The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY........Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

Fines in Germany.

A curious system of fines obtains in Germany. People are fined for every curious little alleged offense. An estimable lady (very near and dear to me) went out for a walk in the old part of Hanover. Wandering about in the quaint, narrow streets she lost her way, and, being unable to speak German or to find a cab, she meandered wildly hither and thither until at last she found herself in a remote suburb quite in the country. Seeking to make a short cut back to the city she started across an open field, but was speedily overhauled by a native who implied by his tones and gestures that she was committing a grave offense.

To make a long and harrowing story short, this estimable lady was ultimately compelled to pay a fine of three marks for trespassing (most innocently) upon the private property of a suburban farmer. If it were not, however, for the severity of the trespass law farms, orchards and meadows would be ruthlessly overrun, for fences are what the book sellers would call "excessively rare."

Boys are fined for playing games in the streets; to throw a snowball at any person or any thing costs three marks. Whistling upon the streets is a finable offense; so is dropping nutshells or fruit peelings upon the pavement. If your neighbor keeps poultry and the cackling disturbs you a complaint to the police results in the immediate abatement of the nuisance. When the young woman of the family practices upon the piano the windows of the room must be closed in order that the neighborhood shall not be pestered.

Having had three boys at school in Germany not only am I pretty well informed as to the number of finable offenses, but I have a pretty positive theory as to how the German empire is enabled to bear the cost of so large a standing army. The regular fine is three marks; for this sum the average American boy can commit any one of those characteristic actions or carelessness s which in his native land are considered the natural prerogatives of masculine youth. When one says that Germany is the cheapest place in the world in which to educate a boy either he does not take the American boys into consideration or he does not include the inevitable fines in his estimate.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Life on the Rail.

Conductor of a Dining Car—Yes, I get pretty tired of this sort of life. The worst part about it is the uncertainty. When I say good-by to my wife and babies I never know when I shall meet them again. I don't mean what you think I mean—death by accident. A railroad man soon gets over that. He has to. The constant fear of that sort of thing would make a man crazy. What I refer to is this: I left Cedar Rapids one morning. I expected to be in Chicago by 2:30 p. m. An accident to a freight train up the road caused us a delay of several hours. Now, I get a telegram telling me to drop this dining car at a certain point, and to go back with it on the next train. That sort of thing is liable to happen on every run I make for a week, and I may not see my family for that time or longer. A railroad man never knows what orders he is going to get. I have got home, that is to the station where my home is, often, and just as I was starting to my house I have received orders to take somebody else's run, and had to do it before I had time to go see my family. We may not have as hard a time of it as some, but don't you get it into your head that we sleep on beds of roses and never have anything to worry us.—Chicago Tribune.

Spiders as Detective Agencies.

Robert F. Smith, turnkey of the Ulster county, N. Y., jail, finds that spiders are useful in ascertaining whether prisoners have been tampering with iron window bars or not. It is not easy to discover the cut of a fine saw in an iron bar, especially when such cut has been carefully closed with blackened bread. Even running a knife blade along the bar does not always disclose it. Spiders weave their webs over these windows, running their threads from bar to bar. A prisoner cannot work on a bar without breaking down the webs. When the officer sees the web has not been displaced he considers it good proof that the window bars have not been sawed. If the web has been brushed away he makes a careful examination.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Lesson in Economy.

Clothing Dealer—Mein frent, vy you nod buy your clodings off me?

Dudish Youth—I always have my costumes made to order, sir.

"You go mit une vashionable tailor, eh? Don't you know, mein frent, dat your employer, Mr. Greatpurse, and many other rich merchants, and bankers, and brokers alvays buy dere clodings ready made, eh?"

"Yes, I've heard so. What of it?"

"Dot is how dey got rich."—New York Weekly.

Of the twenty-three presidents we have had, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Lincoln are the only ones whose names stand for state capitals, and Montgomery is the only other historic American so remembered.

AMID SEAS OF ICE.

SCENES AMONG THE GLACIERS OF THE UPPER ENGADINE.

Climbing Snow Clad Alpine Heights—Dust Avalanches—Formation of a Glacier—A Moraine—How "Glacier Corn" Is Formed. "Glacier Tables"—Moulins.

As far as my vision extended there was nothing in sight but ice and snow, and the snow was exceedingly white, I assure you. The driven snow you have in towns and plains is a decided brown compared with the dazzling snow we saw up there at the tops of Swiss mountains. Forever and forever this virgin gown lies on all the peaks, as it also covers the lower valleys in winter. It has the soft look of a dove's breast, it rests on rocks a thing of beauty, and often it is very dangerous. It falls in soft, pure flakes, clings to all the projections, covers rocks with charming traceries, and spreads itself like a sheet of white satin over the upper vales. But the touch of a passing eagle's wing, the light weight of a chamois, or the careful step of an expert climber will detach it from its crest and send it down. Then it goes sliding, rumbling along, breaking and reforming as it falls, ever increasing in volume and velocity, and, pursuing its way, becomes a devastating, terrible avalanche that bends and breaks trees, gathers up earth and stones, and rolls into the Engadine with an awful sound, spreading destruction and dismay in its path. They call these sort of things staublawinen, or dust avalanches, because they consist at the start of cold, dry, powdery snow only, and they are often far more powerful than a raging hurricane. But the avalanches usually seen lying in high Alpine valleys, covered with dust, earth and stones and great trunks of trees, are known as grundlawinen or compact avalanches.

It was a grand sight on which we gazed. Glaciers filled every valley and ravine, and the ice stood up in tall ramparts wherever the space was too narrow to hold its rigid waves. Glacier ice is snow that has for a considerable time been subjected to enormous pressure. If you squeeze a snowball in your hand until it is very hard it becomes icy. So in the Alps, the continual fall of snow is the pressure and the sun's heat the warmth which produces those seas of ice that are called glaciers. There are over 600 of them in Switzerland, and some are coeval with the glacial period of this continent, while others are now in process of formation. Winter is their season of rest, but with the spring they resume their onward motion, due to the combined action of heat and gravitation. For in spite of their apparent immobility all Alpine glaciers do move constantly, although with different degrees of speed, and, like liquid streams, they carry with them debris of all sorts, but principally the stones that fall on their surface from the mountains' sides. The glacier starting in its purity from some white unsullied peak, loses before many years its spotless character. The wintry frosts gathering into iron bonds the streams that trickle down the mountain sides expand the water in freezing and shatter rocks with a force that the most solid cliffs cannot possibly resist. Thus broken fragments drop on to the once unspotted bosom of the ice sea and swell its burden with advancing years. The debris thus brought down form what are called moraines. Each glacier has a moraine on either side of it; its end is a terminal moraine, and when two glaciers unite their lateral moraines join and form a medial moraine. One of the largest medial moraines hereabout I saw as we came down from this excursion. It is in the center of the Morteratsch Glacier and is about fifty feet or more broad and perhaps twenty feet high in its center.

We were struck by the infinite whiteness of everything, and I have since learned that it is owing to the presence of glacier corn. There is on glacier clad mountains a neve, or finely crystallized snow, which is never fully melted, and this is the pressure that forms the glacier ice. Now, glacier ice is quite different to that which results from freezing water, and is found to consist of crystals varying in size from that of a hen's egg to a pin's head; these particles are known as granules or glacier corn, and in minute holes air is imprisoned. Where the air bubbles are absent the glacier has a bluish tint, and is no longer that pure white which puzzles so many persons. With the oldest guide carefully leading the way we walked over the ice sea of Diavolezza. Before we had gone far on its level surface I saw bowlders supported at some height on ice pedestals and I stopped to examine them. "Glacier tables," said the guide at the tail end of our procession, but his remark conveyed no useful information. I soon saw that they resulted from the presence of a block of stone. It had fallen on the sea, and had, so to speak, protected the ice directly beneath it from the heat of the sun. In consequence, while the glacier all round has been dissolving and sinking, the ice under these bowlders has but slightly melted, and gradually a pillow is forming under each rock.

"But the bowlder is not balanced evenly on the top," observed the Boston lady. It was explained to her that because the sun is able to reach these ice pedestals more freely on the south side than on the north the thing naturally inclines toward the south. As we walked along we noticed a line of sand covered mounds about four or five feet high and culminating in a sharp ridge. We scraped off a little of the sand and earth and found that a mound was composed of ice which looked quite black when it was uncovered. The reason for the existence of these cones was obvious. The ice protected by the sand had remained unmelted, and the wind had thinned the drifted heap into a pointed shape. Suddenly we heard a cracking sound which was accompanied by a noise like that of a distant explosion, and the guide said this announced the formation of another crevasse. Presently the sound of falling water, which grew louder and louder as we approached, was heard, and soon we reached a point where a stream dropped down a shaft in the ice and was lost to sight. The guide called this deep hole a moulin, and he gently remarked that a false step in its direction would take a fellow down beyond all human aid. Agassiz and Tyndall both tried to ascertain the thickness of glaciers by taking soundings down these moulins. The former found no bottom at 800 feet on one sea and on another he estimated the thickness at 1,500 feet.—Cor. New York Times.

Deviation in Artillery Firing.

When the great gun which has thrown a ball eleven miles happens to be aimed north, a lateral deviation of 200 feet must be taken into account for the difference in rotating speed between the spot where it is fired and the spot where the missile will strike.—New York Sun.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There are 36,000 mayors in France.

Two thousand two hundred trains leave London ordinarily every twenty-four hours.

The first locomotives to be used in Palestine are of American manufacture.

Silk imitation furs are pronounced a perfect success by prominent cloak and dry goods houses.

Twice within the year has Jay Gould refused to serve on a jury, and each time has been fined $100.

A census enumerator discovered a family of ten children in San Francisco who were all clubfooted.

A Georgia farmer has bought only fifty-five cents' worth of meat during twenty-five years of housekeeping.

Novelist Howells was able to set type with some facility when only 7 years old. He was brought up in a printing house.

A gentleman offers a lady his left arm, and always walks on her right side; it is not necessary for him to change around every time there is a turn in the street.

A great number of huge private hotels are now in process of construction in California, and especially in San Francisco.

A new stenographic machine in use by the Italian parliament is capable of recording 250 words a minute, and can be readily manipulated by a blind person.

The Rev. Shuttleworth, vicar of the church at Egloshayle, Cornwall, has married Miss Cudmore, a well known actress on the London stage, herself the daughter of a Cornish clergyman.

The Fiske position finder is about ready for the experimental tests at Fort Hamilton. A complete metallic circuit was found to be a necessity in making the electrical connection.

Some of the swagger men who are on the alert for the very latest wrinkles in men's furnishings are now having their fine silk underwear woven or made to order.

The Potsdam Sporting club has just come in from its annual squirrel hunt. One member of the club killed 755 squirrels, another killed 605, and the total number of the slain was 4,500.

Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds.

These cool days are the harbingers of cooler nights, and anon the silken pajama will commence its period of sequestration, the night robe being once more assumed.

Taking Only "Cat Naps."

Boucicault was so anxious to get as much out of life as possible that during the last four or five years of his career he denied himself proper sleep, going to bed at 2 and rising at 6. The time passed in slumber he considered wasted. More rest than this he did not seem to require.

The other day I read of a man in London who never sleeps, as we understand the word. He is the janitor of a large building to which people resort at all hours of the twenty-four. This Cerberus volunteered for a double salary to do the watching day and night, and so he does, sitting in a chair and opening a gate every time the bell rings. There is never a longer interval than fifteen minutes, and yet he contrives to snatch sufficient sleep to serve him. His health is good and his happiness apparently complete. He looks upon himself as fortunate in having this exacting place, which most other people would not accept at any price.

The amount of sleep is to a considerable degree a matter of temperament. Napoleon, according to the life of Josephine recently published, was a prodigious sleeper, taking nine hours when he could get it. His active brain required this amount of rest. On the other hand Emile Littre, the author of the dictionary, needed only four hours. He went to bed at 4 a. m. and got up at 8. All the rest of the time, except a few minutes at his meals, he spent at his desk. He lived to be 85 and enjoyed perfect health.—Baltimore News.

A Glimpse of the Upper Island.

The work of bridging the deep chasm between Washington Heights and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street station of the elevated railroad goes forward rapidly. The face of the earth west and south of the new ball grounds looks as if an earthquake had visited the vicinity or some gigantic subterranean explosion had hurled rocks and trees in the air and left them piled in picturesque heaps against the hillside. One of the most striking views to be had anywhere on the island is to be seen from the edge of the bluff just east of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and St. Nicholas avenue after nightfall.

Far down in the valley below the lights of numberless passing craft are to be seen reflected from the waters of the Harlem, while the noise of scores of trains on the New York Central speeding along the farther bank of the river, their hundreds of lights flashing back and forth and the bells ringing on the night air and mingling with the cries of the guards at the elevated station nearer the bluff, combine to form a spectacle that causes the observer to involuntarily wonder what would Mme. Jumel, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton or any of the other residents of the Heights a century ago think could they stand on the hill for five minutes and see it all.—New York Tribune.

THE ARID LAND AREA.

RECLAIMING WASTE REGIONS BY MEANS OF IRRIGATION.

Agricultural Lands of Colorado Which May Be Made Immensely Productive. Aztec Canals and Irrigation Ditches. The Rain Belt—Farmers' Testimony.

Mr. T. C. Henry, formerly of Kansas, and now one of the most prominent men in Colorado, who has been instrumental in building several large canals in the state, in discussing this question, says: "Of the 40,000 square miles of the territory in this state east of the foothills less than 3,000 square miles are actually and systematically formed. It is my deliberate conviction that were all the water of all the streams covering these plains absolutely preserved for domestic and irrigating purposes and applied with the skill and economy displayed even in India or Egypt, we could irrigate and make fruitful every acre of this immense area—an area capable of supporting an agricultural population, urban and rural, of 3,000,000 people, and yet it would be less than one-half as densely populated as Belgium or the agricultural sections of France.

"The area east of the mountains is practically all agricultural land, and if peopled as densely as is Belgium, would contain a population of more than 8,000,000 of people. Or if provided with water for irrigation, skillfully applied, each forty acres would support a family of five persons, aggregating a population of more than 3,000,000, not including the directly dependent urban population. On the same basis, the great San Luis valley would sustain a population of 1,000,000; the San Juan country in the southwest nearly 1,000,000; the Gunnison and the Lower Grande, 750,000, and the White, the Yampah and the almost unknown Northwest, 1,000,000 more. Before the close of another century there will have been elaborated a system of agriculture surpassing that wonderful civilization which Moorish power planted in the irrigated valleys of Spain ten centuries ago, maintaining the millions then populating our grand commonwealth. There are not less than 30,000,000 acres of agricultural lands in this state which only need the application of irrigation to be made as valuable and productive as any already cultivated."

Carry these same predictions into western Nebraska and Kansas, into Wyoming and New Mexico, Idaho, Utah and throughout the west, by utilizing the waste waters saved in reservoirs, and the future greatness of the west is almost inconceivable. These things are possible. The ruins of the Aztecs and Pueblo Indians, and great nations that are only known in the dim past by the desolation of mighty cities, tell us how densely populated were vast regions in the west in an almost unknown antiquity. With these ruins are old canals and irrigation ditches, and in some of them there is said to have been used a kind of cement that is now a lost art. These ruins are found in arid sections where it would have been impossible for a great population and cities to have thrived without vast irrigation schemes. These great nations have been swept away. How? No one knows, but from the dim borderland of that almost hidden antiquity there come up facts that when first considered seem almost like a dream. But it is history, and let history repeat itself. The public domain will soon be a thing of the past, and the present must look to the future, and if this great water question is grasped by our statesmen as it should be, it will lay the foundation for still new and mighty commonwealths.

Is the rain belt gradually moving westward? This is a much disputed question. Irrigating ditches make more surface water, and hence there is more evaporation. That proposition cannot be denied, although it must be admitted that the rain does not always fall in the same locality where the water was taken up by evaporation. It is also claimed by some that tree planting does not materially increase the rainfall.

In the January number of Science, Henry Garnett says: "Over 100,000 square miles of almost treeless prairie in Northern Missouri, Southern Minnesota and parts of Illinois and Indiana have been reforested since their settlement, and furnish an example of reforesting unequaled elsewhere upon the face of the globe, and yet the rainfall has not increased. On the other hand, there have been more acres of land denuded of forest in the United States within a century than anywhere else in the world, yet there is no evidence of a diminished rainfall."

Professor Sargent, of Harvard college, says: "The removal of a forest from any region will not diminish the amount of rain falling upon it; nor can the increase of forest in a slightly wooded or treeless country increase its rainfall. The gradual drying up of countries once fertile, within the history of the human race, but now barren and almost uninhabitable, must be traced to gradual geological changes, of course entirely beyond the reach of human control, and not to the mere destruction of the forest."

But there are able men who have thoroughly studied the question and who state that the rain belt is surely coming westward: Among the number are Professors Wilber, Angbey, Snow, and ex-Governor Furnass, of Nebraska and Kansas. The observations taken at Fort Leavenworth during a period of thirty-eight years are said to indicate an annual increase in the rainfall of 5.21 inches; thirty years at Fort Riley, twenty-four at the State Agricultural college, and seventeen years at the State university, Lawrence, Kan., are said to give figures showing an increase in the rainfall of 3.05 and 3.06 inches per annum. The data is very valuable, and seems almost indisputable.

But there is still a stronger authority, the farmers themselves. In Western Kansas and Nebraska and Eastern Colorado, farmers are now raising crops on what was formerly known as the Great American Desert. They claim that there is a great future for that section, and they raise crops without irrigation, depending solely on the rainfall. And so while some scientists are doubting the statement that the rain belt is coming west, farmers are raising crops. If, in that section, they can raise the cereals without irrigation, so much the better, but there are many millions of acres of land that can never be made productive without irrigation, and let us have reservoirs and great canals, and from what are now arid regions in the west new empires are possibilities.—Will C. Ferril in Kansas City Journal.

The Cause of It.

First Citizen—Your wife seems to have aged greatly of late. What is the matter?

Second Citizen—She got that way waiting for change in one of our big trimming stores.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

PROFESSIONAL BOUNCERS.

They Ejected Two Loafers from a Theatre Without Creating a Panic.

"There came near being a riot at the theatre to-night," said a gentleman dropping into the Chicago club the other evening. "A man was annoying people seated near him, and they put him out. The house was crowded, and the row came near creating a panic. Women screamed, men jumped in and the play was temporarily stopped."

"It's a wonder there wasn't a panic," replied an old time first nighter who was present. "Nothing is more dangerous than any sort of commotion in a theatre. But I suppose this row was all caused by reason of the freshness of the men who went to eject the disturber. There's a right way and a wrong way to do such things. The audience needn't have been alarmed at all if it had been properly done. Do you remember Billy Emmett?"

"No, who was he?"

"Billy? Oh, he was the manager at one time of the old Academy and at another of the Olympic theatre. He's dead now, poor fellow! Well, Billy would have had the disturbing party out of that theatre without any trouble whatever. In fact, he'd have made it rather a diversion for the audience.

"You see Billy had a great reverence for women. He never would let a lady stand in his house. If he couldn't give her a seat he wouldn't sell her a ticket. He wouldn't tolerate a tough or a masher. If one ever made the slightest play in Billy's house out he went. No lady could be insulted or even coarsely treated where he was.

"But to come to the question of putting a man out. I remember once at the Olympic a gentleman came out to the box office window and complained to the treasurer that there were two men seated behind him and his wife who persisted in chewing tobacco and expectorating under the seat, much to the damage of the lady's dress. 'I have asked them to stop,' the gentleman continued, 'but they refuse to do so.'

"'What's that?' said Billy, who was in the office. 'Well, they will stop, sir, you can depend on that. They can't stay in my theatre at all. Not a minute. Just wait a second.'

"Billy rushed into the house, located the two loafers and came back to the door, where he summoned his two 'bouncers.' One of 'em, I remember, was a muscular fellow named Thurston. He was an ex-prize fighter and a corker. The other was an all round athlete. He put them on to the two men and gave them their cue.

"A few moments later the curtain fell on an act, and Billy, urbane and debonair, appeared in front of it.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I regret to inform you that there are two loafers sitting right over there who have annoyed the lady in front of them by expectorating tobacco upon her dress. Now they are going to leave the house. They have declined to go, and are going to be put out. Keep your seats, please, and don't be excited.'

"As Billy finished Thurston and his assistant walked down the aisle, stepped into the row behind the two toughs, leaned over and told them to leave the theatre. Both the loafers were big, husky brutes and they refused.

"'We'll go if yer can put us out,' they said, and clutched the arms of their chairs. That was enough. Thurston and the other fellow just stooped over, reached under the chairs, gave one mighty heave and up came the whole aggregation—toughs, chairs and all—the screws pulled right loose from the wood. They carried the whole lot up the aisle, the toughs struggling in vain, out the door and shot the two men, chairs and all, into the center of Clark street with the force of a catapult. Everybody applauded and laughed and the show went on.

"That showed Billy Emmett's tact. If he had not explained to the audience there would have been danger of a free fight, a panic or what not. People always interfere in a row they don't understand and a crowded theatre where there are women is a mighty dangerous place to have one."—Chicago Mail.

Several Private Secretaries.

The private secretaries of Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Noble are merely clerks, and do not have the swing that some of the others have. Louis A. Dent, who attends to the correspondence of Secretary Blaine, is a young man, a son of the late Gen. Josiah Dent, of this city. For many years Mr. Blaine had a private secretary who was one in fact. This was Mr. Thomas H. Sherman, who was the right hand of Mr. Blaine for many years. He is now consul general to Liverpool, having been appointed to that office by President Harrison.—Chatter.

Luck in Orchids.

The chance of finding a bit of superbum in a bundle of the ordinary kind lends peculiar excitement to a sale of these plants. Such luck first occurred to Mr. Bath in Stevens' auction rooms. He paid half a crown for a very weakly fragment, brought it round, flowered it and received a prize for good gardening in the shape of £72, cheerfully paid by Sir Trevor Lawrence for a plant unique at that time.—Longman's Magazine.

A Cultivated Ear.

Little Girl (during a thunder storm)—Mamma, do they have music in heaven?

"Yes, my dear."

Little Girl—Well, I guess Wagner must be leading the orchestra.—New York Weekly.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

A Missionary Describes the Structure That Was Built 1,000 Years Ago.

The Rev. William P. Sprague, of Kalgan, North China, writes as follows to The Missionary Herald:

If any one doubts the existence of China's great wall let him come with me to Kalgan and see for himself the identical wall built by the first Emperor Chin, in 200 B. C.

Take a steamer across the Pacific to Tientsin, then a native boat up the Pei Ho river three days, then pack saddle or mule litter five days more, through mountains and plains to Kalgan. Before you reach the city you see a dark line along the hill tops just beyond the town, and by the time you enter our compound you see the wall stretching away over the mountains as far as the eye can reach, both east and west, with towers on all the prominent elevations. As we pay it a visit for closer inspection you find it a windrow or ridge of reddish brown porphyry rock broken, not cut, into irregular blocks. These are so well fitted to each other that the outer surface is tolerably smooth and has somewhat the appearance of crazy patchwork.

It is about 10 feet broad at the base and 15 feet high, the sides sloping to a sharp ridge, like a steep house roof. You may follow this wall eastward to the sea and westward to the Kansuh, the northwestern province, and so doing you will have traversed the entire northern frontier of China, 1,500 miles. Though you find several hundred miles of adobe sun dried mud wall, yet other hundreds of miles are of good brick and higher than at Kalgan. By the time you have traced its length you will be willing to concede not only that China has a great wall, but also that the ruler who could conquer so vast a country, drive out the invading Tartars and build a fortification 1,500 miles long to keep them out was worthy to be called the first emperor and to give his name (China) to the country.

If any one laughs at the folly of spending so much labor on such a useless defense let him remember that it was a defense only against horseback riders, armed with nothing but bows and arrows. A few guards on the watch towers could, with their signal fires on the mountain tops, easily rouse the villagers far and near to the defense of their homes. And this well accomplished its purpose for over a thousand years, when the great Ghenghis Khan, with his brave Mongol followers, broke his way through.

This section of the great wall becomes for half a mile the city wall of Kalgan. A beautiful temple is built on this wall to celebrate Ghenghis Khan's victorious passage.

This two thousand year old wall is little known to the world at large, because there is another wall much oftener visited and described by visitors from the western world. It is near Peking, and a far more imposing structure. This is only an inner arm of the great wall, but 500 miles long and not so old by 700 years. It is built of cut granite and good brick, and is 30 feet wide at its base, 25 feet wide at the top and 30 feet high. It is a fine sight as it winds over the highest mountain tops.

How Rothschild Got Rich.

The late Baron Charles Rothschild was one day asked by a friend whom he had taken with him on 'change at his request to tell him the secret of getting rich by speculations on the bourse, as the same people always did business with each other, and it was therefore natural to suppose that the profits and losses would be equalized in the long run.

"Just count the number of gentlemen who are now making the biggest noise," said the baron.

"There are fourteen of them."

"Very good; we will come and count them again in a fortnight."

They did so, and this time there were only eleven.

"You see," said Rothschild, "the three that are missing have been swallowed up by the rest."

"Then how must you go about it if you want to speculate successfully?" inquired the inexperienced stranger.

"As when you are taking a Russian vapor bath—quick in and quick out again—Schorer's Familienblatt.

A Diamond Shortcake.

A wealthy jeweler of this city, while dining in a restaurant, emphasized a remark by striking the table with his fists. A valuable diamond he wore on his finger disappeared with the blow, and though the place was carefully searched the stone could not be found. Soon after the hunt had been abandoned a customer named Spencer was served with a piece of strawberry shortcake, and as he passed his knife through it it struck something hard. With a jocular remark to the waiter in attendance the obstruction was removed, and proved to be the lost diamond. It was returned to the owner.—Providence Journal.

After the Shower.

"Why are these thunder storms like the letter S?" asked Bessie of her brother.

"I see no resemblance unless it be that they make our milk sour," replied Jack, who had "heard it before."—American Grocer.

A writer in an English magazine gives the particulars of forty-two royal marriages, and shows that in each and every case policy and not love brought about the match. No prince or princess has any right to fall in love. They have enough good things without it.