

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

Los Angeles is to have a nail factory.

Thomas Fallon committed suicide at Spokane Falls, W. T.

There are 1441 patients in the California insane asylum, at Napa.

Louis H. Hofercamp, of Sehomo, was drowned in Mirror Lake, W. T.

David Borland was almost instantly killed in the Cholar mine, Virginia City, Nevada.

The corner stone of the Leland Stanford, Jr. university has been laid at Pala Alto, Cal.

A foreigner, whose name is unknown, killed William Heritage, a mill hand, at Point Arena, Cal.

Eighty thousand dollars was the aggregate valuation of the cattle shipped from Topshin station, W. T., during 1886.

Henry Brooks was sentenced to the State prison for twenty years for forging an order for \$20 on a San Francisco firm.

A stage went down an embankment near Pomeroy, W. T., and J. Q. Spaulding and the driver were seriously injured.

A boy named Sutherland was lynched a few days ago at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, by a Chinaman to whom he was indebted for opium.

At Tucson, A. T., a company has been formed to tap the Colorado River near Yuma by a ditch sixty miles long. It will cost nearly \$500,000.

Martin Welch, a boat-builder, took opium at Cathlamet, W. T., to help him over the effects of a spree, but he took too much and it killed him.

And Indian who murdered a white man at Spokane Falls three years ago, was shot recently while trying to escape and resist arrest at Horse Plains, Montana.

The communistic colony at Port Angeles, on Puget Sound, now numbers 150 persons. They own 2000 acres of land, and expect to build and operate a sawmill soon.

An employe at the Port Discovery, W. T., mill, was recently awarded \$12,000 damages by the courts for the loss of an arm while working the scantling machine.

Four hundred and fifty men are employed at the Roslyn, W. T., coal mines. Superintendent Bullitt says this force will be more than doubled inside of six months.

The Northern Pacific is building a round house, depot, telegraph office, water tank, ash pit and sand house at Martin, the station at the east portal of the Cascade tunnel.

A large number of fish traps and fishing scows were cut away, burned or otherwise destroyed, from Ilwaco up the river to Scarborough, W. T., hill, by an organized gang of boat fishermen.

Mrs. Johnathan Pengelly, while crossing the Eureka Mining Company's ditch on a plank twenty inches wide, fell in and was carried down by the current and drowned at Nevada City, Cal.

A man in attempting to board a freight running at full speed near the oil house in Shoshone, Idaho, was thrown several feet and landed on his shoulders and neck. His collar bone was broken and he was otherwise badly bruised.

A party crossing Cour d'Alene reservation by team were compelled by the Indians to pay toll amounting to \$6. Chief Saltese overtook the travelers after they had left the reservation and refunded the money. The Indians were arrested.

At Frenchtown, Montana, Leon Cassett, a blacksmith, picked up a dynamite cap and commenced fooling with it, picking the lead. The cap exploded and knocked out a glass eye, and shattered his left hand, in which he was holding the deadly stuff.

A. J. Peck, a young man aged 24 years, shot and killed himself in San Francisco recently. His father is a wealthy banker in Vermont. The young man came west on account of a quarrel, and was working as a street-car conductor and became despondent.

Andrew Flett was drowned at the mouth of Chambers creek, near Tacoma, W. T. He was on horseback, in search of cows, and attempted to ford the stream at an unfrequented spot. His horse plunged into a mire of quicksand, and while he was endeavoring to free himself and horse, the tide came in and he was drowned.

In the first range of mountains to the eastward of the sink of the Carson, in Nevada, is an outburst of water that is phenomenal and a great curiosity. Half way up the mountain that is 2000 or 3000 feet in height there bursts out a stream of thirty or forty inches of pure and sparkling water. It tumbles down over the rocks on the sides of the mountain in several falls from ten to twenty feet in height. The noise of the falling water can be heard a distance of half a mile or more.

In the Superior Court the jury returned a verdict of \$10,000 damages in the case of Miss J. Clinton Jones against Rev. T. O. Kelley, priest in the Episcopal church of Fresno, Cal. Miss Jones taught a class in languages in that city last year. A young Englishman named Walls made reports derogatory to Miss Jones, and the remarks were repeated by Kelley, who also forbid her communion. In consequence her class was broken up, and she sued Kelley for \$10,000 damages. The verdict of the jury was unanimous.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

There are 60,000 head of sheep in Union county.

The steamer for Wallowa lake will soon be completed.

Coquille City is about to organize a military company.

Work has begun on the 1400-foot tunnel on the O. & C.

A Southern Methodist church is being organized in Pendleton.

In Salem there are seventy-five taxpayers whose assessment is each over \$5000.

The Secretary reported sixty-five working Granges in the State, with a membership of 2600.

Careless handling of gasoline caused a small fire at the penitentiary, but no material damage was done.

Farmers in Coos county are putting out poison for pigeons, which have been destroying late-sown grain.

A young man named Cushman, a native of this State, whose parents live in Jackson county, committed suicide in Yreka, Cal.

Gus Matson, a Russian Finn and his boat-puller, working for the Cutting Packing Company at Astoria, were drowned on the Clatsop Spit.

In a population of 725 souls Forest Grove has twenty-four men past 60 years of age, nine past 70, seven past 80, two past 90 and one 100 years old.

The members of the Christian church of Perrydale and Bethel, have concluded to unite and build a \$2000 church house in McCoy this summer.

An independent telegraph line is being constructed from Hillsboro to Forest Grove, the Western Union having discontinued its office at Hillsboro.

Jacob Wagner found a four-legged chicken in one of the recently hatched broods at Soda Springs, Jackson county. Two of its feet were webbed.

Robert Tapp was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary at the Douglas Circuit Court for assaulting his mother with rocks with intent to kill her.

The following appointments for postmasters have been made recently for Oregon: T. B. James at Harvey, and Henry Chambers at Valley, Benton county.

The East Portland & Vancouver Railroad and Ferry Company has filed articles of incorporation in the office of the Secretary of State. The capital stock is \$24,000.

At present between four and five hundred men are in and about Cornucopia, and the camp has taken on an era of activity that insures the diligent prosecution of mining operations this year.

Thomas Galphere was found murdered in a lone cabin near Arlington recently. The top of his head had been blown off by buckshot and an attempt made to burn the house. No clue to the murderer.

Albany is elated at the report that ten Eastern capitalists with a million dollars each, and who are owners in the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, are about to become owners and managers of the Oregon Pacific.

The Supreme Court has rendered a decision in the Marple case affirming the judgment of the lower court, but remands it back for a sentence at the next term of court. This gives Marple a lease of life for a few weeks longer.

The Salem bridge was built without the approval of its plan by the Government, and an order is now made that a canal shall be built around its west end and an opening of seventy feet shall be provided in the bridge itself.

Quite a hail storm occurred in Lee and Stanford's valley, in Josephine county, doing considerable damage to fruit and vegetables, the strawberries receiving much damage in the way of grit thrown upon the large berries by the storm.

Grant's Pass has a Canadian pony which is a perfect horse-herder. He has a band of horses which he never allows to separate. Day in and day out he is perfectly vigilant and watchful over his band, and will whip them together so fiercely that they are afraid to separate.

C. H. Cook has a curiosity in the shape of a deer horn imbedded in solid live oak, says a McMinnville paper. It was found by Charles Fleming, where he was chopping wood, in Happy valley. There are various theories as to how it came to be there, some claiming that the animal to which it belonged rubbed it off its head and it lodged on a limb and thus grew. Others think some hunter of about fifteen years ago put it there. The horn had six prongs, but two have been accidentally broken off.

"The debts of dead Indians are paid by their relatives," said an ex-merchant to a Pendleton editor. "When Anderson and Barnhart," he continued, "killed the Indian several years ago, he owed me \$345. Since that time \$330 of this amount has been paid me by his relatives. Kentucky died the other day owing me \$50. Already his relatives have approached me on the subject and made arrangements to pay the amount. It is a law with them to pay the debts of their dead relatives, and they never break it. I am sure of getting my money if an Indian dies owing me, but when a white man dies leaving no property, no matter how rich his relatives, I never expect to get a cent. There is a great deal of good about a dead Indian anyhow," said the ex-merchant, as he closed his interesting conversation and walked away.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

Sarah Field, a Delaware Indian, has been sentenced to be hanged August 12, for the murder of her daughter's child, at Venita, Indian Territory.

A mob of 300 negro and Hungarian coke miners did damage to the amount of \$50,000 at Everson, Pa., while on a strike and other men were doing the work.

An accident happened on board the French ironclad Duguesclin, at Brest, by which two members of the crew were killed and seventeen badly injured.

The State Senate, of New York, refused to confirm the nomination of Colonel Fred. Grant as Quarantine Commissioner. Democrats voted solidly for him.

Two Italians, working on the night shift in a tunnel on Hipe & Co.'s works at Rio Vista, Colorado, were caught by a mass of falling rock and both instantly killed.

By the burning of the Opera Comique at Paris, over 200 ballet girls chorists and machinists lost their lives. The library attached to the theatre and 6000 costumes were entirely destroyed.

Paymaster Bush, who was found guilty of carelessness by a court of inquiry at Fort Robinson, Neb., for permitting himself to be robbed of \$7500 Government funds by the cowboy, Charley Parker, has made good the amount lost.

As the fast line train was nearing Kikkanning Point, Pa., the wheel of a car on a freight train, east bound, burst, and the car crashed into two passenger coaches with terrible effect, killing instantly four men and injuring many others.

Steps have been taken by the Racine, Wis., election officers to institute legal proceedings against Rev. Olympia Brown Willis, on a charge of attempting to stuff a ballot-box. Mrs. Willis is leader of the woman suffragists of Wisconsin.

An explosion of fire damp occurred in stope No. 1 of the Su-quehanna Coal Company at Nantcooke, Pa., and three miners named Sheehan, Cosgrove and Zoloki were fatally injured. This is the same mine in which twenty-six miners were buried alive in December, 1885.

One of the leading banking firms of the City of Mexico has sustained a loss claimed to be as great as \$300,000. The officers of the institution on coming to the bank one morning found the doors of the vault wide open and all the cash carried off, with the exception of some bags of silver.

John Fall and wife of Mashaska county, Iowa, were murdered. The assassin used an ax. After the bloody deed had been committed he set fire to the house. Mr. Fall was burned almost beyond recognition, but his wife was found about thirty feet from the house, with her head crushed in.

A fire broke out in the South End line stables at New York City. The building was entirely destroyed, with 1600 horses and nearly all the cars in the building. Seventy-five dwellings, mostly frame tenements, inhabited by poor people, a soap factory and a brewery are among the buildings burned. The loss aggregated over a \$1,000,000.

William Andrews, an amateur balloonist, was killed at Oskaloosa, Iowa. He had a hot air balloon, and when it was loosened it shot up with great rapidity about 700 feet, and then took fire. Andrews was on the trapeze ten feet below the balloon, and was seen to climb nearly to the balloon's mouth in attempt to put out the fire. Very soon the balloon collapsed and the doomed man fell upon a roof and his body was crushed beyond recognition.

Two convicts were killed and a third probably fatally wounded at the convict camp on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, opposite New Richmond. The men were employed in the construction of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. Bitter feeling existed against the gang boss, Marshall, in consequence, it is said, of his cruel treatment of the men. Recently he punished one of them, and it is now believed they plotted to kill him in revenge. One of the convicts, without warning, struck Marshall on the head, inflicting a fatal injury. One of the guards promptly fired, with the result above stated. This was the only one that fired, but with the prompt rallying of the rest of the guards quelled the mutiny.

A special from the City of Mexico says: A week ago a train on the Mexican National Railroad ran over and killed a Mexican near Patseucaro. The friends of the dead man undertook to retaliate, and put a big rock on a curve of the road. The engine of a passenger train struck it and an American engineer was injured and a Mexican fireman killed. The Mexican authorities sent a squad of Mexican gendarmes with instructions to bring in every person suspected of any complicity whatever in the crime. Thirty-three arrests were made and an investigation resulted in the selection of three victims and sentence was immediately passed. Shortly after sunrise the following morning the three men were marched to the scene of the disaster, stood up before an adobe wall and shot by a file of soldiers. The corpses lay for some time where they fell, as a warning against train wrecking, and were buried near the scene of the wreck.

EUROPE AND THE ORIENT.

Conversation Between a Chinese and a Japanese Diplomat—Novel Conclusion.

Some time ago a friend of mine, who speaks the Chinese language, listened to a conversation between a Chinese and a Japanese diplomat which forcibly illustrated the progress that European ideas have made in the far east. The two men were discussing the question as to how much of western civilization it was desirable to introduce into their respective countries. The diplomat from China was greatly impressed by the immeasurable superiority of European sciences over anything of the sort existing in that empire. The Japanese fully agreed with his friend that both China and Japan should profit to the utmost by the fruits of modern inventions and discovery; but he remarked that that was not enough and that something more was needed. Pressed to say what it was he replied that to the science they ought to add the religion of Europe. The Chinaman differed from his friend on that point, but the latter repeated his opinion in yet stronger language. He said that although the Japanese government did not know much about the Christian religion and attached no more importance to it than they did any other form of supernatural belief, that at one time seriously thought of taking it over and making it the religion of the state. The Chinaman still expressed his incredulity as to the wisdom of such a proceeding, but the Japanese clinched his opinion by referring to the case of the Turks.

"Look at the Turks," he said; "they have availed themselves of all of the benefits that could derive from modern science. They have gunboats and ironclads and artillery, but yet they are losing ground every day. Science in this instance does not suffice to arrest national decay, and therefore I am forced to believe that the Turks have made a mistake in sticking to their religion instead of adopting that of the stronger race."

This remarkable conversation took place in London. As evidence that, so far as the Japanese diplomat was concerned, it was not empty sound, I may mention that, at the request of the Japanese authorities, a committee has been formed in this country for the purpose of establishing female boarding schools in the city of Tokio. They desire to see established institutions in which Christian ladies would impart instruction, both secular and religious, to Japanese girls of the upper classes, and I am assured by a friend who is interested in the matter that before long the experiment will be made. The Japanese agnostic, although utterly skeptical himself, is quite willing that his daughter should be taught any religion which would enable them to better their condition in this world.—New York Mail and Express.

The Story of a Play.

James Barton Key tells an odd story about the first English production of "Jack," which enjoyed such a prosperous run at the Grand last week. It seems that Mrs. Henry B. Clark, the author, took her inspiration from an old French play, but her work on the piece was entirely original, she having changed the setting entirely and keeping only the motif. She originally said the play ten years ago to Harry Montague and it was played by him in this country under another name. He, however, received his San Francisco offer and left to accept it. Sothorn fell in love with the piece and was to have produced it had his death not occurred just then. By the terms of the contract it reverted to Mrs. Beckett and it was again sold by her to Mr. Plympton. About two months before it was produced in London she was asked by a publisher for whom she worked to write a short novel. The price was alluring, but she had no time handy. In despair she took the play and turned it into a novel, putting in only enough description to connect the scenes.

"The novel came out before the play did," said Mr. Key, "and some back writer in London perceived its dramatic value and turned it into a play. As luck would have it, our play was produced anonymously and the back writer was there. He was astounded, and when he saw Mrs. Beckett, responding to the calls for 'author,' he raised such a row that we were obliged to conduct him behind the scenes for him. He was so enraged that he could hardly speak. He claimed to be the author of the play and threatened her with all sorts of terrible things. At last he said, 'Why, madam, I can bring you the novel.' Doing the novel and play to my house tomorrow.' Sure enough he turned up with the documents, whereupon she produced her play with a United States copyright ten years old, together with a novel and a letter from the publisher certifying that she was the author, and her own play. 'This,' she said, 'holding up her play, 'was what my novel was written from.' He wailed at that, for this is the clinching clause of copyright law. Notwithstanding all this, however, he sold it to 'Fritz' Emmet for \$250.—Chicago News.

Barbarous Ballet at Tangier.

One savage ballet I noticed, about twenty of these ruffians divided into two platoons, face each other, and at the sound of pipe and drum, dance forward and back, passing through each other's lines, transfixing their guns high in the air, until at a word in the dance, when one platoon gives a wild shriek, reversing the muzzles of the guns to the ground, and giving a simultaneous leap in the air, they fire off their guns all together. Then this platoon runs off to an attendant who stands by with an open bag of powder to reload, and its place is taken in the dance by a fresh troop. I saw this thing kept up for an hour to the intense delight of performers and audience.

The feet and legs of some of the participants were bleeding from wounds made by careless discharge of guns, but this was quite disregarded. Generally some eyes are put out and some lives are lost by explosions at these celebrations. I saw one fellow carried off bleeding, but I was told that he was the victim of a bloody feud, for this is the open season for the vendetta, a popular institution in this country. Indeed, it is said that these feuds exist among the mountain tribes during generations, and that a man feels it a point of honor to kill a few of the tribe which a hundred years before may have put an end to his great-uncle's mother-in-law.—Tangier Cor. Boston Transcript.

The Bootblack's Income.

While I was having my shoes polished the other day at the stand, which, in the evening, is the nucleus of the crowd of loafers that hangs around the corner of Myrtle avenue and Fulton street, I asked the Italian, who keeps it, how much money a day he took in. He told me that \$5 or \$7 was the average amount. "And this is as good a spot for your business, is it not, as any in the city?" "No," he replied, "there are stands near the bridge that make from \$15 to \$20 a day. I used to have a three chair stand at the Grand Central depot, New York, that paid me three times as much as I make here. I paid \$50 a month rent; here I pay \$10 a month rent." "Why did you leave New York?" I asked. "Oh, because there were too many hoodlums around there. They used to steal my blacking and bother me in other ways. Then again I had an offer of \$600 for my privilege there, and that was too much money to refuse."—Hambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

AN OLD ENGINEER TELLS WHAT HE KNEW OF THE BUSINESS.

In the Days When Negroes Were Brought From Africa and Sold in New Orleans—White Girls Sold to African Chiefs.

"Yes," said William Jack Haynes, the centenarian, the other day, "I was in the slave trade for three years—that is, I was engineer on the steamship Grampus, which ran from New Orleans to Africa for three years, buying negroes in Africa and selling them in New Orleans."

"How did you get possession of the negroes to bring them over?"

"I will tell you how we generally managed, and we always had a good load on our return trip. You know in those days, fifty or sixty years ago, the servant girls in the south were of a very ordinary and worthless kind, and would do almost anything. Many of them had no home, and few, if any, friends, and so no one noticed their departure. The captain of the ship Grampus would induce a number of these girls to go on board as servants, and when we reached the coast of Africa we would cast anchor, and the captain and his men would have the boats lowered and go ashore. They would soon ascertain where the chief or head man of the tribe lived, and then they would take one or two of the girls ashore with them and pay a visit to the head of the savage tribe. The girls were always willing to go and see the country, and when they reached the African chief they were made an article of merchandise, just as were the trinkets that we carried over with them. The captain would negotiate by signs when no interpreter could be had, and the savage chief most always was charmed with the white girls, and was possessed with a strong desire to have them remain. He would give them all kinds of presents and make much ado over them, and it was by taking advantage of this weakness that the captain was almost always successful in bartering them to him for as many negroes of his tribe as he could carry away. Sometimes he would have to leave two girls if he brought back very many Africans."

MORE OR LESS STRATEGY.

"These girls were then forced to stay?"

"There was always more or less strategy used, and they generally consented to remain until the ship returned. Through the overtures of the chief and the assurance that everything the country afforded would be at their command, and partly through the threats of the captain and his promises to return, they generally remained, seemingly content to wait for our return, but always waited in vain. We would make up our load of slaves, turning a certain number of them in each evening and storing them securely in the hold, and by repeating this each day, we would, with the chief's help, soon get as many as we cared to deal with. They were never obstreperous, and seemed perfectly content as long as they got plenty to eat, and were joyful in their barbaric conversations in the ship's hold. Occasionally one would die, and we would throw him into the sea, and then the others would make strange motions. I think they worshipped the sun and moon when in their own country."

"And could you get a ship load of negroes for two servant girls?"

"Yes, sir; that's what we did. Of course, there were more or less trinkets given, but we never hoped to accomplish anything until we had made peace with the chief of the tribe, and this could most always be done with two girls. We never left more than three with the head of a tribe."

"What kind of slaves did you prefer to bring?"

"We always picked up the young bucks, say from 17 to 20 years old. We also brought a number of females about the same age. We frequently brought them all up deck, but when a storm came they would drop back to the hold in an instant at the wave of a white hand. They were obedient, and I never knew one to show any inclination to be otherwise."

"What report would you give on your return of those girls who went out with you?"

"They were, as a rule, never injured after, but on one occasion a girl whom we left happened to belong to a pretty good family, and when we returned to New Orleans her friends were on hand to meet her, and when she did not appear they brought the captain eagerly as to what had become of her. He informed them that she had preferred to remain in the sunny land until the good ship returned. This did not at all satisfy them, and they pushed their inquiries day and night until they learned the truth, and Capt. Johnson (for this was his name) was in danger of being mobbed, when he quietly set sail one evening and passed down the river and out through the gulf, and I never heard of him afterward."

"Then you did not return to Africa?"

"No; it was just at this time that I had an offer to take charge of an engine on the first steamboat ever run on the lower Mississippi, and I accepted it."

"When you were in the slave trade did you ever return to the place from where you secured your previous cargo?"

"No, indeed; we would always go to some other point, but we heard afterward that the girls left there did much good for the natives, teaching them to sew, cook and work."

"Did the Africans have any idea at the time that they were being sold into slavery?"

"Not the slightest. They thought from the signs that had been made to them that they were coming to a place where all was lovely; where the sun shone brighter and the moon looked larger, and to eat tropical fruit would be their chief employment. Said, indeed, must they have felt when they began to realize that they had been sold into slavery, from which it was as impossible for them to extricate themselves as it would be to change the color of their own skin."

"How many did you bring to America in all?"

"I kept no record of this myself, but on one occasion I remember well we had one thousand on board, and we landed them safely in New Orleans. They were all sold in less than a week. We brought six ship loads over during the three years I was with the ship, and I suppose the total number would be at least 7,000."

"Where were they kept in New Orleans until they were sold?"

"They were taken to what was known as the negro pen, which was an inclosure where a large shed was built. In this inclosure were lots of straw, and they slept there until they were driven off by their new masters to the cotton and sugar plantations, from which many of them were never released until death.—St. Louis Republican.

Looking Out for Him.

Countryman (in an uptown hotel)—What time is supper ready, mister?"

Clerk—Six o'clock, sir.

"Why did you leave New York?" I asked. "Oh, because there were too many hoodlums around there. They used to steal my blacking and bother me in other ways. Then again I had an offer of \$600 for my privilege there, and that was too much money to refuse."—Hambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

Clerk—I'll have the cook put something away for you on a plate.—New York Sun.

LOOKING OUT.

Upon the heights of hope all day My soul stood looking far away, Enwrapped in such sufficing thought, That even your absence counted naught. For mine the sea of distance grew, And clear the arching atmosphere, Till I could plainly see you, dear—Secure and joyous eyed and true, And constant (as of old I knew)— In the far away, which you drew near. Lily Curry in New York Graphic.

THE ODDIQUSSNESS OF TROUSERS.

They Reveal Inequality of Wealth—A Plea for Knee Breeches.

No article of clothing more distinctly reveals the condition of a man's purse than the trousers. The fraying at the lower edge of the leg, which is sure to come with much wear, is generally taken as a sign of very narrow means, and the bagging at the knee, which is also inevitable, besides producing a fouler appearance, like that of a horse which is "gone" in the forelegs, is a sign that a man has only one or two pairs. It is assumed by the world generally that nobody would wear trousers bagged at the knee, with all the term applied, if he could afford the number of changes necessary to prevent this phenomenon. In fact, almost the only marked difference remaining in our day between the clothes of a man of fortune and leisure and those of a laborer of moderate means lies in the straightness and smoothness which mark the trousers legs of the former. His wardrobe always contains a great many pairs. At any theatre, too, the make-up of a poor teacher or literary man, or poor devil of any kind, includes invariably a pair of lousy trousers.

And though last not least, the condition of the trousers in muddy weather is something which it is painful to dwell on, the conversion of an inch or two of the bottom into a wet and filthy land is only preventable by turning them up, and we all know how this looks. An effort has recently been made to meet the struggles of a man of few means to escape the bagging at the knee by an invention of a machine called "the trousers stretcher," which is literally a metal rack on which offending trousers are stretched over night, and the deformity effaced by a powerful tension in the direction of their length. It may, therefore, be said that on the whole the knee breeches were the more democratic of the two. They undergo no degeneration in wear, except what comes from the actual destruction of the cloth. They reveal nothing as to the condition of a man's wardrobe until they reach their last stage. They always look neat and tidy, and do not come in contact with the mud, leaving that to be encountered by a boot or stocking which can be readily changed. But they are in summer a hot garment, owing to their fitting so closely around the knee—a defect, however, which is perhaps compensated by the possibility, without damage to appearance, of making them very loose.

They are, too, now making a gallant effort to regain their old supremacy and oust the trousers. They have made conquests of most of the sporting men and athletes, and have made considerable gains in the continental armies. The Turks, who abandoned them under Mahmood, the reformer, for the (as they) hideous trousers, have gone back to the breeches. Some faint attempts have been made to introduce them again into evening dress, but these have failed, owing in part to the light and frivolous character of those who have made them. If undertaken in a serious spirit by any of the crowned heads, or by great warriors and statesmen, or in this country by great railroad men or stock operators the enterprise would probably succeed.—New York Post.

REHEARSING IN AN INFIRMITY.

This seems to be a rheumatic year. The interesting but not welcome disease has included in its fraternal grip men and women without distinction as to ages or social conditions. Stalwart President Cleveland has not been exempted from the list of sufferers. It is a mysterious malady, and though there are thousands of remedies, there appears to be no cure for the plaguy complaint. An old lady who assumes to know all about its origin interviewed the talented writer of this paragraph, who has been two months' sufferer somewhat after this style: "Rheumatism is an inherited disease; you got it from your father or mother, didn't yer?" Ans: "Not that I know of." "Then you had it from yer granddadder?" Ans: "I think not." "Then you certainly got it from yer great-granddadder?" Ans: "No, there was no rheumatism known in my family history. Perhaps some of my ancestors may have been exposed to the heavy wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I didn't come here to be made fun of, and out she bounced.—Boston Budget.

A Popular Man.

The most popular man in Berlin, Germany, is one who jumps from one horse to another as they go at full speed in opposite directions in one of the royal circus rings.

Sprays of grass may be beautifully frosted by dipping them in a solution of gum arabic and sprinkling them with powdered glass.

Celery root or celeriac is considered a remedy for rheumatism.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For all Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Spleen.

This purely vegetable preparation, now so celebrated as a Family Medicine, originated in the South in 1815, and is generally used in Bowels and Kidneys and corrects the action of the Liver, and is, therefore, the best prepared medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. It is an efficient remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Headache and Dyspepsia, Simmons Liver Regulator.—Laws G. W. Weston, Assistant Postmaster, Philadelphia.

No loss of time, no interruption of business, while taking the Regulator.

Children complaining of Colic, Headache, or Sick Stomach, will find relief or more will give relief.

If taken occasionally by patients exposed to MALARIA, it will expel the poison and protect them from attack.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action, and at the same time aid (instead of weaken) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. L. M. HARRIS, M. D., Washington, Ark.

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