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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor

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The Town of Ghent.

Ghent is a town which somewhat resembles its neighbor, Bruges, although it is to me a sterner sort of place, as befits it with its long history of independence and revolution. It preserves much of its ancient appearance through virtue of its sturdy walls, its splendid cathedral and other churches, and its antique belfry, in which the great bell Roland still hangs, but it has not the musty, delightful flavor of Bruges. It possesses, however, a flavor of its own, of which, in truth, I cannot say anything in praise, for a worse smell than haunts its streets my unfortunate nose never encountered, nor could I in anywise escape it until I got aboard the train and left the town behind me. Ghent is also associated in my mind with the worst lunch I have yet encountered in Europe. It consisted of some strange meat, which I am convinced was kitten, and had been waiting for a customer quite as long as was good for it. I tasted it once, but could not take the second mouthful, and the restaurant keeper was a severe looking person who seemed of a sort to take offense if his dishes were refused. I did not wish to become involved in an explanation with a strange, fierce man, and in an unfamiliar language, and I could not eat the lunch for fear of dreadful internal consequences. Presently the restaurant keeper stepped out for a moment; I drew a newspaper from my pocket, rolled up the suspicious portion in it and stowed it away again; the proprietor came back and looked unsuspiciously at my empty plate, and I arose and paid him and went away; and I am sure I pity the dog or cat that found the package in the gutter into which I threw it as soon as I got around the corner. I have plenty of reason to feel no agreeable emotion at thought of Ghent, but in truth my memory of it is exceedingly pleasant, and all on account of my visit to the cathedral, where I went to study Van Eyck's splendid picture of the "Adoration of the Mystical Lamb." I was the only visitor to the church that afternoon, and I had the services of the sacristan entirely to myself. He was a short, stout, little old man, very wheezy from living in the draughty old building all his life, and with a very calm, kind and thoughtful face. He spoke a better sort of French than most Belgians do, and although my own knowledge of that tongue is not profound, we got along very well together. He was very ready to talk of the treasures of art in the cathedral, and did so intelligently and to considerable length upon the subject of the early system of painting in Flanders, which he had studied, as he said, in all the galleries of the country. His ideas were his own, and very original and true; and it was good to hear him speak so eloquently upon the glories of the past, when the church was the mother of art and foremost in all its affairs. His tone changed, however, when he came to modern times. "The church has lost her power," he said, "and has too much to do to hold her own against the State, and the indifference of the people to religious things, to find time or means to encourage painters and sculptors as she once did. Beside, the painters, like the people, have lost the deep faith in religion which is necessary for the making of great paintings, and I fear we shall never see again such schools as we had in the past.—*Cor. Boston Advertiser.*

The Lakes of Upper Italy.

They lie in the lap of the mountains like jewels dropped from the sky, and Nature has lavished her love and man his labor on the setting. By political geography they belong in part to Switzerland; but if there be any force in the theory of natural boundaries, the Alps bar her claim with tremendous emphasis, and in climate, scenery, religion, custom, and speech they are Italian. No sooner does the traveler by the St. Gothard Railway reach Locarno, the first station on Lago Maggiore, than he finds another heaven and another earth from those which vanished when he entered the great tunnel, a few hours earlier. The mountain peaks are sharper and more serrate, the curves and indentations of the shore more delicate, the outlines of the landscape more finished and perfect; the light is at once softer and more splendid, the sky has a deeper and more tender blue, the verdure is richer and darker; the very weeds give the wayside the grace of a garden run wild. Already there are terraced vineyards to be seen, and vines trained over a sort of trellised arbor called pergola, the supports of which are stone—one of the most ancient modes of growing grapes in Italy—and orange walks, hanging gardens, arcades of shrubbery, walls of evergreen, stone stairways and balustrades, pillars, vases and fountains among the flower beds, a different cultivation, a different style of gardening, which adorns the humblest plot. The gleaming towns upon the water's edge have irregular tiers of red-tiled roofs, broken by arched porticos in the attic story, by slender Lombard bell-towers, cupolas, long, blank palace-fronts—a different architecture. All this can be seen from Locarno, which is yet but a poor place compared with the towns lower down the lake. It is worth while to stop there, though, to wash off the dust of the long journey in great white marble bath-tubs, of antique form, filled with cool, diamond-clear water, and to rest and attune the spirit to a softer key. There is a new hotel, a remarkably fine building, with a lofty hall of entrance, from each end of which a marble staircase leads to galleries with balusters, colonnades rising one above the other, and intersecting long perspectives, like the backgrounds of Paul Veronese's banquet pictures—a Palladian interior, every corridor ending in an arch draped with muslin embroidered in Oriental patterns, through which a mellow picture of lake and mountain is visible.

At Locarno, moreover, there is the first glimpse of the art of Lombardy, in which some of the towns on the smaller lakes are so rich, and which has adorned the entire region with countless churches and palaces. The front of the Chiesa Nuova is by Tommaso Rodari, the foremost of three brothers who have left their mark on the architecture and sculpture of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries throughout Northern Italy. In the pilgrimage church of the Madonna del Sasso (Our Lady of the Rock), half an hour's walk above the town, the mild Luini's influence is seen in an altar-piece by one of his followers. I trudged up to this sanctuary one afternoon, to be rewarded by the expedition itself beyond my expectations, which were not great. Two deep gorges bring down two noisy, demonstrative brooks by so precipitous a path that the water is ready to leap into cascades at every step, until they unite and seek the lake together. Up the strip of wooded rock between them, which rises higher and higher, broadening until it joins the mountain, winds the way to the church. It is very steep and laid in cordonate, a pavement of cobble-stones crossed by a curb at every few feet, much like a railway track, ballast and sleepers, without rails, raised to an angle of seventy degrees from the level; the curbs are about as far apart as crossties, and it is as hard to walk either upon or between them. The pilgrimage to the Madonna del Sasso should be made by all but pennitents only after the sun has set behind the western mountains. It is a pretty walk, although disfigured by the stations of the cross at short intervals; the wayfarer passes out of the village under a long, vine-wreathed pergola, then over a bridge, then up the narrow hillside, between the ravines, to the foot of the foundation walls of the building, and by a few more sharp twists to the solitary little stone piazza from which he enters the church. It dates from a miraculous appearance of the Virgin four hundred years ago, but has few signs of its age: within it is as freshly gilded, painted and frescoed as a hotel dining room, and is in so far a surprise after the lonely scramble beside the bed of the torrent. I reached it at the hour of the Ave Maria. The church was empty save for a woman and two children, who were kneeling together, telling their beads. There was a murmur of prayers and responses uttered by two invisible ministrants; the voices seemed to come from behind the high altar, but priest or acolyte there was none to be seen. The effect was so mysterious at that sunset hour that the renovated church grew venerable to the quickened sense of awe. After the last amen, while looking for the Luini scholar's painting, I came upon a picture of the Entombment, a work of considerable beauty and religious feeling, by a Signor Cerusi, of Florence, as my fellow-worshiper told me. A modern picture from our Saviour's history, painted with talent and skill, yet reverently, and hidden in a side-chapel of this inaccessible and unvisited little church, was a strange thing and worth coming to find. The view of the lake from the steps is fine, and still better from a little pillared side-porch, which looks as if it were the oldest part of the building, and overhanging the landscape like the parapet of a castle. The scene was very lovely; the peaks were pale rose-color, and a bluish moisture, like the dew on dark grapes, rested upon the surface of the lake.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Impressions of Amsterdam

Now we entered Amsterdam, to which we had looked forward as the climax of our tour, having read of it and pondered it as "the Venice of the North;" but our expectations were raised much too high. Any thing more unlike Venice it would be difficult to imagine; and there is a terrible want of variety and color; many of the smaller towns of Holland are far more interesting and infinitely more picturesque. A castle was built at Amsterdam in 1204, but the town only became important in the Sixteenth Century. It is situated upon the influx of the Amstel to the Y, as the arm of the Zuyder Zee which forms the harbor is called, and it occupies a huge semicircle, its walls being inclosed by the broad moat, six and a half miles long, which is known as Buitensingle. The greater part of the houses are built on piles, causing Erasmus to say that the inhabitants lived on trees like rooks. In the center of the town is the great square called Dam, one side of which is occupied by the handsome Royal Palace—Het Palais—built by J. Van Kampen in 1648. The Nieuwe Kerk (1408-1470) contains a number of monuments to admirals, including those of Van Ruiter—"immensi tremor oceani"—who commanded at the Battle of Solbay, and Van Speyk, who blew himself up with his ship rather than yield to the Belgians. In the Oude Kerke of 1306 there are more tombs of admirals. Hard by, in the Nieuwe Markt, is the picturesque cluster of Fifteenth Century towers called St. Anthoniesswaag, once a city gate and now a weighing house. But the great attraction of Amsterdam is the picture gallery of the Trippenhuis, called the Rijks Museum, and it deserves many visits.—*Good Words.*

Italian Marriages.

They are a prolific people. To be childless is regarded as an intense calamity; and no matter how shallow the purse, no newcomer is welcomed other than with smiles and gladness. Now, is it possible that a people so home-loving, so affectionate, so fond of offspring, should be so depraved, so immoral, as we habitually depict them? We have too long looked upon one side only of the Italian character; it is high time that we learned to know the other. Another favorite idea of ours is that the Italians never make love marriages. No doubt their marriages, like those of the French, are often arranged by the parents; but, unlike those of the French, as a rule a veto of choice is left to the young people; and if we could collect statistics on that point, I am inclined to think that we should find that the proportion of these marriages, founded upon a groundwork of reason and social compatibility, which turn out well is as great as, if not greater than, that of our marriages founded upon youthful caprice and unreason.—*London Society.*

—A chicken rooster entered a lady's house the other day, and seeing himself reflected in a large, handsome mirror, deemed it his bounden duty to go for the reflected intruder, and he forthwith threw himself against the mirror, shattering it all to pieces. With the breaking of the glass his shadow disappeared, and he concluded he had demolished his supposed antagonist. The noise brought the good lady into the house, when she found her valuable mirror in ruins and the rooster perched on the marble slab crowing for victory.—*Boston Budget.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—It is estimated that the average cost to the people is five thousand dollars for each bill passed by Congress.

—Thirst and starvation have caused the recent death of two thousand head of cattle in one drove at Coahuila, Mexico.

—The aqueduct of Washington, D. C., furnishes the city twenty-five million gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

—At a late fashionable wedding in England the bride's bouquet, composed of white lilies, was large enough to fill a big wheelbarrow.

—Rural Congressmen will be allowed two million bushels of seeds to distribute among their constituents this year.—*Chicago Times.*

—A patient in the Nevada Insane Asylum grasped his windpipe so fiercely, under the impression that a frog was in his throat, the other day, that it required some hours to resuscitate him.

—Cryolite, a mineral which is of great value in the potash manufacture, has been discovered in the Yellowstone Park. Heretofore it has been obtained only in Greenland.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Parrot-dealers of the East are making money by teaching their parrots to croak "Kiss me, darling." Ladies are very fond of the feathered tribe when they can speak so lovingly.—*Chicago Times.*

—In an English criminal trial there are no exceptions, after a verdict of guilty, no matter how erroneous the law has been laid down or how illegal the conviction, there follows no appeal except for mercy at the Home Office, which is rarely granted.

—Out of the twenty-two Boston ladies counted on the piazza of an Isle of Shoals hotel, eighteen wore eye-glasses or spectacles, and ten had scientific books in their hands. The intellectuality of the place is consequently most pronounced.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—The first corn crop of Mexico has proved a disastrous failure, and as the weather has been too dry to plant the second, the farmers have given up hope of a corn harvest until next June. This will necessitate a great demand for corn raised in the United States.—*Chicago News.*

—Curious wedding cards appeared at Guadalajara, Mexico, recently. They read: "The rector of the Catholic Sagrario, Rev. Dr. Barbosa, acting under authority of the Archbishop, has refused to marry me to Irene Moreno. I have married her according to the civil code, and now have the honor to offer you an invitation to our house on Calle Carmen, No. 31. Gregorio Saavedra."

—Writing to a German newspaper, a victim of Daltonianism, or color blindness, protests against the tendency to the exclusion of the so-called color blind from lives of activity in which the recognition of color is an element. He declares that, although the sensations are different, persons afflicted wiih Daltonianism possess a distinct recognition of the different bands of the spectrum, and are consequently as capable of distinguishing color signals from each other as persons with normal vision.

—While Washington was President the Congress Springs, at Saratoga, was discovered by a member of Congress from New York, who was gunning on the site. There are now fifteen to thirty springs in the vicinity, not very different in character. The Congress Spring is still the most celebrated. The Hathorn Spring, discovered about thirteen years ago, has become its principal competitor. For nearly a hundred years Saratoga has been celebrated, and continues to be the most remarkable collection of mineral springs in the United States.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—It is astonishing how much trash and how many things of one kind and another can get into a well. The public well on the court house square was "cleaned out" on Monday, and, according to Jake Davis' memoranda, the following is a list of the articles taken from it: Tin cups, tin cans, old shoes, ax handles, pop guns, bricks, bones, match boxes, part of chain pump, old hat, slates, beer bottles, whisky flasks, base ball, skull of a cow, three well buckets, well whirl, buggy shaft, vest buckles and stone coal.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald.*

—The principal feature about a Chinaman's costume is the fact that nothing ever fits but his stockings. His clothing consists really of three or four shirts or garments made after the fashion of a shirt, each opening in front and having five buttons, a sacred number. These buttons are never in a straight row, but in a sort of semi-circle half round the body. The outer garments have sleeves a foot longer than the arm, a fact which affords abundant opportunities for theft. A Chinaman's jackets are his thermometer. He will say: "To-day is three jackets cold, and if it increases at this rate to-morrow will be four or five jackets cold."—*Chicago Herald.*

—We think of Wyoming Territory as a desert and of Cheyenne as a frontier camp, but a New Yorker lately returned from that Rocky Mountain settlement says that he found there a gentlemen's club as complete as any in New York. The members are principally rich cattle owners, many of them Englishmen. The club house is illuminated by the incandescent electric light, and a *chef* from Delmonico's looks after the cuisine. Turkish rugs, marble statuary, a fine library, rich chandeliers, tropical plants, etc., adorn the interior. He also says that as elegant equipages are to be seen every day in the streets of Cheyenne as in New York.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Johai tells a story of a gypsy which illustrates the happy freedom from all the ordinary restraints of civilization which characterizes the race. This gypsy was the happy father of a flourishing progeny of twelve children, one of whom a hunter happened to shoot one day, mistaking it for his more lawful prey. To console the unhappy father the repentant hunter gave him a compensation in money, which he deemed approaching adequacy from his own point of view, but which seemed so magnificent to the gypsy father that he ventured to suggest that if his benefactor should think of hunting again he still had eleven children who might be turned to account by a similar advantageous mistake.—*Manhattan.*

The Hansom Cab.

"Well, I rode in a Hansom cab when I was in Chicago 'tother day," said an old kicker to another old kicker, as they met in a saloon for lunch at mid-day. "The streets are full of them, and they make me laugh."

"What kind of things are they?" asked the second old kicker. "I have read about Hansom cabs ever since I was a boy, in Dickens' works, and all English publications, but I wouldn't know one if I saw it in the road. What do they look like?"

"O, they look like the very deuce. Take your top buggy and knock off the front wheels, and hitch the shafts on the hind axle-tree, and put an office-stool up behind the top of the buggy, with a driver screwed onto the top of the stool, with the lines running over the top to the horse, and you would have a Hansom cab. I looked at lots of them, and, honestly, I couldn't help laughing at the imitation English affairs. Those Gurneys that have been on the streets of Chicago for a year or two are bad enough about shaking a fellow up, but the Hansom cab will dislocate a man's liver, and shiver his spinal column, and scare him to death quicker than anything. You get in and there is a couple of doors shut in on your lap to keep you from being shaken out, and then the driver locks the doors and throws the key away, and when you get to the end of your journey somebody happens along with another key and lets you out, or may be the doors are locked with a time-lock that opens when you get to the depot. The driver sits up behind, as stiff as a frozen pickerel, and I was told by a Palmer House liar that an iron rod runs from the seat right up the spinal column of the driver, to the top of his head, where his hat, which has an iron nut on the inside, screws on to the rod and holds him tight. He looks as though that was the way he was fastened on, but the fellow may have been lying to me. The horse seems to know where you are going, and all the driver does is to hold on to the lines. I suppose he is up there so if the horse runs away the driver could get off without being run over, and go around a block and stop the horse. In the meantime a passenger would be killed. To ride along the crowded streets in one of the Hansom cabs, and see the horse going through the crowds with no driver in sight, makes you have respect for the sagacity of the horse, and yet you feel as though even horse sense was not enough, and you are sure that he will run into the next beer wagon that comes along. You forget all about the galvanized Englishman perched upon the shelf behind, and you feel like grabbing the lines that pass over your head and driving the horse yourself, and when you stop to get out, and the driver appears to open the door, you look at him in astonishment, and say: "Well, how did you get here, for Heaven's sake?" When the cab strikes a rough place in the street with the right wheel, your thigh bone goes right up and knocks your ear around on top of your head, and you feel lop-sided until the left wheel strikes something and averages you up. When both wheels strike an obstruction at once, the bottom of your stomach is struck by your boot-heels and paralyzed, so you can't eat anything but soup for a week, and your liver is just as liable to be around by the small of your back, or under your arm, as anywhere, when you get to the depot. It is a lonesome, melancholy feeling, to ride in a Hansom cab. In any other conveyance you can hail the driver and talk with him, but to make the driver of a Hansom cab hear you, you have to shout against the side of a building, and depend upon the echo coming back to the driver and waking him up. It might seem as though a Hansom cab would be a good thing for a young fellow to take his girl out riding in, if he wanted to spark her, the driver being away back behind and blinders on the horse, but it wouldn't be safe, as the driver has a hole in the back of the top so he can look right through, and he would be sure to keep awake if there was anything going on in the cab that the passengers didn't care to have commented on; besides, it seems as though the weight of the vehicle was liable at any minute to raise the horse right off his feet and cause him to sit down in your lap, and no fellow riding with a girl likes to have a horse sit down in their laps, when they become interested in a conversation. The Hansom cab looks sort of tony, but a man who rides in one feels as though he was marked. Everybody looks at the rig and laughs, and the passenger feels uncomfortable. These cabs can never take the place of street cars, that is sure," and the old kicker, who had rode in a cab the day before, began feeling under his shoulder-blade, to see if the calves of his legs were not beginning to work back where they belonged.—*Peck's Sun.*

Girls, Beware!

Brown's brow was clouded.

"Some girl scrape?" queried his friend, Bilkins.

"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Brown, "there is a girl at the bottom of it. You see, ever since I made that strike in Atchison, and—thank Heaven!—pulled out of it, I've been kinder keeping my matrimonial weather eye open, as it were. I thought I'd found her, but, well"—heaving a deep sigh—"it's all over now."

"Tell me about it, old fellow," said Bilkins, sympathetically.

"Well, you know I've been to Newport for the past four weeks. I met her there. She was a bud—to look at—I tell you, and I was awfully gone on her. Everything went smoothly until I found out how much she knew."

"Ignorant?" queried Bilkins.

"No; just the other way. I happened to hear her talk the other day to Prof. Buzzer—it makes me shudder to think of it! It was all about esoteric Buddhism, planetary changes, and world periods! Think of it! It let me out, of course. You could not expect such a woman as that to take any interest in housekeeping, now could you?"

"There is much truth in what you say," replied Bilkins, thoughtfully, and Brown looked relieved and lighted a cigar.—*Boston Globe.*

—It costs $8,100 to pay the salaries of the agent and assistants to distribute postage stamps to the various post-offices in the United States.—*Washington Star.*

Diversity of Gifts.

"Don't make her study geography," said a mother to the principal of a school where she was putting her daughter; "its of no use, I never could make anything out of geography myself and she can't." This lady had no gift for learning geography, as many have none for learning music, mathematics, languages. There are really cultivated people who never can learn to spell perfectly. We know a graduate of Yale, the best Greek scholar of his class, who always misspells certain words and a distinguished educator and scientist who is uncertain in his spelling, though wearing several honorable titles. Many of our college graduates have no talent for languages. They go through the classic course at college that they may get the B. A., and straightway forget all their Latin and Greek as quickly as they can. Some have no aptitude for mathematics and flounder about helplessly in the higher branches of that science, getting no good from them at all. The author, par excellence, the poet, the journalist, the artist, the scientist, the mechanic, the laborer, is born and not made. But a vast number of people have no special aptitude. Very good imitation diamonds can be manufactured, just as fair authors and poets and artists are made of ordinary people with no special gift in any one direction, but with fair average ability in all directions. A block of mahogany may be made to take a variety of useful and ornamental forms. It may be made into one piece of furniture, or cut up into veneer and spread over a great many pieces of furniture. In a parallel manner a man may devote himself to one pursuit and make a good lawyer, or doctor or engineer, or professor, or he may spread himself thin over a wide range of industries. The present tendency is to specialties. The lawyer devotes himself to certain branches of the practice, patent law, or realty or criminal practice; the physician devotes himself to diseases of the eye, the ear, the vital organs; the engineer selects mining or bridge building, or railroad building; the professor confines himself to physics, or mathematics, or languages, each and all recognizing the fact that one man in one life-time can cultivate but a portion of his own intellectual domain, and but a small portion of the domain of the knowable.

Giving himself to one pursuit or one class of pursuits makes a man one-sided; or, to change the figure, gives a cutting edge on only one side. Charles Reade needed and had a "loving housekeeper," who would say: "Charles, leave those sweets alone; you'll make yourself ill." "The hero is no hero to his valet." The valet knows what need the hero has of being taken care of.

We are apt to idealize those who have brilliant and positive gifts, and think them altogether enviable, but nearer acquaintance reveals the fact that no cup pressed to the lips of mortals is altogether sweet, no mind but has its dull or undeveloped or craggy side, no heart but "knoweth its own bitterness."

There are many men who have no talent for the use of tools, and who handle everything they take hold of clumsily; there are women who have no talent for the needle, and who cannot learn crochet and tatting and the like; there are those who cannot learn to cook well, others who never master the art of housekeeping, others who have no talent for society; there are mothers who cannot be motherly and wives who cannot be wifely. These persons may have positive talents in certain directions, but are denied the power of developing them, and are compelled all their lives to work against the grain. There are poets who 'die with all their music in them," scholars to whom the ample page of learning is never unrolled, generals who never see a battlefield. We often find the "round man" in the "square hole," and the "square man" in the "round hole," while some unfortunate men and women seem never to find a place where they may work to any advantage. "They also serve who only stand and wait." But we can all do the duty nearest us; we can all try to do what our hands find to do with our might. If we have but one talent we can put that out at interest. And is not this all that is required of us? It is not for us to say "If I only had such and such talents and such and such opportunities, I would do thus and thus." The problem is what we shall do with the talent or the lack of it which we have, with the opportunity or lack of opportunity that is given us. "Happy," says Carlyle, "is the man that hath found his work!" Yes, and happy are they, who not having found the work suited to them and for which they are suited, yet diligently labor to do that which is given them to do, however humble or arduous or disagreeable it may be. Life is a training school. Here we are set to tasks toilsome, uncongenial, difficult, often thankless, and held to them with unrelaxing pressure until we learn to accept the burden imposed with patience and work

"As ever in our Great Taskmaster's eye."

The lesson of life thus learned, we are ready for promotion, which, though long deferred, will come at last.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The old women of an English village have been provided by one of Ruskin's disciples with distaffs, spinning-wheels and looms, and already the old-fashioned linen fabrics spun and woven by them are in demand. "Ay, but they make good and true stuff," said one old woman of the town.—*Waterbury American.*

—The most expensive thing and the hardest thing to get in Europe is pure water. At the hotels even in Switzerland, where the ice-crowned Alps are in sight, they charge you for ice-water to drink. There is no water on the cars, and at the stations they look at you in amazement if you ask for it.—*Toronto Globe.*

—There are thirty-nine professorships in the University of Edinburgh. Of these the income of eighteen is $5,000 or more a year each. The Professor of Anatomy receives $16,000, the Professor of Greek $6,500, while the heads of the Latin and mathematical departments respectfully get $7,500.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—There are 34,000 deaf mutes in the United States. By their intermarriage, they are constantly increasing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Since 1880 the increase of deposits in the State and savings banks of the country has been nearly $500,000,000.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Massachusetts statistics show that the chance of being killed by the cars are one in 20,000,000 now, while in 1858 they were one in 5,000,000.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The statisticians of the United States Mint estimate that the total production of gold in the world during the 400 years ending 1882 was 10,394 tons, equal in value to $7,211,797,860. During the same period the production of silver was 197,731 tons, of the value of $8,807,318,975.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—What is claimed to be the largest grain elevator in the world has been erected at Newport News, Va., by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company. It is 80 feet wide, 386 feet long and about 164 feet high, with engine and boiler rooms 40x100 and 40 feet high. The storage capacity of the house is 1,600,006 bushels, with a receiving capacity of 30,000 and a shipping capacity of 20,000 bushels per hour.—*St. Louis Post.*

—The first attempts to introduce gas as an illuminator in the United States were made in Baltimore between 1816 and 1820. They failed, but it was successfully introduced in Boston in 1822. The next year the first gas-light company was formed in New York, the "New York Gas-Light Company." They began operations with a capital of $1,000,000. But the people were so slow to adopt the new illuminator that the company was not in full operation until 1827, when the population was about 166,000.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—According to the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics among the women laborers of that State are 106 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 billposters, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 sailors, 1 gun and locksmith, 75 bakers, 58 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 door, sash and blind makers, 13 masons, 1 paper-hanger, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock repairers, 20 cabinet makers, 10 harness makers, 7 machinists, 4 blacksmiths, 235 printers, 2 stone cutters, 4 coopers, 295 laborers, and 5 engineers.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—He that rightly understands the reasonableness and excellence of charity, will know that it can never be excusable to waste any of our money in pride and folly.—*W. Law.*

—Artist's friend (pointing to sketch)—"Say, Harry, where did you get this?" Harry—"Why, I got that out of my head." Friend—"Well, it's a lucky thing for your head that you got it out."

—The best recipe for going through life in a commendable way is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.—*Boston Budget.*

—Yes, my son. There is gold in the mountains of Idaho and Montana. Lots of it. And so there is heaps of it in the United States Treasury, too. And it is just about as easy to get it from one place as the other. Good deal easier, in fact.—*Burdette.*

—A young man blackened his mustache with a lead comb and then took his girl out for a moonlight stroll. When the fair one appeared in the bright light of the family circle a couple of hours later her face looked like a railroad map.—*Wasp.*

—Reckless dude (to burglar, whom he has discovered in closet): "O, you nasty, saucy thing, to hide in my bedroom! There! I'll break your umbrella, so you can't go out without getting soaked, for it's raining like anything outside." Burglar faints.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I'm afraid I was cheated on those lightning rods." "What's the matter with them?" "I hadn't had 'em up mor'n a month when a fearful stroke of lightning knocked 'em all ways for Sunday, burned my barn, and everything in it." "But didn't the agent give you a guarantee?" "Oh, yes; I wrote to him, and he wrote back very consolingly." "What did he say?" "That lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—"Is there anybody about this establishman who loves poetry?" he said as he opened the door and glared around the editorial room with a doubtful look. "Certainly there is," said the editor: "have you got some there?" "Yes, four poems, all of 'em on spring." "Good! That's just what we want. John sprinkle a little mint sauce on these and take 'em down-stairs." "What for?" demanded the poet. "For the goat. He is the only one about the establishment who loves poetry. But he won't eat spring poetry without mint sauce."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Curiosities of English Schools.

The following were recently among the written answers in examinations on Scripture by her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools:

"Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark maid of bullrushes, and he kept a golden carf and worshipt braizen snakes and he het nothin' but qwahles and manner for forty years. He was kort by the air of his 'ed while ridin' under a bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hauging from the bow. His end was peace."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had tew wives. One was called Hismale and tother Haygur. He kept wun at home and he hurried tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."

"Write an account of the Good Samaritan." "A certain man went down from Jerslam to Jeriker and he fell among thawns and the thawns sprang up and choked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said tak care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he past bye on the hother side."—*London Times.*

Forgotten Valuables.

A messenger boy ran up to J. E. Kingsley in the Continental Hotel and handed him a telegram. Mr. Kingsley tore open the envelope and read this message:

SARATOGA SPRINGS—For heaven's sake, send my spectacles at once. I can't see. I left them in room 18 night before last.

"Have this attended to at once," said Mr. Kingsley, handing the dispatch to Cashier Stokes.

The cashier went to the big safe back of the key-rack and pulled out a basketful of gold watches, spectacles, rings and other things. They had all been left behind in the course of years by guests of the hotel. The cashier fished out from the collection a pair of spectacles, to which was attached a little tag on which was written: "Found in room 18, September 3, 1884." The spectacles were immediately mailed to their owner at Saratoga.

"Do you receive many communications like that telegram?" a *Times* reporter asked.

"Yes; telegrams or letters inquiring for watches, rings, pocket-books, and everything a traveler carries, come to us every day. We've got lots of things that have not been asked for. We shall keep them so long as we have a hotel here. Everything found is put away and carefully tagged with its history."

"Do guests frequently leave valuables after them?" said Clerk Cormack, of the Girard House, echoing the reporter's question. "I should say they did; so frequently, indeed, that we've got a man, known as the property clerk, whose duty it is to take charge of everything left in the rooms and try to trace the owners. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he does not. Only this morning we received a letter inquiring for a seal ring that was left on a wash-stand. The writer said he valued the ring because it was an heirloom. We hunted up the man's name on the register and found what room he had occupied and then went to the safe and found the ring labeled. The ring's on its way now to Wheeling, W. Va. A guest with barely time to make a train and a thousand and one things to do in that time will be pretty sure to leave a pair of slippers under the bed, a night-gown under the pillow, or a watch on the mantelpiece, or an umbrella or cane in the corner of the room. General Simon Cameron, with just three minutes to reach the Broad Street Station, started one morning in a carriage for the eleven o'clock train. Ten minutes afterward I was surprised to see him walk into the hotel office. 'I had to let the train go,' he said, laughingly; 'I left my spectacles upstairs. I can't go without them; I swear by 'em.' A porter found the glasses, but General Cameron had to stay until 5:30 before he got another train.

"Last week a patron of the house, who lives in Harrisburg, came down and staid over night. When he came to the office in the morning to pay his bill he fumbled through his pockets, looked at me with a puzzled expression, and said: 'I haven't any money; why, I've been robbed. I know all about it now. I went to a theater last night, and afterward rode in a horse-car. The car was crowded, and I stood up and grasped a strap with my right hand, that pulled my coat away from my vest. I had $900 in bills in one roll in my right-hand vest pocket.' Of course he didn't pay his hotel bill, and I even had to loan him $10 to take him back to Harrisburg. He hadn't got twenty miles out of town before the chambermaid who fixed up the room that he had occupied brought the man's roll down to the office. She said she found it under the pillow of his bed. I telegraphed to Harrisburg, and that night received a reply telling me to take the amount of the hotel bill and $10 out of the roll and transfer the remainder by telegraph. We had a hot time here several months ago about a lady's solitaire diamond ear-ring. She lost it in bed, and made a great time about her loss. We took all the furniture apart, ripped up the carpets, in fact pulled everything out of the room, but the diamond could not be found. The woman accused the poor chambermaid of stealing it, but we felt satisfied that the servant was innocent. Two months afterward the diamond was found in the mattress. It had caught under one of the buttons that hold the hair in place, and had remained secreted there all that time.

"We have several watches in the safe that have been left under pillows, a few pairs of bracelets, lots of gum shoes and slippers, a book-case full of novels, packs of playing-cards, pocket-knives, razors, hair-brushes and combs, and various other things—I suppose enough to start a regular pawn-broker's auction store. There is any number of umbrellas and canes. But night-gowns beat everything. They have been accumulating for years, and we've got over five hundred of them, some elaborately embroidered. A few are trimmed with expensive lace and a great many are prettily marked with the owners' initials. Hardly a day passes without our receiving a letter asking after the fate of a certain night-gown. Some people won't write for them, and wouldn't admit the ownership of them if we should forward them. I received a letter from a lady this morning asking us to look up a night-gown that was left here more than two months ago. I suppose we'll be able to find it. Nearly every day a night-gown is sent to the laundry; a label is then put on it, showing the room it was found in and the date, and then it is packed away with the other night-gowns to be kept until called for. There are a hundred of them, yellow with age. Annie Pixley, the actress, left a white satin night-dress here the last time she played in this city. It was embroidered all down the front with a dozen different kinds of sewing silk, and must have cost seventy-five dollars. We sent it to her in a few days after she left here."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—A policeman who was patrolling Montcalm street east the other day heard a whistle blow for all it was worth, and ran a block and a half, to find a woman with her head out of a chamber window. "Who blew that whistle?" "I did." "Do you want me?" "No, sir. My gal and her beau are spoonin' around on the side stoop, and I blew the whistle to let him know that it was time to skip or look out for clubs."—*Detroit Free Press.*