

### Wallowa Chieftain.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Joseph, Union County, Oregon.

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Subscription Rates: Single copies, per year, in advance, \$2.25; If not paid in advance, \$2.50; Single copy, six months, \$1.25; Single copy, three months, \$0.75. Advertising rates furnished on application.

### LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

#### Pacific Coast, Eastern and Foreign.

There are 455 patients in the Oregon Insane Asylum.

President Cleveland was 49 years old on the 18th of March.

Lon Childers, of Santa Rosa, Cal., was killed by being thrown from a buggy.

G. D. Williams killed Mrs. Norris and attempted suicide at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

At Memphis, Tenn., Henry Arnold was shot through the heart by Miss Emma Norman.

Ex-Governor Wm. Irwin died at his residence in San Francisco, after a week's illness.

The Mikado of Japan has sent a contribution of \$500 to the Grant monument fund.

Two men were killed and twelve others injured by a colliery explosion at Dunbar, Pennsylvania.

James Irvine, the well-known millionaire grocer of San Francisco, died at his residence in that city.

Mrs. Borhman, of Cincinnati, cut the throats of her two sons, and then suicided in the same manner.

Mrs. Mary Wildman has been sentenced to be hanged at Little Valley, N. Y., for poisoning her husband.

S. B. Watrous, a wealthy stock raiser, committed suicide at Watrous, N. M., by shooting himself in the heart.

Commodore Voorhis, of Nyack, New York, has been sued for \$100,000 for breach of promise by Mrs. Gurnee.

The treaty of peace between Serbia and Bulgaria has been ratified by representatives of the powers interested.

A New Mexican stockman offers twenty thousand head of horses for sale to the Apache chief, Geronimo, in the Apache country, New Mexico.

The Fitzgerald hose company of Lincoln, Nebraska, won the first prize in the firemen's contest at New Orleans.

The Postoffice Department has restored to its rightful owner \$40,000 stolen twenty years ago from a letter in Nebraska.

At Salt Lake City, Utah, Geo. Q. Cannon failed to respond when his case was called in court, forfeiting \$25,000 bonds.

Jack Dempsey and Geo. La Blanche fought for \$1,000 a side at Rye, New York. The latter was knocked out in thirteen rounds.

The Lord Mayor of London has issued a second appeal for donations to be forwarded for relief of unemployed workmen.

A squad of soldiers boarded a train on the Mexican Central Railroad and forced an American to give them \$600 under penalty of being sent to jail.

The body of an unknown man, who had been probably murdered and then burned, has been found under a pile of logs in Santa Clara county, Cal.

Laura Miller, aged 19 years, hanged herself in the attic of her parents' house at Buffalo, N. Y., because she was forbidden to go to a roller skating rink.

Ex-Governor Michael Hahn, Representative in Congress from the Second District of Louisiana, died suddenly at Washington of hemorrhage of the lungs.

The customs authorities at Ottawa, Canada, seized and destroyed 2,500 copies of Lord Beaconsfield's "Eudymion," published by Harper Bros. of New York.

Los Angeles is divided in its admiration of two babies recently born there, one of which weighs only one and a half pounds, while the other weighs twenty-five pounds.

The Supervising Architect recommends that a special appropriation of \$90,000 be made by Congress for the repair and protection of the Boise City, Idaho, assay office.

Advices from Sonora, Mexico, state that United States troops have been forbidden to pass the Mexican line until complications arising from Crawford's death have been settled.

Immense snowfalls are reported in Silesia, Russia. Several villages were completely buried and the inhabitants compelled to dig their way out. Five children were frozen to death while on their way to school.

Discouraging reports come from the Government experimental tea-farm, at Summerville, South Carolina. Cold weather has stripped the plants of their foliage. Commissioner Colman, of the Department of Agriculture, thinks the farm had better be abandoned.

At Carrollton, Miss., thirteen negroes were on trial for the attempted assassination of James Liddell, a prominent citizen. Fifty white men entered the Court House and once opened fire on the prisoners, killing ten of the number and seriously wounding the others.

The British steamer Oregon was run into by an unknown schooner near Sandy Hook, New York, and so disabled that she sank a few hours later. The passengers and crew, numbering over 800 persons, were rescued by the Fulda and landed safely on shore. The schooner sank simultaneously with the collision. The Oregon carried 600 bags of mail, most of which was lost. The loss is estimated at \$1,900,000.

A daring robbery occurred on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific west-bound express between Joliet and Morris, Illinois. Masked men in some manner entered the express car, while the train was in motion, and after a desperate struggle murdered the messenger and robbed the safe of between \$20,000 and \$75,000. The baggage man was kept quiet at the muzzle of a six-shooter. The robbers have not been captured.

### THE NIGHT BOOKS.

James Russell Lowell's idea of what a Library should be.

Mr. Lowell told at the dedication of the new Public Library at Chelsea, Mass., what books such a library should contain. Among other things he said: "A public library should contain material for all tastes, as well as the material for a thorough grounding in all branches of knowledge. It should be rich in books of reference, in encyclopedias, where one may learn without cost of research what things are generally known. For it is far more useful to know these than to know those that are not generally known. Not to know them is the defect of those half-trained and therefore hasty men who find a man's nest on every branch of the tree of knowledge. A library should contain a store of history, which, if it does not always deserve the pompous title which Bolingbroke gave it, of philosophy teaching by example, certainly teaches many things profitable for us to know and to lay to heart; teaches among other things how much of the present is still held in misty memory of the past; teaches that, if there be no controlling power, there is, at least, a sternly logical sequence in human affairs, and that chance has but a trifling dominion over them; teaches why things are and must be so and not otherwise; teaches, perhaps, more than anything else, the value of personal character as a chief factor in what is called destiny; for that cause is strong which has not a multitude, but one strong man behind it. History is indeed mainly the biography of a few imperial men, and forces home upon us the fact that the most important our own private affairs are to the universe in general.

In such a library the sciences should be fully represented, that men may at least learn to know in what direction they are giving them an exhibition daily for nothing. Nor let art be forgotten in all its many forms, not as the antithesis of science, but as her elder or fairer sister, whom we may at least be sure that her usefulness can not be demonstrated in dollars and cents. I should be thankful if every day laborer among us could have his mind illumined, as those of Athens and Florence had, with some images of what is best in architecture, painting and sculpture, to train his crude perceptions and perhaps call out latent faculties. I should like to see the works of Raskin in the reach of every artisan among us. For I hope some day that the delicacy of touch and accuracy of eye that have made our mechanics in some departments the best in the world may give us the same supremacy in works of wider range and more purely ideal scope.

Voyages and travels I would also have good store, especially the earlier, when the world was fresh and untraveled, and men saw things invisible to the modern eye. They are fast-selling ships to waft us from present troubles to the Fortunate Isles.

To wash down the drier morsels that every library must necessarily offer at its board, let its range be not too narrow to stretch from Dante to the oldest Dumais; the world of the imagination is not the world of abstraction and nonentity, as some conceive, but a world formed out of chaos by the sense of the beauty that is in man and the earth on which he dwells. It is the realm of ideal life, our haven of refuge from the shortcomings and disillusion of life. It is, to quote Spenser, who knew it well—

Do we believe, then, that God gave us in mockery this splendid faculty of sympathy with things that are joy forever? For my part, I believe that the love and study of the works of imagination is one of the noblest utilities in a country so profoundly material in its leading tendencies as ours. The hunger after purely intellectual delights, the content with ideal possessions, can not be good for us in maintaining a wholesome balance of the character of the faculties. I for one shall never be persuaded that Shakespeare left a less useful legacy to his countrymen than Watt. We hold all the deepest, all the highest satisfactions of life in the realm of imagination. Nature will keep up the supply of what are called hard-headed people without our help, and if it comes to that, there are other as good uses for heads as at the end of battering-rams.—N. Y. Examiner.

### HUMAN LIFE.

The Average Length of Life at Various Ages.

The following is one of the well-authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to look, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age	More Years to Live
0	71
1	70
2	69
3	68
4	67
5	66
6	65
7	64
8	63
9	62
10	61
11	60
12	59
13	58
14	57
15	56
16	55
17	54
18	53
19	52
20	51
21	50
22	49
23	48
24	47
25	46
26	45
27	44
28	43
29	42
30	41
31	40
32	39
33	38
34	37
35	36
36	35
37	34
38	33
39	32
40	31
41	30
42	29
43	28
44	27
45	26
46	25
47	24
48	23
49	22
50	21
51	20
52	19
53	18
54	17
55	16
56	15
57	14
58	13
59	12
60	11
61	10
62	9
63	8
64	7
65	6
66	5
67	4
68	3
69	2
70	1

—People who believe the stories about intelligent dogs, will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisement in one of the local papers, promptly went home.—Hartford Post.

—What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years? asked a lecturer, impressively. There was a moment's awful pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered: "Our clothes."—Golden Day.

—Ethel used to play a good deal in the Sabbath-school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up prim, and behaved herself so nicely that after the recitation was over the teacher remarked: "Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes, I couldn't help being good. I dot a tiff neck!"—Toledo Blade.

—Melbeth Simmons, an Onion Creek farmer, while in Austin a few days ago, took his dinner at the Brunswick Hotel. There happened to be an old gentleman at the dinner table who adjusted the end of the napkin around his throat before he began to feed himself. Simmons looked at him for a minute, glanced around the dining-room, and then said: "I say, Mister, ain't you in the wrong box? This ain't a barber-shop."

### SUICIDE STATISTICS.

Curious Features Presented by a Recent Statistical Report.

It is a well established fact that the suicides in summer are far more numerous than in winter, although at first sight it would seem that the hardships and privations of winter in cold climates would be a direct incentive to ending life. The statistics of suicide in the United States for June, July and August of 1885 present some curious features. The total number was 420, distributed as follows: June, 157; July, 142; August, 121. Insanity leads the list in preceding causes, and claiming less than 101 victims; family trouble comes next with 48, love trouble 21, business trouble 17 and grief 5, while chagrin at parental discipline led 5 foolish children to end their lives. It is a popular delusion that the married are more exempt from the despair and agony that leads to self-destruction than the single, but these statistics disprove this assertion. They show that the husbands led the list of suicides last summer with a total of 180, while the single bachelors came lagging after with only 92. Women are chary of yielding up the opportunity to make some man their slave, for only 34 wives and 26 maids took this desperate course to end their troubles. Fifteen widowers decided to leave this cold world and not attempt another experience with fickle woman, while only six widows despaired of their power over the world. Next came hanging, which claimed 54, and drowning 33, while 39 cut their throats and 3 adopted the classical method of opening their arteries. The method of jumping from the high places, which used to have a range of 100, has been reduced to a range of 10, and only 10 suicides resulted from this method. Next came poisoning, which claimed 54, and drowning 33, while 39 cut their throats and 3 adopted the classical method of opening their arteries. The method of jumping from the high places, which used to have a range of 100, has been reduced to a range of 10, and only 10 suicides resulted from this method. Next came poisoning, which claimed 54, and drowning 33, while 39 cut their throats and 3 adopted the classical method of opening their arteries.

In regard to nationality some interesting comparisons are suggested. Of 147, the Germans contribute an abnormal number—no less than 51. The French come next with 18, the Irish follow with 12 and the English with 13. The Chinese are away down on the list with only one. It is concluded to venture to that other shore where the red certificate is unknown. In regard to occupation, the farmer, who, according to the philosophers, ought to have the best of brains, is the poorest. He will not keep up the straight highway cast up for it, but must needs roll into the ditch, a melancholy instance of the "depravity of inanimate things." So the imperfect shot scatter out in the air, and many a man, who, if the chance, by a miracle of grace, to get in the center, they drop into their perfect brethren nimbly skip in safety. The nearly perfect ones sometimes escape several of their gaps, but are caught by one, while, and acquire the brilliant polish which is their finishing touch.

It only needs now to assort the sizes and to pack them in the little canvas bags for flight to all parts of the world. In the revolving cylinders slightly inclined, perforated with holes, which increase in size toward the lower end. Each size drops out as soon as it comes to a set of holes large enough to allow the shot to pass. The arrangement for weighing and bagging them is very ingenious. Receptacles numbered from one to twelve, according to the size of the shot, under the revolving cylinders, conduct the little death-dealing missiles to the receptacles. As soon as a bag has received its twenty-five pounds it weighs shuts a valve, and no more can come till the bag is removed and another put in its place. One man tends the whole row, and another empties the bags, which are then ready for the market. All the work of the tower, except that which is done by machinery, is performed by three men.—Philadelphia Call.

### CHEAP LIVING.

Getting Along on Less Than Three Hundred a Year.

"A man can live cheaply nowadays," said a well-known business man to a *Hobe* reporter. "Why, you can start by buying a newspaper for 2 cents, and look for the prices of boots and shoes; he finds a kind which will wear three months and be only \$1 for \$4 for them. Next he looks for stockings, finds that some large store is having a run on such goods and that he can get a pair for 4 or 5 cents and warranted to wear well. He buys a pair for each sock, and so on. He gets a pair of pants, that makes sixty pairs of stockings at 5 cents each, \$3. He then looks for underwear. He has two sets to get, price \$3, and he can get a suit of clothes for about \$5, and a hat for \$1. Colored shirts, 25 cents, and 60 cents will buy enough to last a long time.

"If you have noticed you probably saw that bosom shirts may be purchased for 50 cents, and he will need three, and an overcoat can be purchased for \$7.50, and gloves are ready at hand for 70 cents. Now you foot the bill up, and you will find that it costs but \$20.56 to clothe the man for a year. Throw in \$15 for washing, and you have past year and your bill looks up to \$43.

"I can say from my own experience that there are many places in the city where one can secure good living for \$120 a year for food. Now, by adding perhaps \$34 for extravagance or incidental expenses, you have a grand total of \$275 for the year's expenses or \$6.29 a week, which is 76 2/3 cents a day, and almost any man can save on that. If people only realized how little it took to live, there would be more money saved."—Boston Globe.

### Generous Nellie Arthur.

We heard a pretty story about Nellie Arthur the other day. Nearly two years ago, while the ex-President was out driving with his daughter, the horses very nearly trampled upon the little crippled colored girl out by the boundary. The child was not injured, but was badly frightened, and Miss Nellie's sympathies were much excited. The President gave the cripple's mother a five dollar bill and considered the matter settled; but his daughter did not, and the next day sent out her slave in the form of a bouquet and a bundle of playthings. Seldom thereafter did the President's carriage go that way without bearing other gifts, and, although Miss Nellie is at school in New York, among new scenes and associations, she does not forget her protégée, for a little while ago there came a package of playthings and confectionery by express for the cripple.—Washington Capital.

### A SHOT TOWER.

How the Shot is Sorted Into Sizes for the Familiar Cartridge.

Shot is formed by pouring a melted piece of alloy or lead through a colander or sieve at the top of a high tower. In falling to the base of the tower the particles of semi-fluid lead assume the globular form. They fall into a vessel of water placed to receive them, before reaching which they become so nearly solid that their globular form is retained when they strike the surface of the yielding element. An arsenical preparation forms the alloy, which makes the lead more ductile, softens and better fitted to take the spherical form. The soft and pure American lead requires less arsenic than the hard and brittle foreign varieties. Too much arsenic causes the drops to assume the lenticular form, and too little causes them to elongate, to flatten on one side and hollow in the middle as they cool. The higher the tower the larger the shot that may be dropped in it. I had an opportunity at Chicago of inspecting the whole process of making shot, and at the same time I saw how sheet lead and lead pipes are manufactured, and the no less interesting processes in the manufacture of lined oil.

The lofty tower, as high and almost as massive as Bunker Hill monument, must have attracted the attention of nearly every one who has visited the city. From its summit the best view of the city is to be obtained. It is one of the tallest towers erected for this purpose in the world. The tower is 240 feet high. Some of the perpendicular fluffs in the Upper Mississippi in the vicinity of the lead mines of Iowa and Wisconsin are used in the place of towers, the melted lead being dropped over precipices. The shot are of greater dimensions than the holes of the colander through which they pass. Mr. Blatchford dipped out a handful from the eastern for our inspection. They were quite a variety of sizes, and many a drop had assumed irregular forms. The first thing done with the shot is to dry them, and then the perfectly spherical ones are selected by a very ingenious contrivance, as simple as the ingenious. A series of inclined planes, which are arranged, one below another, with gaps between, that when the shot is poured upon the top one, the perfectly spherical ones of all sizes bound forward merrily on the line, skipping the gaps and erringly and lying off neither to the right hand nor the left. Any one who has tried to roll an imperfect ball in a ten-penny alley knows what an irresistible attraction the sides of the alley have for the imperfect ball. I will not keep up the straight highway cast up for it, but must needs roll into the ditch, a melancholy instance of the "depravity of inanimate things." So the imperfect shot scatter out in the air, and many a man, who, if the chance, by a miracle of grace, to get in the center, they drop into their perfect brethren nimbly skip in safety. The nearly perfect ones sometimes escape several of their gaps, but are caught by one, while, and acquire the brilliant polish which is their finishing touch.

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### DANGEROUS MONKEYS.

They Cause Themselves by Wrecking Railway Trains.

Between a place called Niddivunda and Herebilly there is a large topography which is well known to be infested with a lot of monkeys. Having no other mode of occupying their dull hours, they are bent upon trying to destroy the Tunker Line. It will appear that these animals, about fifty or sixty, range themselves into two batches; they form themselves systematically, one-half on one rail and the other half on the other. They begin by first removing the earth from the sides of the rails. Then they arrive at the difficulty of nuts and bolts, which, though they examine them very minutely, they can not get over.

On the approach of the up or down train they wait until the engine is within a few yards, when, with the utmost coolness, they simply jump on one side till the train has passed, and then resume their work. Their remarkable industry occurred on one of these occasions. As the engine was approaching the monkeys made their usual jumps, with the exception of one, who persisted in remaining on the line, and the engine by this time being very near. Five or six monkeys, seeing the danger one of their number was in, made a sudden rush and dragged him off, some laying hold of him by the tail, others by his legs; anyhow, they saved him, and he is now stabled at Niddivunda guarded by the guards and drivers.—Mauras Mail.

### Burmese Divorce Law.

The Burman marries early, and, though polygamy is permitted, has only one wife, whom, with the other females of the family, he compels to do all the work. Divorces by either party are easily arranged, and are very common occurrences. If two persons are tired of each other's society they dissolve their partnership in the following simple but conclusive manner: They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until they are burned out. The one whose candle burns out first leaves the house at once and forever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time, all else becoming the property of the other party.—London Queen.

### A Chicago Professor Finds that Coffee is an Absolute Antidote to Alcohol, if it is taken in sufficient quantity.

Next comes Pauline Lucas, with 44. Mariana Brandt 43, Patti and Nilsson 42 each, Marie Broze 39, Matron 38, Fursch-Madi and Hanfaeston 37, Lehmann 36, Sealski 35, Minnie Hank 33, Corster 29, and Sembrich 27.—N. Y. Times.

### FEAR AND DISEASE.

The Former Invariably Invites Attacks of the Latter.

Some emotions accelerate the heart, quicken the action of the brain, give new strength and elasticity to the step, and greatly enliven the spirits—the effect being of brief duration. Others, like hope, for instance, have a similar effect much lower in degree, but much more prolonged. Still others have an opposite effect.

Among the last is fear. Many cases are recorded in which it has resulted in sudden death. Under its influence, as is well known, the face often becomes pale, the heart beats violently, the breath is obstructed, the limbs tremble, the appetite is lost, and all other emotions are overcome. We speak of the man as paralyzed with fear. There is literal truth in this. The effect is due to the influence of the emotion on some one of the cerebral centers—the ganglia or nerve masses, near the base of the brain, which govern the action of the various vital organs. This influence is, for the time, a paralyzing nature. Hence the capillary blood-vessels near the surface are collapsed, and the blood is driven back on the heart, burdening both it and the lungs; while the secretion of the gastric juice is arrested by a paralysis of the great nerve—the pneumogastric—which supplies the stomach with its working force. Such a case is an extreme one, but it is the same in kind with fear in every degree. It lowers the tone of the system. It lessens the vitality. Even if protracted, the system would, sooner or later, give way under it.

But the particular point we wish to make is that fear exposes even the most robust to the attacks of infectious diseases. The disease is caused by minutes organisms which enter the body through the stomach or lungs. They may be harmless if the stomach digests them, or if the body has its full power of resistance to infection. But if the normal resistance of the system, and especially the power of the stomach to secrete the gastric fluid, it puts the system for the time being, in a state of debility, by drinking habits, by over-eating, by excesses, by too continuous watching, or by anxious worry. If, therefore, the cholera invades America, or small-pox prevails, don't let us have an attack by fear, but keep it by keeping about our daily vocations with a cheerful trust and a hand of help for others—having, of course, done our whole duty in the matter of hygiene.—Yonah's Companion.

### BLUE JEANS CARPETS.

Walls Covered With Cloth and Ceiling No Longer the Thing.

The very latest idea about fitting up a room is to hang the walls with cloth and cover the floor with other material than carpet and matting. It is a lady living in a very fashionable dwelling on Dearborn avenue.

"You may not believe it," continued the speaker, but the prettiest kind of a room can be fixed up by simply using blue jeans, the cheap cotton cloth, you know, from which overalls are made, costing from fifteen to twenty cents a yard. It makes a splendid carpet. Come with me and I will show you the room I have just put down in our 'blue' room."

The reporter was led into a veritable blue room. The floor was carpeted with jeans of a dark-blue color, a shade very pleasing to the eye. Several handsome rugs of different shapes and sizes relieved the monotony in color which would otherwise have existed. The date on the walls was also of the same material, viz: jeans. It was tacked on in broad pleats in such a manner that the seams did not show, and was raised from the wall about half an inch by the use of narrow strips of wood underneath. A delicate shade of blue paper covered the wall above the pleats. The reporter was told that in some cases the entire wall was hung with the same goods, and made very attractive by using different shades for the body and ceiling.

In another residence was seen a room furnished in the Japanese style. The entire wall was hung with much more expensive goods, containing a large amount of gold and silver. The fringes at the top were about eighteen inches deep, projecting three inches from the wall, and trimmed at the bottom with a heavy fringe. The effect was that of a short lambrequin all around the room. The curtains were of the same material and draped in the usual manner. A pagoda-like canopy that overhung the bed was made of Japanese glass of a contrasting color. A stained-glass Japanese lantern surrounded the gas in the center of the room. The cabinet above the fire-place was filled with odd oriental curios.

Another peculiar way of decorating the walls of dwellings is to cover them with burial or coffee-sacking. This is a large, heavy, and generally used, and a few well-wrested Joe Millers, regarded this allusion to the red-haired man with the long nose as a tremendous local joke, which they loudly laughed soon I pointed at him with my index finger, and, looking at my watch, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, for three-quarters of an hour I have attempted to enlighten you, but I have failed. My only recourse is to dig a laugh out of you. Up to now I haven't succeeded. I don't wish to be personal, but if that man with the red hair and the long nose doesn't laugh soon I shall stop this solemnity and go and hang myself."

"Now, mark the provincial mind," rejoined Artemus, "audience, who had passed over some mighty fine business and a few well-wrested Joe Millers, regarded this allusion to the red-haired man with the long nose as a tremendous local joke, which they loudly laughed soon I pointed at him with my index finger, and, looking at my watch, said:

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### WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

A Woman Born to Command and to Inspire.

She was a woman born to command, and since she was left alone with a family and an estate to care for, she took the reins into her own hands, and never gave them up to any one else. She used to drive about in an old-fashioned open chaise, visiting the various parts of her farm, just as a planter would do on horseback. The story is told that she had given an agent directions how to do a piece of work, and he had seen fit to do it differently, because he thought his way a better one. He showed her the improvement.

"And pray," said the lady, "who gave you any exercise of judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey."

I think that George Washington owed two strong traits to his mother—a governing spirit, and a spirit of order and method. She taught him many lessons and gave him many rules; but after all, it was his character shaping his which was most powerful. She taught him to be truthful, but her lessons were not half so forcible as her own truthfulness.—Hessick's Butterworth, in St. Nicholas.

### HIS FIRST LECTURE.

How Artemus Ward Failed to Bring Down His House.

(Howard Paul in N. Y. World.)

"Before I ventured to storm the big edifice," said Artemus Ward to me, "I thought I'd take a modest turn in some of the towns and villages up through New York state, and I settled to begin at an outside place called Goshen, a great cheese and butter depot. My agent was an aristocratic fellow named John F. Smith, who stuck at nothing as far as a printer's ink was concerned, and was a bit of a wag in his way. He promised to do his level best to make the lecture a success. We went up to the principal inn and distributed a haul of free tickets, so as to be sure of a decent crowd in the hall. Well, everything was in readiness, and at the last moment I saw for Smith, who was to tend door. I said, 'John, I feel shaky and nervous, and I wish, after the people get well in, you'd give me a hand now and then to steady me.' 'I'll fix that,' said Smith, encouragingly, 'I'll fix that.'"

"At the proper time I presented myself to the expectant public, and looked as myself as a boiled fowl. I didn't get a hand. Smith was too busy collecting the tickets to look after my entrance, so I went in a slow, meandering tone of voice, and you might have heard a cannon ball drop or the stinging of a pocket handkerchief. I thought, 'I'll let it in; course what I considered a joke. They didn't take it. I paused; then went on. By and by I let off another pun, and then another, and then another, who had got through by ticket collecting and inserted himself among the people, began to applaud lustily.

"My experiences of sympathetic city audiences had previously suggested that when some one boldly and bravely leads off the applause others usually follow, but at Goshen this motto just didn't hold. A man went up in front circle, 'Snooze! Ho! ho! ho!' 'Again I proceeded, and told them a story that many a time and oft I had read with screams and weeps in my private circles. Smith this time set up a terrific guffaw, stamped and clapped his hands and rocked backward; and forward as though he was utterly overcome by my humor. The audience were not to be lured into following his example.

"'Snooze!' shouted one.

"'Don't interrupt the speaker!' howled another.

"'Turn him out!' roared a third.

"And half the audience rose to see who would be the first to interrupt in the evening proceedings. A farmer-looking man near Smith had a thick stick in his hand and a menacing look in his eyes. I thought I'd better make a dash for it, and I had to come to a dead standstill, and my agent saw his opportunity. He leaped on one of the empty chairs and proceeded to address the audience.



He leaped on one of the empty chairs.

"Ladies and gentlemen, cried he, 'I am a free and gentlemanly citizen of this glorious republic, and I claim the proud privilege of citizenship. My name is Artemus Ward. When I enjoy anything I laugh out loud, and when I laugh I make a noise. I cast no reflections on my fellow citizens, but I do clean up my own back. I do thank for Mr. Ward's stories to penetrate to the rest of the sentences was lost in the confusion that followed:

"'Out with him!'

"'Who is he?'

"'He! He! Pitch him in the pond!'

"'Dry up!'

"And hundreds of similar observations rent the air. I attempted to breathe, but I withdrew. He obeyed, and, peace being restored, I proceeded. This episode rather amused me, and I fell into my best vein. I told them another dose of anecdote story after story, and first off a fustian of crisp and biting jest. It was no use. I could not for the soul of me rouse them to any outward expression of sympathy. At last I grew whimsically vicious in my despair. In for a penny, in for a pound, thought I, when I suddenly stopped, and, glaring defiantly at a certain man in the audience, I pointed at him with my index finger, and, looking at my watch, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, for three-quarters of an hour I have attempted to enlighten you, but I have failed. My only recourse is to dig a laugh out of you. Up to now I haven't succeeded. I don't wish to be personal, but if that man with the red hair and the long nose doesn't laugh soon I shall stop this solemnity and go and hang myself."

"Now, mark the provincial mind," rejoined Artemus, "audience, who had passed over some mighty fine business and a few well-wrested Joe Millers, regarded this allusion to the red-haired man with the long nose as a tremendous local joke, which they loudly laughed soon I pointed at him with my index finger, and, looking at my watch, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, for three-quarters of an hour I have attempted to enlighten you, but I have failed. My only recourse is to dig a laugh out of you. Up to now I haven't succeeded. I don't wish to be personal, but if that man with the red hair and the long nose doesn't laugh soon I shall stop this solemnity and go and hang myself."

### ONLY REHEARSING.

A ludicrous scene in St. Petersburg Palace Court.

An amusing case has just been tried in St. Petersburg. The wife of a Secretary to a Russian Minister and her daughter were visiting at the house of another Ministerial official. The son of the latter asked the young lady to go with him into another room, which she did. Shortly afterward the mother heard the young man exclaim: "You shall be mine if I will kill you!" Her daughter called out as though in great terror: "Leave me, leave me." The mother ran at once to an adjoining room, where she saw her friend's son embracing her daughter, and apparently under the influence of the feeling expressed by the language he had used. She tore her daughter away from him and from the house, insisting that she would put the law in motion for this insult to her child. "You and your daughter," the daughter tried to explain what had happened, but her mother would hear nothing. She carried out her threat, and the case came before the court. Then, but too late to prevent an amusing scene, it was explained that the young lady and gentleman had only been rehearsing a scene in a play in which they were going to perform.—London Life.

A Swedish engineer, Herr N. Lottger, owner of the Elmhuber Engineering Works, has invented an instrument whereby it is indicated at railway stations whether the points on the line are working order or not. The instrument is worked by electricity, the warning of disengagements being given by means of bells; otherwise the invention is, of course, a secret. The railway authorities are satisfied with it, and permission has been given to fit the apparatus for experiments on several of the State lines.

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