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The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

SUNDAY.....MAY 4, 1890

HUMAN SENSITIVENESS.

The Vast Difference Between a Healthy and Morbid Feeling of This Kind.

The sensitive plant, that shrinks from the touch, is rightly regarded as occupying a high place in the vegetable world. When its delicate leaves are seen drooping from contact with the finger we might fancy it gifted with a sort of consciousness, by which it can not only feel, and perhaps suffer, but also visibly attempt to withdraw from suffering. It is an interesting object to notice, whatever may be our speculations in regard to it, and we naturally have strong interest in a plant so curiously endowed.

Some men and women in our most civilized communities seem to be very much akin to this little shrub. Their one distinguishing characteristic is sensitiveness. They are easily hurt, easily irritated, easily offended. They translate every touch, however innocent or friendly, into an intent to trouble or annoy them; they are constantly fancying slights, suspecting insults, imagining ridicule, dreading censure. Of course they have their fair share of real grievances to deplore, and when to these are added the countless imaginary ones which a morbid fancy suggests, we can not wonder that they are in continual distress; and if we can not accord them our respect, we should not refuse them our sympathy.

It seems somewhat strange, however, that anyone should plume himself upon so uncomfortable a disposition; yet such is often the fact. People who thus suffer attribute it to no morbid or suspicious temprement, but to an acute sensitiveness, of which they are rather proud than otherwise. They conceive themselves to be of finer grain than their more cheerful and trusting neighbors; they are quicker to notice, keener to feel, and therefore exposed to sufferings that coarser or duller natures will never be troubled with. On this account they claim more consideration; they think people should be especially careful not to wound or vex them, because they are so sensitive. What would be only ordinary behavior to most persons they esteem cruelty to them because of their delicate organization.

Is sensitiveness, then, so fatal a gift that we should prefer to be dull of comprehension? No faculty is ever better for being dull. But when it is only sharpened by selfishness its mission remains unperformed. It is then only a means of personal gain, whereas its true purpose is a wide and general diffusion of happiness. This purpose, however, can not be fulfilled unless we interpret truly its messages. A healthy sensitiveness accepts the pain which it must bear as a wholesome medicine, not dwelling upon its bitter taste, not upbraiding those who hand it, not regarding it as a permanent evil, but simply using it for self-improvement. At the same time it gladly welcomes all the pleasant tidings which are thus brought to knowledge. It is as keen to feel the good as the evil, and finds it in much larger proportion. It is a poor, one sided sensitiveness that feels only the cold winds of neglect or criticism or displeasure, and is dead to the sunny influence of kindness, esteem, sympathy and love. If the same sensibility that now quivers under the one be but quickened to receive the other, life will have far happier days in store than it has yet disclosed.

Above all, acute sensibilities are intended as a direct means of inspiring generous impulses and cultivating a benevolent character. They are no longer a torment, but a blessing, to him who is always sensitive for others as well as himself. The pleasure and pain he feels, and the sources to which he traces each, are his continual guides to show him how to diffuse the one and to mitigate the other in his intercourse with mankind. Nothing is more selfish than a narrow, one-sided, self-pitying sensitiveness; nothing more ennobling than a sensitive spirit, keenly alive to all good influences and delighting to use them for the welfare and happiness of mankind.

The Stolen Ring.

Among the famous collection of jewelry in the green vault at Dresden, which now-a-days every traveler goes to see, are to be found the splendid treasures of the goldsmith's art in the middle ages, secured in wrought-iron frames with plate-glass covers, are never allowed to be taken off before visitors no matter how high their rank. This was not the case eighty years ago, when, it is true, the vault was only visited by persons of distinction, with a special permission from the sovereign, and attended by the curator. One day, by order of the king, a small select party of the highest nobility was being shown over the collection by the old custodian, when his quick eye detected, to his no small terror, that a young countess had slipped on her finger a magnificent dimmond ring of priceless value. However, the experienced official appeared to take no notice of the circumstance, but when about to quit the apartment he requested their lordships and ladyships to have a moment's patience, as they still had a slight formality to undergo. He then left the visitors in a small cabinet into which he had shown them and immediately returned with a dish filled with bran, in which he asked each of the ladies to wash their hands, "This is an old regulation," he remarked apologetically, fixing his eyes on the countess. "Once upon a time a party of noble ladies came here to inspect the jewels, and on that occasion one of them fell in love with a valuable ring and slipped it on her finger. The then curator had observed the theft, but, not wishing to expose the countess, hit upon the notion of a bran wash, which he declared to be an old-established custom. The young lady took the hint, quietly dropped the ring into the bran while washing her hands, and the curator thus saved the ring, the lady's honor, and his position, which he otherwise would have forfeited." The company laughed and washed their hands, the young countess being the last. On receiving the basin from the hands of the worthy man she gave him unperceived by the others, a look of intense gratitude. The old custodian found the diamond in the bran, but since that day the treasures in the green vault at Dresden have been kept securely confined in their glass cases, whence they are not allowed to be taken on any pretext whatever.

The Safest Medicine

To have about the house at all times is Simmons Liver Regulator. It will harm no one. It will benefit all who may have attacks of Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or other ailments resulting from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Keep it always in the house, and you will have a family physician near who will save you many dollars and much suffering.

CONFESSED HIS CRIME.

A Brutal Murderer Tells His Own Story.

HOW HE WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE.

Strange Way in Which a Shocking Butchery Was Brought to Light.

At 3 o'clock one morning twenty years ago I was on a railroad train going from Portage, Wis., to Milwaukee. I had been out on some private detective work for parties in the latter city, and had succeeded so well that I was both happy and sleepless. This was the reason I was not in a sleeping-car, fast hold in the arms of slumber, instead of occupying a seat in the common coach, with my eyes very wide open and my wits all about me.

I may say, without egotism, that I am an observing man. There are others in plenty, but the greater half of humanity go through life with their eyes half shut. My father was a sheriff for many years, and, as a boy, he taught me to observe and remember, if I went down town or out for a walk, I had to tell him when I got home who and what I had seen. On one occasion, for failing to report a loose horse I had seen in the road I got a sound thrashing; and again, for failing to report a street fight, my liberty was taken away for four days. I can thus truthfully say to you that I had the habit of observation licked into me, while nature had kindly furnished me with a very retentive memory. By and by I began to study human character as a profession, and I liked it. I learned to read men's characteristics by their faces, and their thoughts by their actions; and on two occasions this faculty of perception prevented jail deliveries.

I was wide awake, as I have told you, when the train stopped at a country station on signal. It barely came to a standstill, and only one passenger got aboard. The car was pretty well filled, and such of the passengers as had seats alone were stretched out in sleep. I had sized up every one near me, and had counted up two honest old farmers, a drover, two milliners, a mechanic and family, and a house painter who was evidently going to the city for work. No one seemed to notice the entrance of the new passenger. It was in October and he had on a fall overcoat. He carried a heavy valise in one hand, and he came down the aisle, looking from right to left until he reached my seat. I moved to the window as a hint that I was ready to share it with him, but he hesitated for a long minute, and looked at me sharply three or four times before he finally sat down. The satchel he placed between his feet. He had not uttered a word, and after sitting down he seemed to forget all about me.

"Hello! but I have found a two legged hog," I said to myself after a bit. "I offered him half my seat of my own free will, and he seems to be mad because I did not surrender it all. Old fellow, you are an H. O. G., and no mistake. Let me look you over a bit."

I leaned back against the window pretended to shut my eyes and resume my nap, and then inventoried the fellow. He had a hard, cruel face on him and I felt sure he was a man with little mercy in his heart. I had not been looking at him over two minutes when I saw that he was taking shy glances at me, and that he was quite anxious about the satchel. In the course of five minutes he turned around and gave me a thorough looking over, and I read in the gesture of his hand and the toss of his head that he said to himself:

"Bah! Why should I be afraid of him?"

His dress was that of a barkeeper—rather flashy. The jewelry he wore gave him away as well. If he was not a barkeeper he was at least the owner of a saloon, and from his build I judged him to be a pugilist of more or less local fame. After one general look at his dress, I began at his collar to make a closer inspection. His shirt collar kept working up to annoy him, and I said to myself that the button was gone and he had fastened it with a pin. In his twisting around he pulled his overcoat back and I saw that the top button on his undercoat had been pulled out by a violent jerk, leaving a hole in the cloth. The coat was new and it would take a hearty wrench to pull the button out that way. I followed his arm down to his right hand and across the back of it was a long scratch. It was a fresh scratch, for the marks of blood still lingered. My eyes dropped to the stranger's right leg, and I saw that his knee was damp and soiled. He had certainly fallen on the ground. I might have reasoned that he had met with a very common accident, but I didn't. I said to myself:

"Old fellow, you have locked horns with somebody to get mussed up this way. It is a scrape you don't want known, for you keep throwing anxious glances at me. If it was only an accident you'd get up and fix that collar, growl a little over the spot on your knee, and cuss the railroad company for having a depot platform unprotected at the ends. Wonder what you've got in that satchel? A traveler with a few clothes in a satchel does not have to keep his foot on it while every body around him is asleep. You are no cucumber, old fellow, and you've got something in there worth watching. I'll try a little trick on you."

I had my right hand in my pocket. I carefully worked my knife out, and as it fell to the floor I gave a little start, woke up and bent down to look for it. As I moved my hand toward his feet he quickly bent down and moved the satchel into the aisle. Then I was satisfied that my surmises were right. Was be a burglar, and did the satchel contain the kit? It was more probable that he was just returning from an expedition to the country, and that the satchel was full of plunder. I was perfectly satisfied as to my man and I made up my mind to have him arrested as a suspicious character as soon as we reached the city. That was what did take place, only as there were no officers about the depot as we arrived, I had to take the fellow myself. I let him reach the door of the depot, and then put my hand on his shoulder. He dropped the satchel and made a bolt, but fortunately he ran plump against a hackman who was entering and both were upset. Before he could get up I had him nipped. On the way to the station house, and speaking for the first time, he asked:

"How did you know it was me?"

"Oh, easy enough," I answered.

"Well, d——n him, he didn't act square with me, or it would never have come to this."

Ihad no idea to what he referred; but seeing that he was ready to talk, and being anxious to take advantage of the moment, I asked:

"Do you think he is dead?"

"Dead as a herring, and the old woman with him. However, they can't punish me any more for two than for one. I was after my own, and when they wouldn't give it to me, I determined to take all."

"What weapon did you use?"

"Got the ax from the back yard."

"And when you had finished off the old couple you robbed the house, eh?"

"Well, I took what I wanted, and if I hadn't been the biggest fool on earth you wouldn't have nabbed me."

"How?"

"Why, boarding the train at that little station. It was the act of a lunatic, but after I left the farmhouse I got frightened. I ran across the fields, fell down, imagined that I was pursued, and bore off to the station and hoisted the signal myself for the train to stop. I suppose Rider gave you the tip and put you onto me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll kill him on sight. That is, (with a little laugh) I will if I get the chance."

I knew Rider to be a Millwaukee gambler and a hard case, but was completely in the dark as to what crime my prisoner had committed. It was probably a murder, and near the station where he got on and from his statements I inferred it was an old couple. He had pumped himself and it was certain I had made a big catch. When we reached the station, however, my troubles began. There is always an ill feeling between police and private detectives. The feeling comes almost entirely from the police. They look upon the private detective as a sort of guerrilla, ready to break up the happiest homes or to sell out to the highest bidder. This, unfortunately, is true in many cases, but not in all. As I entered with the prisoner the captain in charge roughly demanded by what right I had made an arrest.

"The right which any man has to arrest a murderer," I replied.

"A murderer? Bosh! Where did you get him?"

"At the depot."

"Well, I shan't lock him up. Let's see (to the man), but your face is familiar to me."

"I am Charley Short, bartender in Harrigan's saloon."

"Ah! so *you* are. Well, what story is this about a murder?"

"All nonsense, sir;" replied Short, who saw how things were drifting and sought to take advantage. "I was on a spree last night and this bloke saw me at the depot and wanted to play smart."

"Well, you can make it cost him dear if you will."

"I propose to. Here, take these irons off my wrists."

The satchel was on the floor at my feet. Lifting it up I said to the Captain:

"An old couple living about forty miles from the city were murdered by this man after midnight last night. Examine this satchel if you want proof."

"There's nothing in there but laundry work," boldly replied Short. "I set out with it in my hand last night and didn't get drunk enough to lose it. Open her up and let the captain see."

"Take the irons off this man," commanded the captain, as he waved the satchel down. "If he doesn't captias you before dinner he's not the man I take him to be."

"Aye, he shall pay for putting the irons on me. Why don't you take 'em off?"

Was I dreaming? Had I made a fool of my self? Had this man confessed a murder to me? I was staggered for the moment. Then I tore at the satchel and bursted off the poor old lock, and as the receptacle flew open I emptied its contents on the floor. Gold, greenbacks, silver, bonds and jewelry!

"Curse you!" growled the prisoner, as he turned away.

The captain turned as pale as death. There were the proofs, and he stared at them for a full minute before he could say:

"Well, this *is* a go. I shall lock you up Short."

The man was registered and taken down stairs, and then we counted up the contents of the satchel and made out a value of over $12,000. When this had been completed I went out after Rider, and inside of an hour he was behind the bars. He went all to pieces as soon as I charged him with having put up the job for Short to carry out, but denied it in the most vigorous manner.

"Short has been telling for a year," he said, "what his uncle out in the country was going to do for him. A few weeks ago the old man found out what a bad pill his nephew was, and since then Short has been up a tree. He told me a week ago that he'd have some of their money one way or the other, and when he talked about killing and robbing I did my best to put the idea out of his head. He softened up a bit and I supposed he had given over. If Charley Short says I ever advised him to murder and rob, or that I have had eyes on him for a week past, he's the biggest liar on earth."

Well, curiously enough, we had a murderer on hand without a murder, that is, no crime had yet been reported. I had secured the murderer without a hunt. It was not so easy to find the murder. A telegram was sent to the agent at the station where Short had boarded the train, and he replied that he had heard of no crime. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he sent a dispatch, saying that an old couple living about three miles away had been found in their house with their heads chopped to pieces with an ax. That was the crime of which Short was guilty and for which he was tried. When he knew that he was in for it he turned boaster and felt himself a hero. He was delighted to give me all the particulars. He said:

"I lived with uncle and aunt Desbro until I was of age. Indeed, I was an adopted son, both my own parents being dead. I came into the city nine years ago as a dry goods clerk. After a time I got in with some bad fellows, lost my place and rather went to the dogs. For the last three years I have been a gambler, boxer, bartender and confidence man. Uncle went back on me a good while ago, refusing to give me a dollar. He had in his hands money which honestly belonged to me, for I had worked hard for him for thirteen years. I went out there the other day, to see if he would not give me $800 to buy an interest in the saloon. Aunt Mary was for giving it to me, but the old man was as ugly as a Turk. We got into a wrangle at the supper table and he ordered me out of the house.

"I went," said Short after a pause, "and it was only after that that I got the idea of robbing the house. The old man never banked a dollar, but kept everything in a bureau in his bedroom. I sat down in a fence corner on the highway, and thought it all over. I made up my mind that I would enter the house after they got to sleep and steal what I could lay hands on. I did go in about 11 o'clock, gaining access by a kitchen window. I took the ax in with me to intimidate them in case I was discovered. While my uncle was over 60 years old, he was a vigorous, hearty man, and capable of making a strong fight. I don't know whether he suspected I might come back, but I had not yet reached the bedroom when some slight noise I made roused him out of bed, and he struck a light and discovered me.

I want it to stand in court that he was the agressor. When he saw me he yelled out to know what I was doing there. I told him I was bound to have $800, and that if he would count it out I would go away and never trouble him for another dollar. He had a big club at the head of his bed and instead of stopping to argue with me he seized the weapon and rushed at me. I had to use the ax. He would have killed me if I hadn't struck him down. Then my aunt came out screaming for help, and she was about to escape from the house when I hit her. After I had made sure they were both dead I went at it to rob the house, and the plunder I got you found in the satchel. That is the whole story, sir, and if the lawyers think they can make anything else of it, let 'em."

It seemed such a straight case that there could be no loophole of escape; but within three days after Short had confessed to me he had engaged two lawyers, recanted all he had said, and when put on trial pleaded insanity. His friends, as was afterwards known, raised $200 for each lawyer, and the lawyers moved heaven and earth to earn their money. One of the instances of Short's alleged insanity was a clear case of bribery and perjury. A man was brought forward to swear that he sat behind the two of us that morning on the train, and that he had heard Short tell me that he had killed seventeen people and was then on his way to heaven to tell God about it. The person in the seat behind us was a woman, while the seat ahead was occupied by two women. This liar's testimony had great weight, or enough to call for a commission of doctors to examine and pass upon the question, and before the case was finished Short died in his prison bed of heart disease.—*New York Sun.*

BIXBY WAS CALM.

How He Acted When Baby Had the Croup.

One of the Bixby children was seized with a fit of croup the other night. Bixby heard the little fellow's labored breathing, and bounding clear over the footboard of the bed, yelled "Croup!" in about the same voice that the escaped idiot yells "Fire!" at the theater.

Then he tried to put his trousers on over his head, but finally got them on wrong side out, and tore into his shirt with it wrong side in front.

"Jump!" he screamed to his wife, "there isn't a second to lose! Get the syrup of squills! Put on a tub of hot water! Give him something to drink! Get hot flannels on his chest instantly! Hurry! hurry! Don't lie there doing nothing while the child is choking to death! Fly around!"

Mrs. Bixby is one of those meek but eminently sensible and practical little women who never get a tenth part of the credit for the good they do in this world. While Bixby was racing up and down stairs, declaring that nobody was doing anything but himself, Mrs. Bixby quietly took the little sufferer in hand.

"Do something quick!" screeched Bixby, as he upset a pan of hot water on the bed and turned a saucer of melted lard over on the dressing case. "Here, somebody quick!" he yelled. "Can't anybody do a thing but me? Run for the doctor, some of you. Give the child some more squills. Is there anything hot at his feet? Give him aconite. He ought to have a spoonful of oil. If he don't get relief instantly he'll die, and here there's nobody trying to do a thing but me! Bring him some warm water with a little soda in it. He ought to have been put in a hot bath an hour ago. Heat up the bathroom! What's on his chest? Great heavens! has the child got to die because no one will do a thing for him?"

Mrs. Bixby quietly, and unaided, brings the child around all right and sits with him until daylight, after she has quieted Bixby down and got him to bed.

And next morning he has the gall to say at the office: "One of my little chaps nearly died with the croup last night, and I had mighty hard work bringing him around all right, but I did, after working like a Trojan all night. It's a terrible disease, and scares women nearly to death. They fly all to pieces, right off. A person wants their wits about them. You want to keep perfectly cool and not fool away a second in hysterics That's where a man has the advantage over a woman in managing a case of croup. It's mighty lucky I was at home to take my little chap in hand."

COSTS SEVENTY CENTS EVERY TIME.

The Wear and Tear of Material Caused by Stopping a Train.

Sitting in the Hoffman house, recently, I heard C. C. Rainwater, discussing the question of railroad management. "Did you ever consider," said he, "what is the actual cost of stopping a train? I have been in the railroad business since I was a boy, and the question never seriously occurred to me until the other day in a lawsuit at St Louis, when the question came up. John C. Garrett, general manager of the Wabash, testified on the stand that the cost of stopping an ordinary passenger train at a way station was seventy cents.

"Being cross-examined, he admitted that a certain train running between East St. Louis and Toledo was paying the company about $1 per mile, and, being further questioned as to the number of stops made on the road, it was established that if it cost 70 cents for each stop this paying train, as Mr. Garrett called it, lost money to the extent of twice its operating expenses. The decision of the jury in the case was based on the conclusion that it cost about 50 cents in wear and tear and time to stop an ordinary passenger train at a way station, and I believe they are about right."

Here is a chance for dentists. Dr. Chester, a medical missionary and a brother-in-law of Bishop Whittaker of Peiladelphia, says: "There is a big chance in Madras and Bombay for a number of bright, skilled American dentists. Madras is a city of 300,000 population and has not a single American dentist there. I know people who travel from there to Bombay, nearly 1,000 miles, in order to have a tooth filled. There is only one good dentist in Bombay, and he refuses to fill teeth with gold, using a sort of cement that is not lasting. He charges $7.50 for pulling a tooth. A few good American dentists could go over there now and at once step into a big business."

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT.

Freaks of a Cattleman Who Found Himself Rich and Didn't Know What to Do.

During the seventies a man of the name of Eli Hawkins arrived at Los Angeles, Cal., for the purpose of settling down on a farm and enjoying life in the land of "sunshine and the tomale." He was a cattleman from Montana, and had a "barrel of money," as the natives expressed it. He bought a tract of about 400 acres on the San Gabriel river, some twelve miles from the city, and began operations in a manner that astonished the easy-going residents of the valley.

He was so free with his money that many extravagant stories were afloat regarding the extent of his riches. Some said he had money in bank in every city from Helena, Mont., to Los Angeles, while others told exaggerated stories of his income from his Montana herds, Hawkins was of slovenly appearance, and resembled a tramp more than a capitalist, and he looked as though he never had $5 in his life. His unkept look and quiet way made him the cause of many ridiculous scenes, and it was his delight to pass himself as a vagabond, and try his credit among business men and finish by showing them one of his bank books, when, of course, he received every attention, and nothing was too good for him. A man of no education, he had become rich scarcely knowing it, and selling his cattle range he found himself in possession of more money than he had ever dreamed of having.

There were no improvements on the tract he bought, and he began operations by fencing it. Every idle man in the neighborhood was hired and the transformation began. Farmers who had teams were employed, and the procession of loaded wagons from the station to Hawkins' land was a sight to behold. In a few days he had a hundred men at work, all of whom were better dressed than their employer. The large force soon completed the fencing, which was the most substantial of any in the valley. Then he set them to work on his garden plot and grounds. He employed a high-priced landscape gardener, erected a large conservatory and filled it with beautiful plants. The grounds were tastefully laid out with winding drives and walks, arbors, fountains and little grottoes. To look at the man, who was not comely in person or dress and who was generally intoxicated, and whose wife was a fit match for him, and then note the excellent taste in the arrangement of his beautiful home, one could not help marveling.

He bought an invoice of statuary at Los Angeles and distributed the figures around his park. One day he came home with more drink than usual, and as it had been raining he concluded that the nude figures needed some kind of covering. He procured some colored paint, and put a black india-rubber coat on the Cupids. Next he fixed Apollo with a flaming red shirt and green stockings. Mercury was enveloped in blue tights and a bright red nose. Venus was rigged out with black stockings and a yellow gown, the other figures also coming in for a share of decoration.

He built a cosy cottage in his park, and during his many drunken escapades made things interesting for his neighbors. The writer of this resided about half a mile from the Hawkins farm, and has positive knowledge of the incidents narrated. One night during one of their sprees Hawkins and wife took an axe and chopped their furniture to pieces, threw it out of the window and burned it. The next day they went to town to buy a new lot. They looked as though they had escaped from the house of correction. They went to the principal furniture house. They were shown the cheapest sets, and even then the clerk thought he was wasting his time on them. But nothing was good enough for Hawkins. The clerk gave up in despair and left the seedy-looking pair to themselves. The manager then came in and asked them to go to the top floor where he would show them something better. He showed them sets worth all the way up from $250, when Hawkins asked him if that was the best. He was then shown the finest, $1,500. "I'll take that; that's my style. Send it to my room," he said. When the manager announced to the crowd of clerks that he had sold a $1,500 set there was a loud guffaw, which Hawkins took in, and then he proceeded to take them down a peg by inviting some one to accompany him to the bank. Then they thought they had a lunatic to deal with, but one of the proprietors whispered to a clerk to accompany Hawkins, as they had carried the joke so far he had a curiosity to see what the poor devil would do next. On reaching the bank the man was astonished to see Mr. Hellman come around and grasp Hawkins by the hand. Hawkins asked him if his check was good for $1,500. "Yes," said Hellman, good for $200,000."

By this time the clerk was out in the fresh air trying to get his breath. Hawkins had a mania when on the road of trying to run over people, and had succeeded in injuring several. One man who had his leg broken by being knocked from his horse, recovered $6,000 damages.

Hawkins and wife were both good shots and used the statuary as targets. Before the works of art had been set up three months many noses and arms were missing, and the collection looked as if it had been out with McGinty. One day the old man proceeded to his new brick reservoir to take a swim before the walls were dry. His wife warned him that she would shoot him if he undertook it. Hawkins plunged in, when bang went Mrs. Hawkins' Winchester. He hid behind the tank-house, and every time he showed his head a bullet whizzled past. His playful wife kept him shivering there the entire afternoon. His reservoir, which cost several thousand dollars, was ruined by his haste to use it before it was dry, but money was no object with Hawkins. Fun, he said, was what he lived for but few could see where the enjoyment was in leading such a wretched life, which terminated in the death of himself and his wife by delirium tremens.

The Cost of Tying Shoestrings.

One of the managers of a big Eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoestrings of a working girl will come untied on an average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about fifty seconds every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the employes have two feet, so this entails a loss of 300 seconds every day for each girl. There are about four hundred girls employed in this factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 43,800,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth $943.-17½. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or congress gaiters, under penalty of discharge.

FRESH FASHION FANCIES.

Eyebrow brushes are for the fastidious.

The new buttonless bodice sets off the bust.

Flower bonnets will be more than ever in vogue the coming season.

Imported walking sticks are very modest and considerably smaller.

For a walking costume soutane cloth of military blue is very stylish.

Dress skirts continue to be longer in all cases than they were last winter.

A black fan of turkey feathers is considered chic with the most delicate evening toilet.

Most of the fresh and novel art dresses are appropriate only for the few and not the majority.

Among French untrimmed bonnets the models in lace straw are particularly light and attractive.

A jeweled pompon in a woman's hair gives her a queenly appearance. They are worn only with full dress.

Linen traveling dresses are coming back. They will be trimmed with dark green or heliotrope velvet collars and cuffs.

A "tender peach color" is mentioned as one of the new shades for evening gloves. A "peach that's got the mellers" is the Hosea Bogelow way of discribing the shade.

Many of the stylish wool gowns have loose waists of folded silk, belted and worn with Kendal coats that have open fronts, cut without darts, and jersey-fitting backs.

There is no fixed rule in millinery or guidance for choice. Provided the head covering is becoming and not altogether *outre* a woman may wear just what pleases her best.

Large picturesque lace collars accompany many of the new handsome demi-train toilets and tea-gowns—which term now definitely includes a particular style of dinner-dress.

It is unreasonable for a woman to expect her walking jacket or long cloak to fit when she sits down. The garment is a regular standing affair, and she is in great luck if it holds when she is on her feet.

There is a crazy effort on the part of dressmakers to elongate their customers. Since the banishment of the bustle there is no waist line, and hips and belt meet in many of the ultra walking suits.

White toilets will be in vogue this summer; green is unquestionably la mode; brown is the poet's color, and the yellow tints, particularly baize, primrose, apricot and cameo are on the top wave of popularity.

A faint whisper has developed into a loud rumor, that strong efforts are being made to revive the all-round crinoline. This is, of course, a bitter protest against the ugly innovation from all sides.

Round French waists without darts or side bodies and shirred at the neck and waist line, front and back, are first choice for summer fabrics and slight figures. Full leg-o'-mutton and bishop sleeves go with these bodices very nicely.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL.

Findlay, Ohio, has sixteen glass factories.

The latest flat-iron is heated by electricity.

Pennsylvania miners will build reading halls.

A Burlington, Iowa, man is catching song birds for English milliners.

The Rochester stone-cutters were granted $3 and $3.50 and nine hours.

In New York union brewers get $15 to $18 a week; non-union, $10 to $12.

The Detroit Steel and Spring Company has suspended; liabilities $300,000.

Twenty-five thousand workmen connected with building trades in Chicago are idle.

The National Association of the canned goods trade will meet in Baltimore, May 7.

Uncle Sam is said to purchase twenty-five tons of tobacco every year for the use of the navy.

The New York cigarmakers are back to work. They will get $15 a week and work ten hours.

A Boston woman is having a silk dress made from silk spun by her own silkworms in her own sitting-room.

They say 40,000 panper laborers have arrived at Castle Garden in a year, despite the contract-labor law.

Dull times in the mining region around Scranton have disheartened the miners, and many are emigrating.

A Turkish working day lasts from sunrise to sunset, with certain intervals for refreshment and repose.

Major Lewis Ginter, of Richmond, Va., is reported to have made a fortune of $7,000,000 by sales of cigarettes.

Isaac Shivers, of Perkassia, Bucks county, Penn., sent to Richmond, Va., for 200 colored laborers to work in quarries.

F. N. Merrill writes to a Milwaukee paper that in many localities in the Southern states a ton of Bessemer pig-iron can be produced for $8.50.

If the present strike continues for one month the loss in money to the laborers and their families will be over $1,000,000. — *Chicago Times, April 20.*

St. Louis union tailors are kicking because the fine of $12,000 imposed on a boss for importing twelve tailors in violation of the contract labor law was reduced to $2,000.

The largest sawmill in the world is located at Clinton, Iowa. It cost $260,000, has ten saws and two batteries of ten boilers each. It will saw 450,000 feet of lumber in eight hours.

Official figures show that the log cut this year in the pineries of Wisconsin and Minnesota was the largest ever known. The cut, altogether with old logs, amounted to 1,150,000,000 feet.

The Boston *Journal* says the Louisiana lottery takes in $25,000,000, pays out $8,000,000 for expenses, $8,000,000 for prizes, and retains $8,000,000 for profits. This seems to be a very profitable business.

China is losing its tea trade at an exceedingly rapid rate. In 1864, 97 per cent. of the tea consumed in the world was grown in China, and 3 per cent. in India. In 1888, China's contribution to the world's consumption was 43 per cent., while 57 per cent. was grown in India.—*Boston Herald.*

The Ohio commissioner of labor statistics gives a depressing account of the condition of women wage-earners in the factories and shops of that state. He also finds them underpaid, and the means also of reducing the wages of men, and he advocates the heroic remedy of their withdrawal from factory employments.

There are sixteen colored jockeys in this country who receive from $2,500 to $8,000 a year. There is not a colored minister in the country, bishop or pastor, who receives as much as the least expert of those jockeys.

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