

The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

HIS ANNAMISE WIFE.

A Frenchman's Tribulations with a Pretty Native of the Orient.

Dr. Hocquard, who recently returned to France after a residence of over two years in Tonkin, tells about the Annamese bride of a French officer stationed at Namdinh. The doctor visited the officer at his home in the big town, and there met a very pretty native girl about eighteen years old, who wore a robe of violet silk and more rings on her fingers than Western belles regard as in good taste.

"You see, I have married an Annamese," said the officer, laughing. "That is, I have bought her from her parents for forty-five francs. They signed a contract before the notables of their village, in which they relinquish all their rights over their daughter. I can do with her as I please, but I must treat her well. If I choose, I may return her to her parents, and they must receive her again. It is a very easy sort of divorce. She can not leave me without my permission, and if she runs away from me her father is responsible and must return to me the money I paid for her. That is the Annamese law."

"That seems to be a very practical and economical arrangement," remarked the doctor.

"Not so much so as you think," replied the officer. "I give Ti San—for that is her name—fifteen piastres a month for her wardrobe, to say nothing of the presents I make her from time to time, and the disagreeable surprises to which she treats me now and then. The other day, for instance, Ti San blossomed out in a beautiful robe of brocaded silk that I had given her. Then with one of her friends she left the house for a promenade, and while strolling around the town she saw a party playing cards in a gambling house."

"Like all her people, Ti San is passionately fond of gambling. Nothing could tempt her to pass that house, and so in she went, seated herself at the table, and was soon absorbed in the game. There she sat until she had lost all her money, her jewels, and finally, the clothing she wore, and when she returned to me the next morning she was arrayed in a lot of rags that had been given her out of charity."

"That is not all. The contract I made with her parents provides that I must feed her well. That clause seems to include her entire kindred. She had been with me only two days, when her family (and you know families are not small in this country) swooped down upon me and installed themselves in a house near mine. Every time I enter my kitchen I find my cook preparing rice for all these ravenous persons. I offer them a thousand insults, but they never wince, and nothing will induce them to budge from my premises until they have had a good, square meal. You see, marrying an Annamese girl has its decided disadvantages."—N. Y. Sun.

MEN OF MANY YEARS.

The Frequency of Old People in All Parts of the World.

Michael Solis, who lives in San Salvador in the republic of Bogota, is said to be 180 years of age, and is apparently in the full vigor of all his powers. He has never taken any unusual precaution with his health, is not a vegetarian or teetotaler, and has always been a hard worker. Peter Barlow died in Damariscotta, three years ago at the age of 135. He served under George Washington in the revolutionary war. There is a negro living in Lynn, Mass., who has recently been on public exhibition, who claims to be over 130 years of age.

People over 120 years of age, in the very general diffusion of news which is now possible, are frequently heard of in various portions of the world. Centenarians are by no means the curiosities they were a few generations ago. Seth Perkins, who recently died in Norwich, Conn., was president of a railroad at 100. Chevrel, the French scholar, recently died over 100 years of age.

Probably every State in the Union contains its centenarian, and some of them perhaps several. People over ninety years of age are by no means a curiosity. The late Emperor William of Germany was nearly ninety-two at the time of his death. Simon Cameron was over ninety, and so was the late Dr. Dollinger, the theologian. Our historian Bancroft is over ninety, and so is Cardinal Newman and Marshal Von Moltke.

If so many eminent men can be found who have lived to an advanced age, it is reasonable to infer that there are a large number among the more obscure classes. An English writer on longevity maintains that genius is inimical to old age; but this hardly seems borne out by the facts. Carlyle died at 84; Bryant at 83; Prof. Sir Richard Owen is still alive at 86; John G. Whittier at 82; Robert C. Winthrop at 81; William E. Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alfred Tennyson at 80. The throes and frenzy of genius do not, it seems, always prove destructive to longevity.

All classes and conditions of men are liable to attain old age, though there can be no doubt that some occupations are more destructive of health and, hence of long life, than others.—Yankee Blade.

Evolution of the Present "W."

How our letter "W" was printed in the seventeenth century, appears in the little quarto of Paul Ricaut, "Secretary to Henegau, Earle of VVinchelsea, Ambassador Extraordinary," printed in 1663, at Constantinople, by the courteous Galat, who requests "the courteous reader not to attribute the fault, either to the printer or the corrector, if he finds some fevly letters misplaced, or the letter vv not so neatly formed as were to be wished; for the press at Constantinople, being but sildome employed, is not furnished vvith the varieties of those letters which are only proper to northern languages.—Chris-

GREAT LIGHT-HOUSES.

Many of Them Are Situated in the Most Perilous Places Imaginable.

There are between six hundred and seven hundred light-houses off the English, Scotch and Irish coasts, and many of them are situated in seas which have the reputation of being among the most steadily tempestuous in the world. The Fastnet light, off the southwest coast of Ireland; the Calf Rock light, not far from the Fastnet; the Bishop Rock light, on the "Howling Dogs," as the ledge off the Selly Isles are called; and Dhu Heartach light, off the west coast of Scotland, contest the honor of occupying the stormiest and most dangerous positions on the coast of the British Isles; although the Eddystone light-house, near Plymouth, is cut off wholly from communication with the shore.

Unlike those American light-houses which are situated at a distance from shore, the British light-houses do not appear to be provisioned for a long period. During recent heavy storms off the European coasts, the light-keepers of Fastnet were not only cut off from communication with land, but were compelled to make signals that they were short of food. Several gallant and unsuccessful attempts to relieve them were made by volunteer crews before they were finally reached with supplies.

The keepers of the chief British offshore light-houses, as is the case with American first-class lights, now consist of three men. Several years ago, when the light-houses were in charge of two men, one of the keepers at the Longships light-house died at his post during a storm.

The man's companion was forced to remain with the dead body for many days and nights, and at the same time, of course, to keep the lamps in order. The strain of this horrible situation upon his nerves was so great that before he was rescued he had become hopelessly insane.

The Calf Rock light stands upon a rock which is from sixty to ninety feet high, and the light rises ninety feet above the rock. The Fastnet light is nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the water, but the fury of the Atlantic is so great that the waves are said often to pass in sheets over the lanterns of both, and to hide the tops of the towers for two minutes at a time.

It is impossible to approach either the Fastnet or the Calf Rock light except in the calmest weather. In the rebuilding of the Calf Rock house, which took four years, the workmen were provisioned in this way: A log was anchored, by means of a rope, out at sea on the leeward side of the rock. To this log the provisions, encased in rubber bags, were fastened by men in boats, and the log was then drawn in by the men on the rock.

It was still more difficult to construct the Wolf light, in the British Channel. Seven years were required to build it, and in one particular stormy year, 1862, only eighty-three hours work could be done between March and December, so tempestuous were the seas.

The Dhu Heartach light-house is forty-eight miles from Oban, the nearest town. No boat is allowed to touch the rock upon which it stands, and all visitors to it are hoisted from their boat by means of a long derrick. A visitor thus describes the process by which he went upon this rock:

"When the boat is in position, a rope, with a loop at the end of it, is dropped into the loop, held tightly to the rope with both hands below the block, and are first hoisted into the air, and then pulled downward upon the rock.

"There you are clasped in the strong arms of one of the keepers, and before you are released from the friendly grip, you are reassured by a kindly voice, bidding you 'Welcome to Dhu Heartach!'"—Youth's Companion.

BRITAIN'S PARLIAMENT.

As a Political School the House of Commons Is a Complete Failure.

The House of Commons is failing, as all thoroughly democratic assemblies fail, in the function it once served, admirably, as a political school. It fails doubly—first, in getting a number of scholars young enough to learn; and next, in giving them their lesson when it does get them. It may be questioned whether we have at present, properly speaking, any parliamentary youth at all. At the present moment we can hardly recall any but Sir E. Grey, Lord Carmarthen and Lord Cranborne, who properly deserve that title, and even of these, the first two will complete their twenty-eighth and the last his twenty-ninth year respectively this year, and can certainly not be called boys. We can not recall a single member who came into Parliament at Pitt's age, and though we do not know the average age of the members, we suspect that it would turn out to be not much, if at all, below fifty. Take it all in all, it is certainly a parliament of middle-aged or old men, and by no means as good a school as the earlier parliaments of this century have been for youthful statesmen.

Almost every thing tells unfavorably on the election of very young men, because large constituencies, such as are now universal, always prefer a known man to an unknown, and it is impossible for a young man to be known to such constituencies, except in rare cases as the son of his father; and almost every thing tells unfavorably on their training, because the concentration of the attention of the democracy on single questions, like the Irish home rule question, involves a monotony of political subject, and to insure success, a vehemence of political declamation which disgusts young men of any lively political intellect, and repels them from politics. Finally, every thing tells unfavorably on their oratory, because the immense waste of time on obstruction, and the perpetual re-discussion of the same subjects, render it hardly possible for them to speak often, even if they are elected, and inspire the leaders with a aversion for those party members who take up the same house, instead of pressing for a division. For the most part, the "promising young men" of the party are men of thirty-eight, at least.—London Saturday Review.

COSTLY NEGLIGENCE.

How Tramps and Convicts Are Made Out of Many Promising Boys.

If an observer will take a stroll about Boston and the other cities and large towns of the State, he may find at street corners, railroad stations, and other places, many idle men.

If he should mingle with these men he would find that they may be divided into two classes—laborers who expect employment later in the spring, when work of one kind or another usually begins; and young men, mostly graduates of grammar or high schools, who feel a little too nice to work at common labor, yet have not acquired the skill to do any thing else. And, though there is a demand for skilled mechanics stand sinfully about because they have not had the opportunity to learn some trade for which they are adapted.

It is this latter class of idlers that would arouse the concern of the thoughtful observer; for among them he would see many youths whose future seems any thing but hopeful. As far as teaching its youth bookkeeping is concerned, society does much of its duty; but in the equally important matter of teaching them how to make an honest living society does little or nothing.

"Twenty per cent. of the men engaged in mechanical industries," said a prominent builder, "are really skilled mechanics; the other eighty per cent. are fair or indifferent workmen." At first thought it seems strange that only one in five of these men is really skilled, but when we consider the mere matter of chance by which boys are drawn into mechanical industries it would seem strange if it were not the case.

A green boy, seeking a chance to learn a trade, but ignorant of what he is adapted for, is more likely to drift into the wrong trade than into the right one. He may make a poor carpenter when he might make a good mason, or a poor machinist when he might make a good architect. Or, if he does know what he is adapted for, the chances are that unless he is of unusual perseverance he can never obtain the chance to learn it well; for master mechanics and their foremen do not want to bother themselves with teaching green boys.

It is for this class of boys that a public industrial school system is much needed. A little practical instruction would develop a boy's taste to such an extent that if he desires to learn a trade he will know which one he is best adapted for, and be taught accordingly. The tendency of such a system would be toward placing youths where they can do the most good for themselves and society. And the people would be repaid for the extra burden of maintaining the system; for who can estimate the present loss to society in the waste of the genius and powers of so many of its members?

For a people not to provide their youth with the means of obtaining an industrial education is indeed a costly negligence—a negligence that leaves eighty per cent. of our mechanics fair or indifferent workmen; a negligence that leaves great numbers of boys and young men wasting in idleness the best part of their lives; a negligence that tends to make tramps or convicts out of many once promising boys.—Boston Globe.

AN OLD-TIME LOCOMOTIVE.

Rescued from the Scrap-Pile, She Is Still Doing Good Service.

A large, well-made locomotive is an object of admiration to all who have an opportunity to closely examine the intricate make-up of this wonderful mechanism; but a great many remember the days when railway engines were not so large, nor nearly so handsome as they now are.

In the '50s engines were much smaller than they are at present, and were generally more decorated with brass work. A great many of these old timers are still in use by railroads, despite the fact that it is commonly accepted that boilers and machinery give out in a certain number of years. Many have been rebuilt, and are doing switching service; while others are used in hauling light suburban trains; but the greater majority of them are lying in the "scrap-piles" at the companies' shops. One of these old locomotives, with quite a history, although almost wheelless, cylinderless, and, in fact, devoid of the essential running gear, can be found in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway yards, giving good service every day. She is the old Prairie du Chien, No. 51, built about 1857; and in her palmy days she flew over the rails between Milwaukee and Madison, Wis.

Years of service on the line wore out her machinery, and with many sighs from old railroad men she was relegated to the scrap-pile. Here this combination of machinery lay until her cab nearly rotted away. The tender was attached to another engine, and all the valves, pumps, gear and brass-work that could be utilized were transferred to other engines as repairs were made. Few suspected that this old, rust-eaten engine could ever be again brought into service. But one day last fall an order was received to load her on a flat car and bring the old engine to Chicago. Here she was lodged in the yard, and before many days she had sunk several feet in the mud. Ashes, cinders and yard refuse accumulated about her, until one would have experienced difficulty in recognizing her as a locomotive. Cars heated by steam from the road-engines were to be formed into trains and backed into the depot. They must be warm. It would be unwise to build fires for that short trip, and impracticable to attach the road-engines to the trains while switching was to be done. Now, here is where the old locomotive, shorn of all her finery, came in handy. Her old boilers were utilized to supply the necessary steam which was conveyed to the heating apparatus of the cars by flexible pipes. Wedged in among a lot of cars, old, dilapidated, and forgotten by the veteran road-keepers, this engine, saved from the scrap-pile, still contributes its part to the operating of a railroad. Perhaps she has outlived the engineer who first pulled the throttle and occupied a seat in her cab.—Chicago News.

A CONVICT'S STORY.

Pardoned After Spending Thirty Years of His Life in Prison.

After more than thirty years in prison Patrick E. Brady is again at liberty and is going home to Ireland to see if any of the playmates of his youth are still living. Brady's life has been romantic in a measure and he has been in all sorts of crime, from deserting from the navy to burglary and accomplice in murder. His exact term of service to the State was thirty years, eight months and fifteen days, and as he said to a World reporter, "It's a long time."

Brady was born in the North of Ireland in 1840. When quite a boy he ran away from home and went aboard an English schooner. When he was seventeen years of age he deserted his ship at Havre and signed as able seaman on board an English bark out to sail for Quebec. At that port Brady again deserted his ship and in company with several companions made his way to Albany, living by stealing and begging.

When Brady arrived at Albany he was arrested for burglary and was sentenced to three years and six months' imprisonment. After serving all but eleven months of his term Brady and another convict named Sewell escaped. While escaping Sewell killed the head keeper. The convicts were recaptured after two days of liberty. They were placed on trial for the murder of the keeper and Sewell and Brady were sentenced to be confined in Clinton prison one year and then executed. This sentence was found to be unconstitutional and it was commuted to imprisonment for life. That was in 1862. From that time until last July Brady was confined in prison, occupying several positions in the jail. Last July he made application to be transferred to the Albany prison and his request was granted.

The fact of the transfer was published in several newspapers at the time, and it was read by H. O. Willis, a former convict who had reformed and was then conducting a revival meeting at Detroit. Mr. Willis, who had been one of the seven convicts who were concerned in the escape, knowing that Brady was not guilty of the murder, interested himself in Brady's behalf, and paid three visits to this State in order to properly put the case before Governor Hill. Mr. Willis got Don M. Dickinson and Smith W. Wood interested, and Governor Hill pardoned Brady last September. Since that time Brady has been living in Detroit with Mr. Willis. Sewell died in prison, but before his death he made an affidavit that Brady was not guilty of the murder.—N. Y. World.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Great Men Who Did Not Know How to Choose Fitting Wives.

The question has been recently discussed, "Do able men make wiser marriages than other people?" and the impression seems to be that the question should be answered in the negative. Instances are given of rulers who had the faculty of choosing men by the eye who made bad blunders in the choice of wives. For example, Justinia had the keenest eyes for able agents; witness his choice of Belisarius and Narsus—a choice which the Palace must have regarded as a mere caprice of despotism; and the men who codified Roman law; yet Justinian picked Theodora out of the whole world, and that lady, even if, as is probable, Procopius libeled her, can hardly have been a success, either as wife or Empress.

Henry VIII., who must have had wonderful eyes for men fitted to carry out his will, who picked out Wolsey and made Crommer, and gave a start to the first Cecil and the first Russell, and used exactly the right parliamentary agents, made a complete muddle in choosing wives, even if we deduct Katherine of Aragon as imposed on him and consider the divorce of Anne of Cleves only a brutal expression of personal repugnance. Charles II., who knew thoroughly every man about him, from his brother down to his valet, and whose judgments history has never reversed, has never secured even a faithful mistress, unless it were Nell Gwynne, and once admitted to that lofty post a paid spy and agent of the foreigners.

Marlborough was not only the greatest General of the age, but the most successful diplomatist, both characters involving rare judgment in men; and he married a termagant who was certainly able, and who may possibly have loved him, but who kept him in constant fear. Talleyrand, who made it the business of his life to read men, and who never failed, reading as we believe, even Napoleon more accurately than any other man in his court did, chose for his wife a fool and Metternich, who managed three generations of difficult characters, is said to have been twice mistaken in the ladies he chose for wives—at least, if it is understood, as in the last case, to choose a wife who disbelieves in you.—Chatter.

Sobriety Among the Jews.

Dr. Richardson cites the Jews as a living example of the advantages of sobriety. The remarkable vitality of the race strikes him as something astounding. Oppressed by cruel laws in the past, and living in abodes where others have died, yet they contrived to exist. The explanation, according to this indefatigable apostle of Hygeia, is that which was given by Haller, a leading German doctor of the last century. It is, that they lead, as a rule, simple lives, and are mindful of the expressive maxim in Proverbs, "Wine is a mocker." Dr. Herman Adler has pointed out that, although Judaism does not denounce the taking of wine in moderation, there runs throughout the Hebrew literature the strongest condemnation of intemperance. It is, however, we are told, a mistaken idea that during Passover Jews are forbidden to take fermented wine. What is forbidden is the product of fermented grain, for which reason strict Jews at such a time are restrained from the use of such liquor as whisky.—London Daily News.

A short-hand reporter in Placer County, Cal., charged for punctuation marks as if they were words, and the count was \$104.30 refunded.

THE PAY OF AUTHORS.

Facts for Persons Who Think That Literature Is a Bed of Roses.

I caught one of our best known authors in a confidential mood recently, and his comments on the revenue of authorship, which he gave me permission afterwards to print, carry interest with them. I may add that the name of this author is one of the most widely known in American literature to-day. "Seven years ago I chose between law and literature. I had every opportunity to succeed at the bar, for, through hard study and my connections, a lucrative practice seemed opened to me. But I turned to authorship. To-day I am what the world calls a successful author. My last novel was bid for by three publishers, and my royalties, as told by my publishers, are higher than those of the majority of their writers. I have the pleasure of hearing my books hawked on the trains when I am traveling, the newspapers give me from a quarter of a column to a column and a half reviews. But what has literature brought me in money? Let me open my vest-pocket book to you. Here is my actual revenue for 1899, and includes, as you see, royalties on six of my novels, magazine articles, etc., and every thing is collected. Here is the total—\$2,170.40. Compare these actual figures to the paragraph recently circulated, in which I am reputed to earn \$10,000 from my pen. It is a wonder that the unsophisticated enter literature with false hopes? Yes, print these 'acts if you wish; only, of course, withhold my name and identity.'" I reproduce here the facts and figures as they were given to me. I only wish it were possible, for the sake of those who think that literature is a bed of roses, to give this author's name. However, the facts in general must be sufficient.

I am constantly asked by literary beginners as to the prices generally paid by magazines for literary work. Of course, in my answer, I must be understood as only referring to beginners, not those who have, by constant practice become experienced with the pen and know what is most desired by editors. It is safe, I think, for beginners to depend upon the following prices: Poems are the least marketable, but where a poem of average length is accepted, say four verses of eight lines each—the price is from \$5 to \$15 each. A short story of 3,000 words commands \$25 to \$35 at the lowest, \$50 to \$100 at the highest, every thing depending on the strength of the story and the magazine to which it is sold. Prose articles of any merit whatever range from \$4 to \$10 per thousand words, the average being about \$6. Of course, prices for literary work, as prices for dry goods or any thing else, vary according to the quality of the goods, but those I have quoted are, I think, safe for beginners to depend upon. Provided, of course, that they fall into the hands of reputable magazines. As a rule the good magazines pay upon acceptance of a manuscript.—Edward W. Bok, in Chicago Journal.

THE PENITENTES.

Barbarous Performances of Fanatics in New Mexico.

The Penitentes seem to be a new coming in the country to be a strange order of superstitious fanatics, the old flagellants of the dark ages, who have come down by some ecclesiastical log-derrick, landing in this corner of the terrestrial foot-stool. Their performances are a touch of baptized barbarism clatching at the skirts of this nineteenth century. The horrorfulness of seeing them at work flagellating themselves on Good Friday is akin in the recollection to the heart-rending moans of the wounded and dying in a terrible calamity. They compose a secret organization that is fast dying out, and is not now sanctioned by the dominant church, and the worst of their doings are supposed to take place in their lodge rooms. They are seen to outsiders only when marching in procession, carrying each a rough wooden cross, nearly heavy enough to crush them under its weight. Their backs are usually bare, and as they stagger along as best they can, weighted down by their burdensome load in body and their sins in mind, their brethren beat them with clubs and prick them with cacti till, in many instances, there isn't an inch of the flesh that isn't torn and bleeding. Not infrequently they die from the effects of the terrible punishment inflicted. A doleful chanting, in which they specify the particular sins they are trying to expiate, is continually kept up. And yet this very class is usually composed of the rabble element of the community. Often, when they get through their penances, they go straight off and get drunk and ruin another score of evil deeds done in the body greater than the last. They seem to hold implicitly to the belief that every sin committed must be paid for in suffering, and the more pain one endures here, the less he will have hereafter. These poor, deluded penitentes are not attempting any moral improvements. They are merely endeavoring to shorten their stay in purgatory, and their horrid work they make of it. Any one who was ever so unfortunate as to be locked into one of their lodges must admit that a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty crept over him while they, perchance a dim light, as the scene may be described, made awfully indistinct and ghastly the rude form of Christ on the cross; the men stretched out full length on the ground, more like corpses than living beings, and the wretched objects who piled the scourges on themselves and the others, making the blood spurt at every stroke, while the yell, wails and howls were indescribably terrible.

But such barbarous practices will soon have become obsolete in New Mexico. Even now it is only the well-informed who can point out their hiding places when engaged in their flagellations.—Las Vegas Optic.

Social economy.—Mrs. Scroogers.—"I'm writing to ask the Browns to meet the Joneses here at dinner, and to the Joneses to meet the Browns. We want them both you know." Mr. Scroogers.—"But I've heard they're just quarrelled and don't speak!" Mrs. Scroogers.—"I know. They'll refuse, and we needn't give a dinner party at all."—Punch.

THE SMALL COURTESIES.

By Observing Them the Friction of Life Could Be Vastly Mitigated.

The friction of life, which wears upon health, nerves and temper, could be vastly mitigated by the cultivation of common, every-day politeness. The truth is that average politeness is superficial. It expands itself in formalities; in what is called the payment of social debts; in the prompt return of calls and the exact rendition of social obligations. But the ordinary courtesy which ought to be every-day custom, or, rather, a part of the nature, is woefully neglected. Disregard of propriety begins with the children. One can recall in their acquaintance few families in which deference to age, respect for parental authority, for the wisdom and experience of their elders, have been inculcated. I with regard for truth, honesty and purity of thought and speech.

It is not required of a child that he shall say "good morning" when he enters the room at breakfast or "good night" when he leaves it for his bed. It never occurs to him to rise and offer his chair to his parents, or discommode himself in any way for the convenience and comfort of others, because he has never been taught to do so.

With all the progress that has been made in art and science, and in education, so far as it pertains to the mind and body, the bad breeding of the ordinary human being appears only the more glaring. Street cars and steam cars are filled with men who spit incessantly, defiling the floor and frequently the garments of those who, unfortunately, must sit beside them; with gum-chewing men and women both, and with persons who there discuss their private affairs in tones that may be overheard by the driver on the platform.

People with no understanding or appreciation frequent the theater and opera; they do not care to hear themselves; they are there to be seen, or to say that they went, and they ruin the enjoyment of every body around them. This vulgarity is not confined to the poor and the ignorant. It is probably more common among those who, if they have not the right natural instinct, have had the opportunity to see and learn.

Persons who consider themselves sufficiently courteous neglect the small matters, although in the greater they may be fastidiously exacting. They ignore the questions in letters; they neglect to return the book or whatever else may have been borrowed; or, if it has been unavoidable delay fail to make the explanation and apology that are due. They fail to acknowledge by word or letter the favor they did not hesitate to accept, and worse than all, discriminate between the poor, the friendless, and the rich and those who are greatly sought.

The genuinely-courteous act is like the quality of mercy; it is twice blessed. It gives pleasure to the recipient if he be of an appreciative nature, and it is a benefit to the doer. It may be a selfish view to take of the question, but a woman can not afford, for her dignity's sake, to be insolent, overbearing and contemptuous in her treatment of those who are, perhaps, erroneously classified as her social inferiors. Nobleless oblige; the greater her advantages, financially, mentally and in point of birth—for birth may be an advantage even in a democratic republic—the more should be required of her in every way.

Indifference to the feelings of an equal may be simple rudeness; to one who in some respects may be the inferior, but by no means in all, is not only rudeness but it is cowardice as well, for it is taking advantage of a position which permits neither defense nor retaliation. In all the modern struggle for culture it is too much cultivation of brains alone. Intelligence that is well bred is ten times as useful as that which makes mere intellectual ability an excuse for all sins of omission or commission. In this enlightened age no man, though he be as wise as Solomon, has a right to be as poor. No woman has a right to be other than a gentlewoman, and the more talent, genius and learning they possess, the more gracious and refined should be the manner.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE MARRIAGE RITE.

Its Sacredness Pictured in Elegant Words by Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The first step toward making the ideal real is to educate our sons and daughters into the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of married life and the responsibilities of parenthood. I would have them give at least as much thought to the creation of an immortal being as the artist gives to his landscape or statue. Watch him in his hours of solitude, communing with great nature for days and weeks in all her changing moods, and when at last his dream of beauty is realized and takes a clearly defined form, behold how patiently he works through long months and years on sky and lake, on tree and flower, and, when complete, it represents to him more love and life, more hope and ambition than the living child at his side, to whose conception and antenatal development not one soulful thought was ever given. To this impressive period of human life few parents give any thought; yet here we must begin to cultivate the virtues that can alone redeem the world.

How oblivious even our greatest philosophers seem to the well-known laws of physiology. Think of a man like Darwin, so close an observer of every form of life, so firm a believer in the laws of heredity, venturing on marriage and fatherhood while he was the victim of an incurable hereditary disease. That he thought of this while raising a large family is plain from his published letters, in which he deprecates his condition, and groans lest his physical afflictions be visited on his children. Alas! who can measure the miseries of the race resulting from the impure and unholy marriages into which even intelligent men and women so recklessly enter.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in Arena.

A lady of Alpharetta, Ga., has a breed of chickens that she says will eat only six months in the year; they fast the other six, and are as fat at the end of their fast as they were before.