THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

— AT —

ST. HELENS,

Columbia County, Oregon.

— BY —

E. G. ADAMS, - - - - - - - Editor
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Sept. 10, 1885

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LITERARY BUDGET

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time to every mortal being,
Whate'er his station or his lot in life,
When his sad soul yearns for the final freeing,
From all this jarring and unlovely strife.

There comes a time when, having lost its savor,
The salt of wealth is worthless. When the mind
Grows wearied with the world's capricious favor
And sighs for something that it does not find.

There comes a time when, though kind friends are thronging
About our pathway with sweet acts of grace,
We feel a vast and overwhelming longing
For something that we can not name or place.

There comes a time when, with earth's best love by us
To feed the heart's great hunger and desire,
We find not even this can satisfy us:
The soul within us cries for something higher.

What greater proof need we, that men inherit
A life immortal in another sphere:
It is the homesick longing of the spirit
That can not find its satisfaction here.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago Advance.*

LIFE IN ALASKA.

Reminiscences of Six Years' Residence There.

Grizzly Bears Catching Salmon and Mosquitoes That Really Bite—Queer Habits of the Natives—Beavers Damming Streams.

"I haven't been in Alaska since 1876," said a former Government employe who was stationed in that country for several years, "but from all I can hear the occupation of the land by increasing numbers of white people has not had the effect of changing the customs of the country, in some portions of it at least, to any great extent. The Indians still believe in evil spirits that inhabit the water, hold their slaves secretly, practice polygamy, and retain all their social and religious forms and ceremonies. They have their sorcerers, repudiate all relationship on the father's side, and live generally as they did under the rule of the Russian. There are mussels and species of fish in Alaskan waters which have strong and sometimes fatal toxic qualities if eaten, which they frequently are. Sickness always follows such indulgence, and it was no uncommon thing, when I lived in Alaska, to see an entire Kolosk village suffering from its effects. It is this tradition upon which the belief in evil spirits who live in the water and spread sickness and disease among the people is founded. They profess to hold communication with these spirits through their sorcerers, but they offer them no sacrifices, and use no means to propitiate them.

"Marriage among these Indians is a peculiar institution, in fact, there is no marriage—simply the taking of wives. When a young Indian wants a wife he goes to his mother and tells her so. If she gives her consent he goes to where the lady of his heart is cooped up in her father's house, taking his next best friend with him. Through the latter he sends word to his inamorata that he is near and would wed. If she has a leaning toward her suitor she returns word to him by the friend that she is inclined to join her interests with his. He then takes presents to her and her parents, and having delivered them enters at once into the possession of his bride. There are no further ceremonies, except that a day later the couple must visit her relatives, and if she then has no complaint to make to them about her husband, they are given presents and the wedding is over. This may be repeated indefinitely, until an Indian may become as well-to-do in wives as a Mormon elder. Polygamy was practiced even by the so-called Christian tribes when I lived in the Territory, and their evolution must have been rapid, from what I remember of them, if they have abandoned the practice.

"Dried salmon is the luxury of the Alaskan Indians, and the children begin to nibble it before they think of walking. The way they bring up children out there would hardly suit in this region. The mother carries her child about from the time it is born until it is able to creep, no matter where she goes. Until that time she keeps it wrapped in a sort of fur sack. The moment the young one shows a disposition to crawl she yanks the fur off it, and then begins the building up of its constitution. This is done by giving it a souse in the sea or river every morning, and the chorus of yells that greets every village during this interesting ceremony is something terrific. The cries of the young ones are piteous, and for fear that their maternal breasts might not be proof against these appeals for mercy, and thus fail to do their duty by their offspring, the mothers do not perform this bathing rite themselves, but delegate some brother or sister to do the dousing. These conscientious aunts and uncles vary the switch with the bath, in vain attempts to make the one overawe the noisy results of the other.

"There is one thing that is noticeable among these half-civilized tribes, and is creditable withal. Their old and disabled members are carefully attended to, and orphans become a common charge, and fare the same as the most favored children with living parents. These Indians are original cremationists. Their dead are burned as soon as death ensues; their ashes are interred on the spot and a rude monument erected over them. They have crude ideas of immortality, believing that a man has a spirit that lives forever, but they know nothing of future rewards or punishments. Their heaven is a place where the spirits of the chiefs congregate in one place, the common people by themselves, and slaves, if there are any, have still another dwelling place, unless a chief's slave should die with him, and then his spirit will be in eternal attendance on his master. It was formerly the universal custom to kill the slave when the master died to insure the latter's spirit proper attendance. That custom was abolished by the Russian Government, but it was still kept up in isolated places, and cases where it has been followed were well known as late as 1876.

"Some of the Indian tribes, notably the Kanaitze, traveling from place to place hunting or fishing, have the very excellent habit of leaving behind them when they break camp a quantity of kindling material at each fireplace for the use of the next travelers who come along, and who may possibly not be oversupplied with this very necessary item in their outfit. This kindling consists of some pine pitch and some dry moss and sticks all wrapped up in a curl of birch bark. The traveler who uses this and does not leave some for the next one who comes along is sadly deficient in the etiquette of Alaskan travel.

"That is a curious country, truly. In one day's trip I was treated to three of the rarest sights I ever saw. One of these was the watching from behind a rock of a family of beavers at work felling timber and building dams. I say a family, but there must have been two hundred of them, every one working away like mad. I had been making a trip to see some of the country back from the sea, and was surprised to see how heavily wooded, comparatively, it was. I was guided by a Kanaitze Indian, and long before we reached the lake where I saw the beavers I was puzzled at the crashing of timbers to the ground, as if some great whirlwind were at play among the trees. I could hardly believe the Indian when he said the trees were being felled by beavers. When we came in sight of the lake and the hills about it I no longer doubted. Scores of the busy animals were gnawing down the trees; others were trimming the branches off as neatly as it could have been done with an axe; others were chopping the timber into the proper lengths for use; others rolled the pieces into the water and floated them to the dam-workers, who were rapidly laying up a wooden structure of which the most expert of human workmen might well have been proud. I watched the beavers at work for an hour and then left the spot reluctantly. That night, by the way, I had beaver meat for supper, went to bed on beaver skins and covered myself with beaver furs, and had beaver again for breakfast. I had never eaten beaver meat before, and I found it good. My guide told me that the lake where we had seen the beavers was one of a chain of seven, and that it was the great Indian trapping place. They trapped in one lake one year, in another the next, and so on, thus giving the beaver an opportunity to increase in the waters which were not disturbed.

"One of the other curious sights I saw that day was a grizzly bear fishing for salmon. That was a funny sight. They have the common brown bear and the grizzly in Alaska, and the Alaska grizzly is bigger than his brother of the Rocky Mountains and just as tough. Long before we came to the spot where we saw the grizzly fishing we saw his tracks in the soft margin of the lake. The marks of his feet measured sixteen inches across and were nearly twice as long. Suddenly my guide made me a sign and dropped down behind a rock. I did the same, and looking ahead not more than three rods, I saw the largest wild animal I had ever seen in my life outside of a menagerie. I knew it was a grizzly. The great brute was lying on the top of a bank in which he had scooped out a chute down to the water's edge, at a sharp angle. The bear's eyes were fixed intently on the water, and he had not heard our approach. Presently he slid down that chute with astonishing velocity and plunged head first in the water. When he arose and backed out he had in one of his great paws an enormous salmon which he took to the top of the bank and proceeded to make a meal of. He never finished it, for both my guide and myself sent two rifle balls into his gigantic carcass. He arose to his feet with a roar like a lion, turned two or three times as if to see whence the deadly fire had come, and then fell to the ground and was soon dead. This fishing for salmon is a common method of securing choice morsels of food by both the common bear and the grizzly.

"The third strange sight I saw that day was toward evening. It was summer, and we came to the mouth of a mountain torrent, near where we were to camp. As we stopped by the shore of the stream, a herd of reindeer, at least twenty of them, came out to drink. They were not thirty feet from us, and raised their great antlers, and stood looking at us with such apparent confidence of our good intentions that I would not permit the guide to abuse it, as he was on the point of doing, although it was a bitter task for him to keep his rifle from his shoulder. The deer finally stopped and drank, and then disappeared in the woods as quietly as they had come upon us.

"You would hardly think that there were mosquitoes in Alaska, I suppose, from the idea you have probably formed of the nature of the country, but of all the vivid memories I have of the Territory, those I retain of the Alaskan mosquito are the most vivid. I camped for some days one summer on the Kenai River, near Lake Skeloka, of which it is the outlet, and of all the poisonous, persistent, insatiable pests that ever lived I found there in the form of mosquitoes and black flies. The mosquitoes resemble those we have East, but to correspond with everything else in that land of wonders, they are built on a much grander scale. They have a proboscis that I will wager could drill, saw and chop a hole through the hide of Jumbo in less time than the most expert and able-bodied Jersey mosquito could tap the cuticle of a three-month-old baby. The moment the Alaska mosquito lights on you you begin to itch and swell. His bite on me was so poisonous that after my first hour's experience with him I was taken to camp ill, and for two days I was unable to get around. The Indian who was with me burned some native herb which had a pungent odor, and anointed me with some kind of oil. The smoke kept the mosquitoes away from me and the oil removed the poison. The natives do not seem to mind these pests, and I suppose that if a white man could live in their midst long enough he might become in a measure indifferent to their sting. The black flies seem to have stingers all over them, for when they get a hold on your flesh they hang on like a wood-tick, and when you do get them off you will find a spot of blood where every one of them clung. They say there are snakes in Alaska, but if there are I never saw any.

"I was there six years, and when I first went there a great many white adventurers were trying to get on the trail of an alleged gold mine, or gold region, which legend said had been discovered by some Russians in 1850. When I left this country there were men still looking for that gold region, and there was a rumor that indications of its existence had been found somewhere away in the bed of some mountain stream, beyond the headwaters of the Kenai River. If that was true, subsequent developments must have been indefinitely postponed, for I have never heard of any great amount of bullion coming out of that region."—*N. Y. Times.*

A WASHINGTON EPISODE.

That Had a Pointer in It for Those Who Ape Foreign Manners.

Baron de Struve, the Russian Minister, and his wife are among the most popular people of the diplomatic circle in Washington. They are utterly simple and sincere, and are completely captivated by all things American. Madame de Struve is a very intelligent woman, but utterly without ostentation, and thoroughly a lady in all the best meaning of the term. The Baron is as plain a man as a Maryland farmer, and both pay America the delicate compliment of seeking to appear American in all things.

The Baroness, one day recently, showed her quick knowledge and appreciation of the fine points of etiquette, and at the same time fittingly rebuked a pert young American miss in a manner that will not be forgotten, and that should be told for the benefit of other similar young women who ape foreign airs, cultivate foreign tongues, and think it the proper thing to shrug one's shoulders, elevate one's eyebrows, and turn the palms of one's hands outward in all the essence of depreciation at the mention of their own country.

There is a class of those female dudes in Washington who esteem it the proper performance to chatter in bad French at all times and upon all occasions. A bevy of these young women approached Madame de Struve at a reception in the White House, and began chattering in more or less broken French, and she replied, in her rather lame English:

"Why," said one of the party, "do you not speak French, madame? I am sure you must be able to speak it."

The Baroness gave them a keen glance and replied, "Yes, I speak French, but not in the house of the American President. Though I speak English poorly, I speak it here as well as I can."

The party were not dull enough to miss the rebuke in the calm and ladylike remark, and the Baroness continued: "I do not like to speak French anywhere. It is a foolish and frivolous language and I dislike it. Why should one use it when one can express herself in the English, which is the noblest and best language in the world, as America is the greatest and grandest Nation in the world. I am proud to speak in the language of the Americans."

The giddy young misses began to converse in English, at least while in Madame de Struve's presence. Some of them told the story, and its circulation caused the young lady who wondered that the Baroness did not speak French, some mortification.—*Washington Cor. Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

FEET IN DIFFERENT STATES.

Pedal Anatomy East, South and West, As Viewed By the Shoemakers.

"There is a decided difference in the shape of people's feet in different sections of the country," said a member of one of the largest shoe-manufacturing firms in the city last week. "In the Eastern States the feet are narrower and somewhat longer than in the West, while in the South they are not only narrow but they possess very much higher insteps. So much is this the case that we are obliged to keep three sets of lasts for these three sections. That comes to be a large item, I can assure you, when it is remembered the number of sizes there are in each set. For example, in one size alone we have the initial number—say sevens; then there are narrow sevens, broad sevens; seven and a quarters (narrow and broad), seven and a half (narrow and broad), seven and three-quarters (narrow and broad)—that is, twelve pairs of lasts to one size, and to each of these sizes we must have three different styles for the sections of the country to which we are going to send our goods—that is, thirty-six pairs of lasts to one size pair of boots. Sounds rather extravagant, doesn't it? Of course this is only the case with firms who deal with all these sections.

"Some firms only send their goods to one part of the country. Now, you would be surprised to be told that in different sections of the country different shapes of the toes of boots are required. Out in the West nothing will suit but the square-toed shoe, whereas in the Eastern States a square toe would be in stock a century and then never sell. Different parts of the country require different kinds of leather, also. In the North and West a tougher, harder leather can be worn than in the South, where not only a soft 'upper' is necessary, but, owing to the sandy, hot soil, quite thin soles are necessary. For this kind of wear it is not unusual to use imported leather—that is, for the 'uppers'—but for soles we employ domestic productions almost exclusively."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The yan-yan of the Southern States has been known to drop from the apex of its leaf, between sunset and sunrise, enough water to fill a tea saucer. The "rain-tree," though growing in comparatively dry places, drops enough moisture in a night to make the surface of the ground actually wet.—*Philadelphia Times.*

CROWDED TOWNS.

Serious Questions That are Pressing for Solution.

It is easy to understand why towns and cities are becoming overrun with an extra number of laborers, mechanics, tramps and idlers. At the price of farm produce farmers can not pay as high wages as are offered laborers or clerks in the towns. The young man in the country who is toiling ten or twelve hours per day, and out of the reach of saloons, billiard halls and other places of evening amusement, is not content to work for twenty dollars per month, when he learns that some of his young acquaintances are clerking in town for fifty or sixty dollars per month, with all the advantages of city life. He is uneasy and disappointed with farm life, and rashly breaks loose from home and friends and goes to the town. He probably fails in getting employment, and goes to the next town, or to some larger city, where he thinks he has better opportunities of employment. He has but little money, which is soon gone. He has to abandon respectable boarding houses and respectable company. He is thrown among the worst characters, who are shrewd and plausible in schemes for making or getting money easier than work on a farm, or even by clerking. The consequences are honest young men are frequently led astray, first apparently in honest enterprises, then by those of more doubtful propriety, until he is a tramp or a criminal. In this way the ranks of the idle and vicious are constantly recruited, and the towns are full of them, which the police are not able to detect or subdue.

The cities are already, in all departments of industry, over supplied with help. Chances to obtain lucrative or large salaries are scarce, and constant employment for the common laborer is almost impossible to be had. Public improvements do not employ half the force they did three to five years ago. The depressed price of farm produce will not justify paying higher wages or employing more hands on the farms. The reduction of the tariff two years ago to the amount of about $10,000,000 takes that amount yearly from the laborers, artisans, mechanics and manufacturers of this country and gives it to that class in Europe. These things are creating uneasiness, restlessness and idleness. And idleness is the parent of vice and crime. It is a difficult problem in political economy to solve.

Crowding to towns for higher wages, abandoning the frugal and honest industry of the farm, is rapidly recruiting the army of idle men who will become desperate in sentiments and actions, and thinking "the world owes them a living," whether they make an honest effort to earn it, they will imbibe the communistic principle, and make war on capital and economic industry. These are serious questions to be solved in the future.—*Iowa State Register.*

A SUCCESS.

One School of Journalism That Is Unqualifiedly Successful.

One of the schools of journalism has become a great success. During a number of years many attempts to teach the art of journalism were made, but the results were so far from being satisfactory that with one exception they have all been failures. This one college realizing the impracticability of the curriculum previously adopted threw it aside, employed a man who had, during many years, been engaged in active newspaper work, and introduced a course of study, the achievements of which have proved that journalism can be taught in colleges. The following is a report of the exercises through which a graduating class was conducted:

"What is a law student?"

"A rising young lawyer."

"What is a medical student?"

"A promising young doctor."

"What is a young member of the Legislature?"

"A silvery-tongued orator."

"If a man should marry an ugly woman, how would you write up the affair?"

"I should speak of the beautiful and accomplished bride."

"How would you speak of a loafer?"

"I should refer to him as our enterprising fellow townsman."

"What is a drummer?"

"The handsome and popular So and So."

"In writing up the commencement exercises of the female college what would you say?"

"I would say that the beautiful young girls soon to become ornaments of society, were charming in their feathery array!"

"If a countryman were to bring you a lot of hard apples what would you say?"

"Our farmer friend, Colonel So and So, honored us with a call yesterday. Aside from giving us the pleasure of his own genial self, he laid upon our table a collection of the most choice apples we have ever seen. Come again, Colonel, when you have longer to stay."

"Correct. How would you speak of a little girl?"

"Would call her a fairy."

"What would you say of a boy?"

"Would speak of his bright, intelligent face."

"What would you say of the man who keeps a few bolts of calico?"

"I would speak of him as one of the most successful merchants in the State."

Yes, this school of journalism is a success. It defines the true position of the local newspaper. It makes the business so clear that the student though a fool, need not err therein. It attempts no revolution; makes no mistakes.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—What is most needed at this moment in Tenessee is a unanimous support by the press of the tangible and solid projects that are afloat for the benefit of the people, such as immigration, the opening of mines, and the establishment of manufactories and workshops. The material progress of the State should have the support and countenance of every man in it, and everything that looks like the fomenting of political malice, hate and discontent should be frowned down. Let us have peace and with it prosperity.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.*

"READ LESS, THINK MORE."

An Opinion by a Lawyer Which was as Valuable as Any for Which He Received a Fee.

The late Charles O'Conor, perhaps the most profound lawyer New York City has produced, gave a piece of advice to a young man which is valuable as any legal opinion for which the distinguished lawyer ever received a fee. A lad wrote to him, giving a long list of books which he had already gone through, and asking advice as to a course of reading. Mr. O'Conor replied that "he had not only not read, but had not known even by name one-half of the books his correspondent appeared to have read. He would not, therefore, undertake to advise him what to read, but he could safely advise him to read less, and think more." This anecdote comes from a recent number of the *Century.*

The advice was not, however, original with Mr. O'Conor. In the Philadelphia *Ledger* some time since an older authority was quoted to the same purport. Probably the same sound wisdom could be traced back to the time of the invention of printing. "Read less (of trash) and think more" has a pithiness which makes the advice all the more easy to keep in mind. And following it would enable the "temperate" reader not only to think, but to remember more of what he reads. Remembering more would give a practical value to the ideas acquired and the facts obtained. Perhaps Mr. O'Conor's opinion on reading is to be qualified a little by his practice. It seems that his reading was very much confined to the purposes of his profession. No doubt this limit increased his wonderful efficiency in his legal pursuits. But it would be a great abridgement of mental freedom to restrict the reader to his specialty and forbid excursions outside of that. The mind is enlarged by a variety of topics, and there is scarcely any subject, however foreign to a thinking person's daily life, from which he may not derive some advantage. There is nothing in the way of learning which stands so much alone that it can not be illustrated by other and indeed apparently dissimilar matters. Still the caution holds good—to most readers—"read less and think more."—*Scientific American.*

CARPETS.

An Interesting Scrap of Carpet History.

In 1755 English Axminsters were first made. But it was not until 1749 that a loom was constructed which would produce a Brussels carpet, and just here is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, which has been handed down from father to son as an inviolable truth: During 1730 and 1735 John Broom traveled through Tournay and Brussels studying the stitch which was then known as Brussels stitch. In Brussels, particularly, weavers were at the time making a carpet named after the town—the Brussels carpet. Broom studied with much earnestness the mystery of the manufacture, and finally made the acquaintance in Tournay of a weaver understanding the secret. He and this weaver immediately repaired to England, and near Mount Skipet, Kidderminster, they put up the first Brussels loom, 1749. They operated in absolute secrecy, but in time their modus operandi was exposed. Broom and his Belgian workman labored night and day, and it being known where their operations were conducted, some enterprising fellow climbed to the window and, night after night, from his perilous perch outside, he studied the operations of the mechanism within, until he was able to carry away in his mind a model of the Brussels loom. Then a second firm and several others soon came into the field, and in 1753 Kidderminster was doing considerable in the way of Brussels. To-day there is hardly anything else but Brussels made in Kidderminster.—*Philadelphia Carpet Trade Journal.*

—The Secretary of the London Swimming Club submits the theory that salt water is a cure for lunacy.

Reveille at the White House.

Every inmate of the White House must now report for duty at 8 o'clock A. M.

How Cultured Boston Plays Poker.

[Boston Gazette.]

The intellectual game of draw-poker has taken a firm hold on the dwellers in cultured Boston, and the teachings of the Concord School of Philosophy are for a time forgotten. A correspondent recently overheard several fair daughters of the Athens of America indulging in this pleasant pastime, when the following dialogue ensued:

Anastasia: "Is it my aunt? Oh, yes! Well, there's a solitary check."

Clytemnestra: "I will bestride your destitute of sight, dear."

Proserpine: "Well, draw your cards, girls. I will remain Patrick."

Millicent: "Well, I will wager a half-score of checks."

Anastasia: "I behold you and elevate you five."

Proserpine: "I fear that you are feigning to possess more than you really have, but, nevertheless, dears, I call you."

Anastasia: "I have a homogeneous trio of aces."

Millicent: "And I a Robert-appendaged flush.

Proserpine: "While I hold a quartet of knaves."

Millicent: "Well, dear, then you take the ceramics."

The Dissipation of Roller Skating.

In the evening they feel as if they could skate on forever.

The next day, being incapacitated either for pleasure or business, they each vow mentally never to enter a rink——

The next night they go again.

A Crime He Wouldn't Commit.

[Snap.]

In state prison I dwell,
I have poisoned a well,
I have turned on the gas in the dark;
I have kidnapped a lad,
I am awfully bad,
My murders have caused some remark.

I have broken bank locks,
I have robbed the poor-box,
I've deserted my children and wife;
I have taken my lot
In a dynamite plot,
But I never ate peas with a knife.

Too Much Head for a Mere Clerk.

[Denver Times.]

Dry Goods Merchant: "So, sir, you think you could learn to become a salesman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you were waiting on that man and his wife over at the lace counter. What would you do first?"

"I should hold up the best piece of lace in the stock and ask the man if he didn't think it was becoming to his daughter's style of beauty."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, nothing. The woman would take care of the rest of it."

"Young man, I don't want you for a clerk I want you for a partner."

Arithmetical Progression.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

One of Disraeli's sayings was: "Addition is the bounden duty of a bachelor. When he has mastered it, multiplication will follow as a matter of course." This is very true, and in these days of easy divorces division and substraction are often the sequel.

Perils of Metempsychosis.

[Burlington Free Press.]

There is a religious sect in Ohio which believes that when human beings die they turn into cats. Doesn't it make a man shiver, though, to think that perhaps he has been slinging bootjacks all winter at his wife's grandmother.

New York Graphic: A Syracuse man has procured an autograph of Queen Victoria by sending her 25 cents with his request. This opens up a new revenue of wealth for the monarchs of the effete East.

Boston Post: The dog licenses run out on the 1st of April, but the improvident dogs don't seem to have thought of the matter at all.

Treasurer of the United States.

CONRAD N. JORDAN.

In consequence of the resignation of Mr. Wyman, Secretary Manning appointed on April 22 Mr. Conrad N. Jordan to that position. Mr. Jordan hails from Morristown, N. J., but has lived in New York for many years, and has been engaged in the banking business in various capacities. He has been quite well known in Wall street for about twenty-five years, chiefly through his connection with the Third National bank and the New York, Ontario and Western railway. He was made cashier of the Third National bank upon its organization, in 1864, and he remained in that capacity for 16 years, or until 1880, when he resigned to accept the treasurership of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway company.

Morally and mentally Mr. Jordan is known in Wall street as a man of strict integrity and great determination. He is a fearless man, but is considered here excitable and testy, and often gruff in his manner. It is said that when he was settling up the affairs of the Gold Exchange bank he was present, as the accountant, at a meeting of the memoers of the gold exchange and the creditors of the bank. Some statement of Mr. Jordan's was questioned, whereupon, so the story is told by one who was present, Mr. Jordan rose in his virtuous wrath and in a manner that was as vigorous as it was unparliamentary made things exceedingly lively for the man who, as he believed, had assailed him.

Mr. Jordan's courageous spirit has also been shown in highly honorable ways. Upon one occasion as he was crossing the North river on a ferryboat, when he was on his way from his summer home at Englewood, N. J., to the bank, a young lady passenger fell into the river. Quick as a flash Mr. Jordan jumped after her, and, being a good swimmer, succeeded in saving her life. Then he quietly went his way to the bank and never told anybody how it was he appeared in wet clothes.

Mr. Jordan, who is about 52 years old, is of full figure. He looks younger than he is, and still bears traces of having been an athletic young man. He has gray hair and mustache, a ruddy complexion, snapping gray eyes and a brusque manner.

A Patriotic Irish Statesman.

THE LATE ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN.

The cause of good government in Ireland received a severe blow by the death of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, at Dublin, on Oct. 17, at the age of 54. Beginning life as an artist, in which he displayed remarkable natural talent, his patriotic impulses caused him to relinquish art for journalism and politics, to which he gave earnest, studious thought and, as a result, accurate judgment. As editor of The Nation and proprietor of The Dublin Morning News, he kept himself in the front as a leader of Irish thought and a moulder of opinion. He was a member of parliament for eight years, and one of the founders and the best advisers of the land league, believing as he did that it was only through practical agitation, within the law, that the grievances of his country could be remedied. An evidence of this was shown in his opposition to the Fenian conspiracy. In 1861 Mr. Sullivan married a New Orleans lady, who, with her eldest daughter, accompanied him on his last visit to the United States in 1882.

They All Knew They Knew.

[Portland Advertiser.]

A Portland man who had commonly mispronounced the name of Mrs. Hemans by giving the "e" a long sound attempted to find out from several of his acquaintances if they had fallen into the same error. Not wishing to give a clew to the point in question, he asked casually, as if for information:

"Who is the author of 'The Breaking Waves Dashed High?'"

The answer promptly given was, "Mrs. Sigourney."

The same day he asked another friend the same question:

"Who is the author of 'The Breaking Waves Dashed High?'"

"Leigh Hunt."

He persevered in this method and anxiously inquired from still another:

"Who is the author of 'The Breaking Waves Dashed High?'"

This one had no doubt whatever, and boldly replied, "Julia Ward Howe."

The next time the question was asked it was asked in this form, "How do you pronounce 'H-e-m-a-n-s?'"

Melted Wax-Works.

[New York Letter.]

There is a difficulty which the managers of the Eden Musee have encountered here in town. The Eden is a museum of wax-works. The temperature has been nigh to 100 every day for a week. That softens the material of the exhibits, and destroys the likenesses. But that does not necessarily spoil their utility. It only necessitated the alteration of labels. President Arthur's face elongated of itself, like a gob of molasses candy still warm. They did not throw it away, but transferred it to the chamber of horrors, where it serves for the evil and misanthropic visage of a murderer. The dumpling of a Patti used to stand in a group of stage personages in the main hall. Her round, rosy face was an excellent portrait until this month's heat gradually narrowed it. Now she is a woman who atrociously slaughtered her four children and committed suicide.