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THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
— AT —
ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,
— BY —
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Old John.

[Helen Wilmans.]

He was either a natural-born thief, or the honestest man living. He would steal, and he once served a term in state prison. When he came out, his queer old face was as innocent as a baby's, and he had not the least idea what he had been "jugged" for.

"Why, John," said a neighbor, "you did take the hog, didn't you?"

"Ya-as, I took it, but the widder and her children was hungry. I was hungry myself, or 'lowed I would be soon."

"But it wasn't yours."

"Don't know 'bout that. 'The cattle on a thousand hills is mine,' said the Lord, an I'm one of the Lord's children."

This was his constant excuse. Property rights, and the bolstering up of property rights by law was all a net-work of subterfuge covering up humanity's rights. Not that he argued it this way; he hardly had sense enough to argue at all. He was a child of nature and lived as close to nature as the herds of the field.

He worked when he could get work, and when he could not, he boarded at the "widder's."

"The 'widder' was a powerful weakly woman." The only thing about her that seemed up to average was her appetite. But John asserted that somehow her "wittles didn't do her no good." Neither did medicine seem to help her. She tried everything that ever was advertised if she could raise money to buy it, or if John could steal it for her, and yet she was weakly.

The neighbors all knew John would steal, but it did no good to accuse him of it. The accusation always had the effect of shaming the one who made it, instead of John. No one could call him a thief and see the honest surprise and injured innocence of his homely face and not feel rebuked.

"Damn you," said a neighbor, blustering because he felt self-accused in accusing this humble, patient and yet manly creature, "Damn you, didn't you take a side of meat out of my smoke-house night afore last?"

"Yaas, zur." John drawled.

"What did you do it for?"

"The widder was out o' grub."

"Why didn't you come and ask me for meat like a Christian?"

"A Christian, zur?"

"Yes, a Christian."

"Aint ye a kind o' tangled in your idees? Christians hed all things in common; widder's hed as much as any."

"But didn't you know that meat was mine?"

"Ain't you the Lord's?"

"I hope so."

"And don't he intend for us all to hev grub?"

"Yes; when we earn it."

"I work when I can get work, and the widder, she's one of the Lord's helpless ones. Do you 'low he'll throw off on his helpless and his pore?"

"But still you should have asked me for the meat."

"See here, mister, you mought a let me had it, and then agin you moughtn't. I knowed the Lord hed it fur me, and I knowed he hedn't 'pinted watchmen to keep it from me. So I just nat'rally took it."

The man looked into the depths of old John's clear blue eyes, way down to where a baby soul faced him in angelic innocence, and he turned upon himself in dumb wrath, humbled and worsted by the encounter, and walked away poudering.

A few days afterwards John went to him to borrow his gun. "He must kill some game," he said, "or they would be out of meat; a side of bacon didn't last that family long." The man lent him the gun and a horse to ride, and saw no more of him until the next evening.

"What luck did you have?" the neighbor asked.

"Middlen," said John, "nothin' to brag on, but I got a bit o' meat such as it was."

The neighbor wondered a little why John had not brought him a piece, (knowing that he was as generous with his own things as with other people's,) but supposed he had only killed a fawn and that there was not enough of it to divide. But the fact was, John had got tired of bearing the continual anxiety about meat and had determined to give his mind a rest for a few weeks; so he had killed a 3-year-old beef belonging to the man of whom he borrowed the gun and salted it away carefully.

It is strange that the sly manner in which he took the property of others should fail to put the seal of condemnation on his acts in his own and his neighbor's eyes; but it did not appear to do so. He wanted it; he knew he would be opposed if he took it openly; moreover, it seemed beggarly to ask. Therefore he chose between existing evils and stole it.

During the last harvest the poor old creature ever saw he worked like a sailor and earned the best wages going. But the "widder and young ones" were out of clothes; and never a drop of patent medicine had there been in the house for months. So the money melted down fast; but the children were well provided for and the "mantel tree shelf" was crowded with a choice assortment of bottles and boxes—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Tutt's Pills, Samaritan Nervine, Vinegar Bitters, Lindsey's Blood Searcher, Catarrh Remedy and Cough Pastiles. Even Rough on Rats was there, although invisible; poor old John being the kind of rat the whole business was rough on. But John had no idea that this family imposed on him, or that they were under any obligations to him. And the family were equally ignorant of the situation. The widow bemoaned to her neighbors the natural generosity that rendered it impossible for her to refuse house room to the "shiftless critter;" and the elder children were insolent to him and guyed him unmercifully. All but Sary Jane.

Sary Jane was only 3 years old and a cripple. She was the least mite of a child ever seen for her age, and had never borne her weight on her dear little pale feet in all her life. Sary Jane could not have been as smart as the others; at all events she had no more sense than to love old John. She would sit close to his head and keep the flies off of him as he took his noonday nap, and would even shake her tiny fist at her big, rough brothers when they tormented him in her presence.

John carried the little one on his shoulder over the neighborhood, and was delighted when the kind-hearted women gave her half-worn garments and superannuated toys.

The "widder" used to tell John how Sary Jane "mourned" for him when he was gone; and John would listen with such glowing eyes it seemed as if his whole soul was absorbed in the narration.

"Yes," the widow would drawl out, "she won't go to bed without you; she just humps along to the door, and thar she sits as still as a mouse, bent for'ard, and a listnin' with all her years. It's no use to tell her you won't come; she just jerks her shoulders, impatient like, as if axin' us to keep still, and thar she sits till she falls asleep."

As I said before, the harvest was past and the money was spent; and Sary Jane had got the wish of her heart. She had a pair of shoes and two tiny red stockings. It did not appear to be her intention to wear them, though she put them on and off many times each day, and rarely suffered them out of her hands or lap, even while eating or sleeping.

It was part of John's business to feed this frail, sickly creature. It seemed to him that she never wished to eat, and only did so to please him. He cut her food into small bits and enticed her to take it by pretending to cry. Her hold on existence was like that of some air plant; every principle of life contained in the coarser elements was so much death to her.

"I'm mightily afear'd of losin' hit," John often said to the widow. But he did not lose her, as we shall see.

One night Sary Jane sat in the open door and watched for him. It was dark in the cabin, and a dismal wind soughed mournfully through the forest trees that grew up to the very eaves. Had she been older she might have been frightened or lonely; but she was neither. She was simply intent on seeing her dear friend. It was getting very late. Sary Jane would relax her interest and lose herself momentarily in sleep; then she would rescue her faculties to look out most earnestly for a few moments longer. Presently she heard a rustling among the grass, and leaning forward cried eagerly, "Don? Don?"

"Yes, honey," answered a faint voice.

Then there was the silence of expectation; an expectation not realized; for the baby voice spoke again out of the deep hush of listening "Don? Don?"

And still no answer. Sobs began to tear their way from the long waiting baby bosom, which swelled into a touching cry, mingled with "Mammy! Mammy!"

The mother woke up and tried to take the child from the door, which only increased her screams. Then, somehow or other, she knew that John was out there and could not come in. She lit a candle, aroused the larger boys and went out to where the poor fellow was lying in pool of his own blood, riddled with buckshot.

They got him in the house and on the bed. They checked the flow of blood from his many wounds. He still breathed though he was partly unconscious. In the morning a doctor came, said there was no hope and went away. About noon John opened his eyes and looked around. The widow placed Sary Jane close up where he could see her. He put his arm around her with difficulty; then he looked from face to face; many neighbors were there. He tried to speak; it was evident he had something to say to Deacon Wilson; but not until the beat of the day had passed and the cool twilight had come could he muster strength.

"What's your 'pinion on the situation, deacon?" he asked.

The deacon said he hoped he would get well.

"No;" said John, "this lays me out. But from your stan'point, now, what do you 'spose my chances over there is worth? I'm not skeered, but I'd like your idees."

"What is it about the — the stealin', John?"

"Stealin'?" said John; "I wa'nt a stealin'. Why, look at this famerly; not a bit o' meat in the house. I was 'bleeged to hev it. I'd a heap ruther be where I am than in the tracks of the man that shot me—heap ruther. Think I'd kill a feller critter for takin' the Lord's substance to feed such helpless things as this?" He pressed the baby closer to him. "Why, I'd be meaner than the devil not to do it. S'pose I don't know I take my life in my hands when I start out after night to get grub? 'Course I know the resk. But what do you reckon the Lord 'ud say to me if I neglected my duty by 'em. 'Feed my lambs;' them's His words; 'Feed my lambs.' That's all right, deacon; my ways the Lord won't go agin'; but it hurts me now to think I never was a prayin' man. I don't know nothin' about savin' grace and it 'pears like I mought a-loved the dear Redeemer better than I did. I can't believe as any on us is goin' to be everlastin'ly lost. I believe even them pore crotures that hoards up meat in houses and has more flour and pertatus than they can eat, and more clothes than they can war, and more money than they can spend will hev another chance after this life and will event'ally repent and get forgiveness. But I tell you, deacon, I want to go to heaven direct. I want to see the Lord. I want Him to 'pint some one in my place to take keer of these helpless ones. I could'tdie if I knowed this little child would be left in want."

"You lack savin' grace, John," said the deacon. "You must pray for forgiveness; the Lord can pardon the vilest sinner that ever lived, through the power of prayer."

"But, deacon, I ain't no sins to forgive. I ain't afear'd to face the Lord; why, bless His lovin' soul, He was a man of sorrers, just like me, and he's not goin' to shet His heart agin me. I don't need to humble myself before Him. Him and me's had a mighty close understandin' for yers and yers. 'Visit the widders in their affliction,' says He, 'and take keer of the orphans.' 'Feed my lambs,' sez He, and I done it."

"Works without faith," says the deacon, "are barren. Saving grace comes of prayer and faith."

"I ain't never prayed none," said John, and it's too late now."

He turned his face away and fell asleep. The watchers thought he would die about midnight, but he slept quietly and painlessly, and in the morning took some refreshment. He lingered three days, occasionally opening his eyes and speaking to Sary Jane, who sat perched close up to him the greater part of the time. She had her shoes and red stockings there with her. Almost the last word he spoke was to call attention to her. "She's mighty pale and peeked lookin'" he said. "Bring me some grub and led me feed her."

They brought him some chicken cut in small bits. "Take a bite, honey," he said. She shook her head.

"John'll cry ef you don't." He put his poor, bloodless hand over his eyes.

She looked at him with a show of anxiety and opened her mouth like a bird. But she could not swallow the food. "It chokes me sroat," she said. Indeed, the little throat was swelling with long repressed sobs. Her patient soul could hold out no longer against the grief and anxiety that beset her.

"Don't cry, honey," said John; "cuddle down to pore old John and let's both go to sleep. Mebby we'll wake up feelin' better."

It was late in the evening when the two fell asleep. They rested so quietly that the watchers, worn out and tired, dropped into easy positions and dozed. Just at the break of day, one—a neighbor—went to them. The baby lay across John's arm slantingwise, and his hand clasped one of her slender ankles. The hand was ash-colored, and it was cold as clay. It had communicated its chill and its pallor to the little leg in its grasp.

"Take her away, quick," said the widow, reaching the bedside.

But the neighbor did not take her away. He turned suddenly and grasped the widow's hands.

"Glory to God!" he said. "Praised be His holy name, for His wisdom exceedeth the wisdom of man. Sister, they fell asleep together; and they have waked up feeling better. I know it because they are both in heaven."

Tall Potato Stalk.

In Indiana, where hoop-poles are classed as "timber," a farmer has succeeded in raising a potato stalk over nine feet high. He trimmed off all the side branches and supported it by means of a stake.

They make paper barrels at Akron, Ohio.

Anglicisms in American Literature

[Atlantic Monthly.]

I believe it was Mr. Higginson who said that it has taken a hundred years to eliminate the lark from American literature; but there are several other lingering delusions which we have unlawfully inherited from our English ancestry. I have lately found myself dissatisfied with Italy and the Mediterranean sea, because the skies of one and the waters of the other failed to keep up their time-honored reputation for unequaled blueness. I do not need to explain that English writers have commented from century to century upon the contrast between the Italian atmosphere and their own, and have celebrated the glories of the former. The color of the waves that beat against the shores of Great Britain is apt to be a dull brown; in many places it seems as if the London fogs were the fountains from which the sea is replenished. But we Americans go on placidly making our copy-books say over and over again that the sky is blue in Italy, as if there were not a bluer and a more brilliant one over our own heads. Soft and tender the heavens may be in Venice and above Lake Como, but there is a tenderness and a softness of clear light and of shadowed light in New England of which we should do well to sing the beauty and the glory.

Just in the same fashion we mourn over the gloominess of autumn, as if ours were the autumn of Thompson, or of Cooper, or of any poet who wrote of fogs and darkness, and shortness of days, and general death and suddenness and chill despair. Here there is little dull weather until winter is fairly come, but through the long, bright months of September and October, and sometimes the whole of the condemned and dreaded November, the days—not nearly such short days as in England—are bright and invigorating. But we are brought up on English books, and our delusions of this sort are, after all, rare disadvantages, that never can counterbalance the greater mercies and delights of our inherited literature.

A Successful Failure.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Yes, George, dear, I accept your proffered love, and will be your wife," and a pair of strong arms clasped her tightly, lovingly.

"You have heard, of course," she said, from under the lapel of his coat, "that father has failed?"

"No, I hadn't heard that," said George, weakening his grip a little.

"Yes," she continued, nestling more closely to him; "he failed last week, and—"

"That puts a different phase upon matters entirely," said George, struggling to break loose, but the girl held him fast and continued:

"And settled with his creditors at 2 cents on the dollar, and——"

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately, "do not speak of such sordid matters. Let us think only of love and the happiness which the bright future has in store——"

But, gentle reader, let us leave them in their young love and perfect trust.

Hunting and Fishing in Norway.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Norway was once an anglers' paradise, and good trout fishing is still to be had in its remoter districts. Salmon formerly abounded in the fjords into which rivers descend, but these estuaries are now closely netted, being for the most part either leased by British anglers or trapped by the natives. The upper waters of the best rivers are barred to salmon by impassable dams. The last summer was unusually dry in Scandinavia, and the sport was poor. Game of one kind or another, however, is generally to be found by the huntsman. Wild beasts exist in the more distant regions in considerable variety, though not in great numbers. There are plenty of ptarmigan, red grouse and black grouse, and about the lakes and fjords there are ducks, coots and herons by the thousand.

Didn't Get the Good of It, Somehow.

[Nashville Journal.]

Uncle Abe was fond of 'possum. Having caught one, he got his wife, Dinah, to cook it for him, and requested that it should be placed in the cupboard until morning. The favor was granted, and Uncle Abe lay down before a log fire and went to sleep. His son, Mose, coming in late, got the 'possum and ate it, laid the bones down at Uncle Abe's head, smeared the old man's face and hands with the grease, and went to bed. The following morning Uncle Abe awoke and asked Dinah: "Whar's dat 'possum?"

"In de cupboard," which she explored and found it missing.

Returning, Dinah inquired: "Abe, when did you eat dat 'possum? Dar's de bones at your head, yer face smells of 'possum, and yer han's are greasy."

"Maybe I did eat dat 'possum, but if I did it dun me less good dan any 'possum I ever et."

The London Telegraph.

Mr. Sala's well known remark that as special correspondent of The Daily Telegraph he had been paid like an ambassador and treated like a prince, may be parodied by the political leader writers on that paper since the new and palatial offices have been built, says Figaro. There is in this building a suite of rooms which is placed at the disposal of the leader writers of the day, who may, by giving notice, secure a comfortable bed-room on the premises after their journalistic labors are over, as well as hospitable entertainment the following morning. This is certainly doing the thing exceptionally well.

Providence and the Crops.

[Macon Telegraph.]

"Your crop seems to be considerably in the grass," said a passer-by to a negro who sat on a fence. "Yes, sah, Gen. Green's dun got it." "Did you overplant yourself?" "No, sah; planted 'bout 'nuff." "Why didn't you plow it?" "Wife tuck sick. She does the plowin' fur dis place." "What do you do?" "What does I do? I preaches, dat's what I does. Ef Providence comes along an' makes de 'oman sick, I kan't help it. Ise been called, I has."

Yonkers Gazette: The fashionable Susan now writes her nick-name 'Sioux."

PERE HYACINTHE'S WIFE.

The Story of the Young Woman Who Wept and Despaired of the Future.

[Seneca County (Ohio) Letter.]

The prominence attained by the reformed Catholic, Father Hyacinthe, or the Rev. Charles Loyson, who is now on a short visit to this country, will make of interest an item concerning his wife. Mrs. Loyson was Emily J. Butterfield, the youngest of the six children of a worthy man who lived in Melmore, Seneca county, many years ago. When a young girl her father was killed while engaged in moving the Methodist church at Melmore. Emily Butterfield was a very pretty girl with regular features, and long, heavy auburn hair. She was witty, a good conversationalist, and a leader in the little society of Melmore, where she acquired a common school education. Soon after the death of her father, Dr. H. B. Martin, who was reading medicine, found her sitting on a stone near her home crying. He kindly inquired the cause, and she replied: "Oh! I'll never amount to anything." Mr. Martin comforted her by telling her she would yet traverse the wide world and see all people and countries; that she would yet stand on volcanic mountains. Little did he think the prophecy would come true, but she remembered it, and one day after viewing Vesuvius she wrote to the doctor, reminding him of the prophecy.

In about 1854 she married Mr. Merriman, and with him went to New York city, where two children, a boy and a girl, were born. The daughter afterward died. Mr. Merriman became dissipated, and she left him and went to Europe, taking her son with her for the purpose of educating him. Of her life in Europe little is known here. There she became acquainted with the strong-minded Catholic priest, and on his leaving the Catholic church became his wife. She is now about 50 years of age. In a recent letter to her brother, C. W. Butterfield, in Wisconsin, she expressed a wish to again visit her old friends in Seneca county, and declared her intention to do so if it is possible.

Up to Fun and Larks.

[Crpffut's New York Letter.]

The story that Lady Mandeville has been robbed of valuable jewels causes a ripple of not unkind merriment here. The fact is, that the Mandevilles are quite poor, getting along by various makeshifts. His lordship has such expensive habits that his father has long since cut him off with a very small allowance, and they came to America merely to "boom the Vanderbilts" in New York society. Lady Mandeville is Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister-in-law. Mandeville is up to fun and larks.

Last summer the Buffalo Bill combination gave an Indian raiding exhibition at Newport before the upper ten there assembled. When the stage-coach came dashing down into the ravine where the "road agents" lay in wait for it what was the astonishment of the audience to see Lord Mandeville, Isaac Bell, Jr., Kipp, and other New York swells on top of the coach yelling and firing off their guns at the robbers! Mandeville doesn't stop at the Vanderbilts with his wife, but occupies bachelor quarters up Madison avenue. I haven't seen him lately, and it is possible that he has by this time joined the great B. B. combination as one of the regular performers. If his old father should happen to die, though, I suppose he would quit the troupe wherever it might happen to be, go to England, take his seat in the house of lords, and enter upon his dukedom, leaving poor Buffalo Bill in the lurch.

Why the Public Won't Buy Stocks.

["Investor" in Detroit Free Press.]

There exists now, in New York, a regiment of millionaires, that between them own so many stocks and bonds that they could capture all the floating money in the country, and lock it up, through the sale of these stocks and bonds, if the people were only fools enough to give it to them in exchange for these securities. Once that the money was in the hands of these men, it would be locked up, and a financial bank panic would be precipitated on the country—by locking up money and by a railroad war—for the purpose of buying back these securities, at half price or quarter price. This process would double or quadruple the already overgrown fortunes of these millionaires. Need you wonder that the generous public decline to subscribe to such a plan to make the rich man richer and the poor man poorer?

On the other hand, if the public sells stocks short, these millionaires have it in their power to put up the market on them, and to capture their margins, as happened recently. So that either way that the public trade in Wall street—buying long or selling short—they are in a trap and lose their money.

Belt Railroad Round the World.

[Eastern Letter.]

But why confine the enterprise of railroad connection to the two American continents, when Asia and Europe may also be embraced within a colossal system of world-wide improvement?

It is only thirty miles across Behring strait. It is 3,000 miles across the Atlantic ocean. The inevitable monotony and increasing peril of long voyages, in ships of ever-questionable stanchness, are becoming quite insufferable. Were I now as young as my own children, I should expect to live to enjoy the pleasure of visiting and running over Europe by way of Alaska, Siberia and Russia. Thenceforth, most travelers from the United States, whether for business or pleasure, would contemplate journeying to Europe, Asia and South America, or to any one of those grand divisions of our globe, by land.

Kashmir's Floating Gardens.

[Exchange.]

The floating gardens at Kashmir in eastern Asia seem to be one of the wonders of the world. They cover an expanse of water about nine miles in circumference, and on a subsoil of grasses and aquatic plants they grow melons and cucumbers, and a crop is raised of great value.

One's Meat Another's Poison.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Snakes bite a horse, and he dies in a few hours. A rattlesnake's bite has frequently proved fatal in three hours on horse-flesh; yet a hog will eat and grow fat on snakes. Some years ago there was a valuable island near Milwaukee. The soil was rich, and the owner offered to give it to any one who would live there, as the snakes were so bad. A chap having a knowledge of natural history got a drove of hogs and dumped them on the island. Though the snakes bit the hogs, this only tickled them; they got so fond of snakes that they'd leave a corn-field to root into a snake hole, and now the fellow has a fine market garden on the island, and has made an independent fortune. The island is as clear of snakes as Ireland.

The ox and goat are both ruminating animals. Now, a bundle of laurel leaves will poison the ox, but the goat will eat them and grow fat. Man and the indigenous animals of Africa pay no more attention to the bite of the tsetse fly than does our ox to that of the gad-fly, yet its bite is fatal to all European animals, and the natives can not keep domestic animals where it exists. The seeds and fruit of the strychnos plant (from abeca comes strychnine) is a deadly poison to a human being or a dog; yet the horn-bills in India will eat enough in a day to kill an army of people. A few drops of nicotine will kill a cat, and tobacco is death to lice, moths and other vermin, but in Australia they have an animal called the "koala," or native bear, which is inordinately fond of tobacco in any form. They have been known to chew and swallow the black Victoria strong tobacco with relish, and one of them ate up the whole of a foul pipe-stem, nicotine and all.

Why Patti Went Abroad.

[Boston Herald.]

Can you tell me why Patti refused so many years to sing in her native country? I believe I can. Her genius budded here, but no one saw it. Her art developed here, but no one recognized it. She might have stayed here until she was 145 for all the good it would have done her, but the moment she reached the capitals of Europe and dropped from her mouth pearls of song and poetic phrases of melody, both genius and art were recognized and welcomed. "Here," said they, "is genius. We must care for it," and that is precisely what they did, using, but not abusing, her marvelous powers, in all the great capitals of the world until she wore a diadem on her brow, her coffers were overflowing with golden shekels, and every drummer in the universe knew her to be A No. 1 and warranted not to fade.

What is that, "not to fade?"

Ha! How little the untraveled American knows about the Patti of ten and fifteen years ago! If she is beautiful to-day, she was radiant then. She has grown stouter; the lines in her face are deeper; she is susceptible to fatigue; late suppers do not agree with her; she avoids society. In other words, she is fading. Her voice magnificent, her methods perfect—with closed eyes a poet may sit and rhapsodize as she sings floating far, far above in the very uppermost air, soaring with the birds in their most ambitious flight—but she has faded, and is not the Patti physically to-day she was ten years ago. She is not the Patti vocally she was ten years ago.

She Lost Her Handkerchief.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

A laughable incident occurred the other evening on a south side car. A nice, modest-looking girl took her seat near the front door of the car next to a well-dressed middle-aged gentleman. She laid her dainty lace handkerchief in her lap to adjust her hat just as the car door was opened and a gust of wind sent the delicate lace kerchief into the lap of her neighbor. She hesitated about reaching for it, when the gentleman, glancing downwards, beheld something white, and being a little near-sighted, at once jumped to the conclusion that he had met with a disaster and lost a button and his shirt needed attention. He swiftly flapped his overcoat across his lap with his left, and with his right hand tucked the offending linen out of sight in a jiffy. Several persons who noticed the act were convulsed with laughter, and the gentleman, not dreaming of the real cause, soon after left the car. If any south side wife has this week found any dainty lace handkerchief about her husband's clothes she need not be jealous—it was only a case of mistaken identity.

The "G. W." Stone.

["Caspar's" New York Letter.]

This old stone, it appears, was lying around at the hospital for a long time, having been rejected as a revolutionary relic by competent judges, when some one got the notion of making it a relic anyway, had it inserted in the building and an inscription cut in it setting forth that it was the identical stone made sacred by the boots of the father of the country when he took the oath of office as aforesaid. Is the world only fleeting show, anyway? Is it all a fraud, a delusion and a scare? Was there really ever such a person as G. W., and did he ever do anything anywhere? No wonder the agnostics are increasing. Here's a big stone that has been regarded as a sacred relic for almost a generation now declared to have no more historic value than an old cobblestone, and the great nineteenth century winding up at that.

For the Sake of "Harmony."

[Argosy.]

The other day a friend refurnished his house from top to bottom to please his charming but slightly capricious wife. No sooner comfortably (or uncomfortably) settled, than they discovered the shape of the rooms and the general style of the house to be out of harmony with the furniture. This was unendurable. There was only one thing to be done. Having bought the furniture for the house, they must now build a house for the furniture. Lares and penates were warehoused, the house pulled down, and my friend and his charming wife have gone traveling abroad for a year, while a famous architect of advanced views builds them a house on a pure Dutch model to suit their upholstery.

QUESTIONS.

[Grace S. Wells in Weekly Magazine.]

Sometime, somewhere, oh, soul oppressed,
Wilt thou forget in Heaven's rest
Earth's weariness, so hard to bear,
Wilt thou recall no past despair?
No pang of problems dark, unguessed?
Or will e'en tragedies attest,
Transfigured by an insight blessed,
The presence of a Father's care,
Sometime, somewhere?

Or wilt thou cease from bootless quest,
Thy body laid on nature's breast,
Her round of countless change to share,
And thus oblivious, unaware,
Forget life's secret unconfessed,
Sometime, somewhere?

MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.

The Various Processes of Annealing, Stamping, Hardening and Polishing.

[Chronique Industrielle.]

Steel used for making pens reaches the factory in sheets about two feet long by one foot three inches wide, 0.004 inch thick. They are cut into bands of different widths, according to the dimensions of the pen required, the most usual widths being two, two and one-half, and three inches. The bands are then heated in an iron box and annealed, when they are passed on to the rolls and reduced to the desired thickness of the finished pen, thus being transformed into ribbons of great delicacy, about four feet long. The blanks are then stamped out from the ribbons by a punching machine, the tool of which has the form of the pen required. The blanks leave the die at the lower part of the machine, and fall into a drawer with the points already formed. They are then punched with the small hole which terminates the slit, and prevents it from extending, and afterwards raised to a cherry-red heat in sheet iron boxes. The blanks are then curved between two dies the concave one fixed and the convex brought down upon it by mechanism.

The pens, now finished as regards their form, are hardened by being plunged, hot, into oil, when they are as brittle as glass. After cleansing, by being placed in a revolving barrel with sawdust, they are tempered in a hollow cylinder of sheet iron, which revolves over a coke fire after the manner of a coffee roaster. The cylinder is open at one end, and while it is being turned, a workman throws in twenty-five gross of pens at a time, and watches carefully the effect of the heat on the color of the pens. When they assume a fine blue tint, he pours the pens into a large metal basin, separating them from one another, to facilitate the cooling.

After this process, which requires great skill and experience, comes the polishing, which is effected in receptacles containing a mixture of soft sand and hydrochloric acid, and made to revolve. This operation lasts twenty-four hours, and gives the pens a steel grey tint. The end of the pen, between the hole and the point, is then ground with an emery wheel, revolving very rapidly. There only now remains to split the pens, which is the most important operation, being performed by a kind of shears. The lower blade is fixed, and the upper one comes down with a rapid motion, slightly below the edge of the fixed blade. To give perfect smoothness to the slit, and at the same time make the pens bright, they are subjected to the operation of burnishing by being placed in a revolving barrel almost entirely filled with boxwood sawdust.

Whistler's Whims in White and Yellow.

["Ruhamah's" New York Letter.]

While the music-mad revel in their high art at the two temples, the hyper-æsthetes of the sunflower order gather at the Wunderlich gallery, on Broadway, where Whistler exhibits some "etchings and dry points" in a room which is denominated "an arrangement in white and yellow." The vagaries of this eccentric American have stirred the British public from time to time, and now this weird genius fills the place left vacant by the departure of Oscar Wilde. Coming straight from the wild woods and the west, an artistic friend led me straightway to the white and yellow sanctuary to let high art cast its soothing spell upon me. There was to be seen a bare, chilly looking room with white walls and floor, yellow base-board, and frieze and yellow draperies at the doorway and fireplace. A yellow divan in the centre, various sickly yellow jars on white tables, and a very pale boy in yellow and white livery completed the "arrangement."

Every one looked pale and ghastly in the midst of so much trying light and unhealthy color, and the pictures were such minute scraps of etchings on such exaggerated white mats that it was hard to focus the attention upon them. The whole thing was a grand burlesque on art, and the only idea one carries away was that of the glaring contrast of yellow and white, and the row of blank and puzzled faces that went the round of the room. When he had left the gallery and walked a square in silence, a man evidently just recovered from the yellow fever, passed us, and with one glance my artistic friend turned to me and we laughed aloud on crowded Broadway at the coincident complexion.

A Cotton Caterpillar Preventive.

[Georgia Intelligencer.]

"Well, boss," says he, "I isn't had any caterpillars in my cotton dis year. I has learnt how to keep 'em out. "Well, how was that?" his questioner inquired fervently. "Well, you see, boss, when dey fust comes you just catch nine of 'em and kill eight and den tell de oder to git an' tell de crowd dat dey mus move dey quarters. Dey'll do it eb'ry time, boss, and you needn't to doubt it. Dat's jest de way I kep' 'em out'n my patch."

Cincinnati Enquirer: People build houses by putting all the carved freestone and costly embellishments on the front and all the cheap brick at the back. Some characters are built the same way precisely.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the duke of Westminster's income?" Village pastor: "No; but I have sometimes wondered what he would do if he had mine."

THE CUP WHICH CHEERS.

Various Ways of Drinking It—American Ways and Foreign Customs.

[American Queen.]

If many cups of tea have the reverse of a beneficial effect on the system, on account of the reaction and sense of exhaustion which they invariably produce, yet the first cup of tea offered is as invigorating as it is welcome, and the tea is as closely associated with English and American women in the minds of Frenchmen as is coffee with the French in the minds of Americans. As to the accompaniments of tea—cream and sugar—a recent writer boldly asks: Why don't we forswear them both? as at this hour of the day they interfere far more with the digestive organs than does the tea itself; he considers it would always be as rational to add cream and sugar to wine as to delicately flavored tea. This is rather going ahead, writer, and if we are inclined to sacrifice our sugar we have not yet made up our minds to give up our cream; indeed, gentlemen who drink tea are very free with the cream, both when helping ladies and when helping themselves. Sugar is decidedly going out of fashion at afternoon tea, and out of ten ladies, perhaps, only three will say yes when it is offered; but it may be this is rather the result of fashion than fancy.

The French, on the contrary, take sugar lavishly; they even dispense with the use of sugar-tongs, which the Americans consider so indispensable at the tea-table, and help themselves to sugar with their fingers.

We draw upon the Russians for many of our customs connected with the dinner table, but have not yet taken kindly to their idea of tea drinking; that is to say, substituting lemon for sugar and cream—"fragrant peel and a hint of acid," a slice of lemon no thicker nor larger than half a crown. This, according to authority already quoted, "neither disguises nor flattens the aroma of good tea, as do the conventional additions, sugar and cream, but combines with and heightens it." The great fault of using lemon consist in adding it in excess, whereas a very slight shaving containing both peel and pulp is the correct quantity for an ordinary cup of tea. But this custom has yet to take root, and with us this process is but a slow one; we are not too ready to take up a new idea, but once we have done so, it is remarkable with what pertinacity we cling to it. When lemon is substituted for cream and sugar, slices of the prescribed size are handed with the tea. Any one who has once tasted the Russia caravan tea will understand the term good tea, but this is a luxury which only the wealthy care to invest in, as it costs upward of $10 per pound. There is, of course, a medium in all things, and there is a wide margin from which to choose, and economy in this direction is soon detected. It is the province of the master of the house to buy the tea, and the one is far oftener celebrated for the wine he gives his guests than is the other for the choice tea offered to hers.

Need of a Better Education.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

Nearly every one who testified before the senate commission which sat in New York recently, as to the best means of benefiting the laboring classes, agrees that vital changes must be made in our common school education. Boys and girls must be trained to work as well as to read, write and cipher. France, Germany, and especially Switzerland, are far ahead of the United States in technical and art education. Hence the immense superiority of the foreign workmen in all our shops and manufactories over the native employes.

The American is naturally the most intelligent, quick-witted, and inventive, but he is left hopelessly in the rear when in competition with the trained European artisan. We must rid ourselves of the superstition that our common school system is perfection. As a matter of fact, it is wofully deficient as compared with the industrial education given by continental European nations to their working classes. Apart from our scientific schools, the Cooper Union, and the Boston Technological institute, no provision has been made in the United States to do work that requires intelligence and artistic skill.

The President's "Lightnin' Wood."

[New York Tribune.]

The other day a large hogshead, sent from North Carolina by express to the president, was delivered at the White House. A colored domestic who took it in charge explained that "Dat dar bar'l is full, sah, ob lightnin' wood, or as yer might say, split pitch-pine kindlin's fur de making ov fires. Sence Mr. Arthur hez been presidint, we hev been a-gittin' on 'em ebbery munf durin' de fall an' winter. Mister Arthur nebber goes to bed in cold wedder widout a big blazin' fire in his room, wedder here or out to Soldiers' Home, and we as has ter clean up and look arter de fires hez ter take up a bundle ob dis hyar lightnin' wood ebbery night, so as he kin frow it in de fire an' make er blaze, an' sit dar an' tink while a-watchin' ob de shadows on de wall. When he uses de lightnin' wood, he nebber uses er light, an' when he gets tired he jumps in de bed an' watches de flames flicker till he goes ter sleep. He's mighty perticker-ler about dis lightnin' wood, an' if de supply gins out, dar is some fun till dar's more put in de bin."

Plantation Philosophy.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

De simplest truth is de truest truth,
fur it am un'erstood by de most people.

Fear ain't based on judgment. A hog will run quicker from a brick bat den he will from a gun.

De thoughts what rise in a man 'longs ter hisself, but de thoughts what he gits frum books, 'longs ter somebody else.

Tourgueneff's brain weighed, it is said, 2,012 grammes, and was the heaviest human brain ever weighed. The average weight is 1,390 grammes. Cuvier's brain weighed 1,800 grammes.

Cider is so plentiful in France this year that drivers refresh their horses with pails of it in the rural districts where it is handier than water.