the promise of the incarnation was made. They are the two columns whom the king of peace has placed before the gate of the vestibule of the temple.

The vestments of the Christian high priest are to be examined in a double aspect, in their reference to Christ, whom the minister represents, as well as in relation to the work of the priest himself, and these principals animate the church, as Cardinal Lorthaire points out, in every action that the Pontiff performs in making ready for the sacrifice.

Preparing to announce the gospel of peace, the bishop puts on sandals and buskins, types of the incarnation, for our flesh was as a shoe to the feet of Christ, which He assumed to discharge the functions of his priesthood. The sandals are attached to the buskins, recalling the human soul which serves as the intermentary to the divinity to unite itself to our flesh. As the first sustains the body, so does the divinity govern the world and makes all evil its footstool. The sandals further recall the promise of the Holy Scripture: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace." The open sandal warns the minister that he who preaches the gospel must be free from every taint of worldly affection.

In this spirit, too, the bishop washes his hands, so that spiritually he may be pure. "To eat without purifying the hands defiles no one. What defile him are the things that come from his mouth and heart—bad thoughts, homicides, thefts, impurities, false testimonies, blasphemies."

The amict, still called the helmet of salvation, was formerly a covering for the head, and is even now worn as a cowl by the Dominicans while going from the sacristy to the altar. It is placed first just on the head and then on the shoulders. It represents the strength of good deeds. The strings that fasten it in front are the intentions which animate our work and the end to which we direct them, so that there may be no leaven of malice or injustice in them, but that they should be accompanied with the azyme of sincerity and truth. Work is the mission of the priest. "Labor like a good soldier of Christ."

The alb typifies the new life of Christ. "Clothe me, O Lord, with the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and the holiness of truth." Great care is taken in fitting it to the shoulders and to the body, to show that the life of the priest ought to be well-ordered and regulated. Its whiteness expresses purity of heart. It is of linen, because linen represents the justice and virtue of the saints. Still another mystic reason—the fiber of the flax, bruised and torn, received from the bleacher a whiteness that did not belong to it by nature. So the flesh of man, chastised and mortified by penance, receives a grace of purity which it cannot acquire by nature alone. The priest is bound to chastise his body and reduce it to subjection, lest he who has preached to others become a castaway himself. In the Jewish priesthood the alb was straight, because of the spirit of servitude, which, in those days, compelled souls by fear. Under the new law, its ample folds indicate the holy liberty in which are placed the children of adoption. Sometimes the alb is decorated, and this, too, has scriptural significance. It is bound up by a cincture to show that the priest must keep himself chaste, in spite of the stings of the flesh. "Let your loins be girt and your lamps burning." In the Apocalypse the Son of Man carried "a cincture of gold." It is the perfect charity of Jesus Christ, which surpasses all understanding. It is also justice. "Justice," says Esaias, "will be the cincture of his loins, and faith his buckler." The tassels at the end of the cincture are the natural justice taught by Christ. "Do not do unto others what you would not wish them to do to you."

The stole which the bishop puts on his neck, is the obedience and holy service to which the Lord Jesus subjected himself, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of a man and in habit found as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross."

What, then, was a humiliation to the first of our priesthood becomes a stole of glory to all that followed Him, take the yoke, which in His service is light and makes the burden sweet.

The stole, as worn by the bishop, hangs pendant and is not crossed, as by the priests. It thus explains its name, "orarium," and indicates its origin, being the fringe of a senatorial robe. The stole is tied up by the cincture, to indicate that the virtues should mutually support each other.

Two garments of kindred form, one somewhat smaller than the other, are now put on, the tunic and the dalmatic. The tunic, retained from the Jewish priesthood, is the figure of the doctrine of Christ, which is proclaimed by the little bells formerly attached to it. This tunic of Christ was spared by the soldiers who slew him. It was left to heresy to rend the unity of Catholic doctrine. To the pontiff the long tunic further indicates perseverance, which alone receives the crown.

The ample dramatic indicate the abundant mercy of Christ. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." "Mercy and not sacrifice have I asked." As an episcopal garment, with ample sleeves, it represents the liberality and generosity of the episcopal order. "Share your bread with the hungry and receive under your roof the poor and homeless." Those who recall the charitable work of the deacon, as illustated, for example, in the case of St. Lawrence, need not be told why the dalmatic is the delmatic is the garment of the disconate.

The bishop's gloves recall the skins of goats which Rebecca put on Jacob. "By this skin of kids," says Innocent III, "we must understand the resemblance of sin, with which Rebecca, that is, the disgrace of the Holy Spirit, has clothed the hands of the true Jacob, to wit, the exterior works of Jesus Christ, so that the new Adam might carry in himself an image of these. Jesus Christ has taken the appearance of sin without since itself (Romans viii, 3; Hebrews iv., 15) in order to conceal from the demon. For, like sinners, He was hungry, He was thursty, He knew grief and sorrow, He slept, He labored. For this, after he had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was hungry, and the tempter, approaching him, tempted Him as he did the first Adam. But this spirit of evil was conquered by the second Adam by the same means which gave Him triumph over the first."

For bishops the gloves have this lesson: They are put on after the Dalmatic to indicate that good works are to be done modestly, so that the right hand may not know what the left does.

The chasuble, or little house (casula) was formerly, as even to-day in many rites, a round garment falling from the shoulders to the ground. It was raised at times by the attendant ministers to permit the celebrant to use his arms freely. Of this custom we still have a trace in the action of the server at the elevation, and at other times in high masses. But as time advanced the round garment was cut into its present form. It represents the universal church, of which the old was the predecessor and type. One is separated from the other in the order or of time, by the mystery of the cross. The moral teaching of the chasuble is charity, which covers a multitude of sins. It is the nuptial garment. The amict is made to touch it to show that every good work must be animated with charity. The two parts of the chasuble indicate love of God and our neighbor, "the whole law and the prophets." The extent of the chasuble indicates that charity is all embracing, including even our enemies.

The maniple, forming a kind of napkin, is not assumed by the bishop until after the confiteor. It typifies the vigilance and labor in the service of the Lord which will produce the sweat of the brow in which all must eat their bread. It is worn on the left arm, to show that Jesus Christ, and every true priest, enjoys the recompense of his labor. "They went weeping, sowing their seed; with joy they will return, carrying (manipulos) their arms full of the harvest."

The crown of the bishop is his miter, a crown of glory and honor, it is true, but one which those worthiest of it have always found, on this earth at least, a crown of thorns. "With glory and honor Thou hast crowned him and placed him over the works of Thy hands." On the miter of the Hebrew priest was the ineffable name of God. The miter of the Christian bishop represents, "the name that is above every name," and the honor that is due to the humanity of Jesus, because of its union with his divinity. The miter signifies the science of the two testaments, its horns representing respectively the Old and New Testament, and the two posterior bands, the spirit and letter.

The ring is the gift of the Holy Spirit, who in the Scripture is often called the finger of the Most High. The circle of gold indicates the perfection of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which Christ has received in a measureless degree. "God has given Him His spirit without measure." This plentitude of the Spirit Christ distributes variously to His disciples; to some the gift of speaking with science and knowledge, to others the grace of curing the sick, to others the power to work miracles. These gifts are made sensible by the ministry of the bishop, who gives to the church priests, deacons and inferior members, each with a power peculiar to his order. The ring also is a sign of the faith which a bishop pledges to his church, his mystic bride, on the day of his espousals.

Were the cardinal celebrating the mass he would wear still another investment, the pallium, the sign of his metropolitan authority. He would also carry the pastoral staff or crozier, the sign of his pastoral charge. This, in fact, he carries while presiding at his mass. Its well-known shape is that of a shepherd's crook, pointed at the end, straight in the middle, and curved at the top. It enables the pastor of souls to punish the lax and remiss, to direct those needing guidance, and to restrain those slipping out of the ranks. It is hardly necessary to recall the faith of the Irish warrior, who stood next to Patrick at Tara, when preaching the Trinity and baptising in its name. The apostle's staff, pointed at the end, pierced the foot of the Prince, who bore the accidental torture unflinchingly, thinking it was a necessary part of the ceremony.

For another reason than that for which a bishop, outside of his diocese, does not ordinarily carry the crosier, the Pope does not carry it in Rome. It is in remembrance of the fact that St. Peter sent his staff to Eucharious, the first bishop of Treves, the apostles of the Teutons.

The color of the vestments of the day was red, red the color of the cross, the color of the sacred heart, the color of the martyrs, the color of the fire of the holy spirit, the color, as it seems, "mejudice," the most beautiful and inspiring among all used by the churches. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength?" "I that speak justice, and am a defender to save?". "Why, then, is thy apparel red, and thy garments like their that tread in the wine press?" "I have trodden the wine press alone."

"Red vestments," says Cardinal Lothaire, "are worn on the feasts of the apostles and martyrs, in memory of the blood which they have spilled for Jesus Christ. For it is of them that it is said: "They have come from the midst of a great affliction, and they have washed and whitened their robes in the robes in the blood of the lamb."—(Apoc. vii., 14.) Red vestments appear also on the least of the Holy Cross, upon which Jesus Christ spilled his precious blood for us. 'Why is it,' says the prophet, 'that your garment is red, like that of those who tread the grape in the wine-press?' On the day of Pentecost also, to indicate the fervor of the holy spirit, who descended upon the apostles in the form of tongues of fire. It is written in Jeremias: 'He has sent from the height of heaven the fire into the marrow of thy bones.' Red is used on the day of the martydom of St. Peter and Paul, but there used white vestments on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul and the chair of St. Peter. Likewise on the nativity of St. Join, white, and on the feast of his decolatian, red; that is to say, in honoring the feast of him who is both martyr and virgin, we elevate martyrdom above virginity, as the sign of the most perfect charity, according to the words of Christ, that 'no man hath greater love than this, to give his life for his friends.'"

### A Bootblack's Elegy.

"Brandy is dead!"

So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

A drunken, good-for-nothing. A so-called man, whose brain had become dissolved in liquor, whose mind was enfeebled, and who had disappointed everybody by not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement house over his head.

Why should any one grieve when such a vagabond passes away? The world may owe him room for his bones to rest, but nothing further. So in "Brandy's" case men said that he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes in the rooms below, and cared not for the presence of the dead.

When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a bootblack. Some said that "Brandy" looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at last lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was no more than a dog in their minds, and why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he becomes a vagabond, let him lose the respect of men. All had a heartless remark except the bootblack. He stood at the head of the coffin and looked from face to face, and said:

"Brandy was low down, and he died like a beast, and you are all sneering at him. Did any one among you ever give him a chance? Did he have a home when he was a boy? Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright? Is there a man in this room who ever took him by the hand and spoke one kind word? Didn't everybody abuse and ill-treat him? Didn't everybody look upon him as a dog?"

There was no answer.

"Aye! Brandy was low down!" whispered the boy as he laid his hand upon the coffin. "He was ragged and hungry, and poor and homeless, and without one single friend. What man among you could have stood out against it any better? Poor old man. They know all about it in heaven. Let me help to carry him down."

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said:

"After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a manof him, instead of helping him down."—M. Quad.

Liquid carbonic acid is now manufactured in considerable quantities at the great iron works of Krupp, in Essen, Prussia, and is used for a variety of purposes. Among its most curious applications is that of removing bands from cannon. The great guns made at this foundry are bound with iron hoops, which are driven on while expanded by a high heat, and become very tight on cooling. The removal of a ring is sometimes necessary, and this is effected by means of the evaporation of liquid carbonic acid in contact with the cannon, the temperature of the latter being thus reduced to many degrees below zero, causing the cannon itself to contract and loosen the ring, which retains an ordinary temperature.

### A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

Among the manuscripts left by the major was the following: One day while roaming with my gun I chanced to go further than I was wont, but when I turned to retrace my steps I found that I was completely bewildered as to the proper course. I had been dreaming along as I walked, for the leaves, coloring under the touch of the season's first frost, the bleaching grass, the haze overhead, and the softly sighing air—all had combined to make me forget myself. I walked rapidly in what I thought to be a home direction, but after an hour had passed I found myself even more bewildered that at first. Arkansaw was a wild country in those days—so wild that you could sometimes travel for days without seeing a human habitation. I began to get excited. Any one who is familiar with the woods knows there is no feeling like becoming excited in a forest. It is inexplicable—like the shaking that sometimes seizes a hunter, especially if he be a new one, when a deer approaches. When a man in the woods is convinced that he is lost he feels an almost irresistible impulse to run wild. Children have been lost in the woods, and in half a day's time they are, in some instances, so wild that when found they will bite and scratch and scream, even if their mothers approach them. I felt this excitement coming on me, and I knew that if I did not do something to counteract its influence I would go wild. Then I reflected how often I had been temporarily lost, and how at any other time I would have laughed at the idea of running wild. I thought that I would fire off my gun that it would afford some relief. I looked around, and my hair stood on end. My gun was gone. "I had it a moment ago," I thoughtfully mused; "what could I have done with it?" and I threw back my head and howled. "I must not encourage such outbreaks," I said to myself "for a man will go wild even in a city if he howls very much;" and I remembered that when I was a boy several of my companions went wild while shouting in admiration of a circus procession, and that the show men caught them and put them in cages, where they remained, even defying the recognition of their parents. One of the boys was named Luke Horn, and when his father came along and looked at Luke, the boy held out his paw—he had paws at that time—and the old gentleman jumped back and exclaimed: "Why, that devilish monkey wants to take hold of me."

I laughed at this recollection and I got down and gnawed at the root of a tree. Then I arose and howled. I couldn't stand on my hind feet very long—yes, hanged if I didn't have four feet and a tail by this time. The truth is, I had gradually become a wolf. I feel that any one who chooses to read this manuscript will smile incredulously at this, and produce all kinds of arguments to prove the impossibility of a man retrograding into a wolf; and probably the same man, too, may be a believer in the theory of evolution. I shall not argue this point, though, for in regard to my own experience I am certain, while any one who opposes me could only protest without proof, and hence arguments would be mere assertions unsustained by a single fact.

I had not been a fully developed wolf but a few moments until several other wolves came from the valley below and began to sniff around me. When satisfied that I was genuine they sat down, whereupon we all began to discuss the advisability of getting something to eat. It was soon decided that we should go down into the valley, where there was a farm well stocked with sheep. The mention of sheep made my mouth water, for, being a wolf, I was as hungry as myself. We started on our expedition and soon reached the farm. Just as we jumped over the fence to seize the sheep a man sprang from behind a stump and fired upon us. A buckshot wounded one of my hind legs, and, after vainly attempting to leap over the fence, I fell among a lot of bushes, where I lay perfectly still, hoping to escape observation. In this I was disappointed, for the old farmer ran to me, thrust his gun between the bushes and aimed at my head. I whined piteously and shut my eyes, expecting to be blown into atoms, but the farmer did not shoot.

"I wonder what sort of a dog a wolf would make," said the farmer, turning to his son. "This fellow whines so that I don't want to finish him. He must have been led into this thing. Let me see if he wants to bite," and he put his hand on my head. I did not bite him, but licked his hand. He was so well pleased at this that he took me up and carried me to the house. My wound was soon dressed, and after they had given me something to eat I felt pretty comfortable. Still I was a wolf, and, although they were so kind to me, yet I meditated revenge. I wanted to do some deviltry and then go back to my companions. One day, after I had thoroughly recovered, the old man set me to watching the sheep in a small pasture. He seemed to have confidence in me, for he did not even look back after he crossed the fence. How I wished for my companions, and I howled. The sheep became frightened and huddled together. I howled again, and an answer came from the woods. Another howl, and my companions jumped over the fence. I selected a young lamb that had ever looked sweet and tender to me, and I made a spring for him, when bang went a gun and I fell over, shot through both fore legs. I looked up and saw the farmer coming. I whined, but he frowned and leveled his gun at my head.

* * * * *

I lay in bed at home. Numerous friends stood around me, and when told them not to shoot again, they assured me that I was out of danger.

"You have been in a very dangerous condition," said one of my friends. "Several days ago you went out hunting, and as you did not return at your accustomed time several of us went out to look for you, and you may imagine our horror when we saw your body in a pool. We drew you out, and were rejoiced to discover that life was not extinct. You had evidently been walking very rapidly, and had stepped into the pool before discovering it. Your face wore an expression of alarm, and we could not see that you had made an effort to get out, and I really do not believe that you had."

When I recovered I asked my friend to show me the pool, which he did, then leaving me as I requested. I did not remember to have ever seen the pool, but I recognized a tree close by. Something had been gnawing the root of the tree, and I could plainly see the print of a wolf's teeth. From this tree I went down into a valley, along no trail, but by a way strangely familiar. I soon reached a fence, and looking over I saw a flock of sheep feeding. I went to the farm house not far away, where I found a farmer who did not know me, but whose face to me was familiar. I talked to him about sheep raising, and finally I afroitly turned the conversation upon wolves.

"I had a very strange experience with a wolf," he said. "About two week ago I heard wolves howling in the day time, which is rare. I did not know but they intended a raid on my sheep, and taking my gun I went out to the sheep pasture and hid behind a stump. I had not been there long when the wolves jumped over the fence. I fired and one of them fell over in the bushes. I loaded my gun, ran to him and was on the eve of shooting when he whined and gave me a look so nearly human that I could not shoot. I put my hand on his head, and he looked at me—by George, sir, no offense intended, but he had an eye nearly like yours."

"No apology necessary," I replied, "please go on with your story."

"He was wounded in the hind leg, and after it was dressed it healed with wonderful rapidity. Sometimes the animal's eyes would have a human expression and then again it would glare like any other wolf's eye; but upon the whole, he seemed so intelligent and appeared to be so anxious to do something to repay me that one day I took him down to the pasture and told him to watch the sheep. Well, sir, I hadn't more than reached the house when I heard him howl. I seized my gun, stole around and watched. He kept on howling, and pretty soon I saw several wolves jump over the fence. Just then my wolf made a dash after a lamb and I shot him. He was only wounded and I ran to him and blew his head off."

"When did this occur?"

"Last Thursday."

"What time?"

"About 2 o'clock."

I turned and walked away. It was the very time when I regained consciousness and found my friends standing around me.—Arkansaw Traveler.

### Fashions in Alaska.

One Indian village wanders along the beach below the wharf and another settlement is hidden behind a knoll at the other side of town, and the natives came from these two places and huddled in groups on the wharf. Most of them were barefooted in this cold autumnal rain, but wrapped in blankets and in nearly every case carrying an umbrella. The women and children tripped down in their bare feet, and sat around on the dripping wharf with a recklessness that suggested pneumonia, consumption, rheumatism and all of those kindred ills from which they suffer so severely. Nearly all of the women had their faces blacked, and no one can imagine anything more frightful and sinister on a melancholy day than to be confronted by one of these silent, stealthy figures with the great circles of the whites of the eyes alone visible in the shadow of the blanket.

A dozen fictitious reasons are giving for this face blacking. One Indian says that the widows and those who have suffered great sorrow wear the black in token thereof. Another native authority makes it a sign of happiness, while occasionally a giggling dame confesses that it is done to preserve the complexion. Ludicrous as this may seem to the bleached Caucasian and ladies of rice-powdered and enameled countenances, the matrons of high fashion and the swell damsels of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a paste of soot and seal oil. On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same inky coating. On feast days and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe.

The specimen woman at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue blanket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey red parasol that she poised over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Deseret belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver nose-ring, lip-ring and earrings with five silver bracelets on each wrist and fifteen rings ornamenting her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion. The children pattered around barefooted and wearing but a single short garment, although the weather was as cold and drear as our November. Not one of these poor youngsters even ventured on the croupy cough that belongs to the civilized child that has only put its nose out of doors in such weather.

One can easily believe the records and the statements as to the terrible death rate among these people and marvel that any of them ever live beyond their infancy. So few old people are seen among them as to continually cause remark, but by their Spartan system only the strongest can possibly survive the exposure and hardships of such a life. Consumption is the common ailment and carries them away in numbers, yet they have no medicines or remedies of their own, trust only to the incantations and hocus-pocus of their medicine men, and have not the slightest care to protect themselves from exposure. Great epidemics have swept these islands at times, and forty years ago the scourge of smallpox carried off half the natives of Alaska. The tribes have never regained their numbers since that terrible devastation, and since then black measles and other diseases have so reduced their people that another fifty years may see these tribes extinct.—Globe-Democrat.

### The Poet of the Sierras.

Joaquin Miller, George Alfred Townsend, Joe Howard, old New York Frothingham, Jennie June Croly, Annie Wakeman, Janet Gilder, and a raft of others, make it their business to tell the countless thousands out of Gotham what is going on here—and a good deal that isn't. Some of them are not. Take the case of a man like Miller—often an interesting writer of prose, always an attractive talker about the wild life of the extreme west, certainly a poet of nature, and generally as full of eccentricity as a locomotive with a wheel off, Miller cuts a striking figure wherever he goes. His present occupation is the furnishing of ten rural journals with a weekly letter written in manifold. In addition, he turns up a random poem now and then, and he makes in all about $7000 a year. His letters bring him about $10 apiece, so that for actually writing a column and a half of matter with manifold pencil, he receives the handsome sum of $100 a week—which is better pay in comparison with the actual work done than any other writer in America receives. I believe the Sierran poet has also had a hand recently in a new comedy for Annie Pixley—a piece of work in which he went "cahoots" with Archie Gordon, who is one of the cleverest and brightest writers in New York. Long ago Miller ceased to receive royalties from the Danites. His contract called for a nightly sum until the total of $10,000 should be reached. He received the final $500 two years ago, and has never turned out another cohesive dramatic work, though I believe he is all the time doing something in the dramatic line. Miller's long hair of former days has yielded to the persuasive shears of the barber, and he is getting be be slightly bald. But he wears his blonde beard just the same, and has never forsaken his slouched felt hat. Miller has a fine large head and a game leg. He got his latter adornment, he says, through the agency of some Modoc bullets. For a long time he lived in a flat in New York, his only attendant being a colored boy who vainly tried to keep the place in order, while Miller did the cooking, slept on the floor rolled up in a buffalo robe, broke the necks from his bottles in preference to using a corkscrew, and otherwise conducted his daily life in a way vaguely reminiscent of his former times on the border. The greatest mistake Miller made was in not staying in London the first time he went over. He was a line on that side of the water, where the quaint freshness of his poem struck forcibly upon the minds of readers unaccustomed to his method. He came back here, was considerably guyed, and for some years lived in more or less poverty. But there proved to be more stuff in him than he was given credit for, and he finally came down to solid, hard work, after giving up the silly notion that he had been intended by high heaven to represent the great American nation as minister to the court of St. James. Miller is pretty well fixed at present, and I hardly think he is likely to lose his head again. He is one of those rarely-found men who have lived down the animosities of early life, and whose eccentricities, if pronounced, are at least innocent.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

### A Motor that Keely Never Thought Of.

The Bodie Free Press says: "It is reported that Jim Townsend has six of his arastras running to their full capacity. The remaining four will be started up next week." The most interesting thing about these arastras—the power by which they are driven—is, curiously enough, left unmentioned by the Free Press. From a millwright who assisted in putting up the machinery, we have some particulars regarding the novel apparatus, which is Mr. Townsend's own invention. The arastras are placed in a little sandy flat, where only sufficient water for drinking purposes and to moisten the ore is to be obtained. The arastras are actually operated by sand, which drives a large overshot wheel. On this wheels and takes the place of water. It was at first Mr. Townsend's intention to run the arastras by means of a large windmill, or windwheel, but as this wheel would run too slow at times, at other times so fast that it would be liable to tear everything to pieces, and again would not run at all, he hit upon a regulator. This regulator is sand, a great pile of which has been raked up to the works. The windmill runs a belt containing a great number of buckets, and these carry the sand up to a big tank, just as grain elevators carry wheat in a flouring mill. A stream of sand being let out on the overshot wheel, it revolves just as it would under the weight of a stream of water, and the arastras move steadily on at their work. When there is much wind, sand is stored up for use when calm prevails, so the arastras are never idle. After a sufficient quantity of sand has been accumulated there is no more trouble on that score, the same sand being used over and over.—Virginia Enterprise.

### Her Ears Had Been Bored.

"Don't you think ear-rings would become you?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birbie McGee. Kosciuska had been paying Birdie very assiduous attentions of late.

"I don't know," replied Birdie, demurely.

"I suppose the reason you don't wear them is because it will hurt you so to have your ears bored?"

"Oh, not in the least," said Birdie, with animation. "I've had that done already, quite often, almost every evening—in fact, for the last three weeks."

Then Kosciusko reached round to the piano, dragged his hat off the cover and commenced to fade gradually from the room. He fairly melted away into obscurity, and now a wide chasm separates the gallant Kosciusko and the charming Birdie.—Texas Siftings.

A movement is on foot to establish children's play rooms for the poor of London.

### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Eternal drumming is the price of business.

Morristown, Tenn., has a woman barber who does a thriving business.

The women's branches of shoemakers in New York number 1300 members.

Princetown, Mass., has hauled in about 10,000,000 pounds of cod fish this year.

Eighteen thousand and eighty six homesteads have been entered in Florida during the year.

Tennessee claims to be the second state in the union in the possession of thoroughbred cattle.

Farm and Garden says an acre will produce five or six times the amount of strawberries it will wheat.

Insurance companies claim to have paid out $450,000 in Atlanta, Ga., for losses by fire in the last two years.

A tract of 1840 acres of pine land in Clark county, Wis., was sold to a lumber company in La Crosse for $68,000.

A pasture company recently organized in Dimmitt county, Tex., has 130,000 acres of pasture land and $800,000 capital.

It is said that at the present time between 65,000 and 70,000 French people are engaged in the manufacture of clocks and watches.

There are two or three hundred northern capitalists in North Carolina who were attracted thither by the exhibit of the state made at the Boston exposition.

In Central Nebraska, along the railway, the population of some of the counties has increased 100 per cent. the present year, and still the number seeking lands is increasing.

There are probably 175,000 people employed in the woolen and worsted industry of France, against 200,000 in Germany, 170,000 in the United States, and 310,000 in Great Britain.

Georgia has a population of 1,542,180. There are in the state eighty cotton and woolen mills, or nearly half the number of the entire south, and over 2700 mills of various kinds.

The republic of Guatemala has engaged a Ceylon planter to introduce into that country 500,000 Cinchona trees, for obtaining Peruvian bark, from which is distilled the salts known as quinine.

The demand for cotton seed oil for a variety of uses is increasing, but production is increasing faster. Mills are springing up everywhere in the cotton-growing regions. The result is a discouraging outlook for producers.

Connecticut boasts that it has built more ships this year than in recent years, but the total is only thirteen vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of about 10,000, and all but one of them are designed for the coasting trade.

Pittsburg has an establishment which makes a business of loaning dress suits. Its charge for a first class spike tail is $2.50 per evening, which price is much cheaper than paying out from $75 to $125 for a suit to wear once a year or once in two years.

### Getting a Criminal Practice.

A murderer in New York can, if he chooses, take his pick from a considerable number of fairly competent lawyers, even though he hasn't a dollar with which to pay. "I was five years getting a profitable criminal practice," one of the men in this line is quoted as saying, "and I succeeded only by serving gratis. I haunted police courts, and to every prisoner committed for trial who had no counsel, I tendered myself. In the trial courts the judge may assign any lawyer present to defend a prisoner not provided with counsel. I made it a point to be on hand for these assignments. Of course, many of the cases were so small that they didn't get into the papers at all, and in some that were reported my name would not appear, but usually each hard day's work brought the desired reward in the way of publicity. My practice grew to immense proportions, but it was a year before I could get enough money out of it in a week to pay my modest board bill on Saturday night. At the end of the second year I had worked up to a barely living income, but had a debt left to clear off, and it is only very lately that I have become established firmly enough to refuse all but cash cases. Indeed, I do not yet let a good murder fall into rival hands on account of the perpetrator's impecuniosity. Let me advise you to commit a sensational crime, if any, because then you can secure lawyers free—more eminent ones, too, than you may imagine."—N. Y. Sun.

### To Remove Grease Spots.

An excellent mixture to remove grease spots from boys' and men's clothing particularly, is made of four parts of alcohol to one of ammonia. Apply the liquid to the grease spot and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear, cold water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease and the ammonia forms a soap with it which is washed out with water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used which only seems to spread the spot and make it fainter, but does not actually remove it. If oil is spilled on a carpet and you immediately scatter corn meal over it the oil will be absorbed by it. Oil may be removed from carpets upon which you dare not put ether or ammonia by laying thick blotting paper over it and pressing a hot flatiron on it. Repeat the operation several times, using a clean paper each time.

A Nebraska widow with twenty-one children is advertising for a husband. There is great virtue in printer's ink; it has brought fortunes to both men and women; but we don't believe a double column advertisement, inserted next to reading matter every day for six months, would bring a husband to a widow with twenty-one children—unless the latter are kept in the background, or underground, or somewhere. We dislike to go back on advertising, but the line must be drawn somewhere.