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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DOLLIE.

[Samuel Minturn Peck.]

She sports a witching gown
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt.
She is gentle, she is shy;
But there's mischief in her eye.
She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief;
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that,
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose!

Woodcock Shooting in Louisiana.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

According to the late Col. T. B. Thorpe, of New Orleans, a most brutal and unsportsmanlike practice of woodcock fire-hunting is practiced. In this ignoble pursuit the actor, for he cannot be called a hunter, has a fowling piece with two very short barrels and a powder-flask that will just measure a thimbleful. The shot, which must be of the smallest kind, is put loose in the right-hand side pocket of the shooting-jacket. The pointer you leave at home, and carry along a darkey, who is armed with a sort of frame-work set on an iron pole, in the frame-work there being a quantity of light wood that has been chopped from pine knots.

Suddenly a whirring sound greets your ears. The torch is lighted, and for some moments your eyes are blinded by its flickering glare. At last it lights up a circle that may be twenty or thirty feet in diameter. The whirring sounds continue, and you are soon aware that woodcocks are all about your feet even, dodging into the darkness. You toss in your thimbleful of powder, pressing the wadding down gently, pour shot enough into the hollow of your hand and fire away, the range being ten or fifteen feet. The birds are frightened thoroughly now, and are hurrying, scurrying for dear life. You load and fire as quickly as possible, and in two hours perhaps, you have shot thirty birds. Sometimes the birds are so plentiful that they have been beaten down by reeds, and, thus easily procured, were sold in the streets of New Orleans for three shillings a bushel.

Mexico's Brigands.

[Chicago Times.]

A letter from Mexico says the brigands are waking up to the fact that their occupation is gone. Rapid travel is bringing them more surely into the clutches of the law. A gang of wreckers were pursued and shot less than a month ago in the state of Durango. The leader of the band was well known to the Mexican public by sight and through a record of daring deeds and bloody crimes. Young and boyish in appearance, handsome, dashing, and so brave and beloved by the entire clan of eighteen brigands that the identity of this chief was never betrayed or suspected. The other day the rurales tracked them down, sent eight bullets through the captain's heart, and destroyed the whole band, not leaving one to tell the story. They then learned that the handsome bandit boy was only a bit of successful masquerading, for when the riddled sombrero was removed and the bullet-burnt blanket thrown aside a shapely form was revealed, and the astonished soldiers discovered that the leader of their foes had been a woman.

Is the Aristocracy Educated?

[Eli Perkins' London Letter.]

I asked a professor of Oxford if the English aristocracy were really educated and refined.

"They are refined," he replied, "but not educated. A titled student seldom studies in college. The prince of Wales, when he was in Christ college, didn't study. He had private tutors to cram him. It is not good policy to allow a duke or lord to fail in his examination. They wouldn't come here any more if we made them study too hard. So the aristocracy come here, go through the forms of study, spend a great deal of money, and are finally allowed to graduate.

My guide at Oxford tells me that the titled sons of the aristocracy at Oxford are the most dissolute young men in college. "They have drunken revelries in their rooms, which the professors wink at; they gamble Sundays, and run off to London to meet variety actresses. Finally, they go through the form of graduating, and go home as ignorant as they came."

He Was Too Pathetic.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Ballingbrook," said the managing editor, "you have given a great deal of study to the art of composition, have you not?" "Oh, yes, sir," Ballingbrook replied. "Did you notice how much pathos I threw in that article concerning the death of old Bagley?" "Yes, I noticed it. In fact, I marked out the sorrowful colorings." "W'y, you have ruined the article." "By the way, I think you'd better take a permanent lay-off. Your pathos keeps us in tears all the time, and I notice that many of our subscribers take the paper out to the grave-yard where they can weep in undisturbed sorrow. Mine is a child-like, happy disposition, Ballingbrook, and it is not pleasant to have my eyes constantly blinded by tears. Such a powerful pen as yours should touch the paper lightly. I think that you can get the position of toll-gate keeper out here on the Red Fork road. Good day."

Popular Kind of Joke in Holland.

[Translated for Life.]

Little Fritz—O, pap, may I for me not from thy beard a pair of locks cut off?

Father—What wilt thou therewith, my child?

Little Fritz—My rabbit mend from whom has the Emma the tail outsnatched.

A Cool "Ad."

A Paris paper contains the following cool advertisement: "Found, Sunday last, a lace mitten embroidered with pearls. If the person who lost it will be kind enough to leave the other one at the office of this paper, she will greatly oblige the person who found the first!"

Flies and Musquito.

[Exchange.]

Paul Mayo, of Lausanne, Switzerland, has discovered that the wings of the common fly vibrate at the rate of 330 strokes per second, while the musquito makes his wings go at the rate of 2,000 strokes per second.

A MEXICAN ROMANCE.

It was in the month of March, in the year 1847, and the fleet of the United States, with the army under Gen. Scott on board, lay before the city of Vera Cruz. All the morning the guns of the fleet had poured their shot upon the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, which commanded the city, and on the beach where the Mexican army had gathered to oppose the landing of the Americans. Finally, the heavy fire drove the Mexicans from the beach, and they retired to the castle and the city.

Then the boats of the ships were lowered away and arranged themselves in a long line, parallel with the beach. Soldiers, sailors and marines filled the boats, and in the bows, all along the line, there stood a sailor, with one foot on the gunwale, who held a flag furled around the staff in his hand. Not a sound was heard but the splashing of the waves against the boats, and all eyes were turned toward the flag-ship as the sailors lay on their oars awaiting the signal to advance. A little ball of bunting sped up to the masthead of the flag ship, and then unrolling itself, spread out into the watched-for signal. "Give way!" The oars fell into the water from end to end of the long line, as if moved by one gigantic impulse, and a race for the shore was begun. Finally, one of the boats grated on the sand, the sailor in the bows leaped to the beach, and amid wild hurrahs unfurled the American flag on the hostile shores of Mexico.

Among the officers in the boat which first touched the shore that day was a young lieutenant of infantry named Edward Ives.

In person the young lieutenant was of medium height, and of slight but firm build, with light hair and blue eyes. His face was browned by exposure to weather, and his expression was one of courage and decision of character. He was recently graduated from West Point, and as yet love, except that of kindred, was to him but a name. In fact, though only 24, Ives was known among the officers of his regiment as "the bachelor," he having announced to each of them in the "strictest confidence" that he considered all men who got married slightly insane.

"Mr. Ives," said the young lieutenant's captain soon after the landing had been effected, "the colonel wants a scout made in the direction of that house over yonder. Take half a dozen men and go see what there is there and report to me."

The house which Edward Ives approached with his scouting party was situated in a grove of palms and giant ferns, something over a mile from the shore. At the main entrance of the house stood a wagon, in which some Indian servants were loading the household effects of the family. A tall Mexican, of middle age, was superintending the operation, and gesticulating violently with his cane, as he urged the Indians to greater efforts. Near by stood a young girl of 19, of surpassing beauty. On her olive cheek there was a warm flush, and her dark eyes were hid beneath long, dark lashes. She wore a Spanish mantilla over her head and shoulders, and altogether formed a most charming picture.

The approach of Lieut. Ives and his men had been so cautious that he was close to the house before his presence was perceived. One of the Indians saw him first, and catching sight of the blue uniform, uttered an exclamation and fled precipitately, followed by all his companions. The Mexican gentleman who had been superintending the loading of the wagon turned his head, and, seeing that there was no escape, and no chance of successful resistance, stood proudly waiting for the lieutenant to speak. His daughter grasped her father's arm, and a pallor overspread her face.

"Fear nothing, senor," said Lieut. Ives, in Spanish. "I have only come to see if there are any soldiers concealed hereabouts."

"Fear!" returned the Mexican. "We do not fear northern invaders and robbers. We hate and despise them."

Before the lieutenant had time to reply, a soldier ran up and exclaimed:

"A party of Mexican cavalry are right on us, sir!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, with clanking sabres and jingling spur, thirty horsemen dashed through the trees.

The Americans made a desperate resistance, during which four of the Mexicans were killed, but were soon overpowered. The young lieutenant fought bravely, using his sword, until a sabre cut in his sword arm forced him to desist.

From the wild and picturesque dress of his captors Lieut. Ives saw that they were a party of Mexican guerillas—fierce and cruel men, out of whose hands few escaped alive.

The night was now falling, and the Mexicans hurried their prisoners into the house. The lamps were lighted in a large apartment, from which most of the furniture had been removed, and the lead of the band, a fierce-looking man of gigantic stature, whose features showed clearly the Indian blood that was in his veins, seated himself in a chair, and, lighting a cigarette, ordered the prisoners to be brought before him. The Americans who, with their arms bound behind them, had been huddled in one corner of the room, were led to the captain of the guerillas, who was spoken of by his subordinate as "El Tigere."

"Ah, Senor Americano," said El Tigere, addressing Lieut. Ives, "so you thought to take Don Francisco and his daughter captives, did you? If I am not mistaken you were one of the cabelleros who leaped so gallantly from the first boat of the invaders that landed to-day. I and my men were lying behind a hammock near the shore at the time and I covered you three times with my carbine. I am glad now that I did not kill you then. I have you now where I can shoot you at my leisure."

"Nay," interposed Don Francisco, who was standing near, "these are prisoners of war, captain, and must be treated as such."

"Do not cross the path of the tiger in his fury," replied the captain, with a dark scowl. "Those are my prisoners, and shall be dealt with as I see fit."

Lieut. Ives knew that his failure to return from his scout would by this time begin to excite apprehensions, and a strong party would be sent out in search of him. So great was his chagrin at having been surprised by the Mexicans, however, that he really cared little whether he was rescued or not.

During the conversation between Don Francisco Monteverte and El Tigere, the don's daughter, Dolores, had stood close beside her father. She had been frightened at first, but her ire was roused by the manner in which the guerrilla chief had replied to her father, and she stood up as proudly and defiantly as the don himself.

Lieut. Ives had tied a handkerchief tightly around his arm after he had been wounded. The wound was now causing him intense pain, and he was beginning to feel faint from loss of blood.

"I fear neither tigers nor banditti," said Don Francisco, hotly, in reply to El Tigere's last remark. "I insist that these men shall be treated as prisoners of war."

"There's just one ransom that will purchase them, Senor Don," replied the chief, "and that is the hand of your daughter Dolores."

"Never!" exclaimed Don Francisco. "I would rather see her married to that young invader, much as I hate the whole race of the Americanos, than to you."

Lieut. Ives, who was becoming more and more impressed with the Donna Dolores, thought to himself that the don's alternative would not be such a bad idea after all.

"Well, we have no time to parley now," said El Tigere. "The Americanos will be down on us before we know it. I will take my prisoners with me to a place of safety, and in the morning they shall die."

At that moment the report of a musket was heard outside the house, and El Tigere and his followers rushed to the doors and windows in alarm. A party of American soldiers was coming up to the house on the double-quick, and the shot had been fired by one of the Mexican pickets to give warning of their approach. The Mexicans ran to their horses, which were tethered near the house, but before they could mount the Americans were upon them and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The prisoners, being left unguarded, ran out of the house, and the thongs which bound their hands being cut by some who had come to their rescue, they too joined in the fray.

The moon had now risen and looked down through the palm trees and giant ferns on the scene of tumult below. The don and his daughter stood in the doorway looking helplessly on. To them it mattered little which side won, for one part was that of the invaders whom they hated, and the other that of the banditti, whom they feared. Donna Dolores, however, secretly hoped that, which ever way the conflict was decided, the handsome young lieutenant (who had seized a sword in his left and was fighting as best he could) would come out of the affray in safety. In less time than it takes to tell all this the Mexicans had either been killed or put to flight, and Don Francisco found himself face to face with Capt. Kirkland, who had commanded the rescuing party. The captain was for taking the don a prisoner, charging him with having been in league with the guerrillas, and having brought about the capture of Lieut. Ives and his men. The lieutenant, however, warmly interceded for the don, and told how he had stood between El Tigere and his prisoners a short time before. On hearing this the captain bowed low to the don and thanked him in courteous phrases for what he had done, speaking all the time in English, however, of which Don Francisco understood never a word. Dolores, who had been educated in England and spoke English perfectly, translated the purport of the captain's words to her father, and then turning a grateful look upon Lieut. Ives, gave her hand to him. The young man bowed low and pressed it to his lips. The hand was quickly withdrawn and the don frowned, but the Donna Dolores smiled and blushed. Thus they parted.

Days and weeks passed. At length Vera Cruz fell, and Gen. Scott began his grand march for the capital. The great battles which marked his passage of the Cordilleras are matters of history. Finally the day came when, over those causeways which furnished a passage for the glittering cavaliers of Cortez, Quitman and Worth stormed the gates of the City of Mexico. Lieut. Ives won much of glory in all the battles which led up to the final victory, and in that last engagement received a serious wound which placed him in the hospital. The hospital in which he lay was within the city, and every day the good sisters of charity, who bestowed their care alike on friend and foe, came about, comforting the sick and giving words of peace to the dying. One day there came to the hospital with one of the sisters a novice, whose white veil showed that she had not yet taken those solemn vows which separated her from the world. The sister came and stood by the bedside of the wounded lieutenant, and with her the novice.

The young man raised his eyes and recognized in the novice Dolores Monteverte. The recognition was mutual, and Dolores visited the bedside of the lieutenant every day after that; he would have no one else minister to him. And why should she not? Had she not resolved to be a sister of charity and spend her life in attending the sick? Her father had joined the army, been killed in battle, and she was an orphan now. The result was that when, after a month, Lieut. Ives was well enough to return to the United States, Dolores, reconsidering her determination to enter a convent, went with him as his bride, and Edward Ives was no longer "the bachelor" of his regiment.

The Hatchet Story in Sign Language.

[The Argonaut.]

An incident at the deaf and dumb schools of Kendall Green at Washington, affords a fine, though slight, instance of the curious modifications which the ideas of the blind or deaf suffer, and which in their thoroughness must be practically inconceivable to persons who are whole. A pupil was telling the familiar story of George Washington and the cherry tree, and wrote out the conclusion on the blackboard thus: "He took his hatchet in his left hand and told his father he did it." "Why did he take his hatchet in his left hand?" asked the teacher, surprised at the expression; and the answer came promptly, "Because he had to use his right hand to tell his father."

Extent of the Pop-Corn Trade.

[New York Mail and Express.]

The high price of corn has somewhat discouraged the manufacturers of pop-corn, who are compelled to pay increased money for their product while disposing of their goods at almost the same figures as obtained when corn was low. One manufacturer in New York manufactures as high as 70,000 pounds of pop-corn a year. He has now on hand a single contract for shipping 1,000 barrels to London. Shipments are made regularly to Hayti, France, Breslau, Berlin, Japan, China and Italy. The Italians prefer it to macaroni, and are heavy consumers of pop-corn. "Many physicians," said the pop-corn man, "are recommending their patients to use pop-corn as a cure for dyspepsia."

South American Revolutions.

A writer in The July Atlantic recalls Mr. Edward Everett Hale's rule for determining in advance the length of a South American outbreak: "Multiply the age of the president by the number of statute miles from the equator; divide by the number of pages in the given constitution; the result will be the length of the outbreak in days. This formula includes an allowance for the heat of the climate, the zeal of the leader, and the verbosity of the theorists."

Norristown Herald: A Maryland man has raised a lemon fifteen and a half inches in circumference. It is estimated that it will make 550,000 gallons of circus lemonad

AN UNAMERICAN CUSTOM.

Tip-Giving to Policemen, Barbers and Conductors.

[New York Sun.]

The disgusting custom of giving tips has lately grown to be almost as much of an abuse in New York as in London or Paris. Everybody knows how waiters are fed. The feeing of policemen after an ordinary query is not yet common here in the daytime, though it is by no means unusual for a man to drop a quarter into the hand of a policeman if he exerts himself in his interest at night. Many of them receive regular tips from men who habitually struggle home at 3 o'clock in the morning from their clubs.

Tipping the barber is now an absolute necessity in some shops. A recent suit in the Jefferson Market police court brought to light the fact that barbers habitually scrape the customers who do not fee them. Scraping is a form of crime only too familiar to all men who shave. When a man goes to a barber's chair the first time he is greeted with great cordiality. The barber makes some remark about the weather, rubs his victim's chin affectionately, tucks the cloth in about his neck nicely, and shaves him with great care. If the customer gives him the 10 cents change he will be greeted effusively by the barber, and addressed as an old friend, when he next enters the shop. If he drops the money in his own pocket and walks out, woe be unto him if he ever falls into that barber's clutches again.

The elevator boy in the hotel or apartment house, or a big down-town building, will always remember your name, the number of your room, and hold the elevator for you while you hurry down the corridor, if you tip him. Very many men do it. Those who do not find that people who come to see them do not readily find their rooms, and that letters left with the elevator boy are not promptly delivered. Besides, the boy finds it difficult to remember what time they went out and when they are expected back. An occasional coin smooths it all, however.

It has long been the custom to fee the driver of a stage when one clambers to the roof for a smoke. It is also customary to a small extent for passengers to pass their fare to the driver through the pigeon hole on the roof of the stage. This is the money which rightfully belongs in the box. The driver testifies his appreciation of this by stopping the stage near the gutter when the fee-giver alights, or driving toward him when he boards his stage again.

Occasionally one sees a passenger fee the conductor of the street car by telling him to keep the change from a 10-cent piece or by dropping a coin in his hand as a retainer, to insure being told when the car arrives at a particular street.

The housemaid in a particular family in New York, ten or fifteen years ago, regarded a tip as a rare and unusual thing. Many girls who were out at service, and who had come in from surrounding villages to work in New York, would have refused if a fee had been offered. This was particularly the case with American girls. This sort of thing has quite passed away with the introduction of French maids, and now all the members of the household corps, from the butler to the cook, will jump at a fee. A man easily learns that a coin left in the hand of a girl who opens the door will insure a prompt delivery of a card or a bouquet and any message which may accompany it.

The solemn and uncommunicative man at the stage door of a theatre almost demands a tip before a visitor can pass behind the scenes, no matter what his errand may be or however indisputable his right. He expects a tip as a matter of course, and is so thoroughly accustomed that he doesn't even deign to give thanks for the gratuity. Even clerks and messenger boys in some of the great stores accept gratuities with alacrity.

A Monkey College.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"The latest thing in educational news," said a naturalist to an Enquirer writer, "is the college of monkeys, in London. Half a dozen evolutionists and naturalists of the very advanced school are attempting to teach monkeys to talk or express their wants. The method is at first by letter blocks. A block alphabet, in which the letters are all distinctly colored, is arranged before the monkey student, which is first taught to select some simple word, as pie, and when he picks out the letters and forms the word he is given a piece of pie, so there is a constant incentive to learn, the prizes all being bread and butter, so to speak." "And what are the results?" asked the visitor. "They have not been divulged yet," was the reply, "but one of the authors of the scheme states that there is to be a public exhibition in June, when the monkeys can be heard for themselves. If a pig can be taught so many wonderful things, I see no reason why a monkey should not. It is acknowledged that ants have a language and talk to one another, and that the light of some insects is used as a means of communication between them, so why not other and higher animals?

Beauty and the Buttons.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

The girl with soft gray eyes and rippling brown hair, who walked all over your poor, fluttering heart at the charity ball, has just finished a crazy quilt containing 1,064 pieces of neckties and hat-linings, put together with 21,390 stitches. And her poor old father fastens on his suspenders with a long nail, a piece of twine, a sharp stick, and one regularly ordained button.

Names It Neith.

[Scientific Exchange.]

Mons. J. C. Houzen has attempted to prove that an object which has been occasionally seen since 1672, and which some astronomers have regarded as a satellite of Venus, is really a little planet revolving about the sun between Venus and the earth. He names it Neith.

Col. F. W. Parker: Every child is a born naturalist, and God has implanted curiosity as the basis of the child's nature, and, under the idea of freedom, the discovery of truth is the first object sought.

G. M. Adam: Patriotism requires that a man shall work for his country and fellow-men as he works for himself.

At the Siege of Atlanta.

[Philadelphia Times.]

For some time before the arrival of our army in front of the handsome city of Atlanta, a large number of men had been engaged in preparing its defenses. Competent engineers had planned the works, and there was an abundance of cannon and gunpowder. The southern people had been slow to believe that the Union soldiers would be able to penetrate so far into the south, and it was only when they came knocking at the doors that they could be brought to realize such was really the case. When this was found to be true, however, the work was pushed on apace. Negroes were brought in from all directions, and made to work night and day until the defenses assumed a form that would last for years. Too much was done upon them, perhaps, and they held our troops off well enough, never having been carried by assault. This was the aim of the Confederate engineers, no doubt, but our general-in-chief was too wise to attempt to carry them at once, and gained them eventually by cutting off supplies.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the nights during the siege, and there was no suffering on account of cold. The men would lie down anywhere with their single blanket and rest comfortably. Ordinarily, however, two men slept together; and were able to have one blanket above and another underneath them. So they rested, talking sometimes well into the night and at other times so much fatigued that they dropped asleep as soon as the blankets were laid down. They were not over-particular, and with a good parapet to shield them against cannon-shot, what more had they to ask? They ate their rations of pork and hard bread with the greatest relish, and made coffee in their tin quart cups, the handles being riveted on so that they could not drop off when the solder was melted. On marches the men were loaded down with rifle, spade, blanket, cartridge-box, haversack, belts, and bayonet-scabbard. But the marches were very short ones, and the column moved at a snail's pace.

Some of the men bore pickaxes, and the way they would make the dirt fly when they halted was something wonderful. Soon the breastwork was raised sufficiently to shelter them, when trees were cut down and placed on the tops, securely held in place by crotches and sharpened stakes crossing each other. The men became very expert in putting up these kind of shelters, and could burrow almost as readily as badgers. Stern necessity had taught them a great many things, one of which was the way to protect themselves, and they did it very well indeed. Sometimes, however, the Confederates made their appearance unexpectedly, in some quarter, where then was a struggle for mastery fearful to behold. The two armies became mixed together in a wild fight that was carried on with the most deadly purpose, but it was soon over, when there was comparative calm.

Noblemen for Hire.

[London Letter.]

The saying that an Englishman dearly loves a lord has become proverbial, and hence a good many members of the aristocracy, devoid alike of cash or characters, are always found ready to lend their names to more or less doubtful financial enterprises. Of course in this category I do not include noblemen of the standing of the duke of Sutherland, the earl of Bessborough, Sir David Gooch, Lord Claud Hamilton, the earl of Wharncliffe, and many other men of title, who own large interests in the companies that they are connected with and are excellent and thoroughly honorable men of business. The class I refer to are known as "Guinea pigs," as they find the guineas paid them each time they attend a board meeting, a welcome addition to the scanty incomes on which they manage to make so brave an appearance in the fashionable world.

One lord I knew some years ago who was always ready to preside at an entertainment or public meeting of any sort or for any object, for a fee of $10, and this octogenarian brother of one duke and uncle of another was always very particular in securing his fee before he took his seat on the platform. It is so notorious that many of these lords, baronets, knights and connections of peers of the realm do not take the smallest trouble to inquire into the antecedents and standing of the promoters of the schemes to which they so willingly lend the weight of their noble names. All they insist on is that they receive their fees regularly and they neither know nor care how many thousands of pounds are lost annually by the unfortunate investors who find out too late that these noble names are but broken reeds to rest confidence upon.

Jackson's Democracy.

[Nashville Banner.]

John Cryer, a mason, was on several occasions engaged to build chimneys at the Hermitage, and while at work often observed the most refined and wealthy people of Nashville coming to visit the general and his wife. The good mason, having more or less of mortar ornamenting his clothes, would say to Jackson that he "would not go to the first table to eat;" that he "was not fit to appear in such elegant company."

The general always replied, "You must go to the first table, sir; laboring men ought to be as highly honored as any men in the community, for the support of the world depends on the labor. I will see that you are treated with proper respect at my table."

This story is certainly to the credit of Jackson's democracy, however it may be as to his social graces. Cryer, frequently, laughing, said that he had been more honored than any man in the world, for President Jackson had frequently waited on him and brought him brick and mortar when his regular attendant was out of the way.

Graham Flour.

[Exchange.]

The graham flour manufactured these days is not as nutritious as some people suppose. The bran in the flour is what kills its beneficial effects. There is no more nutriment in the bran than there is in a piece of flint. The habitual use of graham flour lessens stomachic and intestinal energy, and the drain on the system is enormous.

It is better wisdom to fix things than to take them as they come.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

The Art of Photo-Lithography To Be Revolutionized.

[Atlanta (Ga.) Cor. New York Telegram.]

A discovery that is destined to revolutionize the present method of photo-lithographing has been made by Mr. John Ildo Ramsdell, of this city. Mr. Ramsdell is the editor and proprietor, as well as the artist, printer and lithographer, of the well-known southern illustrated weekly paper, The Cracker. "The new invention," says Mr. Clark Howell, scientific editor of The Constitution, "will introduce into the art of printing possibilities never yet dreamed of." The discovery is the result of several months' patient study and experimenting, it is wonderfully simple, and the results attained are positively marvelous. In the presence of a small company of journalists especially invited to test the invention, Mr. Ramsdell exhibited the entire process which he has perfected.

A fine steel engraving, a frontispiece in one of the leading magazines, was selected as the picture to be reproduced. The effects of light and shade were especially delicate, and it was thought the new process might fail to bring these out in their original perfection. The experts looked at their watches—it lacked three minutes of 1 o'clock. Mr. Ramsdell slipped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and at the given signal the engraving was torn quickly and dextrously from the book and plunged into a big "bath," the ingredients of which at present remain a profound secret. In nine seconds it was removed, placed on a large piece of glass, and a printer's gelatine roller, covered with ordinary printer's ink, was passed over it a few times. The paper was then lifted from the smooth glass surface and placed upon the lithographing stone, and the "impression" was made. The acids were applied, the stone was completed in a few seconds, and after a moment's adjustment of the machinery the press began throwing off the fac-similes. The experts looked at their watches again—it was one minute after 1. The entire process had been successfully accomplished in just four minutes.

The process is so exceedingly simple that any boy of 14 can do all the work just as well as an expert photo-lithographer could do it.

Mr. Ramsdell has filed an application for letters patent, and has organized a company of wealthy Atlanta capitalists to push the introduction of the invention.

A New and Strange Disease.

[London Medical Record.]

Attention has lately been drawn in one of our medical contemporaries to a disease met with in Siberia known in Russia by the name of "miryachit." The person affected seems compelled to imitate anything he hears or sees, and an interesting account is given of a steward, who was reduced to a perfect state of misery by his inability to avoid imitating everything he heard and saw. One day the captain of the steamer, running up to him, suddenly clapping his hands at the same time, accidentally slipped and fell hard on the deck. Without having been touched, the steward instantly clapped his hands and shouted; then, in helpless imitation, he, too, fell as hard and almost precisely in the same manner and position as the captain. This disease has been met with in Java, where it is known as "lata." In the case of a female servant who had the same irresistible tendency to imitate, one day at dessert her mistress, wishing to exhibit this peculiarity, and catching the woman's eye, suddenly reached across the table, and seizing a large French plum, made pretense to swallow it whole. The woman rushed at the dish and put a plum in her mouth, and, after severe choking and semi-asphyxia, succeeded in swallowing it, but her mistress neve tried the experiment again.

A Cautious Purchaser.

[New York Sun.]

"I was recommended here by a friend," said a seedy-looking man, as he entered a drug store, "who told me that you did a very large business, and that any purchases I might want to make could be effected on reasonable terms."

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir. We have built up a very large trade by faithful attention to business, and by honest efforts to please our numerous customers."

"Such a line of policy, I take it," said the seedy-looking man, gazing at the proprietor with an air of great confidence, "contains the essential elements of commercial success. A conscientious consideration for the wants of one's customer's, while, at the same time, a proper observance of what is due one's self, will win in the long run. I am a professional man myself, but I take considerable pride in stating that I am, nevertheless, a practical man, and possessed of practical ideas."

"Undoubtedly, sir, undoubtedly," responded the druggist, rubbing his hands, expectantly; "and now what can we do for you, sir?"

"You may give me a 2-cent postage stamp, if you please."

The Best Taste.

[Chronicle "Undertones."]

I don't believe that man is the highest order of animal. A horse gets up in its stall, shakes itself, and walks out to its daily toil. Cows seem to keep themselves cleaner than some men and look a great deal better. Birds are as a rule a model of neatness. Fishes are always dainty. But a man has to lock his bed-room door, dress himself, adorn his figure, brush his hair and fix himself up before he can go out and face his fellow-man, and after all he is only an imitation. The Creator left him to do for himself what nature does for the animals and nature has always the best taste.

F. Harold Williams: A blameless person is all very well in a book, to point a moral or adorn a tale, but in real life he is distinctly disagreeable, because he is so different from every one else.

Louisville Courier-Journal: The New York Journal says that "the man in the moon is economical." He has to be. Everything up there is so high.

The new mode in Paris of disposing of babies not needed is to take them to church and leave them under a seat.

One of the Gettysburg Stories.

[Cor. Waterbury (Conn.) American.]

While in Gettysburg last week I had an interview with Mrs. Peter Thorn, who was in Gettysburg at the time of the battle there, and was told by her the following, which I think has never yet been printed. The story has been corroborated by a number of the people of that place, and I have every reason to believe it to be true. Mrs. Thorn lived in the house at the entrance of the Borough cemetery. The house was used as headquarters by Gen. O. O. Howard. Mrs. Thorn's husband was away from home at that time (serving in the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and stationed in Virginia), leaving her with two quite young children.

During the first day of the fight Gen. Howard wanted some one to show him and tell him about the different roads leading from Gettysburg, and asked a number of men and boys who were in the cellar of the house to go with him and point them out. But these persons were all fearful, and refused to go. Then Mrs. Thorn showed her courage and patriotism by voluntarily offering to show the roads. This offer was at first refused by Gen. Howard, who said he did not wish a woman to do what men had not the courage to do. Mrs. Thorn persisted in her offer, saying: "Somebody must show you, and I can do it. I was born and brought up about here and know the roads as well as anybody." Her offer was accepted, and with the general and his horse between her and the fire of the enemy, Mrs. Thorn went from one place to another pointing out the different roads.

When passing along the line of troops the general was greeted with: "Why do you take a woman for a guide? This is no place for her." "I know it," said the officer, "but I could not get a man to come; they were all afraid." This answer to them started cheers for Mrs. Thorn, which lasted several minutes, and showed that our soldiers admired the courage shown at such a time.

Chairs Instead of Pews.

[Chicago Times.]

A modern idea for making sinners comfortable when they go to church is advanced by a New York dealer in church decorations and furnishings. It is to have single chairs, such as are used in theaters, substituted for pews in our houses of worship. They are already in use in the gallery of the Collegiate Reformed church in New York. He says in advocacy of his plan: "Chair backs are more agreeable to the eye than the straight lines of a pew back; they prevent crowding; each chair has a book-rack, a hat-rack, and a foot-rest, and some have places for canes, umbrellas, and parasols; they give better cash returns than pews. Many who do not want whole pews hesitate about hiring parts of pews. When a church is seated with chairs each member of a family hires a seat. Single men and women hire seats. As a matter of actual experience, churches that have substituted chairs for pews have obtained permanent increase of income from the sittings of from 60 to 80 per cent. That means, of course, greatly increased attendance. People who desire to be very exclusive hire an entire row of seats."

Billiards Set to Music.

[Peck's Sun.]

Patti's billiard table, and her achievements as a player are spoken of quite frequently at present. The table is of carved mahogany, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and brass, with bronze medallions fixed to its sides and ends, and cost $2,500. The maker was asked: "Is there any truth in the stories about Patti's achievement as a billiardist?" "O, yes, she plays quite a good game. In one of her games with Dion she made a run of eighteen at three-ball caroms, which is quite a respectable showing for any player at that game." "Who taught her to play?" "Her own Nicolini. He is an enthusiast, and carries about a hundred fancy cues with him in his tours." Here is a chance for some enterprising playwright to produce an opera with a game of billiards set to music, in which Patti can take the cake, and probably the bakery. Imagine the beautiful cantatrice, in suitable costume, dextrously manipulating the ivories, and waxing her opponent, the heavy villain, with the poor but favored lover et. al. as spectators and chorus. It would be immense.

Tom Corwin's Anecdote.

[Toledo Blade.]

The "change of base" by politicians and by political parties, who all the while claim not to have shifted their positions, was illustrated in debate by Tom Corwin by the following anecdote: "Many years previous," he said, "when silk goods were scarce and dear, an old lady in Ohio purchased a pair of black silk stockings. Being very proud of this addition to her dress, she wore them frequently until they become quite worn out; as often, however, as a hole appeared in these choice articles, she very carefully darned it up; but for this purpose, having no silk, she was obliged to use white yarn. She usually appropriated Saturday evening to this exercise. Finally, she had darned them so much that not a single particle of the original material or color remained. Yet such was the force of habit with her, that as often as Saturday evening came she would say to her granddaughter: 'Anny, bring me my silk stockings.'"

Mexican Street-Cars.

[Steele's "Mexico."]

All Mexico is street-car crazy, but the most remarkable branch of the "tram via" system undoubtedly will be found in operation at Traccatecos. Its grade up to the railroad station is something near 8 per cent., and on the opposite side of the town about 6 per cent. Through these narrow and crowded streets six good-sized mules to the car are made to go at a keen gallop. There are two drivers, a brakeman and two conductors, besides, I think, a man whose extra official functions are somehow connected with the mangement of a long whip. Once at the top of the hill, the mules are taken off and the car is turned loose, laden with passengers, running down the steep incline at something like twenty miles an hour.

Self-Assertion.

[Helen Willmans in Chicago Express.]

Strike out boldly for yourself. Stand squarely upon your feet. Neither beg nor borrow. Pursue your own line of original thought, asking permission of no one, seeking endorsement of no one, leaving results to take care of themselves. Find out by actual experiment the inherent strength of your own creativeness, and let this strength stand as the measure of your manhood before the world.

The Mantle of Forrest.

[Commercial Gazette.]

Amateur tragedian—Yes, sir, I claim that the mantle of Forrest has fallen on my shoulders.

Unsympathizing stranger—Indeed! how you must suffer!

Tragedian—Suffer?

Stranger—Yes, it fell from such a height, you know.