THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
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THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

[F. H. Stauffer.]

The fisher's daughter walks the sands,
She shades her brow with nervous hands,
And gazes out beyond the strands.

A wierd-like light the pale moon flings:
The gulls have folded up their wings;
The caves give back resonant dins.

The wavelets kiss her brown, bare feet;
She waits her father's step to greet.
Was ever face more fair or sweet?

A cabin stands on the nearest height,
Within the window burns a light,
A star upon the brow of night.

What speck is that? A snow-white sail!
His fishing smack outrides the gale.
What cry is that? His welcome hail.

A cheering sound above the roar,
The keel grates on the rocky shore—
God's hand has kept him safe once more.

Perhaps because of pray'r, you said?
He lays his hand upon your head—
You wonder why you feel afraid.

His wife sleeps on the sloping lea;
His only boy was lost at sea;
There's no one left to him but thee!

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

One of the Most Sublime Spectacles on the Face of the Earth.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Dr. C. L. Goodell, at the First Congregational church, describes his visit to Vesuvius last month as follows: Leaving your carriage at the mountain railway you enter the car. The ascent is very steep and at one place almost perpendicular. The road makes no curve. The car moves rapidly, and in ten minutes you are within less than a half-hour's walk of the crater. You mount a chair, and four stalwart mountaineers bear you through smoke and steam, midst the rumbling of the volcano and the melted lava, to the very edge of the bowl, in which, as in a mighty cauldron, the fiery mass seethes and rocks and thunders and foams.

It is terrifically grand. The mountain seems filled with surging fire that rises up every half minute in awful explosion, throwing up colnmns of smoke dark as midnight and streaked with lurid fire. This melted matter falls back with crashing, fearful sound, lodging in part on the edge of the crater. Before you are recovered from one stunning sensation another explosion breaks on you, more overpowering than before, the steam coming up through every crevice at your feet, and the whole summit is enveloped in cloud. The red lava, as it is thrown high in air in massive form, seems heated in the furnace of Vulcan, and as it falls back down into the boiling sea of fire the sight is no more terrible than the noise is astounding. The crater seems like a mighty pit of liquid fire thrown up in burning waves from side to side, scorching, blistering and tearing all before it.

How can the mountain endure such a strain? How can the eye bear such blinding brilliance of vast masses of fire? The crater is two miles in circumference, and you must make the circuit. The terror of the upheaving fire, and shower of ashes and smoke and stones, does not abate. The trembling of the mountain strikes terror into strong nerves. You remember the tragical death of the elder Pliny nearly 2,000 years ago, and the thousands that have been destroyed since. The explosions continue to deafen you. You remember the lone city of Pompeii where you have spent the morning, and you decide not to spend the summer there.

It is the most sublime scene I ever witnessed. Nothing before ever made so deep and tremendous an impression. It is the most active volcano in the world. Smoke never ceases to float off from it as a long pennant from the head, and the crater never fails to show fire to those who visit it, and it may be seen almost every night from Naples. But on this bright day in March it spoke with a tongue of fire and a blackness of darkness never to be forgotten. Its words were red hot boulders and its periods were ribbons of crimson.

A Journalist's Opinion of the Stage.

[Leander Richardson.]

There are stage scandals. There are a good many of them. The person who is familiar with the profession can scarcely sit down to write about half a dozen people employed in the theatrical calling without having called to his mind a dozen instances which convinces him of the rottenness of stage surroundings. I don't think any one who has followed my writings for any length of time, and lived through the terrible ordeal, will accuse me of being particularly prudish, and therefore I ought to be heard when I say that if I had a daughter, and she went on the stage, I should feel just as badly about it as though she had adopted another calling with a worse name. It is not that the stage itself is rotten so much as it is that the calling gives opportunity for rotten things to approach it. Boys and girls, I have been fooling around theatres for a long time now, and I know 'em fore and aft. Counsel your children and your friends to go to the theatres as spectators as often as they like, but never get stage-struck.

Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Belford.

[Chicago Times.]

Congressman Belford, of Colorado, said that Mrs. Langtry was the handsomest woman who trod the American continent, in acknowledgment of which Mrs. Lantry sent Mr. Belford a magnificent medallion portrait of herself, inclosed in an elaborate velvet case studded with diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies, with a note expressing her conviction that Mr. Belford's remark was the highest compliment ever paid her. She also asked for a lock of his hair to be placed in her album devoted to such mementos contributed by her most notable friends, the prince of Wales, Gladstone, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Lorne, Bradlaugh, Bright, Spencer, Mill, and other eminent persons. Of course, Mr. Belford had to comply, and a lock of bright-red hair was remitted to Mrs. Langtry, with a felicitous note.

West Canadian Journalism.

[Rat Portage Progress.]

I still support my reputation by publishing a newspaper, and my family by sawing wood.

ANCIENT VIOLINS.

A Doctor's Test of the Superiority of His Cherished Amati.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

A collection of old and celebrated violins is an exhibit in the Bartholdi statue show. To a casual observer they look ordinary and uninteresting. There are nine of them, and they are in a glass case that bears no label calculated to arouse enthusiasm. Ninety-nine visitors in a hundred pass them by contemptuously. "And they deserve it," said a bystander when this disregard of the treasures was commented on. "There is no greater nonsense in the whole range of ancient violins. The very men who go into raptures over an old specimen can't tell you why or how it differs from the workmanship of the present day in the same line."

"Ah! but think of the associations," urged an enthusiast, Dr. S. B. Tuthill, of Brooklyn. "Look at this Amati—a genuine specimen, with an authenticated history. It is more than 200 years old. Cardinal Ottibeni played it along about 1700. From the pomp of Catholic ceremonial music making, it was transported to the court of England, where Handel himself accompanied its solos with a harpsichord. George III. drew a bow across it at the end of its first century. Thus it went from the hands of a pope to those of a royal profligate. Afterward, it became the property of Ole Bull, who used it a great deal in his concerts, and left it to his widow."

All this was pooh-poohed. Even Dr. Tuthill's own exhibit, another Amati, commanded no respect, though politeness protected it from ridicule. Three countrymen came along. Two only gave a glance at the violins, but the third stopped at them. His remarks disclosed him as a fiddler; but he, too, was devoid of appreciation. He guessed he'd put his own fiddle into a glass box when he got home, and charge 50 cents to look at it. The doctor was nettled.

"He is a Philistine, like the rest of you," he said, "but I'll let him be a judge whether or not there is any extra merit in my Amati. He shall play it, and decide the question without influence."

It was a morning hour, and the Academy of Design, in which the exhibition is held, had only a score or so of inmates. The doctor removed his violin from the case. It is in almost constant use, and needed only a few scrapes and screw-turns to be ready for the trial.

"I believe you play, my friend?" he said to the countryman.

"Oh, I only fiddle a little at home," was the diffident reply.

A little urging, however, and he took up the valuable fiddle and its comparatively worthless bow. You can readily guess what he played. "Money Musk," of course; and with that peculiar, rythmic swing that sets one's foot to shuffling almost uncontrollably to the figures of an imaginary reel, no matter what may be the critical opinion of the execution. There was no denying it. The rich, full, sweet tone was better than the average of the sounds given out by violins.

"Well, what do you think of that?" the doctor asked.

"That's the best fiddle I ever drawed a bow across," was the reply; "what's the price of it?"

"Five thousand dollars."

The precious instrument was for a moment in peril, for the fiddler seemed about to drop it in surprise.

A New Departure in Literature.

[Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.]

"It will not be very long before the first writers of this country will sell their pens to advertisers. Just now more attention is paid to the newspaper and other ads, to space and style of type used; but I see indications that before long the matter itself will receive first attention. The idea is being worked by some houses now, who publish a few lines of interesting matter, with a taking heading, ahead of their ads.; but their ventures are only the pioneers. You mark my words, the advertising columns of your newspapers will presently be filled with stories and poems from the first pens in this and other countries, which will hold the reader's attention to the end, and still be advertisements."

"Do you think, then, that Alfred Tennyson would write an advertisement for a clothing house?"

"I do. He sold some verses on 'Spring' to an eastern juvenile publication last month, not because he cared for the journal at all, but merely because they desired the verses as an advertisement and were willing to pay him a stiff price for them. Why, one of our Cincinnati soap manufacturers has the first artists in this country at work turning out picture advertisements for him, and artists as a class are quite as proud as literary men. When the time comes the new departure will put money into the pockets as well of the advertisers as the writers.

Her Financiering.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Vereker had occasion to leave home for a couple of weeks lately, so he signed a dozen blank checks and left them with Mrs. Vereker that the housekeeping might not come to an untimely end during his absence, and that the old lady might have wherewithal to console herself during her grass-widowhood. When Vereker returned the other day he found a notification from the bank that his account was overdrawn. Considerably exercised he called Mrs. V.'s attention to the fact. "Here, my dear, you must have been spending money like water while I was away. I find my account is overdrawn." "O, that's impossible," replied the lady; "I have several of your checks on hand yet."

Would Just Suit Him.

[Exchange.]

"I sh'd jes' like ter see the teacher wollop me once," remarked Jimmy Tuffboy at the table the other evening. "So would I," said Tuffboy pere. "Mind you, I shall not care if the teacher thrashes you within an inch of your life, that is, if you deserve it." "Well, I shall try to deserve it," muttered Jimmy under his breath. "If I can deserve it without gettin' it, that will jes' suit me."

Mexican "Freedom of the House."

[Chihuahua Letter.]

Arrived at my host's house he greeted me most cordially, assured me again and again of his friendship, and conducted me to a school-room to see his daughters. There were five, all pretty, the eldest lovable. They ranged in age from 8 to 17 years. They stood in line, in school-girl fashion, as if about to make a recitation. Blushes suffused their countenances, but they cast at me many a coquettish glance. The father looked at them a moment proudly and then introduced me, after which he astounded me by telling me I must make a choice of one of his daughters for betrothal to her. I thought he was joking, and made some remark in pleasantry, when he repeated his statement, and demeaned himself so gravely the while that I was convinced he was in earnest.

I scarcely know how the scene terminated, for I became very confused and did a great deal of unnecessary talking, just as a young man does when partly intoxicated he thinks of some plan for pleasure that his better sense bids him to forego; but I think I lied to the gentleman by telling him I had a wife and children. The next day he informed me the betrothal was an act of courtesy toward an ultra-favored guest, was extended to highly distinguished person as a rule, and signified nothing more than that the person so honored had the "freedom of the house." The granting of this privilege is indeed an honor, for no one but a near relative to a Mexican woman may, unaccompanied by a near relative, enter any part of an aristocrat's residence where the females of the household resort. Even the parlor, therefore, is sacred from intrusion unless one be accepted on the intimate footing accorded one betrothed, who then becomes as a brother. Should he violate the trust reposed in him, nothing on earth would be more contemned. His punishment would be sure, and his life would be the price of his wrong.

A Poisoned Grave-Robber.

[Chicago Times.]

A prisoner in the jail at Louisville has a curiously deformed nose, which is the result of grave-robbing, a business in which he was engaged. Several months ago he entered a cemetery with the purpose of "snatching" a "stiff" for a medical college. The "subject" he exhumed was slightly decomposed, and in removing the corpse from the grave to the wagon, Gaddy got some of the poisoned blood on his hands. He was careless and in a hurry, and didn't take time to clean his hands. He had not gone far before he did something to cause an abrasion on the nose. Thoughtlessly he touched the wound with the poisoned blood on his fingers. From the contagion septicæmia ensued, and Gaddy's nose became a physical wreck.

Elephants in Pasture.

[Chicago Herald.]

The Malay style of feeding elephants has certainly the merit of simplicity. When the day's work on the farm is done they are turned out into the jungle to find their own food; and so they go rambling about all night, pulling and tearing away at any tree or shrub they fancy. When morning comes the drivers, tracing them by their own apparent marks, put the driving-hooks over their ears and lead them off to work. Elephants seem to graze in a forest quite as contentedly as cattle in a pasture. Their ability to scramble up and down apparently impassable places is wonderful, and a recent traveler through that land says that he has seen them break the branches off coffee trees in order to fan away the flies.

It Reminded Him of His Mother's Cooking.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mr. B.—These biscuits remind me of mother's.

Mrs. B.—Well, I declare! Have you gone crazy?

Mr. B.—Crazy, my dear? Of course not.

Mrs. B.—Well, I never expected to hear you say that any of my cooking resembled your mother's. She was a wonderful cook. I have no doubt, for you have said so a million times.

Mr. B.—Yes, she certainly was. In fact there was only one dish that she ever failed in.

Mrs. B.—What was that?

Mr. B.—Biscuits.

Concerning Food.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Sugar is a constituent of every article of food. Children could not live without it; it is fattening, but its immoderate use destroys health and appetite; it is heating, and live starch consists only of carbon and water. Insects called sugar mites inhabit brown sugar. Articles needed by the body for fat and heat making are sugar, fat, butter, oil, and molasses. For muscle, lean meat, cheese, oat meal, beans and peas. For brain and nerves, unbolted flour, barley, eggs, very active fishes and birds. Green vegetables, fruit and berries furnish the acid and water needed.

Richard's Tar and Feathers.

[Chicago Herald.]

One of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was "that if any man were taken with theft and pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft that he might thereby be known as a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventures without all hope of return unto his fellows."

Only When the Wind Blows.

[Scientific Journal.]

A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a crock at the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

Longfellow: Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrow which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

MAKING BUSTS IN WAX.

A Work Requiring Time and Patience—Interesting Details.

[New York Sun.]

The bust made in clay reproduces the full outline of the head, with the hair and beard as worn. After the bust is finished the parts representing the hair and beard are shaved off, and a plaster of paris cast of the bust is taken. Into this mold the white wax, especially prepared to enable it to resist heat, cold and dampness, is poured. It comes out a pale indication of how the subject would look if every spear of his hair was plucked from his head and every sprout from his face. This object is then taken to the hair shop, where the artist who was present at the sitting directs the nice work of providing the wax bust with hair that shall not take away all traces of resemblance to the original. Natural hair of the exact shade is selected, gray being intermixed if required. Each hair of the head, beard and eyebrows is inserted separately with a needle-like instrument The work requires time and patience. For the beard coarse hair of the required shade is prepared, and curled if necessary. The shaven chins and cheeks of the dark-haired men are "pinked" with a small sharp instrument, black coloring matter is sifted on, and the face is wiped. Only the particles of black substance in the little holes remain, and the face has the appearance of having been closely shaven.

The glass eyes, carefully made in imitation of the original, are inserted, and the eye-lashes put in. The artist who attended the sittings paints the wax head. This is a work of considerable nicety, for there is great diversity of complexion in persons of types that would present very little difference to the unprofessional eye. Few fair persons could exchange complexions without greatly altering their appearance. The same is true of dark persons in about the same degree. As in making up faces for the stage, it is desirable to magnify the most distinctive characteristic—to make a pale person a little paler, to give a florid person a little more color; to make a person of dark complexion a trifle darker than in life. Otherwise the public would not find present in a satisfactory degree the characteristics which they have observed and have remembered as being distinctive, and have magnified in their remembrance.

The hair is cut and the whiskers are trimmed under the direction of the artist. Care is taken to cut and trim down to the dimensions shown in the photographs and sketches.

A Very Strange Disease.

[British Medical Journal.]

The recent bereavement in the royal family will naturally turn the attention of the medical public toward the constitutional affection to which the illustrious deceased was subject. There is no distinct mention of hæmophilia in any classical or mediæval writer. Hæmphilia, as a rule, attacks the males of a family, and leaves the females exempt; but genealogical records show the strong tendency which this disease possesses of dissemination into other families by intermarriage; sisters of "bleeders" marrying have been repeatedly found to become the mothers of boys who were "bleeders" like their uncles, and of girls who were not "bleeders," but who bore male "bleeders" after their marriage, and female children who perpetuated by marriage the disease from which they were personally free.

A similar kind of perpetuation of a disease common in males through female members of affected families, has been observed with regard to Duchenne's pseudo-hyper-tropic paralysis, diabetes insipidus and color blindness. The pathology of hæmophilia, or the hæmorrhagic diethesis, is still obscure. Dr. Percy Kidd, in one case, detected a peculiar appearance in the muscular coat of the arteries of a child aged 6, who died in the Ormond Street hospital, in 1877, of hemorrhage from the mouth after having been a "bleeder" for four months.

When They Sneeze.

[Chicago Journal.]

A great many persons say "God bless us," when they sneeze. The following explains the origin of the practice: "According to the rabbinical theory it was originally ordained that men should sneeze but once, in that act, possible only when the time of death had come, giving up the ghost. But the patriarch Jacob, feeling that such a sudden call allowed no time for the settlement of worldly affairs and for preparation for the hereafter, prayed for exemption from the rule, and in answer to his prayer was allowed to sneeze and not die. The change was regarded as a great benefit, and 'all the princes of the universe, when they heard it, ordered that for the future sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgiving for the preservation of life and earnest wishes for its prolongation.' Hence the custom which has prevailed among all nations of uttering some form of salutation on the occasion of the act. A very common ejaculation among old English people on sneezing is 'God bless us!' which generally sounds more humorous than reverential under the circumstances."

Paper Towels for Surgeons.

The Polyclinic states that the use of paper towels in cleansing wounds has been found very satisfactory. Sponges have always been regarded with suspicion by surgeons, as it is so difficult to keep them in a perfectly purified condition. But the paper towels are to be used once only, and as they cost only from $6 to $7.50 per 1,000, are avilable in the sick-room. They are from Japan, and the pale colors with which they are decorated are found to be unobjectionable.

When It Strikes Him.

[Norristown Herald.]

Herbert Spencer's lucid remark that "an incidental force falling on an aggregate containing like and unlike units, segregates the like units and separates the unlike," never strikes a young man so forcibly as when a tailor refuses to trust him for a new spring suit.

Cables and Their Cost.

[New York Herald.]

The cables at present in use, with their cost, are: Anglo-American, four cables, cost $35,000,000; Direct United States, one cable, $7,000,000; Pouyer-Quertier, one cable, $8,400,000; Gould's American, two cables, $13,000,000. The cable lines leased by the Western Union therefore represents a cost of $64,400,000, or $8,050,000 each. For this expenditure they have four old cables, laid in 1869, 1872, 1873, and 1874, and four newer ones, laid in 1880 and 1881 respectively. In order to pay 5 per cent. on the capital invested, the Western Union companies require $3,320,000 net earnings per annum. The joint companies have to provide a renewal fund for very old cables, whereas the new company will require very little for years to come. The joint companies have to support four boards of directors, four office staffs, and other machinery amounting to over $1,000,000 per annum.

The volume of cable business on a tariff of one shilling per word has been estimated at 30,000,000 words per annum, Allowing to the joint companies 20,000,000 words, their revenue would be $5,000,000; their working expenses being, say, $1,250,000 and their renewal fund $1,500,000, their net earnings would be only $2,250,000, or 3½ per cent. on the capital. A new company with two cables, doing the remaining 10,000,000 words business at a shilling tariff could earn $2,500,000. Allowing working expenses of $280,000 and a renewal fund of the same amount, this estimate (which has been made by The London Pall Mall Gazette) would leave a net profit of nearly $2,000,000, or over 25 per cent. on the capital.

Charles Reade's Grave.

[London Times.]

Charles Reade was buried in the same grave, side by side, with a lady who, together with her husband, had been an almost life-long friend of his, and to whose memory he erected a marble tomb with the following inscription, composed by Mr. Reade himself: "Here lies the great heart of Laura Seymour, a brilliant artist, a humble Christian, a charitable woman, a loving daughter, sister and friend, who lived for others from her childhood. Tenderly pitiful to all God's creatures, even to some that are frequently destroyed or neglected, she wiped away the tears from many faces, helping the poor with her savings and clothing the sorrowful with her earnest pity. When the eye saw her it blessed her, for her face was sunshine, her voice was melody, and her heart was sympathy. Truth could say more, and sorrow pines to enlarge upon her virtues; but this would ill accord with her humility, who justly disclaimed them all and relied only on the merits of her redeemer. After months of acute suffering, borne with gentle resignation, and with sorrow for those who were to lose her, not for herself, she was released from her burden and fell asleep in Jesus Sept. 27, 1879, aged 59 years. 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy' (Matt. v. 7). This grave was made for her, and for himself, by Charles Reade, whose wise councillor, loyal ally and bosom friend, she was for twenty-four years and who mourns her all his days." Mrs. Seymour was in her time an actress of some celebrity.

Among the Trappists.

[Kentucky Letter.]

Writing of the Trappists of Gethsemane, Ky., a correspondent says: When a Monk dies, "No useless coffin incloses his breast," but, wrapped in his circular, with his cowl drawn over his head as in life, he is buried. Each grave is covered with myrtle and has a black wooden cross bearing the name of the cell's dusty inmate. At the foot of each grave is a little stool, where the father who conducts you kneels to pray for the soul of the departed. At the end of the row is a new, open grave, which will receive the next body, and which constantly helps the father to "remember death." There are no qualifications for the Trappist order. Any man who will obey the rules may stay seven years, giving his labor to the community and his thoughts to God, and if he does not like it then he may withdraw. If he concludes to stay he takes the perpetual vow. The sin-sick and the weary are all here. Few desert, while many have been for years buried to the world and its little convulsions. Some of them do not know who is president, and the echo of Guiteau's pistol-shot died at the outer walls. The abbey contains a fine library of religious works, among which is a Bible printed at Lyons in 1532."

Two Snobs and Two Dukes.

[London Truth.]

There was a story about the late duke of Buccleuch which went "the round of the newspapers" some years ago. He and the then duke of Northumberland found themselves in a carriage going northward with a commercial traveler. The conversation was general between the three. At Ainwick station the duke of Northumberland got out, and was borne away in a showy equipage. "That must be a swell," said the commercial traveler. "Do you know who it is?" "The duke of Northumberland," replied his grace of Buccleuch. "And they say," exclaimed the traveler, "that our nobility is haughty! Why he talked to two snobs like you and me as though we had been his pals!"

Giving Himself Away.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

"Where were you last Sunday, Robbie?" asked the teacher of one of the brightest scholars in her Sunday-school class.

"My mother kept me home."

"Now, Robbie, do you know where little boys go to when they play truant from Sunday-school?"

"Yes, ma'am,"

"Where?"

"They go fishin'!" exclaimed the boy, letting the whole feline family out of the paper envelope.

Struck a Hen.

At Augusta, Ga., the other day, lightning struck a hen that was setting on a nest of eggs. The poor biddy was completely roasted by the fierce heat and picked clean.

A CORNER ON ICE.

Ringing the Various Changes on a Pail of Cold Water.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The first man to strike the corner where the porter had thrown a pail of water over the flag-stones and produced a glare of ice, was an insurance agent. He slid to the right, clawed to the left, clutched at a sunbeam, and went down with the exclamation: "Hanged if I don't!" He rose up to jaw and threaten and collect a crowd and almost lick somebody, and he went away stirred up for all day.

The next man was a tailor—tall, spare and solemn. His toes all of a sudden turned out, his left leg was lifted, and he spun once and a half around before he went down with the remark: "I knew 'twould happen!" He got up to hurry along out of sight, and it was easy to see that he had calculated on about so many falls for the winter.

The next was a fleshy man with a smiling face and an air of good nature. He didn't lose any time going down, and when he struck he realized that he had hit something. And yet what he said was: "Is it possible!" He got up slowly, forced a grin as the boys chaffed him, and looked back three times to make sure that he hadn't made a hole which would prove a man-trap for other pedestrians.

The next was a bank clerk with a pencil over his ear and a preoccupied mind. He was swinging his right hand and rushing ahead when he suddenly saw billions of stars shining in the morning sky. His first thought was that somebody was celebrating Fourth of July; his next was to scrabble up and search for an asylum where he could hunt up his collar button and splice his suspenders. Not a word escaped him until he was a block away. Then he remarked: "At six per cent. it would be $854.17."

The next man was a strapping big fellow with an ulster on and a red silk handkerchief hanging out of a pocket. He began a short of shuffle as he struck the spot, increased it in a minute to a "breakdown," and finally went down with a whoop that was heard half a block away. He was up in a moment. Diagonally across the street he saw a man in an express wagon. The boys called to him that he had lost his red handkerchief, and that his nose would sadly miss it, but he would not wait. He strode across the street and up to the wagon, and as he hauled off and hit the driver a stinger on the ear he growled out:

"There, hang you! That's makes us even!"

"What even!" shouted the victim as he rose up and adjusted his cap, but the other was gone.

A Cheap John Utilizes the Machinery of a Court of Justice.

[San Francisco Post.]

When the defendant took the stand his honor said:

"Prisoner, you are charged with having removed the goblet from the hand of the Cogswell statue, substituting a pair of two-bit suspenders, with a placard calling attention to your establishment across the way."

"Well, shudge," replied the offender with an ingratiating smile, "of gorse I vants to get along in peesness."

"After which," continued the court, sternly, "you substituted a lot of neckties for the suspenders, and attached to the other hand a lot of bills referring to your new stock of gum shoes and hair oil."

"Dose hair oil is fust rate, your honor," said the defendant. "I vould like to sell you a pottle."

"And yesterday," continued the court, consulting the indictment, "you obstructed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a plug hat on the statue in question."

"Dose blug hat is cheap at $4, shudge. Moses Levy sharges fife und a halef vor dem same kind," returned the trader cheerfully; "I beats dose fellers efery dimes."

"And at night," went on his honor, "at night it appears you placed in the figure's hand a transparency containing a further advertisement of your wares. Now, this is most improper and reprehensible."

"Dot's right, shudge," said Mr. Solomons, delightedly. "Bitch into me off you blease. Spheak loudt, so dose noosbaper vellers gan hear you," and he smiled benignantly upon the reporters.

"Great heavens," thundered the court, as a frightful idea struck him. "Is it possible you have the mendacity to use the machinery of this court as an advertising dodge?"

"Dot's it, dot's it, shudge?" exclaimed the Cheap John, rubbing his hands exultantly. "I swore oud der gomplaint myself."

Better Than Water.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Understand that you had a fire at your house yesterday," said a gentleman to his friend Col. Snagwell.

"Yes, house caught fire."

"Suppose the firemen did effective work?"

"No, they didn't get there in time."

"You threw water very promptly on the flames, eh?"

"No, didn't use any water."

"How did you put it out?"

"Went out."

"That's singular."

"Not at all. The other day I bought a load of kindling wood from a countryman. I had it cut up and stacked in the kitchen. When I saw the fire burning in that direction I felt pretty safe, and I was not disappointed, for when it reached the kindling wood it went out."

The Largest Oleander.

[Chicago Times.]

Probably the largest oleander tree in the world is near Spanishtown, Fla. It covers a space of ground thirty-six feet in diameter; from the ground to the tip of the topmost limb is twenty-five feet; at the surface of the ground the trunk is divided into twenty or twenty-five separate stems, the group being at least five feet through, and one single stem is, by actual measurement, fourteen inches thick.

The Bald-headed Man in Church.

[Liverpool Courier.]

Old Mr Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'pose there is, what's that to you? You'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone—do you mind? You may let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head, and I brushed him off—this way," and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

Wilkes Booth's Ride.

[Washington Critic.]

"What did Booth ride?" asked the reporter.

"Old Sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do."

"Did Booth buy him?"

"No, he hired him."

"And what became of him?"

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?"

"In the sense that Booth had been a good customer only."

"What were Charley's points?"

"All that a saddler ever boasted. He wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single-foot him down from Capitol hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand and never spill a drop, and at better than a four-minute gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said."

"How far was the ride?"

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night, full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

Cocoanuts as Food.

The Fiji Times, in speaking recently of the value of the cocoanut as food rations, states that a vessel left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Sydney, and, in consequence of running short of stores, put in at Samsa, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consumed eighty days, so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a cocoanut diet, and were obliged to be contented at last with one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

Consumptive Birds.

[Exchange.]

In a preliminary paper read before a recent meeting of the London Pathological society, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Heneage Gibbes described an investigation now being made by them into tuberculosis of birds. They find that the disease is very prevalent among birds, and that it sometimes becomes epidemic. The effects do not exactly correspond to those produced in man by consumption, but the parasite present in both cases seems to be the same. The disease virus appears to be introduced with the food, and the birds most liable to be affected are common fowl, peacock, grouse, and other grain eaters.

Mars' Moons.

[Exchange.]

A remarkable feature of the two satellites of Mars, which were discovered about six years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, its distance from the centre of the latter body being about 6,000 miles; and from the surface less than 4,000. "If," said Prof. Newcomb, "there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us."

How Very Bold.

[Exchange.]

Miss Maria Pickaflaw (talking behind her fan to her sister)—The idea of Dolly Debut's wearing that heliotrope dress! Miss Jane Pickaflaw—Why, it strikes me as very becoming. Miss Maria (snappishly)—Becoming! Of course! Did anybody say it wasn't? But don't you know it takes a faultless complexion to wear that color, and for Dolly Debut to appear in that dress is as much as to say she considers her complexion perfect. Miss Jane—How very bold of her, to be sure!

When They Get Miffed.

[Exchange.]

When a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee and fly to my father." When a western girl becomes similarly affected she simply says: "Old man, I'm going to get up and get, and if you don't like it you just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me."