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## OUR HOPES.

The past from our hearts has receded,  
The future is all that remains,  
Our life towards the ocean is ebbing,  
The star of our destiny wanes.

Our hopes, let us carry them with us  
Like leaves that are borne by the waves,  
The saddest of earthly deceivers,  
Let us hide them away in our graves.

## OWLS AS PETS.

Their solemnity to be belied on  
But their voices against them.  
[New York Sun.]

"Are owls ever caught to be sold as pets?"

"Yes, occasionally. The best way to catch them is to surprise them in the nest of an old boy. The owl is a stocky little fellow, with a long pole and run the pole cautiously down the inside of the tree through the opening. Instinctively the owl, to protect her young, turns on the pole and, with the claws in the air, to fight anything that comes. Slowly the stocking descends, and as it touches the bird the strong claws and beak are tearing it to pieces. The boy pulls on the pole, and the owl is so busy fighting and spluttering that it is at the top and in the boy's arms before it shall I say tumbles? Then the boy has to look out for himself. If he escapes with torn clothing while he is descending the tree and putting the owl in a bag he is a lucky boy.

"They are usually kept in a parrot cage," continued the naturalist. "All my birds are very tame, and will submit to be tickled on the head, and, I suspect, rather like it, though they are so solemn. All the while the owl is a very fierce fighting, snapping and barking noise when first captured, and when provoked with a stick. The American great horned owl barks like a dog, and, when it lets itself loose, gets to be a nuisance in the house, for it can hallow with a loud hoo-hoo-hoo, and can imitate to perfection the screams and gurglings of a choking or drowning person. The screech owl is easily tamed and is gentle. The Acadian owl is the only kind of owl in this country which wanders into houses. It is caught occasionally in old bellies or in deserted or unoccupied houses. It is seeking for mice. It makes a noise like a saw-mill at work, and is common all the while. The owl is a very useful animal. It is objectionable as a pet. The barred owl found in the southern states makes a sound like an affected laugh. It is called the buffoon of the woods. Some people keep it in their houses to catch mice.

"Can owls learn tricks?"  
"Yes, some simple ones, like eating out of your hand, seizing the end of a rope in your hand and letting you swing them around in a circle, coming to you at the sound of their name, climbing the balustrade in your hall, or jumping through a hoop. The solemn air they carry all the while makes them amusing."

## Spain's Government Cigar Factory.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Miss Emma Stratton, of New York city, writes a letter from Seville describing the government cigar factory of Spain, 700 feet long and almost as wide, very dirty, and in the vestibule 250 girls make cigarettes, all talking as loud as they want to; 100 girls in the next room doing the same; and on the next floor 3,000 women as close as sardines in a box, in a single room, making cigars, some having their babies with them not a month old, and doing time on the tobacco stems. The women were divided up into seven at each table, three on each side and the mistress at the top. Around each table were shelves against the pillars, on which lay children's shoes, socks, and clothes. There were stone jars of water here and there for drinking, and the air was stifling, and the buzz of conversation only broken by the wail of the babies. The floor was dilapidated, and it was possible for an incautious visitor to go through. Two other side apartments 100 feet long were both packed with laborers. The factory consumes 10,000 pounds of tobacco a day, and employs over 5,000 persons, who receive 20 cents a month, and do not work. The matron at each table gets her pay from the women she commands. The girls and the superintendents had very little manners.

## Comments on the Corpse.

[Nieuwe Amsterdamse Courant.]

When any one dies they die in peace: "How old was he?" In Germany: "What complaint did he die of?" In America they say: "A good thing he is dead at last!" In Italy: "Poor fellow!" In Russia: "He doesn't need to work any more; he is well off!" In Holland they ask: "How much money has he left?" and in England: "Was he insured?"

## His Beautiful Cane.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

A horrible story has just reached us. During the recent cold weather, an Arkansas man, while walking along a road, found a beautiful cane with bright colors. After walking with it all day, he went home and stood it in the corner. Presently it climbed down and crawled under the house. He had been walking with a frozen snake.

## P. T. Barnum's Wealth.

[P. T. Barnum is a stockholder in two sewing machine companies; owns three newspapers, two of which are in Bridgeport; about four hundred houses, numerous vacant lots, and a cattle ranch. He has 1,000 lots in Denver. A building owned by him in New York pays him a rental of \$65,000 a year.

## Paris' Bad Wine.

Six hundred and fifty bottles of wine, bought in different parts of Paris, have been analyzed at the municipal laboratory, and the wine was pronounced pure in only six cases.

## Arkansas Traveler.

When I see a man dat allus wants ter pray, I some how kaia' hep thinkin' dat he's doin' sothin' dat he wants de Lawd ter wipe out.

## VOL. V.

## ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 7, 1884.

## NO. 14.

## MME. AUGUSTE'S LION.

[N.Y. Times Translation from Horace Bertin.]

She had come, one summer Sunday, to erect her canvas booth under the poplars of the village of Le Cours, not very far from the church. On either side of the peasant there was a hanging painting representing lions of enormous size, with open jaws and waving manes, rising upon their hind legs as though seeking to devour the spectators. The peasants, especially the women, felt cold chills run down their backs in spite of the pressing appeals of the doorkeeper, no one dared for a long time to enter the interior.

At last when the tax-collector—who was an ex-officer of zouaves—made up his mind to cross the threshold of the menagerie, some of the villagers summoned up courage enough to follow him. A boy moved back a sliding partition in the cage, and poked a big iron pitchfork between the bars. Then a lion, all broken down and worn out, a bear-eater lion, whose fur was meagre and filthy, and whose tail was all raw, excoerated, scabbed. When he yawned, only a few sharp teeth were visible in his jaws. Madame Auguste drew a curtain aside, and introduced herself to the public. She had a thin face scarred with smallpox, and a nose like an eagle's beak. Her faded velvet bodice and tight speckled with grease-spots, nevertheless excited the admiration of the country people. She entered the cage, brandishing a whip. The lion uttered a feeble roar. There was a timid shrinking toward the doorway on the part of the spectators—and some of the peasant women even had one foot on the street. A little girl sobbed with terror, and pulled at her mother's dress.

Madame Auguste, however, flogged the old lion; and the animal finally resigned himself to the duty of keeping her a bar; but only to lie down again immediately at the further end of his cage. Then the lion-tamer crouched down before the animal, and opening his mouth, thrust his pitted face again into the jaws. All the spectators uttered a cry of horror, and the women rushed out in affright, communicating their panic to the whole crowd of urchins gathered at the door. A few of the men, seeing that the tax-collector merely shrugged his shoulders, held their ground. Madame Auguste then arose with a smile, and the performance was over.

As they went out the country folks discussed the wonderful courage of the lion-tamer; and continued to ask one another whether the bars of the cage were really strong enough.

The tax-collector was the only one who had a hard word for the lion, when they talked the thing over among his own circle. He said he had known an old lion, and he had asked him to ask one another whether the bars of the cage were really strong enough.

Three o'clock had just struck. The men of the village were amusing themselves in various ways: some playing at piquet in the tavern, others at ten-pins on the public road. The women were hurrying by to disappear within the doors of the church, where vespers were commencing. The peal of bells from the steeple alone broke the silence of Le Cours, which soon appeared completely deserted. Behind the canvas booths a thin column of smoke was rising from the roof of the canary-colored wagon, with its shafts in air. Madame Auguste was cooking in her traveling-car.

The menagerie was tranquil; the old lion continued to sleep, and the menagerie boy had gone to the inn to see whether Madame Auguste's horse and man had received their peck of oats. But after a little while, the lion teased and harassed by flies, opened one eye, moved his tail, and rubbed his head against the bars. Forthwith the barred door by which Madame Auguste entered the cage moved up upon its hinges, and stood ajar. It had not been properly secured, and nobody had observed the fact—not even the lion, who had lain down more contentedly than usual after the departure of his mistress. The captive pushed his muzzle against the door, looked before him, and after a moment's hesitation, leaped into the booth. He proceeded very slowly, very cunningly, and poked his head through the calico curtains which concealed the entrance of the menagerie from the public. Le Cours had all the aspect of an uninhabited place.

The lion stepped into the street and halted again. Then he recommenced his promenade, but very timidly, with an embarrassed air—as though very distrustful and supremely suspicious. One would have thought that he had already regretted having proceeded so far; and every once in awhile he would turn his head half-round to look at his domicile. Nevertheless he skirted the church-wall, and finally took up his position under the porch, without making the slightest noise. The church doors had been left wide open, because of the heat, and within a profound silence reigned, broken only by the outbursts of the preacher's voice from the pulpit, and the mad music of the crickets from the neighboring trees. The priest had only just commenced his sermon; and the peasant women in their rows of straw-bottomed chairs, were either listening or yielding to the drowsiness of the hot day.

It was the beadle who first perceived the enormous shadow of the lion upon the wall of the porch. He let his half-bred fall to the pavement, and cried out in a voice half-choked by terror—"There's the lion!"

The whole congregation was immediately seized with unutterable terror. Madame Auguste's horse, who had been in all directions. Some rushed toward the organ-loft, others to the door of the sacristy, others to the high altar. White as sheets, and with eyes wild with fear, the women shrieked helplessly, and uttered nameless cries. The children yelled, and called upon their mothers to save them. Several peasant women almost died of fright, and huddled to-

gether in the nave, actually holding their breath from terror.

People trampled each other on the pulpit stairs behind the altar on either side of the sanctuary railing. Prayer-books, chaplets, benches, stools, candlesticks and censers were scattered on the floor. The beadle had barricaded himself within the confessional; the chanter, whose face was fully lit by a flash of light from the window, was livid, and his knees were knocking together almost violently enough to break the bones. A little boy that had squeezed himself under a big chair thrust out from beneath the rungs a face comically distorted by tears of terror. The sacristan had run up the steeple stairs, and was ringing the bell with all his might, as if there was a conflagration to be extinguished. The few women who had succeeded in getting out of the church with the first rush, were running through all the streets of the village, throwing up their arms, and screaming for help.

The priest, standing on the height of his pulpit, had seen the wild beast walk quietly away—tried to re-establish some calm among the faithful. But his voice was lost in the tumult of the panic; and already, from all the houses, drinking places, club-rooms, taverns, etc., men were running to the scene armed with Lefauchaux revolvers, pitchforks, spits, and billiard queues. The lion, indeed, had very quietly retraced his way to the menagerie, as soon as he had heard the beadle's hallooed fall on the church pavement. Madame Auguste at once rushed at her boarder, raising lashes upon him with her whip, and hurried him into the cage, with many kicks in the hinder portion of his emaciated body.

But the whole village had been terrified.

Headed by the tax-collector, who had taken down an old revolver from his booth, the peasants poured into the cage; and, in spite of the supplications and even tears of the lion-tamer, who clasped their knees in her vain despair, they put the muzzles of their weapons to the poor brute's head and blew his brains out. One peasant even carried his ferocity so far as to shove a billiard cue down the lion's throat. The village folks seemed to have been wrought up to a pitch of unheard-of fury; and every possible term of abuse, invective, and insult were lavished upon the wretched animal's carcass.

"And now," shouted the tax collector to Mme. Auguste, who had almost fainted with grief, "now this will teach you that I have never been afraid of lions!"

Madame Auguste long remained motionless with grief and despair. Her lion represented all her earthly possessions, her only resources—besides, he had grown old in the menagerie, and she had no other child but him. He was an ordinary. She would not think of remaining any longer in the midst of such people; and she gave orders to pack up and leave town that very evening.

But at the approach of nightfall the sky darkened up quickly and heavily. A furious wind came whistling through the trees, tearing away the leaves and whirling them abroad, and the thunder began to roar in the distance.

Nevertheless, Madame Auguste's two wagons left the village at a rapid trot. The storm burst over the country. Between the shafts of the traveling wagon trotted a great big mule from whose flanks the rain-water poured in streams. The old horse, who pulled the other wagon, containing the carcass of the lion, hung his head sadly under the furious downpour. The thunder rolled madly overhead; and, by the light of the lightning, Madame Auguste showed her tear-streaked face in the back window of her wagon, and at intervals flung the epithet, towards it, into the great tumult of the tempest.

## Children's Charitable Club.

[Washington Letter.]

The Children's Christmas club, of which the president's daughter, little Nell, is president, gave a Christmas party to poor children, at three other clubs, the outgrowth of this, gave dinners in other sections of the city; so over 2,000 youngsters had a vision of good living far ahead of their expectations. The club which has gained a national prominence was started by Miss Marion West, the daughter of Commissioner West of the district, the day after Thanksgiving among a little group of acquaintances. Miss West, by the way, claims San Francisco as her native place, and it has reason to be proud of a gentle young lady who has made so many poor homes happy. Miss Nellie Arthur accepted the presidency of the club and with it considerable hard work, as she has had to sign hundreds of membership cards. They not only gave the children all they could eat, but also all they could carry home in the way of eatables and toys.

I never saw such a crowd of delighted faces. President Arthur entered the hall in time to see a "Punch and Judy" show for the entertainment of the children and took a seat very democratically in their midst. Such a scene was probably never witnessed before. Nell Arthur sang with a chorus of girls. Tiny Tim's injunction, "God Bless Every One," is the watchword, and the president, like simpler folks, wants his daughter to grow up generous and thoughtful. For a child of 11 years, she is petted and noticed as she is, she is not a bit spoiled by it all, and came attired in a simple blue worsted dress. The Christmas club is going to be a permanent affair and expects to do much more next year.

## A White House Room.

[The Current.]

A room in the White House is decorated in the style of the thirteenth century. It contains also a Japanese screen, the portraits of Grant and Van Buren, a piece of tapestry showing Gutenberg reading aloud from his first block-letter bible, and furniture of cherry wood. When, after the lapse of a century or two, the decorative art of that period is searched for specimens of nineteenth century decorations, they will doubtless find themselves a trifle puzzled on entering this room.

## NEW ORLEANS CEMETERIES.

[Boston Herald.]

A Lottery Man's Revenge Changes a Race Course into a Cemetery.

[Letter in New York Times.]

Any stranger here in search of curiosities is pretty sure to go back again and again to the cemeteries, just as I am going back to them, for they are without exception, the most interesting points to visit. All the other New Orleans curiosities may be duplicated in other cities, but there is nothing like the cemeteries anywhere else in America. They are so full, so well kept, so curious in their arrangement, so quiet and restful, that it is a pleasure to go into them.

One of the oldest of the French cemeteries is in the heart of the city, only a few blocks from Canal street. It is inclosed with a high stone wall, and the entrance to it is through a narrow gateway. The graves are all above ground, as they are in all the New Orleans cemeteries. The houses are so close together it looks impossible to find room for another body. There are several large vaults belonging to benevolent societies, and two or three are filled with bodies of the French. The most curious thing among these dwelling houses of the dead, with which the entire inclosure is filled. The inscriptions show that the occupants came years ago from the French provinces, but in fair proportion of the names are German, Irish, or American. Nearly every grave shows some mark of affection, with its bouquet of flowers, festoon of grape, rosette of black beads, its tiny crucifix, and its little vase of water. The French do not forget their dead friends. There are graves in this cemetery so old that the plaster is crumbling away, that still are ornamented with fresh bouquets of flowers. But this old French cemetery in the middle of the city has not the charm of the newer ones in the suburbs.

About three miles from the center of the town, straight out Canal street, there is a village of cemeteries, where the population must equal, I should think, that of the city. It is just a pleasant walk to them on a fair day. The first to be reached bears a sign over the gate, "Temene, Derech, Rest," the next is the "Cemetery of the Congregation Dispersed of Judah," St. Patrick's cemetery, which probably is not filled with Frenchmen; the beautiful Firemen's cemetery, and the "Old-Fellows Rest." The last to be reached is a place of distance is the largest of all, the Metairie. This word was a sticker, and it took me a long time to find out what it meant. I asked several gentlemen, and they all said it was a French word, and they all told me it was a race-track, but the exact connection between a cemetery and a race-track was hard to see. It was plain enough, however, when I heard the story.

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## Arizona's Petrified Forest.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

One might almost pass by and notice nothing unusual. But on looking closer the rocks are found to be the trunks of fallen trees turned to stone. They lie about you here there and everywhere, others broken or cracked. The scene is a strange one. It smacks of enchantment. Perhaps some potent magician blew upon this forest in the vigor of his prime, and before his chilling breath the stout trees bowed themselves and fell, and froze into flint and agate. Still you hardly see why you came, but after the coffee had been boiled and breakfast eaten your Mexicans slowly enlighten you. They bring out hammers and drills, and selecting a likely spot in a stone trunk endeavor to force a way into it. The stone is like adamant. Again and again the drill bounces away, but finally pieces are shivered off the cracks made, so that you see what the petrified forest has hidden within it. Emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds are convenient names, but alas, our discoveries would hardly be counted as such by Tiffany. Yet they are singularly beautiful. You find blocks of stone, there sides bristling with great hexagonal crystals, some green, others purple, and others a pure white. You cut through grooves whose hollows are lined with prismatic crystals sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow. Much of the stone is beautifully marked flint. Often you find pieces with a brown corrugated coating, which, I fancy, is the petrified bark. All the stone abounds in the most delicate shadings of gray and white, with dark lines, but the crystals, lining fissures or gathered in the nests of geodes, are the especial delight of seekers. Here, too, there are moss agates, and exceptionally large and clear garnets, which masquerade under the name of rubies. And of the ordinary forms of petrified wood there is no end.

## Beating Brass.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Do you beat brass?" is the initial catechism of the latest fashionable handicraft in Philadelphia. It is a paragon of the modern, and it requires thorough and practical knowledge of hammers and tracing tools, brass and block. A class of ladies, under the patronage of the Scandinavian Thor, have produced some beautiful work. The instructor teaches them the way of using and holding their tools, and the proper kind of stroke to make upon the steel dies.

The method is simple. On a block of wood a brass plate of sheet is fastened. The design is then drawn upon it; the outline hammered by a die, which has a row of dots. Other dies give the groundwork a frosted or mottled appearance. Everything depends on the skill of the workman. Really valuable articles in repousse brass can be made from a piece of brass costing but a small sum. Card-receivers, paper-weights and plaques can be made. The brass beating educates the hands and develops the mind. It is worthy of note how much interest in the mechanical arts is publicly shown. Sometimes the hammering of brass is combined with the use of the paint brush. A brass tray lately seen has a loose spray of foliage, apparently flung down carelessly upon it.

## Uncle Remus on the Art of Courtship.

[Joel Chandler Harris in Atlanta Constitution.]

"I know'd a nigger one time," said Uncle Remus, after pondering a moment, "w'at tuck a notion dot he want a bait er simmons, en de mo' w'at de notion tuck 'm de mo' w'at he want um, en bimeby, hit look lak he des natally erberled ter have um. He want de simmons, en de day is de tree. Hemont water, en dar haue de simmons. Now, den w'at dot nigger do? Wen you en me en dish yer chile yer wants 'simmons, we goes out en shakes de tree, en de deyver good en green, dar dey says, 'But dis yer yutler nigger, he too smart for dat. He des tuck'n tuck he stan' dat de tree, en he open de mouf, he did, wait fer de simmons fer ter drop in dar. Dey ain't none drap in yit.' continued Uncle Remus, gently knocking the cold ashes out of his pipe, "en w'at's mo', dey ain't none gwine ter drap in dar. Dat des zackly de way wid Brer Jack yer 'bout marryin'; he stan dar he do, en he 'ol' bofe han's open, en he speck de gal gwine ter drap right spang in 'um. Man want gal, he des got ter grab'er—dat's w'at. Dey may squall en grab'er may flutter, but flutter'n an squall'n ain't none do damage yit as I knows um en 'taint gwine ter. You chaps kin make de great 'nitation 'bout tals, but w'en dey gits ole ez I is dey 'till know dat folks is folks, en w'en it come ter bein' folks de wimmen ain't got none de vantage er der men. Now dat's des de plain up en down tale I'm a tellin' n you."

## For Oyster Eaters.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The New York Times proposes the organization of new party in favor of spelling 'Orgust' with an 'r,' and thus enabling American citizens to eat oysters thirty-one days earlier in the season than is now possible. The Times does not know, perhaps, but it is a fact that The Chicago Tribune has inaugurated a system of spelling which, if faithfully followed, would give us just such a bad spell of August as The Times wants. There is an easier way, however, to lengthen the oyster season, by thirty-one days. Let the month of May be called by its true name, the month of Mary.

## A \$105,000 Dress.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

The most noticeable feature of a recent evening at Saratoga was the magnificence of the costumes of the ladies. Perhaps the most costly of these was worn by Mrs. Moore, the wife of a Philadelphia millionaire. One who professed to have accurate information on the subject told me that she wore lace and silks which cost \$30,000, and also diamonds that were valued at \$75,000. This makes \$105,000 for one evening outfit. Whatever the cost, the toilet was certainly superb, and I doubt if anything more expensive or elaborate has ever been seen in this country.

## On the Verge of Reaction.

[Herald and Chicago Express.]

The day of military leaders is past. The day of political leaders is past. I doubt whether there will ever be a new party formed or a new church. I see something better; I see that corruption in the old parties and in the old churches, having gone its entire length, begins to tremble on the verge of reaction. Wilkins: He who makes the best of life loses the worst of death.

## CROWS AT WASHINGTON.

[C. O. Cincinnati Times-Star.]

The Part They Play in Preserving the Health of the Inhabitants.

One of the professors at the Smithsonian has evolved some curious theories about crows and the effect they have on the health of Washington. Arlington and the dense woods of the Virginia hills, thereabout are the "roosts" of countless flocks of crows. This professor estimates them at something like a million. These curious birds, which he has studied a good deal, are of great value in keeping Washington as healthy a city as it is. They go on the river flats in the evening just before roosting time and clean away much of the refuse which would breed miasma. They are down there nearly every evening digging away on the flats like a gang of workmen—thousands of them at a time.

"Hundreds of thousands, I presume almost a million of these birds," he said, "roost here every night. In the evening it looks as if a pall had been thrown over the cemetery or night had settled on the tree tops. Every tree—and you know the trees at Arlington are large and close together—is so covered that you can't see the limbs. They look like pyramids of crows, and the ground is covered, too.

"They are very curious birds," he continued. "Early in the evening, before settling down to roost, thousands of them will fly about the city, and the cemetery, now settling upon the trees, then flying up and soaring about, their wings flashing like polished armor in the setting sun. Others walk solemnly among the graves, in search of food, or silently upon the tombstones. Their numbers increase rapidly as the evening advances. They seem to divide off into companies, as roosting time approaches, and drop off in flocks of two or three hundred, stopping suddenly head first in among the trees.

"Their feeding grounds stretch out in a direct line to the bay, toward Annapolis, and they feed all along the route. The 'feed' commences in the early dawn in Maryland just outside the district, and an immense number of crows are scattered out during the day over a belt of country from Annapolis to Washington. The greater number, I think, however, go clear to the bay and roost on their shores, for miles and miles, near low water mark, picking such food as they can find. They seem to have the power to travel a great distance in a very short time, but they are frequently on very short rations. I think, however, that the distance of their feeding ground from the roost is regulated by their strength and age, the very old and feeble feeding in the fields near by, and the others further away according to their ability to travel.

The shore of the bay is, doubtless, their chief resort for food, and they have almost exterminated one of our greatest table luxuries, the terrapin, which formerly abounded in the bay and lower Potomac. By the constant seasons, destroying their eggs. The terrapin, in the breeding season, lay their eggs along the shore, burying them in the sand, pressing the sand over them with their beaks. In this way the cross mark on their breast, for miles and miles, near low water mark, picking such food as they can find. They seem to have the power to travel a great distance in a very short time, but they are frequently on very short rations. I think, however, that the distance of their feeding ground from the roost is regulated by their strength and age, the very old and feeble feeding in the fields near by, and the others further away according to their ability to travel.

## The Oyster to the Strawberry.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

A disappointed oyster that had just completed a winter's round of orgies at church fairs and Sunday school suppers, met a young and unsophisticated strawberry on its first trip from home.

"I've an eye on you," said the oyster, leering at the strawberry in a way that made it blush. "Come up 'tend the spring festivals, I suppose?"  
"I thought of so doing, sir," modestly replied the strawberry.

"Going to take in Chautauqua Lake, Ocean Grove, and so on, mebbe?"

"You're the short-cake feller that goes around with his face tied up in sugar and cream, ain't you?"

"Really, sir, I have seen but little of the world yet, but I'm bound to see it."

"That's all right. Now just you take the advice of an old rounder. I've been through this festival racket. It doesn't ruin your reputation. Short-cakes are friends, but strawberries are enemies. Don't go near cream. It's the worst thing you can get mixed up with in war a weather. Just you wait until you see a feller with a big diamond on his shirt and a tombstone on his little finger shaking up some doney and sugar in a glass. Keep your vest on until you see him put on top of the sherry a piece of pineapple, a piece of lemon, a chip of orange, and a sprig of mint; and then you get right in among them and pass the hammer in good society. You hear me twitter."

## Ignorance in High Life.

[Texas Infirmary.]

"You have got a very picturesque young gentleman, looking over the shoulder of a man who was reading a copy of Texas Siftings. It is an actual fact that the young man, although reading on Fifth Avenue New York city, was under the impression that a picturesque appearance meant that was full of pictures.

## The Tendency among the Negroes is to draw the line between those of pure blood and mulattoes. They had trouble of this kind in Haiti, and it crops out here in the south to a greater or lesser extent, and is very noticeable in Cuba. It has become the controlling issue in the politics of the republic of Liberia. The constitution of that republic erects a bar against all men of white blood. They cannot hold office and are restricted in the rights of citizenship. The black negroes now propose to bar out the yellow ones.

## J. J. Roberts, Liberia's first president and the George Washington of that country, is a native of the United States. He was very fair, almost white, in fact, and a native of this country. The Liberians now have a black president, who is a native of Africa, and the mulattoes are given to venturing that they are not wanted. Very few mulattoes can be induced to go to Liberia, the disposition being to let Liberia be purely a black republic.

## Danger in Drugs.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

It is rightly observed that the great danger in using narcotic drugs lies in the fact that the dose taken to-night that will not give you sleep, may tomorrow night put you into a sleep from which you will never wake. As an old physician remarks, the real strength of a drug often depends as much upon the condition it finds you in as upon its own potency.

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Women Sea Captains.  
[Harper's Weekly.]

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