THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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BRILLIANTS.

The patient pleading of the trees—
How deep it shames the soul's despair!
In supplication moveless, mute,
They keep their attitude of prayer.
—[John Vance Cheney.

He who stands by my side alway,
Nor waits to see what the world will say,
Caring not what my fortune be,
He is my friend, the friend for me.
—[F. F. Wetherby.

Great souls have died for truth, and left
their fame
To be the watchword of another age;
By virtue, justice, courage, and high aim,
Descend through time, a common heritage,
And heroes live to-day in all but name.
—[Charles L. Hildreth.

Bodily Attitude and Health.

[American Queen.]

A writer on health very justly condemns lounging [illegible] a large number of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: "An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in a sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or walking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It crams the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and theoric organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humpbacked or severely round-shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit or stand, or walk, or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

How They Got Him Out.

[Chicago Times.]

In Paris, recently, a workmen fell over the parapet of one of the bear-pits at the Jardin des Plantes, and very nearly became a prey to two huge bears awaiting their afternoon repast. The man lay for a few minutes insensible, with a bad wound on his head, from which there was a copious flow of blood. The spectators for a short time kept the bears employed by throwing them endless pieces of bread, but they made so much noise in carrying out their well-meant stratagem that the animals were frightened away from this frugal entertainment, and the male, wandering about in search of refuge, approached the more palatable food, and licked up the blood flowing from the prostrate sufferer's wound. Amid intense excitement the keepers arrived, and the man recovered his senses. Seeing his danger, however, he lay still, as if dead, while the keepers prepared a rope and distracted the bear from its prey by striking it with long poles. At length the prisoner clutched the rope and was speedily hauled aloft, to the disappointment of the bear, who displayed much irritation at the withdrawal of so dainty and ample a meal. The rescued individual, who was badly hurt by his fall, was conveyed to the hospital.

A Detective's Shrewdness.

[London Standard.]

Only a few months ago the papers gave an instance of the acuteness of a French detective. A man had murdered his female companion and buried her body in a cellar. The corpse was discoved, and the man then said that the woman had killed herself by falling down stairs, and that he had buried her secretly, fearing to be accused of her death. He asserted that this "accident" took place in the autumn, in October. The detective observed the traces of smoke on the ceiling. "You had a candle when you buried the body," he remarked, and was answered in the affirmative. "And you say you only entered this cellar that one day in October?" The suspected man again averred it. "You are speaking falsely," retorted the detective, and showed the murderer, between the crevices of the ceiling, the half-consumed larvæ of certain insects which only lay in the spring, and which had been burnt by his candle at the time when he had actually buried his victim.

Equalizing the Charges.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Railroad Magnate—See here, sir! this won't do. You sell me that sugar at 10 cents a pound, and I have just found out that you have been charging my son 15 cents for the same brand.

Grocer—But you see, sir, your son lives in the next square, close by, while you reside a mile away, and I have been afraid that if I did not sell you at a low price you would prefer to buy at some grocery nearer home.

R. R. Magnate—I can't help that. You have no right to discriminate against my son in that way, just because he lives near you.

Grocer—Well, I will stop it.

R. R. Magnate—And let him have his sugar at 10 cents.

Grocer—No, I will charge you 15 cents.

Got Ahead of Lincoln.

[New York Tribune.]

The story was told of President Lincoln's first visit to the penitentiary at Springfield, Ills. An old criminal, looking out through the bars of his cell, remarked:

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, you and I ought to be well posted on prisons; we've seen all there are in the country."

"Why, this is the first one I ever visited," said Mr. Lincoln, and was astonished at the response:

"But I've been in all the rest."

Grateful Are We.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Yes, we think well of bicycles and bicyclers; we love to watch them wing their noiseless way swiftly past the house and we are glad we do not keep a gun. Every Saturday afternoon there is one particular bicycler goes by; a fat man; a very fat man in knickerbockers, a pleated blouse, short skirted and gathered in at the belt, mutton chop whiskers, single eye-glass and navy cap. Grateful, indeed, are we, every Saturday, that there is no gun in the house.

Didn't Like It.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Yerger being afflicted with faceache, sent to the drug store for some carbolic salve, which she rubbed on her jaw. The salve smelt like creosote, whereupon her son Johnny remarked:

"Mamma, I wouldn't use the medicine. It smells like toothache."

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is said to have had a fondness for boiled sea gulls, quince cheese, and hartshorn jelly, dainties unknown to the nineteenth century bill of fare.

THE BANK CHECK.

[New York Times.]

What I have to tell is absolutely true. It did happen exactly as I shall try to write it. The only thing I will omit are the names of the persons and the place where it happened. I might by lengthening out the story show the play of those fell passions, greed and covetousness, but I trust what I have to say will not lose its point from brevity. The moral is the same old trite one, that honesty is the best policy. When a man is tempted to commit a wicked action it often happens that the injury done another becomes irreparable. There is a sequence in all dishonest transactions which escapes the evil-doer. Effect follows cause. This may come instantly, as quickly as an explosion when the hammer of the gun-lock strikes the cap containing the fulminate, or the fire may hang back, but it will come some day or other. This is a longer preamble than I thought would be drawn from my pen, but as I am not a young man I may indulge in such comments, because in the life of any one who has passed the half century the force of inevitable constantly occurs to him. A man of my age has been long enough in this world to have seen passing before him many a sad drama; he has been present at the very first scene, and has been an unwilling witness of the terrible conclusion.

I suppose few people who have had direct transactions with banks are not aware that errors sometimes happen. The heads of firms rarely are acquainted with such mistakes. It is the business of clerks who have the checks cashed to see that the amounts paid them are correct. Paying tellers if they do err are rather likely to pay too much than too little. Should they give more money than the face of the check calls for, if the receiver of the money is dishonest, then the payer does not always hear about it. If he underpays, the demand for the difference is invariably made at once. I am rather inclined to repeat the assertion that in such mistakes as are made in the rush of business, it is the commoner error to pay too much. Sometimes a very tired man, whose brain has been too long on the stretch, or who is ill or nervous, mistakes the number of the check for the amount, and pays away some thousands instead of hundreds. I have known this to happen in a New York bank to a young friend of mine. He had sufficient good judgment not to embarrass the paying teller by making any noise about it. He resumed his place in the line, handed back his bank book, politely requested the teller to look at the check he had presented, the amount he had received, and it was all so quietly done that he made for life a fast friend of a careful and expert bank teller. I have two or three times been overpaid by a bank teller. People who shop have very often mistakes made in their change to their advantage. Need it be said that without waiting an instant restitution should be made?

I was a clerk in a house when the incident I am about telling happened. We did a large business in the city of——, and our check-book was in constant demand. I made out the checks and kept the bank account, but did not have the signature of the firm. Generally for greater security, when the amount was large, I drew out the money myself. A great many of the transactions we were engaged in required us to pay at once to the individual the hard cash.

The paying teller of our bank in the business season had all he could attend to. The money to be paid for an agricultural product very much in demand would on some days make the cash disbursements of the bank amount to $750,000. I remembered that on one occasion, looking at the teller, he seemed tired and depressed. Presenting my check for some amount less than $1,000—wanted by me in $5 and $10 bills—he overpaid me $50. He had counted the money over twice before passing it to me. I recounted the money, found the error, and, being pressed for time, could not return the $50 until after 3 o'clock. The teller was obliged to me, but I noticed that he bore a worried look. A month after this we had some balance to pay a customer living out of the city, amounting to $456. A check was drawn by me, handed to the creditor, and his account was balanced. The business entirely dropped out of my mind.

Some three months afterward the firm received a letter from this man, which was rather ambiguous of its kind. There was an error, so he said, in his account. Would we look over it? At once I examined the books, checked off every item, went through all the debts and credits of his business, and ended by inspecting the final check paid him. My employers, who were very honest and careful gentlemen, were satisfied with the accuracy of the account, and I was instructed to write him a letter to that effect. I did so, as politely as I could, but at the conclusion of my letter I said, "You leave us in the dark, however, as to one thing. Three months have elapsed since our check was given to you. If you had not been paid what was due you we should have certainly heard from you before. Have you been overpaid?" My senior employer, a shrewd business man, looking over my letter, remarked, "Perhaps your question here might not be liked by Mr. ——. However, let it go." I mailed the letter. We heard nothing more about it for a month. Then there came a tortuous letter from the man. "His account was wrong," he wrote. "Maybe he had come across some money he could not exactly account for." He did not state how much money it was, or how it happened. It was a mean shamble on his part. I knew that. He had pricks of conscience; that I was certain of. The firm consulted with me what they should do. I made up my mind that more money had been paid the man on the check than he was entitled to. I went at once to the teller of the bank. I found him ill, nervous, and tremulous. "Yes," he said, "my accounts were wrong. There had been a big deficit. I have not slept for months. I am afraid I have overpaid some one. But thank God I made it up. I mortgaged my house and passed the amount short to the credit of the bank. I must have made a blunder somewhere. But the strain on my mind has been killing me. I feel as if I were no longer fit for the place." He seemed to me to have moments of doubt and uncertainty. "I still cling to my place," he said. "Of course I have no recollection of having ever paid that check of $456." I said to him that I had hopes of getting some of the money back, but I did not like to tell him how. But what I did do was to go that evening to the president of the bank and state the case to him. As it had been through him that I owed my position in the firm, he had every confidence in me. My advice was asked. I was forced to declare that I thought the paying teller had better be given another and lighter position. The next day when I went to the bank the old teller had been apparently relieved. He was casting up some accounts in the ledger. When I spoke to him across the railing he did not seem to recognize me. Next day I was shocked to learn through the president of the bank, that such positive indications of mental trouble had been shown by the teller, that his friends had thought it wiser to confine him to his house. His accounts had been at once rigorously examined, and were found to be correct. It was perfectly true that he had mortgaged his house, and had paid the amount into the bank. He had concealed the loss for three months or more from the bank, which was a mistake on his part, but he had been punctilious enough to even add the interest for some ninety days.

Now, I felt absolutely certain that the man to whom the check had been paid must be a rascal. If he had offered restitution it came late—very much late. My firm gave me carte blanche to manage the matter as I pleased. I could not have him arrested. As he lived in an isolated part of the country, no efficient summons could reach him. If I had been aggressive before, probably not a cent would have been returned. I wrote now, a sharp letter. I said: "That a very large amount of money must have been paid him over and above the face of the last check given him, which was for $456." I stated, "that I knew exactly how much it was." I must confess outright that this was a bluff. I was not sure that the teller had not made other mistakes besides this one. I wrote that "unless the money was at once restored I would blast his reputation. If he was inclined to be honest, even at this late date, let him do all he could and send back the whole amount." I thought it wiser not to let him know the mental condition of the teller. I was quite certain that if he knew that if the teller was out of his mind not one penny would be return. I wrote to him that he must be in a hurry about it. That only the teller and I knew of it, and that my firm were yet in ignorance."

At once, by return mail, I had a letter. The sum was not, as he said, what I represented it to be. He made some specious arguments about a man finding a purse, and the description of it not tallying with the actual purse lost, or the amount in it. Under such circumstances, was a man bound to return it? If I could prove that he had been overpaid, I ought to state exactly what was the amount. He might, he added, "never have written me a word about it, and no one would have been the wiser. But he had a conscience," so he said. I replied with a vigorous letter. I confuted his arguments. "He knew," I said, "the moment he had the bank-notes passed over to him that he had been overpaid." A man might find a piece of gold in the dust of the road, and could never tell who dropped it there. But there was no analogy between the two cases. I cried "for immediate restoration, or there would be an exposure." His answer did not come for ten days. "I was mistaken," he said. "He was not aware that he had been overpaid until he got home. Then he did not know of it for a week afterward. It came out then in his accounts." I knew this to be a wicked lie, but it contained at least the written acknowledgment that he had been overpaid. His letter concluded as follows: "The matter has worried me considerably; has taken up a great deal of my time, and time for me is money. Don't you think there should be compensation allowed me, or in other words, can't we make a compromise?" (Oh, the blackguard!) "If such a thing could be arranged I will come to the city and pay over to you the money. I am not afraid of the bank. I consider that my transactions have been with your firm."

The money overpaid by the teller had been some $4,000, and he had probably counted out $4,560 instead of $456. I hated to do it, but I offered the scoundrel his traveling expenses. His reply came promptly: "To leave his business was worth a great deal more than that. Then, again, he thought of bringing his wife on with him and enjoying themselves." The up and down of it was that I must offer him a certain amount. "My temptations, you remember, have been very great." I offered him $500. I was disgusted. I felt like going to his place and tackling him myself. "This is my ultimatum," I said. "If I do not hear from you in ten days I will disclose the whole matter and you will be dishonored." His letter came back promptly enough. "He would take the $500. It wasn't very much. The bank was ever so rich. Corporations had no souls." I consulted with the bank president, who thought it was better to close with the man. Would it be believed that that wretch and his wife came to —— apparently on a pleasure trip? He had done a sharp and a clever piece of business. He had not the least compunctions of conscience. He came to the office of an evening, and I do not hesitate in saying that in my hip pocket there was a revolver. He handed me over something less than $2,000, asserting that the amount received less the traveling expenses and the $500 made up this balance. When the money had been transferred by me to the safe I gave him a piece of my mind. I did not spare him. I heaped on him every insulting epithet I could think of. Then he showed his temper, which was an ugly one. "Now," said I, (remember, I was 26 then, and hotter blood ran through my veins than to-day), "you are worse than a thief; you are a murderer. You have wrecked an honest man's brains. That teller of the bank, whose money you took, has lost his reason. He will, I am afraid, never be a sane man again. This is your work." That seemed to cow him. "Your repentance comes too late. I hate you so that—God forgive me—had you as much as lifted a finger against me, I should not have hesitated in killing you like a dog, and no jury in the land would have touched a hair of my head. Go out of this city by the early morning train, or I will make you." The wretch left the office like a whipped cur. What was the sequel? A sad one. The bank teller lapsed into a melancholy condition, which rendered all mental labor impossible. He had some little money, but many friends, and such few comforts as he required were ungrudgingly given him. He died ten years ago. He never did completely recover his senses. As to the canting rascal, his fate was a dire one. Somehow the whole story came out, though I did not divulge it In that section of country where he lived he was discredited. He took to drink, and became a confirmed inebriate. He neglected his business, and his plantation was sold. His wife sought and obtained a divorce. Two years ago I read that in a brawl in the most degraded quarter of a town in Alabama this man met his death in a negro dance-house.

Training Children.

[Philadelphia Call.]

A child's education in obedience should begin at a very early age, but in a most gentle way; little by little as events occur. Do not crowd the young mind by telling it what it should not do. Simply tell it what it should do.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FORTUNE.

What a Bundle of Confederate Bonds Brought an Orphan.

[Frankfort (N. C.) Letter.]

This quaint old place, which lies in the center of the Quaker settlements, was during the war a favorite resort of "refugees," by which name was designated those persons whose homes in the eastern section of the state were inside the danger line, or in the counties already held by the Federal troops. In this sleepy town these found a haven of refuge, and made themselves comfortable, to remain while the war lasted. They brought here their money and the old-fashioned bank stored Confederate bonds and currency in great amounts. The crash came in the fatal 1865, and Stoneman's raiders whirled down so near that most of the refugees prepared to fly. A little later the war ended.

The big old safe, as solemn as the grave and as chary of its secrets, was shut. But few of the depositors had withdrawn the now valueless currency it contained. The bank, a dead corporation, ceased to exist; dying as it had lived, lazily. Years rolled by, each making the old safe and its secrets more solemn still, as it stood cob-webbed in one corner of the lower rooms of the gloomy old bank building. Rumors of its contents being of value began to be created in the fertile field, imagination, and it was whispered that in its deep recesses lay piles of sound silver, vast quantities of bonds, jewelry worth a prince's ransom, and finally the contents of the safe became a matter of daily conjecture. Last year the "boom" in Confederate bonds began. The safe was ransacked. From its capacious depths were taken out quite $3,000,000 in Confederate bonds, and nearly $1,000,000 in state bonds and as much in Confederate and state currency. The bonds were tied in rolls or in boxes, and the names of the owners could be found in but one case. On a large roll was found the name of "Adam Exum, 1863." The bundle was found to contain 1,500 $1,000 Confederate bonds. What the long-dead owner had paid full value for and what had been for years so much waste paper, had become worth $5.50 per $1,000.

But strange as the past events might seem, future ones were even more curious. It was found that Exum had gone to Charleston, S. C., October, 1863, and nothing had since been heard of him. His son, a soldier, had been wounded; had married after the war in Virginia; had come back to North Carolina; died in 1871; his wife following a year after, and their child, a girl, had been placed in an orphan asylum. The action of the ex-bank officers were prompt and just. When told about the girl, so poor, so desolate, they sold the bonds on which were her grandfather's name, and sent the money they brought ($8,250) to a Raleigh bank, notifying the superintendent of the orphan asylum where the girl was being cared for. The case is a curious one in all respects, and is attracting much attention in the state wherever known. The girl is intelligent and modest, and, though no great fortune comes to her, yet the strangeness of its coming gives to it an interest which would not ordinarily attach to it. The girl has been sent to a lead ng school.

How the Prince of Wales Looks.

[Olive Logan's London Letter.]

The most powerful supporter Gen. Baker has is his liege lord the prince of Wales, but you know the old adage, qui se resemblent, s'assemblent. I saw the heir apparent in a hansom this morning—not a common hansom, you understand—his own hansom, a magnificently appointed little affair, with such a beauty of a bit of gray horseflesh between the shafts. Dear me, how that exquisite, shapely brute did dance about! The driver was a light-weight, a good-looking young fellow, in the usual gray livery of the Wales'. We always know the princess is coming when we see the gray livery and the horses with red head-bands and red rosettes and we always know the prince is coming when we see the gray livery without the red ribbons. So, forewarned forearmed, we have time to stop and have a good stare. The prince is getting uglier and more dissipated-looking every day and the princess seems more and more charming every time we see her. Whatever the real home life of this so famous couple may be we know not, but their demeanor to each other in public is so really affectionate that one wonders at their cleverness in keeping up appearances—that is, if they do not care for each other. We think it surprising that a man who has such a pretty and good wife as Alexandra is should care to associate with the creatures we hear his name coupled with.

Noted Checker-Players.

[Exchange.]

Chess is oftened mentioned as the favorite game of great generals, diplomats, and scholars; but the simpler, though, perhaps, not less pleasing game of checkers must have its innings on that score, too. Not only did Plato use it for philosophical illustration, and Cicero turn to it for mental diversion, and Frederick the Great spend hours over it, but, in later days, such men as Lincoln and Garibaldi prized it highly; and it is said that, as his namesake's place in Ithaca was the scene of many checker contests, so Gen. Grant used to "clean out the boys" at West Point at it, and indeed ascribes much of his military success to the training of the sixty-four squares.

Curious Natural Barometer.

[Exchange.]

The natives of the Chiloe islands make use of a curious natural barometer, to which, from its having been first noticed by the captain of an Italian corvette, the name "Barometre Araucano" has been given. This novel weather guide is the shell of a crab, one of the Anomura, probably of the genus Lithodes. It is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric changes. It has a color nearly white, in dry weather; but as soon as wet weather approaches small red spots are exhibited, varying in number and intensity with the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. In the rainy season it is completely red.

Under the Cottonwoods.

[Chicago Herald "Meddler."]

"I see the cholera is coming," said a big man to another on the north side street-cars. "I never hear of the epidemic but I think of an incident that came under my own observation in Missouri. A physician in one of the prairie towns of that state went away to California during the gold fever that raged so strangely in this country so many years ago. His companion was his old man-servant, one of the best old negroes that ever lived. The mistress was left in Missouri to take care of the old house. There were few mails in those days and months passed away before any tidings came back of the master and his servant. One evening, two years after, the old negro came back and found his "Missus" in the doorway of the old home. He had a short story to tell.

First he laid down at her feet $10,000 in gold. The story told was of a dying master, his command to the old servant, and a grave in the sound of the waves of the Pacific. At the time of the old servant's return the cholera was sweeping over the west. That very night the old servant died, and in an hour after the old "missus," hearing of it, had passed away. They were buried on a knoll on the prairie side by side. Two cottonwood trees, the only ones in the range of the eye stood sentinel above their sleeping places.

One day two bodies of men fought on this site. The struggle was brief, but it was as fierce as any that the war witnessed. It is known in history as the battle of Lone Jack. During its engagement a wounded soldier crawled over to one of these graves and rested upon it, under the cottonwood trees. He had not been there long when another one did the same thing. One of them was a rebel soldier, the other was a Federal. They were brothers. One of the graves where the greeting took place was that of the mother of the rebel and Federal. The other grave was that of the old servant. The war ended right there, so far as those boys were concerned. I never hear of cholera that I don't think of this incident."

Thought "Sumthin'" Was the Matter.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Did you ever," asked a New York Central fireman, "hear of old Jerry Drew who lives up near Rochester? No? Well, we had a scrimmage with him one day. He gets drunk every time he goes to town, and that day he was drunker than ever. He allus seemed to get to the track 'bout time we got to the road, an' I've seen him whip up his horses and whoop and yell and try to get there the same minute we did many a time. He seemed to delight in it. Once he stopped right on the track, and when we came up slow with brakes on he dared us to come any closer, and said he'd run over us. Had to whistle and scare his horses in order to get him off. The time I started out to tell you about, though, Jerry had had too much and was sound asleep in his wagon. The horses went on the track right in front of us, and the whole institution was busted all to pieces. We stopped as quick as we could an' run back. Both horses was killed and the wagon all cut up to kindlin' wood an' scrap iron. Over by the fence was old Jerry. I saw he wasn't dead right away. The shock had woke him up, an' he was tryin' to drink out of the neck of a bottle, the neck being all there was left of it. 'What's the matter here?' I shouted to him. He looked up, opened his eyes a little, an' gazed around him. 'I guess—hic,' he said, 'I guess I must o'—hic—run into sumthin'."

The Jews in Russia.

[Boston Advertiser.]

There can be no question that the Jews have a hard time of it in Russia. The miserable scenes which have just been enacted at Novgorod are only a repetition of what has repeatedly taken place during the past two or three years in various parts of the czar's dominions. The Russian law itself teaches the people to look with contempt and hostility upon the Jews. Under that law the avocations open to the Jew are strongly restricted. He cannot be a lawyer or a doctor, or even a merchant in the ordinary sense. He is forever forbidden to hope for anything like social rank or political preferment. If he would live, he must stick to usury and the smaller trades. He stands, moreover, in perpetual peril of insult, outrage, and even death. His appeal for justice in the courts and for protection from the state is often little heeded. The orthodox Russian, however, seeks the aid and converse of the Jew, when, as often happens, he is in need of funds. All over eastern and southern Russia the Jews have been for many years absorbing the land and other properties of the small boyard and the agricultural class, foreclosing mortgages and grasping pledged effects. The natural issue is the ever-recurring persecution which the government is not always prompt to check.

A Convenient Fashion.

[New York Times.]

To all wearers of false teeth the news of the recent fashion set by a Chicago society lady will be extremely welcome. This lady has an entire set of false upper teeth, and she neither conceals the fact nor pretends that they are preferable to real teeth. She is also near-sighted, and wears suspended to a hook on the northwest summit of her dress a pair of neat eye-glasses, which she puts on whenever she wishes to look at anything. Some time ago it occorred to her that it would be the part of common sense to use her teeth only when she desired to talk or eat. Accordingly, she now carries them suspended by a cord around her neck. When she meets a friend she first puts on her eye-glasses and looks at him, and then puts in her teeth and indulges in conversatiou. Similarly, when she goes to dinner, she puts in her teeth as soon as the soup has disappeared and the fish is brought on. Being a leader of Chicago fashion, her example has been followed by other ladies, and at a Chicago opera quite a large proportion of the ladies of the audience wear their teeth gracefully suspended from the neck.

Inventions of the Shakers.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The peculiar sect known as the "shaking quakers," deserves credit for many of the useful inventions of the present. More than half a century ago they first originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered and vended garden seeds in the present styles. From their first methods of preparing medicinal roots and herbs for market sprang the immense patent medicine trade. They began the broom-corn business. The first buzz-saw was made by the shakers at New Lebanon. This is now in the Albany Geological hall. The shakers invented metallic pans, first made of brass and silver. All distilled liquors were abandoned as a beverage by the shakers sixty years ago, and during the past forty years no fermented liquor of any sort has been used, except as a medicine. Pork and tobacco are also numbered among the "forbidden articles."

ALMOST OUT OF THE WORLD.

The Simple Little Community on Lonesome Isle au Haut.

[New York Sun.]

Away off the coast of Maine, outside the cordon of rocky isles that stretch like a protecting chain between the Atlantic and Penobscot bay, exposed to the ceaseless beat of the waves, and to the fury of every storm, is the oldest, lonesomest, and most primitive spot on the American coast, the Isle au Haut. This name was given to it by one of the early French voyagers, who thought lofty island or Isle of Weight a most appropriate appellation for the sea-girt rock, whose perpendicular sides rise immediately from the water, with scarcely a break in their monotony or a bit of beach. The island proper, with eight or ten smaller companions, now comprises a town, having been set off from Deer Isle in 1874. All the islands together have an area of 3,000 acres, and about 200 people live on them. They all live by the sea, directly or indirectly, and their life is but a dull existence. Anthony Merchant first settled in one of the groups, which now bears his name, in 1772, and since then the hamlet of fishers has grown by twos and threes, painfully, slowly. There is no postoffice, no minister, no lawyer, and no doctor. If anybody is sick, or wants any red tape, or an expected letter, he must take a sailboat and go to Deer island or to Rockland, the journey being nearly always rough and often impossible.

On the summit of the cliffs is a great level plot, half sheep pasture and half blueberry bog, and there is grown the best mution and wool in Maine, and there, too, is the blueberry pickers' paradise, whole schooner loads of people often going in summer from the main land to gather the berries. There was an attempt made years ago by a Georgia gentleman to make Isle au Haut a great summer resort, and he put all of his own money and that of some other persons into the scheme. A splendid pavilion for concerts and dancing was built and roads along the cliffs constructed at great expense. Then, just as the plans were ready for a great hotel, the finance department of that association collapsed, and with it the whole scheme. That was years ago, before the expressive term "crank" was on the boards. The natives used the roads for sheep paths, and dried nets on the hard-pine floor of the pavilion.

The fishers are as simple as the old Arcadians, of whom it is written: "Neither locks had they to their door, nor bars to their windows." Not many of them have ever seen the mainland, and scarcely any of them know what a city is like. Only a month ago the first horse ever landed on the island was brought there, and a good half of the simple folk gazed then for the first time upon a member of the equine species. No steamer ever lands there, and in all probability the only glimpses of good-sized steam craft the islanders ever get is when, on clear days, they see through a glass passing vessels of the International and Boston and Bangor lines.

Farmers.

[Donn Piatt.]

I now hurl back the foul aspersion, made by certain members of the press, wherein I am charged with falsely posing as a farmer. If I am not a farmer, friends and neighbors, I would like to know what in the old scratch I am?

Now, as I understand it, a farmer is a man who tills the earth, with great loss to himself, and benefit to others. So you see my claim to being a practical farmer cannot be denied. Like honest Dogberry, I boast "my losses."

A farmer is a man who toils for fifty years for the privilege of living ten and then, in a majority of instances, gets cheated out of that by rheumatism. He rises before daylight, and labors till after dark. He eats what he can not sell; wears barely enough to make him decent in appearance, but not sufficient for comfort or health, is a hard taskmaster to his family, and death to his wife. He is industrious, sober, and, if you don't touch him on a horse trade, or too closely in a little bargain, almost as honest as a country merchant, and as honorable as a county court lawyer.

This grand pursuit is the underlying foundation of our existence. It is not only the author and creator of our homes, but of all the immense improvements that amaze the world. This net-work of railroads, measuring over 100,000 miles of operating rails, was built by farmers. These great cities, all these towns, canals, telegraph, mines and manufactories were built out of our earnings. We make eight-tenths of the labor of the land.

The Maori King.

[London Letter.]

We have a tatooed man over here who is attracting a great deal of attention. This is the Maori king, Tawhiao. The king attended the Haverly Minstrel show at Drury Lane the other night, and was the observed of all observers. He looked like a new kind of minstrel himself. Skidmore, the interpreter (probably one of the original Skidmore guards), tried to translate some of the jokes for his majesty, but if the sullen looks of the king are any criterion he did not approve of them, which shows him to be a man of some sense.

The Maori king is tattooed in a manner that gives him a surprised sort of look. Commencing over the nose between the eyes the tattoo marks radiate all over a rather large forehead. It looks something as if the tattooer tried to make a picture of a sunrise. The nose is ornamented with little circles, and from the base of the nose other lines come round under the chin to the nose again. The king is tall, but walks with an undignified shuffle. Something seems the matter with his knees. He gets sick every few days—in other words, drunk.

Surprised at Connecticut.

[New York Sun.]

"Yes, sah," said a North Carolinian at the New York hotel yesterday, "I like yo' city very much, but, sah, I am very much puzzled at Connecticut. I have been up thar on business, and I have ridden pretty much all over the state—a consid'ble po'tion of the way in a buggy. It's a pretty country. Thar's lots of neat-looking places, some fine buildings, plenty of nice stock, and it is evident that thar's a great deal of wealth; but, sah, I can't understand how they live up thar. The rocks are so big, sah, and thar's so many of them, that I can't see where they can raise anything to feed themselves with, for I give you my word, on my honor as a gentleman, sah, that if I was put down thar, sah, though I am a farmer, I would starve to death. And yet, sah, they tell me, sah, that the hay crop of that mass of stone carbuncles, sah, called New England, was one-third more in value than the whole of the cotton crop of the south. I tell you, sah, it s'prises me."

Springfield (Ia.) New Era: A man should always consider himself under obligation to sweep first his own dooryard.

The Current: Among the 'ine arts—the "the-holier-than-thou-arts."

"Fly Loo" in St. Louis.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

If you should happen to drop into a saloon, gentle reader, as a novelist would say, with the addition, probably, of a saving clause, and if you should happen to find there a prominent doctor, lawyer, merchant, stock-broker and statesman standing in line a little distance from the bar, doing nothing but intently and anxiously watching something lying thereon, you need not conclude that they are pondering deep problems in their respective spheres of activity. In a moment or two, perhaps, one of the watchers will spring forward, exclaiming: "It's mine! I've won! That's my lump! He lit on mine!" or something to that effect, and after a more or less heated discussion, ending with the drinks all around, the group will drop back again into a state of quiescent watchfulness. They are only playing "fly loo," which is an all absorbing, soul-entrancing game of chance that threatens, in its flush of popularity in St. Louis, to supersede all others and even to throw racing pools into the background.

"Fly loo" is exceedingly simple, easy to learn and the greatest neophyte may be as successful as the oldest expert. It is played by borrowing as many lumps of sugar from the bar bowl as there are players, placing them on the counter and waiting. The owner of the lump on which a fly first alights is winner, and the game opens again. The stakes are all the way from the drinks to as much money as the players choose to put up, and sometimes considerable sums are wagered on the fancy of a frolicsome and sweet-toothed fly. It is all the rage about town, and it is a common and amusing sight to see solid-looking business and professional lights watching the antics of a house fly. If any one thinks it is not a fascinating game let him try it.

A Too Willing Young Man.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"Do you love me as dearly as men have ever loved women?" said Mabel, finding an easy anchorage for her cheek about the latitude of his upper vest pocket and the longitude of his left suspender.

"More," said George, with waning enthusiasm, for this was about the 214th encore to which he had responded since 8 o'clock. "More, far more dearly. Oh, ever so much more."

"Would you," she went on, and there was a tremulous impressiveness in her voice that warned the young man that the star was going to leave her lines and spring something new on the house!—"Would you be willing to work and wait for me, as Rachel waited at the well, seven long years?"

"Seven!" he cried, in a blast of genuine devotion. "Seven! Aye, gladly! Yes, and more! Even until seventy times seven! Let's make it seventy, anyhow, and prove my devotion."

Somehow or other he was alone when he left the parlor a few minutes later and it looks now as though he would have to wait about 700 years before he saves fuel by toasting his shins at the low-down grate in that parlor again. There are men, my son, who always overdo the thing; they want to be meeker than Moses, stronger than Samson and ten times more particular than Job.

Terra Cotta Coffins.

"Have you any terra cotta coffins?" was asked of Mr. A. B. Sears by a customer who had called to order a casket.

"No they are not in use," answered Mr. Sears.

"Didn't you advocate them last year and write a communication to Dr. Wright about the propriety of using them?"

"I did; but that was merely a suggestion which was forced upon me by finding so many graves at Elmwood and other cemeteries half-filled with water. The terra cotta or baked clay coffin is the cleanest, safest and best receptacle for the dead, aside from cremation, which is the highest and fittest burial art. The ancients used them, and they are found very frequently in excavating old sepulchers."

The customer bargained for a cloth-covered and draped casket, and ordered it sent immediately to a number designated.

"Would terra cotta coffins be received favorably?" asked a reporter who was present in the undertaker's establishment.

"They undoubtedly would," said Mr. Sears. "After I wrote that letter to Dr. Wright, prominent men of this city stopped me on the street to tell me how much they liked the idea. But people are too fond of decoration now to take up anything so plain and sensible. They are even draping and ornamenting the metallic casket to make it look like a work-basket or a jewel-case."

A Comedian's Presence of Mind.

[London Letter.]

There was nearly a panic at Drury Lane theatre the other night. The oxyhydrogen apparatus exploded under the stage and badly hurt two men. The audience were panic stricken, but the end men saved things by their presence of mind. Haverly's minstrels are at the theatre and among them is Emerson. When the crash shook the theatre Billy shouted to the other end man: "Did you hear my trunk fall?" Sweetman replied: "Golly, that your trunk? Mighty heavy trunk that?" "Yes" said Emerson, "left that full of stones to pay my hotel bill, and the landlord's just chucked it out of the window." The audience took in all this and believed the explosion was part of the programme, like the old lady who thought the trains always stopped like that, when on her first ride there was a collision. The papers praise the presence of mind of the American minstrels. Charles Wyndham prevented a panic in his theatre in a similar way not long since.

A Ship's Odometer.

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

This ship has the first odometer in plain sight that I have seen. It is an instrument for measuring the distance traveled by the boat affixed to the gunwale of the poop. A long rope, with a small propeller attached, trails behind in the water and causes the clockwork to operate. The length of the rope has to be altered to correspond with the speed, or else the officers have to make an allowance in their calculations to meet the discrepancy. The odometer is a great improvement on the old log system.

Not From the West.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Edith—Here is a pretty poem, entitled "He and I," by Adelaide Proctor. Who is she?

Mabel—A well-known writer—evidently an eastern girl, judging from the title of that poem.

Edith—Why, how does the title indicate that she is an eastern girl?

Mabel—Were she a western girl the title would be "Me and Him."

Bad Disease and Worse Remedy.

A cure has been discovered in South America for elephantiasis. It is to eat the flesh of a turkey-buzzard—a bird so loathesome that starving people have been known to refuse it when offered as a dish.