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POET AND STAR.

[Owen Meredith.]
A poet loved a star,
And so it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly?"
O beauty, wouldst thou unpossessed,
O might I to this destiny breed,
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"
That star her poet's love,
So mildly warm, made human,
And leaving for his sake her heaven above,
His star stooped earthward, and became a woman.
"Thou who hadst woo'd, and hast possessed,
O lover, answer, why dost thou thus?"
The star's beam, or the woman's breast?
"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet!"

WHAT FOUR CITIES DRINK.

The Water in Cincinnati, New York, Boston and Chicago.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]
"I have been nearly all over the country," remarked a gentleman this week, "and I must say that I think, as a rule, Cincinnati has the best water of any city in the continent. Of course, when the Ohio is high and the water is muddy I make an exception, but that is something extraordinary. The water has a tone, a sweetness, although there is not what might be called a distinct flavor. It is its color! Why, it is like champagne! I find after having been in Cincinnati for two or three weeks that I grow attached to the water and it is very hard to change."
"What kind of water has New York?"
"They may talk about Croton water all they please, but it is insipid and unsatisfying. There is a lack of body about it, and it tastes to me like water does that has been allowed to stand for a long time in the sun."
"And Boston?"
"The worst water in America. It looks like very, very weak cider vinegar, and I understand that its pale, yellow color is imparted by decaying vegetable matter. Why it was so bad several years ago that big casks of fresh spring water used to be hauled about the streets, and this was sold at 2 cents a glass. I have understood that people never pretend to drink water in Boston."

"How is Chicago?"
"Well, they like lake water, as do the other cities on the lakes, and while it is good, pure water, yet there is a certain hardness about it. In that respect Montreal water is the worst. It is strongly impregnated with sulphur and very often makes those unaccustomed to it ill. I remember that when I first went to Montreal I was quite sick and my physician informed me that that was the usual experience of visitors. St. Louis has very bad water, as it comes from the Missouri river, which is a chocolate-colored stream, and the water has a perceptible taste. Out west on the Pacific slope there are many places that have water which is filled with lime, which is not only unhealthy, but harsh and disagreeable. Cincinnati, I think, and I speak from experience, has the most satisfactory and sweetest water in America."

Eagle City Soars High.

[New York World.]
It is quite cheering to get definite information about the city of Eagle. As the first outcrop of settled civilization, a newspaper called The Nugget has been started at Eagle City, which The Nugget calls the "metropolis" of the West. This metropolis, according to the same authority, is beautifully located, people with men of energy and enterprise (there is no mention of money), and offering superior inducements to capital, "has burst into a city in a day."
Immediate results of this newspaper explosion were a jeweler's shop, tin shop, hardware shop, market, theatre, dance-house and, as The Nugget vaguely yet cautiously phrases it, "the like," all of which have been built in a few days. Houses and tenements are only yesterday were snowdrifts or tar-papered. "A city full of people has arisen from the snow as if by enchantment." But a saw-mill is badly wanted. The dealer in sugar thinks it is well to know these things that only two routes exist by which freight can be conveyed to Eagle City, in one of which all goods are carried by pack-trains (that is on the backs of men, mules or horses) and on the other by sleds and toboggans, and from reports of the depth of the snow the sledding ought to be good till next August. Freighters are from 20 to 30 cents per pound, which would be reasonable for goods of that kind, but it is rather costly for coffee or coal carried in. Flour is quoted by The Nugget at \$90 a barrel; potatoes, 25 cents a pound; bacon and ham, 40 cents a pound; corned beef, the same; liquors, kind and quality not stated, \$5 per gallon; stoves from \$40 to \$150; shovels, axes and picks from \$2 to \$5 each, and clothing and other necessities in proportion. There must be good things to permit the payment of such prices, or the prospective miner must carry money there. Under news from the mining camps is the following significant note: "The leading saloons take in from \$250 to \$400 a day each." Very little is said of the production of the mines. Intending emigrants please take notice.

A Fair Offer.

[Detroit Free Press.]
A few days ago a farmer drove up to the door of a Springfield, Mass., hotel, and called on several men standing around that a neighbor of his living about four miles away had fallen into the family well and probably killed himself.
"Well, what of it?" asked one of the men.
"Why, I want two or three of you to ride out with me and help get the body out."
"For how much?"
"You don't pretend to want pay for such an action as that?" grasped the farmer, but they said they did, and he entered the saloon to see if the owner was more than tender hearted.

Crippled the Engine.

The Brunswick (Ga.) Herald says that some malicious fellow whom the law ought to put where he can do no harm, put five bars of soap in the water tank on the Brunswick & Waycross road, near Waycross, on Christmas day. The night express train, that came along next, filled up with the soapy water, and soapy water will not make steam. So the engine was laid up on the track until another engine could be sent on to pull the former train. This is a Christmas prank that is neither funny nor smart, but as dangerous as it was malicious. Let it not be repeated.

Ob, Cruel Mrs. Mackey!

[London Truth.]
Mrs. Mackey has given pain to all right thinking persons in Paris by appearing in a dress of white velvet trimmed all over with the wings of robin red breasts; and, to complete this barbaric toilet, her shoes of red velvet were entirely covered with the toes of the little robins. The dress is made in the princess shape, with a wattleau back and a comet train of portentous length, and the corsage is elegantly décolleté, and is bordered with red feathers, with which all the train is edged.

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VOL. IV.

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 27, 1884.

NO. 47.

A LUNCH WITH FREMONT.

A Delightful Interview with the Family of the "Pathfinder"—Mrs. Fremont's Appearance.

[Continued from New York Letter.]

I had the pleasure the other day of taking a mid-day lunch with Gen. John C. Fremont, and Mrs. Fremont, at their place at home at New Brighton, Staten Island. Twenty-eight years ago I made the acquaintance, during that memorable campaign with the young "Pathfinder" who was surrounded by the enthusiastic youth of America, and this I had never more recently since their settlement in New York.

The residence of the Fremonts is a large white house, perched high on a hill, and the broad road that winds through trees along the New Brighton beach, and its front windows command a wide reach of the New York bay and the estuary of the Kill von Kull. It must be an agreeable and comfortable home to live in; it is certainly a delightful house to visit in. The general and Mrs. Fremont are not seen in New York society as often as they were, even in those entertainments for charity's sake where they used to take so much pleasure; probably they find the society of their children and romping grand-children pleasanter.

There are two sons and a daughter in the house of Fremont. The eldest son, John Charles, or "Jack," as he is familiarly called, is a young man of about twenty, a handsome fellow, with his handsome wife and two sturdy boys up the Hudson. He is in the navy, and his duties are connected with the arrival and departure of ships in this harbor. His younger brother, Frank, is a lieutenant in the army, stationed up in Montana territory, whither he has taken the young wife he recently captured in New York, a daughter of John D. Townsend, the lawyer. Both of the boys closely resemble their father. When Frank went west," said Mrs. Fremont, "I suggested that he stop and call on Gen. Sibley, in Minnesota, who had never seen him. He did it; called in citizen's dress, and said, 'Gen. Sibley, the mention of whose name in the notable campaign of 1856, always evokes a cheer—holds her own remarkably well. It doesn't seem possible that she could have made her famous runaway match nearly forty-three years ago. She was a handsome blonde who shone away from the headquarters of 'Old Bullion' in Washington and joined the fortunes of the young explorer; now her hair is as white as snow, but she shows few indications of aging and talks as brightly as ever."

And how much she looks like her father, the eminent statesman of Missouri. Her face is very much like his, and even her gestures and manner when animated by conversation remind me much of him as I saw him in Washington after he had left the senate. She possesses the lineaments of her father, somewhat softened, as she inherits his studious and logical mind and his commanding spirit.

Sealing Wax for Letters.

[New York Sun.]
"Sealing wax, a stationer said, 'is quietly retaining its place as the seal of letters.' The use of gum in the place of sealing wax is a seductive appeal to the laziness of persons, who eagerly adopted that method because it was quick and handy. It is much easier to slip a tongue along the flap of an envelope and press the surface together than it is to heat the wax and close the letter effectually.

"But it has now come to be slowly appreciated that a letter easily sealed is nearly as easily opened. It only requires a little dampness to open any letter sealed with gum, and it may be done so skillfully that it baffles detection. It is about as much protection now to put a letter in a gum-sealed envelope as to put the contents on a postal card. Sealing wax is a protection against the prying curiosity of persons not dishonest enough to steal your letter out and out, yet willing to possess themselves of your secrets by peering into your letters after steaming open a gum seal."

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Russian Jews in Dakota.

[Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

In company with one of the young Jewish farmers of the Cremona colony, your correspondent left Mitchell at daybreak for a visit to the Hebrew farming colony, situated about twenty-two miles southwest of Mitchell. A commendable characteristic of these people is their patient perseverance. They have come to a strange land, where they are unacquainted with the customs and language of the people. They work hard, are practical, and look at facts as they find them. They are saving, and not a dollar is wasted, nor is a cent spent for drink, and very few incur debts, and then only in case of urgent necessity. Some of the colonists are getting a good start in stock, but a number by hard work have not as yet been able to lay by enough to buy the much-needed ox-carts. Their numbers will be largely increased the coming summer by relations and friends who will come from Russia.

The colonists have a private school at the residence of Mr. Rosenthal, taught by Miss Burnes, a highly educated lady. She is paid by subscription, and the school is well attended by the Russian children, who are all learning to speak English fluently. They are, as a people, fond of music, reading and society. Even the lowliest have a good education, and the bravest have a knowledge of music. In the long winter evenings, and on days when it is too cold to work, they collect together and pass away the time with music and dancing, and consulting together on matters of practical business. Parties are frequently held, to which their American neighbors are always invited and welcomed.

There are now a number of Hebrew-Russian farming colonies in the United States, but they are all new as yet. The most numerous is that of New Odessa, Ore., founded under the advice of Michael Heilprin, Dr. Julius Goldman, Edward Lauterbach, and Judge Isaacs, all of New York City. They claim that the time will soon be here when Hebrew farmers will be as novel as the United States. The colony, young as it is, and notwithstanding the fact that nearly all its members have commenced without a dollar, embarrassed by all the inconvenience of pioneer life, is self-sustaining.

Very Serious Case.

[Philadelphia Call.]

A New York dude was suddenly taken violently ill and a physician was hastily summoned. After looking at his tongue and feeling of his pulse, the usual formula, the doctor remarked: "He has evidently been overloading his stomach. My dear sir," he continued, rousing the patient, "can you tell me what you ate to-day for dinner?"
"Nothing, doctor, but a glass of water and part of a toothpick," replied the sick dude, wearily.
"H'm," mused the physician, "that is strange. His faintness certainly comes from a disordered stomach." Then he suddenly said: "Bring me his cane."

Marriage as a Reward of Merit.

[Paris Figaro.]

A party of fifty women left Bordeaux for New Orleans, a short time ago under peculiar circumstances. They were women sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for grave offenses, who have elected to go to the French penal colony, where they will find husbands among the convicts of the first class—that is, those convicts who have by good behavior entitled themselves to a government grant of land and obtained permission to marry. The women were selected from various prisons, and are described as young and good looking. On their arrival at the penal colony, in a religious establishment managed by a community of Sisters, where bachelor convicts of the privileged class will be permitted to visit them, and, as often as a marriage is arranged, the colonial government will provide the bride with a trousseau and let the couple up in housekeeping in a small way.

Needed in Medical Education.

[Chicago Current.]

What is needed in the medical education of this country is rigid preliminary examination of applicants for admission to medical colleges. The present branches taught in literary and scientific colleges; greater thoroughness in the medical course, and a very decided extension of the course to three or four full years, and a searching examination before certification. This would cut down the number of students and break up some medical schools which are conducted to make money, but it would be far better for the medical profession.

Prayer Unanswered.

[St. Louis Republican.]

A colored man entered the African Bethel church, and, kneeling down with the converts, indulged in an outburst of profanity. He said he was anxious to see what effect the prayers of the revivalists would have upon him. Thereupon every member of the church began to pray at the top of his lungs. The place was a pandemonium of entreaties and exhortations, but above everything else arose the stentorian blasphemy of the sinner. After two hours the revivalists gave it up, and the sinner walked away.

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HE KNEW ABOUT IT.

The "Lasker" Business and Why Seward Bought the Place.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

"What's all this talk 'bout that Texas fellow and this Lasker business?" asked one of our best young men as he stood with his friends inhaling the maddening fumes of the destroying cigarette. A long silence followed, which was at length broken by the best young man who makes a living by sucking the head of a cane. After pondering the question fully for a long time, he said: "What Lasker's talkin' 'bout?"

The first best young man was evidently annoyed by the question. He looked sadly at his toothpick shoe, hoping for some inspiration from them, but none came. He sighed heavily, cast an appealing glance toward the well-informed best young man, who remained silent, however, and the first speaker replied: "Same Lasker—fellah that got into trouble with Texas fellow—Don't know Texas fellow's name, believe. Some kind of an—ah—trouble. Giv'ing \$100,000."

The eyes of all the best young men were now turned toward the well-informed best young man. He was always looked up to in political circles, and he was now being asked to explain the custom house for doing something or other—he had forgotten what it was he did in the custom house, but he did it several years. In answer to the glances bent upon him in most intelligent inquiry, the well-informed best young man said: "Aw—yass; I know. I said at the time 'he'd be trouble.' Said when Secretary Seward—"

"Who's the secretary of?" asked the best young man whose mother takes in washing. "Dash it I know," said the well-informed best young man, after a painful silence; "some clerk or other—I've just forgotten what. Well, I said when Secretary Seward bought Alaska of the Russians—said then Bismarck make trouble 'bout it some day; 'n '—"

Keely's Motor Explored.

[Inter Ocean.]

The Philadelphia Times claims to make the following disclosure: "A young man of that city who has perfected a mysterious motor and subjected it to definite tests. The inventor is James Rodney Barlow, who, after much study and the gaining secretly of some of the secrets of the motor, set about making a machine that should conform to the principle of Keely's motor, with such modifications as should make it practical in use."

According to the paper mentioned, whose reporter is alleged to have been one of the experimenting party, a trial was made on the night of March 22nd, that was satisfactory. The motor was run on the West Jersey railroad between Camden and Gloucester, at first moderately, and then at the rate of speed equal to seventy-five miles an hour. There were four persons on the car—the inventor, a friend who supplied him the money for his work, the reporter, and an employee of the road. The success of the trial was such that the inventor was wild with enthusiasm, and will at once proceed to make a machine capable of real work.

The internal structure of his apparatus is at present his secret. The appearance of the apparatus is that of a small cylinder of steel vessels, five inches in diameter by eighteen in length, placed longitudinally one inch apart; above these, placed at right angles, another set of vessels, three inches in diameter by nine in length, connected by each of the lower cylinders through a steel tube half an inch in diameter, converging four inches above, where there was a small cylinder, by which there was a vertical cylinder, with a rod and plunger, connected with the upper cylinder of the motor by a steel tube. That is all there was to it, and as it is known that Mr. Barlow gets his right ideas from the study of a small apple tree to discuss as he went along. From this moment we were friends, and I do not think I ever had to use the look again so as to bring blood.

The Lotus of the Orient.

[Pioneer Press.]

The famed lotus of the Orient is always described as being blue in color. From the wife of an ex-consul, who spent fifty years in India, and who has painted straight into an immense forest and painting specimens. I learned that the lotus is not only blue, but yellow, orange, purple, and, indeed, decidedly variable in color. Our northern variety, which is a native, can claim to be a genuine lotus.

The Arizona Hay Market.

[Western Exchange.]

Every morning about 9 o'clock a hay train arrives at Quijoto, Arizona, consisting of from twenty to thirty Indian squaws with a regular mule load of straw on their heads. They go into the public square and sit by their bundles until some one comes to buy. They then lay in a stock of tobacco and whisky, with which the bucks will regale themselves the next day while the wives are gathering another load of nickel hay.

Senator's Autographs.

[Chicago Times.]

Few are, perhaps, aware, whose attention has not been specially called to it, how large a business is done in autographs in Washington. The pages of the United States senate consider the collection of those of senators one of their perquisites, and frequently receive, it is said, as much as \$10 for carrying an autograph book through the chamber while the senate is in session.

They Shall Lie Down Together.

[Boston Herald.]

There is a museum in the Windsor building in Washington of war trophies, in which is to be seen one of John Brown's pikes tenderly intertwined with the carbine found on Jeff Davis when he was captured.

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Begging for Benevolent Societies.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

"I will explain to you how I am a necessary adjunct to such a society. Nothing can be done for the heathen without money, something which the society is in need of. Almost every one hates to go begging for money, no matter what the object. Here is where I come in. I present myself to the society and agree for a certain commission—now, if I tell you how much, you won't give it away? Well, it's 25 per cent—to raise all the money they desire, and no trouble to its members whatever. The society agrees, and I go to work. I first consult my list of 'philanthropists,' as I call them, which I keep in this little memorandum book. Here, just look at these names on the first page." I looked and read:

Mr. —. A good-natured duffer, pious, has great love for missionary work. Various sums.
Mrs. —. Only good for orphan houses. Gives \$100 annually.
Miss —. Cries over the sufferings of 'forlorn and poverty-stricken widows.' Fifty dollars or more. Lots of 'taffy' necessary.
Miss —. Good for \$25 or so on any particular day.

Mr. —. Opens his heart for the heathen, and purses as well.
Mrs. —. "Fair, fat and 40." Her hobby is the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. Fifty dollars or so.
Miss —. Donates \$10 for anything that gets her name in the papers.

"This list, as you see," the gentleman continued as I returned it to him, "is quite long, and was compiled by me after hard work and long experience. But it is the person to strike for any given scheme."

The Plague of White Ants.

A letter from St. Helena states that nearly all the storehouses and important public buildings in Jamestown (the principal village) are built of iron and slate, as within the last thirty years the island has been subjected to the plague of white ants. These insatiable little monsters, who are three or four times as large as the ordinary black ant, are able to destroy speedily any kind of woodwork. They can honeycomb a big log till it may be crushed by the pressure of a hand. And yet they do their work from the inside, leaving a thin veneer on the surface, so that their presence is often entirely unsuspected. Large buildings have been brought to ruin by these minute pests, and it is no uncommon thing to see a chair or sofa suddenly collapse, and to find that the ants have eaten everything but the wood bark; and through this they bore, with the precision and smoothness of an angler, paths to the heart of the material. The ravages of these pests in St. Helena—supposed to have been originally brought there from one of the East Indian islands—have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery of means to exterminate them, no remedy has yet been found.

Using the "Ankas" on an Elephant.

[Barra's Hunting in India.]

The native Hindoo, from want of thought, keeps up a constant drumming on the beast's head with the goat, or 'Anka.' Therefore, he is not to use it at all. Such an improvement all at once, however, proved more than the elephantine mind could grasp. He began really to enjoy himself, going his own way more than mine, till at last he marched straight into an immense forest of the banyan species, and commenced to browse. He seized the boughs above his head, and tugging violently at them, brought them down on my devoted skull. This was too much. I raised the ankus and brought it down on his head with a blow that brought blood through the skin. This had the desired effect, and he at once bundled off by the road he knew I wanted to go. He merely took with him a grass about the size of a small apple tree to discuss as he went along. From this moment we were friends, and I do not think I ever had to use the look again so as to bring blood.

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THE HASHEESH SMOKERS.

A Couple of Places in New York Devoted to the Eastern Drug.

[New York Sun.]

"There is not much hashish imported regularly, not more than \$5,000 worth a year, but ten times the quantity is consumed," a custom house broker asserted. "Where does it go to? I can't say of my own knowledge, but there is always a large demand for it. I have passed through the customs for doctors, actors, society men, and even ladies. In point of nationality I think the eastern races use it more largely. That is, they formerly did. Nowadays it is pretty even all around."

"I've been selling hashish for more than ten years now," a Bowery druggist said. When I began I sold about two pots a month; I now sell a hundred. I have all sorts of customers, Chinese, Malays, French, Italians and Americans. Germans seldom call for it. One of my best customers is a well-known actress; she usually buys two pots a month. What does it look like? Here's some common stuff, displaying a small blackish brown paste. This is worth \$3 a pot, and it is five times as strong as the other."

"How is hashish used?"
"The same as opium. Some smoke it, others eat it in pills, while others dissolve it in strong wine and drink it like a punch. The use of it in liquid form, however, very rare. Orientals prefer smoking it, while the western users of the drug take it solid. Hashish is gathered from the Indian hemp, and it contains almost always a very small percentage of cannabis, the alkaloid of the plant. I don't believe that cannabis is the sole essential principle of hashish. It acts similarly, but it has unpleasant consequences, which hashish never has. It is used a good deal by some as a substitute. Here is a prescription which I have filled a dozen times in the past three months. The chief ingredient is cannabis, and the purchaser is in reality no patient, but a confirmed hashish eater, what's called 'the east' a hashish addict. She is a lady living in the neighborhood."

"Are there any hashish houses here?"
"Only two that I know of—one in Lexington avenue, kept by an American, and one in Fall street, kept by a Chinaman. Both do a good business, and they enjoy the advantage of being safe from the police, which the opium joints do not."

The reporter experienced difficulty in entering high places referred to by the druggist, and the Lexington druggist, a tall, slender and emaciated man, was the manager of an opium den some years ago, and he had filled a dozen times in the past three months. The proprietor, a tall, slender and emaciated man, was the manager of an opium den some years ago, and he had filled a dozen times in the past three months. The proprietor, a tall, slender and emaciated man, was the manager of an opium den some years ago, and he had filled a dozen times in the past three months.

Signs of the Vendetta.

[Paris Figaro.]

The vendetta still survives in Naples, but it is curious that warning of it is never given in words. The language of signs, which every Neapolitan of the lower classes knows, is generally used, and the gesture most commonly employed is made by pressing the thumb and forefinger of the right hand together as to leave a small narrow space between them, which is supposed to typify the hole the challenger hopes to make in his adversary's body. In Naples, too, men still bite their thumbs, as they did in the days of Sappho and Gregory; and this is not an expression of contempt, but a declaration of war.

Turned the Laugh.

[Nashville American.]

There was an amusing occurrence on the corner of Cherry and Church streets which was witnessed by passers by. A printer, nicknamed "Little Breeches," rode by on a bicycle, and met a colored man of Jack Falstaff order. The former began laughing at the latter, when the huge proportioned colored individual, said: "Look-a-heah, white man, don't you make fun ob de work man Almighty. He done finished me, but He stopped on you before He was half done."

Washington Not an Angler.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—What an enthusiastic old angler George Washington was!
Smith—Washington! Why he was not a fisherman.
Jones—Indeed he was a great lover of the sport. He wrote a book 'bout it.
Smith—Are you not thinking of Isaac Walton?
Jones—Isaac Walton! Why that's a fact; so I was. It was not Washington, of course. He was not an angler, but he was a fisherman. Washington could not tell a lie.

On a Death-Spree.

[Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.]

I saw a young man to-day who had \$2,000 to spend, and only three months for the job. How was that? Why, he has consumption, and the doctor says he will die about the last of next July. He is a rounder, and has figured up his finances so as to exactly leave enough to bury him. The rest he will spend in riotous pleasures. I read of such a case, and didn't believe it, but this is a fact, and isn't it a horrible thing to think of a death-spree?

George William Curtis is Reported.

[Philadelphia Call.]

George William Curtis is reported to have said that there is no important literary project afoot either in Europe or America.

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