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THE COLUMBIAN.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
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MINE!

In the tranced hush when sound sank awed to rest,
Ere from her spirit's rose-red, rose sweet gate
Came forth to me her royal word of fate,
Did she sigh "Yes," and droop upon my breast;
While round our rapture, dumb, fixed, unexpressed
By the seized senses, did there fluctuate
The plaintive surges of our mortal state,
Tempering the poignant ecstasy too blest.

Do I wake into a dream, or have we twain,
Lured by soft wiles to some unconscious crime,
Dared joys forbid to man? O Light Supreme,
Upon our brows transfiguring glory rain,
Nor let the sword of Thy just angel gleam
On two who entered Heaven before their time!

The "Massacre of Wyoming."

The further we get from the incidents of the Revolution the more philosophically we consider them. The late civil war made us a more rational people to judge our Revolutionary forefathers.

A committee was appointed from the descendants of the Revolutionary men of Wyoming, on the one hundreth anniversary of that battle, to prepare a memorial volume. Mr. Johnson, who accompanied me riding, was one of that committee, and he gave me the memorial book, of which I read a portion the same night.

There it is conceded that the British behaved very respectably and protected those who could come in. The British commander was a regular officer, named Butler. He allowed the people after the battle to surrender, and politely asked their clergyman to act as secretary of the convention, which he did, and this man wrote out the cartel, which was faithfully kept.

The American settlers were allowed to stay upon their farms and enjoy their property on condition of not enlisting against the British government. The valley was evacuated by Butler and his command, and was not again invaded by them.

All this is put down in the sober second thought of a hundred years. If you sleep on any thing a hundred years, except lobster salad, you will change your mind.

Again, the Wyoming Memorial committee discreetly says that the probable cause of any invasion was the intolerance of our patriots, who began the war by driving off their inoffensive and numerically weaker Tory neighbors. To reinstate those poor people the British line came, not unexpectedly, backed by some of the same savage Iroquois we had used for a hundred years to invade and murder the French in Canada. Our patriotic forefathers knew all about the nature of their warfare, and merely received some of its consequences.

The memorial report asserts that not one woman was either killed or abused by the victors at Wyoming.

Hints to Talkers.

If the ministry were better versed in the art of elocution they would undoubtedly make more converts. Writers on that art hold that the end of oratory is to persuade, and that in order to persuade one must be clearly understood. This refers to a clear enunciation of speech. There is perhaps not one minister in fifty, even in cities, where they have all advantages, who speak clearly and distinctly enough to be understood by even their nearest auditors. They may speak loud enough, but the articulation being indistinct, the meaning is lost in the sound.

Aside from the prevalent habit of "ranting," consequent upon emotion, a great many ministers really do not seem to understand that it is necessary to open their mouths to any extent, but "chop off" their words in their great haste to emit the next. This rapid speaking or "telescoping" words makes articulation impossible, to say nothing of the "chopping off" process, which prevents the speaker from being understood, no matter how slow he might speak. To be heard is not always to be understood, and there can be no persuasion or conviction unless the auditor understands what the minister is saying.

Adulterated Tea.

Few people, while engaged in strengthening their nerves with a cup of tea, imagine they are swallowing pulverized charcoal, bone-black, clay, terra alba, pulverized soap-stone, talc, Prussian blue, gravel, and other undesirable commodities. Such is the stuff scientific experts employed by the New York board of health have found in the green teas sold in that city. The best grades of black teas are pronounced the safest, and the verdict is rendered that "none of the green teas are pure."

Wild Pigs in the New Hebrides.

A long letter from the New Hebrides says that this is a dry season, two tons of maize per hectare (two and a half acres), but the immense number of wild pigs makes cultivation impracticable without pigs-proof fences. By one shot at night thirty at least were put to flight, passing almost between the shooter's legs, who was so dazed that he made no second shot. The country is described as fabulously fertile, well watered and specially adapted for growing sugar cane.

A Rich Deposit.

The finding of a great belt of phosphates in North Carolina is announced in a communication to Bradstreet's. The deposit has been traced a distance of nine miles, and an observer believes they extend a distance of thirty or forty miles on each side of the northeast branch of Cape Fear river.

An Author's Way.

Mr. W. D. Howells is quoted as saying he always keeps his manuscript six or seven months ahead of the time for publication. His nervous disposition makes it impossible for him to furnish matter at short notice.

Oleomargarine's Origin.

During the seige of Paris it became necessary to find a substitute for butter. Experiments resulted in the production of the substance known as oleomargarine.

"OLD HICKORY'S" FARWELL.

Andrew Jackson's Last Hours in the White House.

How many strange, old-new stories one finds down here among these ancient people! And how many curious relics of days "before the war, sah."

In the last month of President Jackson's administration, he called in a young artist, whom I am not permitted to name now, to do a miniature of his deceased wife on ivory. This young man was but 19, and the old soldier seems to have taken him quite to his heart, from the letters and other things he has preserved. The last few days of Jackson's administration he kept the artist constantly with him and at work on the miniature. Every hour the hero of New Orleans would come and look over his shoulder in his deep concern about the progress of the work. The room occupied, which was the general's private office at the time, was the one on the right, immediately at the head of the main stairway. The artist—now a gray, old Virginian, and eminent in quite another walk of life—says that in these last few days the president was left quite alone. The flies that buzz about to suck the sweets of office had flown to his successor. The king is dead; long live the king. President Jackson had nothing more to bestow, and so was left in almost entire solitude. The general would not let the artist go away, but kept him at his side in the private office, even to the last hour, while he looked over and destroyed his papers. As he came to the last one he glanced at it, let it fall in his hand heavily for a moment, then raised it up, tore it in two and threw it on the floor, where bits of paper already lay many inches deep. Then springing up the old man threw his two hands out, banged them down and said: "There, thank God, that is the last of it, the very last of it; and now I am going home to spend the remainder of my days at my dear Hermitage." Saying this he walked across the room, took a cob pipe, filled it and sat down, smoking a long time in silence.

The artist also made at the time a miniature on ivory of Jackson, which he still has in his possession. The face is heavier, fuller, than we are accustomed to see in steel cuts and paintings. The chin is prominent, massive, almost double; the hair is very thick, bristling, and like snow.

Flowers in Paris.

I must confess the passion for flowers is highly developed in Paris. From the flowers in the public square, where he goes for a breath of fresh air, to the flower pot in his little room, which he waters every night or morning, there is but a step, so to speak, and, moreover, one may find flower markets in all parts of the wonderful city, not to mention the elegant shops, like that which I have already named, and the hand-carts which ugly old women push before them in every street and avenue. The Quai aux Fleures, the Madeleine, the place de la Republique and certain parts of the outer boulevards are so many open air markets where the flagstones and asphaltum have been carpeted with verdure and enameled with roses, geraniums, camellias, dahlias, azalias and other lovely gifts of the goddess Flora.

It was Cato, I think, who wished to make it obligatory on every Roman citizen to have a flowering plant to look after and the Parisian of to-day would seem to have adopted his principles. The average Parisian, it is true, does not go beyond the fortifications, but it does not require much in order to give him the sensation of the country, the odor of the flower and the shadow of love. A lilac bush which will soon burst into blossom and which stands in an earthen pot on his mantelpiece with two handfuls of hawthorns that he gathered himself along the ancient walls, suffice to realize his ideas of a terrestrial paradise. Mirabeau said one day when he was showing his garden to Argenteuil: "Flowers are the poetry of gardens," but I think Jules Claretie has improved on Mirabeau by calling them "the poetry of Paris."

Too Sweet for Anything.

A tiny—very tiny—pig was served at a fashionable dinner the other evening; and when he was placed on the table a howl went up from the assembled rank and fashion surrounding him. The little beast stood on his own hoofs in the midst of a bed of Marshal Neil roses; in his rosy snout was the customary lemon, and twisted in his small tail was a blue pond lily. He was pronounced too sweet for anything, was duly cut up and tasted, and the health of the Chinese cook was duly drunk in champagne.

A Perpetual Clock.

A perpetual clock was started at Brussels a little over a ye r ago. An up draft is obtained in a tube or shaft by exposing it to the sun; this draft turns a fan, which winds up the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, when it actuates a brake that stops the fan, but leaves it free to start again after the weight has gone down a little. At the last of June the clock was running perfectly, after having been in motion for nine consecutive months.

Queer Oil Springs.

"Venezuela has boiling oil springs, California has got an oil spring that won't flow a drop of oil in the dark of the moon, and Wyoming has oil wells that are their own storage tanks, and I've see 'em all," said Capt. Jared Flower, of Venango county, in the Aster house rotunda. He has just returned from a two years' tour of investigation of alleged oil fields in South America, on the Pacific coast, and in other localities.

The Right of Conquest.

"Why do you make such a face in taking that medicine?" asked a wife of her husband. "You pour it down Tommy."

"Yes, because I am stronger than Tommy. If Tommy were stronger than I, he would doubtless pour it down me."

Reckless Horsemanship.

It was early in the morning that the pilgrims were favored with an exhibition of horsemanship which is rarely seen. At one of the stations at which the train stopped there appeared among the small knot of natives a veritable cowboy, mounted and fully equipped. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat over an honest, pleasant face, deeply tanned by the sun and atmosphere, a woolen shirt and a short, gray jacket and gray trousers. Over his legs, from his hips to his knees, extended a wide piece of leather, the object of which is supposed to be to protect him from rain and brush. He was asked if he owned the herd of sheep grazing near, and indignantly responded that he did not—that he was a cowboy.

"Let us see you lasso that cow."

"Huh! That's nothin'! The boys 'uld skin my head."

"Then let us see you catch the train."

Without a word the little pony was urged to the other side of the track, and, as the train started, horse and rider made a dash, going ahead of the train. Gradually as the train got under way it gained upon its opponent until it and the horse stood "neck and neck." Then, as if to tempt the rider to his fate, cigars were held to him from the car windows. Without a moment's hesitation the little pony was headed for the road-bed, which it reached by a plunge from the higher ground. The train increased in speed, and the cow-boy, being intent on the prizes offered him, gave the rein to the pony and his attention to taking the cigars from the hands of those inside the cars. Over washouts and uneven ground, through cuts and over elevations the animal dashed, and so close to the train that the rider's feet came in contact with it. The animal was left entirely to itself, and one misstep or a stumble would have thrown both horse and rider beneath the wheels. For fully three-quarters of a mile the race was kept up, and at the end of it the daring rider was greeted with shouts, which he acknowledged by a wave of his hat as the horse mounted the embankment.

The Crash of Worlds.

If ever two great worlds do meet in this way it is possible to predict some of the consequences. To use the technical language of science, "their energy of solar motion will be converted into various forms of molecular and potential energy;" which, translated into the vernacular, means that there will be evolution of heat and light, while at the same time the solids present will be wholly or in part liquefied, the liquids vaporized, and the vapors and gases rarefied and expanded. The intensity of the action will depend, of course, mainly upon the mass and swiftness of the colliding bodies; but an easy calculation shows that if our earth were ever to meet another globe like herself, and meeting with the same velocity, heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform them both into a huge ball of vapor; unless, indeed, the central core of the earth is much colder and more refractory than is usually supposed. At any rate, the quantity of heat developed would be sufficient to melt, boil, and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the colliding worlds—an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

If, however, the impinging masses were, to begin with, mainly gaseous (as the sun seems to be) the effect might be curiously different. Heat would, of course, be generated, just as in the case of solid bodies; but as a consequence, apparently most paradoxical, the resulting nebula might actually be cooler than either of the bodies before the encounter; of course it would be vastly expanded in volume. Just as a gaseous mass contracting under its own gravity from loss of heat by radiation at its surface, continually rises in temperature, so a similar mass, expanding against its own gravity from accession of heat within, may fall in temperature, nay, must fall, if the body is composed of "perfect" gas. Of course, immediately after the collision, and before the ultimate expansion bulk was attained, the temperature and brilliance of the mass would be for a time vastly increased, but the final result would be as stated.

Soothing the Victims.

Marwood, the English hangman, used to soothe his victims by whispering words of encouragement to them. "Come on now," he would say kindly. "I won't hurt you, and it will all be over in a minute. It will be all right. Just leave it to me." A well known sheriff in Arkansaw is equally as kind. Some time ago he entered the cell of a man who was to be hanged the following day and said: "That little affair of ours comes off to-morrow, you know, and I hope that you will be quite ready for the performance. Hold yourself pretty stiff when the cap is drawn. Then you will go down straight and won't dangle. It's very uncomfortable to dangle and you will find the stiff method preferable."

Prison Morality.

A man who was convicted of theft and sentenced to the state prison in Philadelphia the other day astonished the judge by making these pointed remarks in court: "I worked three years in your state prison making shoes, and I know as much about making shoes as I do about watches. They taught me to be dishonest. My principal work was to paste leather and pasteboard together to make a thick sole to impose on the public. The man who had the contract was a Christian, a member of the church, and at the time I called his attention to the pasteboard business he was foreman of the grand jury.

What His Idea Was.

A New York merchant was speaking of a gray-haired comrade who had just married a third wife. "I can't understand it," he said. "I am a widower myself, but my idea has always been that if a man's first wife suited him, he wouldn't expect that another could fill her place, and if she did not suit him, he wouldn't want another to fill it."

A FUNERAL ON THE CONGO.

An Unlooked-For Expression of Feeling From an Old African Chief.

Seeing their perplexity Lieut. Orban volunteered to fire off a round of twenty cartridges from his "Winchester." The chief and people were delighted. Could there be greater honor for the deceased than to receive his farewell salute at the hands of a white man, with his wonderful gun from Mquto—the mysterious region beyond the sea—the Unknown—perhaps Heaven itself? (for are not these white men sons of Heaven?) So thought the old chief as he led us to see the corpse. With an earnest, pleading tone he took our hands in his and said: "O you, who are going home!" and he pointed to the pale and peaceful evening sky. "You will send him back to us, will you not? You will tell him his hut is waiting for him, his wives will prepare his manioc white as cotton cloth, and there shall be Malafu in plenty and a goat killed? You will send him back, will you not?"

This expression of feeling quite took us by surprise. Ordinarily the African is so stolid, so thoroughly material, that one never expects from him anything like sentiment or poetic ideas. We tried as gently as possible—for he appealed to both of us in his distress—to explain at once our utter inability to reanimate this hideous corpse with the breath of life and to encourage him with vague hopes that all was not in vain, but he shook his aged, grizzled head sadly at the confession of our powerlessness face to face with death.

The dead man had been placed in his grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him up on the top were piles of cotton stuffs, received in trade from the far off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague, half-determined notions which the people here have conceived as to a future existence, everything in the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this eason they put cloth, vessels of pottery, and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the graves, in order that the deceased on arriving in the land of shades may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The grave in which this man was buried had been dug in a hut, and the head of the corpse was not much more than two feet below the surface. We could not ascertain whether the hut, or rather house—for it was a substantial building of poles and thatch—would be abandoned or not. I fancy not, as it is only in the case of a chief that this is done; and the man that was dead, although rich and influential, was, after all, only the favorite slave of the chief.

What Does History Teach?

It is not our intention to decry the study of history, if we really have anything worthy of the name. We recognize it as one of the ornamental branches necessary to a "finished education." But what is its comparative practical value? To what real account can one young man in a million turn his knowledge of Pompey's battles, Cæsar's conquests, the triumphs of Alexander, or the brilliant victories of Napoleon, admitting that he is familiar with all that has ever been written concerning them? What lessons of practical wisdom can the girl derive from studying the lives of Dido, Cleopatra, Elizabeth or Catharine, as they are presented by the ancient or modern historian? We do not apprehend any danger from too much attention being given to this branch of study by the youth of either sex, whether it is as the elder Walpole thought, "nothing but lies," or as Macauley defined it, "philosophy teaching by example." It is a great deal more extolled than read, and much more commended than studied, and it is likely so to continue.

Dangers of Tobogganning.

The Louisville Commercial's reporter got an interview with the city solicitor of Toronto at the exposition. The solicitor said: "Tobogganning is great sport. My friend Smith had a valuable horse that once made a mile in ten seconds on a toboggan. The animal lost its sight, however, the frost needles having cut its eyes out of its head as it flew down hill. The horse had incautiously strayed to a toboggan hill in the night, and had accidently stepped on one of the slippery things, and away he went. There was a slender, long-necked boy who was the most skillful tobogganer in western Canada; but he met with a painful accident that winter that put a stop to his favorite sport forever. As he was going down hill one afternoon he carelessly turned his face to one side, and the wind twisted his whole head square round, so that the eyes looked down the back of his neck, and, lingering for several years in a retrospective way, he died insane—his brain was turned.

A Question of Freedom.

"I fought for your freedom," said a gentleman whom a negro policeman was conducting to the lock-up.

"You needn't try ter fight fur yourn, cap'n, fur if yer does I'll hit yer."

"Ain't you got no respect for a man who helped to free you?"

"I ain't steadyin' 'bout dat, cap'n. Ef yer had enuff sense to fight fur my freedom yer aughter hab enuff ter 'habe yerse'f airter I'se freed. Doan pull back dat way. I'll gin yer a lick fust thing yer know dat'll ring so loud dat de fire engines will come out. Yer own freedom seems ter bodder yer much more den mine."

Went to the Shop.

The china toilet set of the late Adelaide Neilson, every piece painted with her monogram, encircled with wreaths of roses, formed for a long time the chief ornament of a bric-a-brac shop on the Rue du 4 Septembre, in Paris.

Arkansaw Traveler: A pusson what ain't got no mussy fur a animal ain't got none fur a man, an' is only kep' from beatin' a man 'cause he's a coward.

Holding Plaster Casts.

"Where do I get my molds and first casts? The best of them are made in Rome; now and then I get a fine thing from Paris. I don't import my molds. I get the best casts from abroad and make the molds here. The making of a good mold is a very serious matter. Look at this one of the Belvidere Apollo. The figure is but twenty-two inches high, yet the mold is composed of seventy or eighty pieces, and each piece must fit with perfect accuracy. The mold for that Venus of Melos is in more than a hundred pieces. The mold, not the labor expended, is what makes a good cast expensive, for we can make an ordinary cast in a day. We first tie all the pieces together and then pour in the plaster. If the mold was not in many pieces how could we get the statue out? It would be like going to work to undress a man by taking hold of his head and trying to pull him out of his clothing. Here is a little cast of a pear; it is in five parts, two for top and bottom and three for the sides.

"We judge of a good cast by the lines. Look at this bust of Niobe; you see that the lines caused by the mold are narrow and fine; in a poor cast they would be coarse and heavy, because the mold had become worn at its edges. And the corners must come evenly and closely together; one piece must not fall below the level of the others. The reason that an artist prefers a cast which has the mold marks intact is not because of the assistance the lines give in drawing the figures, but because he knows by means of them just how good the original was, and that the workman has not, in scraping off the marks, hurt the form of the figure. Common workmen in plaster not only chisel off the marks carelessly, but even smooth off the surface of the cast with sandpaper."

The Church and the Stage.

While orthodox Christians in this country generally frown on the stage and all its belongings, it is not to be disguised that the prejudice against actors and theatres is not as marked as it was, say, twenty years ago. One of the most beautiful and successful theatres in New York is owned by a couple of clergymen, who are also the proprietors of The Churchman, the official organ of the Episcopal denomination. The Rev. Robert Collyer, and other liberal, as well as Episcopal, clergymen openly visit the New York theatres and no scandal is caused thereby. In England the bishop and clergymen of the national church attend operas and theatres the same as other people; but more remarkable than all, The Christian World, the leading London organ of the Nonconformists, recently contained a leading editorial, giving Mr. Henry Irving a "God speed," apropos of his departure to America. Mr. George Macdonald, the English novelist, is a clergyman, yet he frequently appears as an amateur actor on semi-public occasions. The theatre is growing in popularity in this country. A large space is given to dramatic news in all our journals. It is for Christian people to say what course they shall pursue in the future. It is idle to ignore the stage or to condemn it by wholesale. After all, why not try and moralize it and free it from objectionable associations?

Take a Good Rest.

You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day—this restless anxiety for something you have not—is like pebble-stones in machinery, they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. You have a great load of useless care; dump it. Pull in the strings; compact your business; take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head.

Stop thinking of business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times in this doomed world; and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of His own world. He is still alive and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Do not fancy that the curse of heaven, in the vast task of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you will never bring it; God can, and will; take breath, sir; sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life, and do your work well.

Napoleon's Own Horoscope.

While Napoleon was retreating from Moscow he lost an old manuscript, which was afterward proved to be over five hundred years old. With this he had cast his own horoscope. The questions and answers were in his ow. handwriting, and written while he was a subaltern. Of these questions and answers only one is given here, although the majority of them were remarkably correct as to his after life.

Question 8. Shall I be eminent and meet with preferment in my pursuits? Answer. (Hieroglyph of the Pyramid)—definition: "Thou shalt meet with many obstacles, but at length thou shalt attain the highest earthly power and honor."

Tomb of President Lincoln's Grand-

John Leach, of Yarmouth, England, says The London Athenæum, has had the inscription over the tomb of the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, at Norwich, photographed for friends of the family. The inscription is as follows:

"In memory of Mr. Abraham Lincolne, of this parish, who died July 13, 1789, aged seventy-nine years; and Hannah, his daughter, who died September 23, 1769, aged six years."

"From Thee, great God, we spring,
to Thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, origin, and end."

PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

A Railroad Engineer Gives His Experience.

"A fortnight or so ago I was on my way to the far west, traveling on a fast through Baltimore & Ohio express. On a bright Sunday morning I awoke in my berth and realized that the train was standing still. I raised the curtain and peeped out. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the train stood in a dense wood, away from any living creature. It did not move for some time, and I arose, made my toilet, and went outside. The train stood partially on a long trestle-work or open bridge, and I could see smoke rising from the end of the structure furthest from us. I walked out past the locomotive and on the bridge, where I met a number of gentlemen talking.

"'What's the matter?' I inquired of one.

"'Oh, a section of the bridge has burned,' replied the gentleman.

"'Lucky the engineer saw the fire in time to save us,' I remarked, gazing down into the water below, and shuddering at the thought of being piled up, in a sleeping-car, in the chasm that yawned for me.

"'But the engineer says he didn't see any fire when he stopped,' exclaimed one.

"'No, said the engineer who stood hard by, 'I saw no fire. I had a presentiment as I approached the bridge. Something seemed to warn me that it would not be safe to cross the bridge, and it came upon me so strongly that I just stopped the train and got out of the cab, and I hadn't walked twenty steps before I saw that the act had saved many lives, for the whole train would have gone down that hole, although it is but the length of two rails. The fire didn't show up much above the ties, as it was confined mostly to the timbers below. Right there in that little shed a watchman sleeps,' said the engineer, pointing to a diminutive dwelling a half dozen rods away, 'and it was his duty, and it has been for years to be out here, and to pass over the bridge just before and after us; but somehow I felt that he was not faithful, that he might be asleep, and I could see in my mind, as I approached the bridge, the whole train going down to death, and could hear the cries of the dying, and so I just stopped, as I said. The watchman, sure enough, was asleep. Oh, you needn't laugh, for this is not the first time presentiments have saved lives when my hand was at the throttle. No, I've been in just this position before,' said he, blushing to the tips of his fingers, as two or three gentlemen smiled and whistled a bit.

"'No,' said he, 'I had a foreboding of danger stronger than this a few years ago. I was running then on a division of the Sandusky. There is a little station on that road where the passenger trains seldom stop. It has a siding for freights, however, and there was nearly always a freight train side-tracked as I passed through on the fast express. That little place is on a long stretch of splendid track, and for years the engineers had that as a racing ground, and I tell you some mighty good time has been made there. At the time I had this presentiment the rivalry among the engineers on that stretch of track was at its height. It was a sharp winter night that I approached the station, on the down trip. It was foggy, and a fierce wind blew. I hadn't stopped there for three months, and as I went into that good track with a dash, and approached the village at a terrible speed, I never thought of stopping. My locomotive was the fleetest on the road, and I was congratulating myself, as the fireman drew his watch, that I was making the best time on record, and was thinking to myself how I would appal the trainmen side-tracked as I dashed through. When a quarter of a mile from the station something whispered to me to stop. I didn't want to stop, and reflecting how chagrined I would be if I would have to stop when in the heat of a successful race, I tossed my head, opened the throttle a little more, and oh, how we flew! Seems to me I never saw a train come so near flying, and yet she just lay as close to and smoothly on the track as could be. Quick as thought I was commanded by an inner being to stop, or it would make a run to death; and, without effort, my hands reversed the engine and applied the air. There was no signal, no whistle nor bell sounded, and the fireman was astonished to see my frantic movements. The train lay still a few feet past the depot, and as I jumped from my engine I felt so embarrassed that I almost burned. I could make no explanation to the conductor or the trainmen who came about me. I looked all over the engine. Everything was all right. I cast my eyes along the train. Nothing appeared wrong. Then I walked down the track in front of the engine. When I had gone less than a hundred feet, and beyond the rays of the headlight I ran against a box car! It stood right out in front of the engine, full on the track. The switch had been left open and the wind had skewed it out. It was loaded with carbon oil. Had I not seen it, scores of persons would have been killed and burned.

Wants It "Done Brown."

Flood, the California millionaire, is going to ship brownstone all the way from New York for his new San Francisco palace. This will be an innovation in which health and comfort are to be sacrificed to style. Brick or stone houses in San Francisco are simply uninhabitable because of their coldness and dampness, but Mr. Flood believes that brown stone alone can give the solidity and dignity necessary to such a palace as he means to build. By the way, it should not be forgotten that Mr. Flood used to keep a saloon and attend his own bar. His tastes are, therefore, necessarily cultured and æsthetic.

A Point in Peanuts.

It is reported that attempts will be made next season to raise peanuts on land that can be irrigated. The crop was a failure in many parts of the south this year on account of the drought.

COMFORT WITH BUSINESS.

The Inviting Luxury by Which Customers Are Attracted to Some Wall Street Offices.

[New York Times.]

The visitor paused on the threshold and gazed inquiringly within. The room was large and nearly square, its walls and ceilings delicately tinted with various shades of green. On the floor was a velvety carpet, with hues of drab and gold, which was perfectly matched by the upholstery patterns of several easy chairs and two inviting sofas. The silk plush window curtains were of a slightly darker shade. Footrests covered with raw silk were scattered about, and a silken screen stood near a diminutive fire-place. A mass of glowing coals in the brass-environed grate imparted a cheerful warmth to the rich furnishings of the room. The mahogany library table was littered with newspapers, but from the disordered mass peeped a bouquet of fresh flowers, and lying on the floor underneath, just as it had fallen, was the latest number of a popular magazine. Two pretty bronze figures ornamented the little plush-covered mantel, and on carved brackets here and there were quaint statues in bisque and porcelain. Two or three oil-paintings adorned the walls, and in one corner was a mahogany book-case with several volumes behind its beveled glass doors.

The general appearance of the apartment was that of a drawing-room in a private residence, and a puzzled look came over the visitor's face as he looked about him. He had come to transact some business with a Wall street broker, and was beginning to fear that he had made a mistake in the place, when he observed that the occupants of the room wore their hats, smoked cigars, and bustled eagerly around a glass-covered apparatus which emitted a ticking sound and a long and narrow band of paper with letters and figures printed thereon.

A momentary lull in the operations of the "ticker" enabled the visitor to put an inquiry which satisfied him that he had not made a mistake. He was in the office of the broker he had come to see, and the unusual elegance of his surroundings was simply an element of the adroit broker's enterprise. It is customary with most all of the stock brokers to fit up a room at their places of business for the accommodation of their patrons. This custom is an old one, but the degree of liberality in the fitting up of such rooms has advanced wonderfully in a few years. According to the old-fashioned notion a dingy room, with a long table, several chairs, and perhaps a carpet-covered lounge, was thought to be good enough for the customers of any firm. The modern idea takes into consideration not only personal comfort but the natural human appreciation of beautiful things.

There are scores of brokers' offices in the vicinity of Wall street so elegantly fitted up that they would not be out of place in Fifth avenue mansions. Some of the prosperous brokerage firms take as much pride in the appearance of their reception-rooms as a lady does in that of her drawing-room. Mr. Henry Clews was one of the first of the Wall street men to see the advantage of making his office attractive and luxurious. "I can't do business without customers," said he, "and I must make my place of business so bright and cheerful that they will like to come here." Mr. Clews has spent a great deal of money in furnishing his reception-room. It is carpeted with a light-colored body Brussels, and decorated in bright and harmonious colors. The furniture is an assortment of tempting easy-chairs and sofas. Some of the chairs are upholstered and others are of elaborately woven willow. Most of them are with rockers. The walls are thickly covered with pictures selected with artistic discrimination. There are portraits and landscapes in oil, and two or three fine engravings. A large mirror reaches from ceiling to floor on one side of the room. Numerous plaques, images and brackets are scattered here and there. The "tickers" are placed on shelves covered with olive-green velvet. A grate fire is usually kept burning in this office when the weather permits it.

A Relic of the Vikings.

There is not a great deal to see in Christiana, and every stranger is taken in the very first place to visit the Viking ship that was dug up a few years ago from the clay, in which it had lain 1,000 years, and is shown the bones of the hardy old northern sea king who owned it and to whom his boat served as a mausoleum when he had died, as learned doctors declare from an inspection of what remains of him, of rheumatism. A fine craft she must have been in her time, seventy-six feet long by sixteen beam, with high raised stem and sternpost and with lines that modern boatbuilders pronounce to be admirable. One is tempted to make a polite bow to the venerable relic and say as one does to some old lady or gentleman who is proclaiming the number of her or his years: "You look very young for your age." For the frames and planking of this man-of-war of the olden time look as if they might date from the eighteenth instead of the ninth century, and the majority of her iron bolts show hardly a sign of rust. I suppose it is all right and that there is nothing of the Cardiff giant about this Viking ship, but it requires a strong faith in archæological discernment and in the preservative properties of blue clay to take in the whole story.

A Historical Door Sill.

Slaughter Bassett, of Lexington, Ky., paid $5 for the front door sill of the old court house at that place when the building was torn down. It is of stone, and is prized by Bassett because Henry Clay and Aaron Burr stood upon it when the latter asked Clay to defend him, and he pledged his honor that he was innocent of an attempt at a western conspiracy. Receiving the pledge, Clay appeared in Burr's defense, but afterward declined to speak to him when he found out that Burr had lied.

France has a resident foreign population of 1,000,000.