THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

— AT —

ST. HELENS,

Columbia County, Oregon.

E. G. ADAMS, - - - - - - Editor
A. B. ADAMS, - - - Associate Editor

THE COLUMBIAN.

VOL. VI. ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, DECEMBER 3, 1885. NO. 13.

THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

— AT —

ST. HELENS,

Columbia County, Oregon.

E. G. ADAMS, - - - - - - Editor
A. B. ADAMS, - - - Associate Editor

LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

Pacific Coast, Eastern and Foreign.

Elizur Wright, the noted Abolitionist, is dead.

The casting of a 54-ton gun at Boston, was a failure.

Several cases of yellow fever are reported to exist at Galveston, Texas.

Less than 300 claims now remain before the Court of Alabama Claims.

Farmers in the vicinity of Eureka, Cal., are using salmon to fertilize their land.

The Austrian Minister to the United States has been retired by his Government.

At Chicago, Samuel R. Smith shot and killed his young wife. Cause, jealousy.

Alfonso, King of Spain, is dead. His successor to the throne is his daughter, aged five years.

G. W. Stripe, of Sprague, W. T., fell across the railroad track and was cut in two by a passing train.

At New York city Mrs. Albert Fritz killed her two children and herself with evanide of potassium.

Thirteen persons were killed and fifteen injured, by an explosion in a coal mine at Rechitza, Hungary.

The cattle shipments of Montana for 1885 will amount to some 80,000 head, worth in Chicago $4,000,000.

Vice-President Hendricks died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., of paralysis of the brain.

A night watchman at Woodland, Cal., has been sent to jail for sixty days for the theft of a turkey.

Ex-Mayor Bowman, of East St. Louis, Ill., was shot and killed at his own door by an unknown assassin.

The use of natural gas in Pittsburg as a substitute for coal, daily displaces from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of that product.

A new Emancipation act has been introduced in the Brazilian Parliament favoring an early liberation of the slaves.

A man who drove a team sixty miles near Selma, Or., without giving them food or water, has been sent to jail for 140 days.

Three thousand workmen in the slate works at Llanberris, a village in Carnarvonshire, Wales, have been locked out.

In Lyon county, Nev., fish that live underground have been found which have no eyes and have a soft fur instead of scales.

A boat containing a whole family, consisting of father, mother and son, capsized in the St. Lawrence river and all were drowned.

At Sparta, Ga., Amanda Dixon, colored, was successful in her suit for the property of the late David Dixon, valued at $500,000.

The accidental upsetting of a kerosine lamp in a tenement house at New York, caused the death of a woman and her two children.

L. Sommerfield shot and instantly killed his wife and her paramour, Gottleib Eisenbaum, in the latter's saloon at Washington, D. C.

A highwayman named Charles Collins, attempted to rob the money-box of a street-car in Omaha, when the driver shot him dead.

The West Shore Railroad was sold under foreclosure to J. P. Morgan, Chauncey M. Depew and Ashbell Green for $22,000,000.

At Vallejo, Cal., Michael Keefe, in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife, killing her almost instantly. He then shot himself, but not fatally.

Dr. Wm. Frotheringham, one of the best-known physician in New York City, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

The citizens of Benton, M. T., have offered a bonus of $100,000 to aid in the construction of a branch of the Canadian Pacific to that place.

S. C. Blake, a stationer of San Francisco, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor and jumping from his room to the sidewalk.

Henry W. Sage has given $60,000 to endow a Professorship of Ethics and Moral Philosophy in Cornell University, in memory of his late wife.

An explosion occurred at the Philadelphia Lubric Works. Thirteen men were seriously burned. One man was instantly killed and four others cannot recover.

Mrs. Rhoda Howard died in Bath county, Kentucky, aged 116. She smoked tobacco during the greater portion of her life, and never took a dose of medicine.

At Truckee, Cal., recently, hundreds of angle worms were seen crawling about on top of the snow, seemingly having been dropped from the sky during a storm.

Engineers and firemen on the Rock Island road report seeing apparitions and hearing groans at the tunnel near La Salle, where no less than forty persons have lost their lives.

Mrs. L. M. Wilson, Superintendent of Public Schools at Des Moines, Iowa, has under her charge eight buildings, eighty teachers and about 4,000 pupils. Her salary is $1,800 a year.

During the recent great storm on the Atlantic coast, the tide at New York City rose three feet higher than ever before known. The first floor of many buildings were flooded.

At Damascus, Ohio, Col. Joseph Bruff killed himself on the grave of his son because of financial embarrassment. He was 60 years of age, and left a wife and grown-up family.

A monument erected in honor of Edward Kelly, the Irish leader sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered in 1867, has been unveiled at Mount Hope cemetery, Boston.

THEN AND NOW.

We laughed to see the whirling snow
And hear the raging tempest blow;
We recked not of the icy blast,
Nor how the storm came wild and fast—
Our hearts had sunny weather;
Nor snow, nor hail, nor wild winds' moan,
Could chill the glow around them thrown,
For then we were together.
O, sweetest word—together!

I tread, in golden summer hours,
A pathway through a land of flowers,
Beneath the blue of peaceful skies,
With weary feet and tear-dimmed eyes;
I care no longer whether
The days be bright or dark, nor how
The lonely time goes by, for now
We walk no more together,
Ah, nevermore together.

—*Anna E. Bowser, in Current.*

CLIMBING A VOLCANO.

One of the Five Active Craters in Costa Rica.

A Graphic Description of a Perilous Adventure—A Crater Never Examined by Scientists—Incidents and Accidents.

There are five active volcanoes in Costa Rica, according to the geography; Irazu, which is 11,500 feet high; Turrialba, which is 10,350; Poas, DeBarba, and Mirravalees, which have not been measured, and several smaller ones whose craters have shown evidence of former activity, but have emitted nothing since the memory of man. To be considered active a volcano does not have to keep belching out fire and smoke all the time, for they must have vacations like the rest of us; but an extinct one is that whose crater has been permitted to fill up with debris and never shows signs of life.

Not having had the advantage of volcanic acquaintance, and being ambitious to look into the crater's mouth, I determined to explore Irazu, and in company with Mr. H. Remsen Whitehouse, Secretary of the United States Legation in Central America, I made the ascent.

It was an experience which will never be forgotten, but which one would not care to repeat. You can not go to the summit of Irazu in a railway car like Vesuvius, and no one has ever taken the trouble to build a carriage road, therefore the journey is not recommended to ladies, invalids, or timid men; and one such trip will do the most nerveful for a lifetime.

We followed up a cart road, thick with dust for a few miles, then entered the cornfields and rode through them for several hours, stopping at the cabin of a native to get corn for our horses and a cup of coffee for ourselves. This was the last house on the mountain, and leaving it we went through a pasture and struck into a forest as dense as a forest can be. There was a good moon and it lit up the tree tops with a weird and fantastic light, while the great festoons of moss which hung from the branches and almost obscured our way were almost livid where the rays of moonlight struck them. The trunks and limbs of the trees were covered with thick, yellow lichens, which were as fine as hair, and hung like the beard of a patriarch. The trees, too, were loaded with orchids, that rare plant so much prized by botanists, and sought here by collectors from all over the world. Dead trunks covered with moss that seemed almost phosphorescent arose like phantoms in our way. Huge, thorny cacti, like the candelabra of giants, were on every side, while the dense growth of underbrush made it almost impossible for the horses to push through.

Through this we kept climbing until the horses were exhausted and the moon went down. For some inscrutable reason, but really for no reason whatever, it is considered best to make the climb in the night, but we couldn't go any further, so a fire was built, the animals were unsaddled and given their supper; we swung our hammocks in the trees and wrapping ourselves in blankets lay down to pleasant dreams.

The blazing fire frightened the animals of the forest, and all around us we could hear the protests of the tiger, whose cry is like that of a child. Now and then the deeper tones of the mountain lion could be distinguished, but they were more frightened than we, for the fire was a terror to them, as it was a comfort to us, the altitude being something more than 9,000 feet and the temperature forty Farenheit. The birds chattered and gossiped, being awakened by the unusual light and disturbance in their solitude. There was little sleep for any of us, as the situation was so weird, and the noises our advent awakened so strange to our ears. At 3:30 we were to be called and continue the ascent so as to reach the top of the mountain by sunrise. We were all awake long before the time, and leaving the hammocks hanging, and stripping ourselves of every possible encumberance except overcoat and food, we were in the saddle promptly and followed the guide as he plunged into a darkness that could be cut with a knife. There is darkness and darkness, but that we encountered in that tropical forest was double-dyed. We might as well have been blindfolded in a coffin at the bottom of a grave. There was a path, a trail among the trees, but the guide couldn't follow it on horseback, so he dismounted and felt for it with his feet. They failed and he crept along on his hands and knees, and that method of locomotion being rather unsatisfactory, he lit a candle he had in his pocket and plodded along.

The path went zigzag up the mountain side, like the trail of a goat. It ran a few hundred feet on the bias at a grade of about forty-five degrees, and then reversing ran up about the same grade and distance in the other direction, presenting a series of acute angles like an enormous rail-fence. Just as Mr. Whitehouse was turning one of these corners, where the slope of the mountain side was almost perpendicular, his horse stepped upon a rotten log, which concluded to roll down the precipice, and he and his horse went too. Nobody saw this decidedly novel acrobatic adventure. It was too dark to see your hand before your face; we were creeping along, feeling our way step by step, with arms outstretched to prevent contact between the trees and our heads.

After making what may be called a cursory examination of the surroundings, Mr. Whitehouse clambered up the bank, where a council of war was held, and it was determined to postpone further operations on that line until daylight. So we sat down around a fire and discussed things until the light began to filter through the forest. Then the climb was resumed and we got out of the woods just in time to see the sun rise out of what looked like a world full of soapsuds. The mountain rose like an island in a shoreless sea of clouds, great banks of foamy vapor rolling and plunging in the wind that always rises with the dawn, as the surf does on the shoals. It was a picture one does not often see, and there are no words in my vocabulary that will convey an adequate idea of its appearance. If one could fill the world with foam like that which hovers over the foot of Niagara Falls it would look something like it.

The wind was bitter cold, and it swept over the volcano with a fierceness that penetrated our very bones, but the sun's rays were hot and piercing, and soon burned out the clouds, in which the wind assisted, and the picture turned into a scenic panorama which has few equals in the world. Below us was spread out all Costa Rica, and the surf-fringed shore of two oceans. Sky, sea and lands were one vast rainbow, mingling tints of blue and green, and and the most unpoetic eyes could not behold it without awe and wonder. Mountains seemed to hang in the air as the clouds surrounded them, long lines of unbroken forests stretched away into a mirage which seemed to show the earth inverted, the fields of sugar-cane, a brilliant, livid green, looked like strings of gigantic emeralds on the earth's bosom, while the yellow fields of corn, half harvested, resembled sand hills, rolling and weltering under the tropic sun. Here and there were clusters of houses, with white churches rising in their midst, and streams linking them together like silver bands.

Far off on the horizon, which surrounded the picture like a circular frame, it was difficult to tell where the sky and the ocean met, their colors blending imperceptibly. We would not have known the two seas were there had not the expectation of a view of both the Atlantic and the Pacific from the same point been one of the objects of the climb, this being the only spot in the world from which both oceans are visible. The guide said he could distinguish the sky from the water, but I could not, and only knew that the seas were there because the lines where the dark green forests ended and the blue began were broken and irregular.

Following the crest of a ridge of pumice stone and ashes, which had been thrown out in ages past, and were as regularly piled as if the hands of men had dumped them there, we looked down on one side into a gorge three thousand feet deep, to the foot of which a stone would roll without meeting an impediment; and on the other into a basin formed by the mountain side, and the heaps of ashes that lay in a regular winrow around it—a basin about five hundred feet deep and quarter of a mile across from the top of one bank to the top of the other. The bottom was honey-combed with craters, where it looked as if the earth had broken through in irregular circles. There were seven or eight of these craters, some of them centuries old, the last and largest having opened within the memory of living men. The older ones were black and half filled with ashes cast from those of later origin, while "the new one" as it is called—perhaps a quarter of a century old—was bottomless as far as we could see, and its walls were yellow with sulphur and white with half-burned limestone. It was dangerous to go near the edge for the banks are concave, and thin crusts of earth reach over them; but we cast huge stones over and heard them strike the sides of the crater as they went down into an abyss which man has never measured. How long they were in reaching the bottom and what they found when they got there would be interesting to know, but this volcano has never been scientifically examined, and very few people have ever been to the crater's edge.

We were glad we went while we were down there, but were sorry when we tried to go back, for the walls at the basin are loose ashes, light and flinty, and our feet sunk into them almost to the knees. It was fun coming down, sliding and leaping into the soft substance but going up it was a task that at times seemed to be beyond endurance. The ashes were fresh and crisp, and there was no sign of vegetation for a distance of a thousand feet or more down the outside bank, against which the wind was constantly blowing, and where one would think it would lodge dust and seeds from the forests so near and so numerous. The wall of ashes arose at least 500, and in some places 600 feet, around the crater. We noted a very marked odor of sulphur in the crater while we were there, and our guide, who crawled close to the edge, reported vapor coming from the bottom, but the rest of us could not perceive it. There were many evidences of recent discharges, however, one of the most pronounced being the presence of flakes of sulphur on the ground, which must have been deposited there since the last rainfall.

It is the prevailing theory among local amateur scientists that the five active volcanoes of Costa Rica are connected by underground passages, and are all chimneys of the same terrestrial furnace; that more than one is seldom active, but that at least one is always in a state of eruption, as an escape for gas and vapors from the subterranean fires, that it is universally the rule for earthquakes of great force to follow a suppression of activity in all of them, and a sense of relief always prevails when the discharges are heavy and frequent. But while the interruption of activity is immediately succeeded by upheavals elsewhere, earthquakes are frequently felt, though not in such force, while the volcanoes are active. This is accounted for by the fact that gas is not emitted as fast as it accumulates, and that when it gathers in quantities sufficient to reach the sparks from the subterranean fires; it explodes in the caverns and causes an oscillation of the earth above. These explanations are very plausible and generally accepted as true, although, as I have said, the phenomenon has never been studied by men of scientific reputation, who might find here an interesting and prolific field for research.—*Curtis, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Missent Letters Can be Remailed Without Additional Expense.

Two men stood near a letter-box in Broadway disputing about a sealed letter which one of them held in his hand. The letter had been posted at an office in Virginia and a carrier had delivered it at an up-town address. In the meantime the person to whom the letter was addressed had left the city. The original address had been erased and one in a distant town had been written below it.

"You will have to put another stamp on it," said the stouter of the two men to the one who held the letter.

"That's possible, but my wife told me I only needed to drop it into a box. She ought to know about such things, because she re-mails lots of letters that come to the house."

"Why didn't she look after this one then?"

"Because she wanted it sent from down town so that it would get out quicker."

"Well, if you post it without another stamp it will not go at all. Women don't know about such things."

A letter-carrier approached the box at that moment and an appeal was made to him. He glanced at the envelope and said: "That needs another stamp because it is not a city letter. If it were going to another part of the city the old stamp would carry it."

"Do you mean to say that this letter would be detained at the office for postage?"

"Well, perhaps they would send it and charge the extra postage at the other end of the line. You had better see the station agent about it."

"There," said the stout man after the carrier had walked away, "you see how much your wife knew about it."

"Come on to the station and if she is wrong I will pay for two cigars."

They went to Station A and the letter was shown to the agent there. "That's all right," was his curt comment.

"But a carrier has told me it would need another stamp because it was going out of the city again."

"The law used to be that way," the agent said, "but it has been changed, and every carrier ought to know it. Now a letter can be remailed as often as necessary within the United States to get it to the owner without extra postage. The only limit is the number of changes that can be made in addresses on the face of the envelope."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CUPPING.

An Old Art in a Modern Barber Shop—Seldom Resorted to in This Country.

A novel sight was presented in a bathroom at Phil. Balzer's yesterday afternoon, and was exhibited to a number of interested customers of the shop. An old German barber who keeps a chair in the south end was "cupping" a patient. The process had, of course, been often heard of, but never seen by any present. The man upon whom the art was being practiced was sitting in a bathtub, and attached to his skin were no less than twenty-eight small glass cups, which had been applied to all parts of his body by the doctor barber. The skin had been cut or scarified under each, and the blood was slowly oozing out into the cups. The applications were made by expelling the air from the cups by means of heat, and quickly pressing them upon the man's person. The flesh was drawn up into the cup by the pressure of the air, and the blood extracted by a sort of suction.

"Cupping" was formerly part of the profession of every barber in Germany, and from it came the sign of the red, blue and white pole, the colors being supposed to represent arterial and veinous blood, and pure health, respectively. It was approved by reputable physicians, though not when done to such an extent as in the case of yesterday. It was used mostly for local troubles, and not for wholesale blood letting. It is now seldom done in this country, though English doctors sometimes prescribe it.—*Columbus (O.) State Journal.*

The Invention of Paper.

How, when, or by whom paper was first invented will never be known. According to Hallam, documents on paper are found as early as the tenth century, and it came into use not long after this era, and completely supplanted all other materials which were formerly employed for the purposes for which it is now used. It will be observed that the invention of paper of some kind was an absolute necessity before there could be printing, as parchment was far to expensive to use for the purpose, even were it otherwise perfectly adapted to this use. The use of paper in Western Europe dates from the time mentioned, but it was known to the Chinese long before the Christian era, and it is believed that they used the bark of various trees, the soft part of the bamboo stems, cotton and several other kinds of vegetable fibers. From the Chinese it is supposed to have spread to India, thence to Arabia, and the manufacture was introduced into Europe by the Moors of Spain, but about this there is no certainty. The rice paper of the Chinese is made in the same general way as the papyrus of the ancient Egyptians, by placing in proper order layers of fibers and cementing them with sizing or glue. The first patent for paper making was taken out in England in 1665, but it was "for making blue paper, such as is used by bakers." The next, for making writing papers, was in 1675, and covered writing and printing papers.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The building in which the postoffice is located at Bristol, Pa., was an even hundred years old recently. The timbers were all hewn out of oak in Penn's Manor, Bucks County, and rafted down the Delaware.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Three-fourths of the children born in Calaveras County, Col., in the past two years are girls.

PARASITICAL.

The Poison Which Is Potent in Matters of Human Health.

It is a singular thing to those of our number who think knowledge begins with us to find that the germ theory, as it is styled, was propounded and discussed more than two hundred years ago as one of the hypotheses accounting for the plague, that otherwise unaccountable visitation, and that in the ensuing century Reaumur, Linnæus, and other scientific people quite fully accepted it, so far as its progress was then apparent.

The existence of microscopic life is something that was revealed to us in the first days of the microscope's fit and proper use, and it is not impossible that discovery will yet go very much farther in that direction. When we find that minute organisms, hardly more than infinitesimal bright points under the strongest lens, exist in the centre of a lump of chalk rent from the very middle of some great mass, full of vitality, and capable of producing important fermentative changes in substances with which they come in contact, we can form some approach to a conception of the universality of life, and of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of escaping its most disastrous forms. That much of this life is serviceable and beneficial is apparent, and that much is also injurious and poisonous is equally apparent. It seems almost like an assertion of positive malevolent force in the world, this poisonous microscopic life, when viewed with reference to its possibilities, in the multitude of deathly diseases thus created, and in the fact that just before death, and not just after, the putrefactive poison is often found to have begun its malignant work; but as nobody seriously doubts that good is to overcome evil in the whole cosmos, so the extermination of these poisonous powers is something to be looked for, and to be worked for, by the doctrine of exclusion, by the elision of favorable circumstances of development, the elimination of the malevolent germ from among created things by the destruction of the conditions which nurture it and favor its continuance and propagation, till the disease-producing germ shall one day become as extinct as the dodo.

Every physician knows that bacteria are to be found swimming along their fatal way in the veins of patients in typhoid, scarlet, puerperal and other fevers, to say nothing of small-pox, diphtheria, measles, septicæmia, and the rest, that they are of material substance, and that they propagate each after its kind and not after another, showing active force and individual existence. This individual existence and continuing active force, in fact, is seen to exist in the earliest and most minute form of life, in the initial atom of bioplasm, as one may say. The old distich in relation to the great fleas that have little fleas "to worry and to bite 'em, while little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*," if possibly vulgar, is certainly true, and shows that the idea of the animal parasite is not at all a novel one. Even the little fly has its parasite, that may be observed when he dies on the window-pane, and hangs glued there in a tiny, fuzzy mould.

The capability for evil, not alone in matters of human health, but even in the financial affairs of the world, which these infinitesimal atoms of life exert, is to be understood from the circumstances that the muscadine, the parasite of the silk-worm, has cut down production of silk in France from an annual amount of a hundred and thirty million francs to thirty millions only. The oidium meanwhile some time since as good as exterminated the vine in Maderia, many of the vineyards there having been replanted with the supposably yet uninfected vines of California; and the smut in wheat and the rust in cotton are parasitical concerns that every year do their own damage.

Parasitical growth must needs always be an unhealthy growth, since it is difficult to believe that any created thing has more life than it needs for its own uses, and consequently has none to give away and supply the wants and uses of the parasite. To avoid this parasitical growth, or to destroy it, then, demands our best efforts, let us find it where we may; and regarding it as a malevolent and malignant enemy, it is something curious to see that the cleanliness which is next to goodliness is its only exterminator. Plenty of water, then plenty of sunshine, plenty of air—the great cleansing processes of nature—will be our safeguards against our general enemies, the especial enemy needing still more especial measures. People who see particular visitations of an angry Providence in the mortal diseases that rob their homes of their chiefest treasures should look to it first, and make sure that they themselves are not the angry providence, with choked drains, foul closets, decaying vegetable heaps in unused and unaired cellars, or with uncleansed refrigerators, the gathered moisture on whose interior walls partakes of the nature of slime and poisons the milk the children drink. If we can not escape the cruel enemy altogether, we can yet by vigorous concerted effort make his approaches so difficult as to thin his numbers for want of food, and secure perhaps some portion of indemnity for the future, if not for our more immediate selves, for those that are yet to come.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The golden number is so called because it was formerly written on the calendar in letters of gold. It is the number reckoned from one to nineteen, showing what year in the lunar or metonic cycle any given year is. The epact is the excess of the solar above the lunar year, the former consisting of 365 days and the latter 354. The epact of any year is the number of days from the last new moon of the old year to the first day of the following January. The dominical letters are those which denote the Sundays, or *dies dominico.*—*Chicago Herald.*

—A sight to be seen in Uncle Sam's museum at Washington is the blue uniform worn by General Jackson when he thrashed Pakenham and his redcoats at New Orleans. The uniform is in a case of glass, but the dust on the shoulders makes golden straps in the sunshine.—*Washington Post.*

EARTHQUAKES.

A Distinguished Scientist's Opinion of the Cause of Subterranean Activities.

It has been asked of late whether the hurricanes which followed the Spanish earthquakes were not followed by those subterranean disturbances, and all-explaining electricity has been called upon to explain how earth-throes might have caused atmospheric disturbances. I know of no way in which such consequences could have followed from a displacement of the earth's crust. To me it seems far more natural to conclude that the hurricanes and earthquakes were alike produced (the hurricanes chiefly, the earthquakes partially) by the atmosperic compression which preceded the subterranean disturbances. This compression indicated a heaping of air over the disturbed region; the earth's crust yielded under this increase of pressure, combined with the action of other forces, and earthquakes followed; the compressed air swept away to regions of less pressure, and the rarefaction following led in the usual way to the indraught which precedes a cyclonic disturbance in the air.

But while the action of atmospheric pressure in helping to excite subterranean activities must not be overlooked, the varying pressure exerted by seas and oceans is a more potent disturbing factor. Atmospheric pressure is distributed in such a way that though the weight of air on any given area is continually changing, there are no sharply defined lines, at any time, which separate regions of less pressure from regions of greater pressure. It is otherwise with the sea along a shore line. Here we have the sea acting with constantly varying intensity, as its level changes, on the seaward side of the shore line, while on the landward side there are no such variations of pressure. Let us consider what this means. Take a tolerably straight shore line 500 miles in length, and suppose that along this shore line a region of ocean 100 miles broad rises through a height of three feet under the combined action of sun and moon raising a tidal wave, and favoring strong winds urging the water shoreward. Then we have 50,000 square miles of sea-water, three feet deep, added as so much dead-weight to that part of the earth's crust which underlies the seas along that shore. Each square mile contains in round numbers 3,000,000 square yards, or 27,000,000 square feet. The additional weight corresponds, then (as the added layer is three feet deep,) to 50,000 times 81,000,000 cubic feet of water, each weighing 64¾ pounds, or to 116,000,000,000 tons. It is clear that the addition of so enormous a weight as this to the submerged part of the earth's crust, outside the shore line, may well produce strains too great to be resisted. It must be remembered that the very existence of a precipitous shore line (as distinguished from one where the land above water and the parts submerged form one great slope) indicates the comparative weakness of the crust along that coast. It has yielded on one side to pressure thrusting it upward above the sea-level, and on the other side to the pressure of the water forcing it down. It is true, the actual line of yielding may not coincide with the existent shore line. For the action of the sea waves may (and generally must) have altered the position of the coast from that which it occupied when first formed. But it may be taken for granted that not far from every precipitous shore line lies a line of weakness, where the crust has given way in the past, and may give way again. In this consideration undoubtedly we find a part of the explanation of the observed fact that almost all the great regions of subterranean activity on the earth lie near the sea-shore.

But while the changes of atmospheric and oceanic pressure are potent factors in the production of earthquakes, and are probably in the great number of cases their direct occasion, it is, of course, to the subterranean regions themselves that we must look for the forces at work in upheaving the crust of the earth. The forces acting from the outside are as the pull on the trigger; the imprisoned gases and vapors generated by internal heat are as the powder by whose explosion the missile is ejected.

Yet even in considering the earth's subterranean activities we still have to look outside for a part at least of the causes of disturbance. The air perhaps may in this respect be neglected, but the water is all-important. It has been said, indeed, and probably with a nearer approach to truth than usual in the case of generalizations of the sort, "Without water there can be no volcano," and a similar rule (not quite so general) applies to earthquakes. Few probably occur, possibly none, save through the action of water in some way or other. All active volcanoes except one (in mid-Asia) are by the sea shore. Nearly all the great earthquakes recorded by history have taken place, and have apparently had their center of disturbance, near the sea.

There can be very little doubt, indeed, that the direct cause of every great subterranean disturbance is water in the form of steam—steam superheated, under great pressure, and therefore possessing much greater expansive power than steam at ordinary temperatures.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Harper's Magazine.*

Great Improvement.

Captain Jasman, who owed a bill in a neighboring town, was drawn on through the bank.

"What's this?" he asked of the collector.

"It's a draft for fifty dollars."

"The first one I ever saw. Now, they get 'em up in good shape, don't they? Well, sir, there has been a big improvement in such things since I could first remember. When I was a boy, circus bills were mere daubs of red ink, but now look at 'em."

"Are you going to pay this draft?"

"O, I don't want it. Tell that feller that I am much obliged for the kind attention he has shown me, but that I can not afford to pay so large a price for such a small piece or paper. Good-day."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The throne of Louis XIV. was sold by public auction in Paris a few days ago for 6,500 francs.

"Maria and He Had Sot and Sot."

"You see," she was explaining to a lawyer, after beating his counsel fee down to $3, "I have a daughter Maria."

"Yes'm."

"Maria has a beau."

"Exactly."

"Has been waitin' on her for six years."

"I see."

"And I've been waitin' on him for the same length of time—waitin' for him to marry her."

"Just so, ma'am."

"How long should a couple spark?"

"Well, that depends. It takes some folks a long time to make up their minds."

"Isn't three years long enough?"

"I should think so."

"And I gave him six. I've been getting madder and madder for the last three months, and finally last night I couldn't hold in any longer. I went into the parlor and there he was, giggling and winking and loving around same as five years ago. There was Maria, simpering and cackling and acting like the same fool she allus was. Don't talk to me! A gal can bring a beau to time inside of two years if she's got any marry in her. You didn't fool away six years?"

"No'm."

"Nor I, either. Well, I stood it as long as I could, and when I went into the room says I to William, says I: 'William, you've sot and sot, and it's my duty as a mother to know if you intend to marry Maria.' Maria she give a screech, and William he turned fiery red. But says I: 'If you love, why don't you marry? If you are hanging around here to pass away time you'd better skip!'

"Well, William coughed and gasped and stuttered around, and said he wanted to write to his ma in Iowa.' 'Your ma in Iowa!' says I, feeling my dander climbing up. 'Mebbe you ain't weaned yet?'

"Then he says he couldn't be bulldozed, and that one objection to marrying Maria was having me for a mother-in law. Then the cyclone broke loose. Also the whirlwind.

Then the cyclone broke loose.

Also two or three earthquakes. Inside of four minutes Maria had fainted, William was a wreck and we had upset the stove and broke three chairs. He came to and slipped out while I was holding camphor to Maria's nose, and I've heard to-day that he is after a warrant for me for assault with intent to kill. Can he get one?"

"Yes'm."

"Can he do anything?"

"Well, you want a jury?"

"Sartin—sartin. I'll go before a jury and tell 'em how he and Maria have sot and sot for 1,700 nights—how I've had to be soft on him—how I've poked up Maria to bring him to time—how I stood it and stood it until sunthin' had to break—how it has cost me $200 for fuel and oil—how—but that's all. If they are men they can't find no verdict ag'in me."

"No'm."

"Well, I'll go home and wait. Maria lies there sighing and weeping, and there's the stove to put up and the chairs to mend, and if William gets the warrant I'll let you know. His ma in Iowa! I'll let him know that somebody's ma in Detroit is alive and kicking and allus on deck!"

Human Nature the Same in Russia.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

Akonlina was stirring the satchi as Sasha Petrovitch entered and tapped her gently under the chin.

"Oh, 'tis you, Sasha Petrovitch!"

"Yes, Akonlina. I come to bid you adieu."

"Adieu, Sasha! To the war! My heart will break!"

"No, my spring bird; no, no, my cherry redberry. You will be true to me?"

"I will, Sasha. Forever!"

A month has elapsed, during which Sasha is stopping bullets at Herat. Akonlina is baking kalatchi, when Filka Orloff enters and tickles her gently right where Sasha Petrovitch left off.

"Akonlina, I have no one to bake me kalatchi."

"I love Sasha."

"I have no one to light my samovar."

"I love Sasha."

"You shall be a lady."

"I love Sasha."

"Your hands shall not touch water."

"I love Sasha."

"I'll buy you a pair of roller skates!"

"Swear it?"

"Akonlina, I swear!"

"Then I'll write and tell Sasha Petrovitch that it is Orloff."

Amenities of the Wisconsin Legislature

[Madison Journal.]

"Mr. Speaker," said the gentleman from Rock (Mr. Norcross), "I would suggest that the attention of the sergeant-at-arms be called to the fact that it is oppressively warm here."

The speaker called the sergeant's attention, as suggested, to the warmth of the chamber, and the latter had a window on the north side lowered.

"Mr. Speaker," said the gentleman from Kewaunee (Mr. Darbellay), who occupies a seat on the north side, "that window will have to be raised again, or I'll have to leave my seat, for a heavy draught is blowing in here on me."

"The speaker is in doubt what to do. One member calls for a window down and another for a window up," observed the presiding officer, whereupon the gentleman from Wood (Mr. Nash) arose, and, in the drawling tone characteristic of him, said:

"Mr. Speaker, I would suggest that a chunk of ice be given to the gentleman from Rock, upon which to sit."

"Mr. Speaker," retorted the gentleman from Rock quickly, "I would suggest that a chunk of ice be applied to the head of the gentleman from Wood."

Information for Parents.

[Boston Globe.]

For the information of parents, we beg to announce that the baseball season has begun. If a boy comes home late and refuses to get in the family wood on the plea of sickness, his side lost. If he bolts his supper and says he must go and see a friend who is ill, he will stand watching. His side has won, and he dreams of the wealth and glory he will win on a grand professional tour.

Texas Siftings: Did a woman ever clean up a rented house when she moved out of it? and did she ever fail in expressing her opinion, ranging from mild vituperation to emphatic condemnation, of the horrid condition in which her predecessor had left the premises into which she m