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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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— BY —

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One year, in advance.....$2 00
Six months, " 1 00
Three months, " 50

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VOL. IV. ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, MARCH 14, 1884. NO. 32.

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FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

[Joaquin Miller.]

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world she has cried for a thousand years.
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fall in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with time in advance of time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

INDIANS AT COLLEGE.

Some Difficulties that Might Arise in the Course of Young Lo's Life.

[Peck's Sun.]

The Indian who goes to a college will find it hard, after the life he has led, to adopt the ways of civilized college students and become hazers, who practice cruelty on boys who are physically weak. You take a plain, unvarnished Indian boy, put on his head a visorless college cap, a collar four inches high, a tight coat, cut off too short at the lower end, a pair of pants that he would have to put French chalk inside of, to get his legs in, and long tooth-pick shoes with yellow tops, and give him a cane, and teach him to say, "Ah, by Jove, you know," and he would be a picture that would cause his tribe to weep. Suppose the father and mother of the Indian student, thus attired, should give a muskrats that they trap, a holiday, and go to the college to visit their son, and should find him as described, and he should put his eye-glass into his eye and say, "Ah, governor, glad to see you, you know; and madame, I am yours truly," the aged rat trapper would pull his gun and if he could get two of them in range he would shoot them, though he would hesitate to waste a charge of powder on a single one, while the squaw mother would wrap her blanket around her form and go and lean against a fence and be sick. The Indian would have too much sense, uncultured though he might be, to be proud of such an outfit as a son, and instead of blessing the day that his son decided to become civilized, he would curse it.

If it is deemed advisable to educate the Indian boys, let us commence at the right place, the country school, and when the Indian has learned enough to be able to transact busines, let him go into some business that he can do, and if he has got it in him to become a man, he will have encouragement from all decent people, but if we start him in a college, where half the boys go because all the other places to get rid of them are closed, the Indian will come out a big-headed piece of uselessness, and when he gets out there will be no place good enough for him. He will be above catching rats, and the world will owe him a living.

French Prepared for War.

[Courier-Journal Paris Letter.]

France learned a lesson from the last war, and I am told that she has since prepared herself so well for any emergency that in twenty-four hours she could equip and have ready for immediate action 1,200,000 men.

Every man is a soldier until the age of 40, serving five years from the ages of 20 to 21. After that every two years he must give twenty-eight days' service to the nation, no matter where he may be. Each man is provided in time of peace with a uniform, and he knows to what division and company he belongs, even the place of rendezvous, so that if there were a general call to arms there would be no confusion. He would simply don his military attire and be ready to defend his country—to defend her with all his might and will, for if there is a feeling in the Frenchman's heart, stronger than all the rest, it is "l'amour de la patrie"—to them the sweetest and most meaning words in the language.

They Knew Him.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Gen'lmen, I've reformed," said Dave O'Brien, the tragedian, as he staggered into Hawley's saloon yesterday afternoon. "Had ter r'form 'norder to manage m' business, m' new theatre in Wes' Coventon. Lemme use yer tel'phone?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

P-r-r-r-r went the bell. "H'lo, s'change, 'nect me with Moerlein's brewery. Don' know me? I'm Dave O'Brien, the tragedian and manager. Won't connect me? Why not?"

P-r-r-r-r went the bell again, and as Dave turned away he said sadly to one of the clerks:

"Those fellers have no conf'dence in humanature. Say I've'n r'formed, 'cause I want ter be co'nected with a brewery. I'm goin' ter see 'f I can't co'trive some way to make ole rye flow through a tel'phone. They'll be no need then of my man'ging a Coventon the'tre. G'day, gen'lmen, g'day."

Capturing a Widow.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

That's jes' the way with wimmin. My wife was the widder Goostree afore I married her, an' the first time I ever went to see her blame ef she didn't fling a skillet over the fence at me. The next time she flung a churn-dasher, and the next time she flung a chip. Then she tuck up a han'ful o' leaves an' flung 'em, an' bless yer, the next time she invited me in to sop sorghum 'lasses. Oh, us men is a power in the lan'.

Fool or Hypocrite.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

De man whut tries ter 'suade yer dat he ain't workin' fur hisse'f is eider a fool er a hypocrit. All men whut works, works for deirse'fs, an' ef da be good men, in workin' fur deirse'f da he'ps udders; any man whut doan reconnize dis is a liar an' is a heppin' hisse'f, wid de udder fokes lef' out.

Concerning Funerals.

[Chicago Herald.]

The clergymen of Indianapolis have resolved that funerals shall be private; that there should be no public exhibitions of deceased people, and that ministers should not be required to attend at the grave.

President Villard's Romance.

[New York Journal.]

After reporting what was to be seen during the first attack on Charleston, S. C., Henry Villard came north and made the acquaintance of William Lloyd Garrison and was taken to that gentleman's home in Boston and introduced to the Garrison household as a hero and strong anti-slavery advocate.

Here the young man saw Miss Fanny Garrison, a beautiful young lady, who was about completing her education in a Boston seminary. She was considered one of the belles of Boston society, patriotic, bright, and, though quite young, thoroughly understood the causes which led to the breach between the north and the south. Mr. Villard passed many hours in conversation with the enthusiastic maiden before he again started for the front. Her vivacious manner and winning ways had driven from his memory the early resolution made before he sought his fortune on this side of the Atlantic, and the modest desire for a little cote in sunny France with the dark-eyed girl who had first inspired him with the tender sentiments of love as his wife. Never in all his travels in Europe, or in any portion of the west and south—for by this Villard had seen much of the world—had he come in contact with a soul which so thoroughly charmed him.

He returned to the south fully determined to keep her foremost in his memory. When, later on, malarial fever contracted in the southern swamps forced him again to return north he was assisted back to health by the tender sympathies and cheering smiles of the beautiful Boston girl. Then he declared his love, both to the daughter and parents, and a little later he led her to the altar. Since his marriage Mr. Villard's life has been one of unusual success. To-day the once poor but ambitious emigrant youth may be found surrounded by a lovely family of children in a grand old mansion, bordered by parks and lawns, on the banks overlooking the Hudson, near this city. The beautiful young eastern girl is just as charming as ever.

Where Power Resides in China.

[London Spectator.]

We are often asked where, in the great empire of China, power really resides, and we believe the best short statement is this: Subject to certain immovable customs, the emperor, in his capacity of father of the people, can in theory give any order and can in practice punish with decapitation or exile any official or person who disobeys it. He is, in all serious affairs, however, obliged to consult, though not to obey, a rather large group of princes of his dynasty and great mandarins, who divide the departments and the great viceroyalties among themselves. The dynasty, moreover, being foreign, is compelled to respect the army to some extent; while this army is, for financial reasons, so limited in numbers that it is difficult to garrison the empire, and impossible to hold it down for an hour. It is the tradition of the court, therefore, never seriously to offend either the army or the people in such a way as to provoke emeutes, more especially in Pekin.

At present the emperor is a boy, only just 12 years of age, and all real authority belongs to the widow of the last full-grown emperor, Hien Fung—who is called the empress mother of the emperor—Prince Kung, Li Hung Chang, the favorite of the native Chinese, and two or three less known high officials. They can send out any orders they please, and are obeyed, but they can not afford to risk the insurrections that would follow any great affront to the pride of the people, such as the cession of Tonquin would be. China, in fact, is a more solid Turkey, with sultan, pashas, army, and a mob sharing power in unequal degrees. As in Turkey, too, all four are bound in the chain of a law which can not be modified.

The First Meerschaum Pipe.

[Inter Ocean.]

In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance when Karol wiped it off, received wherever the wax had adhered to it a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to its proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and polishing the pipe again smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it colored, also how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed.

The "Ways and Means" Committee.

[Chicago Times.]

The committee on ways and means is considered by far the most important of the committees. It frames all tariff legislation before being presented for the action of the house, and to it all bills of that nature and all bills relating to the general financial condition of the country are referred. Its duty is, as indicated by the name, to look after the "ways and means" of providing the funds for the support of the government. In other words, it assumes the position ordinarily occupied by the husband in the family, of providing the "wherewithal" for the support of the family, while the position of wife is filled by the committee on appropriations, who spend sthe money.

To Capture Criminals.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Give the commercial travelers of this country printed descriptions of criminals at large, with the assurance of a liberal reward for capture, and no rascal could make a journey of 100 miles by rail.

MANAGERS' ENORMOUS EXPENSE

What It Costs to Bring Out a Play--Essentials to Success--Outgo and Income.

[Joe Howard in Philadelphia Press.]

An ordinary play such as, well, take the last one brought out, "Storm Beaten," costs the management between $26,000 and $30,000 before the curtain is raised. The weekly expenses we will estimate, counting rent and gas and everything, at $3,500. There are seven performances during the week, counting the Saturday matinee. Obviously to meet the bare expenses these performances must average $600. A packed house of that size will hold $1,200, but it is very rare that the utmost limit of accommodation is tested; on the contrary, an even run of $800 a night would be considered a very fair return, and the play must be phenomenally good, such as the old "Two Orphans" or "The Banker's Daughter," to range anywhere above $1,000 a night.

There are theatres in this city, first-class theatres, where plays have been put on this season costing the management from $10,000 to $20,000, where the receipts have been as low down as $150; in fact, I know of one occasion when the night's receipts in one of the best-known houses in this country were but $85. You see, theatrical expenses eat up money very fast, and, unless the income is in the same proportion to the outgo, the most exemplary bank account is very soon run to the ground.

Naturally, you will agree with me that there is no fun in this sort of thing for the manager, but if I am any judge of human nature, it is quite as discouraging to the actors as to him who employs and pays them. Nothing is more certain than that full houses inspire good acting, and that poor houses depress the spirits, and interfere with the elan of professional actors.

The selection of a play requires an unusual gift, and the man who has it is certain to succeed a hundred times where the manager who has it not may stumble by accident over one noticeable hit. Life is earnest, and enterprise, industry, perseverance, discipline are essential to success. No phase of life can be regarded with favor where the real operation is aptly typified in the expression, "just for the fun of it." Even the most uproarious low comedian who displays his vulgar antics in the presence of uproarious audiences, cannot be said to do it for the fun of it. He has to give thought and study and rehearsal to everything he does and everything he utters, otherwise a dismal fizzle would be his sole reward.

Wanted to Know About Switches.

[New York Times.]

A white-haired, shrill-voiced boy, about 8 years old, rode down town with his parents on the Sixth avenue elevated road. He gazed curiously at two or three up trains which whizzed by the one he was in, and in a voice that sent a thrill through every person in the car, piped out:

"Pa, how do these cars turn around?"

"They don't turn around, my son; when they reach the end of the line they are switched from one track to the other," answered the father sedately.

"Who switches 'em?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Why, the engines, to be sure."

"The Indian!" repeated the questioner. "He must be a pretty big Indian, isn't he, pa?"

"Yes, yes; don't talk so loud," said the father curtly.

"Ma," queried the boy after a moment's pause, "does he switch 'em the same as you and pa switches me when I don't do right?"

The maternal relative reached for the boy, wiped his nose, pulled his cloth cap down over his eyes, and told him to keep quiet.

The Secret of Noble Living.

[A. J. Grover in Weekly Magazine.]

After fortunate birth, upon which more depends than upon all else, the right treatment of the body, is no doubt the grand secret of noble living. If theologians would teach people how best to treat the body, they would do more and better for the soul, than by all the systems of salvation ever preached.

If good fruit is expected the tree must be of good quality and well taken care of and nurtured. The advantages of fortunate birth and rich hereditary gifts as bearing upon immortality, if the microcosmic theory is true, can not be overestimated, and when the best treatment of the body is superadded to the best birth, no limit can be fixed to mental and spiritual attainments and power.

A. B. Alcott said: "A man cannot get far away from his grandfather." Emerson said and furnished the best illustrations of its truth: "It takes two or three generations to make a gentleman."

Zigzag London.

[Evangelist Barnes' Letter.]

I only yesterday discovered why Glasgow was so much like Louisville. The streets are at right angles, and there are square blocks of buildings there as at home. To speak of a place so many "squares" distant would convey no more impression of measurement to a Londoner than our own indefinite saying, "as big as a piece of chalk," would impart exact information as to size. There are triangles, pentagons, hexagons, rhomboids, parallelopipedons, even, but squares are few and far between. Glasgow, however, is distinguished for an extra number of parallel streets, intersecting at right angles.

The Literary Bracelet.

[Boston Herald.]

One of the novelties in London is the literary bracelet. It is made of twelve tiny books (silver or gold), attached to each other by a double chain. Each little book bears the enameled name of a favorite poet or novelist. There are also musical bracelets of the same model, only they, of course, have the names of operas or composers.

Ready for the Next.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

In rebuilding Rochester, Minn., they are mindful of the tornado that recently devastated the town. They are making strong stone vaults in the cellars, large enough to contain a family and strong enough to withstand any tornado.

A Word for the Undertaker.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Yet the undertaker and his assistants are generally a cheery set, who laugh hard sometimes, if not loud, and grow fat amid their ghostly surroundings. And this is not merely habit, but natural adaptation; the undertaker nascitur non fit and his birthright is a distinctiveness that cannot be mistaken. He is of a medium height, slightly bent in the shoulders as befits a man who bears the burden of the world's griefs, inclined to pallor, perhaps, but with a countenance expressive of good digestion, well-dressed in dull colors, and stepping noiseless as a ghost. He is never young and seldom old; the latter is the sexton's characteristic. He is a connoisseur in dress, and knows to perfection the proper tie and the fit of sable gloves. Yet, though following a business seemingly so depressing and hardening, he is at heart kind and tender to a thought. If he seems rude and unthinking, it should be remembered that custom and philosophy have combined to teach him that he deals only with the useless human clay.

To funeral etiquette he pays a ready deference, but it is to the saddened family, not to the inanimate form. His business is strictly business, and he never forgets it. He prepares the corpse for burial and solemnly conducts it to its last resting place, a sincere mourner on general principles. Or he is called to the house of the grief-stricken family, where he deftly and perfectly manages all arrangements, provides the carriages and often the clergyman, preserves the reckless Jehus in sober decency, conducts the funeral to the grave and gives character to the ceremonies. If he does not grieve, he appreciates the sorrows of others and insures it fitting respect and indulgence. Or perhaps the remains are to be shipped to waiting friends abroad; he oversees details, procures the passage and attends to the embarkation, making even the proverbial baggage-smasher yield to his solemn mein the while. Give him credit for his skill and kindness.

French Landscape Peculiar.

[Paris Cor. Globe-Democrat.]

There is something peculiarly individual about French landscape that quite distinguishes it from any other I have had the pleasure of viewing. In passing through Scotland I could see that the hilly portions of the eastern states might with a few modifications present about the same appearance—with hedges instead of Virginia fences, and fields, meadows and woodland cleared of all stones, stumps and underbrush. In the southern portion of England I could see one of our western prairies cut up into small portions, highly cultivated, and the American frame house turned to stone; in other words, it may be considered to represent our own land many centuries hence.

But as soon as we reach France we feel that we are in a strange but friendly land, inhabited by an entirely different race of men. Just wherein the difference lies one can scarcely tell—an artist's brush would seem inadequate to the task. A brighter green would be needed for the grass and foliage, a clearer sky must needs be painted, and if possible a more brilliant sunshine than in home landscapes. Then a sombre grayish color would come in play to portray the queer-shaped mortar houses and a dark brick color for the lines of the roof. The view would need to be cut up in small portions, now by green hedges, now by more forbidding walls. The whole must have a "made" look, with scarcely any trace of nature's waywardness, as if century upon century generations of men had occupied the same ground, tilling over and over again the same soil, sheltered by the same houses, until the time when all this country was either swamps or virgin forests, inhabited by warlike Gauls, would seem to date back way into prehistoric times.

Poe's Peculiar Pluck.

[Harper's Magazine.]

An intimate friend from boyhood of Edgar Allan Poe says he never saw him smile in his life. As a boy and young man he was retiring and made few friends. He was strong, and devoted to all sorts of athletic games, about which he went in a serious, determined way, as in all things else. His melancholy and peculiar ways were in keeping with his writings. Once at school a big boy got his head under his arm, and was giving him a terrible beating, until bystanders freed him. While the beating was in progress Poe kept perfectly still and endured it, being of an enduring, tough physique. On emerging, he remarked that he had determined to wait until the fellow got exhausted, when he meant to pummel him once for all—just like his usual notions of proceeding. He was courageous, though he never sought difficulties.

Plant Peculiarities.

[Exchange.]

A Norwegian botanist states that most plants in high latitudes produce larger and heavier seed than in regions nearer the equator—an effect which he ascribes to the prolonged influence of sunlight during the summer days in high latitudes. In some cases the difference of seed development is astonishing. Dwarf beans taken from Christiana to Drontheim—less than four degrees farther north—gained more than 60 per cent. in weight; and thyme from Lyons when planted at Drontheim showed a gain of 71 per cent. The leaves also of most plants are larger and more deeply colored in higher latitudes. The same is true of flowers, and many which are white in southern climates become violet in the far north.

About Angels.

[Boston Budget.]

The other day a 4-year-old girl was looking at the pictures of two angels which her mother had given her. "Where do angels live?" said she. "In heaven," was the answer. "Do they ever come down here?" "Yes." "What for?" "Oh, to see little boys and girls behave themselves." "Then do they go back and tell?" "I believe so." Here there was a pause, and the little lassie continued: "Well, who washes their faces and curls their hair, Moses or Abraham?"

A VICTIM OF HEREDITY.

Twas Better to Part Than to Commit an Error Eternity Alone Could Efface.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Good-by, McNulty."

The tall, lissome form of Esmeralda W. Perkins was sharply outlined against Vivian McNulty's left ear as he stood that beautiful June evening in the doorway of Brierton villa, hoping against hope, and hoping that something—he knew or cared not what—might occur to sweep from the horizon of his life the awful sorrow that was hanging over it like a pall—a sorrow that would make every day an eon of misery, every word of joy that others might utter a knell of despair.

"Good-by, McNulty."

For an instant the man could not reply. He had not felt such a shock since meeting his father in the giddy whirl of a poker game and going home with nothing but a contrite heart and a lead pencil to show for his month's wages. He still held Esmeralda's hand in his, and the girl was looking up to him with eyes that were tearless now, but in their depths there was a look of frozen horror, a my-bustle-has-got-loose expression that pierced his very soul. And when he asked for an explanation of her words—not demanded it as a right, but pleaded for it as a favor—she had only shifted uneasily on to the other foot and burst into a storm of sobs.

"I can only tell you," she murmured, when finally his agonized entreaties had moved her to speech, "that our marriage would render your life one of constant misery; that it is better we should part now than commit an error which eternity alone could efface. You will never know how I love you, Vivian—never know the dreadful agony that this separation is causing me. God knows I would greet death with smiling face and outstretched arms to-morrow now that you are lost to me forever, for what is life without your love, and presence, and kisses, but an unceasing torture? If I loved you less, if your love were not enshrined in my heart as something to be worshiped evermore, I would not take this step. It was wrong, very wrong, I know, to allow this love to overmaster my whole being, but it is better to wreck one life than two, and so again I say 'good-by'"—and, lifting her pure, sweet face to his, Esmeralda kissed him gently on the lips and turned to go.

"Stop!" exclaimed Vivian in an imperious, whoa-Emma manner. "I pleaded with you for an explanation, but now I demand it. It is my right," and, drawing himself up proudly, he broke his left suspender.

"You speak truly," replied the girl. "An explanation of my action is due you. Know, then, that I am a victim of heredity."

"Of what?" asks Vivian.

"Of heredity," repeats the girl.

"In what respect?" he demands, his voice hoarse with agony.

"I have," says the girl, steadying herself against the piano, "inherited my father's snore."

Mark Twain on Fred. Douglass.

[Washington Letter.]

I had recently placed in my hands a copy of a letter written by Mark Twain indorsing Fred. Douglass for the position of marshal for the district. It is a very characteristic letter, and as it has never been published I give it.

HARTFORD, Jan. 12, 1881.

GEN. GARFIELD—Dear Sir: Several times since your election, people wanting office have asked me to "use my influence" with you in their behalf. To word it in that way was such a pleasant compliment to me that I never complied. I could not without exposing the fact that I hadn't any influence with you, and that was a thing which I had no mind to do. It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence—and keep it—than to fool it away with trying to get him an office.

But when my brother on my wife's side—Mr. Charles J. Langdon, late of the Chicago convention—desires me to speak a word for Mr. Fred. Douglass, I am asked to "use my influence," consequently I am not risking anything.

So I am writing this as a simple citizen. I am not drawing on my fund of influence at all. A simple citizen may express a desire with all propriety in the matter of a recommendation to office; so I beg permission to hope that you will retain Mr. Douglass in his present office of marshal of the District of Columbia; if such a course will not clash with your own preferences or with the expediences and interests of your administration.

I offer the petition with peculiar pleasure and strong desire, because I so honor the man's high and unblemished character, and so admire his brave, long crusade for the liberties and elevation of his race. He is a personal friend of mine, but that is nothing to the point, for his history would move me to say these things without that, and I feel them, to

With great respect I am, general, yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

Emigration Facilities.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The question of transportation was once a serious one. But the very necessities for relief from the overcrowded condition of the country have solved it by an increase of facilities in proportion with the demand for outlet. It is easier this year for 500,000 emigrants to reach America from Europe than it was forty years ago for 50,000. They travel at less cost and in much better condition. The Suez canal is rapidly extending the like facilities for emigration to Australia, Cape Colony, New Zealand, and the Panama canal will extend them to the whole Pacific coast from Cape Horn to Alaska. There has been no time since the first steamship crossed the Atlantic distinguished by greater activity in construction of new steam vessels than in the present. Men past the middle age will live to see this kind of transportation by sea as lively between the old world and Buenos Ayres, Sydney, Cape Town, Melbourne and Auckland as it now is with the Atlantic ports of the United States.

Odor of Russian Money.

Mr. Sala says a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being, the lower the value the "louder" the smell. A 100-ruble note will be redolent of patchouli, jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume, while the single-ruble note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.

Inter Ocean: No matter how long a man may have been called Bill, he rises to the dignity of William when he comes in for $100,000. There is a good deal of lift to money.

Women's Wages in London.

[London Telegraph.]

"And what do these poor creatures work at?" I asked; "the women, I mean, whose husbands go out every day to get work at the docks, and who in so many cases return at night empty-handed?" The pastor was nothing if not practical. "What do they work at? Look here." He went to the corner of his study, and in another second had covered a table with various articles of clothing from a pair of men's moleskin trousers to a smart little out-of-door trimmed hat for the well-to-do baby. I was asked to examine a pair of moleskin trousers as stiff as a board, lined with soft downy material from end to end, and provided with seventeen buttons and the accompanying button-holes all stitched. These trousers are supplied to the women with the two main seams already stitched by the sewing-machine, and what do you think the middleman or sweater can offer for the lining, stitching, buttoning, and button-holing of this nice, smart pair of moleskin trousers? Actually he can offer twopence farthing a pair! and a woman, by working her fingers to the bone when in good health, can make four pairs in a day, and earn tenpence thereby.

The trade has positively lowered the price of moleskin trousers-making; or, rather, the poor in desperation have competed against themselves, and cut their own throats. The price for a pair of moleskin trousers used to be twopence halfpenny, but one day some wretched, poverty-stricken seamstress went to the sweater and said: "For God's sake, times are so bad that if you promise to give me a lot to do I will do them for 2½ pence a pair." From that moment the price of moleskin trousers went down in the sweating market. Lawn-tennis aprons! Well, the young ladies look very smart in them at summer time, and they are associated with holiday time and merriment, with laughter and kind faces. Do some of the young ladies know that the maker of a very pretty and fanciful one only gets 3 farthings for it, and that she can only earn, when the joyous game is in full swing, 18 pence a day. Baby's hat! Who does not know the look of baby's hat, so crisp and crimp and over-trimmed, the tiny head-dress of leghorn, adorned with cream-white puffs of ribbon. How many mothers who crown the brows of their first-born with the be-ribboned bit of finery know that the woman who slaved at it received 5 pence halfpenny for her trouble, and that she may consider herself lucky if she can get 2 shillings and 6 pence a dozen for the infants' hoods which keep the children's heads warm these winter days in the perambulators.

Chinese in Australia.

[M. D. Conway in San Francisco Chronicle.]

The labor question is, however, very important and the marquis is evidently concerned at the statistics just published showing that the population of Victoria is falling beneath the rate of increase of the other colonies. He remarked that the Chinese, of whom there are over 12,000 in Victoria, are just now being naturalized to a large extent. I think he said he had been recently issuing to them naturalization papers at the rate of thirty every month. Already I hear it whispered that the Chinaman is making an ingenious use of his naturalization papers. Since all the colonies have imposed a poll tax of £10 on every Chinaman entering them, no one of that race could leave one colony for another and return without paying £10 at the custom-house each way. That is what he escapes by naturalization, but he is suspected of sending his papers to his friend in China to enable him to immigrate without paying the tax.

It is probable, however, that the Chinese residents here are equally contented with the white laborer in keeping out their countrymen. They are getting rich fast. They preserve their ability to live on rice and tea, their economic habits and their way of doing a good deal of work. They are tabooed by the white working class and kept out of certain kinds of employment. If a family should employ one as a domestic servant that family would be "boycotted" by tradesmen. The Australian "larrikins" (Californian "hoodlums") delight to bait a Chinaman and to have knocked out a Chinese eye is the immediate jewel of his soul. Few Sunday amusements are allowed in Melbourne, so the "larrikin" must do his best to pass the pions hours. The efforts to keep labor dear in Victoria are successful. It is more than twice as dear as in England in all cases and in some kinds of work thrice as dear. Some singular results follow this.

David Crockett's Schooling.

[Magazine of American History.]

A niece of his employer, a young Quakeress, coming from North Carolina to visit her uncle, David experienced the delicious pangs of first love. Its course, however, did not run smooth. He thought his utter lack of any education in books was the cause of his misfortune, and he went to school four days in the week, working for the schoolmaster the other two days to pay for it. This continued for about two months. "In this time," he says, "I learned to read a little in my primer, to write my own name, and to cipher some in the first three rules in figures. And this was all the schooling I ever had in my life." He might have continued his studies had it not been for the fact that the memory of the pretty Quakeress had faded away, and he had fallen in love with another girl.

The Meanest Girl of All.

[Exchange.]

"Yes," said Sylvia, "Hat's the meanest girl I ever did see! She knows I think young Mr. Tawmus is just too lovely for anything, and I think she's of the same opinion. Well, I was leaning out of the window the other day, and Mr. Tawmus passed, and I smiled. Would you believe it? Hat had a set of her aunt's false teeth in her pocket, and, just as I smiled, she dropped them out of the window. Mr. Tawmus didn't see her, as she was behind me, and what could he have thought?"

There are 3 cents' worth of gold in every ton of sea water.

GUNBOAT SERVICE.

Holy-Stones and Spit-Kids---Anything but Dirt in the Navy.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Did you notice that man walk over to the curb and spit in the street? I'll bet he's been on shipboard. There a man's got to use either the spit-kids or spit over the side of the vessel into the water. They'll stand anything but dirt in the navy, you know. How is this for a daily routine: When the bo's'n pipes up all hands in the morning they turn out, put up their hammocks, stow 'em away in the nettings, then sweep the decks. Mess-cloths are spread, and after breakfast the decks are swept down again. At 11:30 a. m. sweepers are piped and then mess-cloths are laid for dinner, after which she is swept fore and aft once more. It's done twice more, before supper and after supper, making six times a day. You mustn't think they sweep only. Not a day passes but that the decks are either dry or wet holy-stoned. A holy-stone is a big stone, flat and smooth on one side. The centre of a long rope is made fast to it, and a squad of men lay hold of opposite ends and pull it backward and forward over the decks, which have been first wet down and sprinkled with sand.

In places that they can't reach, corners, you know, they make men get down on their knees with little hand stones, called prayer-books, and scrub 'em out. After all this, they bend the hose to the pumps and wash the sand away. Men follow with squillgees, arrangements shaped like a hoe, with a strip of rubber tacked to the edge. They use 'em to rub the heaviest part of the water off the decks. Next comes another detail with swabs. They are like big hemp horses' tails, and are swung right and left. When the fibres get well saturated the swab is wrung and used over again. Light, flat sheet-iron charcoal stoves, the under side three feet square, are then suspended by long rods to within about a foot and a half of the deck, and swung backward and forward until the place underneath is pretty dry, when they shift them to other hammock-hooks and repeat the process. This is done three times a week, and dry holy-stoning twice. On such days the sweepers are used five times. The decks are always like the driven snow, and wouldn't soil a cambric handkerchief at any time. Now you can understand why a sailor learns to use the spit-kids—well, cuspadores—look here who's spinning this yarn?

Disgusted With Dirt and Vulgarity

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"No, none of my boys are in Chicago," said an old farmer from western Illinois, just returning from the Union stock yards, where he had sold three cars of hogs of his own raising. "No, sir, my boys are all at home. The three oldest are teaching school winters and helping on the farm summers. I've had all my boys in the city, though, and they know what it is. I showed 'em all around myself. I ain't one of these kind that lets boys go on thinkin' a city is the nicest place in the world, when it is just as easy as nothin' to show 'em different. I had my boys in some of the saloons along on State street, and on the west side, to show 'em the poor loafers, some of them evidently farmers' boys come to town to get rich. We all went up into the public library, as I wanted the boys to see the poor cusses there finding a good warm place to sleep, until 10 o'clock, anyhow. We was also in some of them dives along the levee, and I tell you the boys was disgusted with the dirt and vulgarity. My oldest boy went into the wine-room to see the girls and come out mad, saying they was nothing but paint, powder, and stuffing, and charged him $3 for one little bottle of wine worth about 25 cents.

"I had the boys look in the morning papers to see how many situations there were vacant, and how many more there were wantin' places. When we started for the train next morning arly we see a sign out 'Clerk wanted,' and thirty or forty fellows standin' around waiting for the doors to open. Oh, I tell you the boys haven't any love for Chicago, and they are stayin' home and 'tending to business. James has a small farm of his own, and I'm going to give him half the money from them hogs to furnish his house with, 'cause he's to marry soon. Robert, the next, has the best team in our county, and the handsomest gal. My boys have seen Chicago with their eyes open, and are satisfied to stay at home, behave themselves, and take the old farm when I get through with it. I believe this keeping of boys in ignorance of what a great city really is is wrong, so I do."

Can a Snake Reason?

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Out at the Zoo there is a small hole—probably some rat owns it—in the rear corner of the blacksnake's cage. A good fat toad had crowded into this hole, and the snake darted in his head after him and speedily swallowed him. But with this incumbrance he found he could not withdraw himself. Then he at once disgorged the toad, which, finding himself free, began to move off. This was too much for snake philosophy, and the snake again swallowed him, and a second time was compelled to disgorge him, for he could not get his head out. But he reflected. He had learned something. He reached out a third time, and grabbing the toad by the leg backed out with ease.

His Prominence Accounted For.

[New York Letter.]

This is not because Gen. Sickles is so distinguished, but rather from the manner of his entrance at the opera. You probably know that Gen. Sickles has but one leg, and has been unable to wear an artificial one, so that he is naturally obliged to walk on crutches. After the house is comfortably seated and the opera is going smoothly along, just as the prima donna reaches her most florid passage, or the tenor touches his high C, you hear a dull thud down the main aisle of the opera house, and, looking around, you see a rather fine-looking man on crutches swinging himself into his seat. You naturally ask "Who is that?" and you soon get your answer that it is Gen. Sickles.

Food for the British Lion.

[Exchange.]

"Mamma," said Beatrice, running into her mother's room in her girlish, over-30-year-old way, "there's a man down-stairs who wants to see you." "What's 'is bloomin' name?" asked the queen. "He didn't say." "Are his pantaloons fringed at the bottom?" "Yes, mamma," replied Beatrice, "and he has a roll of manuscript under his arm." "Hanother John Brown poem, or my name hisn't Victoria Wettin. Tell 'im I'm not at 'ome, and if he won't take no for an answer 'ave your brothe. Halbert feed him to the British lion."

Don't Go to Italy.

[Exchange.]

The eminent basso, Karl Formes, tells American parents that they make a grave mistake in sending their children to Italy to study music when they can attain much better results at home. He says musical science is at its lowest level in Italy, and the great singers are not Italians.

Boston Commercial Bulletin: People are getting so suspicious now that it would not be surprising any Sunday to see the deacons using a bell-punch with the contribution box.