

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## DOES FARMING PAY?

A Pleasant Chat With Disgranted and Unsuccessful Tillers of the Soil.

Farming don't pay. Let us go to town and get a clerkship or drive the street cars and make some money where we can have some fun. That is the talk of the country boys. Is that so? Let us see. I have just eaten my country breakfast and sat down on the porch to pick my teeth and look about me. The thing I saw was the little farm of a Dutchman and the greenness thereof. It at once occurred to me: Does farming pay? If not, how do the Dutch live? This Dutchman always has money and spends it freely; sends his orders to Philadelphia, New York, anywhere for seed, and he moves about over his farm of fifty-seven acres, and every thing responds to his movements. He feeds the land, and the land seems so grateful it can not do too much for him. He passes me every day. What are you doing, Dutch? Nothing much. I am hauling in my turnips; don't you want some to feed your cows on? No? Cheap, only 25 cents per barrel; first rate for cows. Plenty of my own, don't want them. Mighty cheap at 25 cents per barrel. Well, what is that field doing for you this year? Not much. You see I was a little fast in the spring and the frost got my potatoes and cut me short, but I got \$50 to the acre on the fruit crop. I then seeded down the second crop of potatoes and millet for my stock, and turnips, I have sold \$25 worth of turnips off the acre, and am hurrying to get rid of them so as to take out my second crop of potatoes. I want to get them out before it rains. They are fine, and I will get \$50 to the acre on most of them. Good gracious, that is \$125 to the acre, boy, besides your crop of Hungarian millet. That's so, but you know I had had luck with the frost and drouth. If I had a fair chance I could pay for a farm in a year. Think of it, \$125 to the acre, and the work is done by himself mostly. He drives the wagon and does the gathering and selling, with an occasional hand. Nobody to feed but himself and family and they feed high and work hard. The most efficient and hard worker on the farm is his mother, near seventy-five years of age. She looks to the plant beds, flowers, transplanting, etc., advising, and Jacob does the cultivation and buying and selling. He knows nothing of laziness, and Tuesday when he received his deed he issued a check for \$5,000 and paid for the land. When he purchases a mule or any thing, he pays. No myth about this, I see his farm and crop every time I look west, and every morning I see him come in with his load of produce and market stuff. One hundred and twenty-five dollars to the acre, and from his own labor. Well, some say this is not farming; and if a few of us were to go into this potato and turnip business we would glut the market. Glut nothing; you would only make the market. You would always have a good market for potatoes at \$1 per barrel, and turnips at 25 cents per barrel. That is like the wheat question a few years back when I was trying to boost up the crop. Oh, if a few of us were to go into that wheat business we would glut the market and get nothing for it. Now when everybody is at it, the price has increased four times. Much to learn yet.—Tennessee Farmer.

A man's self-respect may help him to rule his own spirit. A broker having failed to persuade the manager of a marine insurance company to take a certain risk, became rude and offensive. The manager, who was noted for his courtesy, kept his temper and remained so calm that a bystander asked him: "How did you manage it?" "The easiest thing in the world," replied the manager, his eye twinkling with fun. "I said to myself, 'Hush! there is a fool in the room.' Then I said to myself, 'Shall I double the number? No; that would be a pity.'"

—Little Tommy, who has a bald uncle, was very much interested when his mother told him the other day that the hairs of his head are numbered. "Is that so with everybody?" "Yes," said the mother, "that's what the Bible says." Tommy pondered for a minute in silence. "Well," said he finally, "if the Bible says so it must be so; but I'll bet the angel that does the counting feels mighty glad when he comes to a man with a head like Uncle Jim's."—Somerville Journal.

—Husband—This house is as cold as a barn, all the doors are swinging open, the children yelling, no signs of supper, no— Wife—Why, my dear, how unreasonable you are. You are absolutely brutal. The idea of talking that way to me after I've worked like a slave the whole afternoon trying to finish this "Heaven Bless Our Home" motto for the front hall.—N. Y. Weekly.

—She misunderstands.—Miss Canada (blushing)—I am sorry, sir, but I can never be any thing more to you than a sis.— Uncle Sam (aghast)—Christopher Columbus, young woman! You misunderstand me. I'm not courting you. I'm only offering to be a father to you.—Chicago Tribune.

—"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmers' fair," and Seth spat out a taste of the compound and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I would think the butter would have carried it off easily."—Boston Budget.

## PRINCE BISMARCK'S DOG.

The Iron Chancellor's Attachment for His Famous Reichshund.

Prince Bismarck is sad at heart for the loss of an old friend. Man of iron though he may be, the Chancellor has attracted and returned an affection—has "loved and lost." It is true that the object was only a dog; but the huge, ill-favored Bavarian animal, whose death has recently befallen, is likely to be long associated in the memories of men with the most famous of the Kaiser's subjects. In Berlin the dog was well known, but in town he did not always follow the Chancellor. "To be regarded more as an appendage of the 'Pomeranian squire' side of the Prince's life than of this stiffer official entourage. At Varzin or Friedrichsruh, however, the two were inseparable. No sooner was the most absolutely necessary business of the morning despatched than the Reichskanzler sallied off with "the Reichshund" at his heels, and for the rest of the day the long light coat and the battered felt "three-master" hat of the famous statesman were not objects at which curious tourists peeped more eagerly than the great dog which followed him everywhere, on horseback or on foot. In a score of pictures and photographs he and his collar appear, and in the well-known painting of the Chancellor and his family the dog is to be seen at his master's knee, with the Prince's hand on his neck, being indeed the most natural member of that extremely bureaucratic, full-uniformed group. The affection which subsisted between the man and the dog has formed the subject of not a few moral disquisitions. Stern in every relation of his public life, and surrounded by multitudes of admirers and some flatterers, the illustrious head of the Imperial Government has few friends. Like other leaders of a similar caliber, he stands alone. But in his domestic relations the Pomeranian squire is another man. His correspondence with his sister affords a pleasing glimpse of the softer side of a hard character. Here we learn how he liked the boned sausage, whether Johanna is getting over her teething, and are entertained with a lengthy account of little Bill's disordered digestion and of the new governess' growing infirmities. From Norderey we have a rollicking description of the guests at the table d'hôte—the codfish, beans and mutton on alternate days, and of the Russian officer whose long thin body and short legs put him in mind of a boot-jack. To this human side of Prince Bismarck's life the "Reichshund" belonged, and as such the Berliners, apt to weep on very slight provocation, are at present lamenting the deceased Bavarian.—London Standard.

## THE CORPSE-QUAKE.

A Strange Malady Which Sometimes Attacks Grave-Diggers.

A strange sort of mental affection, known as "corpse-quake," has often been found to exist among grave-diggers. It is no uncommon occurrence that a person employed in cemeteries for many years is suddenly afflicted with a shaking similar to that experienced by persons suffering from ague. A grave-digger who has been employed at Cypress Hills cemetery for fifteen years was seen yesterday by a reporter.

"I know of a number of such cases," said he. "Ten years ago we had three diggers here who had worked together for quite a while. One of the three, who used to be a very lively chap and always willing and ready to tell a good yarn, became very quiet all at once. His companions noticed this, and thinking that Joe was not feeling well, let him alone. There was to be a funeral in the afternoon and we went over to dig the grave. As soon as Joe stuck his spade in the ground he began to shake. His companions told him to stop working if he didn't feel well, but Joe paid no attention and continued with his work until the job had been finished. Three or four more graves were made that day, and every time Joe put down his spade he shook. The other two tried to make fun of him by imitating his shaking while at work. A few days later Joe's companions had the corpse-quake, too, and a week later had to stop work entirely."

"I thought that the three men had contracted malaria, but, strange to say, they never would have that peculiar shake while away from the cemetery. Joe came back to us, but every time he would pick up a spade and try to work that old trouble would come back. We insisted upon his giving up the job, as he was falling away. He remained at home about a week, and his wife told us he was getting better again, when one day his boy mentioned the word 'spade' in his father's presence. It was the strangest thing in the world—no sooner had the boy said 'spade' than Joe took the corpse-quake again. He didn't last long after that. He would be thinking about digging graves all the time, and this made him so sick that he died shortly after. I don't remember what became of the other two men. They had to give up the job, and, I think, moved away from here altogether."

Superintendent Thomas Marchant, of Greenwood Cemetery, said that his men had never been affected by corpse-quake. "Our men are old hands at the business," said he, "and I have never known one to suffer from any such trouble."—N. Y. World.

—In Mexico it is said that a man can live and support a family on ten cents a day; but then, as it is about as hard to raise ten cents in Mexico as it is to raise the necessary amount required here, the most of us are content to try and worry along where we are.—Boston Budget.

## DRESS IN FRANCE.

The Secret of French Ascendancy in the Matter of Wearing Apparel.

Here lies the secret of French ascendancy in the matters of dress; beyond all other nations France possesses the sense of the eternal fitness of things. Just run through the different grades of societies and note how the French adapt means to ends, how they understand the suitable. Here is a French peasant woman, with heavy stockings and wooden shoes or pattens, short skirt of some coarse material, loose blouse, a small flannel kerchief tightly pinned over the shoulders, and a handkerchief of some bright color holding her hair neatly in place. Look on that picture and then on this: Here is an English working-woman hampered in a large faded shawl, with a long full skirt of thin, cheap material, edged at bottom with a founce all tattered and torn, shod with a pair of cast-off boots, and to cap the climax, some lady's discarded bonnet trimmed with a faded flower or feather that have been dampened with fog till they look like the 'fretful' porcupine." A little higher, you get in England the factory and workshop girl with her ill-fitting coat reaching to the knee, with a dress that must have back drapery, though the quality of material may not run to more than one fold, with loud, broad-brimmed hat, shoes that are dirty and run down at the heel. In Paris you will see this "young person's" social equal tripping along in slippers suited to the weather, in plain full dress in tiny white cap and large spotless apron. Go up one wrung higher on the social ladder and you see in London small tradesmen's daughters or shop assistants, over dressed and tricked out in shabby finery. In France you find the same girl neatly dressed and with no head-covering in the street, for the beautiful real lace caps that have for generations passed from mother to daughter are not put on until years have crowned the head with gray. In short, the French know exactly what is suitable for any given occasion, for any given employment. They, unlike most other nations, with native instinct avoid what is mal a propos.—Philadelphia Times.

## DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

A Relationship Which Many People Have Never Reflected Upon.

When I consider what the education of a doctor entails, what endless study and investigation, what patient labor; when I reflect upon the continual risks that he must take, the continual self-control that he must have, balanced by continual compassion; when I remember how he is ever contending in a face-to-face and hand-to-hand encounter with disease and death, I think that he should be an industrious and thoughtful, a brave and noble gentleman.

To the invalid he is more. He is the master-mechanic of what may be a very troublesome machine. He is the autorator of the table and of the lodging, of raiment and exercise. His advent is the event of the day. His utterances are oracular, his nod Olympian. His learning is boundless, his wit irresistible, his goodness not to be disputed. He takes the responsibility of living off shoulders that tremble beneath it, assumes the battle with pain, and fights the sick man's duel for him. He condones the cowardice of shrinking nerves and puts them to sleep. He encourages and stimulates and bolsters the sufferer into shape again.

There is no relationship on earth like this between doctor and patient. He owns me, owns at least this arm he set when I was a boy, and these lungs whose every wheeze and sputter he recognizes as I do the voice of a familiar acquaintance. The mother who bors me has not so intimate a knowledge of my peculiarities, my penchants and antipathies; no friend, however faithful, is so tolerant of my faults or has such an easy way of curing them. He reconciles me to myself by a quieting powder, and starts me fair with the world once more.—Scribner's Magazine.

## Why Oklahoma is Coveted.

"I was down in that Oklahoma country three years ago," said an officer of General Miles' staff, speaking of the like hood of a fight between the troops and the Oklahoma boomers. General Sheridan and General Miles went to Fort Reno to quiet a disturbance among the Cheyenne Indians, and I was in the party. It is certainly a beautiful region for the agriculturist, and it is no wonder the lands are coveted. The soil is rich and well watered, the country is a rolling prairie, the climate is mild and equable, the grass in summer is 'belly deep,' and two railroads are now built through the heart of the vast, unoccupied domain. Any thing can be grown there that will grow in Missouri or Arkansas. It would be the finest fruit country in the world. At Fort Reno peaches, pears and plums are raised which can not be equalled anywhere outside of California. The most magnificent corn I ever saw was raised in Oklahoma by the few half-breeds allowed to till the soil. There are splendid streams, the Canadian river and its north fork, which course through the land. There is no snow, very little frost and never a sign of a blizzard. It does seem a pity that such a superb agricultural region should be shut out from settlement and given over in perpetuity to a worthless lot of Indians, who can not use it even as a hunting ground.—San Francisco Examiner.

—There ain't any blemishes about this animal?" asked the would-be purchaser of a cow. "No, she is all right; but I must tell you candidly that sometimes she kicks when she is being milked," replied the owner of the cow. "That's no consequence. My wife does the milkin'."—

## JAPAN'S PROGRESS.

The Recent Change of Government in That Wide-Awake Country.

The most important and significant event which has happened this year is the promulgation by imperial edict of a constitution for Japan. By this manifesto the absolute monarchy form of government, which has existed in Japan for 2,550 years, is changed to a constitutional form, and marks another step in the forward liberal progress of that interesting country. The Japanese themselves claim that their Empire was founded 660 B. C. by their first Emperor, Jimmu, and that the present Mikado, Mutsu Hito, belongs to the fifth dynasty. From Jimmu to Mutsu Hito the absolute form of government has prevailed, the power of the Mikado having been unlimited in every department of government. The first step in the direction of liberalism was taken in 1869, when a Parliament was formed. Its life, however, was short. In 1875 a Senate was established with legislative power, but its decisions had to be affirmed by the Mikado. In 1881 a Council of State was established with powers somewhat resembling those of our House of Representatives. The popular drift had been in the direction of constitutional form of government for some time indeed, and in 1881 the Mikado yielded to it sufficiently to issue an imperial rescript announcing that a constitutional government would be adopted in 1890, and that in the same year the first National Assembly should meet.

As the first step toward this important change Count Ito, the Minister President, was commissioned by the Mikado to examine the constitutions of different countries and prepare one for Japan. The intervening time has been spent by the Count in this duty, and at last he has formulated a constitution, based upon that of Germany, aided by lawyers and officials of that country, and recently it was promulgated from the throne by the Mikado himself. It establishes a House of Peers, the members of which are partly hereditary, partly elective, and partly nominated by the Mikado. The House of Commons is to consist of 300 members elected by the people. The suffrage is extended to all men over 25 years of age who pay taxes annually to the amount of \$25. The Parliament possesses legislative functions and the control of the finances under certain limitations. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech, and the right of public meeting are also declared. Thus peacefully the Government of the Empire is changed, and from now until 1890 the people will have time to adapt themselves to their new conditions and get ready to elect their representatives.

During the last quarter of a century Japan has been gradually preparing herself for this important change. She has greatly enlarged her intercourse with the Western world and American influences have been strongly at work. Her army and navy, her post-office department, schools and colleges have been modeled upon our own, and she has adopted many customs, both American and European, besides availing herself of our latest improvements in railroad, telegraph and telephone service. If she had not adopted a constitution modeled upon our own and declared a full-fledged republic it is probably because the Government wisely apprehends that the people are not yet far enough advanced for so radical a change. Still, the step from an absolute to a constitutional form of government, based upon popular representation, is a long step forward toward free popular government and is in striking contrast with the conservatism of China and her other Asiatic neighbors, who are centuries behind the little empire in all that goes to make up advanced civilization.—Chicago Tribune.

## EVERY THING GOES.

A Pleasant and Realistic Picture of Illustrated Journalism.

Foreman of composing room (speaking through tube to managing editor)—You say you want that article about the woman who killed a bear and three cubs illustrated with a cut of the woman? Managing Editor—Yes; I do. Foreman—What cut shall I do? Editor—Where is that cut of Lydia Pinkham that we run in the weekly? Foreman—It's being used in the first form to illustrate that article on Queen Victoria.

"Well, then, run that picture of Harriet Hubbard Ayre for the woman who killed the bears." "All right, but what are we going to do for that article about Joseph Chamberlain and his bride?" "Well, supposing you run that cut of the man that goes with his three dollar shoe ad for Sir Joseph and that old hand bill cut of Emma Abbott for his bride."

"All right; and I suppose that old cut of the new Colorado capital will do for Sir Joseph's castle, won't it?" "Yes, yes; run any thing you can find for the castle. There's a lot of old cuts in for the job room. See if you can find some thing there for an article I'm going to send down about the Emperor William and his wife. I guess the old cut we run a few weeks ago of Coquelin and Jane Hading will do."

"All right, sir; Hading and Coquelin goes."—Detroit Free Press.

## Voting for a Good Cause.

Equestrian—Mah frien', dey's habbin' a puddy hot time at de polls up in Siabtown. Pedestrian—Am dat so? What is dey votin' foh dis time in de yoah? Equestrian—Wall, when I left dey was votin' foh two dollars apiece, but I heered dat some ob de boys did get as high as two and six bits.—Judge.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The Duchess of Rutland is a constant contributor to the magazines, and gives all her literary earnings to one of the London asylums for the blind.

—Rev. Augustine Francis Hewitt, who succeeds Father Hecker as Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers, was born in Connecticut sixty-eight years ago. He is of a literary turn of mind, and has written many books. Associated with him is Father Deshon, who was at one time looked upon as Father Hecker's probable successor.

—When "Our Mutual Friend" appeared it was enthusiastically reviewed in the London Times by the late Mr. Dallas. Dickens was so pleased with the article that he gave to Dallas the MS. of the story, the critic metaphorically clasping it to his heart and protesting that he would never part with the precious thing. A little while after he sold it to Mr. Childs for twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

—Gladstone was invited by a Western editor to contribute an article on "Washington." The English statesman declined in the following words written on a post-card: "I am much honored by your letter. But I can not act upon it. Washington is a noble subject. I studied him forty years ago with love and admiration. But it is not in my power now to renew the study, and I should not like to profane the theme by thin and slovenly work."

—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the London preacher, receives an average of 500 letters a day, and he employs three secretaries to answer the communications which come to him from all parts of the world. The enormous revenues of his church, or "Tabernacle," are entirely devoted to the various philanthropic movements in which the reverend gentleman is interested, as the ample income derived from his books and sermons is more than sufficient for the needs of himself and family.

—Dr. A. P. Happer, of China, calling attention to the fact that Arnold, in his "Light of Asia," estimates the number of Buddhists at four hundred and seventy million, and James Freeman Clarke, in his "Ten Great Religions," gives the number at three hundred million, says: "I regard these statements as entirely unwarranted and unsupported by facts." His own estimate is seventy million. Prof. Monier Williams states as his opinion that one hundred million would be a large estimate of the Buddhists in the world.—Missionary Review.

—Dr. Sir Morell McKenzie has a family consisting of a wife, two sons and three daughters. One son is on the stage under the name of H. H. Morell, while the other follows his father's profession. Each of the daughters has a special talent, which she is given every opportunity for cultivating. Ethel, the oldest daughter, has a taste for journalism, and is the London correspondent of a Philadelphia paper; Hilda, the second daughter, aspires to be an artist, and has a studio, where she paints industriously, while Olga, the youngest, is a musician, and has done something in the way of original composition.

## CHINESE LIQUORS.

Simple Ways of Making Distilled and Fermented Wines.

With but a single exception all Chinese liquors are made by fermentation. The exception in question is called "show due," or "burning liquor," so named because of its fiery nature. It is a regular brandy, and the pure show due will burn when ignited until every particle of it is gone. It is the same color as our regular Caucasian brandy and is usually distilled from a species of glutinous rice called "noi mai." The noi mai due commonly used by the Chinese in this country is not the real article except in name. I have seen very good show due made from sweet potatoes. The only first-class show due is made in the provinces of Shantung, Chilli and Honan. Immense quantities of it are manufactured and sent all over the empire and into the southern provinces of Kwong Tung and Fookien, and from there occasionally sent into America.

The fermentation or manufacture of other Chinese liquors are so primitive in their methods that as a rule every farmer makes his own supplies when occasion demands, such as New Year's, betrothals, weddings or other occasions of extreme happiness. Sweet potato, broom corn, millet or wheat are generally employed to make these temporary drinks, although fruit (especially pears) are sometimes used.

The materials are soaked with common yeast and boiled and subsequently sealed up in air-tight tanks for about twenty days. The liquors are then withdrawn and are ready for use, but no good orthodox Chinaman would ever think of taking a drink unless at his meals. He sips the liquid between the mouthfuls of meats and never drinks it cold, for invariably the wines are heated to a boiling point and kept on the fire by an attendant while the epicure is drinking. In this way the Chinamen as a rule never get as "tight" as the Christians, as their "dormitories" are chucked full with other goods besides the exhilarating show due, and the use of the latter must cease at least five minutes before the conclusion of the meal.

Wines and liquors are so cheap and so easily made in China that it does not pay as a rule to run factories nor even keep saloons, except in eating shops. When a man "treats" in China it is always a dinner, and, therefore, he seldom "treats."—Wong Chin Foo, in N. Y. World.

## A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

A Touching Story of Nihilism, Love and Devotion.

In the blind asylum at Steglitz, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man who until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man of the Iron Mask." Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant. He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife. The man was tall and well made, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing. About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few. His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their name and history further than the fact that they were from Russia. Rumors were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man of the Iron Mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late Czar of Russia, although the scion of a high and mighty family, the young nobleman, like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists. Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathizers and assistants. When the murder of the Emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him. His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the Czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime. A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to do, and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist, but not so those whom he had forsaken. Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a woman on the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed, his cheeks burned and disfigured. It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken home, but the injury was beyond reparation, and the doctor's aid in vain. The Government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his head, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown, the heroism of his fiancée. She was a Countess and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own. She was heart-broken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused and declared that she would remain with him till death took her away. And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the blind asylum in Steglitz, where they had hopes of restoring the poor man's sight. And here his wife attends him with unflinching devotion and prays for the day when the afflicted nobleman can again look upon her face.—Berlin Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

## STATISTICS OF CRIME.

Its Decrease in England and Increase in the United States.

Recent statistics show that while crime is satisfactorily diminishing in England, it is rapidly increasing in the United States. During the past few years American crime has increased by not less than one-third, and the growth of the prison population has, unfortunately, been steadily progressive since the year 1850. At the close of the first half of this century the proportion of prisoners to the million in the United States was 290, being one to every 3,448 persons; but by 1880 the proportion had risen to 1,169 to the million, or one to 855 of the population. This did not include juvenile delinquents, who would have raised the proportion to one in 715. In 1857, when the population of England and Wales was about 19,250,000, the average number of penal-servitude sentences in this country was 2,582; but by the end of 1887, when the population had risen to over 27,750,000, the average number of such sentences had fallen to 962. On the last day of 1869 there were 11,660 persons undergoing sentences of penal servitude in England and Wales, the population then being 21,681,000. But in July, 1888, when the population had advanced to nearly 28,000,000, the penal-servitude subjects had fallen to 6,921; the conviction of soldiers and sailors has also gone down greatly; while with regard to women, although 186 were sentenced to terms of penal servitude in 1883, in 1887 only 85 were thus convicted.—London Times.

—An English judge recently defined gentleman as a term which includes anybody who has nothing to do and is outside of the workhouse.