

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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A Baseless Precaution.

Know that the woman was extremely sensitive, of a highly-nervous temperament, and painfully anxious in the matter of pleasing and accommodating her guests. Know this, and then imagine her feelings on the occasion which transpired as follows:

She had arranged for an evening party, and among the guests whom she had invited was a middle-aged gentleman, of high social standing and wealthy, who had the misfortune to have a nose so strangely malformed as to be scarcely perceptible; a simple protuberance in place of the nasal-organ—and that was all.

Now our good lady friend chanced to have a little 3-year-old daughter, who was utterly irrepressible in her eager pursuit of knowledge; and, fearing that the little one might make some remark upon, or ask some question about, that gentleman's facial defect, she took her upon her knee, before the company arrived, and said to her:

"Now look here, my little pet: Mr. S— will be here this evening, and I want you to promise me that you will not say anything about his nose—that you will neither ask any question nor make any remark."

The child promised, and then went away to help the cook sample the sweet-meats.

Evening came, and with it came Mr. S—. Naturally enough Miss Tot gave him at once a severe scrutiny. She made a critical study of his face; and, when she had apparently satisfied herself, she sought her mother.

"Mamma!"—loud enough for all in the room to hear—"hop 'o tell me not to ask 'o any thing about Mr. S—'s nose for? Re hasn't dot any?"

A Quiet Spirit.

Quiet, serene workers accomplish the greatest results. They systematically plan out the day's doings, anticipate and provide for the demands likely to be made upon them, and set themselves to work to wear away the mountain of toil that looms up before them. In their calmness is their strength. They waste no nerve tissue in unavailing regret, in needless fear, in idle fretting against the bars that hem them in. They oppose to disaster a brave spirit, meet losses with a smile, bear disappointment with equanimity, and preserve sweetness of temper in every emergency. This quietness of spirit aids one as much in the minor affairs of life as in great undertakings. Severe sickness, death, overwhelming calamity, force upon us an unnatural calmness by the very magnitude of the affliction they bring. But in common life, "the little foxes spoil the grapes." Petty accidents move to impatience slight annoyances destroy equanimity of temper, trifling opposition excites anger. And nothing is more unreasonable and useless than anger against inanimate objects. The sewing machine "cuts up," and instead of seeking out the cause and removing it, the operator determines to make it work any how, and gets herself into a perfect fret, while the machine remains cool and obstinate as before. A knot gets in a garment as it passes through the wringer, and is jerked through, bending the cylinders, wrenching the gears and throwing it quite out of order. The children fret and are rudely hushed. No cure for these little ills is so potent as patience, while the opposite quality but exaggerates them.

Ancient Religions Not Dying Out.

The Rev. William F. Bambridge, of Providence, who has been travelling for two years through the missionary fields of Europe and Asia, gave his views of the progress of foreign mission work in a recent address. He said that the popular idea that the ancient religions of the East are dying was erroneous. Lying below the religion of Buddha and Confucius was an ancient superstition, which was almost impregnable. The revival of Buddhism was evident and they had just erected a marble temple in Kyoto, costing \$200,000, which would adorn Fifth Avenue. The speaker said the idols worshipped in the Hindoo temple were of the most shocking and obscene character. While in Hindoostan he dined with several Brahmins of the highest caste who had been converted to Christianity. The English language, he said, was rapidly coming in favor with China and Japan, in which latter country he addressed over fifty native young men who understood all his words. He said much good was expected by the Christian people of Greece from the introduction of the Bible in the Greek schools. He thought France needed American missionaries on account of the rationalistic and liberalizing spirit of the native Protestants. In conclusion he asserted that Americans, by reason of their training, made the best missionaries. He would not send unmarried men to do mission work, nor inexperienced young women.

An argument once arose in which Sidney Smith observed that many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and, after naming several among the ancients, he added: "Why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

GIRLS, if there is one thing more than another that holds the young men of our day back from matrimonial ventures it is the disheartening spectacle so often presented them of their dear papa and mamma walking into church glorified respectively by a \$12 ulster and a \$30 bonnet. That's what scares the boys.—*Burdette.*

The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but like the Aeolian harp, to await inspiration of the passing breeze.

MILLIONS IN SODA-WATER.

Fortunes Made in the Business, and Where the Most Extensive Trade Is Done.

With the near approach of summer the various soda-water factories in the city are busily engaged in preparing for the coming hot season, when enough of the cooling fluid will be quaffed to float the Great Eastern and the American navy thrown in. "The soda-water business has grown to immense proportions," remarked a wholesale manufacturer of soda-water and apparatus up-town to a reporter.

"Fifteen years ago it began to boom and since then has more than doubled. Each hamlet, village, and town in the far west, on the mountain slope, in the valley and amid the burning sands of the plain, all have their soda-water fountains and squirt the foaming beverage during the long summer months. Millions of dollars are spent and fortunes are made in the course of several summers. A man at Coney island last summer cleared over \$20,000 alone on soda-water.

"How much marble do you use in your factory per annum?"

"Last year we ground 3,374 tons of white marble into dust to generate carbonic acid gas. It cost \$1.25 per barrel of 420 pounds. This marble is quarried at Pleasantville, N. Y. All the year round we have a machine pounding it to fine dust, getting a large quantity ready for the summer rush. It is a popular fallacy that soda-water is made of sulphuric acid and marble dust, but the fact is they never come in contact with the beverage. Soda-water is simply pure water charged or saturated with carbonic acid gas.

"Why don't you use cheaper material than marble to generate carbonic acid gas?"

"It is cheaper to use when conveniently near than bicarbonate of soda. Bicarbonate of soda is utilized when marble can not be had. In England whiting is used extensively, and at one time it was universally used both here and there. This whiting is a carbonate of lime-fossil, and the fossil contains animalcules, which often give the water a fishy taste. On that account we dropped it. So much soda-water is consumed every year, and so many scabs have started about its being unhealthy from contact with copper and other metals, that the chief aim now of manufacturers is to produce apparatus so lined with pure sheet block tin containing no admixture of lead or other injurious metal, that absolutely no danger is apprehended. Last year the board of health passed an ordinance forbidding the use of fountains lined with brass, lead, copper, or other metal or metallic substance that will be affected by liquids, so that dangerous, unwholesome, or deleterious compounds are formed therein. The result of this ordinance has been beneficial, although many fountains had to be relined and overhauled."

"Do you expect to do a large business this summer?"

"The present indications are that more soda-water will be used the coming season than ever before. Grand preparations at Coney island and all the watering places are going forward to receive thousands of pleasure-seekers, and as last season was somewhat broken by cold spells this one is expected to be fine and unbroken."

"Do you sell many fountains in the south?"

"—a great many. We have seen or eight men traveling in that section all the time. The women and children drink soda-water, and the men, as a rule, prefer something stronger. But the fountain is frequently made to pour forth good old rye instead of sirup of sarsaparilla. These, though, are used in the prohibition counties. But here in New York during the dead, hot, still summer days the great drinking of soda-water is done. The factory is kept running all the time, marble by the ton is ground to dust, ten thousand gallons of water is filtered and purified a day, and many hundred gallons of extracts and fruit flavors are prepared daily. This great rush lasts frequently four months without cessation, and often five. As Col. Sellers said, there are millions in it, if once started with the proper triu in the way of capital and energy."—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Chinese Infantery Soldier.

The economical habits of the heathen Chinese are notorious, and they are well illustrated by a correspondent who, writing from Tien-Tsin, says: "The Chinese infantery soldier is paid once a month, when he receives 31 taels of silver. This sum, which is equal to about \$4.75, is given to him in scrap bullion; and during the night preceding each pay-day the paymasters are busily engaged in weighing out silver and making it up into neat little packages for distribution. As soon as he has obtained his share, the soldier takes it to the nearest shop-keeper or money-changer, who, in return for it, hands him 3,500 copper cash, the aggregate weight of which is quite as much as he can conveniently carry. Out of this the soldier has to keep himself in food and clothing; and the pay can not, therefore, be called excessive. A Chinaman, however, lives almost exclusively upon rice, a month's supply of which costs less than 1,000 cash, and many a private not only supports a family upon the balance of his earnings, but puts by a few hundred cash every month."

A New Postal Card.

Large numbers of people suffer from an almost unconquerable repugnance to letter writing, and for their benefit a country publisher in England has prepared a special post card which, he thinks, will overcome the difficulty to some extent. The back of the card is divided lengthwise into ten unequal spaces, and the energies of the reluctant scribe are spurred by the following suggestive headings, one of which is conspicuously printed to the left of each of the divisions: 1. Date. 2. Excuse for not having written sooner. 3. State of health—(a) of self, (b) of family. 4. The writer's recent experiences. 5. News. 6. Family gossip. 7. Questions to be answered in your next. 8. Love to. 9. Love from. 10. Signature.

QUEER THINGS IN TRADE.

Whence Comes the Raw Material for the American Girl's Chewing-Gum—Familiar Phrases of Commerce in South American Countries.

If anybody imagines that the Vassar girl is not a great factor in the commerce of this country, writes a Washington correspondent to *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, he will be astonished to learn that during the year 1884 the republic of Mexico exported \$134,537.65 worth of chewing-gum, nearly all of which came to Pittsburgh for manufacture, and during the fourth quarter of last year alone exports from Mexico of this enchanting raw material amounted to \$41,233.70. When the public understands that the caoutchouc exports during the past year only reached \$292,495.09, and for the last quarter only \$46,459.16, it will begin to appreciate the exciting race between the rubber goods and chewing-gum furnished by the Aztec country. According to Minister Morgan, our total imports from Mexico for the last twelve months reached the enormous sum of \$21,824,490.55, exceeding by over \$2,000,000 the imports from Mexico by any other nation. Of this amount more than one-half, or \$12,822,240, was in precious metals, the remainder being distributed in fruits, fine woods, hides, live animals, coffee, sugar, and tobacco.

The state of Colima is dwelt upon at length by Consul Mahlo, of Manzanillo, as a magnificent country for American investment in coffee estates, which are said to be wonderfully successful and remunerative. The Colima coffee has become an article of export to the United States, where it realizes the highest prices. It resembles Mocha, has an exquisite flavor, and sells for 20 to 25 cents a pound. Colima ranks second as to quantity and first as to quality in the coffee-producing states of Mexico, but Colima, in addition to wrestling now and then with yellow fever, is on the ragged edge of a living volcano, which almost destroyed the city in 1818, and killed two thousand people in 1836. Nevertheless Consul Mahlo says: "The wholesale trade of Colima is chiefly in the hands of Germans, who are doing an immense business, and many of them have been able to retire, after a comparatively short residence here, to their native country as rich men." It may not be amiss to add that the present consul intimates that he will resign if his annual salary of \$350 (in fees) is not increased, and there may yet be a chance for some of the patriotic democrats of Missouri to "catch on." Consul General Sutton, of Matamoros, calls attention to the immense profit in establishing ranches on a large scale in Tamaulipas and raising cattle and horses for export to the United States and Cuba.

A curious feature of the annual report of Consul Frisbie is that of the \$2,788,256.62 worth of sparkling champagnes imported by the United States from Rheims during the past year. St. Joseph, Mo., received 32 cases direct, while St. Louis only imported 10 cases. This is almost unaccountable, when New York imported 178,255 cases, Chicago 1,292 cases, Cincinnati 174 cases, and Louisville 30 cases, unless it be that St. Louis buys all her imported champagnes in New York at second-hand. But it looks like a bad showing. In Rheims at the present time there are 16,000 mechanics and other laboring people out of employment, but the city authorities did an original thing by furnishing employment to married men only on public improvements at 35 cents a day.

Consul Irish, of Cognac, reports \$1,135,696.22 worth of brandy exported to the United States last year, besides \$634,693 in porcelain and \$13,199 in paper, for which we exchanged wood for construction, wheat, and a small consignment of manufactured tobacco. A peculiar item in this report is \$178.74 worth of "show-fards and circulars" exported to this country. Consul Irish remarks: "Great fortunes await the successful efforts of ingenious Americans who shall introduce and develop trade that shall revolutionize the present order of things. The people are wealthy, fond of their own country, and rarely emigrate."

Consul Charlesworth shows that the wine trade of Madeira has steadily increased in exports to the United States from \$30,363 in 1880 to \$17,216 in 1884. Last season's grapes were finely matured, and the wine said to be of better quality than for years past. It may shock the tender stomachs of St. Louisans who drink Madeira to learn that the very ancient practice of treating out the wine with the feet is still in vogue. Consul Charlesworth says the grapes are placed in a large wooden or stone vat, in which the peasants, with legs bare to the knee, travel in a circle to the cadence of an extemporized song—the sentiment of which is suited to the occasion—until the grapes are reduced to a pulp. This is placed in a primitive press with a long sweep and wooden screw. If not too far from shore, the must—as it is now called—is put in casks and conveyed by boats to the merchant in Funchal, in whose hands it undergoes the various operations of racking and fermentation. It then receives the necessary amount of spirit, and either undergoes the artificial heating process or is stored in warehouses until it has acquired the proper age for use. The consul adds, by way of solace, perhaps, that all the wine firms have steadily refused to handle any adulterations, and their brands may always be relied upon.

Consul General Heap writes from Salonica that this is the most favorable time to introduce agricultural implements into Macedonia. This country has lost caste in Caracas. Oleomargarine has done the job for us, and many American goods are now looked upon there with suspicion. Nevertheless, Consul General Rohl says the United States exports to Caracas enormous amounts of flour, hard, canned oysters, canned hams, deviled entremets, gun-drops, condensed milk, beer, paints, sulphate of quinine, pharmaceutical sundries, ropes, gray drills and domestic prints, clocks, cheap jewelry, electro-plates, pianos, carriages, harness, wheelbarrows, trunks, hunting-

knives, axes, and hatchets, motive steam-engines and steam-pumps. The agent reiterates the complaint made throughout the world that the moment American exporters get a trade on a certain article they commence sending out inferior goods under superior brands. England and Germany are never guilty of this trick.

In the matter of immigration Chili would make a mossback fairly howl with rage. That government actually hires people to go there, and then pays them to stay. It gives the immigrant third-class passage for himself and family, to be repaid by small installments; deeds him seventy-five acres of ground, with thirty-seven acres additional for every unmarried son between the ages of 14 and 25, and gives him fifty years to pay for it. The colonist is also provided with a yoke of oxen, a milk cow, one hundred boards, a keg of nails, \$5 worth of seeds, and \$15 a month in money during the first year. As a parental government Chili is in advance of the world, and if Col. Charles Mansur had been permitted to go there his "pointers" would have been of great value to the Missouri legislature. The nitrate of soda exported to the United States from Chili amounted to \$840,167, while Great Britain figured for the enormous sum of \$29,393,404. Of the large iodine export the United States took \$448,825 worth.

Every cloud has a silver lining, and it will be refreshing to learn from Consul Agent Neurer that the export of accordeons from Gera to the United States has increased from \$82,881 in 1883 to \$43,827 in 1884. The bulk of exportation from Gera to this country is, however, in worsted goods, of which we received last year \$1,084,139 worth.

Vice Consul Tappan, of Merida, says there is a good field in Yucatan for American cordage manufacturers and consignment business of a general nature. There is a strong demand in Switzerland just now for turkey feathers, which are extensively used in the manufacture of dusters. Consul Gifford of Basle, reports that in consequence of this demand the price of these feathers has more than quadrupled the supply remaining inadequate.

Para exported to the United States last year \$22,577 worth of balsam copaiba, in addition to \$19,000,000 worth of India-rubber, \$134,603 of Brazil nuts, \$80,614 of deer skins, and \$57,250 of Peruvian bark.

Medical Ignorance.

The eyes of all the world have been directed to the case of Gen. Grant. It will very seriously impair public confidence in medical science and skill. At the same time it will encourage afflicted people not to abandon hope of life because the most learned doctors pronounce their malady incurable.

When their doctors give them up they need not give up themselves. That is the moral of Gen. Grant's case. It encourages the sick and suffering to hope for recovery from their disease, however said the croakings of their medical advisers, provided they have the constitution to recover from their doctors and the good fortune to escape "heroic treatment."

Dr. Fordyce Barker, one of the consulting physicians, still adheres to the theory of other medical opinion and is refuted by the fact that Gen. Grant is recovering rapidly. It is not a feature of cancer that as soon as doctoring ceases convalescence begins.

The learned doctors who hacked and tortured poor Garfield to get out of the front of his body a bullet which had buried in his back and released itself, kept persisting that the lead had in some mysterious manner found its way from his groin, where their wonderful skill had mislocated it.

"Throw physic to the dogs!" was the exclamation of Maebeth. Probably if all the phisic cancer-credulous doctors gave to Gen. Grant had been thrown to the dogs and all their heroic treatment had been practised on cats the distinguished patient would before now have been driving in the Park and indulging in the luxury of a Reina Victoria.

The whole of this prolonged case is anything but creditable to medical science. We cannot forget that at a consultation Gen. Grant barely escaped by his physical weakness from a painful and terrible surgical operation for cancer, which would have left him speechless for the rest of his life, and it is now acknowledged by some of these same experts that his is not a case of cancer at all.

However, if our confidence in the doctors has been impaired, our fear of cancer has also been shaken. It is not within the power of the physicians to tell us how many cases of so-called cancer have been heroically treated to death, which, had they been as publicly watched as this, might have turned out to be simple cases of ulcerated throat.—*New York World.*

He Couldn't Make It Out.

The proprietor of a tannery having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a sign would be the most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave-looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual.

"Good morning!"
"Morning," replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.
"You want to buy leather?"—"No."
"Want to sell hides?"—"No."
"Are you a farmer?"—"No."
"Are you a merchant?"—"No."
"Lawyer?"—"No."
"Doctor?"—"No."
"Minister?"—"No."
"What in thunder are you?"—"I'm a philosopher, I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me, I can't make it out!"—*Every Other Saturday.*

EXPERIENCES WITH CONVICTS.

BY A MASSACHUSETTS EX-WARDEN.

From the Youth's Companion.

In 1830 a boy was born in an obscure house in what was then a disreputable street in the city of Boston. His mother, who was never strong, and who had probably weakened herself from dissipation, died before he reached his eighth year. His father was a professional thief, and brought his son up to follow in his footsteps. The only education the boy ever received was in that direction.

He early developed into a shrewd, cunning and successful thief. At ten years old he would have surprised even the noted Mr. Fagin by his dexterity. His career though brilliant was brief.

In 1846 father and son, the latter then only sixteen years of age, were committed to the State Prison, the first for five, the latter for two years, for robbing a store. In consequence of his youth, and of his being a bright, sharp-witted fellow, he received a great deal of sympathy, and was finally pardoned.

He was discharged from the prison with one dollar in his pocket. He had no home nor a friend in the wide world, outside of his criminal associates, to whom he could apply for advice or assistance. As a matter of course he went back to his old friends.

Success attended him for some time, but before he reached his twentieth year he was again arrested. He had become so noted that the District Attorney felt justified in pursuing an unusual course—that of making each one of eight larcenies a separate charge against him. He was convicted upon each count, and was sentenced to the State Prison for thirty years.

Fortunately for him, he looked upon the bright side. He proved to be persevering and industrious, and became an excellent workman.

Reserved and quiet, he had no communication with the other convicts, and seldom asked a favor, obeying the rules faithfully except in one respect. Having been once pardoned, he had no hope, for many years at least, in that direction; his only chance of freedom was to escape, and he was frequently detected in some scheme for that purpose.

But unlike most others engaged in such plans, no dangerous weapons were ever found upon him. A long time of unusual quietness, on one occasion, led me to suspect that, like the calm, it was the forerunner of a storm. I became satisfied that he was making quiet preparations to escape, but how or in what manner I could not conceive. He had nothing in his cell except a table, high cricket and Bible. I had examined these very carefully many times without being able to discover anything wrong.

One day, I noticed that the beads of the nails in his seat, which was made of inch board, were covered with putty. On removing the putty from one of them, I found that the seat was fastened with screws instead of nails. With a screw-driver I removed one of the side pieces which secured the legs, and the secret was divulged. The edge of the board which formed the leg had been mortised out, making quite a receptacle, in which was concealed a set of keys, fitting all the locks from his cell door to the outer one.

I sent for him and showed him what I had discovered. His head dropped for a moment, then raising his eyes, with a look so sad and sorrowful that the impression has not yet passed from my mind, he said—

"Mr. Warden, this"—pointing to the keys—"vanish into air hopes that have buoyed me up for the last three years. I have one more, the key to the outer door, on which I am now at work. Permit me to return to the shop. No one else can find it, and I will deliver it up. It is of no use to me now."

The key was found concealed in the floor under his bench.

I felt that any punishment I had the power to inflict would be slight compared with what he suffered from the discovery of his plans, and the destruction of his hopes of escape. He was therefore permitted to return to his work without being punished.

Years passed. He maintained the same quiet demeanor, giving no trouble, making no more attempts to escape until he had reached his twelfth year in prison. The rebellion had broken out, troops were called for. He became quite interested in the result, and early expressed a desire to take part in the conflict, that he might, as he said, to some extent by his services, or even his life, compensate the community for the wrongs he had committed.

Feeling a great interest in the man, I laid his case before Gov. Andrew, who granted him a pardon. I saw him enlisted in one of the Massachusetts regiments, and was present when he left for the seat of war. He assured me I should hear no ill report from him.

On the night following the battle of Fredericksburg the Union commanders, uncertain of the movements of the enemy during the night, called for some one to volunteer to go to the front, and if possible ascertain what they were doing.

D—, as I shall call him, was the first to step forward. Receiving his instructions, he silently disappeared in the darkness. After a long interval of almost intolerable suspense, the silence was suddenly broken by straggling shots followed by a volley all along the enemy's lines. A few minutes later our spy emerged from the darkness covered with mud and the blood streaming from half-a-dozen wounds.

He had succeeded in penetrating their lines, and had obtained a correct knowledge of their plans. In attempting to return he was discovered, fired upon, and wounded in several places, but not seriously. The darkness favored him and he escaped.

His information was so important that the commanding officer withdrew

his troops under cover of the darkness and established another line which completely destroyed the plans of the enemy, thereby saving the Union army from great peril, if not from destruction.

D— was complimented in general orders for his services, and every one expected that he would receive a commission. But it got whispered abroad that he had been a convict, which not only prevented promotion, but had a tendency to alienate from him many of his old associates, who from that time avoided him. Notwithstanding this unjust treatment, he continued to discharge his duties in a faithful manner.

Some months later he was made a prisoner and taken to Richmond. His skill as a workman became known, and every inducement was held out to him by the Confederates to induce him to enter their work-shops, but in vain; he remained true to his oath as a soldier.

After many weary months, sick and emaciated, he was exchanged. His constitution was so shattered by the hardships he had gone through, that he asked for, and obtained, a furlough to come North. In this he had a double purpose to recruit his health, and to obtain, if possible, some information in regard to a sister, who, on the death of his mother, was taken in charge by some kind people, and whom he had not seen for twenty-five years.

His search for her was unsuccessful. Discouraged and almost penniless, he unfortunately met one of his old companions, who induced him to violate his good resolutions, and engage with him in a scheme which he had perfected, and was about to carry into execution.

The result was they were arrested in the act, and before his furlough had expired he was in the State Prison again, sentenced for twenty-three years.

With the same calm, quiet manner he went back to his old bench to work, and resumed his former ways.

Two years later, on a Sunday evening, on my return from a meeting I had attended, I was informed that two convicts had escaped from the prison. This man was one of them. It is unnecessary to enter into details, but it was an exploit for ingenuity and shrewdness worthy of a better cause.

His absence was brief; in less than two months he was arrested, and back again in his old quarters, where I left him when I retired from office in 1871.

Seven years ago a lady called at my house to see me. She introduced herself by saying that she was the sister of D—. She was a fine-looking woman, elegantly dressed and apparently well educated. She resided in a neighboring State, and had come to Boston to see if anything could be done for her brother. I did not hesitate to tell her that I had great doubts of her success, reminding her of the fact that he had been pardoned twice; a third time would be unprecedented in the history of the prison. I introduced her, however, to the Governor, to whom she appeared in such language as only a sister can utter when pleading for a brother. The matter was referred to the council, a hearing was appointed, and several gentlemen interested in the case appeared in his behalf. The result was, he was again pardoned.

On calling to bid me good-by, before leaving the State, he attempted to thank me for what he thought I had done for him, but broke down. Wringing my hands, the tears streaming down his cheeks, he said—

"I have no promises to make, but may God so deal with me here and hereafter as I prove true in the future." Seven years has passed since he entered upon his new life. In a large city in an adjoining State, engaged in a successful and prosperous business, is one just past middle life, respected and beloved by all who come in contact with him, noted for his benevolence and charity—one who is never appealed to in vain. No one, no, not even the despised tramp, is ever turned from his door with scorn or empty-handed.

GIDEON HAYNES.

Not a Good Market.

Washington Letter to the Chicago Tribune.

Washington cannot be considered a good matrimonial market. The young women do not find husbands easily in the society of this place. The proof of the fact is that there is hardly a leading official or wealthy family here that has not one or two old maids upon its hands. This is notably true of some of the most prominent and distinguished.

Here are daughters whose fathers have large wealth and handsome positions. Yet their daughters, who are thoroughly trained, well-mannered and educated do not find husbands. Whether it is that these young ladies aim too high or not is unknown. It may be that their fathers are not able to give them money enough to set them up in establishment, equal to their own, and as a natural consequence these young women may prefer the prestige and comfort of their fathers' handsome positions to the obscurity of marrying an humble citizen or the uncertainty involved in marrying a man who is not rich. I could name at least twenty young ladies who have been belles in Washington society for at least ten years. There are very few marrying young men in Washington. The army and navy fellows are the principal candidates for matrimony. You may add to this list thirty or forty half-starved attaches of the different legations. But all these young men are thrifty and are looking out for rich wives. The noble and energetic young man who is making his own way in the world and who is growing up with the country does not come to Washington. The men who do come here and who have money are generally already provided with a family or are beyond middle age, when men do not act hastily and are not apt to set up new establishments or incur new ties. The only real eligibles are the widowers. They are considered as fair candidates and every now and then one of them succumbs. The number, however, is limited, and outside of their money and position would not be considered anywhere else as prizes.