THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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A Lost Love.

"M. E. W. S." in Boston Traveler.

I lost my wife just about a year ago now, and strange to say, I am not in the least consoled. I am not anxious to attack any body of professional men; but I do think the doctors killed her.

I was ill myself for some time before, and when I met her, poor girl, I had been ill with nervous prostration, malaria, and dyspepsia, the doctors said. The heat was intense. Just such a heated term as we have had this summer, and the brokers' office of Ackerly, Mackleb ury & Cords was not the coolest or most salubrious environment. I had the ticker in my hand, it had just marked "Wabash preferred," when I heard the cheery, musical voice of my fellow clerk, Arthur Clark, say, "Hullo—there goes Horatio," and I was dimly conscious that I had tumbled into his long arms, and up against a rather warm waistcoat which covered the best heart in all this wicked world. His voice again was the next thing I heard.

"You see, old fellow," said Arthur, "my mothers and sisters are out of town, and only the boys and the governor are at home; so as we didn't want to put the governor out, we concluded to give you the parlors, where he rarely comes in summer. So you are to lie here and get well; fine breezes through when the library door is left open, straw matting, a few old pictures, mirrors covered with mosquito net. Horatio Bronson stretched on a hastily improvised cot, ice on head, taken down pretty bad, doctor recommends quiet, Arthur Clark, Esq., master of the situation. Dost like the picture?"

Arthur rattled on and put me gradually into possession of the facts. From his lively investiture of my case, I presently sank off into a fever and lost all sense of time, place and circumstance. A doctor and a woman nurse became a part of my imperfect consciousness, and the large, deserted parlors of a city house, with its numerous pictures, became in a dreamy way the horizon of my confused and distressed vision.

There was a cattle piece in front of me, and a large dark red battle by moonlight in a heavy Venetian frame. There was a view of Venice, and a pretty little copy of Helen Froment, Ruben's wife. There was, of course, a Madonna della Seggiola, and a Cenci.

Over these pictures, and a little group of the Laocoon in the corner, did I dream, and perhaps rave. Arthur, dear old boy, used to come in and see me every evening. His personality stood out distinctly, and he has told me since (bless his heart!) that I always said, "You are doing your work and mine too, I know you are," and that once or twice I was weak enough to—well—let that pass, we do not love each other any the less.

"I think we will leave his blinds open to-night to give him more air," said the familiar voice of my nurse to Arthur, one hot night, as my friend paid me his usual visit.

"Who is she?" I whispered feebly to Arthur. If I had a grain of sense or consecutive thought left it always came to me when Arthur was in the room.

"One of the trained nurses from Bellevue, old boy. A nice girl. She is bringing you through splendidly. How do you feel to-night—temperature rather high," and I sank off into sleep or something with Arthur's cool hand on my brow.

When I awoke the gas was turned up and my nurse stood over me with a wineglass full of medicine.

"You must take this," she said, in a mildly authoritative voice.

I looked at her for the first time. She was a neat, elderly person, not at all handsome, but large and very powerful. It seemed to me at that moment as if she were Boadicea, or the Maid of Saragossa, or Miss Jex Blake or something of that order.

As she poured down the draught I felt my whole internal economy obeying her. I swallowed, gasped, breathed, because she told me to. Then she left me.

The blinds were open, and moonlight streamed into my room. I saw the clouds, and cats; I saw the passers by. There was a balcony outside my windows, and several people clambered up on it and looked at me. There was a newsboy whom I had offended, and a member of the stock exchange whom I had failed to please. At one time the balcony became unpleasantly crowded and again it was empty.

Just then a lady stepped on the balcony and calmly entered my room.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what that noise is outside," I asked.

"Oh!" said she, giving a little scream, rather astonished evidently. "A man—and a bed—in parlor? What does all this mean, please?"

"Well, why not?" said I, rather offended, and with the egotism of illness.

Some scattering remnant of what once had been my intelligence suggested that this young lady might be one of Arthur's sisters, who had come home unexpectedly, and had stepped (forgive the dreams of a sick man), over the iron balcony into the parlor.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Helen Froment, the governess," said she, "sent down by Mrs. Clark for some forgotten books. The train ran off the track. I got here just now. I have rung and rung and rung, but, as no one let me in, I, seeing the blinds open, naturally clambered over the iron railing and here I am. Now, who and what are you?"

"I am a sick man, Horatio Bronson, I believe. Arthur brought me here."

"Oh, of course! How absurd! He wrote to his mother about you. I had forgotten. My nerves have been so shaken by that railroad accident I had forgotten that you were here. I beg a thousand pardons for this intrusion. I will creep up into my room and disturb nobody."

"Stop a minute, my mind is weak. Turn up the gas, please, will you? How do you happen to be called Helen Froment, like the picture on the wall?"

The lady laughed and turned up the gas. "It is a curious coincidence," said she, "The young ladies call me 'the Rubens.' I am simply a German girl, with a common enough German name Helena Froment, the governess."

I took a good look at her.

She was a quiet girl, in a gray traveling dress, although I thought her smiling German face not unlike that of the picture.

Then the gas went down, and she went off.

About this time Arthur began to fade away. It seemed to me that I only saw him once after this, and then I said to him, "Nice girl, Helen Froment," in a jocular way.

"I mean the governess, your sister's governess," said I, hoping he would tell me about her. "Oh! yes! the governess, yes; ha! ha! Helen Froment. Oh, yes! Horatio, old fellow, keep cool; keep quiet. Yes—. She is a nice girl enough," but he laughed and would not explain.

Arthur disappeared about this time. I asked for him, and they said he had gone away. I should have missed him more, but Helen, Helen Froment, became so devoted to me. She did not go back to Mrs. Clark with the books. She stayed and nursed me most assiduously. She could draw and paint very well in water colors, and finding that this quiet accomplishment amused without wearying me, she was kind enough to sit by my side and let me watch her. Then she told me quaint stories in a German accent, and read poetry to me, and in a low recitative or in a sort of chant she gave my weary ears the relief of pretty and plaintiff ballads of her own German land, which she sang in a pure, simple ballad voice, the best of all voices.

One hot evening she said to me, "Do you know what night this is? It is the eve of St. John midsummer night, when the spirits of men go forth to meet God in the woods; the angels are about us."

But I was getting too much white about this time, and the strong white drapery and the sad face of the Cenci began to trouble me. I asked Helen to turn that picture away, so I could not see it. "That I cannot do," said she, "but I can throw my dark shawl over it," and she did.

Helen Froment, meantime, Ruben's Helen, continued to smile and be amiable. I asked the other Helen to make me a little copy of the bright face, and to leave it where I could tip it up with my weak hand, and look at it a little nearer. This she did, but when I tried to grasp it I found out how weak I was. I found that I could not even master that frail piece of paper.

"You must remember," said Helen, "you are still very ill," and she laid the sketch away in a drawer of my little table.

Then I began to get better. I was strong, convalescent. I returned in thought to the world, and with me into land of health came the patient girl who had now become my daily companion. She did not take all the care of me. Two men seemed to do that. I could not exactly tell where or when they came in, but just about with the disappearance of Arthur, I should say—that vague, uncertain period, not far from the time when Helen came in.

It seemed to me that this state of things had gone on for weeks, and that I began to know Helen as a man ought to know a woman whom he shall love and marry. I began to watch for fitting opportunity to tell her that I loved her, that she was the being of all others to make me happy. I owed it to Helen to tell her so, and I felt that we must make some excuse to our friends for being so much together, that even the doctor might think it strange, that perhaps Arthur—yes—Arthur. Where was Arthur?

But when I was ready to frame these sentences, Helen always evaded me; sometimes a tinkling of that ridiculous bell—and the men nurses came in—sometimes the doctor himself, never Arthur.

The parlor began to look unlike the parlor. The piano was covered over with a white cloth, and bottles stood upon it. Nothing seemed changed on the walls, but the cloth which had hidden the Cenci.

That had fallen, and suddenly the figure seemed to bend out of the frame, and to nod to me.

"Helen!" I shrieked—"Helen! Hide the Cenci from me."

Her cool hand was over my eyes in a moment and the vision passed away.

"Poor troubled brain," I heard her say, as she rubbed my forehead with her soft hand until I went to sleep.

It would be absurd to try to follow this love affair. Suffice to say we got to understand each other, and Helen promised to marry me. We had, of course, to wait until I should recover my health, which was as yet uncertain.

Helen always said, "Patience, dearest, patience! all will be well. I will wait for you. You have a long summer before you, in which you must recover. Meanwhile let us go on with the reading, the music, the painting." Helen was sweet and consistent, and I obeyed her.

And then we constructed our whole future life. She was to be my economical helpmate; with her little savings and mine we could afford a modest home.

We could begin plainly and live cheaply. She would still ply her brush and I would dig away down in Wall street, but we should be together. We had our love as a splendid capital. That was invested for us, and with that we could not be poor.

It was the third day, I think, after this that the doctor told me that Arthur had the fever up stairs; that I had worn out two trained hospital nurses and that I had been so delirious as to need the attendance of two men.

"These pictures," said the doctor, smiling, "have come in for a good deal of brain trouble," and he pointed to the Cenci, still uncovered.

He stepped to the frame and took down the cover. How poor and pale a copy it seemed, how utterly insignificant!

"But," said I, "doctor all this is very well; but what has become of Helen, my Helen Froment, my wife?"

The doctor laughed.

"My dear boy," said he, "she was only a part of the fever. One of your insane dreams. That excellent Miss Hunt—she is elderly and plain enough for all professional purposes, but she had to ring the bell and summon Simon, you made love to her so fervently. She knew, however, that you were as mad as a hatter, and she will never sue you for a breach of promise of marriage. She is down with the fever herself, poor girl."

I would not believe it; I did not believe it, and I don't believe it. I would wait and see Arthur, and ask him if it were not a conspiracy of my enemies. When we two met again we were two ghosts of long standing. The same imperfect plumbing which had made me ill had reached my generous friend, and together we had made night hideous for the respectable mansion in West Blank street.

But Arthur had not lost a wife as I had done, and he got well quicker. I could not help asking him if there was not some foundation for my theory of Helen. Had not somebody entered the house by the balcony that dreamy, starry night?

"Yes," said Arthur," that was true. My sister's governor did come home late, after a railway detention, and did get in over the balcony, and was scared at findingy on in the room. She was off the next morning, however, bright and early, and you would not call her 'Helen' if you saw her now, I am sure."

I did see her later; and I agreed with Arthur that she was not my Helen, at least.

But the memory was too strong to be shaken off. Where had gone that real, that beautiful person that had made me so happy? Where was that rare intelligence, that cool hand, that fresh, vigorous, untiring girl? If I had created that Eve I was a demigod. I could not surrender the powerful impression to disbelieve in her. It seemed like an infidelity to a real woman. What if, unknown to all the world, some dear creature, inspired by divinest pity, had deceived the nurses and the doctor, had entered and cared for me, had loved me, and had accepted my love in return? I was pledged to this being. She was mine. She would be my wife. I should meet her again. I shall meet her again; I am convinced of it.

"Doctor," said I to a physician who had been called in to convince me that the memory of my wife was but the result of a vision, "do these spirits or visions paint in water colors?"

And I drew from a little drawer in my table, where I had seen her place it, Helen's copy of the Rubens.

"This is a pretty study," said the doctor, looking up at the original. "Done by one of Arthur's sisters, I dare say. They all have artistic talents, these Clarks."

"Doctor, I saw my wife paint that, and, and—look in the corner for the initials, if you will."

"Yes; 'H. F.,'" said the doctor; "a curious coincidence; Horace Farley, perhaps, but certainly not Helen Froment—she has been dead 200 years. You will get over this dream, my dear boy, when you are stronger and out of this room, and away from that picture, which reached the brain just as it was in an excited state. It will pass."

But it has not gone; and I still have the little water color which has never been explained.

THE MIRACULOUS SPRING AT ANDERSONVILLE.

John McElroy's "Andersonville."

One morning the camp was astonished beyond measure that during the night a large, bold spring had burst out on the north side, about midway between the swamp and the summit of the hill. It pointed out its grateful flood of pure, sweet water in an apparently exhaustless quantity. To the many who looked in wonder upon it it seemed as truly a heaven-wrought miracle as when Moses' enchanted rod smote the parched rock in Sinai's desert waste and the living waters gushed forth. The police took charge of the spring, and every one was campelled to take his regular turn in filling his vessel. This was kept up during our whole stay in Andersonville, and every morning, shortly after daybreak, a thousand men could be seen standing in line waiting their turns to fill their cans and cups with the precious liquid. The spring is yet running as when we left, and is held in most pious veneration by the negroes of that vicinity, who still preserve the tradition of its miraculous origin, and ascribe to its waters wonderful grace-giving and healing properties, similar to those which pious Catholics believe exist in the holy water of the fountain of Lourdes.

I must confess that I do not think that they are so very far from right. If I could believe that any water was sacred it would be of that fountain which appeared so opportunely for the benefit of the perishing thousands of Andersonville. And when I hear of people bringing water for baptismal purposes from the Jordan, I say in my heart: "How much more would I value for myself and friends the administration of the Chrismal sacrament with the divine flow from that low sand-hill in western Georgia."

THE DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT.

Laramie Boomerang.

At this writing it is the fashion in Laramie to organize yourself—and others—into a party and go out into the mountains and "camp out;" to take a tent, some coffin varnish, some grub, some rattlesnake bite antidote, some sowbelly, soda, salt, a hook and line, rifle, and a little whisky, brandy or gin, and hie away to some sequestered spot in the mountains, where, separated from the busy world and your wife and mother-in-law, you put in a week or so in shooting at marks and fighting mosquitoes, eating chip bacon and soda biscuits and admiring nature unadorned in the shape of rugged peaks, rotten pine trees and gurgling streams. It's so nice to get away from the city and conventionalities of society, and imagine you're having a good time; so nice to wake up in the middle of the night and find the rain has crawled inside your blankets without the formality of an introduction, wetting the only clothes you have within a reach of less than forty miles, and one looks so comfortable, jolly—and picturesque—as he muses over a smoky fire, trying to dry out the undershirt he has on; so nice to get one's nose peeled and one's face bronzed by the sun to that extent that even the most ardent creditor does not know you when you return home.

A COUNTRY AUCTION.

A Public Sale of Stock and Household Goods.

A Gathering of Old Men and Young, Matrons, Maidens and Small Boys---The Auctioneer and His Bidders.

[New York Times.]

A form of excitement that exceeds in intensity even the wild dissipation of the circus, in the farming communities of the eastern and central states, is the periodical "auction sale," which occurs whenever some out-of-luck husbandman decides to sell out and go west, or is forced by any circumstance to dispose of his farm stock or household goods. The sale is advertised by posters far and wide, the farmer occasionally startling the village printer by an order of sometimes as many as fifty or even 100 bills, and who has ever driven through the country in the idle seasons without noticing the posters with "To be sold at Public Auction" in wonderfully big letters over a wood-cut, usually representing a groom vainly attempting to curb the spirits of a rampant horse, with a dyspeptic cow, a consumptive sheep, a forlorn pig, and several destitute chickens in the background. These bills the farmer posts in all the public places in his own and the nearest adjacent towns. One goes to each postoffice; one to the school-house door; to the blacksmith's shop two are allotted, one for each door and one to be hung inside; one goes to the tavern and wayside saloon; they are posted on the pillars of the various bridges, and on the more conspicuous trees and barns along the country highways. And, from the time of the first auction down to the present, no farmer has been known to pass a new bill without reading it, and great is the sensation he causes when he brings the news to his "women folks." These sales, for the convenience of all concerned, usually occur after harvesting time in the fall or early winter, and are attended by young and old of both sexes from all the country round.

The pilgrim chanced upon one of these interesting events, one day last week, near a sleepy little village that slumbers among the New Jersey hills within fifty miles of this city. The sale took place from a little old-fashioned white house with several verandas, that stood in a grove of gorgeously colored maples on a pretty rural road. People get up to breakfast in the country, and the sale began early. Before morning had fairly began the farmers began to drive up with their wives and families from miles away, and before noon the fences on both sides of the road were lined with all kinds of horses attached to all kinds of vehicles, and a crowd of men and women, children and babies, was gathered about the auctioneer or strolling through the house and barn inspecting and criticising and seeking enjoyment generally. The men and the bigger boys soon got together in the barn-yard and discussed the merits or demerits of the stock; the women pulled over the bedding offered for sale or examined the carpets, stoves, and furniture; the girls began to coquette with the smaller boys until their elders should turn from the fascinations of the stock-yard, and the children romped about in everybody's way, and made nuisances of their dear little selves, as they do everywhere.

The auctioneer, of course, was the most important person on the grounds, and he was treated with due deference and respect by everybody, and was fairly worshiped by the small boys, who formed a row outside of the circle of bidders and admired from afar. How the sturdy little fellows shrieked at his jokes, and how they marveled at his large experience and vast wisdom when he informed Deacon Closefist that the horse collar was the best bargain at that price he'd ever seen made at any "randoo" in the state. Not one of those small boys has given over yet the ambition to be an auctioneer when he grows up. Next to the auctioneer in importance was the assistant, who shone with reflected glory. He carried an immense note-book, and put down the names of the buyers with an air of awful profundity, and he only it was who dared interrupt the deity's flight of rhetoric to ask what that there last hoe fetched. The small boys stood aghast at his audacity. Another important personage in the eyes of the small boys was the long-legged youth who led the horses out and put them through their paces on the roadway, and who pointed out some of the animals' good points, and even ventured to address the autioneer with familiarity. The small boys had previously considered him a commonplace big brother of one of their number, but there was a gulf between them now, and they would not be at all surprised after this if he should go to work in Paterson or some other great, far-away city, and come back wealthy and buy out the village store, or even become a horse jockey.

A group of farmers who did the bidding resembled the members of that laborious calling who may be seen any day about the city markets or cattle yards. The farmer is alleged to be the one independent and happy man in this universe, and yet a group of farmers is a picture of cadaverous, tired, and discouraged men, who accept the primeval curse and whose appearance leads one to believe that they have long since despaired of anything save labor and weariness on this side of the grave. This gathering presented the usual features of toil and care, with one or two exceptions, that typified the farmer of pastoral—stout, hale, and hearty old fellows, with ruddy cheeks and good digestions. They were most of them attired in their Sunday clothes, and the collection of ancient silk hats would have done credit to a St. Patrick's day procession. They conversed concerning the probable state of the weather and when snow enough might be expected for getting out lumber; or discussed Farmer Smith's oat crop or the price Farmer Jones got for his wool. The farmers were the aristocrats of the gathering, but they received their "hired men," who, of course could not be kept at home from an auction, on terms of equality, and accepted the numerous negroes and a few Indians who had likewise been drawn to the sale, on the same social level. The auction and the bidding leveled all ranks. In the afternoon the household goods were disposed of, and it became the ladies' turn to do the bidding. Then the auctioneer was in his glory, and he showered compliments upon his fair audience, ad nauseam, to all but themselves. For instance:

"How much am I offered for this table?" cried the gentleman of the hammer. "A walnut extension table! Ten leaves! Good as new!"

"Do you warrant it to be walnut?" ventured a pretty young housewife.

"Yes, ma'am," promptly and gallantly replied the auctioneer, "and I'll warrant you can git as good a meal of vittles as anybody wants to eat off it." [Admiring applause and blushes of pretty housewife.]

An interesting and somewhat pathetic incident occurred over the sale of a queer old bureau. The article was knocked down:

"Gone! at $3.75, to Mr. Barton!"

"Here!" cried a woman's voice sharply.

"That was my bid!"

"Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am," said the auctioneer, "that was Mr. Barton's bid."

"Was that your bid, neighbor Barton," inquired the woman, anxiously.

"I guess 'twas," replied Neighbor Barton, somewhat abashed at talking before so many people.

The woman burst into tears. "That was my mother's bureau," she sobbed, "an' I come here on purpose to buy it. I thought that I bid the last on it. I'd made up my mind to have it ever since mother died;" and she turned to leave the house.

Neighbor Barton, in a state of great perplexity, ran after her. "Here," he cried, "I don't want the bureau; honest. I only bid on it fer the sake of bidding'. You can take it off my hands at what I bid fer it an' welcome." And the good man went out to the barn and swore at the hired man to ease his perturbation of spirit at being obliged to do a good action in public.

PLAYING MAY AGAINST DECEMBER.

A Dry Goods Merchant's Successful Scheme for Laying in a Full Stock of Cheap Clerks.

[R. K. Munkitrick in Puck.]

But there is another scheme for getting cheap clerks that the dry goods merchant essays, generally with great success.

It is this:

A young man enters the store, and asks for something to do. The employer wrinkles his forehead, works his eyebrows down on his nose to give him the appearance of being capable of profound thought, and says:

"So you want work?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you expect?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!—$10 a week!" replies the merchant, snatching the young man's sentence and hurling it back at him like a brick.

"Yes, sir," says the young man; "$10 a week."

Then the merchant lies back in the chair and regards the young man with a patronizing air.

"We never give such a salary to young, fresh and inexperienced men. We can get men of 50, with years of experience for the sum you ask. We have no use for boys, because they are wild and more bother than they are worth. What we want are men of years and experience. We will give you $2 per week.

The young man accepts and goes to work. Then a man of about 50 walks in and solicits employment. The merchant lies back in his chair so far that, if he happens to be corpulent, he reminds one of the terrapin stretched out in front of a restaurant, with a placard on his under shell informing the pedestrian when he is to be served up. Then the merchant says, as he did to the young man:

"So you want work?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you want?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!" says the merchant, in a tone that shows that he is in a condition bordering on asphyxia.

"Yes, sir," responds the old man, "$10 per week."

Then the merchant lies back in his chair so far that he barely escapes going all the way over and sliding along the floor on his spine.

"We never give such a large salary to old men, because they are slow and decrepit, and in their own way. We don't care for old men, because they have old ideas and are way behind the times. For the sum you ask we can get bright young men with the light of the morning of life in their faces. They have new ideas, and are full of vim, and can work five times harder and longer than the fossils who base their claims on an experience that might have been valuable in 1840. What we want are live young men. We will give you $2 per week."

The old man accepts. And this is the way the merchant plays December off against May, and May off against December.

A Tragedy in Slippers.

[London Family Herald.]

She gave him a beautifully worked pair of slippers. Although they were too short and pinched him across the toes, he smilingly submitted to the martyrdom which they imposed, and vowed they should never leave his feet. Shortly afterwards the young man made a return for her offering. It was his picture encased in a handsome frame. He wrote a note to send with it, and at the same time replied angrily to an oft-repeated dun for an unpaid for suit of clothes. He gave the boy sixpence to deliver the package and notes, giving explicit directions as to the destination. He was an unusually intelligent boy with a freckled face, and he discharged his errand in a manner that should give him a niche in the temple of fame.

The young lady received a note in her adored one's handwriting, and flew to her room to devour its contents. She opened the missive with eager fingers and read: "I am getting tired of your everlasting attention. The suit is about worn out already; it never amounted to much anyhow. Please go to Jericho." And the tailor was struck utterly dumb when he opened a parcel and discovered the picture of the delinquent customer, with a note that said: "When you gaze upon these features, think how much I owe you." When that unfortunate young man called around that evening to receive the happy acknowledgment of his sweetheart he was inconsistently shown the door by the young lady's father; and in the morning he was waited upon by the tailor's lawyer, and imperatively ordered to settle or suffer.

Aping the English.

[American Queen.]

A good commentary on the fashion of aping the English in their manner of dress and speech was the remark of a little girl who visited the Casino and looked upon its frequenters for the first time. She was from the south, but had been in England. "Why, mamma," she said "where did all these English people come from? Isn't it funny to hear them talk just as it was in Brighton?" It is very cleverly done—this imitation of a certain style of Englishmen.

A young Bostonian I know has acquired it perfectly in five weeks. I can fancy him greeting you next winter in this fashion: "Jolly cold day, eh! Egad, Boston's more than hawlf nawsty this beastly weathaw. Got a new fad, I have, don't yau know?" etc. And yet they say we are no linguists, and this fellow has acquired a new speech all in a month. It is really very clever, as you will see.

It smacks of the English groom, to be sure, for the manly Englishmen does not talk like a fool, and they who are beginning to cultivate the so-called English pronunciation talk very much like fools, and make very funny lapses in unconscious moments to their native speech. "Please," said a girl to one of these ambitious young men, "say 'hawlf-pawst,' or 'half-past,' and not 'hawlf-past,' or 'half-pawst.'"

Chewed Them Up.

[The Judge.]

"Where's my checks, Emma? Give them to me quick. I've won on Eole," cried George, excitedly.

"Checks," she said, coolly. "If it's them bits of paper you told me to hold, why I chewed them up a minute ago."

George turned white as a corpse and told her to come along home; he'd be hanged if he'd wait to see another race; also adding it was blamed wonder she hadn't chewed somebody's ear off.

ART ECCENTRICITIES.

A Satire on the "Impressionist" School---Explanation of the Artist's Idea.

[New York News.]

One of the cleverest satires on the impressionists I ever heard was "La Cigale," a farce produced in Paris some years back. The hero is an impressionistic painter. You see him in his studio, surrounded by monstrosities, paste daubs, and smears of absolutely no intelligibility arround him in chaotic confusion. He displays them to a poor picture buyer. One immense canvas is covered with dirty yellow paint. The only object visible and comprehensible in it is a knife in the background.

"Very fine," says the visitor, dubiously, "but what is it?"

"That, my dear sir," answered the painter, "is a London fog."

"Ah! to be sure. But pardon me. The knife there, eh?"

"That is to express the quality of the—to show that it is thick enough to be cut, don't you see?"

Another eccentricity of genius is a canvas across one-half of which is a flat smear of vermillion, while the other half is similarly decorated with indigo.

"Now, there," says the painter, "is my greatest work. It is my chef d'œuvre."

"Indeed! Very fine it is, too. But, pardon me. I am not an artist, you know, and I look to you for information."

"Certainly, certainly."

"Now, what does that picture represent?"

"What! Is it possible that you do not recognize the ocean, with its sunset sky suffused with blood, and the great dark sea rolling beneath in all its immensity?"

"To be sure. Fine—very fine, indeed."

"But that is not the best of it. That picture is really two pictures in one. All you have to do is to turn it upside down. Now look at it."

"Wonderful! Wonderful! But really you must excuse me if—"

"What? Do you not see it?"

"Well, the fact is, I am a little nearsighted."

"Why, it is the desert—the vast and melancholy desert, with its blue sky above and its red sand below."

"This is very extravagant, isn't it? Yet, at the last water-color exhibition, one of our artists spent half an hour in ecstatic admiration of one of Currier's contributions which was standing upside down."

There is another hit in "La Cigale" which is too good to be passed by. A canvas is shown which has no meaning whatever. It is simply one diabolical and incoherent smear. The visitors asks what it is. The painter is in a quandary. He absolutely does not understand it himself. Suddenly an idea illuminates him.

"The name must be on the back," he says. The visitor turns it and reads:

"A landscape."

"Ah!" says the painter, with a sigh of relief. "That's it. It is a landscape."

And he proceeds to expatiate on its beauties.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

A WONDERFUL SIGHT AS VIEWED OFF THE SHORES OF THE ARCTIC.

New York Tribune.

A lady from New York, Mrs. John Straiton, who is traveling with one of her daughters in the north of Europe, sends me a description of the midnight sun, from which I take some sentences. Her letter is date "Ten minutes past midnight, June 13," and it commences: "I have just descended from the steamer's bridges, and had the inexpressible pleasure of witnessing the wonderful sight of the midnight sun, which now, nearly at 1 o'clock, is shining so brightly that I cannot gaze upon it with the naked eye. It has not been lost or obscured for a single moment, and at half past 11, when I came on deck, little birds were skimming the surface of the water, and larger ones were soaring high in the bright blue sky; and great mountains and glaciers were around me on every side, except one side, where the Arctic ocean was lying open and tranquil under a blaze just rippling its surface.

"My imagination could hardly realize that it was the middle of the night, with life all around me, and the half-bewildered passengers, unable to seek their beds, sleep being banished in the excitement of the phenomenon; yet no one seemed to feel the want of sleep, there being an invigorating something in the pure atmosphere. The familiar gesture of the passengers is to take out their watches. Almost everybody is sleepy, but the prevailing impression is that it is midday and not midnight; everybody has been anticipating this glorious sight, and though the elements proved contrary and clouds and rains made all gloomy, we have suddenly come to the present rapture.

"The first thing we knew was two rainbows encircling the sky at 3 in the afternoon, and then the blue vault of heaven appeared and the sun broke forth in glory. It shone so keenly that we had to use colored glasses over our eyes, of red and green. Under that sun the lofty snow crowned peaks were seen to stretch away miles in the distance, and glaciers upon them reaching half-way down; and at their base in the fjords were fishermen's huts hardly distinguishable from the rocks; moss on the mountains sometimes made a sharp contrast with the glaciers. The mountains were more than 4,000 feet high, and cascades rushed down their slopes to the waters, flashing in the midnight sun. This sun seemed to look down with majestic grandeur upon the noble mountains, most of which give birth to cascades slowly trickling down from the melted snows; and here and there is an amphitheatre of mountains disappearing in the exquisite distance, and while our steamer glides along, peak after peak raises its head to welcome us."

The Taxes of the Astors.

[Gath.]

The Astors figure among the heaviest taxpayers in the city. In 1882 they paid $350,000, and this year they handed in a check for $406,000. Even this large amount does not represent their entire taxable wealth, inasmuch as they lease a great deal of property with the stipulation that the lessees shall pay the ground rent and other taxes. It is authoritatively reported that these reach at least $100,000, so that a fair representation of the amount of taxes which the Astors' real estate contributes to the revenues would make it at least $500,000 per annum.

LORDS WHO LIKE OUR LAND.

English Noblemen Who Are Deeply Interested in American Agricultural Real Estate.

[Cor. Washington Herald.]

The largest owner of land bought in recent years in this country is Sir Edward James Reed, M. P. for Cardiff, Wales. He has purchased in the last ten years 2,000,000 acres of well-selected cattle-grazing land in Montana and Dakota. Sir Edward Reed is a practical man, and the founder of his own fortune, which he got out of the iron and coal mines of his native Wales and the tin mines of Cornwall. His investments in this country directed many others to our public domain who had great confidence in his sagacity. Next in consequence is the purchase last year of 1,300,000 acres, consisting mostly of pine land in the state of Mississippi, though included in this holding are 400,000 acres of the finest agricultural land on the continent, lying on the Yazoo river bottoms. This magnificent property belongs to the firm of Philips, Marshall & Co., wealthy corn factors of Mark Lane, who are also the largest dealers in American wheat and other grains in England.

Next in consequence comes the Grant estate, which includes an entire county in Kansas and has within its bounds 250,000 acres. This probably is the most desirable landed estate held by a single owner in America, as the land is rich, well watered, and settled mostly by emigration farmers from England and Scotland. Alexander Grant, the owner, has laid off all his lands into farms, built about 400 good farm-houses each with the necessary out-buildings, and is conducting the estate just as though it was north of the Cheviots instead of America. The duke of Portland owns about 500,000 acres, part of which is on the North Platte in Nebraska, and part in Colorado. Not much of it is yet in cultivation. Lord Stafford owns 100,000 acres on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, and he is gradually colonizing it and getting it into field cultivation.

Lord Dunraven is the pioneer of the English nobility in American land-owning. He bought the well-known property in Colorado called by him Dunraven park in 1868, and at government prices. Dunraven park contains about 100,000 acres. The first purchase was 60,000, and subsequently 40,000 acres more were added. It is one of the best cattle ranches in America, being a lovely valley, full of pure streams fed by mountain springs, rich in the best cattle growing grass known, and the whole property is fenced in by mountain ranges. It is now easily worth $1,000,000, but Lord Dunraven refuses to sell it at any price. Lord Dunmore owns 10,000 acres not far from Dunraven, and very much the same charcter of land, which is rapidly improving. The duke of Beaufort is one of the four owners of a tract of 400,000 acres recently bought by English gentlemen in the Pan-Handle of Texas and Sir John Rae-Reed is another of them, the others of interest being two rich bankers' sons. There are many other Englishmen who have from 1,000 to 2,000 acres in Colorado, Texas, Dakota and New Mexico, but those alluded to in the house of lords only were those I wished to speak of."

SAD CASE OF ETHICAL CULTURE.

Burdette.

It was September, 1879. The train that bore Bode Hawkins to college caught him away from the arms of his mother and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode Hawkins, and very reluctant was he to go to school.

"Aw, shaw!" he growled. "I donkare to go, nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the collidge, it don't do no good, an' I won't know no more w'en I come back than I do w'en I go away, I'd druther drive team 'r learn a trade 'r somethin'. Dod fetch the thing, anyhow."

June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkin returns to his ancestral halls on the farm. His family weep for joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly at them through the oriel window that includes one eye, and, delicately extending two fingers for them to grasp, he murmurs:

"Aw, fathaw, gently, my dear fellah, gently; easy on the rings, ye know; bless you, me mothaw—how, no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye knaw; how do, brothaw—brothaw—well, bless me soul, but aw, I've forgotten the boy's name. Sistah deah, will you kindly hand these brawses faw me boxes to the luggage mawstah? Aw—is this—this the vehicle?"

And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he just drove and thought, and thought and drove, and nearly all that night he sat up twisting hickories and laying them to soak in the watering trough down by the cow barn. And he told a neighbor next morning that Charles Francis Adams was right, and that "he had about four years of college larnin to unlarn fer Bode afore the boy could holler at a yoke of steers like he used to, but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do, bye'n bye.

POISONS FOR ARROWS.

Boston Budget.

Different tribes of Indians use different sorts of poison for their arrow points. The Comanches use the juice of the Spanish bayonet; the Apaches bruise the heads of rattlesnakes with bits of deer liver, allow it to putrefy and dip their arrows in it. The Moquis irritates a rattlesnake until he bites himself, and moisten their darts in the blood. Poisons made from the stings of bees and from ants are used by other tribes.

HE SILENCED HER.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Julia Ward Howe has preserved one specimen of the fashionable notoriety hunter, like the fly in amber. A well known New York woman, so the story goes, took her out on her Newport piazza the other day and begged her to "say something brilliant about it that would always be quoted." Mrs. Howe looked at her a moment and then replied: "Really, I can't think of anything except that it's a bully old piazza, anyhow."

Business-Like Apology.

[Inter Ocean.]

An Oil City deacon, being late at church, asked the congregation to excuse his tardiness, as he had been up the night before opening the finest lot of dry goods ever brought in town.

Consumptives are cured in France by visiting the wine presses and inhaling the fumes of the fermenting juice. Sometimes, at first, they become intoxicated and are borne away senseless.