E COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

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LLE LOVE SONG.

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Gould Wrote.

oit Free Press.]

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Gould has bought
ould find, and put
away. Why he has done so, no one seems to know. The work is no discredit to him in any sense; it certainly is a great deal more otherwise than some of his railroad work. The Murphy copy goes to the Pennsylvania state library at $24. When Gould wrote it, nearly thirty years ago, he probably had no idea that a copy would ever go into a state library at all. The time was 1856, and his occupation was that of a country school teacher, out in the woods. Delaware is his native county, and the school was near Roxbury, his native town. He took hold of teaching only to fill up some idle time and he dropped it when he could do better. The history was written between lessons, so to speak.

He had been all over Delaware county as helper to a surveyor, who came to grief financially and left young Gould to shift for himself. He always knew pretty well how to do that, so he contrived to get back to the paternal roof at Roxbury all right, and with his head well filled with knowledge of the county that had had the honor of giving him birth. A good deal of it related to the anti-rent insurrection of ten or twelve years before, whereof Delaware county had contributed a full share. The full title of the book he wrote is, "History of Delaware County and Border Wars of New York, Containing a Sketch of the Early Settlements, and a History of the Late Anti-Rent Difficulties in Delaware." It contains a portrait of the now eminent financier as a youth of about 20, and a very different looking person from the Jay Gould of to-day. Along about the time that Gould was tramping about as surveyor and embryo historian, Vanderbilt was trying to scratch out a living on a farm on Staten island, and the old commodore was saying he would never be of any account. Gould never made any money by his history and did not dream of a copy ever selling at $24.

Lotta and the School Children.

[Lucy Hooper in Inter Ocean.]

I am glad to learn of the continued success of dear little Lotta in London. What a sweet, pure nature the charming little actress possesses, despite the peculiar nature of her talent and her life—long familiarity with the world behind the scenes, a white lily that has sprung into existence and ripened into bloom amid the glare and heat of the theatrical gas jet. A pretty anecdote is told of her during her recent sojourn in Paris. She went one evening with her mother to the opera, and, between the acts, they went out to take a look at the world-renowned foyer.

While admiring the paintings and the gilded ornaments, and the fine proportions of the room, Lotta became aware of the presence of a group of schoolgirls, evidently Americans, under the charge of a governess, who were regarding her with admiring eyes and exchanging audible whispers of "That is Lotta." "Is that Lotta?" "How I should like to speak to her!" "Oh, me, we must not," etc., etc. Finally Lotta smilingly advanced and said: "Young ladies, I am Lotta, and if you would like to make my acquaintance I am sure I should be charmed to make yours." Instantly she was surrounded by her blooming, laughing, delighted young countrywomen, and received such an ovation as outweighed, I am sure, in her opinion, a dozen of her triumphs upon the stage.

Somerville and Cambridge Girls.

[Somerville Journal.]

"No," said a Somerville girl, who was on a visit to a friend in Cambridge; "I cannot conscientiously remain in Somerville all the time, I feel that it would be inconsistent with my view of the duties that an implicit faith in Christianity entails. There are no temptations to resist, no outrages on good manners to condone, no self-denial necessary in Somerville. There the rhythm of one's environment is unmarred by a single discord. When I feel that I am too happy, that the stream of existence flows too smoothly, I have to go elsewhere; to some locality where I can see that there is still a good deal of human nature in the world."

"And where do you go, dear?" asked the Cambridge girl?

"I at once take the horse-cars for Cambridge."

To Tame a Rat.

[New York Sun.]

Take the most ferocious rat, throw it into a pail of water, and leave it there until it becomes exhausted and is about to drown. Then take it out, roll it in wadding, and put it in a warm place. When the rat comes to it will evince the deepest gratitude. It will lick your hands and follow you about the house like a dog, and can be taught a number of tricks.

Hits the Nail.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette hits the nail on the head when it declares that too many young men want to begin where their fathers left off, and they consequently leave off where their fathers have begun.

Rev. Brook Herford: After building philosophical and moral "castles in the air," one becomes impatient of coming down to the level of the work-a-day world, and setting to work to patch up the little brick and frame houses in which the world actually lives.

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GOTHAM'S FRENCH FLATS.

How Money Is Made to Keeps Off Unpleasant Neighbors.

["H. H. H." in Chicago Times.]

In 1865 Rutherford Stuyvesant, having lived for many years in Paris, built the first real apartment or French flat house. One thousand dollars a year were asked for eight good rooms, a moderate price, but people turned up their noses at Stuyvesant's "tenements," and for several years no more flats went up. In 1868, when house rent went up to exorbitant figures, and no house, no matter how small, could be had in a respectable neighborhood for less than $2,000 a year, some nice people were led to apply for Stuyvesant's flats, and after the first plunge the building became actually fashionable. Stuyvesant then built another apartment house at Eighteenth street, and introduced a liveried janitor. The building paid for itself in ten years. Then cheaper imitations began to go up all over the town, especially along the avenues where the shops on the ground floor could be well rented. The notion of living over a shop was another prejudice to be overcome, but now nothing is thought of it, even by very pretentious people, who pay rents of from $1,200 to $2,500 a year for apartments over stores. Along Sixth avenue the flats above the shops were fair in size and convenience.

For people who did not want to live above shops the first of the downright abominations in the way of flats were erected. Scores of houses were put up six or seven stories high on lots of twenty-five feet by 100, with two apartments on each floor, so that if the building was eighty feet deep, the space occupied by each family was about twelve feet by seventy-eight, out of which must be taken space for stairs, light-shafts, etc. It followed, of course, that many of the rooms got all their light and ventilation from inside wells, often roofed over at the top. The whole building was usually cheap and nasty. An arrangement of bells and letter-boxes was placed in the vestibule, and by ringing the bell of any apartment the girl in that apartment could pull a string and open the street door for the visitor. Apartments in such houses rented at from $30 to $80 a month. After a few years, if the house had not the care of an intelligent janitor, it ran down, dirty children played around its entrance, and as the place went from bad to worse, the best people moved away, leaving those to whom dirt was a matter of indifference. This has been the history of nine out of ten of the apartment-houses which began well and sank in the social scale. It may be taken for granted that an apartment which is cheap is also pretty certain to be nasty.

When the first apartment-houses appeared, social philosophers found comfort in them because they promised relief from the high rents that were driving people out of town, or preventing marriages altogether. With the erection of hundreds of houses in which decency, health, and comfort are sacrificed to show, the philosopher has become less certain of the advantages of flats, especially when it is considered that the multiplicity and cheapness of flats may tend to keep in the city thousands who would be better off in the country. Within the last three years, however, another class of flats has come into being which promises better than anything of the kind heretofore attempted. Some wise men noticed that one reason why people were willing to pay enormous rents in flats was that they paid not merely for the use of their rooms, but also to keep out unpleasant neighbors. People with incomes of $10,000 a year are apt to be better bred, more cultivated, in fact, pleasanter neighbors, than people with incomes of $500 a year. It is not always so, but the rule holds good in New York city, and it is so unvarying that people pay for exclusiveness in flats more than for anything else.

In an apartment-house where the rent is $2,500 for each family the people are likely to be pleasant and cleanly neighbors; in an apartment-house, which might be exactly similar in size, convenience, and finish, where the rents are $250 a year, the people would not be likely to be over-pleasant, over-cleanly neighbors—they may be noisy, they may drink, and they are sure to allow children to monopolize the halls and stairs. Money, then, is used to keep off unpleasant neighbors—and this singular phenomenon has been known, people have threatened to move away if their rents were reduced. The wise person mentioned, said to himself that the tenants of an apartment must find some means other than actual weight of money to keep off unpleasant neighbors, and then the problem of pleasant or orderly apartments at reasonable prices would be solved.

The usual course of an apartment-house is that a speculative builder puts it up and sells it at a profit. Then the investor, in order to get a reasonable rate of interest, has to charge rents high enough to cover occasional losses by tenants who prove bad eggs and from unrented apartments. The tenant who pays his rent pays for the empty flats and bad debts. A study of these problems brought about the co-operative home club apartment-houses, of which we have heard so much of late. A number of gentlemen, say ten, associate to build an apartment-house of ten apartments. The building is put up, and each man takes his apartment and pays one-tenth of the total cost, owning his apartments just as he would a house, and being responsible for one-tenth of the taxes, the cost of heating, cleaning, etc. A clause in the agreement provides that no associate can sell or rent his apartment except to a person approved of by a majority of the associates. So that, beside securing pleasant neighbors, an associate in such a building company pays for only just his share of the expense of erecting the building and the running expenses. He pays neither the first profit of the speculative builder, nor the profit of the subsequent landlord, nor the rent of the tenant who fails to pay, nor of the apartment which remains empty. This system has been found to work so well that these home-club co-operative apartment-houses are to be found all over the city. There are several of them facing on the Central park, and one enormous pile will contain no less than 200 apartments, of which the ordinary rents would be from $3,000 to $6,000 a year.

The Great Mexican Cathedral.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

The cathedral, rising conspicuously above all the buildings of the city, is of great size and possesses considerable architectural elegance, the facade, in particular, being elaborately decorated with stucco-work. The design is Moorish, and the bell-towers, from which come a constant clanging of old Spanish brass, command an extended view of the city, the lakes and the distant mountains. The interior of the spacious house, which was erected by the Spaniards, contains many rare ornaments, and the nave is surmounted by a vaulted roof, supported by hand-carved beams and pillars, among which hover somber shadows. At one time, that during the reign of the Spaniards, the altar was laden with solid objects of gold and silver and precious stones, but to-day it has lost all, or nearly all, of these, and is covered with tawdry images and imitation ornaments, while there is everywhere apparent the extreme age of the building.

Entering the nave at almost any hour of the day I have never failed to find odd groups of Mexicans and Indians telling their beads and lisping their prayers, while at regular mass the cold stone floor is covered with devout worshipers and the place is filled with the whisperings of those who pray. And what a heterogeneous crowd one sees. The poor and the rich, the hungry and the well-fed, the half-naked and those clothed in silks are all together. Here an Indian, kneeling by his tattered sombrero, and with his heavy load near by, prays with his soul upon his lips; there a dimpled senorita, demure but conscious, reads from her gilt-edged book. Incense odors fill the air, the monotonous chantings of the priests are heard, and silvery-toned bells ring out the holy commands of the church and send the worshipers to crossing themselves and bowing in holy penitence.

Set into one of the outer walls of the cathedral is the sacrificial or calendar stone of the Aztecs, hewn out of black porous lava and covered with hieroglyphics, reminding, so it always seems to me, the ignorant Indians who sell their bits of pottery near by of their forefathers, who had their palaces and temples in the square which is now the busy center of a great city. Juarez was an Indian, but he became the Lincoln of Mexico, and in good time the other descendants of Montezuma may yet regain their old-time power.

During the High Water.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

During the high water a man was seen going down the Arkansaw on a log. As he was passing Little Rock several men sprang into a skiff, rowed out to the lone navigator and said: "Climb in." "Climb in whar?" "In the skiff; hurry up." "Wall, strangers, I'm pretty well fixed. Don't take no work to move along." "Where are you going?" "Down the river." "We know that. Where are you from?" "From up the river." "Of course you are, but —" "What made you —x, then?" "What are you doing on that log!" "Travelin'." "What do you want to fool us for? Don't you know you'll drown if you keep on this way?" "Won't drown if I keep on thiser way. Ef I wuster git off in the water I mout drown." "How far have you come this way?" "I've come this way all er long." "But w' ere were you when you got on the log." "On the log." "Of course; but where was the log?" "In the river." "Certainly; but how far from here?" "Ain't made no calc'lation." "Where do you live when you are home?" "At home." "Of course; but where is your home?" "Whar I live." "Where is your family?" "Scattered erlong." "Did your house wash away?" "My wife's back yander on a cottonwood log, an' my son Bill's comin' along som'ers on a poplar." "Why don't you come to the shore?" "'Cause it don't cost nuthin' ter ride." "You'd better come out and get a drink of whisky." "Dinged if I don't do it. Feller back here wanted me to come out and hear him preach, but he didn't have the right kin' o' gospel. Now, fellers, pull fur the shore as fas' as yer ken."

Making His Living Legitimately.

[Wall Street News.]

There is much in the present bull market to remind one of the man down in Indiana who was the only man in his village having any loose cash capital. He was one day explaining to an eastern man:

"The only stock afloat in our neighborhood are five shares of an old sawmill which hasn't paid these last ten years. On Monday mornings I circulate the report that a syndicate has bought the mill, and will at once put it in repair. This sends the shares up to 25, and I sell out."

"That's legitimate."

"On Wednesdays I let it be understood that the syndicate is busted, and that nothing will be done to the mill. This sends the stock back to 10 and I load up."

"And what do you do on Saturdays?"

"Oh, those are my regular days for working up a feeling in the county that I ought to be paid a bonus for converting the saw-mill into a distillery."

A New Industry.

[Chicago Herald.]

A "gentleman of education and experience" advertises in a Des Moines paper that he wishes employment in writing speeches for members of the legislature. He will prepare at short notice addresses for or against prohibition, woman suffrage, or any other subject desired. His terms are $5 for a ten minutes' speech and $2 for each additional five minutes, "satisfaction guaranteed" and "confidence observed."

In the Queen's Behalf.

[The Current.]

The point is made, in Queen Victoria's behalf, that in showing her regard for the memory of her dead servant she will "doubtless draw tears from the eye of many a loving subject, who will be overpowered at hearing how much she is like other people."

CHINA'S SECRET SOCIETY.

An Order Whose Laws Are Higher Than Country or Religion.

[Los Angeles Republican.]

Col. J. Drew Gay, a correspondent of The London Telegraph, now spending a few days in Los Angeles, who has recently spent more than a year in China, Siam, Borneo, and other lands occupied by the Chinese, furnishes interesting information about the Chinese secret society known as the White Lily.

"The White Lily society exercises omnipotent power wherever the Chinese can be found. Its agents are everywhere where its slaves are at work, and there is no escape whatever from its vengeance when offended. No Chinaman can disobey its commands and live, for its officers are continually passing from place to place levying taxes and punishing violations of its rules."

"What is the character of the White Lily society, and what is required to constitute a member?"

"Your 'Six Companies,' as you call them in California, are but branches of the White Lily. It is a secret league into which the European or American has never entered. It defies all laws except its own, and it disposes of life and property with the same despotic severity that the European himself may exercise. There is one limit, and one only, at which the White Lily is restrained. It has never been known to take the life of an American or Englishman. Its agents frequently kill or destroy the property of other nationalities, but, strange as it may seem, this Chinese company of organized thugs and fire-bugs respect the lives of the British and Americans."

"Are the foreigners in Siam and China much annoyed by the White Lily organization?"

"Yes; they have to be very careful lest they publicly offend one of its members. No matter how poor the laborer, if he is a 'White Lily' his person must be respected as sacred from abuse or violence. I remember an instance in Siam where the 'White Lily' holds despotic sway over the Siamese as well as the Chinese. A French capitalist named Bonneville had a sawmill near Bang Kok, the Siamese capital, where he was engaged in getting out teak for ship-building. Bonneville once kicked a Chinese laborer, a member of the 'White Lily.' The Chinese laborers said nothing, but at noon they all marched out after announcing that they would not return. Before leaving the mill they destroyed all the saws and machinery, and notified Bonneville that he must leave within twelve hours or die. He left at once and his mill was destroyed. Another instance of the same character: A German struck a native and his house was burned. I could relate many instances illustrating the power of this great Chinese secret society.

"The British, since they sacked and looted Peking, the Chinese capital and the imperial summer palace, have always been treated with respect, and as the Americans are united with the English in the treaty ports, they are treated as British subjects and as the same nation."

How the Fog Affects Oysters.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The report having been circulated that the recent foggy weather had injured the oysters, a reporter asked a dealer if it were true.

"The fog made them weaker, of course," was the answer. "There's fog when the air is warmer than the water; so when the oysters come out of the cold water into the warmer air it enfeebles them."

The man behind the counter leaned his white apron against it and shook his oyster knife for emphasis as he said, after his boss went out:

"It's all very well for him to talk; he's interested; but some o' them oysters ain't got over coughin' and sneezin' yet since that muggy weather. Why, the other night there came a party in here to eat out a bet and that big show oyster there, on top o' the pile, I thought she'd cough her shell off. One of the party said, 'It's Scotch snuff makes her cough,' but all the other oysters began coughin', too, and the party went out. The little oysters have all got the whoopin' cough and croup. They make the worst noise. There's six old ones died last night of pneumonia and—"

"Give us less guff," said the proprietor, who had returned.

How to Read a Novel.

[Hartford Post.]

Open in the middle, glance at a page. Catch the name of the characters.

Turn to the last page and see whether he married her, or she died with angels hovering around the headboard.

Turn to the beginning and see what the matter was with the old man and why he didn't approve of the match.

You have thus acquainted yourself with all the essential facts of the novel, and can imagine the moonlight walks, the sylvan dells, the afternoon teas, the cusswords muttered between the teeth of the male characters and all the other stuff.

All Not Gold That Glitters.

[Paris Letter.]

A few of the successful dresses that have been made at Worth's are always on exhibition; failure among its products is never known. You can always pay Worth's prices if you happen to be rich—as most Americans are that come here—but you cannot always buy one of Worth's masterpieces. The trademark of his shop is all that he gives to the majority of his customers.

Florida Perfumes.

[Chicago Herald.]

The manufacture of perfumes from Florida-grown flowers bids fair to become an extensive industry in the state. One firm at Jacksonville is already at work. It is reported that a gentleman from south Florida has patented a process for the utilization of the bloom of the mangrove and the sapodilla, and to extract the sweet fragrance from the cassava plant as well.

Capt. Mayne Reid, in a story now appearing in St. Nicholas, relates that the natives of Terra del Fuego are the only people in the world who regard a white flag as a signal of hostility.

Fans and Fan-Making.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

For more than a thousand years fan-making has been a principal industry of Japan. In this branch of manufacture about 100,000 persons are engaged out of a population of 1,500,000 in the three fan districts of Osaka, Kioto, and Nagoya. Millions of fans are made every year, of which there are many varieties, differing in strength. Other materials used for the fan-sticks are bone, ivory, and wood. The ivory is sometimes carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, gold and silver. The wood used for sticks is ebony, mahogany, and chestnut, and is generally lacquered. The tops of the Japanese fan are made of paper, parchment, cotton, and silk. The paper is the fibre obtained from boiling down the bark of the paper tree, to the cultivation of which whole districts are devoted. Mulberry bark is also used for the same purpose, though it is much more expensive. The Japanese so-called parchment comes from a rare tree, and is favored because of its strength. The prices vary largely with the "tops," silks costing twice as much as any other material. The Japanese palm-leaf, or, as it is sometimes called, the "church fan," is still popular.

Most of the dress fans come from France, though the Viennese dress fan has of late found favor. The French fans in the cheaper grades have sticks usually of wood or bone, and the tops of cretonne, silk or satin. The French dress fans have their sticks made of shell, mother-of-pearl, or ivory; the tops are either of silk, ostrich feathers, or lace, sometimes satin and kid. The shell-stick fans have usually no painting on their tops. The lace fans usually have sticks of mother-of-pearl. The ivory sticks are seldom combined with lace tops, silk being preferred. In the decoration of the silk topped fans Albert, of Paris, has won an especial reputation. The mourning fan most popular is a combination of black silk with ebonized wood or dark shell.

In the cheaper grades of Vienna fans two peculiarities are noted namely, leather sticks and the inlaying of the figures in silk tops. This latter effect is produced by having two layers of silk, the lower one stamped with its figure, just above which the upper layer will be cut out. As yet, American fans are confined for the most part to the cheaper grades. The sticks in these fans are made of wood only, the tops being muslin, cretonne, silk or satin. One kind of American fan, however, is very popular—the "extension fan," with a stick of plush or leather. Of this fan more are sold than of any kind produced, a large number being exported to England.

The Gallic Idea of Sport.

[Amos Keag in San Francisco Chronicle.]

In the pause which followed the waltz the true French spirit began to show itself. Half a dozen or more of the young men formed themselves into a sort of skating club and went sliding across the by no means smooth floor, running into anybody and everybody who came in their way. These collisions often resulted in a tumble and a scramble on the floor, each sprawl calling forth an immense amount of applause and laughter from audience and participants. Others amused themselves by playing a sort of "tag." Rather a boisterous sort of game it was, too; for all it consisted in was for each young man to go sneaking about in the crowd, hiding behind somebody or something, until he found some unsuspecting player with his back turned. Then the sneaker would suddenly spring out upon his victim and give him a rousing slap in the face and disappear. Each attack was greeted with a good deal of laughter by those standing around; while the victim, hand to cheek and sickly smile on face, turned hunter and sneaked about until he could find some one to slap. Sometimes, however, just as one of the players was about to spring out and slap some one else, he himself was the recipient of a stinging whack alongside of the face, which turned his contemplated joy into sudden dismay and chagrin. Such little episodes as these gave the crowd great joy, and every one was applauded to the echo. Besides all these noises, there were several young men who went running round and round the hall, giving vent now and then to a yell. What particular kind of amusement there was in this performance I don't know; but there must have been some amusement in it or they would not have done it. Whatever their motives were, they kept steadily at work during every pause, and sometimes, even during the dancing.

Clumsy Farming in England.

[Cor. Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

In New England, two young farmers running a farm of eighty acres would do about all the work themselves. I have only time to hint at the clumsiness of English farming methods and machinery, as often, though of course not always, exhibited. I have stopped by the roadside and looked with astonishment and amusement at the sight of three horses dragging a heavy iron plow, one man driving, another man holding plows moving at a snail's pace, turning the furrows in a field where a New England farmer would have done the same work alone with a single stout horse—holding plow, and driving with reins over his neck. So it was all round—two or three men to a single man's work, and teams of horses out of proportion to the labor required of them.

The Right Sort of Education.

[Boston Herald.]

If labor is to be rightly honored, if skilled labor is still to be possible, if educated insight into the possibilities of industry is to be maintained, the public schools must be industrial, side by side, with intellectual education. The intellectual may come first or second, it matters little which, but it must have its proper complement. The young men brought up on farms and educated in practical industries have again and again outstripped those who had only the book-trained brain; and the work of the kindergartens in teaching children, especially young children, the use of the hand, has been recognized as one of the great factors in education. Depending as we do upon the public schools for nearly everything that shapes the lives of our youth, too much attention can not be given to their education in these practical ways.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

A Lecture to Young Men Who Wish to Become Journalists.

[Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.]

And here comes my lecture to the average young man who wants to be a journalist. I think he invariably applies to the wrong person in a newspaper office. There is one man on every journal who just yearns for something new, something odd, something spicy or something interesting. That man is the city editor. No pen can tell the insatiable appetite a city editor has for news in almost any shape.

To show you how he loves an odd thing at all hazards, I will relate the following bit of my own experience with him. At one time, when smallpox threatened to become epidemic in this city, it was rumored that the pest-house was not conducted as it ought to have been. One evening, as the city editor and reporters were busy at work—regular "Slaves of the Lamp"—I thought I would get up a stampede. I went in with a roll of manuscript in my hand and said:

"Well, gentlemen, it's perfectly horrible. I don't want to pass another such day."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I thought I would do the pest-house to-day, and I've got a two column article on it; spent all day there."

"Good enough," cried the enthusiastic city editor. "That's something that will take."

"Well, it ought to. I have the statements of the patients here signed in their own handwriting."

"First-rate. Let's have your copy. We'll put a six-line head on it."

The reporters looked sort of chagrined, and seemed kind of sad that they hadn't done this themselves.

There is nothing can equal the appetite of the average city editor for something that will "take." Now if I were suddenly thrown on the mercies of a cold world in any American city, and wanted to get on a paper, I wouldn't apply to anybody for a situation. I would knock around town and try to pick up something that would interest readers. I would endeavor to write it up in an interesting manner, and would take the manuscript up to the office and leave it on the city editor's table without a word. If it were good, he would be just as anxious to print it next morning as I would be to have it appear. If it were used, I would apply for the customary 2 cents a line, and would live around at the cheap restaurants and try it again. If it were not used I could conclude that I wasn't the style of writer that that particular paper wanted, and I would select another journal as the next victim. If none of them wanted the stuff I wrote, I would by and by get it knocked into me that chopping cordwood or some such occupation was my forte and not newspaper work. If the work was always up to the mark there would be little difficulty in making a place for myself on the sheet.

Newspaper men, like poets, are born, not made. If nature has intended a man for a journalist he will drift into journalism in spite of all obstacles. He may have been educated as a lawyer, a clergyman, a doctor or a backwoodsman, but he will be certain to nibble at journalism till he gets caught.

So, young man, if the newspaper instinct is in you there are a thousand omnivorous iron monsters all over the country that are murmuring their siren song that will lure you to your fate, and so around the cylinder you will go till it takes from you all that is worth having, when it will fling you remorselessly into the literary rubbish heap, which might fitly be labeled as printers label used-up type—"Dead matter."

The New York Crank.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

New York is the greatest city in the world for cranks. They thrive here. In Paris they are snubbed, except when they write for the papers, when they are glorified; in London they are suspected by the police; in Ireland they are shot; in St. Petersburg they are buried in Siberia, and in Boston they become Concord philosophers early in life, and devote themselves to study until they become too cultured for earth, when they die—or come to New York. The cranks who are restrained in other cities of the world flock here by common impulse. The police do not interfere with their schemes, the public encourages them, and the newspapers treat them as legitimate sensations. Only one thing is positively known of the average New York crank, and that is that he eventually dies a violent death. The commonplace cranks are not of so much importance as men who just border upon crankiness, or who have manias of sufficient originality to entitle them to distinction.

Experts on Blood Stains.

Referring to some recent expert testimony as to bloods stains, The Microscope says: "Human blood cannot be told from dog's blood, except under favorable conditions, and not invariably then." Mr. Woodward, of Washington, says: "The average of all the measurements of human blood I have made is rather larger than the average of all the measurements of dog's blood. But it is not rare to find specimens of dog's blood in which the corpuscles range so large that their average size is larger than that of many samples of human blood." When it is remembered that the measurements of human blood by so-called high authorities vary from 1-3050 to 1-4630 of an inch, expert testimony on the subject takes on a serious aspect, and juries should receive it with great caution.

A Bigger Profit.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Schacob," said Mose Schaumburg one dark rainy day, to his oldest son, who is his chief clerk in the "hand-me-down" department: "Schacob, once more I dells you put oud dot gas, so we saves a leedle dose hard times."

"Vader let burnin' dot gas. I scharged dot next gustomer what comes in, 10 per shent extra to make good dot loss mit der gas."

"Schacob, put dot gas oud, and scharge dot 10 per schent besides, den ve makes shoost 20 per shent."

NEW ORLEANS TO-DAY.

Its Frame Buildings, Water Tanks, Restaurants and Theatres.

[Letter in New York Times.]

I was told that the upper part of St Charles street was the Fifth avenue of New Orleans, and walked up to look at it. It is a very pretty street, but about as much like Fifth avenue as Hoboken is like New York. There are a number of handsome residences, nearly all built of wood, and elevated to keep them out of the damp. They all stand in the midst of large yards, in which are orange, lemon, and magnolia trees and great quantities of flowers. They have a curious custom of keeping the front gates locked, and a visitor has to ring a bell at the gate before he can reach the front door. This part of the street stretches out for several miles, and is filled all the way with pretty dwellings. Around Jackson square are a number of comfortable, old-fashioned houses, in which furnished rooms are kept for rent, and my experience goes to show that a visitor, intending to spend any time here, can make himself more comfortable in some of these lodgings than in any of the hotels.

I found a curious place immediately opposite the square in one of the old family mansions built when this was a fashionable part of the city. On top of the two-story front building the roof runs up to a sharp point, and in the rear is a long row of smaller buildings, in which in old times the slaves were quartered. The room looks over a small paved garden, in which are flourishing orange and lemon trees and a few bananas. But the bananas show the effects of the late frosts and droop sadly. Like all the houses in New Orleans, this one of mine is supplied with an immense tank, filling a large part of the yard, to catch the water from the roof, for there are no wells. The water tanks form a curious part of the New Orleans establishments. They are immense wooden casks, like brewers' vats. When a tank proves too small for the necessity of the house they build another one on top of it, like a second story, and sometimes a third and fourth story, till the cistern towers up in the air as high as the house. Many of the tanks are built in imitation of Chinese pagodas, and look like summer-houses.

For all the comforts of life New Orleans is far in advance of any other part of the south; indeed, it is nearly the only place south of Washington where a traveler can feel sure of getting a good dinner. Some of the better restaurants, although generally plain in their appointments, are almost equal in their fare to the best in New York. There are a number of comfortable little French restaurants in the French quarter, and several excellent German ones where pretzels and sauerkraut may be washed down with foaming beer. For the miserable slave to tobacco New Orleans is a much better place than New York. In nearly every one of the 10,000 little tobacco shops a good cigar can be had for a reasonable price, and in some of the restaurants a good Havana cigar is always served after dinner, whether it is ordered or not. The restaurant can well afford to soothe their customers' feelings with a good cigar, for I find it impossible to get a reasonably good dinner in any passable restaurant for less than $2.00 or $2.50.

No city in the country is better supplied with means of transit than New Orleans. Street-cars run in every possible direction, and a stranger has no difficulty in reaching any of the points of interest. The theatres are striking reminders of those in Havana and Mexico. They are so much like them that they even have the same musty smell, though I have never been able to make up my mind whether the smell is must or garlic. The fashionable part of the theatre is that which in New York we call the balcony or dress circle. No lady ever goes into the parquet. This is given over entirely to gentlemen, who often do not take the trouble to remove their hats during the performance. But no theatre in New Orleans is really fashionable; the only thing that draws out society ladies is the opera.

The Congressional Library.

[Gath's Letter.]

The library of congress was originally collected for the use of that body, and our old statesmen like Jefferson and Madison, who made private libraries to resolve in their own minds the correctness of their principles, sometimes sold them to the government as a last resort of indigence. The congressional library has two or three times burnt up partly or wholly. By the operation of the copyright laws of this country everything which the law protects is obliged to send one or two copies to Washington. Consequently this gain alone is immense, and the librarian has no discretion about rejecting any thing. Therefore almost every lithograph or photograph, however ephemeral, is kept, and very often for the purposes of the artist or the literary man these ephemeralties take a dignity and importance that big books do not possess. I was, for instance, in the house of a prominent Confederate only yesterday, and he said to me: "I was a pretty bad rebel in the war, and, you see, I keep a picture of the installation of the Confederate government on my wall!" I looked up and saw a picture I had never before observed, printed in colors, representing the state house at Montgomery, Ala., with Davis and Stephens coming forward to make their speeches. I suppose that photograph to-day is worth $10, though probably published originally for $2.

An Unfortunate Sand Bath.

[Exchange.]

A party of explorers were crossing a sandy desert, carrying six of their comrades ill of a disease peculiar to the country. The sand bath was proposed to them and their assent gained. They were buried in the sand, their heads alone being left above the ground. In this position, chatting with each other, their comrades left them and retired to their tents for the night. In the morning they were horrified to discover that wolves had visited the camp and eaten off each sick man's head level with the ground.