RETAKE OF PRECEDING PAGE

THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
Six months, " 1 00
Three months, " 50

THE COLUMBIAN.

VOL. V. ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 26, 1885. NO. 47.

THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (10 lines) first insertion.. $2 00
Each subsequent insertion.. ..... 1 00

Who Opened Fire on Fort Sumter.

GEN. B. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Gen. Beauregard's stirring account of the first battle of Bull Run in a recent magazine, has brought its author into prominent notice just now. A native of New Orleans, he graduated from West Point in 1838 at the age of 21. Fought in the Mexican war: was superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point in Feb. 1861, but resigned on the secession of Louisiana; was in command of the confederate forces at Charleston, S. C., when on April 11 he commenced hostilities by the bombardment of Fort Sumpter; on July 21 he won the battle of Bull Run, and now arraigns Jeff Davis for not permitting him to follow up that victory by the capture of Washington. He was prominent in most of the great battles of the war from Shiloh to the fall of Richmond. And has since been active in the construction of railways and the development of the south. At the age of 67 he is in excellent health.

The Great Canal Engineer.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

The construction of the Suez canal and that of the isthmus of Panama, if ever completed, will immortalize the name of de Lesseps. He is a born diplomatist and from the time he was 20 years old he has held the most important of diplomatic positions for the French government, and it was through the confidence in his shrewdness and tact that capitalists advanced him the sum of $90,000,000 to construct the Suez canal, one of the greatest artificial water courses the world has ever known and the most profitable. A few days after the inauguration of the canal, M. de Lesseps married a lady attached to the court of the Empress Eugenie of France. M. de Lesseps is the most hospitable of men. He welcomes all nationalities and all creeds at his lavish table. After dinner his guests are shown the nursery and his children, who number a dozen or thereabout, the oldest being but 15. These little ones are the pride of their father's heart. Among them he forgets his 78 years and believes himself immortal.

Author of Helen's Babies.

JOHN HABBERTON.

Mr. Habberton, at present editor of The New York Telegram, became famous in 1876 as the author of "Helen's Babies," a book which reached an edition of 250,000 copies in America and circulated largely in England, France and Germany as well. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. in 1842, young Habberton was taken west at the age of 8 years; received a common school education in southern Illinois; went to the war and has since been editor of The Christian Union, and later an editorial writer on The New York Herald, until promoted to his present position. He has written "Other Peoples Children," and other works, but without the result that attended his first great success.

Gould's Letter on Elopements.

[New York World.]

It is short and to the point. "I would suggest," he says to Morosini, "that you start the young man in some light business congenial to his tastes, and if he has any business qualities in him they will soon develop themselves. Such a step might be means of making the young couple happy and lesson the burden of your grief."

This is not only philosophical—it is patriarchal, and shows Jay Gould to be governed in domestic matters by a conciliatory and benign spirit that seldom betrays itself in his larger operations with the world. He knew how to touch Mr. Morosini on a delicate spot when he spoke of setting up the young man in a light business, for he had long before set the father up.

Curious that this Mæcanas had to come in and play the "Bless you, my children," policy to the second generation.

Jay Gould has played in a good many roles, but this is the first time, we believe, that he has appeared as the godfather of the Hudson river school dispensing faith, hope and charity to slightly obstreperous fathers and offering to pave the way for eloping young lovers with good advice.

—An insane German, named William Weicht, created a sensation in the United States Supreme Court-room recently by announcing that he had several suits of clothes in a carpet-sack which he carried that he wanted the Chief Justice to wear. He thought they would be more becoming than the black silk robes that the Justice wears.—*Washington Post.*

THE TRUE TRIUMPH.

The wars of kings are children's games.
And children's baubles, monarchs' thrones.
He conquers most, who suffers most—
In silence suffers and alone.

Our crude desires and appetites,
The lusts of fallen humankind,
Give broader fields for nobler strife
Than Alexander e'er designed.

His life has not been wholly lost;
His labor wholly misapplied,
Who wins the scepter over self,
Though he wins naught on earth beside.

He only breathes the mountain air,
Whose strength of limb and strength of will
Have been exerted, and suffice
To reach the summit of the hill.

So it is, that the soul's desires
Impede the path that must be trod,
And each desire we tread upon
Is one step higher toward God.

—*J. L. Tait, in Current.*

A SINGULAR FUNERAL,

As Described By One of the "Waiters" at the Festival.

"I wish some one would come here and discover us, and then a set of people arrive and settle, so that thus we might gradually become civilized and at last enlightened. Have you any idea that it is known in what inky darkness we sit? And yet I don't suppose there is a person in town who can not read and write. I don't mean that he can spell or put a grammatical sentence together. That power is not necessary, even to be graduated from the Center High School. And what do you imagine will be required of us at that funeral this afternoon? We shall not please them, I know, and yet I am going to try with all my might to do what they expect." Thus wrote my sister Gertrude on a certain day last summer.

The town of Ransome, which you will not find on any map, is removed from the seashore. It is in Massachusetts. It is lovely of aspect, with hills and brooks and rocky pastures, and distant purple mountains. But it is of its people more than of its scenery that I am going to speak.

It is almost a miracle how such places can still exist in Massachusetts; hamlets not half a dozen miles away from towns where live ladies and gentlemen who can use a singular verb with a singular subject, and who know what plural means. A great deal hangs on knowledge seemingly so simple. Here in this part of Ransome we are scorned if we say "How are you?" instead of "How be ye?" Such is the natural proneness to depravity that I have basely truckled to popular opinion and flung about the wrong verbs recklessly. I don't think I am liked any the better for it, and I imagine I am still called "stuck up."

They will not read here, and you are a "lazy, shiftless thing" if you read. "I ain't no time for readin'," a man will say scornfully; and you shall see him sitting for hours in a numb sort of way, perhaps smoking, perhaps not even doing so much as that. He will tell you he is resting, and he would sincerely believe in himself an object for blame if he should be scanning a newspaper or a book.

You say this state of affairs can not be in Massachusetts. But it is, and though we have lived in the midst of it for six years, it even now seems incredible to us. What impassable, though invisible, barrier is there which prevents glimmers of sense and refinement and literary tastes from coming here, when a few miles away you shall find culture and geniality? True, there is no railway to the village, but a railway is not solely a civilizer. I defy any one to teach these people anything. They may listen, or appear to listen, to some one announcing a self-evident fact, not known to them, and you will see all the time on their faces a look of dull scorn of you who should believe such a thing. He who would convince the worthy Mr. Dunderhead of any truth which Dunderhead does not see, must be a master of his art."

But I was going to tell you about that funeral. A man living near us had died after a long and painful illness; my sister and I called to ask the family if we could assist them in any way. We met several women with lugubrious faces who had been in to see the corpse. We were invited in for that purpose, and as a great treat, but declined.

"Can we be of any use?" we asked.

"Wall," with the conventional Yankee nasal, which, if you ever thought of it, is that one does *not* talk through the nose, but without the assistance of that organ: "Wall, you couldn't nohow be waiters to the funeral, now could ye?" inquired the widow.

We protested our willingness could we know what was the duty of waiters.

"Wall, you see, when we've all gone to the grave, the waiters they git up a supper; coffee, tea, and so on. There'll be a sight o' folks most likely come back from the grave, and they'll be mighty hungry. You'll have to tend right up to 'em, ye know. There'll be seve'al tables full, and dishes to wash now, *could* ye, now? I'll be so much obleeged to ye. But," she added in thoughtful commiseration of us, "if ye do, *you* can't go to the grave."

We said we would stay and would try to do what was proper.

"How appetizing going to the grave must be," said Gertrude, as we walked home.

On the way we met Nancy Holland, who was taking down a stranger from Mill Village. She explained that her companion had never seen Mr. Ewell, the man, but that she felt a wish to see the corpse. Mrs. Holland was old, and trembling with the interest and excitement of the occasion. She asked if we were to be present "to the funeril." When told that we were to be "waiters," she looked at us with unmistakable surprise and envy.

"Be ye, now? I declare I told Miss Ewell I'd jest as leve stay an' help, only I can't leave Robert, ye know," and she went on.

From interviews with several other neighbors we saw that our office was a coveted one. Did it not give an almost unlimited opportunity to peer into every part of the house; to see where dust had collected; to find out how many pies had been made, and to judge pretty accurately whether they were made as they ought to be? I overheard one decrepit old woman, who remained behind in the house of mourning, say to another, as the two tottered along the narrow entry through which the coffin had just been borne:

"I call it odd that Miss Ewell should a' had them two gals as waiters; my gals would a' been glad to come. What do they know?" jerking her head back in our direction.

Oh, how hot it was! It was fervent as a day in Massachusetts will sometimes be in the summer, the heavens being overspread by a thin, coppery haze, and without a breath of air. It was the third day of such heat, and every one foretold that the "spell would break before night." Meanwhile it had not broken, and we were in the kitchen brewing coffee and tea. We put two tables end to end in the "settin'-room," and hastened to spread them with crockery, cake and pie, stacks of bread and of cold-boiled corned beef.

The cemetery was not far, and we were barely ready, when carriage after carriage drove back from the grave, and their occupants poured into the house. Where do the men get those curiously shaped sack coats which bag so in the back and sleeves? But that the days of peripatetic female tailors are over, we should say that these garments were their work. These men slouch in and out of doors, talking in mumbling voices, while their women in prim dresses pat their hair before the little looking-glass in the bed-room, then come out one by one, and peer over the table at us. They talk, too, and discuss how well, or how ill the minister did. One thinks he did not improve the occasion correctly, another that he was not sufficiently "feelin' in his prayer for the widder." "Widders is 'customed to bein' prayed fur more particular," said Nancy Holland, who spoke, I suppose from experience, she having been a widow twice before she married her Robert.

Though they all talk, they are evidently impatient for the feast. No less than ten carriage loads have come. We learn from the remark of one thin, pale-faced woman that it is a distinction to have a good many come back from the grave and partake of the festival.

"When Miss Martin was buried they only had six carriages to supper," she says, in a congratulatory way to the bereaved woman, as if in Mrs. Ewell's case sorrow had to compensations.

"Waeal, he had a good many friends," replied the widow, a glimmer of complacency on her face, which is careworn and sallow.

In a few minutes we have the first tables full, including the minister, who is in a hurry, having another funeral to attend at three o'clock. He drinks, thirstily, three cups of tea, and is hustled off after a hand-shake and gentle murmur of condolence to the widow.

For the next hour my sister and I might have been waiters in a crowded restaurant. We find the feasters very particular about their coffee and tea, and very copious in their consumption of those beverages. We have cut the third stack of corned beef, of bread and of cake. We have emptied one pickle jar, and I am going down cellar after a second; for one cadaverous woman, in a blue and green gingham dress, seems to subsist on pickles, and is very arbitrary in her remarks to me concerning those relishes. She appears to think that, in some mysterious way, I am responsible for the fact that there is a whitish mould on some of these preserved cucumbers. When I hand her the dish the third time she says in a husky whisper:

"There ought to a' been baked beans. Why didn't ye see to it? Hand me them cakes. Ain't there no beans in the house anyhow?"

"I saw a bushel of raw beans in the shed," I can not help saying. She tossed her head, pointed to her cup, and said "Tea."

I hurried off gravely to obey her. We washed dishes furiously between whiles, so that the supply might not fail. After the first tableful had been fed, I ran down the cellar for more pies. I fell against the woman in checked gingham, who was leisurely looking about. Probably she was convincing herself that really there was no beans.

"It's a good suller," she said, calmly. "I allers did want ter see Miss Ewell's suller. She says it don't freeze; but I d'n know bout thet. How much pork hev they got pu' down?" I did not answer her; I may have laughed in her face. She seemed thoroughly contemptible.

Mounting the stairs with three tiers of pies in each hand, whom should I meet but the new-made widow. She caught hold of my sleeve, and asked, excitedly:

"Whar's that Miss Skiles? I knew she was a pryin'! Jes' get her out o' there!" I left Mrs. Ewell hurriedly descending the stair. How the encounter ended I never knew.

The afternoon wore away in melting heat and increasing work. At last the slow-motioned men brought round their horses and covered wagons, those big carriages that, in childhood, we used to call "bed-rooms." Deliberately the women mounted into these vehicles and were carried off. Exhausted, faint, not having had time to eat a morsel, we walked homeward, accompanied by Nancy Holland, who, though unable to leave Robert, had yet remained to the last minute.

"I don't think Miss Ewell she took it very hard," said Nancy, her head bobbing up and down in her earnestness. "I watched her all through the remarks an' the prayer, and, ef you'll believe t, she never cried a drop. She jes' sut still, I declare. I should a' thought she'd a cried a little!"

That is one of the funerals where we were waiters.—*Ransome (Mass.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

—The "law of the road," as understood in Pennsylvania, was laid down by Judge Biddle of the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia a few days ago. It is to the effect that persons meeting on the highway must each keep to the right. This rule is modified in the case of a footman or a horseman, who can not compel a teamster who has a heavy load to turn out of the beaten track, or even a light wagon with a heavy draught. If a horseman or light vehicle can pass with safety on the left of a heavily-laden team it is their duty to give way and leave the choice to the more unwieldy vehicle.

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

The Enormous Accumulations of the Chief Millionaire of the Day.

His fortune was at one time placed at as high as $200,000,000, but a good judge lately said that he thought $150,000,000 was now nearer the mark.

Still he is the richest man in the world.

None of the Rothschilds ever had anything like his wealth. The banking business of that famous house still, of course, goes on in London, Paris, and Vienna, but it is now in the hands of young men of the Rothschild family, and its wealth has been distributed among quite a number of its members by will, as one by one, the older men of the firm died. The combined capital of that family is now about $250,000,000, and some writers have declared that Mr. Vanderbilt's fortune exceeded that of all the Rothschilds put together, but this is an exaggeration. It would not be at all surprising if Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth should, before he departs this life, fully justify such a statement, but for the present it is enough to know that he comes as near as he does to the figures mentioned, and that he is not only far richer than any single member of the Rothschild family, but is, as already stated, the wealthiest man in the world. None of the traders of antiquity of which we have any record, none of the present financial barons of France or England, none of the monied princes of Germany, Austria or Russia, or of the world of haute finance anywhere, can really compare with him in point of personal possessions. Old John Jacob Astor with his fortune of $20,000,000 was, forty years ago, the Vanderbilt of his day, but even after making due allowances for the greater purchasing power of money in those times he came nowhere near the enormous accumulation of the chief millionaire of to-day.

His wealth is largely in Government bonds and railroad securities. He takes an inventory of his wealth once a year. In January, 1883, he told a friend that he was worth $194,000,000, and added: "I am the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth $200,000,000, but it is mostly in land and houses. It does not pay him two per cent." This was an unusual outburst of boastfulness on his part. A year ago he had $54,000,000 in Government 4-per cent. bonds, but the amount was afterward reduced to $35,000,000, partly for the purpose of aiding his sons who lost $10,000,000 by Wall Street speculations. Later on, however, he purchased about $10,000,000 more of the 4-per cents., and he has besides $4,000,000 in the Government bonds that pay three and one-half per cent. His Government bonds are worth, as near as can be stated, $70,000,000. He owned a year ago 240,000 shares of Michigan Central stock, 300,000 shares of Chicago and Northwestern, 200,000 shares of Lake Shore, 30,000 in the Chicago and Rock Island road, 20,000 in the Delaware and Lackawanna, besides some 20,000 shares in other railroads, so that in all he held, approximately, 810,000 shares of railroad stock. A large part of these he still owns, though he is reported to have sold considerable Lake Shore stock.

He owns $22,000,000 worth of railroad bonds, it is said, besides $3,200,000 worth of State and city bonds, and has $2,000,000 in various manufacturing stocks and mortgages. He valued his house on Fifth Avenue at $3,000,000, the art gallery being worth, with its contents, $1,000,000. He sold Maud S. for $40,000 last year. His ordinary expenses in a year, he has said, were $200,000, but his ball given in 1883 cost him $40,000 extra. Mrs. Vanderbilt's diamonds are valued at $150,000. He wears none himself. A Wall Street statistician, in referring to Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth, said: "From his Government bonds he draws $2,372,000 a year; from railroad stocks and bonds, $7,394,000; from miscellaneous securities, $576,695; total, in round numbers, $10,350,000 a year. His earnings are thus $28,000 a day, $1,200 an hour, and $19.75 a minute.

This was a year ago, when his wealth was reckoned at $200,000,000. The value of his securities has decreased since, through the hard times. The depression in trade has not improbably reduced his wealth nearly $50,000,000 but his fortune and his income are of course still almost fabulous.—*N. Y. Cor. Indianapolis Journal.*

The Force of Habit.

Colonel Beasly, who is a Justice of the Peace and accustomed to deal with the criminal element every day, was reclining on the sofa in his palatial residence, taking an afternoon *siesta*, when a female entered and took a chair opposite to him. Not yet fully awake, he imagined that he was in his office, for he said sternly:

"What's your name?"

"Maria Smith."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six," replied the female, with considerable hesitation.

"Where were you born? Don't try to fool me. I know your sort. How many times have you been punished already? Don't think up any lies, now."

Just at this crisis Mrs. Beasly spoke up from the adjoining room:

"Why, husband, what is the matter? You are talking to my dear friend, Mrs. Smith, who has come to spend a few days with us."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I congratulate you, Julia, on your approaching marriage," said Mr. Hyatt, a prominent New York merchant, to his daughter. "Marriage, pa? I don't know anything about it." "I am telling you about it now," replied Mr. Hyatt. "But who is the bridegroom, pa?" asked Julia. "That's none of your business. You must not have so much curiosity. That is a business secret that can not be divulged just now. I'll let you know who he is after the wedding is over."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The widest shaving ever made by a woodworking machine is on exhibition in a store in Winchendon, Mass. It is forty-two inches wide, several feet long and of uniform thickness.—*Boston Post.*

—The young ladies of the Ontario Ladies' College have organized two base-ball clubs

A "TIP" IGNORED.

The Unfortunate Experience of a Newspaper Correspondent.

England is often referred to by Americans as a land of tips. This is as unjust as if an Englishman were to refer to this country as the land of the tipsy. I know many instances where tips have been refused, and one of these I always have felt a little sore about, and think still my English friend took a mean advantage of the innocence of a stranger in a strange land. This is how it came about. Detroit, as all the world knows, bought an island of about eight hundred acres with the intention of making a park of it. Being in London at the time I thought I would gather together a little information about the excellent and extensive parks of the metropolis and send it over to the Secretary of the Detroit Park Committee.

I was walking through the beautiful Temple Gardens by the Thames embankment with my friend, the Englishman, when we naturally drifted to the subject of parks, and I said to him:

"I want to find out what I can about parks, to send to Detroit. How had I better set about it?"

"That depends on what you want to know about them. First try and concentrate what mind you have on the particular class of information you want, then perhaps I can help you."

"I want *all* the information there is on the subject. I was thinking of going up to the British Museum reading room and asking the attendant to bring me the books they have on parks."

"*That's* a good idea; a brilliant idea. When the assistants pile around you the two or three tons of books they have on that subject, I suppose you'll expect your friends to get up a relief party and dig you out."

"What would you do?"

"Well, I wouldn't begin with *all* the books the British Museum has. Now here are the Temple Gardens, one of the loveliest parks in the world. I'll introduce you to the chief man, and you can interview him."

"There's Hyde Park, for instance; that's a sort of typical London park. How could I find out what I wanted to know about that?"

"Write to the Ranger."

"I'll do that. Say, hadn't I better offer him a tip of some sort? A half crown or so? Wouldn't he answer my letter the more readily?"

This seemed to strike my English friend as a grand scheme. He looked at me with admiration, and it was so seldom that I advanced any ideas that quite met his approval that I could not help feeling gratified.

"You've got the plan at last! That would be just the thing. Do it delicately, you know. Use a little diplomacy. Just intimate in an off-hand, whole-souled manner that you don't mind a half crown or so, and if that don't fetch him nothing will."

"I suppose a letter addressed 'The Ranger of Hyde Park, London,' would reach him all right."

"Yes, that would do."

When I got back to the office I wrote:

"Ranger of Hyde Park:

"DEAR SIR—I am desirous of obtaining what information I can about Hyde Park, its cost annually, cost of construction, number of people employed, etc., and I thought perhaps you would be good enough to mail me any pamphlets that you have in reference to the matter. I shall be glad to pay postage and other expenses, and if you would do me the favor to accept half a crown for your own trouble I shall be obliged to you.

"I have the honor to remain, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LUKE SHARP."

I waited day after day but received no reply. Every time we met my Englishman expressed surprise that the Ranger had not jumped at my half-crown offer. He seemed to have told all his friends and mine about the matter, and when they met me they seemed grieved that the Ranger had not written. They always inquired. I never saw people so anxious to help a person on. At last the man whom I consider entirely to blame, said to me, as we met on the Strand:

"By the way, did it ever occur to you to find out who the Ranger of Hyde Park is?"

"No," I answered. "Do you know him?"

"Not personally. He is the Duke of Cambridge, head of the British army and uncle of the Queen."—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

COLORADO RATTLESNAKES.

The Boon Companions of Prairie Dogs and Their Enemies.

Occasionally by the hard baked mound of a prairie dog's hole, the sunlight would strike with a dull glitter on the back of a rattlesnake, and the boys were never in too great hurry to stop and kill the "varmint" with the loaded end of a quirt. The snakes were arrant cowards, always making every effort to run away from an attack; as, however, their very best time was never faster than a lazy man could walk, they were never allowed to escape. They were easily killed, a small blow from a quirt or the knotted end of a lariat, stretching them out motionless but for a faint movement of the tail, which the cowboys claim will not die until sun-down.

One Billy insisted upon stopping and skinning one peculiarly sleek and shiny specimen. He said that a snakeskin worn around the hat would always ward off headache and toothache from the wearer, and he considered it an especially prudent plan to assume this simple preventive at the beginning of a round-up. Billy further assured us that a bite into the back of a live rattlesnake would insure a person good teeth for the rest of his life. He was absolutely certain about that, although he owned he had "allers, somehow, felt agin tryin' it himself." Billy's "pard," Sam, seemed to express the general sentiments of the party when he remarked that there was "lots of curiousness about snakes."

Sam said he always carried a piece of blue vitriol in his pocket at a round-up for snake bites. If he was bitten he had only to spit on the vitriol and rub it on the spot to draw out all the poison at once. But the rest of the party were disposed to hoot in derision at this remedy, preferring to place their reliance on good wisky. Sam had proper respect for this remedy, too, but he agreed with much naivete: "Good whisky is hard to keep ready."—*Cowboy, in Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

THE SMALL BOY.

A Breezy Treatment of an Ever Old and Ever New Subject.

The "small boy," as a subject, is not new; is quite moldy, in fact; nor can he, as a problem for solution, claim that degree of crispness withal that would recommend him as a novelty. As a topic he is as old as Cain. As a reality, however, he is as fresh as the newsboy who this morning will drop his paper on your doorstep, and quietly appropriate the one that was left there a moment before, by which transaction he clears five cents.

No period of authentic history, so far as known, has held the small boy in esteem, and ancient legends are full of suggestions derogatory to his character. Pagan mythology led off by furnishing him with bow and quiver, and leaving him single-handed to work the destruction of mankind. Does any one suppose the choice of this instrument of confusion was mere chance? Verily it was prophecy. From the day in which a synod of irreverent urchins cried after the ascending chariot of Elijah: "Go up, thou baldhead!" to the present moment, when he of another race may stand on a corner and yell at your new spring suit, inviting his companions to "git onto that rig, will yer?" his morals and his audacity have been growing in an inverse ratio. While all this is conceded to be true, there is still no diminution in the production of this nuisance and no method available for his suppression. In the language of Sairy Gamp, "facts is stubborn and can't be drove;" and if Sairy's observation goes for anything, the small boy is the one undeniable fact of creation.

The boy rises slowly but irresistibly from street gamin to hoodlum, from hoodlum to ward politician, from ward politician to a seat in the State Legislature, and so on through the chapter. He is the terror of his own family, the perpetual torment of his neighbors, the ever-recurring problem of a school board that wavers between the "moral suasion" plan and the method recommended by Solomon. Notwithstanding the pompous discussions on the best way of managing him, he remains, to all intents and purposes, "lord of himself," and has never seemed to consider his condition "a heritage of woe."

The worse he grows the dearer he becomes to the maternal side of the house, for to his mother his iniquitous devilry seems but the promise of future greatness. His father tolerates because murder is a crime—and the community lets him live because in ten or twelve years he will have a vote that may be bought for a small sum.

No man has the courage to attack one of the least of these, lest he be found stoning some future President and fighting his own political possibilities. The question has been to turn his ingenuity, his facility of imbibing impressions, his alertness, his accuracy of repetition into some channel where it may cease to terrorize the general public, and be made to turn a wheel somewhere in the system of social economy.

Well, the problem has been solved. Where the higher civilization has failed necessity has accomplished for the less favored natives of the mountain districts. An old settler from the southern part of Kentucky says: "Where mothers, aunts and young married women have work to do, that will not admit of chaperoning their own or other persons' daughters, the small brother is invariably the chaperone of his sister. He becomes her constant companion; goes with her to the spring, and meditatively paddles in the branch while she fills her bucket. Her duty is to grabble potatoes; he does not wait to be told, but silently falls into her wake, and sits on the fence, softly whistling, with eyes bent on the horizon, waiting patiently for any determined Lochinvar that may come riding that way. It gets to be an automatic process after awhile, and from the milking of the cows in the morning to the putting up of the chickens he never leaves her, and any love-making that is carried on in his presence is simply suicide to both parties." It is further stated by the gentleman, who is not, however, always reliable, that the boy is furnished with a whistle made of wood, which he blows with peculiar intensity—when—when he sees any one approaching. He is often shot at and sometimes killed by his sister's admirers, but there is always an abundance of small boys.

The above facts are respectfully submitted to the higher class of society whose system of chaperonage is often lax. Its adoption would relieve the mothers and young married women of a great deal of responsibility, and put the small boy in a way to show why he is permitted to live. No young woman whose prospects have been forever blighted by a single remark of a small brother would for one instant doubt his value as a chaperone. He might be tried first at garden parties, moonlight picnics, and it might not be amiss to station one behind the door-step on summer evenings.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Prevalence of Insanity.

Dr. W. E. Sylvester, in a paper which appeared recently in the *Alienist and Neurologist*, states that twenty years ago the number of insane persons in the United States was only 24,042. In 1870 it had reached 37,432, and in 1880 treatment was required for 91,959 lunatics. From 1870 to 1880 the increase in insanity was nearly 150 per cent., while that of the total population was about 26. These figures do not, however, represent actual increase, but during this period a large number of insane, previously concealed, were brought to public notice by more thorough investigation. In America, apart from several large county asylums, there are 80 State and 40 private institutions for the care of the insane, with a proper capacity for about 40,000, but containing 53,192, thus leaving, probably, 45,000 to be cared for elsewhere. The proportion of insane is greatest in New England, while the increase has been most rapid in the West rn States. In the State of New York there are thirty-five institutions for the care of these unfortunate people, accommodating 11,343 patients, while it is said that there are 4,000 provided for at home.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Hot Water Cure.

There was an old cat named Maria,
Who to sing to high "C" did aspire;
In the midst of her wails

Came of water—two pails—
Which had previously been near the fire.

Changes That a Twelvemonth May Bring.

[Somerville Journal.]

Now the merry sleighbells jingle,
And there's not a girl that's single
But will make her lover take her out to ride,
ride, ride;
And he'll sit within the cutter,
Filled with bliss he cannot utter,
With his elbow crooked around his future
bride, bride, bride.

But when she is his bride,
In a sleigh she'll never ride,
Or enrich the man who keeps the livery,—
ry,—ry,
But at home her husband—maybe,
Will gently hold the baby,
While she blithely brews the gladsome catnip
tea, tea, tea.

Work the First Wife Neglected.

[New York Mercury.]

"You don't cook like Sary Ann used to, Matilda," he said, in tones of gentle, exasperating reproof; "no, it seems to me you can't cook like Sary Ann used to." On another occasion it was: "You're not as smart in gettin' round as Sary Ann was, Matilda. You don't appear to ketch on where she left off." About this time a heavy rolling pin came in contact with his head.

"What do you mean by that, you vixen?" he exclaimed in agony.

"I'm doing some of the work Sary Ann neglected," she replied, and there was much peace in the family thereafter.

Lines to Miss Terry.

[Washington Hatchet.]

Miss-Terry-ous sorceress of the scenic stage!
Who calls thy stride spondaic, thy accents
screechy?
Thy voice is silvery soft, thy laughter merry.
We'll fight the fiend who says it isn't, Terry.
We cannot call thee ours. We're sorry—
very,
And "peak and pine" for rights proprie-
Terry;
Yet, since 'tis all in vain our grief to bury,
We fain would seek forthwith some semi-
Terry.

London Ball Fashions.

The Suakim costume.

The Modern Milkmaid.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The elegant, titled Sir Thomas Haut Ton
Fell in love with the only fair daughter
Of an oleomargarine maker, and won
Her affections by swearing, his honor upon,
That he never would have any but her.

Alas! he repented the pun at his ease.
They were wed, and, as she had the dollars,
He must smile when addressed as "My Lard"
or "Your Grease."
When a daughter came, even, the joke didn't
cease,
But they marked Margar-ine on her collars.

Right Yet Wrong.

[Drake's Traveler's Magazine.]

"Am I on the right road to the village?" demanded a traveler of an old darky who was working in a field.

"Yaas, sah," said the darky.

The traveler pursued his way, but presently returned very mad.

"I say," he shouted to the old fellow, "what did you mean by telling me that I was on the right road to the village?"

"I tol' yo' de truf', 'deed I did, boss," replied the darkey, "but yo' tuk de wrong direkshun, sah."

More Accurate Than Polite.

[Cleveland Leader.]

An engraver's mistake lately caused the bride's parents to say on the cards: "Mr. and Mrs. —— respectfully requests your presents at the marriage of their daughter," etc.

Boston Post: When a man stays down at his office until midnight trying so strike a balance he generally loses it before he gets home.