

THE OREGON SCOUT

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UNION OREGON.

A Good Story Told at the Expense of an Ohio Legislator.

In the last Ohio Legislature was a Representative who had been elected and re-elected until he was serving his fifteenth term. At the opening of the session the first bill introduced was to grant authority to a certain Thomas Shields to construct a mill dam on a certain river. Some one hunted up the fact that this bill had been regularly introduced and as regularly killed through the efforts of the old timer at every session for a dozen years, and when he was asked to explain he said:

"It's just this way: A dam there would be all right, but Shields is down on me, and the minute a bill is passed he will lay for and give me a whaling. So long as I can save off his bill he will let me alone, hoping to get it through the next session."

"But the people favor a dam there, and it is hardly fair to keep them out of one because you and Shields have a quarrel."

"But I don't propose to invite a pound-

ing." Later on, when the bill came up, a number of the members rushed it through against the protests of the old-timer. When he found himself defeated he said: "Well, you will see what the result will be. I've got to get ready for a licking."

Three days later, as some members were going home from an evening session, they found a bundle of some thing against a fence. When lifted up and undone it proved to be the mangled remains of the objector to the mill dam. They recovered consciousness when handled, and when one of the finders asked what had happened a voice faintly answered:

"I met Shields here about half an hour ago, and the result resulted, just as I said it would. He not only pounded me, but he added the twelve years' interest."—N. Y. Sun.

AN INDIGENOUS FAKIR.

How He Got Rid of a Joo Lot of Cheap Cotton Umbrellas.

The nimble old gentleman with the big bundle of cheap umbrellas still makes his appearance whenever a sudden down-pour of rain deluges the streets of the city. Not that the old gentleman is single in the industry, by any means. When the black skies overhead indicate that the shower will be of more than a few minutes' duration, half a dozen umbrella merchants parade the principal thoroughfares, offering pedestrians the privilege of keeping dry for fifty cents. When the rain has been falling steadily for the best part of the day, the profits of the wandering umbrella merchant do not amount to much; but when a big storm comes up during the evening, and continues while the theaters are emptying their crowds into the streets, he often gathers a rich harvest. Speaking of the theater reminds me of the particular old gentleman I first alluded to, and the neat trick he is credited with once successfully playing on an audience. He, so the story goes, was standing on the steps of the Sherman House one evening about ten o'clock. He looked at the skies, but there was, alas, no sign of rain. His big bundle of umbrellas were under his arm, and bade fair to remain there. A happy thought struck him. A few moments before the hour for the emptying of the theater he stole into a neighboring basement and emerged with a big watering pot. With this he carefully sprinkled the sidewalk on both sides of the theater entrance. The audience emerged. It was summer time and the girls were in light dresses. The genius of the watering pot stationed himself advantageously and reaped the reward. The feelings of the purchasers, on finding that there had been no rain at all in the next block may be better imagined than described.—Chicago Journal.

THE UMBRELLA TREE.

Its Origin Wrapped in Mystery as Far as America is Concerned.

While J. C. Walker, of Texas, was driving about Tulare and vicinity today he noticed the numerous umbrella trees, which species of shade trees have been familiar to him for many years. His attention was particularly attracted by their low growth, and he remarked that he had caused them to grow fifteen feet in height before branching. The Register representative became suddenly interested, as the only objection we have ever heard urged against Texas umbrella trees was that they did not grow high enough for a shade tree, and if trimmed of their lower limbs they would not branch well again. In response to our inquiry as to the way it was done Mr. Walker informed us that he took young trees and punched off all but the top bud. This he repeated whenever it budded out again, always leaving the top one, and when the tree had attained a sufficient height he allowed it to branch out and it made a splendid shade tree. Sometimes he leaves more than one of the top buds until they begin to sprout in order to see which is the most healthy and straightest. He treats the white mulberry in the same manner and says there are mulberry trees in his yard which put forth their first limbs twenty feet from the ground. Mr. Walker further informed us that there was a town called Owensville in Texas, which died when the county seat was removed, scarcely a vestige now remaining, and that here the umbrella tree originated, at least so far as the United States is concerned. No one knows whence the seed came, but there they were found growing, and are now scattered all through Texas. Mr. Walker has lived thirty-six years in Texas; and being an intelligent, observing gentleman, it is quite probable he is well posted on the products of his own State.—Tulare (Cal.) Register.

—A woman living near the line of Jefferson and Walker counties, Ga., is seven feet two inches high, twenty-five years old, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and can whip any man in the neighborhood.

HABITS OF FRENCHMEN.

One Respect in Which They Enjoy an Advantage Over Americans.

The habits of life, so far as regards eating, are better with our Parisian. England and America both transgress, one in the quantity, the other in the quality, of the food. The Briton feeds too heavily. He becomes plethoric and beefy. The exquisite rose tints on his daughter's cheek turn to patches of harsh color on the face of his wife, and his own rubeous visage suggests chronic congestion. Not content with heavy meals morning, noon and evening, there is a night supper, more or less profuse according as the good sense of the individual bends to or wrestles with custom. There is a good deal of tea drunk and coffee and a vast amount of strong ale and porter; which all serve to induce more appetite for solid food. A man can eat two slices of bread or meat with a glass or a cup of liquid accompaniment, where he could use but one without. So the effect is apt to be excess—certain excess over the necessary amount of nourishment, probable excess over the wholesome part.

In America it is not the amount—although our women as a rule with their sedentary habits use too much, especially at breakfast time—but the kind of food which makes the national deadly sin. Pies, cakes and hot biscuits, fried meat and doughnuts, pickles and preserves, bleach instead of reddening the blood; and except in some few districts, we are a nation of anemics. If the unfortunate stomach can sustain the injury done it by lack of proper nourishment, it succumbs to the habit of bolting. Meal time is a succession of gulps and swallows grudgingly snatched from time devoted to the routine of labor, as hurried as nervous haste can make it, and wholly unavailing for ordinary purposes of mastication. The misused teeth decay and ruined digestion revenges itself in blanched cheeks, thinned hair and general prostration. If this is too vivid a picture for the better knowledge and higher civilization of our cities, it certainly is not so for the country districts, and it is these last which produce the people. Towns may be the nerve ganglions, but the country supplies their force.

The Parisian has changed all this. He begins the day with the slightest possible breakfast, leaving mind and body cleared, not weighted for action. After three or four hours' work has induced a healthy demand for food there comes a dainty and plentiful meal—two or three courses of meat, with a few vegetables, an omelette, bread and butter, fresh or prepared fruit. This answers to our lunch, and is usually served at noon or at one o'clock. Six hours later comes dinner. Soup always, often fish, four or five delicate and inviting preparations of meat, with a slight accompaniment of vegetables and some delicious sauce; a sweet and a dessert of fruit and cheese form the main points of this principal meal. Poor families will have less; richer people will offer greater variety, but ordinarily this scheme very slightly modified will represent the daily routine of a Parisian household.—Paris Cor. Boston Journal.

ON THE GRAND CANAL.

Early Morning Scenes in Venice—Market-Men on the Way to the Rialto.

The first sign of life on the Grand Canal in the early morning is the passing by of long barges laden with green vegetables and fruit from the low, flat island of Mazzorbo, and destined for the market at the Rialto. One such has passed as we write; its sail is of a rich Indian red with a dark blue tip, a fillet border running round it, and in its center a design in orange of St. George and the dragon. The big rudder is gradually painted in green and white, and has a picture of the Madonna on the part that is above the water. The men who are poling the barge along add to the variety of color by one of them wearing a pink shirt and purple trousers. The whole thing, together with its green load, looks, as the first rays of the sun glint upon it, like a bit of a broken rainbow that has dropped into the canal and is drifting along on the eddies. Now comes a barge heaped up with coal, now one with bales of cotton for the factory lately established here. This is followed by another whose cargo of square white deal boxes is guarded by a soldier at each end of the boat, and the red flag that floats over it tells us that it is dynamite that is passing by. Of a more peaceable sort is the next that we notice. A small flat boat, hardly more than a curved board, is propelled by two tall, brown-robed figures, two Capuchin friars, who, with bare heads and sandaled feet and with cords girdling their waists, are off on a begging expedition, hoping to return with their Franciscan cane basket filled with good things for their monastery's fare. Presently a barca approaches the stone landing place beside our palace. This barca is a plainer sort of gondola, without its graceful, dignified steel prow. Out of it come, tumbling over each other, about fifty soldiers. An early-astir, itinerant seller of an Italian "Complete Letter Writer," with a quick eye to business who happens to come up, seizes the opportunity, and in a moment his bag is open. He pulls out a heap of books, and with ready wit reads a suitable sample of the contents of his book: "Letter from a soldier in Abyssinia to his brother in Italy." In an instant the soldiers are crowding round him, listening with interest, many producing the few coins with which they can become possessors of the little manual, which they scan eagerly for something to fit their own particular case as they are hurried away up the narrow lane.—Chambers' Journal.

Amy Meant the Other Kind.

"Mr. Dolley, give me a cent," said Amy's little sister, before Amy came down to the parlor.

"What do you want with it?" asked Mr. Dolley, much amused, as he handed her the coin.

"O, I don't want it; I only wanted to see if you had any cents, because sister Amy said this afternoon that you hadn't."—Venewine's News.

RESPONSIVE VIBRATIONS.

Mysteries and Nature Explained by a Professor of Music.

Remembering the old story about the fiddler who claimed he could fiddle down a bridge, a reporter recently quizzed a professor of the musical art concerning the matter of responsive vibrations. The teacher of music proved to be no less acquainted with the science than with the art. The answers to many questions, compiled, are as follows:

The pitch of the tone either in singing or playing depends, of course, upon the number of vibrations in the vocal chords or in the instrument played upon. These vibrations are conveyed to the molecules of the air which vibrate in a similar manner. If any resonant object or substance be within reach of the vibrations of the instrument or of the secondary vibrations of the air, that object or substance is also set in motion. Any given elastic body can vibrate only at a given rate, and if vibration of that rate reach it, the heretofore quiet substance also begins to vibrate. If a violin is hung upon a wall near a piano and the violin strings which are G, D, A and E in the scale are tuned to the piano, then whenever G, D, A and E are struck on the one instrument the strings on the other will vibrate similarly.

A note which sounds in response to another is called an aliquot note. If any note be sounded on the piano, its fifth, third and octave will also vibrate in response. There are objects in almost every room, some one of which will respond to every note struck. Glasses, lamp shades and globes, windows, metallic articles, respond most readily to vibrations communicated to them through the air. Carpets upon the floors, curtains upon the walls, and other non-resonant substances take away and deaden the sound of musical instruments. The larger a room is, the louder the sound produced in it, air being highly elastic, and its multiplied vibrations adding to the intensity of the sound. In a same room, on the contrary, the sound is less in intensity. If the keys of an octave on the piano be held down so that the damper be raised from the wires, and if a chord be struck in the octave above, it is easy to detect that the corresponding strings in the lower octave are sounding.

The principle of the phonograph was discovered through the established principle of responsive vibrations, the vibrations of the voice being communicated to a needle which makes indentations in metallic foil, corresponding to the vibrations, and as the foil is turned under the needle again, the needle dancing back and forth in the little indentations, reproduces the vibrations first given to the foil.

When asked if it was true that vibrations from musical instruments sometimes impair structures, the professor of music laughed and said he thought that impossible, and as to the story of fiddling a bridge down, he thought that absolutely impossible, although there could be no doubt that vibrations in the material of a bridge might be caused by a very slight sound if that sound be pitched properly.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

THE SILKWORM'S RIVAL.

A Large Brown Moth Which Produces Very Large Cocoons.

We are accustomed to consider silk solely as the product of the well-known silk worm, which feeds upon mulberry leaves, and has been so widely domesticated in Europe, and even to some slight extent in this country. But the truth is that there are many other varieties of caterpillar which furnish the same product, and that in India alone fifty different kinds of silk-bearing insects are known. The most important of these, the tussur moth, feeds upon more than thirty different species of plants, and the caterpillar weaves a cocoon about four times the size of that of the mulberry silkworm. Great attention is paid to the rearing of the tussur, and very religious ceremonies are employed in caring for it. The large brown moth, which has four transparent eyes upon the wings is venerated, and only people of a certain caste are permitted to approach it. It has been domesticated in India for thousands of years, while the cocoons of all the other species are collected wild from the jungle. One of these feeds on the castor-oil plant and spins a white cocoon. In China also the silk from several varieties of worms is used; and in Japan, besides the alanthus caterpillar, there is a species which until lately was reserved for the exclusive use of the Mikado, the exportation of the eggs being an offense punishable with death. Some of them, however, have been carried to France, where an attempt, which promises to be successful, is making to cultivate this species.—N. Y. Sun.

Sunlight for Farm Stock.

Those who believe in sunlight for domestic animals, as well as for humans, will concur in what Dr. Reynolds says on the subject. He thinks the value of sunlight to farm stock is not sufficiently appreciated. Barns and stables might be so arranged as to allow free access of sun to the farm stock. The tie-up should always be upon the sunny side of the barn, and windows put in near to each other, so that abundance of sunlight may be admitted. During the pleasant days such tie-ups would become warm and comfortable, serving to a considerable extent, for food. The colder it is the more food will be required to keep the animal warm and continue its growth. If the sun keeps the barn warm part of the time less food will be required to maintain the animal temperature. The effect of the sunlight itself is beneficial to the stock, making it more healthy and vigorous.—Christian at Work.

JEFFERSON'S YOUTH.

How Lincoln Saved the Great Actor's Father from Financial Ruin.

Springfield being the capital of Illinois, it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the Legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival here, the management resolved to hire a lot and build a theater. This sounds like a large undertaking, and perhaps with their limited means it was a rash step. I fancy that my father rather shrunk from this bold enterprise, but the senior partner (McKenzie) was made of sterner stuff, and his energy being quite equal to his ambition, the ground was broken and the temple erected.

The building of a theater in those days did not require the amount of capital that it does now. Folding opera chairs were unknown. Gas was an occult mystery, not yet acknowledged as a fact by the unscientific world in the West; a second-class quality of sperm-oil was the height of any manager's ambition. The footlights of the best theaters in the Western country were composed of lamps in a "float" with the counter-weights. When a dark stage was required, or the lamps needed trimming or refilling, this mechanical contrivance was made to sink under the stage. I believe if the theater, or "devil's workshop," as it was sometimes called, had suddenly been illuminated with the same material now in use, its enemies would have declared that the light was furnished from the "Old Boy's" private gossamer.

The new theater, when completed, was about ninety feet deep and forty feet wide. No attempt was made at ornamentation, and as it was unpainted, the simple line of architecture upon which it was constructed gave it the appearance of a large dry-goods box with a roof. I do not think my father, or McKenzie, ever owned any thing with a roof until now, so they were naturally proud of their possession.

In the midst of their rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon them. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political maneuver got the city to pass a new law enjoining a heavy license against our "unholy" calling; I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs—all our available funds invested, the Legislature in session, the town full of people, and by a heavy license denied the privilege of opening the new theater.

In the midst of their trouble a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The case was brought up before the council. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when the act was in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter; his good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off.

This young lawyer was very popular in Springfield, and was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and, after the time of which I write, he held rather an important position in the Government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monument commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln!—Joseph Jefferson, in Century.

CHARMING FORTITUDE.

Affecting Scene Bringing to Light a Big and a Little Hero.

It was in the year 1880, in a third-rate city called Nohelateau, in the Department des Vosges, France, about noon, that we were passing, my father and myself, in front of a store where, in addition to hardware, a supply of ammunition was kept for the use of a regiment there. Suddenly we heard a terrible explosion, and being either thrown or having unconsciously run, I know not which, we, at any rate, found ourselves about twenty yards from where the explosion occurred, and could see part of the roof in the street.

We had hardly reached the building when a man came out of it covered with powder, his hair and beard burning, and large pieces of flesh hanging from his face and bare arms. Never will I forget the horror of the sight; his flesh was charred and his face partly burned. As he reached the sidewalk he looked around him and called a name I did not catch. Receiving no answer he went right back into that burning furnace, and in a few seconds came out bearing in his arms his child, a girl of six or seven. Those nearest him heard him say:

"My darling, are you hurt? Oh, you are hurt!" While the poor little thing kept saying: "No, papa, I am not hurt, not at all; you are burning, think of yourself!" and yet the blood was trickling from her forehead where the flying debris made a deep gash. Both recovered, though disfigured for life. At the time I thought there was not only one hero, but two.—Philadelphia Press.

Carlyle's Cold Water Remarks.

The little anecdote of Carlyle related by Lord Houghton to the members of the Yorkshire College is said to be characteristic of his hero. It appears that many years ago, when Carlyle first came on a visit to Lord Houghton's grandfather at Fryton, his host took occasion one morning to lament to him the destruction of a fine view by the erection of a tall factory chimney. Mr. Milnes, no doubt, expected that his guest would readily concur; but the philosopher was not in a concurring mood, and his reply was: "I do not at all agree with you. Since I have been under your hospitable roof this is the first evidence that I have seen that any work is being carried on in this neighborhood which is of any utility to mankind." This is the sort of reply which sensitive conversationalists find slightly discouraging.—London Daily News.

SEVRES PORCELAIN.

The Conception and Development of a Profitable Art Industry.

The famous factory was first started at Vincennes in 1750. A certain Sieur de St. Etienne is said to have discovered the art of making a paste which would passably imitate the Chinese kaolin or hard paste some time toward the end of the seventeenth century. He was a potter at Rouen, but appears to have been satisfied with the beautiful faience or earthenware which he made and to have handed on his discovery to some other manufacturer, and the first European porcelain was produced at St. Cloud. The soft paste, it is well to remember, is only relatively soft—that is to say, its consistency is as hard as that of Chinese porcelain, but it will not bear so great a heat and the surface glaze is easily scratched. When it was found that true kaolin existed in Europe the soft paste was no longer used; hence the rarity and value of this earliest French porcelain. Apart, too, from this, it was costly to make from the beginning, and we read that, when Louis XV. gave Princess Marie Joseph of Saxony two little pieces, a cream jug and a sugar basin, they cost 28 louis. A single plate, from a service ordered by Catherine II. of Russia, lately fetched 6,400 francs, or more than £250. The manufacture was carried on at Vincennes till 1756, so that many of the best examples now extant must be correctly described as "Vincennes ware" rather than "Sevres," at which latter place it assumed its title of "Manufacture Royale de la Porcelaine de France," every piece being thenceforth marked with the King's cipher. The sales in 1755-1758 were told, amounted respectively to the value of 210,000 and 274,000 livres. In 1750 the King became the sole proprietor, and for a time all went well. Efforts were constantly being made to discover the secret of the German hard paste, and workmen from Meissen were bribed to reveal it. No kaolin of good quality was, however, found in France until 1768, and during the interval the French artists were able to compete with the foreign hard paste only on account of the extreme beauty of the objects they produced in the inferior material. When the necessary beds of kaolin had been discovered near Limoges, hard paste was introduced, but the soft paste was in its highest perfection just at this time, and it was not finally abandoned till 1790. Meanwhile a dishonest manager had nearly ruined Sevres, but Louis XVI. made a strong effort to keep it going, and the National Assembly included it in the royal property. Even after the fall of royalty the Convention decided that the manufacture was creditable to the country, and intrusted the management to skilled hands. In May, 1800, the famous chemist, Brongniart undertook the management, and the soft paste from that time was abandoned, and the very secret of its composition has long since perished.—Saturday Review.

LIABILITY OF HEIRS.

An Interesting Case Decided by the Courts of Ohio.

About eight years ago A and B became sureties on the bond of O as executor and trustee under the last will and testament of his father. One of the provisions of the will required O to retain the sum of \$1,000 of his father's estate during the life of the widow of the deceased, and pay her the sum of \$60 per annum, that being the probable interest which that sum would produce during that time. In January, 1885, A died. An administrator was appointed immediately thereafter, who settled up the estate within the eighteen months allowed by the statute. Each of A's heirs received some money from his estate and they partitioned his real estate among them. About four years after A's death O was called upon to account for the money in his hands, and it was ascertained that he had spent the \$1,000 and had not paid the widow her annuity for five years. The question asked is as to the liability of A's heirs upon that bond. "Any creditor of a deceased person whose right of action shall first accrue after the expiration of the time in which an action can be brought against the executor or administrator of such deceased person, and whose claim shall not have been presented to the court, or if presented shall not have been allowed, may recover the same against the heirs, widow as next of kin, and next of kin of the deceased, and the devisees and legatees under his will, each of whom shall be liable to the creditor to an amount not exceeding the value, whether of real or personal estate, that he or she shall have received under the will, or by the distribution of the estate of the deceased." It is not necessary to go into the question as to whether the liability of A and B had accrued so that an action could have been maintained on the bond within the time allowed for the settlement of A's estate or not. B is still liable upon the bond, and when he has paid the amount due thereon he will have a right of action against the heirs of A for contribution, and they will be liable under the statute cited above. B and the heirs of A are liable for the amount that the court found that O should account, with interest thereon from that time, but they are not liable for the payment of the annuity to the widow beyond the amount now due. The \$1,000 that you will have to pay will be used to produce the amount to be paid to the widow.—Ohio Farmer.

ENGLISH TABLE WAYS.

They Are Altogether Too Frenchy for Persons of Good Sense.

The Anglo-Saxons are afraid to use their fingers to eat with, especially the English. Thanks to this hesitation, I have seen in the course of my travels in the old world many distressing sights. I have seen a lady attempt to eat cranish with a knife and fork and abandon the attempt in despair. I have also seen men in the same fix. I have seen—oh, barbarous and cruel spectacle!—Anglo-Saxons, otherwise apparently civilized, cut off the points of asparagus, and eat these points only with a fork, thus leaving the best part of the vegetable on their plates. As for artichokes they generally utterly defeat the attacks of those who trust only to the knife and fork.

Fingers must be used for eating certain things, notably asparagus, artichokes, fruit, olives, radishes, pastry, and even small fried fish; in short, every thing which will not dirty or grease the fingers may be eaten with the fingers. For my own part I prefer to eat lettuce salad with my fingers rather than with a fork, and Queen Marie Antoinette and other ladies of the eighteenth century were of my way of thinking. If the ladies would only see how pretty is their gesture when their diaphanous forefinger and thumb grasp a leaf of delicate green lettuce and raise that leaf from the porcelain plate to their rosy lips they would all immediately take to eating salad a la Marie Antoinette. Only bear in mind, good ladies, that if you do wish to eat lettuce salad with your fingers you must mix your salad with oil and vinegar, and not with that abominable ready-made white "salad dressing," to look upon which is nauseating.

May Heaven preserve us from excessive Anglomaniism in matters of table service and eating. The English tend to complicate the eating tools far too much. They have too many forks for comfort, and the forms of them are to quaint for practical utility. Certainly silver dessert knives and forks are very good in their way, because they are not susceptible to the action of fruit acids, but it is vain and clumsy to attempt to make too exclusive use of the knife and fork in eating fruit. Don't imitate, for instance, certain ultra-correct English damsels who eat cherries with a fork and swallow the stones because they are too modest, or rather too assinine, to spit them out on to the plate. Eating is not a thing to be ashamed of. To thoroughly enjoy a peach you must bite it and feel the juicy, perfumed flesh melt in your mouth. But let the Anglomaniacs say what they please, there is no necessity of sticking a fork into the peach, and peeling it while so impaled, as if it were an ill-flavored and foul object. A peach is as beautiful to the touch as it is to the eye; a peach held between human fingers has its beauty enhanced by the beauty of the fingers. However dainty and ornate the silver dessert knife and fork may be, it always irritates me to see people cut up their peaches, or pears, or apricots, or what not, into cubes and parallelepipeds, as if dessert were a branch of conic sections. Imitate Marie Antoinette, ladies; use your fingers more freely; eat decently, of course, but do not be the slaves of silly Anglomaniism or Newport crazes. To eat a pair of an apple conveniently, cut it into quarters, and peel each quarter in turn as you eat it. The peach, too, can be cut into quarters, if the eater is timid. Apricots do not need peeling, nor plums, either. Who would be bold enough to peel a fresh fig, or to touch such a delicate fruit even with the purest silver instruments?—Harper's Bazar.

THE CRIME OF SLANDER.

It Is Pestilence Walking in Darkness, Spreading Contagion Far and Wide.

Against slander there is no defense. It starts with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler can not avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wounds are incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder, murder its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport. The man who breaks into my dwelling, or meets me on the public road and robs me of my property, does me injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard-earned savings, involves me in difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me into circumstances of ease and affluence. The man who, coming at the midnight hour, fires my dwelling, does me an injury—he burns my roof, my pillow, my raiment, my very shelter from the storm and tempest; but he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me, but charity will receive me into her dwelling, will give me food to eat, and raiment to put on; will timely assist me, raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again set by my own fireside, and taste the sweets of friendship and of home. But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character, who exposes every act of my life which may be represented to my disadvantage, who goes first to this, then to that individual, tells them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy, and then fills their ears with hearsay and rumors, and what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints and suggestions of his own busy imagination—the man who thus "filches from me my good name" does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair.—Catholic Telegraph.