THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

R. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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

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VOL. IV. ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, MAY 23, 1884. NO. 42.

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Each subsequent insertion..	1 00

THE WHIRLPOOL.

In the shade of the headland, a span from the shore,
The whirlpool lies coiled in sleep—
Who could guess that that slumbering brow over bore
A frown that is crafty and deep?
Yet 'tis here in the blast of the hurricane's breath
That the soul-laden ships find a doom;
To the musical moan of this circle of death
Do they pass to their fathomless tomb.
Youth in its bloom,
Age in its gloom,
Mother and father, the maid and her mate,
Master and slave,
Finding a grave
In this mad magic circle, the whirlpool of fate.

In the heart of the city, in turmoil and din,
The whirlpool doth fearlessly ride;
In its merciless torrent are virtue and sin,
The parson and thief side by side;
Here the hand of the peasant is gripped by the glove
Of the gallant who lives but to lie,
And the maiden to-day who is learning to love,
On the morrow has learnt how to die!
Vice with its paint,
Crime with its taint;
Cradle and coffin, the lowly and great;
Billows of blood
Cresting the flood
Of this mad magic circle, the whirlpool of fate.

AMATEUR ARCHITECTS.

A FEW OF THE ANNOYANCES WHICH BESET PROFESSIONAL HOUSE-DESIGNERS.

Detroit Free Press Interview.

"What is another one of the disagreeable things which beset you?"

"The patron who comes into your office with a plan he has 'made all by himself' and wants you to follow it. You ask him if he made the drawing to a scale, and he admits that he has not, announcing at the same time that that won't make any difference, as he knows just how much room he has got and has planned accordingly. Then you suggest that nothing can be told from his drawing as to how the building will look, and he, getting mad, tells you to go aheard and if it does not look all right it will be his fault."

"That's fair enough if he takes the blame."

"He'll take the blame soon enough, but kicks like a steer when, after we have made a drawing to a scale, he finds his plan a failure, and that we ask pay for humoring his fancy. Why it would just break you all up to see some of the amateur plans and designs I have in my office."

So saying the architect escorted the reporter to his office and fixing him comfortably in an arm chair, placed before him a large portfolio filled with amateur efforts. They were very interesting, embracing all classes of architecture from the Gothic and Gothic-Normandi to the most unique combinations of Grecian and Græco-Roman contours. Talk about the Detroit high school building, it is a nonentity compared with most of these efforts. Scale! there was none; but efforts at harmony and originality were visible everywhere. One particularly striking effect was shown, where a dwelling house, having thirty-two feet of frontage, was concealed behind a portico sixty-one feet (according to the width of the building as shown in the plan) high and forty-four feet deep. Another charmingly original idea was a house with a front door sixteen feet wide, and windows eight feet wide, and a two-story house at that. Another plan, the designer of which evidently wanted an observatory, showed a cottage with a tower 116 feet high, according to the scale to which the draughtsman unconsciously worked. And so on, were discrepancies without number, and all of them ludicrous beyond measure.

"Just fancy trying to do something with this," said the architect, laying a drawing in water colors in the reporter's lap.

The plan, evidently the work of a lady, gave, in perspective, views of two sides of a proposed dwelling house. If it were possible to build according to the design there would be a house of cut stone, with a double arch at one corner resting on two stained glass windows, each twelve feet wide, while a very early English chimney would pass through the arches and windows to a point in the basement, through which a doorway had been cut. Finally, surmounting the heavy stone arches which rest on glass supports, would be a tower balcony eight feet high and twenty-four feet square.

A PUZZLED BLUEJAY.

Cor. Germantown Telegraph.

At the back end of my store, and just outside of a window, is a box on which we mix the dough to feed the chicks. On Sunday morning when I shaved myself I took my mirror, etc., to the window, so I could have a good light. Just as I finished my work I noticed an old bluejay drop down on the box and begin eating the dough from the pan of chicken feed. As I was on the opposite side of the glass it did not see me. I looked at it for a moment and then "for fun" turned the mirror around so the glass would face the bird. It was just taking a mouthful of dough as it looked up and saw, as it supposed, another jay with its mouthful also. It seemed greatly astonished and failed to swallow its food for some time, but soon did so, and then in bluejay style "bowed," as much as to say "good morning, sir." As a matter of course the glass made the other jay bow also, and the next salutation was "kechunk! kechunk!" I suppose that is jay language, but do not understand it. Then it proceeded to fill its mouth full of dough again, and its shadow did the same. This seemed to anger it very much, and, after giving one bluejay war-whoop, it flew against the glass. Its astonished look at the result of its attack was laughable. The first thing it did was to retreat to the farther side of the box and from there eye the antagonist. After gazing for some time its hunger overcame it, and it took another mouthful, "as did the shadow." The jay stopped with full mouth, turned its head first one way then the other, and finally hopped around the glass and stood face to face with me. Our faces were not more than six inches apart, and I never expect to see a more astonished look than was in its eyes just then. But one look was enough; and, after another big jay yell, it made as good time from there as a bluejay ever made, I guess; and my dough has remained undisturbed ever since.

A FEMININE FINANCIER.

[Christian at Work.]

Many women are extravagant, absurdly and thoughtlessly so, and ruin their husbands financially. Many men are miserly and mean, thoughlessly so, absurdly and unwisely so, and destroy not only their wife's happiness, but their own also. All this arises from a lack of perfect trust in each other. Little Mrs. Gray's story in a late number of Peterson's tells us a good lesson. The young husband and wife had just risen from a nicely spread table, and the room was neatly and tastefully furnished.

There was no indication of poverty there, yet Mrs Gray's voice and manner were faltering, as she asked for some postage stamps.

"How many?" asked her husband, curtly.

"Three will do. I thought I would write to mother and the girls."

"Did you ever reckon up, my dear, how much you spend for postage stamps in the course of a year?" asked Mr. Gray, as he lit his fragrant cigar. "Well, let us see. You write at least five letters a week, which is 15 cents, and 52 times 15 are $7.80 a year, to say nothing of paper and envelopes. I have not a correspondent in the world outside of my business."

"Your friends," said the wife, "live near you, while mine are in another state. Do you wish me to give up my writing to them?" And her face took an extra tinge of color.

"By no means. I merely mentioned the cost of the thing. But I must go. Good-bye."

"Albert!" she said timidly.

Mr. Gray turned back.

"Can you leave me $5 or $6? I want to go down town to-day."

"Five or six dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Gray in astonishment. "What on earth can you want with $5 or $6?"

"I knew you would wonder, but I have needed some money for a long time to get some necessary articles."

"I gave you $2 last week."

"I know it, and I used it for materials to work up our church fair."

"Church fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Gray contemptuously. "Why I can't see what you need with $5 or $6."

"Here is a list of what I need," said Mrs. Gray, handing a little slip of paper to her husband. One pair kid gloves, $2; one pair kid slippers, $2; one pair Balbriggan hose, $1; Silesia, 25 cents; crepe de lisse, 50 cents—total, $5.75.

"Crepe de lisse! What is that?"

"Ruffling for the neck."

"Will it wash?"

"No."

"I thought so. A sheer waste of money. What fools women are! What would a man think of putting a piece of stiff, white papery nothing around his neck that costs 50 cents. And $4 for gloves and slippers! Well, I must say, Annie, you are growing extravagant. I pay for your dresses, bonnets and all the essentials, without a murmur—that is —" said he with sundry recollections to the contrary, "when they come within reasonable bounds. But these little things—things which are of no earthly account—I should think you might do without."

"They are what no lady can do without. The slippers are to save my nice walking-boots. You yourself noticed my gloves last Sunday, and said you detested a soiled or torn glove. Stockings are rather necessary in our land, and—"

"Say no more. But why is it that these wants come all at once?"

"For the simple reason that, hitherto, I have bought them myself, with money earned by plain sewing. But since my illness—in autumn—it hurts my side to sew much, and I have had to give it up."

Mrs. Gray enjoyed her husband's horrified look.

"Plain sewing! Annie, I thought you had more pride."

"I had too much pride to beg of you what I could earn myself," said she with some spirit.

"Well, here is $4.50. Try to make that do." And he hurried off.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"He means well," she said, "but men seem to think women are like children, not to be trusted with money."

Meanwhile Mr. Gray was soliloquizing.

"Strange how extravagant women are. Annie is the best little wife in the world, but she does not know the worth of money any more than a child. That $4.50 will be spent before night. Women can't keep money."

Mrs. Gray went down town as intended; but she walked instead of riding, in order to save her money. While down, she felt faint and hungry from her walk, and would have liked a lunch, but she had no money to spare.

"Oh! by the way, Annie, did you go down town to-day? asked Mr. Gray at supper that night.

"Yes."

"Spent every cent, I'll be bound," jokingly.

"No, I have exactly 2 cents left; but I walked both ways, got no crepe de lisse, and went without luncheon although faint with hunger."

Mr. Gray looked shocked.

"Why did you not come to me?"

"Because it was out of my way; and because, to tell the truth, I felt too cross."

"Cross with me?"

"Yes with you;" and poor Annie's grievances burst forth.

"To be going along the street hungrier than any beggar, while my husband is known as the successful Mr. Gray! To have no money in my pocket because my husband thinks I am not to be trusted! Before I married you I was in business the same as you; that is, I earned my living by teaching; you earned yours by trading. Now, suppose when we married, you had given up your business to assist me or because it interfered with your new duties, and I allowed you no money to spend as you chose. I dressed you well, to be sure; but gave you no money without the whys and wherefores and whithers being inquired into; in short treated you as you do me?"

"You exaggerate the case, Annie. Men and women are differently situated. I should think you would be glad to be saved the trouble of earning a livelihood."

"But just consider the disadvantages of an empty purse. Put yourself in my place. How would you like it?"

"Why—if I only had to ask—first rate."

"Well, then, suppose you let me carry the pocket-book for a week."

"But, Annie, it isn't practicable. You couldn't attend to business at the store."

"Of course not. It is only your personal expenses I will regulate. You come to me for what you wish to spend for yourself, that is all; and give me your word that you will take no money from the store."

"All right. I'll do it, just to show you that it is easy enough. Here's the pocket-book." And he gave it into her hand. "But I'll take a quarter, first, to begin on!"

"What do you want of a quarter?"

"Cigars."

"Well, here are two 10-cent pieces; try to make that do. Did you ever reckon up how much your cigars cost in a year? Let me see. You smoke at least two a day, at an average cost of 10 cents apiece, which amount to $1.40 a week. Now, 52 times 1.40 makes $72.80 a year, to say nothing of those you give to your friends. A hundred dollars will scarcely cover your expenses in that line."

"As our friend, Abigail Stillman, says, 'Who'd a-thunk it,'" said Mr. Gray, laughing, but he was surprised to find the sum so large.

The next morning Mr. Gray had gone some distance from the house before he remembered that he had only 25 cents.

"I'll risk it," said he to himself. "Perhaps I'll not want to buy anything. I'll show Annie that a man can do without money."

"Hello, Gray!" cried a voice, interrupting his reflections. "What is the brain study about?" It was his old friend, Frank Raymond.

The two men had not met since Mr. Gray's marriage, and as Frank was to remain in town for a week, Mr. Gray invited him home.

He lit a cigar and handed its mate to Frank; as he did this, the two conversed of old times, until they reached Mr. Gray's place of business, when they separated. Frank agreed to be at Gray's at 6 o'clock. Annie was apprised of his coming by a note from her husband.

Going home that night, as was his invariable custom, he ran into Benton's to buy some cigars. Benton was surprised to see him drop the dozen he had taken up.

"Are they not good," inquired the dealer. "We think them our choicest."

"They are good, but on second thought I will not take any to-night."

Mr. Gray had always purchased cigars as he used them; but now he wished he had a box at home. However, he decided to ask his wife for some money, and run out and fill his case without his friend's knowledge. Twenty-four hours had passed, and he had already begun to experience a feeling of shame, and a disinclination to ask for money. A thought of Annie crossed his mind. "Pshaw! she doesn't have to treat her friends to cigars," he muttered.

Frank Raymond was already at his house, and Annie had a tempting little supper for them; and Annie was looking her prettiest.

When supper was over, he took Annie aside and asked for a dollar, which she gave him grudgingly. Then he excused himself for a moment and bought some cigars. They were wretched affairs, however, and filled the house with a villainous odor, for he had to get them at a new place, Benton's being too far off.

The next day the two friends started out together, when Mr. Gray, with an air of having forgotten something, said: "Excuse me a minute."

"I'll go back with you if you have forgotten anything," said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Gray clapped his hand to his pocket.

"I thought I had forgotten my pocket-book, but I haven't," he said. "So, it's all right," and then he hurried on, his cheeks tingling with shame at the deceit. But he could not risk having his friend go back with him and stand by while he asked for money.

Mr. Gray was lucky that day. He had no calls for money, and he had half a dozen of those horrid cigars left, a couple of which he smoked on the street after his friend left him. In fact, he concluded to risk another day in the same way. But on this day he realized the old adage, "It never rains but it pours," for from being asked to change a bill to getting his coat ripped, and asking for credit at his tailor's, the day was a series of mortifications.

Annie was unaware of all this. In fact, she thought her husband was failing to realize the situation, so, when, at night, Mr. Gray asked her for money to spend the next day, she wickedly put him off with some excuse, and ingeniously evaded the request until he was forced to prefer it before his friend.

"You want a $1 or $2! What do you want with a $1 or $2?"

"There, Annie, don't bother a fellow. I'm in a hurry."

But with grave deliberation she drew out a quarter and laid it down, then another, and another.

"Let me see—three quarters—75, 10 is 85 —10—95, and here is a 3 cent piece—98 cents. Will that do?"

"Yes," and Mr. Gray hustled them into his pocket and hurried from the room.

He was in hopes his friend would inquire into the cause of the scene, when he would tell him of the compact and how it originated. It would then pass as a joke. But Mr. Raymond did not make any remark. Instead, he thought to himself:

"Good gracious! What a grind she is! And I thought her so pretty. I never supposed Albert would make such a meek husband. Catch me getting married and having quarters doled out to me in that way!"

He pitied his friend's embarrassment, but did not appear to notice it. Instead, he chatted unconcernedly of old friends and past times. Suddenly turning a corner they met two mutual friends. Hand shakings and inquiries followed, and the four had so much to say that Mr. Gray decided to send a note to his partner, and spend the forenoon with his friends.

The party now adjourned to a restaurant, and Mr. Raymond, aware of the exact amount of his, Mr. Gray's, funds, ordered lunch.

The next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Gray, without being asked, gravely handed her husband 50 cents. Mr. Raymond was present, but did not appear to notice it. He was apparently engrossed in the book he was reading. But he heard Mr. Gray ask:

"What's that for? Oh, the contribution box! Thank you!" But to himself he added: "Why not save it to go with the 25 cents I have already, so as not to be compelled to ask for money on Tuesday? Then I can succeed in getting some for Monday's trip without the knowledge of my friends, and this farce will end without any more unpleasantness."

Before separating, a little excursion to Beech Island was proposed for Monday. Mr. Gray invited them, meantime, to spend the evening at his house. Annie was in excellent spirits; and sang, and played, and was altogether charming. Mr. Raymond, remembering the money, decided that matrimony was deceptive.

Monday morning came only too soon; for, try as he would, he could not get the attention of Annie, when he endeavored to broach the projected trip. Fidgeting with his knife and fork, he cleared his throat at last, and made a plunge.

Mrs. Gray elevated her eyebrows.

"To the island! Pray what for? It is hardly the time for excursions."

Mr. Raymond really pitied his friend's evident distress, so he said, jokingly:

"Why, you see, Mrs. Gray, we want to get off for a time, as we used to when boys."

The lady smiled grimly and said:

"Albert is, as you see, too extravagant by half. I can't, in the present state of our finances, give my consent to his going." With these words, spoken with great composure, she walked off, leaving the gentleman to themselves.

"Albert, I never would stand that," said Frank, vehemently. "To be tutored like a schoolboy! Haven't you any money at the store? If not, call on me for any amount, and let us hurry, or we shall be late."

"No, I am afraid I cannot go. I am pledged not to take any from the store, and it would not be right to accept any from you."

Glad of an excuse, Mr. Gray then told his friend the secret of his wife's conduct.

"Whew! so that is it," said Frank. "Well, I'm glad to have my faith in womankind restored; but isn't she overdoing the matter? Did you ever refuse her money before others?"

"I think I did, last summer, when Mrs. Ogden was visiting her. They wished to visit a friend residing in Biddleford. I thought it was foolish and told my wife so, and finally refused my wife the money. The truth is," apologetically, "I had met with heavy losses, and felt that we must economize."

"Why not have allowed her to use her own judgment. Perhaps she intended to economize in other ways," said Frank.

"I believe she said something of the kind. But, to tell the truth, I had got into the way of thinking that women needed to be continually curbed, or they would run into extravagancies."

"It's a shame to treat a high-spirited woman in that way."

"I realize it now fully, more fully than you can, unless you go through with my experience. Annie said she had done plain sewing to pay for things she needed rather than ask me for the money. I understand it now; I would far rather have earned the money for our trip by sawing wood than have asked for it. Fancy having to always ask!"

"Do you know, Albert, I am glad this has happened? I may marry some time; in fact, I'm thinking of it strongly, and now I shall avoid the course you have taken. Otherwise I presume I might have done just the same. I believe a great many men do."

"Do? Why, yes. My mother never had a penny without asking father for it, and she helped to earn it all, and was prudence and industry personified. I'll turn over a new leaf. Ah, here comes our friend."

Mr. Raymond, to Mr. Gray's great relief, said it would not be possible to go on the proposed trip, owing to unforeseen circumstances, whereupon Mr. Gray, in an offhand manner, proposed that as Frank could not go, they should all come to his house that evening again. "My wife will be glad to see you," said he.

The week had passed, and "Richard was himself again," or could be if he chose; but his wife had mirrored his past actions so truly and forcibly that he had no wish to repeat himself. Annie had taken care to curb his extravagancies by giving him always a little less than he asked for, and invariably inquiring just how he spent it, and, meantime reckoning up how much he had each day, with great exactness. All this, as he knew, was copied from his own custom. Besides, he reflected, if he found it so disagreeable for a week, how much more so must it seem, year after year, with no prospect of a change! In fact, he felt himself to be the meanest man in existence. "'Tis one-half to own it, and the other half to reform," we suspect.

"There, Albert," said his wife, "I am glad the farce has ended."

It was Tuesday evening at half-past 6, precisely, when Mrs. Gray said this. At the same time she handed her husband his pocket-book; and then returned to her seat.

Mr. Gray counted the money carefully, and then divided it into two equal piles.

This accomplished, he crossed over to his wife and placed one in her lap, saying:

"Henceforth we shall share alike. Buy what you choose. I have faith in your prudence and judgment. I am not infallible. Why need I sit in judgment upon you?"

Mrs. Gray's eyes glistened with pride and happiness as she replied:

"Believe me, Albert, you shall never regret this; for now I shall have an opportunity to use my reasoning faculties."

And Albert never did regret it.

Garfield at Home.

[James A. Brisbin in The Current.]

Soon after the Chicago convention I was solicited by a Philadelphia firm to write a life of Garfield, and, thinking his life well worthy of being presented to the American people, I at once repaired to Mentor to consult him about the work. I found the general at work on his farm and seemingly more concerned about finishing his new house than his election.

Hardly were we seated in the "Snuggery" before he inquired if I had met his mother, and on my replying in the negative, he said:

"Oh, you must meet mother!" and he led the way down stairs to the sitting-room where his mother was. She looked almost diminutive beside her stalwart son. How little could I have believed, had any one told me, that that thin, white-haired old woman of 79 would survive the son by her side. I asked the old grandmother if she was not gratified at her son's nomination to the presidency, and she said:

"No; James has a good enough office already. You know he is a senator for six years from next winter; he can be at home in summer with us when the senate is not in session, and if he were president I suppose he would have to stay in Washington all the year."

I told her she could go there and live with him, but she only laughed and said she was too old to travel much and did not think she would like to live in Washington.

While we were talking Mrs. Garfield came in with a work-basket and sat down to darn the children's stockings, and the old grandmother joined her.

Here let us leave them, as pretty a picture of domestic peace and joy as the American people could wish to look upon. The general spoke so often of his old mother, and so tenderly, I could see she was constantly present in his thoughts. He attributed all he was to her, and never ceased to follow her counsel: "Remember God and study books."

No More Advertising for Him.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"Mr. Jones," said the reporter, "I saw an advertisement in a morning paper for the owner of an umbrella left in your saloon to call and——"

"That'll do. It's gone, and you'd better go, too," he suggestively added, glaring savagely at the reporter across the bar.

"Great Jumping Joseph, will they never stop coming?" he asked, turning to the young man at the end of the bar.

"You are the fortieth man who has called here to-day about that miserable cotton umbrella," he added, addressing the reporter. "There have been men here to-day for that umbrella who were never in the place before —lawyers, doctors, politicians, and divinity students. I'll never advertise another umbrella as long as I live," he said to the bartender.

A Hint to Pious Pilgrims.

[Chicago Herald.]

A party of Bostonians who visited London recently took occasion to go over to Chelsea upon a pious pilgrimage to the house of the late Thomas Carlyle. On the door of the house which stands next to the historic mansion was a large placard bearing the pathetic legend: "No questions about Mr. Carlyle answered here. Please do not ring."

Children's Parties.

The Lancet does not approve of children's parties, and thinks that not only in winter, but at all seasons, the amusements of young children should be simple, unexciting and as free as possible from the characteristics of the pleasures of later years.

THE ARCTIC FOOD SUPPLY.

What Lieut. Greely's Brother Has to Say on the Subject.

[Newburyport (Mass.) Valley Herald.]

The vessels for the Arctic to relieve Lieut. Greely will be ready to sail May 1. As early as January 30 the ice began to move southward, and this was considered a good indication of open water this season. As we have frequently said, we believe in no danger to Lieut. Greely, unless it came from a hazardous attempt last summer to force his way south in obedience to government orders. After he left the Greenland villages, he passed a very inhospitable region abandoned by all living things. Here he found the weather cold; but passing up it grew warmer to near the point where Dr. Kane terminated his explorations. There he found an abundance of animals, with duck-nests full of eggs on which the old ducks were sitting, and on the scattered patches of bare earth flowers were in bloom. The vessel lay a week unloading and then left.

This was the last seen of that party: but their house—a large frame building, the sides and roof of four thicknesses, house within house —was in process of erection; their provisions had been secured and two miles away was an inexhaustible supply of coal. To illustrate the situation photographs were taken every day and the plates sent to Washington by the return vessel. A few days ago ex-Alderman J. A. Greely, brother of the lieutenant, had fourteen of those pictures printed; one exhibited the results of their first day's hunting—three musk oxen, which would yield a ton of beef, and 165 birds—one-half geese of large size or Muscovy ducks nearly the size of our geese. In the course of a busy week they had killed eleven musk oxen, one bear, one seal and an enormous quantity of birds; in all, Lieut. Greely wrote, "enough fresh meat to supply for three months."

Why should anybody think of dying in a country like that where the death-rate is less than in the army in our latitude? Why starve with plenty of guns and ammunition enough for seven years? They had gone north to the "open sea," which Kane's men claimed to have discovered, but found it not. As soon as they could arrange their affairs they proposed a journey towards the pole, and as it was distant less than 600 miles, and they have had two polar days—two summers—for progress, why should we doubt that they have either reached it, or gone hundreds of miles nearer to it than any human being ever went before? If the climate continued as mild, there was nothing but success and glory before them; if it grew warmer, as it had for some hundreds of miles last past, what could prevent their solving the great problem on which others had labored and risked? They had their dogs and sleds, their boats and their steam launch, and an abundance of necessary equipments. Only one thing is against their covering the whole question and being back in September, and that is that Lieutenant Greely, belonging to the army and being a strict disciplinarian, may have obeyed his orders to his own destruction.

Royalty and Snobbery.

[Letter in Philadelphia Record.]

Speaking of coats-of-arms, a friend of mine some time ago busied herself in making a collection of crests, monograms and things of that sort, which she pasted in a scrap-book. Having a number of foreign friends, she was enabled to get some very fine specimens of foreign coats-of-arms; but the most gorgeous one in the entire collection, one that was at least an inch and a half in length and breadth, and was colored with every color of the rainbow, was that of the Astors, and the simplest one was that of Queen Victoria. The latter has simply a small coronet embossed, without color, on the letter paper. My friend, who is something of a humorist, has the Astor crest and that of her majesty facing each other on the page, with the name of the families written underneath.

The What and the It.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

A What, escaping from its keeper, was walking down the street, occasionally mingling in a feeble way with the Human Beings who jostled by, when it met a lonely It, surrounded by a Newmarket.

"Ah, deah boy," said the What, "'tevah's mattah with you? Twousahs bag like a sailah's, don't y' know?"

"Alas," replied the broken It. "Dweadful, isn't it? Y' see, they came home new lawst night, don't y' know, and my valet, he pulled them on the tongs to stwetch them, and he's made perfect bags of them, don't y' know? An' I just want to die, deah boy, 'pon honah, I do now."

And shedding a tear as large as a pea, the unhappy It was drowned in its briny depths.

Fat Men Not Wanted.

[New York Times.]

It is announced that Commander Schley, of the steamer Thetis, to search for the Greely party, has adopted a rule which is enforced with officers as well as with the sailors under him, that no one shall accompany the expedition in any capacity who weighs more than two and one-half pounds to every inch of height. Experience has shown that men who are heavier than that in proportion to their height do not stand the Arctic regions well. Capt. Schley prefers that they weigh but two pounds to each inch of height. This rule affects a number of officers who otherwise would have been acceptable.

Æsthetic Editorial Sanctums.

[Chicago Times.]

A notable feature of Philadelphia journalism is the physical magnificence in which it is intrenched. Instead of little dens in the fourth or tenth story of a huge building, the editorial sanctum is a boudoir of æsthetic beauty on the ground or first floor up. Pictures, flowers, busts, rocking-chairs, lounges, knickknacks, mirrors, and frescoes abound. Everything calculated to attract attention, secure admiration, and divert thought from concentration is provided, and there in beds of ease the writers toil.

Dakota Landscapes.

[Western Letter.]

Although mirages are common here, especially in the winter, some three weeks ago one was seen rivaling any I had ever beheld. It lasted from sunrise until noon. In every direction there were constant changes; one minute objects seemed inverted; barns, houses, fences, cattle, and in fact everything visible on the ground, appeared above us. Again they would spread broader and farther away, and again come quite near. Objects far off were brought to sight. Last night we had a very singular and beautiful sunset. Just as the sun disappeared below the horizon the western sky was one flame of red gold, and from the sun came a far more brilliant flame; in fact, a broad ribbon of fire entirely distinct from the general color. As night began to settle down, hues of green and blue appeared, producing something of an auroral effect.

I will not weary you with what at best would only be a tame description, but will tell you of the last wonder. Often have I heard people speak of wild nights and wild effects at sea; but two evenings ago occurred the wildest scene I ever saw on land. At this season the prairie is one vast plain of snow—a level white which at times is ghastly. The moon was not quite half full and was about two hours from setting, and the heavens in that quarter were black with clouds. From the moon, up and down, was a ribbon of light, and on each side, at equal distances, were two more like sun dogs. Many persons went out to see the sight and returned with a tremor of fear! On the morrow came a heavy storm.

From a Life-Insurance Standpoint.

Col. Green, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life-Insurance company, says: "In one of our large cities, containing a great population of beer-drinkers, I had occasion to note the deaths among a large group of persons whose habits, in their own eyes and in those of their friends and physicians, were temperate; but they were habitual users of beer. When the observation began, they were, upon the average, something under middle age, and they were, of course, selected lives.

"For two or three years there was nothing very remarkable to be noted among this group. Presently death began to strike it; and, until it had dwindled to a fraction of its original proportions, the mortality in it was astounding in extent, and still more remarkable in the manifest identity of cause and mode. There was no mistaking it. The history was almost invariable—robust, apparent health, full muscles, a fair outside, increasing weight, florid faces, then a touch of cold, or a sniff of malaria; and instantly some acute disease, with almost invariably typhoid symptoms, was in violent action; and ten days or less ended it.

"It was as if the system had been kept fair outside, while within it was eaten to a shell, and at the first touch of disease there was utter collapse; every fiber was poisoned and weak. And this, in its main features, varying, of course, in degree, has been my observation in beer-drinking everywhere. It is peculiarly deceptive at first; it is thoroughly destructive at the last.'

Superiority of Arab Arms.

[New York Tribune.]

During the cavalry combat at El Teb the English troopers found that their swords were no match in temper for the spears of the Arabs. The weapons of even the British officers in some cases bent when blows were delivered, while those of the men proved too short to reach their active and wiry opponents, who threw themselves from their own horses when charged upon, and endeavored, by sheltering behind hillocks and bushes, to get behind their assailants and hamstring their animals. One naval captain who was in one of the squares saw that a gap had been made in one of the faces, into which the enemy were crowding. He threw himself into the opening, but the sword bent the first blow he delivered. Instead of retreating, however, he began to knock the Arabs over right and left with his fists, and strangely escaped without a wound. The name of this officer was Captain Wilson, of H. M. Hecla, and no doubt the Arabs rather respected his eccentric method of fighting, supposing either that he was mad, and therefore sacred, or that he carried an amulet, and was therefore invincible. The cavalry declare that the Arab spears are a much more effective weapon than their own swords, which may readily be believed if, as stated, the latter bent like pieces of hoop-iron when used. But this is not the first time the deficiencies of the English cavalry swords have been pointed out.

His Philosophy.

[New York Sun.]

Both were seedy fellows in hard luck. One, the younger, was, evidently, a song-and-dance man, with Bowery trousers, a short, tightly buttoned coat, and a shallow hat. The other was a victim of the adverse circumstances that produce philosophers, and everything about him betrayed his condition, although his face reflected his equanimity of mind.

They had just been delicately but decidedly reminded by a bartender that the Trust company had suspended.

"I ain't had a bit of sand or a drink to-day," the younger complained, sneaking around the corner.

"Never mind, Sammy," the other said encouragingly, "the sun will shine on both sides of the street next month."

A Circus Beauty.

[Exchange.]

A circus man says it requires a person of good, commanding size, large features, big eyes, and a striking contrast between the complexion and color of the hair to be beautiful in the ring. The greatest circus beauties are often quite homely in the parlor.

Submissive.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Little Flaxen Hair—Papa, it's raining.

Papa, somewhat annoyed by work in hand—Well, let it rain.

Little Flaxen Hair, timidly—I was going to.

CRAZY ON WALL STREET.

How an Insane Man Proposes to Blow Up Gould's Atalanta.

["Frisbie" in New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

I met the daft fellow who had for weeks made Wall street smile with a scheme for blowing up Gould's steam yacht, the Atalanta, by means of an infernal machine already secreted in her hold, and then gathering the gold, with which, he declares, the millionaire has laden the vessel.

"How's this?" I said. "A week ago you assured me that Gould was bound for the antipodes, and that he intended to bury his cargo of bullion and bonds on some desolate island. Now here he has come back, safe and sound, and I'd have lost my money if I had bought into your explosive company."

He hooked a forefinger into my button-hole, drew me out of the crowd a little, and whispered: "The Jay Gould Loot company was all right, up to a certain juncture. I knew beyond question that his yacht was loaded down with gold. I smuggled an infernal machine into the hold, and left it wound up to explode in precisely four weeks—or about the time, according to my information, when he would get well out on the ocean. Then I set about forming the company, which was to charter a vessel, follow in the course of the Atalanta, remain near her until after the burst-up, and then dredge for the treasure."

"But Gould is returning home, and biff! away goes your scheme."

"Away goes the whole lower end of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. The clock-work is jiggering right along, and the time for the bang is at hand."

"So your stock is going to have a big boom?"

"Safe to bet on it. But tain't safe to stay in town after the Atalanta is sighted off Sandy Hook. Maybe I'll come back to raise some of the sunken bullion, but I don't mean to be within 100 miles of the explosion."

Only a trifle more insane than some of the sober promoters of financial schemes is this demented Wall street man, who excites so much merriment with his plan to despoil Gould.

Chinese Gordon at Sebastopol.

[London Telegraph.]

An old British army pensioner relates this story of Gen. "Chinese" Gordon: On the first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty-one gun battery, the sand-bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire from the flash of a too closely mounted gun. A corporal and a sapper of the engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered the sapper to mount the embrasure, and proposed to hand up the fresh bags to him. They were under heavy fire at the time, and the sapper, with some want of discipline, certainly, demurred to this arrangement, and suggested the corporal should get up, and that he (the sapper) would go on with the handing-up business. There was a bit of a wrangle over it. Gordon, who was passing, inquired into the matter, and quietly telling the corporal, "Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself," got up on the pile of bags himself and said, "Come up here, both of you," and then ordered the men who were working the gun to hand the bags up. The storm of bullets swept over Gordon and the two men, but his charmed life seemed to protect the trio. He finished his work, and came down as coolly as he had mounted, but the lesson was never forgotten, and there's a fine ring about the words, "Never order a man to do a thing you are afraid to do yourself."

Beginning of the "Cattle Business."

[Chicago News.]

A ranchman named Wilson, of Colorado, now said to be worth some $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, some twenty-five or thirty years ago made the trip to Pike's peak with a team or two of oxen, and which hauled himself and family and all their possessions. A short time since this adventurous settler, through a lawyer in this city, sold one of his ranches to an English company for between $400,000 and $500,000. It was a curious circumstance that first directed Mr. Wilson's attention to the capabilities of Colorado as a stock-raising state. On his way to the peak a yoke of his oxen gave out. He therefore turned them loose, as he thought, to die. A year or so afterward he was passing through the same tract of country, when he came upon his oxen, looking in splendid condition. He at once made up his mind if oxen could stand such a winter as that which this yoke had just weathered in such prime condition that stock-raising would be a profitable business in Colorado. He immediately went into the business, with the result that now "cattle upon a thousand hills" are his, besides several ranches and a mansion in the city of Denver.

An Opossum Farm.

[Savannah News.]

Thomas Chancey has started a novel business at Hawkinsville. He has gone into the 'possum business on an extensive scale and proposes to raise these much-sought varmints for the market. His ranch is located about a mile from town and is inclosed with wire fencing. This was done in order to keep Calvin Brown from trailing them off into the swamp with his pack of hounds. He has commenced with ten, but will greatly increase the number during the year. As the average piney woods 'possum finds ready sale at 40 cents apiece a fine, fat, stall-fed 'possum would of course bring double that amount, and 500 at 80 cents apiece amounts to $400, which is nothing to be laughed at.

Life Prolonged.

[Exchange.]

The duration of life in England is on the increase. Men's lives are prolonged two and women's three and one-third years beyond the limit of thirty-five years ago. The change is ascribed to various causes, prominent among which are the influence of the public health act, the progress of the temperance movement, and the diminishing virulence of the epidemics.

The risibility editor of The New York Times has just announced the discovery of the bacillus that eats out the holes in the trowsers and coats of small boys.