THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

— AT —

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA CO., OR.,

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

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ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME.

"One Hickory's" Body Servant Relates Some Interesting Facts as to "Old Marster's" Peculiarities.

The proposition which has been made, and which is now before the Legislature, to tender the Hermitage Farm, a first-class tract of some 500 acres, the property of the State of Tennessee, to the United States Government, for the purpose of having built thereon a home for the soldiers of the war of 1812, the Floridian war, the Mexican war, and all wars prior to the late Confederate war, is now before the Tennessee Legislature.

The other day a legislative committee went out to the Hermitage to "spy out" the property, and their arrival and their presence quite completely broke up the quiet colored people located on "Old Marster's Farm."

They came to town to see Governor Bate about it. They had heard that the farm was to be sold, and its occupants turned out to shift elsewhere. The speaker of the delegation was Uncle Alfred Jackson, now eighty-two years old, one of General Jackson's old-time servants. He was in great trouble. He said to the Governor:

"Gin'l Bate, I done heard dat you're gwine to turn all us old Jackson niggers out, and I come here for to find out about it."

"Pshaw, Alfred! Somebody has been fooling you," said Governor Bate. "Don't trouble yourself; go home and rest contented. You can live at the Hermitage a long time yet, and I will see that you are not disturbed."

The old darkey took the Governor's assurance with such good grace, and seemed so well satisfied with the turn things had taken the *World* reporter ventured to pump him as to General Jackson's peculiarities.

"Uncle Alfred," said the reporter, "wasn't the General pretty high-tempered?"

"Well, young marster, dat depins on de circumstances. He wouldn't allow for no man to 'spute his word; and he wouldn't allow no man for to cry him down. He were jokey and full of fun, but whenever he said 'by the eternals God!' den everybody knowed just what he said."

"Dis here statue out dar," said Uncle Alfred, pointing to the bronze General rampant, "dis here statue looks like him about de head and face, but de one at New Orleans is de best. I was dar at home when Mr. Healey and Colonel Earle painted de portrait of de General."

"And you remember their visits?"

"Oh course, I does. I ain't lived wid any udder white people. I were born at de Hermitage in 1803, and I were twelve year old when old marster left Nashville for to fight de battle of der New Orleans. I remember when old marster died in 1845, for I wer standin' right dar longside of his bed. He wer de greatest man what ever lived—everybody sa'd so, and all of his black people believed it."—*Nashville World.*

THE "VICTORY."

How Lord Nelson's Flag-Ship Survives the Lapse of Three-Quarters of a Century.

I feel quite sure that few American boys have visited Lord Nelson's flagship, the glorious old "Victory," on whose deck the gallant Admiral received his death-wound October 21st, 1805, in that famous battle in the Bay of Trafalgar. The "Victory" led the attack against the combined navies of France and Spain. It was Lord Nelson's mightiest victory, and the power of France on the ocean was destroyed. The good old ship still presents a fine appearance and looks strong enough for another sea-fight. Few of her original timbers remain, however. The "Victory" floats high out of water, and her ports, from which the cannon have so often proclaimed England's victories, are mostly closed, and the few guns on board are used only for firing salutes. The British flag still waves from the mast and a small company of sailors guard the ship.

After coming on board, an escort is provided. Visitors are requested to register their names and contribute a trifle toward paying for this escort duty by the crew, whose chief employment is to show visitors the interesting places on board. We first went on the main-deck. A brass plate set in one part of this deck is inscribed: "Here Nelson fell." Our guide said that "Lord Nelson had no right to stand near this spot," and that "he was killed by one of his own men, who shot him from the cross-trees;" but we did not care to listen to such a story, believing, rather, as is indeed the truth, that Nelson was killed by the enemy.

The great deck, as it now appears without a single gun, looked lonely enough, and we descended, by way of the decks between, to the cock-pit, where the gallant sailor died. It is a damp, gloomy and silent place, where, on that eventful day, and at the close of Nelson's greatest battle, the great chief was tenderly carried. The gallant sailor had requested that a mantle be thrown over him, so that, as they passed through the decks, he might not be recognized, lest his crew should lose heart in the desperate struggle. Around him, in the moment of death and of victory, stood a few of his faithful officers waiting for his spirit to take its flight. It was at Southsea that the hero had embarked to fight the enemies of his country. The spot is now marked by one of the "Victory's" old anchors; and to the same spot, later, came the returning boats in solemn procession, one of them bearing the remains of the hero of Trafalgar. What a contrast! England can well afford generous honors to such a naval chief.—*W. Thornton Parker, M. D., in St. Nicholas.*

—"Are you going to Newport next summer?" asked one actress of another. "No; I don't think I will. I can't afford it." "Can't afford it? Why, you have made over $25,000 so far this season." "Yes, I know; but you seem to forget that I have a husband to support."—*Puck.*

—A freak of nature owned by a farmer at Derry, N. H., is a calf with two noses, two tongues and three eyes

KING MTESA.

The Most Notable Potentate of Purely Native Origin Produced by the Dark Continent.

The King of Uganda, whose death we announced on Wednesday, was, for Africa, a remarkable man, probably the most notable potentate of purely native origin that the dark continent has produced. According to the estimate of Colonel Grant, who, with Speke, was his guest twenty-three years ago, Mtesa was probably not more than forty-eight years of age at the time of his death, and, having succeeded his father, Suna, in 1857, he has reigned twenty-eight years. The Waganda have the names of thirty-five Kings who have reigned down to the time of Mtesa in regular succession, and, as Colonel Grant points out, this may probably account for the "blue blood" and vanity which certainly ran in the veins of Mtesa. This vanity comes out in all the narratives we have from foreign visitors—Speke and Grant, Stanley, and Wilson and Felkin. It was excusable in a potentate who had probably never been a hundred miles from home, and who had never come into contact with any greater power than his own, to send ambassadors to the Queen of England, and to believe their reports of the insignificance of the British Empire as compared with Uganda. Probably, however, no other native African Prince, not even the Muata Janvo himself, had been able to organize a state so completely and make so great an advance toward civilization as the King who has just died and his predecessors. Colonel Grant, who knew him well, speaks of him (Proc. R. G. S., vol. v., p. 479) in terms of real respect, and his estimate is essentially supported by such men as Sir Samuel Baker and Mr. Stanley. We have all read the latter's long, interesting and dramatic account of his many conversations with Mtesa about civilization and Christianity. As we know, the result of Mr. Stanley's visit was that Protestant missions were established in the country, and, according to the missionaries' own reports, have had gratifying success. But Mtesa was much perplexed when he learned that there are two Christian religions, the adherents of which are as hostile to each other as both are to Mohammedanism or heathanism. For a time, we believe, the Roman Catholic emissaries succeeded in placing their Protestant brethren under the shadow of Mtesa's neglect, if not absolute displeasure, and in the end he and his chiefs abandoned both and reverted to Mohammedanism. As might be expected, the missionaries from their point of view do not speak so favorably of the late King as the explorers. Certainly from the European point of view Mtesa was guilty of great cruelties; but, as Colonel Grant shows, these apparently indiscriminate sacrifices of human life were really the recognized and organized modes of administering justice in Uganda. Mtesa himself was evidently a man governed largely by impulse. It was a good point in his character that, when Colonel Grant visited him, he made a point of visiting his mother every two days at least. When Baker, as Colonel Grant reminds us, was all but defeated by the Wanyoro, a force from Uganda arriving in the distance was the cause of the dispersion of the enemy. Mtesa forwarded letters from Baker to Livingstone by his swift-footed soldiers, who, after a journey of six hundred miles, found the veteran traveler was dead. These and other facts, which may be read in the pages of the travelers we have mentioned, show that Mtesa was capable of taking a real interest in matters far outside the range of the ordinary savage mind. His army, wonderfully organized and dicipline, Mr. Stanley estimates at 125,000 men, and his fleet at 500 canoes. The population of Uganda proper is probably about a million, but with neighboring dependent territories about three millions. The capital is finely situated on the slopes of the north shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, from which, as Mr. Stanley's illustration shows, a broad path leads up to the royal quarters. It is gratifying to learn that there have been comparatively little violence and bloodshed at the change of monarchy. It used to be the custom at the coronation of the new King to sacrifice his brothers, a custom which the latter evidently regarded as perfectly natural. Mtesa's brothers, at the time of Colonel Grant's visit, went about in chains, but all the same, and though conscious of their fate, "conversed, and attended picnics, and boated, and played musical instruments with their brother, the King, with perfect freedom of action and of speech." What all the outside influences have been that have had a civilizing effect on Uganda before it was discovered by Europeans, we do not know; what they have been since we do know pretty fully, and the results so far have been on the whole good. It is to be hoped that, under the young prince who now succeeds his father, this native state may be allowed to develop itself along its own lines, without any undue attempt to force it into European grooves; above all things both prince and people pray to be delivered from European "protection."—*London Times.*

—Recently some wood-cutters in Wurtemberg came upon the remains of what seems to have been an extensive set of farm buildings of the Roman period, the upper story of which was built in compartments. A subterranean heating chamber was also found; at least this may be inferred from the rows of short pillars, on which flags rested, ornamented with tiles, both flags and tiles being perforated with holes to allow the escape of heat to the chamber.

—The following is a new remedy for blackleg in cattle, and it is said to be excellent: Add to one hundred pounds of salt ten pounds of sulphur, six pounds of copperas, three pounds saltpeter and three pints of slaked lime. Mix and feed in the same manner as when feeding salt.

—After suffering some days from rheumatism, as she supposed, a Michigan woman consulted a physician, and was astonished upon learning that her shoulder was out of joint. She has no idea of how or when the accident occurred.—*Detroit Post.*

WILLIAM PENN'S RAPACITY.

The Delaware Fishing Question—A Grant that Has Been Disputed for Two Hundred Years.

The Delaware fishery question is an example of the cases which have made every lawyer of prominence in New Jersey an antiquarian, with all sorts of curious facts at his fingers' ends. Ex-Attorney-General Robert Gilchrist engaged in the fishery case in 1873, and he has been associated with Cortland Parker, John P. Stockton, ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen and others in its discussion, and Secretary Bayard has championed the claims of Delaware. Mr. Gilchrist's connection with the case has made him curiously familiar with the times of Charles II. and with the peculiarities of the Duke of York and that "able politician" William Penn, who seems to have been successful in getting almost anything he wanted from the Duke until the latter ran away from Whitehall and threw his great seal as James II. into the River Thames. One of the strange phases of the Delaware claim to exclusive privileges on the River Delaware and Delaware Bay is that its people, or some of them, fought the claim a hundred years ago and up to near the beginning of the present century repudiated the guileful Quaker's claims. Mr. Penn was a grantee under the Duke of York as a Jerseyman, and a claimant from the same source in Delaware and Pennsylvania. The Jersey grant, in 1663-64, renewed after the Dutch defeat in 1674, was made to Penn among others, and the claim for Delaware was subsequent to and inconsistent with this. New Jersey's titles to land were confirmed in 1702 and by the Revolution.

Delaware's claim to the fishing privileges and to the right to keep Jerseymen from the waters of the river date back to 1682. William Penn had obtained the grant of Pennsylvania, but when he arrived he found ten Swedes in Delaware occupying the fair water front. He fixed lustful eyes upon the place, and at length got a grant from the Duke of York for the town of Newcastle and all that lay within a twelve-mile circle thereof. The Duke, unfortunately for Penn, had no right to make that grant, his brother, King Charles, having never given it to him. Penn evidently understood the deficiency in the grant, for when the Duke became King he got his deed redrawn, and it passed through the preliminary stages and needed only the King's great seal. Just at this juncture King James thought London was getting too hot for him and ran away. It is recorded in an ancient chronicle that "during an unguarded moment that able politician, Penn, confessed to the Board of Trade that had King James remained two days longer at Whitehall he would have obtained a grant under the great seal for the three counties of Delaware." In 1708 the Delaware Assembly knew that Penn had a claim on the counties, but denied its legitimacy, and before that the King and council had repudiated it. There was a war over the possession in 1737 between Lord Baltimore's men and the Penn tenants, and again the council decided that the province belonged to the crown; and in 1794 the people of Delaware themselves formally, at a popular election, decided that the crown had possessed the State until its claim had been transferred by the Revolution. It has seemed strange, therefore, that the Penn grant should be made the basis for a claim in the river, which had been, in fact, always possessed by the crown, or general government—a fact the Delawareans had used violence to maintain.

The Penn grant, which was never really granted, has therefore been a subject of dispute for just two hundred and two years. Rejected at first by the residents of the colony, admitted to be void, fought by Lord Baltimore "with drawn swords," fretfully alluded to as a source of trouble by the Delaware Assembly one hundred and fifty years ago, formally repudiated by the King and Council, rejected again by the Delawareans, further invalidated by the Revolution, it might have been considered as dead as the wily Penn himself if it had not come forth as an argument upon the question of who owned Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River forty years ago, and had not then been misunderstood and misconstrued so that Delaware was able to lay some claim to its genuineness, and, a few years ago, set up that it was, as heir to Penn's privileges, the sole possessor of jurisdiction over the Delaware River within twelve miles of Newcastle, and has the right to make Jerseymen pay a license for fishing therein. An injunction of the United States Courts has sustained operation since, and is admitted to be effective still. The end is not yet, for the case is not fully adjusted. It affords, at least, a glimpse of early colonial history which is not without interest.—*Trenton (N. J.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL LIFE.

Well Founded Statements of the Corruption of Russian Officers.

I wonder if the reports of the corruption of Russian official life are all true. I remember a gentleman connected with an enterprise having an establishment in a Russian Pacific port, telling me of the miserable condition of the place and the people.

"Does the Government do nothing for them?" I asked.

"Yes; that is, the Government gives an appropriation, but the place never gets the benefit of it."

"Who does?"

"The officials. There was a Governor there once who received an appropriation of some sixty thousand rubles to be devoted to the improvement of the towns. He had no place to keep it—no safe; so he built a brick kind of mausoleum in the garden or back-yard of his official residence, which was completely closed with brick or stone. It was never opened."

"I don't understand."

"Another Governor came out and took this one's place. He did not dare to open that mausoleum, so it remains closed till this day."

"Why?"

"Because the money is not there. It never was put in, and the officials have to stand in with one another."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

STYLES FOR GENTLEMEN.

Novelties in Neckwear, Hose, Gloves and Handkerchiefs—Suspenders With Diamond Buckles—A Remarkable Outfit for a Chicagoan.

"Plaids are all the rage now in gentlemen's neckwear," said a dealer in men's furnishings. "The tendency of the day, too, is toward an increase of color. Everything nearly, except for full-dress evening toilets, is bright-hued. The plaids are broken, similar to those seen in ladies' dress fabrics this spring, and in pin-head checks. The styles are the 'four in hand,' which has been popular for some time, the 'Gordon knot,' which is a similar design, partial flats, and small flats. 'Dude bows' are used exclusively for evening wear, and all come in tints, white being now excluded in neckties as well as in gloves. This is the style," and he displayed a tray containing small, flat bows of pale heliotrope, pink and blue, with tiny polka spots of deeper color.

"Are turn-down collars still considered stylish?"

"Certainly, although there is a disposition, transient, of course, and bound to disappear with warm weather, to affect very high standing ones. The extreme style can not be becoming to any neck, no matter how long or scraggy it may be. No man looks well whose head appears to receive its support from an expanse of stiff, board-like linen, that completely conceals even a suspicion of his neck from the gaze of the world. It may be illustrative of a superb triumph of modesty and a rebuke to the feminine decollete bodice, but it is far from enchanting. The highest collar we sell is two and a half inches wide; the narrowest three-fourths of an inch."

"Do half-hose still come in fancy designs?"

"Oh, no, that's all out. They are all in plain colors this season and nearly all in green or brown wood-tints. Lisle thread is the standard, of course."

"How about the full-dress shirt?"

"That has the bosom made in small plaits, twenty-one being considered the requisite number. It is open in front, and handsome studs, small in design, are worn in it. Pearls are just now in favor, especially with ultra exquisite young men who profess an extra amount of refined perception and sentiment. No, there is little change in underwear, except that the colors are quieter and in silk goods the natural tint is more worn than the dyed."

"What is the regulation glove?"

"Tan color, whether for evening or street wear. Those for the street are stitched up the back and of a deep red tan, while those for evening wear have plain backs and are of a golden tan hue. No one wears white gloves now but waiters."

"Are silk handkerchiefs in vogue!"

"Not to any extent except pure white, with a monogram in one corner, or the pin-head check in black and white. The linen handkerchiefs with colored borders now show only a mere line of color. The hem-stitched white is no longer carried. The most fashionable handkerchief for gentlemen now is a twenty-four inch square simply hemmed. They are used on all occasions.

"Here's a mighty nice thing for a present," continued the gentleman, taking down a box containing a pair of satin suspenders, embroidered with moss rosebuds and leaves, and having gold-plated buckles. "Now, these suspenders are lined throughout with kid. Notice how beautifully they are bound. They are just the thing for a birthday gift to a young fellow. These are wedding suspenders, and he showed a couple of pairs of pure white, embossed, with silver buckles. These are only $4 a pair. Fine suspenders run from $3 per pair to $15 or $20, or where jewels are set in solid gold buckles, they may be got up to be worth more than the price of a fine farm.

"Speaking of weddings," he added, "I furnished the outfit not long since for a gentleman who married a Chicago girl the other day. It was a dasy outfit I can tell you. He had several suits of spun-silk underwear, none of which cost less than $25. They were all in the natural color. His hose were delightful things of beauty and joy, and it did seem almost too bad to think of holes being made in them by horny toenails and corns. His handkerchiefs were twenty-six inches square, with a monogram in the corner of each, and worth $3.50 apiece. With the exception of his wedding suspenders, which were of the accepted nuptial tint—pure white—they were all of satin, and embroidered. His night robes were of surah, part being cream-tinted, with polka spots, some of pale blue, others of gold and various hues, and furnished with silk cord and tassels. They were made with ruffles and puffs from the waist up, the sleeves being ornamented. The exclusive wedding garment was, however, of the same original color as the suspenders, and most lavishly trimmed."

"He was a very youthful bridegroom, no doubt," hazarded the reporter, gently.

"Not so very—somewhere between forty-five and fifty."

"And the bride?"

"Oh, a glowing girl about eighteen or nineteen years old. I chanced to have an opportunity to see her wedding night-robe, too. It was a most beautiful creation of Canton crepe, a mass of embrodery from the neck to the floor. I tell you, there were lots of magnificent trappings to set off that marriage."—*Chicago News.*

—Scientists tell us that there will not be a total eclipse of the sun until 1999. This is a very discouraging state of things, truly; and some persons may be unwilling to wait so long to see the phenomenon; but if we continue to get three meals a day, and the peach-crop doesn't fail oftener than once a year, and that in February, we should try to worry along without a total eclipse of the sun.—*Norristown Herald.*

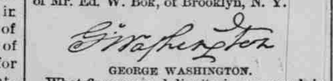
—"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in an Arkansas literary society. After an hour's earnest debate the Secretary was instructed to milk the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

—New York women put tissue veils on their poodles to protect them from dust.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PRESIDENTIAL AUTOGRAPHS.

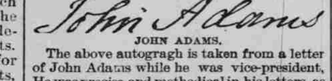
How the Presidents of the United States Signed their Names.

We reproduce below in fac simile the signatures of all the presidents. They are taken from historical documents in the possession of Mr. Ed. W. Bok, of Brooklyn, N. Y.



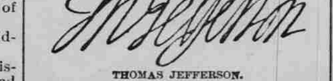
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

What firmness and dignity is expressed in the signature of Washington. His writing, like everything else he did, was executed with rare deliberateness and ability.



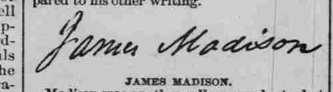
JOHN ADAMS.

The above autograph is taken from a letter of John Adams while he was vice-president. He was precise and methodical in his letters, as he was shrewd and sagacious in business.



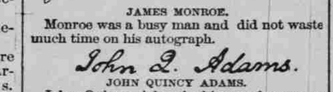
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Thomas Jefferson's hand was just such a one as a young man acquires in college, where little attention is usually paid to penmanship. His signature was graceful and dignified compared to his other writing.



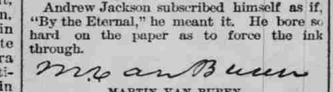
JAMES MADISON.

Madison was another college graduate, but his "fist" was firm and plain.



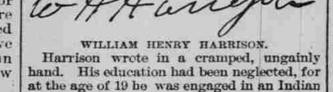
JAMES MONROE.

Monroe was a busy man and did not waste much time on his autograph.



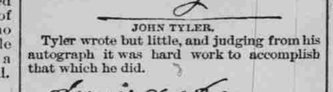
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams' chirography was as graceful and formal as copper-plate script.



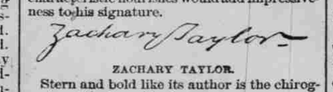
ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson subscribed himself as if, "By the Eternal," he meant it. He bore so hard on the paper as to force the ink through.



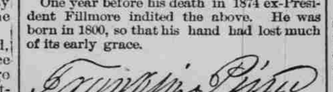
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The above signature of Martin Van Buren's was written a few months before his death, in 1862, at the age of 80.



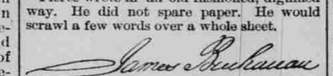
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Harrison wrote in a cramped, ungainly hand. His education had been neglected, for at the age of 19 he was engaged in an Indian war.



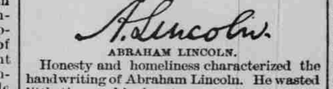
JOHN TYLER.

Tyler wrote but little, and judging from his autograph it was hard work to accomplish that which he did.



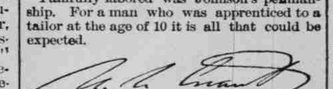
JAMES K. POLK.

James Knox Polk considered that a few characteristic flourishes would add impressiveness to his signature.



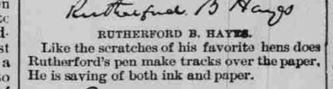
ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Stern and bold like its author is the chirography of Zachary Taylor.



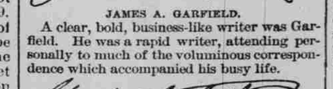
MILLARD FILLMORE.

One year before his death in 1874 ex-President Fillmore indited the above. He was born in 1800, so that his hand had lost much of its early grace.



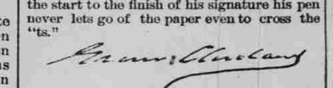
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Pierce wrote in an old-fashioned, dignified way. He did not spare paper. He would scrawl a few words over a whole sheet.



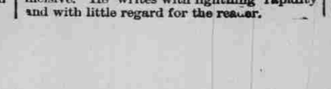
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Staid and formal was the writing of bachelor Buchanan.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Honesty and homeliness characterized the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln. He wasted little time on his signature.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

Painfully labored was Johnson's penmanship. For a man who was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of 10 it is all that could be expected.

U. S. GRANT.

Gen. Grant writes in a bold, firm, decisive, rapid way. As a boy he wrote it U. H. Grant.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Like the scratches of his favorite hens does Rutherford's pen make tracks over the paper. He is saving of both ink and paper.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

A clear, bold, business-like writer was Garfield. He was a rapid writer, attending personally to much of the voluminous correspondence which accompanied his busy life.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Ex-President Arthur writes rapidly. From the start to the finish of his signature his pen never lets go of the paper even to cross the "ts."

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The President's manuscript is positively painful to decipher. The style is sharp and incisive. He writes with lightning rapidity and with little regard for the reader.

A JUGGLER'S LUCK.

Frank Naoni Wins Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

"Look here, Frank," said Ike Marks, the stage manager of the Vienna Gardens, "I've got a coupon of the big Louisiana drawing; don't you want to buy it?"

The man addressed was Frank Naoni, a juggler and balancer, well known to the patrons of the variety theatres of this city as a neat performer and a nice little fellow. He was generally set down on the bills as "the celebrated equilibrist," and really the way in which Naoni played with unwieldy objects and seemed to ignore the very existence of a centre of gravity was quite remarkable. Naoni looked at the lottery ticket coupon, remembered the number of times he had played and lost, hesitated a moment, thought he would have one more try and bought it. He tucked the coupon in his vest pocket, with but a glance at the number, which he read as 51,100, and then forgot all about it. This occurred about the 1st of the month, and on the 16th the extraordinary drawing took place, the capital prize being $150,000. In the mean time Naoni had gone on in his usual course, playing at Woodward's, working at some apparatus and never thinking enough about the little crisp piece of paper in his vest pocket to tell his wife he had it. On the 17th some one asked him if he had looked at the telegraph list of first prizes in the *Chronicle*. He said "No," got the paper and found that the capital prize was No. 51,106.

"By ginger," he exclaimed, "that's just close enough to be mean."

"Why, what's your number?" asked the friend.

"Just six this side of that," said Naoni; "its 51,100."

He felt blue for the moment to think how closely Fortune had rolled her wheel by him, then brightened up and went home to 108 Sixth Street, determined to close up the episode by playing a good-tempered practical joke on his wife.

"Well, little woman," he said, "I've drawn the big Louisiana lottery prize."

"Guess not," said Mrs. Naoni, who, in reading the paper that morning had noted the number of the capital prize and had wondered who the lucky holders might be. "If there was anything so good as that to tell," she went on, "you wouldn't come creeping in; you'd come in with a whoop."

"Well, look here, if you think I'm joking," said Frank. With which he pulled out the coupon and holding his thumb across the number so that only one figure appeared at a time asked her what the first was.

"Five," she said.

"And the next?"

"One."

"And the next?"

"One."

"And the next?"

"Ought."

"And the next?"

"Six," said his wife.

"What!" screamed Frank, leaping five feet in the air.

"Six," repeated his wife: "51,106." Then she turned pale, made a dart for the *Chronicle*, gave one glance at the dispatch, another at the coupon, threw up her arms, sank all in a heap on the floor, and began to cry softly.

"Why, Frank," she said in a very low and broken voice, "it's come at last."

"Gewhilikins!" shouted Naoni, "I should think it had. Why, little woman, that means fifteen thousand dollars. Hold me down or I'll fly up to the ceiling."

But he did'nt fly up or go out of his mind, and yesterday he drew $15,000 from Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, all in greenbacks, making a bundle as big as his two fists. Even then he did not lose his head, but gave $150 to Marks as a *Douceur*, ordered four suits of clothes, and made his wife go out and buy herself a handsome new dress. On Friday or Saturday next, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Naoni will go East to bring out the old people and settle them here. Nor will the "celebrated equilibrist" disappear from the bills, for he is determined to stick to his profession, even though he is $15,000 richer.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, June 30.

Crime in Great Britain.

According to Sir John Lubbock, "the number of cases of imprisonment for indictable offenses in England and Wales, on an average of five years ending in 1859, was 12,500; in 1869, 12,000; in 1879, 10,000; and in 1881, 9,300. The sentences for penal servitude for the same periods were respectively 2,600, 2,000, 1,600 and 1,500. This is the more satisfactory when we bear in mind that while on the one hand the offenses are decreasing, the population on the other hand is increasing. In 1859 it was 19,000,000; in 1869, 22,000,000; in 1879, 24,700,000; in 1881, 26,000,000. If we turn to juvenile offenses, the results are even more striking and satisfactory. The number of juveniles committed for indictable offenses in England in 1856 was 14,000; in 1866, 9,400; in 1876, 7,100; in 1881, 5,500. I can not doubt that these results are greatly due to the improvements in education and to the children being kept out of the streets."

—The Director of Primary Instruction in Italy recently submitted to the Government his report on the operation of the obligatory law during 1881-2. He makes a very remarkable showing. Out of 1,992,172 children subject to the law, 1,735,185 were enrolled in the schools at the beginning of the school year. By March there were 1,500,755 in attendance, and of this number only 232,929 were, at the end of the year, presented for examination. This lamentable condition of things the Director believes largely due the poverty of the people.

Mrs. Anna Ottendorfer.

The late Mrs. Ottendorfer, wife of the editor of The Staatz-Zeitung was during the latter years of her life associated with many charitable enterprises. In 1875 she started in Astoria, N. Y., the Isabella home for aged women. In 1881 she presented a fund of $50,000 for the benefit of various German-American schools. In 1882 she founded the German hospital, at an expense of $25,000. Last year she inaugurated at the Normal college, N. Y., the presentation each year of a gold and silver medal for proficiency in German, and at the present time is being erected a German dispensary and free reading room for which she has provided $150,000. For these and many other charities she received but a few weeks ago from the Empress of Germany a special decoration.

Mrs. Ottendorfer was born in 1815, at Wurzburg, Bavaria. She came to New York in 1836 with her first husband, Jacob Uhl, a printer. In 1845 they purchased the Staatz-Zeitung, then a small weekly paper. Mrs. Ottendorfer took an active part in conducting the paper, and on the death of her husband in 1852 she assumed control, which position she retained, being business manager until shortly before her death. She married Mr. Ottendorfer in 1859.

He Never Acquired the Accompaniment.

[Merchant-Traveler.]

A nice, fresh young dude was invited into the country to spend a few days at a plain farmer's to secure a needed relaxation without excitement. He was aesthetic and accomplished, but his friends watched him the first morning of his arrival, and the cows didn't eat him. He was safe at dinner-time, and taking his place at the table, he watched the lady of the house carving a chicken. She noticed him, and to relieve the embarrassment, inquired:

"Um, Mr. Fitzclarence, do you carve?"

"Aw, I beg yoah pardon," he replied, startled from his reverie.

"I didn't do anything. I only asked if you carved."

"Beg pahdon, no. I nevvaw acquahed the accomplishment, don't you knaw, but I paint rawthaw well, you knaw, on chinaw, far an amatah, and I pwopose taking cahving lessons at the acahdemy this wintaw, don't you knaw."

The poor lady let her knife slip, and Mr. Fitzclarence had to be taken out to the horse trough to get the gravy off his clothes.

The Editor of the Turf Field and Farm.

HAMILTON BUSBEY.

Mr. Busbey, known to all sporting men the world over, is 43. Born in Clarke County, Ohio; was patriotic when young and went to war; retired from army to learn journalism; was shown how to do it, by George D. Prentice, of the old Louisville Journal; was two years with him; came to New York in summer of 1865, and helped to establish Turf Field and Farm; been with paper ever since, as editor-in-chief and part owner.

Mr. Busbey was conspicuous in organizing pedestrian contests. He has been stakeholder and referee in all the great six-day-walks; holding $10,000 in stakes on one race. He also helped organize National Trotting association, and has done much to shape its rules and aims. This association now guards property estimated to be worth more than $30,000,000. Mr. Busbey has been on all the prominent breeding farms of America, from Maine to California, and has also visited many of those of Europe, besides studying ranche breeding in Wyoming and Colorado. For years he has been in the thickest of discussions of breeding theories, being styled the great advocate of thoroughblood in trotters and holds that Maud S. and Jaye-Eye-See are hard nuts for the opposing fellows to crack, as both are bred according to his theory. He has made hard fights for qualified men in veterinary practice as a member of the Board of Trustees of American Veterinary College. He is down on quacks and old fashioned "hoss doctors."

The Problem of All Time.

[Somerville Journal.]

After the Concord School of Philosophy gets through discussing Emerson it might add something to human knowledge if it would discuss this subject, viz.: Why is it that when two young men and two young ladies who are drifting toward affectionate acquaintance, set out for a walk in pairs within speaking distance of each other the young lady behind feels herself in duty bound to speak to the young man in front, and the young lady in front considers it equally her duty to speak to the young man behind; and why, if the young men should change partners, this peculiarity would still be observed? It is strange that this should be so, but it is so, and perhaps the Concord School of Philosophy can tell why it is so if it will devote its powerful mind to it.

"I'll Fool Him Yet."

[New York Star.]

Henry E. Dixey, the comedian, at the commencement of his current engagement in this city, took board at a Broadway hotel near the theatre. He wrote his name on three lines of the register, after the modest manner of an actor, and then the clerk put down the number of the room assigned to the guest. Simultaneously a huge musquito alighted on the page, straddled slowly to the figures and stood still by them. Dixey gazed in affected alarm, and held his dramatic attitude until the insect flew away.

"I'll fix him yet!" he exclaimed. "change my room!"